



CALL of
CHORROR ROLEPLAYINGTHULHU[®]

**READER
ADVISORY**
MATURE CONTENT

by Jeffrey Moeller,
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with David Lee
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by Nicholas Nacario

AN INNER DARKNESS

FIGHTING FOR JUSTICE
AGAINST ELDRITCH
HORRORS AND OUR
OWN INHUMANITY



REUBEN

AN INNER DARKNESS

Six scenarios and some investigator organizations for Call of Cthulhu™
set in the 1920s and 1930s and for mature audiences only
(meaning that we don't want to get hate mail from parents or hate groups).

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CALL of
HORROR ROLEPLAYING
CTHULHU®



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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to everyone who worked on it, because they were not afraid. It is also dedicated to everyone who backed it, as without you, the book does not exist. And to our well-wishers everywhere, for your confidence in our ability to tackle sometimes difficult and uncomfortable subject matter. We are Red Hook.

An Inner Darkness

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

SCENARIOS

<i>Read This First! That Means You!</i> (Or, Yet More Musings On Trigger Warnings)	
by Jeff Moeller	4
<i>Dreams of Silk</i>	
by Christopher Smith Adair	5
<i>When This Lousy War is Over</i>	
by Brian M. Sammons	19
<i>A Fresh Coat of White Paint</i>	
by Jeff Moeller	33
<i>A Family Way</i>	
by Oscar Rios	49
<i>Fire Without Light</i>	
by Helen Gould	67
<i>They Are 'From Away'</i>	
by Charles Gerard	81

INVESTIGATOR ORGANIZATIONS

<i>The Caldwell Bookmobile Service</i>	
by Oscar Rios	95
<i>A Bunch of Troublemakers</i>	
by Jeff Moeller	96
<i>Friends from Boston</i>	
by Jeff Moeller	97



READ THIS FIRST! THAT MEANS YOU!

(OR, YET MORE MUSINGS ON TRIGGER WARNINGS)

BY JEFF MOELLER

Hi, Jeff here again. In recent books that I have worked on, if you read the forewords and the fine print carefully, you may have gleaned two things. One is that I have a warped sense of humor, and another is that I have mixed feelings about “trigger warnings.”

This book contains six scenarios for Classic-era *Call of Cthulhu*. If you wanted to characterize them by subgenre, I would suggest the phrase “anti-pulp.” This collection does not present a romanticized version of the Jazz Era. It isn’t funny, either, and frankly, this time you’re probably better off knowing what each scenario is about, right up front. If you want your escapist hobby to be 100% escapist, then this might not be for you.

Dreams Of Silk explores the history of child labor in the 1920s: sweatshops dealing with dangerous materials, long hours, unsafe buildings, and an utter lack of concern for worker safety. Predictably, bad things are happening to child workers, and serious industrial accidents (up to and including entire buildings going up in flames with the exits locked to prevent “pilfering”) are historically presented. This being the game that it is, however, worse things are happening to them as well.

When This Lousy War Is Over gives attention to what veterans of World War I suffered on returning home. World War I was a long war of attrition, fought with many “innovations” that are now outlawed, such as poison gas. Mustard gas that maimed but often did not kill, extended artillery bombardments that drove men mad, and a comparative lack of medical advances resulting in amputations and disfigurement left many veterans disabled and without recourse. They end up in a second war, this time with the ghouls of Arkham.

A Fresh Coat Of White Paint is laden with the nativism endemic to California of the 1920s and 1930s. Men, women and children of Mexican ancestry are being held in a filthy, makeshift prison camp, and monsters (both

human and otherwise) are at large. They are doing what monsters do to prisoners: whatever they can get away with. The human monsters are trying to break their wills so that they will agree to expulsion from the U.S.; the inhuman one is preying on them and sowing chaos in an effort to escape.

A Family Way deals with Deep One driven sexual assault, Deep One impregnation, abortion choices, abduction, imprisonment and torture (again, by Deep Ones). The usual Deep One subtext is actual text this time around. It is set in the New York City of the 1920s, with the “gray market” availability of, and social attitudes toward, abortion presented realistically. Sexual assault (realistically) is also not often prosecuted in 1920s New York City, and this fact is presented realistically as well.

Fire Without Light is set in the aftermath of the Tulsa (Oklahoma) Massacre of 1921, in which white residents concocted an excuse to massacre and burn out the well-to-do black residents of the city. An entity of strife—goddess, thing or manifestation of the collective unconscious—is stirring the pot again, in order to feed on the consequences. Racism runs rampant and 1922, segregated Tulsa is presented realistically, although there are none of the entirely-too-commonplace slurs in the text.

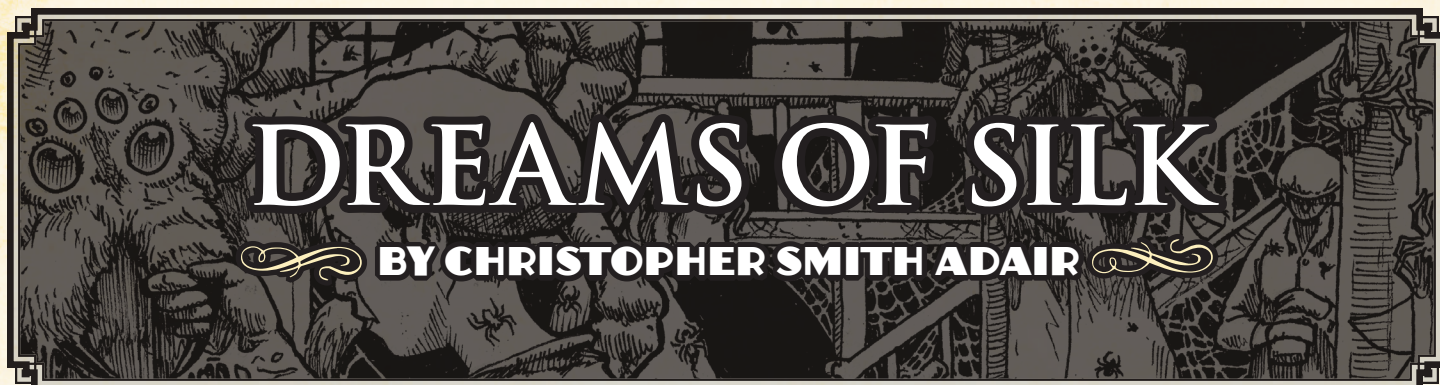
They Are From Away is grounded in the author’s historical research into Ku Klux Klan activity in, of all places, his home state of Maine. The targets may strike you as unusual (French-Canadian Catholics), and the setting may strike you as an odd place for the Klan to be operating (Maine?) but it is grounded in actual history: the Klan did briefly take over state political machinery in Maine in the 1920s, and did persecute those of French-Canadian origin.

I chose to put *They Are From Away* last in the collection

because its unusual setting is useful in underscoring the common theme in this collection. As I’ve said before: We do not glorify any of the antagonists’ actions or viewpoints in this collection. The only appropriate reaction on the parts of your investigators to most (maybe all) of what they must confront is horror, outrage and a desire for justice. The U.S. of the 1920s was a place and time of sharp and profound “us vs. them” divides, against a backdrop (after the Great Depression) of great economic competition, all resting on a foundation of a weak and porous justice system. People were at one another’s throats, be it for ethnic, racial, economic, or religious reasons, and legal protections were lacking. These facts provide the backdrop for the nihilistic cosmic horror and occult detective shenanigans that form the core of the game. We encourage you to give it a try, if only as a break from mountaintop gods and globe-trotting, mustache-twirling villains.

Each scenario comes with some detailed historical discussion about the social conditions of the era that the game is set in, along with some citations and suggested further reading. If you take away from any given scenario some political commentary about modern social conditions, all I can say is that this book is set against historical events of the 1920s and 1930s. My scenario began life set in 2019 and it could easily be placed there. If commenting on history strikes you as undue comment on modern politics, and you do not want that in your gaming, then you may not be our audience this time around.

Jeff Moeller
Cleveland, July 2019



Dreams of Silk is set in the borough of Brights Mill, Pennsylvania in 1922. With a little effort, the Keeper can adjust the year to any other in the Classic era. The issues detailed here persisted throughout the 1920s and well into the 1930s. Setting it in the modern day takes a few more adjustments, such as raising the ages of some of the workers (see “Child Labor,” below), but depressed industrial areas of America are a present issue, and the variable forms that illnesses can take hinder official response. Investigators of any level of experience can pursue the mysteries contained herein, but those experienced with the Cthulhu Mythos may have more options in dealing with the situation.

The investigators will look into maladies and deaths afflicting the workers at a cosmetics and tonic factory operated by Hempstead Chemicals. The symptoms and circumstances of death vary considerably, and the successful and respected company brings much-needed dollars into the community. Nobody else is going to even consider taking the side of poor workers.

In fact, there is something extraordinarily wrong with the factory and its owner. Mervyn Hempstead is obsessed with spiders, and has discovered a species that dwells in nightmares, one which is remarkably intelligent and grows to enormous size. He wants to bring these spiders into the waking world, where the arachnids can multiply and flourish.

BACKGROUND

Mervyn Hempstead and his wife, Imelda Fiorina Hempstead, work together to enact their terrible plan. At night, they project their sleeping minds to a nightmare version of the factory. There, they collect as much spider venom as they can. Upon awakening, they transfer their bounty into bottles. Unfortunately, much of the venom doesn’t survive the journey into our reality.

What venom does remain stable is mixed into all of the products manufactured in Hempstead’s factory. It has been slowly infecting consumers ever since, and some of them have begun suffering ill effects, both mentally and physically. This is essentially a side effect, as the victims slowly become attuned to the nightmare spiders’ dimension. Eventually, the spiders will begin depositing their eggs in the victims’ subconscious minds. There, they will hatch and devour their hosts from within, crawling out into the Waking World.

Collecting massive amounts of venom requires a

large number of workers. The Hempsteads have two sources, the factory’s employees and more and more of their products’ consumers. The dreaming selves of both groups work the factory’s “night shift.” And when they die in the real world, the night shift goes on forever for them.

INVOLVING THE INVESTIGATORS

Union organizer Abigail Shrift requests a meeting with the investigators to discuss a problem. Abigail is with the Women’s Trade Union League (“WTUL”), an organization created during the 1903 American Federation of Labor convention. The WTUL supported the Uprising of the 20,000, the 1909 strike of New York and Philadelphia shirtwaist workers. Abigail is herself passionate about the safety of laborers, largely in memory of the Triangle Shirtwaist factory fire of 1911. That was a national scandal which ushered in new workplace safeguards, but working conditions are still far too often unsafe.

Abigail is a 36-year-old woman, with slightly curly blonde hair that she wears in a ponytail and a pointed nose. She wears a simple dress and coat and white cotton gloves. She explains that she has recently been trying to unionize a factory in a small borough south of Pittsburgh called Brights Mill. There is no union presence there, and little industry left.

The factory is operated by Hempstead Chemicals, and it primarily manufactures cosmetics for its “Rosabianco” brand as well as “Hempstead’s Own Rejuvenating Tonic.” While she had drawn some interest from the workers, she had been unable to build enough support in the month that she had been there. Some workers feared losing what they saw as a good job, especially with so few opportunities in the immediate area. Then, the floor manager discovered her activities and fired her a week ago.

The thing is, she is worried about the workers. She noticed that several of them were suffering ill health. In general, workers seemed to lack energy, but a few had more serious issues. She acknowledges that all this might be unconnected to the factory, especially since the symptoms are so different. But she is suspicious and says that there was just something...wrong about the place. She cannot really explain it further, but it clearly distresses her. Any investigator who knows her

finds her vagueness uncharacteristic, and she is not one to give in to needless worry. She points out that many of the affected are teenage girls; Pennsylvania is infamous for its lack of enforcement of its already minimal child labor laws.

Abigail provides the following information about the incidents that especially concern her:

- ▲ Two weeks ago, Jen Bradshaw committed suicide. She was an African-American girl, about 16 years old, and her wages were desperately needed by her parents and siblings. She poured lye over herself at home.
- ▲ Hana Cierny declined over the course of months, becoming more and more paralyzed. She is a 15-year-old Slovakian immigrant. At first, she was stiff and in pain. Soon, she developed trouble walking and starting limping. A couple of weeks after Abigail started, the girl stopped being able to walk, and has severe trouble using her hands. She is now being cared for by her older sister’s family.
- ▲ Abigail did not know Estelle Slattery, a 24-year-old Irish woman who died a couple of months ago. She started suffering from severe nausea and soon could not keep food down. Despite several visits to the local doctor, all her family has to show for it are medical bills.
- ▲ Lastly, Abigail says that she herself developed a painful rash right before getting fired, and she still has it. She pulls off her gloves, revealing bright pink, scaly welts. The rash started on her hands, but has since spread to her arms and torso. She has seen a couple of doctors since leaving Brights Mill, but all they can determine is that she is suffering from an allergic reaction, of unknown cause.

She asks the investigators to look into it and provide whatever help they can. If asked, she names Mario Lombardi and Angelica Fischer as current workers who might make good contacts (see “Talking to Other Workers,” below).

WORKPLACE SAFETY AND CHILD LABOR IN THE UNITED STATES, CIRCA 1922

Government-mandated workplace-safety regulations

were practically non-existent in the U.S. before the Occupational Safety and Health Administration's standards were established in 1970. Workers compensation for on-the-job injuries was largely voluntary until the 1940s and '50s.

In 1913, 61 deaths per 100,000 workers were reported; in 1933, it was 37 deaths; in 2010, it was 3.5. In the early 20th century, industrial deaths were generally considered to be due to worker carelessness. In any event, American workers were 2 to 3 times more likely to die than European ones. There were no safety engineers, but employers who simply provided better lighting saw a 50% to 75% reduction in accidents.

Even when evidence mounted that an employer was culpable in employee illness and death, justice was slow. The "Radium Girls" story was a national scandal, but it took over a decade to work its way through the courts, starting in 1928 (the first death occurred in 1922). Mostly female workers at the U.S. Radium Corporation were tasked with painting watch dials with luminescent, radium-containing paint by hand, and would exacerbate their exposure by licking their paintbrushes to a point. Radiation poisoning was the now-predictable result, but at the time, radium-infused water was touted as a health tonic. While the U.S. Radium Corporation stymied efforts to get to the bottom of the cause, including suppressing data, many of those who brought suit against it died before winning compensation. Even attributing the illnesses to radium in the first place took years, with doctors and dentists perplexed by their patients' afflictions and being unaware of similarities to other cases among their coworkers.

Child labor continues in widespread use in the United States throughout the 1920s, with no Federal legislation governing it until enactment of the Fair

Labor Standards Act of 1938. Before that, the extent of its permissibility was up to the individual states, and industry and other interests fought to keep it that way. Child labor reform activists were divided on whether a Federal law was even possible and worth fighting for, especially with the U.S. Supreme Court overturning ones passed in 1906, 1916, and 1919, and a constitutional amendment in 1924 going unratified by many states. In the meantime, children in a state with more restrictions could (and would) cross the border to work in one with fewer. Employers in the states with more restrictive laws were incentivized to break the laws in order to compete with those in nearby states.

The U.S. Children's Bureau, a Federal agency founded in 1912 to work on a variety of child welfare issues, was supported in its efforts to eradicate child labor by organizations such as the National Child Labor Committee. But the relationship was often contentious, and opponents were numerous. The opponents spread rumors that it was a Communist plot, and drummed up fears of government overreach into the family, including claims that family farms and businesses, and even housework, would suffer. Better to teach children a worthwhile trade than let them be idle or force them to be bored in school, they argued.

The 1920 U.S. Census recorded 1 million children between the ages of 10 to 15 working; the total work force was 12 million. About half of those children worked on family farms. Over 140,000 worked in factories and manufacturing. They were paid half of what an adult would be, and were easier to control.

The region that most relied on child labor was the South, but the single state that had the most workers under 18 was Pennsylvania. That state's legislature had passed some of the nation's first child-labor laws in 1849,

but their enforcement was minimal. Later legislation restricted it further; as of 1915, child laborers must be 14, have completed the 6th grade, work no more than 9 hours per day and 51 hours per week, work only during the day, and not work in hazardous industries. But while Pennsylvanian children working in glass manufacturing declined, they continued to work in places like silk mills and coal mines.

The lack of birth certificates for American-born children, let alone immigrant ones, made getting a falsified work certificate relatively easy. State inspectors, including the department heads, had ties to the industries they were meant to investigate, but things improved with the creation of the Department of Labor and Industry in 1913.

The Federal Fair Labor Standards Act is in place today, generally mandating a minimum age of 14 for those working outside of school hours, and 16 for those working during school hours. The minimum age is 18 to work in occupations deemed hazardous by the Secretary of Labor. But a 2017 U.S. Department of Labor report estimated that 153,600 children were laboring in violation of those laws, usually by working excessive hours or in hazardous industries. Author Adrienne Rose Bitar points out that the agricultural exemption to the Fair Labor Standards Act continues to imperil children, and migrant children have even fewer protections. Over 250,000 children work in agriculture, some as young as 12. More children die due to farm work than any other type of labor, and 16-year-olds can work in grain-storage bins, drive forklifts, and handle dynamite on farms.

In addition, U.S. laws do little to protect children in other countries whose labor benefits domestic industries. Mines in India produce a quarter of the world's supply

THE CAST OF DREAMS LIKE SILK

▲ **Abigail Shrift:** Age 36 former factory worker and union organizer.

▲ **Mervyn Hempstead:** Age 47, Owner of the Hempstead Chemicals factory, insane devotee of the Mythos and Dreamlands sorcerer.

▲ **Imelda Fiorina Hempstead:** Wife of Mervyn, former silent film star from Italy, likewise insane devotee of the Mythos. Age is a closely guarded secret, but she looks to be in her early twenties.

▲ **Mario Lombardi:** current factory worker, favorably disposed to talking.

▲ **Angelica Fischer:** current factory worker, favorably disposed to talking.

▲ **Estelle Slattery:** Irish factory worker, deceased in the waking world but still on "night shift" duty.

▲ **Patrick Slattery:** Age 26, Estelle's husband

▲ **Catherine Slattery:** Patrick's sister, who really needs to change makeup brands.

▲ **Jen Bradshaw:** factory worker, deceased in the waking world from ingesting and dousing herself with lye in an effort to stop the feeling of infestation.

▲ **Hana Cierny:** Age 15, Slovakian immigrant and severely afflicted child factory worker, still alive for now. Still on "night shift" duty.

▲ **Howie Peters:** Age 20, works in the factory with the heating vats used in lipstick-making; Hana's brother-in-law

▲ **Adele Peters:** Age 20, Hana's sister.

▲ **Geoff Hatch:** Age 44, partner in the factory, not in on the Mythos shenanigans but wants to protect his investment.

▲ **Bill Kern:** Age 43, the sheriff, thinks nothing is actionably wrong at the factory, and the jobs are needed by the town.

▲ **Jim Thornhill:** Age 55, the mayor, see "Bill Kern" for his outlook.

▲ **Sandy Felte:** Age 44, newspaper editor.

▲ **Anastasia Ivan:** Age 14, Russian immigrant and child factory laborer. Potential ally and way in to the factory; loves Gabby Walsh.

▲ **Gabby Walsh:** Age 15, former factory worker; now captive laboratory rat of the Hempsteads.

▲ **Dr. Winston Pease:** Age 59, local doctor and medical examiner.

▲ **George Martin, Susan Meadows, Wendell Cleveland:** Second, third and fourth floor managers at the factory, respectively.

▲ **Mavis Thorpe:** Age 39, the office secretary at the factory, blindly loyal to Mr. Hempstead.

of mica, an ingredient used in many sparkling cosmetics, and over 20,000 of those miners are children.

For more information on child labor and factory conditions, please see:

“Opinion: It’s Past Time for Immigrant Child Labor Laws to Grow Up,” by Adrienne Rose Bitar, *The Mercury News*, July 2018.

“A Right to Childhood”: *The U.S. Children’s Bureau and Child Welfare, 1912–46*, by Kriste Lindenmeyer, ISBN-13 978-0252065774 (University of Illinois Press, 1997).

Radium Girls: The Dark Story of America’s Shining Women, by Kate Moore, ISBN-13 978-1492650959 (Sourcebooks, 2017).

“History of Child Labor in the United States—Part 2: The Reform Movement,” by Michael Schuman, *Monthly Labor Review*, January 2017.

“The Inspector and His Critics: Child Labor Reform in Pennsylvania,” by Joseph M. Steadman, *Pennsylvania History: A Journal of Mid-Atlantic Studies* 69, No. 2 (Spring 2002).

Triangle: The Fire that Changed America, by David von Drehle, ISBN-13 978-0802141514 (Atlantic Monthly Press, 2003).

THE HISTORY OF BRIGHTS MILL

The investigators can easily research Brights Mill at any major library. This information is also easily obtained through conversation with locals.

Brights Mill is an unincorporated community founded in 1845, with a population of 774. It is 26 miles south of Pittsburgh on the Youghiogheny River. Its major industries were a flour mill and a rye whiskey distillery. The flour mill is still in operation. The distillery is not, and its closure has had a sharp impact on this small town.

Walkham Rye Whiskey faltered as community prohibition measures spread in the 1910s, and brewers and winemakers positioned themselves to take over the dwindling market. They held on through the Great War, hiring women and girls to fill vacancies—many of them continued to work there after the war. However, Walkham’s end came as national Prohibition was about to be instated, and the company failed in its attempt to secure one of the scarce licenses to sell medicinal whiskey. Before it fully closed, a fire broke out in the distillery one night, and all that unsold stock went up in flames. (Investigators with any knowledge of financial impropriety undoubtedly and rightly suspect that there was a nice insurance payout afterwards).

HEMPSTEAD CHEMICALS & ITS OWNERS

The investigators may research the company and the Hempsteads before arriving in Brights Mill. They can also get this information by looking through the Brights Mill Courier’s newspaper morgue. Either way requires a Library Use roll to learn the following.

Mervyn Hempstead, 47, earned his doctorates at Columbia University in both chemistry and entomology. Imelda Hempstead is a silent-film star, originally from Milan, Italy. She and Mervyn met when he developed cosmetics for use by the New Jersey/New York film industry. They married in 1917. She still performs occasionally under her maiden name, Imelda Fiorina. She has not publicly revealed her age, but she has to be at least 40. She always appears in public wearing makeup, and she appears to be in her early 20s.

Mervyn founded Hempstead Chemicals in 1916. It produces various goods, such as synthetic dyes, solvents, lubricants, cosmetics, household cleaners, and tonic water. The office and factory in Brights Mill produce cosmetics, dye, and tonic, while the other products are manufactured in Trenton, New Jersey, under the management of



RUNNING CHEMICAL TESTS

The investigators will have several opportunities to analyze Hempstead Chemicals products. They can do this before heading to Brights Mill by simply acquiring samples of their cosmetics or tonic water. They might also steal chemicals from the factory with Sleight of Hand rolls, including one or more of the purple bottles that contain the spider venom.

If investigators perform their own analysis on a product, a successful Science (Chemistry) roll reveals that it contains mostly standard ingredients, but one is unidentifiable—it is even impossible to determine whether it is organic. Trying to study this last ingredient is confounding. The investigator has trouble grasping it mentally; it is almost like it is not really there in the first place—or is it? It is as if it were imaginary or a hallucination. This causes a 0/1 SAN loss.

If investigators analyze a sample of the actual venom (a clear liquid), a successful Science (Chemistry) roll has no more success in identifying the substance. In this case, the liquid itself is clearly in front of the investigator, but figuring out its composition proves elusive—the investigator's mind wanders whenever thinking about it. This causes a 0/1D2 Sanity point loss.

If the investigators get someone else to analyze it, this probably takes a day. The analyst claims that nothing particularly dangerous was discovered and can list the ingredients of any product analyzed, except the spider venom, which will not even be mentioned. If the actual venom is analyzed, the analyst claims that it cannot be identified. An investigator who succeeds in a Psychology roll realizes the analyst is holding something back. Getting the analyst to reveal it, though, requires a Hard Persuade or Intimidate check. On a failed pushed roll or a fumble, the analyst gets angry—this could lead to a confrontation or, in the case of friend or contact, a strained relationship. With a successful roll, the analyst stumbly explains that “there was something there... but maybe there wasn't...there couldn't be.” The analyst becomes frustrated and upset at not being able to put it into words.

Testing the blood of someone who has been poisoned by spider venom using Medicine, Science (Biology), or Science (Pharmacy) yields similarly confusing results. For the blink of an eye, there appears to be a foreign substance, but it must have been a figment of the analyst's imagination.

Anyone handling the unadulterated venom is in danger of poisoning themselves. See “The Venom's Effects,” below. The venom only causes HP damage if it is ingested or injected, but the Keeper could have those exposed find themselves in the “night-shift” Dreamlands factory upon going to sleep. This may be just for a moment, especially if only some investigators are affected, and such a harrowing experience can provide a valuable clue.

The venom, whether unadulterated or within products, is absorbed through skin contact, the digestive system, or injection (including spider bite). It does not produce toxic fumes, so inhalation and absorption through the lungs is not a risk, and breath analysis produces no evidence. (This may change if perfumes are developed, or a malady in the lungs spontaneously occurs in a victim).

Hempstead's business partner, Geoff Hatch.

The Brights Mill factory opened in 1918. It is based in a former office and warehouse building on Main Street, after plans to use the old distillery had to be changed after that business burned down shortly before it would have been vacated.

The company's cosmetics brand, including hair dye, is called “Rosabianco.” Imelda Fiorina is the brand's national spokesmodel, being practically synonymous with it. Her celebrity and youthful glow help sell the product, and a new skin cream called “Pale Silke” promises skin as smooth as dreams of silk. Its ingredients are a closely-guarded trade secret.

“Hempstead's Own Rejuvenating Tonic” is sold to both men and women. It promises energy and health: “Better than radium water!” Its ingredients are likewise not publicized and closely-guarded trade secrets.

MEETING WITH GEOFF HATCH

If the investigators make the effort to seek out Mervyn Hempstead's business partner, Geoff Hatch, they can meet with him with a successful Credit Rating, Fast Talk, or Persuade roll. He is genuinely innocent and ignorant of Mervyn Hempstead's crimes. Currently, there is no spider venom (or secret ingredient) in the Trenton factory. He knows that there is a “secret ingredient” of some sort that the Hempsteads use in Brights Mill, but not exactly what it is. He suspects that it has something to do with insects, as that is Mervyn's scientific passion, but does not know the details and will decline to discuss “trade secrets.”

The two became friends while studying chemistry in college. Geoff mentions that what Mervyn really had a passion for was insects—well, spiders, really. Geoff smiles and shakes his head as he mentions that Mervyn even told him once that he dreamed about them. But there is far more money in chemical manufacturing, so it's good he set all that aside.

BRIGHTS MILL

Brights Mill sits on the Youghiogheny River, accessible by the train line that runs down the river from Pittsburgh to Connellsville or by boat. It has one main street, from which several more roads branch off into neighborhoods. Then the area stretches out to farmland, the flour mill, and the burned-out shell of the distillery.

Main Street is where the civic building, the hotel, the police station, the fire station, the offices of the Brights Mill Courier, and most of the shops and other businesses can be found. This last includes the Hempsteads' factory. It takes up most of a building that also includes Willett's Hardware and the office of lawyer Mark Sloane.

For a small community, the town is fairly diverse. The majority of the population is made up of white Pennsylvanians that have been in the country for

generations. Brights Mill's proximity to Pittsburgh and other industrial centers, as well as the Pittsburgh Coalfield, has brought immigrant families looking for work, as well as a few African-American families.

THE POWER STRUCTURE

The mayor, 55-year-old Jim Thornhill, is a stocky, silver-haired man who has an office in Borough Hall. The sheriff is 43-year-old Bill Kern, a tall, hawk-nosed man who has two deputies, Jack Lincoln and Gordon Bailey. The authorities have no suspicions regarding the factory, and would be slow to develop them. All that they see is the economic benefit, and the welfare of poor people and immigrants is low on their list of priorities. Outsiders poking their noses into the borough's business are not looked on kindly. Brights Mill's just fine, thank you very much, and agitators and troublemakers are the problem, not the solution.

If the authorities become aware that the investigators are snooping around, they attempt to dissuade them. This probably starts out mildly, but it moves to threats if the investigators do not appear to be moving on. Recalcitrant investigators may get roughed up, or tossed in the small but sturdy jail.

THE NEWSPAPER

The Brights Mill Courier comes out on Fridays, its four-to-six pages filled with local news and stories, reminiscences, and recipes. The 44-year-old Sandra Felte, dark haired and tiny, acts as editor and reporter. She loves her community and is taken aback by muckrakers or anyone else who looks ready to cast a bad light on it. She lets the mayor know about it shortly after finding out about it.

THE DOCTOR

The 59-year-old Dr. Winston Pease, short and perpetually smiling, is Brights Mill's primary doctor and, when need be, medical examiner. The tiny 42-year-old Lenora Phipps is his nurse. While he is well aware of the deaths of Jen Bradshaw and Estelle Slattery, and Hana Cierny's afflictions, he is unconcerned. He sees them as isolated incidents, drawing no correlation between them and the factory. Part of this is the lack of similarity between a suicide, a death by illness, and a case of partial paralysis. But even with more evidence, he is dismissive. He is not heartless and sees all of these events as tragedies, but his classism and racism cloud his judgment.

When speaking with investigators about the incidents, he expresses concern about the young women, but not about any risk to the public. Around certain types of investigators, such as those with Credit Ratings of 30 or higher, medical professionals, or otherwise upstanding-appearing Anglo-Saxons, he says that he is sure that all of these girls' problems are the result of breeding and bad lifestyles. It's a pity, but what can you do?

Dr. Pease will discuss individual cases with other medical professionals or anyone succeeding with a Hard Persuade check, but he has little to relate. He has been unable to determine the cause of Estelle Slattery's or Hana Cierny's illnesses. Jen Bradshaw ingested lye from her mother's laundry supplies, as well as poured

it over her body; the damage to her internal organs killed her quickly.

MEETING WITH THE HEMPSTEADS

Getting a meeting with the Hempsteads individually or together is difficult. Mervyn spends most of his time in his laboratory and rarely goes down into the factory itself. Imelda stays home most of the time, making occasional trips out of Brights Mill.

Investigators can try to make an appointment through the office secretary, Mavis Thorpe. They need a good story to do so, probably bolstered by Fast Talk or Credit Rating checks. Otherwise, Mervyn declines any overtures, and Mavis explains that he has no openings in his busy schedule currently.

Investigators determined to meet one or both of them should have an opportunity if they are patient enough. They occasionally attend galas and other events in Pittsburgh, so one option is for investigators able to get into such a thing to buttonhole them there, a week or so after the scenario starts.

Mervyn is stocky with receding brown hair. Imelda is thin and elegant, with short black hair. Both are insane and obsessed with their mission to bring Dreamlands-originating nightmare spiders to Earth. They remain poised and focused, however, and ably resist Psychology attempts. They say that recent events are unfortunate, of course, but the factory is as safe as can be and they are not responsible for these tragedies. Requests to tour the factory are politely rebuffed with claims of "needing to protect our trade secrets."

INTERVIEW: JEN BRADSHAW'S FAMILY

Jen's family is still very much in mourning, confused and shocked by the girl's grisly suicide. Talking at length with the Bradshaws requires a Persuade, Fast Talk, or Intimidate roll, or some discrete charity. The Bradshaws are one of the community's few African-American families. Jen's father, Cecil, a thin 41-year-old man with a long face, is a former miner, too infirm now to work due to the debilitating conditions in the Pennsylvania coalfields. Jen's mother, Harriet, a 39-year-old woman with round cheeks, runs a laundry service and takes sewing jobs as they come. Christie, 12 years old, and Joe, 9 years old, are Jen's younger siblings.

Jen had worked at the factory for about one year. Jobs like that are hard to come by. African-American children in town usually work street jobs if they can get them, and do not often get to work in the factories up here. So, they were grateful and proud. But Jen, usually a happy and sociable child, had become more withdrawn over the last few months before she killed herself. She seemed tired all the time.

That night, she got up, telling her siblings that she was just going out for some fresh air to chase the nightmares away. Harriet found her in the morning in the laundry room. She had poured lye all over her body, causing terrible burns. Dr. Pease discovered that she had swallowed it, too, and that is what really killed her.

Christie nonetheless looks forward to applying at the

factory when she reaches 14 years old. Now, her family is considering lying about her age to get her a work certificate as soon as possible. Christie or her parents only reveal this to investigators whom they believe to be especially sympathetic and will not jeopardize the plan.

INTERVIEW: HANA CIERNY

If the investigators appear at all sympathetic, they can speak with Hana and her family. Authoritarian or threatening types need a Fast Talk or Intimidate roll. Hana's sister, Adele Peters, an 18-year-old woman with light freckles and frizzy hair, provides care for her. Since Hana has trouble speaking now, Adele can help by relating what she knows of her sister's condition. Adele's husband, Howie Peters, a 20-year-old red-faced man, works in the factory with the heating vats used in lipstick-making.

Hana is a thin teenager with high cheekbones and a snub nose. The young woman can barely move; she is unable to walk without support, and her hands are contorted into claws. Dr. Pease has been unable to determine a cause for her condition. Aside from the partial paralysis, she constantly feels like something is crawling on her. She feels little else, not even pain.

If an investigator asks Hana if she suffers nightmares, her eyes widen. She has not said anything to Adele on this subject, so she makes the effort to speak, but she must do so slowly and with ample breaks. She explains that her dreams are filled with scenes of her working in a factory full of shadows. There are strange shapes constantly moving through those shadows. Sometimes, she feels a sharp pain, like she has been stabbed. There is something on the table in front of her, wriggling. She is draining something from it and collecting it in vials. Then it moves away. Once she has said all this, Hana shakes violently and begins coughing from the effort of speaking so long, tears streaming down her face.

INVESTIGATING ESTELLE SLATTERY

Estelle is survived by her husband, Patrick Slattery, a blond, 26-year-old millworker with a square face and narrow eyes, and 6-year-old Mary and 5-year-old John. Patrick's sister, Catherine Slattery, a blonde, 25-year-old woman with green eyes, also lives in the small house. She is the secretary for lawyer Mark Sloane.

Patrick and Catherine work six days a week and are only available during lunchtime or in the evening, except on Sundays (when they are available after church). Patrick can relate that Estelle was exhausted and sleeping poorly before she got sick. She tossed and turned while sleeping. Estelle became more and more withdrawn, clearly despondent.

At some point, Catherine goes to her room to get ready to go back to work or to meet up with friends. The investigators' conversation with Patrick is suddenly interrupted by the sound of breaking glass in another room. Catherine is in her bedroom, and the mirror on her vanity has been shattered. She is thrashing about, tearing the skin on her arms and face to shreds with her fingernails. She shrieks, "Get them off me! Oh, sweet Mother of Jesus, I can feel them crawling all over me!" This causes a 0/1 SAN loss.

Patrick immediately rushes in, but his sister lashes out, scratching him across the eyes. He stumbles back, clutching his face. Unless stopped, she grabs a shard of mirror glass. She uses it on her arms the following round, automatically succeeding and doing 1D4 damage to herself. She fights back by slashing with it if anyone tries to grab her or otherwise attacks her.

If Catherine is held, she struggles, dropping the glass and trying to continue scratching herself. But she soon exhausts herself and becomes catatonic. Catherine needs psychiatric treatment and is unable to communicate at this point. An open container of "Pale Silke" face cream is on her vanity, which she was evidently using it before her episode.

Patrick recovers from his injury quickly. He knows that his sister has had restless sleep for a few weeks now. He has also noticed her scratching herself. If asked about the cosmetics, he explains that she has been eagerly using "Rosabianco" cosmetics for a couple of years now.

If the investigators do not visit the Slatterys in the first two days of the investigation, Catherine's episode occurs without their presence. Rumor spreads about Catherine being committed after seriously injuring herself. Patrick was wounded in the shoulder by a shard of glass. He is recuperating at home and can speak with the investigators about his wife and sister.

A TROUBLED GIRL (ANASTASIA IVAN)

Anastasia Ivan is a slight, 14-year-old Russian immigrant who ties her dark hair in a bun. She approaches the investigators if she finds out about their investigation. Or, the investigators could meet her when seeking factory workers to talk to (see "Talking to Other Workers," below).

Tentatively, she says that many of her fellow workers seem sickly. She worries that something is making them all ill. Maybe it caused Estelle's death and Hana's troubles.

She is especially worried about her friend, Gabby Walsh. Gabby does not actually work in the factory any more. Six months ago, Mrs. Hempstead pulled her off the factory floor to work as her assistant. Since then, Anastasia has hardly seen Gabby. The last time that she saw her, over two weeks ago, Gabby looked very pale and drawn. Gabby is an orphan, and she is living in the Hempsteads' apartment now.

Anastasia becomes tearful and looks down at her hands as she says she understands. Mrs. Hempstead is so "glamorous and...and pretty." It is a good position, and Anastasia wants to be happy for her. Anastasia straightens up and says that she just wants Gabby to be well.

The investigators may come up with a way for Anastasia to help them, by getting them into the factory or in some other fashion. Anastasia is willing to put herself at risk, if it might help the girl she loves.

TALKING TO OTHER WORKERS

If the investigators talk to other workers in private (probably outside of the factory), they learn much the



same from any of them. Two potential interviewees are Mario Lombardi and Angelica Fischer.

The workers are hesitant to talk to outsiders, especially if it might jeopardize their jobs. They claim that it is good work, certainly the best paying job in this area. Some moved here just for the opportunity when operations expanded. It is also not too difficult.

If an investigator succeeds with a Fast Talk or Charm roll, the worker admits to feeling terrible recently. It is as if a dark cloud hangs over the factory. Perhaps it is the recent deaths making it feel that way. But the worker has recently begun to feel it is something more—something is deeply wrong. The shadows in the factory are unsettling: they move strangely; they change size and shape for no apparent reason; there are often more of them than it seems there should be; and there often seems to be something moving in them. Their sleep is disturbed by unremembered nightmares.

THE FACTORY

The factory is inside of a six-story brick building. There are still faded portions of white painted lettering that once declared the businesses that resided within. Now, fresh white paint names three: Hempstead Chemicals, Willett's Hardware, and Mark Sloane, Lawyer.

The factory is accessed through its own door at street

level. That door is kept locked except when access is planned, such as at the start and end of the workday (to prevent "spies" and worker pilfering. Fire safety be damned). If an appointment is made, someone (probably Mavis Thorpe) unlocks the door to allow admittance. A key is required to unlock it from either side. Inside the door are the stairs and an elevator up. Each floor has another door off the landing; these doors are also locked. The elevator requires either a key or a Hard Electrical Repair roll to operate. There is a fire escape on each floor, but the access doors to the fire escapes are also kept locked on the second through fourth floor. The windows are tall but grimy.

The work day is from 6:00 a.m. and ends at 6:00 p.m., Monday through Saturday, with a half-hour lunch break in a room set aside on each floor. There are 71 female and 19 male workers. None of them wear gloves or any other protective gear while working. Each factory floor has a manager, and they have keys to the first through fifth floor, as well as the fire escapes. The managers perform spot checks of workers' belongings before they leave, either on the floor or at the door out to the street.

SPIDERS AND SHADOWS

There is a large number of spiders infesting the factory. They are generally small and easily ignored, especially by the workers. An investigator succeeding

in a Natural World, Science (Biology), or Science (Zoology) roll notes that there seem to be more than would be expected. If investigators spend a few hours in the factory, however, watching for them, they see a quarter-sized nightmare spider scuttling across the floor between shadows. The purple on its abdomen phosphoresces dimly when it enters the shadows, and then fades away.

Even with light coming through the tall (but grimy) windows, the factory is dim and shadowy. Shadows waver, expanding and contracting for no discernible reason. There is an oppressive feeling that hangs over the investigators, like they are being watched intently and ceaselessly. Anyone spending any length of time on a floor sees shadows that appear to be hanging ropes or vines sway against a wall momentarily, but there is no visible source. This atmosphere causes a 0/1 SAN loss. Anyone who has been to the Dreamlands or similar dimensions senses that the membrane between the Waking World and dreams is porous here, and suffers a 0/1D3 SAN loss.

THE SECOND FLOOR

The second floor is where lipstick is made. Perfumes, color pigments, and oils are poured into five steel vats sitting on a metal table. The chemicals are kept in color-coded but otherwise unlabeled bottles—this includes purple bottles of clear spider venom. The vats are heated

THE VENOM'S EFFECTS

The nightmare spiders' venom is a clear, odorless, and bitter-tasting liquid. Anyone injected with or ingesting the powerful venom takes an immediate 1D8 damage, and goes unconscious in less than a minute. A victim making a successful Extreme CON roll takes only 1D4 damage and only goes unconscious if they are in the factory. If they go unconscious, they are in considerable danger as their consciousness shifts to the "night-shift" factory in the Dreamlands; see below.

Likewise, those who fall unconscious or simply go to sleep within 24 hours of poisoning find themselves in the "night-shift" factory. If the investigators are not all poisoned, then the trip to the factory is probably brief or remembered only as a nightmare.

to 190 degrees. Men stir and maintain the vats, while girls use the faucets at the base of the vats to pour the hot liquid into molds. The girls scrape the excess away with putty knives. The lipstick is inspected and put into metal tubes, and sent down a long conveyer belt for inspection. There are 5 men and 15 girls and women working on this floor. The floor manager is George Meadows, 35, an angular man with a small mouth.

THE THIRD FLOOR

The third floor is the main area for the rest of the cosmetics. Work areas are dedicated to eye shadow, mascara, hair dye, blush, and cream. There are 46 girls working here. The floor manager is Susan Martin, 40, a matronly yet stern woman who once worked in a similar job at the distillery.

Each area has a mixing station for the chemicals used. The various powders and liquids are kept in color-coded but unlabeled bottles. Clear spider venom is kept in purple bottles and mixed into every product, but it is not the only ubiquitous ingredient, so this probably goes unnoticed. The areas also include either long tables or conveyer belts, and conditions are cramped.

THE FOURTH FLOOR

The fourth floor is where "Hempstead's Own Rejuvenating Tonic" is made. There are 9 adult men and 5 teen boys mixing and bottling the tonic. Chemicals in color-coded but unlabeled bottles are blended in vats, including clear spider venom stored in purple bottles. Tubes run from the vats to bottling stations. Workers use foot pedals to pump the tonic into small bottles. Then 5 adult women and 5 teen girls apply labels to the bottles and put the bottles in crates. The floor manager is Wendell Cleveland, 38, a large, balding man with an underbite.

THE FIFTH FLOOR

The fifth floor is Mervyn Hempstead's office and the laboratory. It is only accessible by elevator or locked door. Floor managers have the key to the door. The

Hempsteads and secretary Mavis Thorpe have keys to both the door and the elevator.

Mavis Thorpe, 39, has wavy dark hair and a mole on her cheek. She is very formal and protective of her domain. She always keeps a bottle of "Hempstead's Own Rejuvenating Tonic" handy on her desk. Unbeknownst to her, this is what is causing the palsy that seizes her occasionally. She resists discussing it, but with a Hard Charm or Fast Talk roll from an investigator, she admits that it is recent. Mavis never goes into the laboratory, and she shudders involuntarily if it comes up. She explains while screwing up her face that Mr. Hempstead keeps spiders back there as "pets." She has no need to go back there, anyway, since she has a buzzer to signal Mervyn if need be.

The laboratory takes up most of the floor. It is outfitted with standard equipment for testing and developing chemicals. Cabinets hold colored chemical bottles, both empty and filled, like the ones on the lower floors, including purple bottles for spider venom. Logs are kept of the results of experimental combinations and successful formulas. A successful Accounting or Science (Chemistry) roll allows an investigator to spot one chemical referred to as "nectar," and this is clearly the focus of every formulation or inquiry. There is no indication of "nectar's" chemical composition, but the logs note its interaction with other chemicals in experiments designed to improve its efficacy.

The successful Accounting or Science (Chemistry) check also finds a notation (Dreams of Silk, Investigator Handout #1); anyone going through the logs for a couple of hours and succeeding in a Library Use roll finds it as well.

A bank of spider terrariums is against the wall, housing tarantulas, wolf spiders, jumping spiders, and grass spiders. Right in the middle is a clean and empty terrarium.

THE SIXTH FLOOR

The sixth floor is the Hempsteads' apartment. It is only accessible by elevator or locked door. Only the Hempsteads have the door key, and they also have the only key that allows the elevator to access this floor. The apartment is relatively tidy and nicely appointed, but many corners have cobwebs. The Hempsteads sleep very deeply (see "Master Bedroom"), so investigators breaking in at night can quietly look around without needing Stealth rolls.

First Guest Room: Gabby Walsh, a 15-year-old orphan with chestnut hair and a pert nose, is manacled to a chair and gagged. An IV tube slowly drains her blood into a clear bottle on a table. Additionally, the table has: a mixing bowl stained with blood and a clear residue; a purple bottle of venom with a cap that has been punctured several times by a syringe; and a case with syringes and a tourniquet. Another chair sits beside the table. Here, Imelda mixes spider venom with

Gabby's blood and injects the mixture directly into her face to maintain her youth. It is possible for stealthy investigators to interrupt this procedure. SAN loss for seeing Gabby's plight is 0/1D2, increasing to 1/1D3 if they see enough firsthand to grasp what Imelda has been doing to her.

Gabby is pale and delirious. If she is rescued, she has trouble concentrating enough to talk. All that she can really do is repeat Imelda's name with what little urgency and panic she can muster. Finally, she asks for Anastasia. Gabby cannot walk on her own and needs medical attention.

Second Guest Room: This room is dark. There is no lightbulb and the windows are shuttered. If any light enters the room, a figure can be seen sitting facing the shuttered window. It is the gray, cobwebbed husk of a young girl. Disturbing it or coming around to the front of it causes it to collapse. Spiders spill out, many of them with a faintly glowing purple abdomen. Some of the purple ones have bodies over an inch long. The spiders rapidly disperse, and any investigators in the room are bitten (see "The Venom's Effects," above). The investigators see some of the purple ones visibly flicker out of reality, while others disappear into the shadows. SAN loss for these events is 1/1D6 points.

DREAMS OF SILK, INVESTIGATOR HANDOUT #1:

Lab Notes From The Fifth Floor Lab

Nectar continues to be elusive. Not yet reified or stable after transporting here. Most supply dematerializes immediately or over time. Effects fluctuate unpredictably. Perhaps will be more stable once Providers have fully passed over...but need nectar to create incubator hosts to make that happen in first place. Must be patient—make this world better place for those of us who survive the hatching.

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Master Bedroom: This comfortable-appearing bedroom has a few features of note.

There is a very sturdy and incongruous shelving unit, holding wooden crates containing empty purple bottles covering one wall. In the morning, the Hempsteads frantically pour spider venom into the bottles before the black-stone containers it arrived in fade back into nightmare. The Hempsteads take the few resulting boxes down by elevator before the work shift starts in the morning.

On top of a nightstand are a laudanum bottle, a purple bottle of spider venom with a cap that has been punctured by a syringe, and an injection kit. The Hempsteads use this nightly to help themselves sleep and make their way to the “night-shift” factory. Their drugged sleep makes it easy for the investigators to sneak around the apartment, including this room, at night.

The bed is infested with spiders, including some faintly glowing purple ones temporarily residing in the Waking World. This will not be initially noticeable if the investigators are here in the daytime. If the Hempsteads are sleeping here, then the spiders crawl over them constantly.

If the investigators inspect this room for more than a moment, they are inevitably bitten by the spiders (see

“The Venom’s Effects,” above). The purple spiders flicker out of reality before the investigators’ eyes—0/1D3 SAN loss.

THE “NIGHT-SHIFT” FACTORY

The key to the Hempsteads’ plan lies in the Dreamlands. A shadowy, nightmare replica of their waking world factory occupies the workers in their dreams, and even after death. It is tethered in a sense to the factory in the waking world, and it is likely that the investigators will all end up here eventually.

Commuting to the “Night-Shift”: The nightmare replica of the factory can be entered in the following ways:

- ▲ Investigators who have been to the Dreamlands can home in on it while sleeping, leading non-Dreamers there if need be.
- ▲ Ingesting or injecting unadulterated nightmare-spider venom, or even handling it, can send the victim there upon unconsciousness or sleep.
- ▲ Long-term exposure to nightmare-spider venom in Hempstead’s products can send the consumer there while sleeping.
- ▲ Working in the factory for a couple of days typically sends one to work the night-shift

during sleep.

- ▲ When exploring the building at night, the investigator with the highest POW must succeed in a POW check on each floor above the first. Failure transitions them abruptly into the factory’s dark, Dreamlands reflection.

In the last case, everyone in the group goes unconscious upon the investigator’s failing a POW check. (If more than one investigator is tied for highest POW, alternate between investigators on each floor). There is no specific point on any given floor when the roll must be made, so the Keeper can have it be whenever seems most interesting. If the investigators visit all floors and no one fails the POW check, then they all go unconscious upon reaching the second floor again.

Investigators going unconscious from poisoning or visiting the factory at night do not realize that they have done so, however. From their perspective, the factory transforms before their eyes. When they return to consciousness, it is even more abrupt, with the investigators startling awake where they fell.

“Night shift” is a bit of a misnomer. The investigators can enter it at any time of day while sleeping or unconscious. It is much less populated by workers while the sun is up, since most of them are awake during that time. The Hempsteads and the floor managers will also be absent



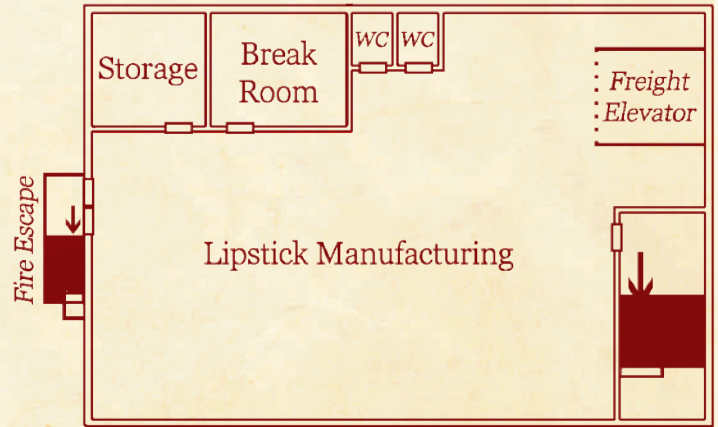
HEMPSTEAD CHEMICALS

COSMETICS FACTORY

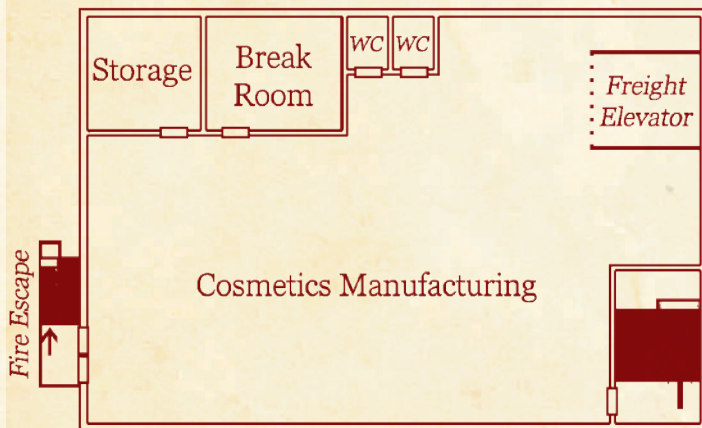
FIRST FLOOR



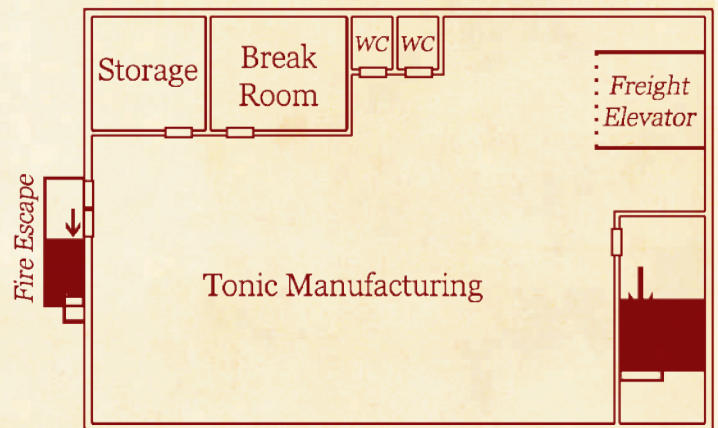
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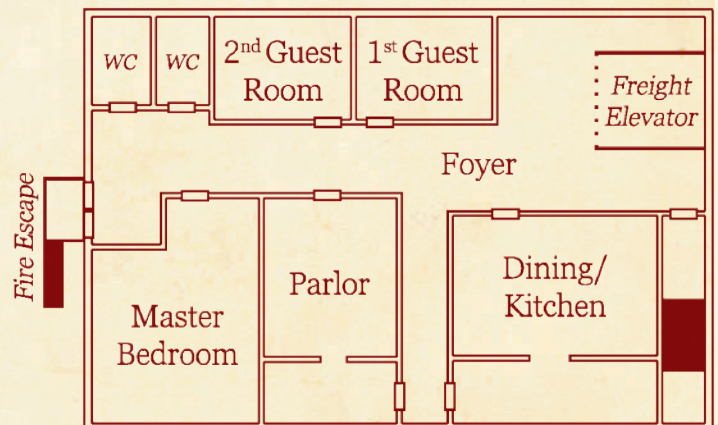
FOURTH FLOOR



FIFTH FLOOR



SIXTH FLOOR



during the day, but the workers whose bodies have died in the waking world are here always, and the spiders keep them laboring.

THE WORKPLACE ENVIRONMENT IN THE DREAMLANDS

The “night-shift” factory is structured similarly to its counterpart, but there are numerous differences. The factory is extremely dark. Shadows are everywhere, and their source can rarely be determined. Artificial light or fire does little to improve things, having drastically shorter radiuses than normal. Spot Hidden rolls incur a penalty die, making spider ambushes especially dangerous. Investigators can gain a bonus die to Stealth checks if they are not moving.

There is water and oil everywhere. It drips from the ceiling, and the sound echoes. The floors are covered in an inch of liquid.

Bulky, inexplicable machines crowd the factory. They thrum and shudder constantly. Mostly, they seem to serve no purpose. There is no identifiable power source, and they are not connected to anything.

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE “NIGHT-SHIFT” FACTORY

Arrival in the night factory costs each investigator 1/1D6 SAN on their first arrival. Investigators have the clothing and equipment they had when sleeping or going unconscious. They have the hit points, SAN points, Luck points, magic points, etc., that they last had in the waking world.

Upon waking back up, however, any bullets or other supplies expended in the “night-shift” factory have not disappeared. Likewise, any damage to clothes or equipment does not affect their real-world counterparts. Most damage to the characters is also “undone”: hit point loss and other physical damage incurred here do not appear in the real world. However, SAN point, Luck point, and magic point losses do last, as does spending hit points instead of magic points to fuel magic.

The only way to leave the “night-shift” factory normally is to wake up. Unconscious investigators wake up after 6 hours. Sleeping investigators awaken as usual (assume 8 hours unless something wakes them). Someone whose dreaming-self dies in the night-shift factory wakes up immediately, and loses 1D10 SAN points. Those who died in their dreams can never enter the Dreamlands or most other dreamscapes again.

Some of the “night-shift” workers, such as Jen Bradshaw and Estelle Slattery, are dead in the real world. If such a person dies during the “night-shift,” there is nothing for them to wake up to. That death is final.

The factory levels have long work tables, without chairs, in place of the equipment used in the day shift. The top two floors have the same basic architecture as they do in the real world, but they are dank, dusty, and empty spaces. However, spiders and webs are present there, too. There is no husk in what would be the second guest bedroom.

The “night-shift” factory’s windows are grimy as well, but stars can be seen in the perpetual night sky outside. An investigator who wipes away some muck or otherwise peers out the windows sees that the sky is filled with stars, many of which are remarkably large appearing. With a successful EDU roll, the investigator realizes that there are no recognizable constellations. The landscape is barren black crags, and the only sign of life is the occasional spider scuttling across the rocks. SAN loss is 1/1D3.

There are no exits from the “night-shift” factory. None. The door to the ground floor and the fire escape doors do not work, and cannot be forced. The windows do not open and cannot be shattered. Where the elevator doors would be is a wall of webbing.

Tiny, glowing purple spiders crawl everywhere, including on workers. Their bites are relatively harmless, with their venom causing irritation at best. Otherwise, the tiny spiders ignore investigators or avoid them if harassed.

Thick ropes of webs run between the walls above the workspaces, swaying softly. Cobwebs collect in the corners, and surfaces are draped in thin shrouds. The workers have webs in their clothes and hair.

Where the webs are concentrated, such as the ropes and the elevator shaft, they are STR 80 and have 15 HP (blunt attacks cause only half damage). The spiders are not hindered by the webs. Tiny spiders can crawl through them. Bigger spiders can separate them instantly, and the webs reseal afterward. Spiders emerge from or enter into the elevator shaft frequently.

THE ELEVATOR SHAFT DURING THE “NIGHT-SHIFT”

The spiders use the elevator shaft to access the floors of the building. There are webs covering the walls and each floor entrance, but the open space is mostly clear. An investigator can navigate the shaft by making a successful Climb roll with the benefit of a bonus die (the investigator only needs to roll once for each trip or when changing direction).

The shaft goes down into a bottomless pit below the ground floor. This pit’s walls are natural, the same black rock as outside and that is used for the containers. It is filled with webs, and it is unlikely the investigators could go very deep if they wanted to. If investigators fall for whatever reason, including failing a pushed Climb roll or fumbling it, they land in the webs of the pit, taking 1D3 damage per floor, plus another 1D3 for the pit itself.

People are cocooned in the webs in the shaft. There are 8 cocoons near the top containing still living victims, listlessly struggling. Spiders crawl over the cocoons, feeding occasionally. If the victims are rescued, four of them are workers; one of them is the orphan girl whose husk is in the Hempsteads’ apartment; one of them was committed to Bethlehem Royal Hospital in 1861 and

died there 5 years later; and two of them are from the Dreamlands and have been here for a century. None of them are in any shape to help (but the Dreamlands victims have sabers that can be borrowed).

There are countless mummified corpses incased in the webs. They are almost all from the Dreamlands, and like the two living victims, they wear archaic clothing. Some of them may have useful weapons or other equipment on their persons.

“NIGHT-SHIFT” WORKERS

There are 148 workers on duty here, including all the current laborers and floor managers from the day shift, as well as Mavis Thorpe. Even those workers who have left the company or died are here as well. The rest are Hempstead Chemicals consumers who have succumbed to the venom—the pull of the “night-shift” factory is strongest on those who live nearby, but consumers from farther away have started appearing here in their dreams.

The workers are in a dreamy state, focused on their tasks and easily confused. They work slowly but steadily. They are also slow to react. This includes the floor managers and Mavis Thorpe—as loyal as they are, they are unlikely to get involved in any fighting here unless directly attacked.

If it is daytime in the Waking World, only the dead are here. If it is early in the night, workers appear from nowhere sporadically. As dawn approaches in the real world, workers start disappearing.

Most of the workers are milking venom from purple spiders the size of cats. The spiders placidly stand on the tables, while the workers massage them. The workers attach tubes to the spiders’ mouths. When the spiders spit their venom out, the tubes pump that venom into black-stone jars. Once the spiders are done, they scuttle away. Then the workers place stone caps on the containers and place them in lidless stone boxes. The floor managers and some of the other workers collect the boxes and stack them to the side. The boxes are brought up to the otherwise empty master bedroom throughout the operations. Floor managers and otherwise unoccupied men carry them up the stairs. The two large spiders can enshroud up to three boxes at a time and haul them up through the elevator shaft.

If a worker collapses from exhaustion or tries to escape, one of the largest spiders soon appears from the shadows or the webs. The spider drags the crying victim into the elevator shaft and down to the pit. If the investigators linger here long enough or visit more than once, they may witness this and intervene if they choose.

The investigators may recognize some of the workers. They may even be surprised by some of those they encounter. Speaking to them is difficult, since they are mentally asleep, but individual entries show what information they are able to relate.

Abigail Shift: Abigail’s skin is covered with painful-looking welts, and her left eye is occluded by puffy folds of flesh. She pauses in her work to scratch or rub the welts frequently. Like the other workers, she pays no attention to the investigators unless they demand it. In fact, she does not recognize them.

In frustration, she says she has important work to do, but it is unclear if she means her current task or something else. If pressed, she gets confused but begins to remember. With realization dawning, she asks the investigators what they are doing here. Before they can fully answer, she becomes horrified and asks, "Wait, what am I doing here?" She becomes more frantic, and it requires a Persuade or Psychoanalysis check to calm her down before she makes a scene. Otherwise, a large spider comes to snatch her and haul her off to the pit.

Jen Bradshaw: Jen's skin is mostly melted off. Her eyes are gone, and her jaw is red-coated bone. She holds and massages spiders for Hana Cierny. SAN loss for viewing Jen Bradshaw is 0/1.

If she is spoken to, she says that she misses her family. She is excited that Christie will be working here soon. She burned herself with the lye because there were spiders crawling on her. Now that she does not have skin, the spiders do not bother her anymore.

Hana Cierny: Hana clutches the tube and black containers with stiff hands while Jen Bradshaw coaxes the spider. If she is spoken to, she says she is grateful for Jen's help and that she can help Jen. She does not want either of them to get in trouble, and she steals a glance at the elevator shaft. Then she says she is working as

hard as she can, and attempts a reassuring smile.

Estelle Slattery: Estelle has to stop working periodically to vomit in a pail on the floor beside her. A greasy sheen of sweat covers her skin. If she is spoken to, she says she hopes her shift ends soon. Then she excuses herself to vomit. She does not realize that she is dead or that her shift may never end.

Howie Peters: Howie, Hana Cierny's brother-in-law, helps to organize the boxes. Aside from the usual clouded mind, he is physically fine. If he is spoken to, he is perturbed at being interrupted. Before getting back to work, he says that he is happy that Hana is still able to work after all.

Catherine Slattery: Catherine, Estelle Slattery's sister-in-law, is one of the consumers who has fallen victim. Her skin is covered in scratch marks. If she used a glass shard on herself, any wounds are present but not bleeding. She scratches herself often. Catherine is clearly uncomfortable around the spiders but continues to work. If spoken to, she says she does not like this job. She does not even like the makeup anymore now that she knows how it's made.

Anastasia Ivan: Anastasia weeps softly to herself while she works. Unlike most of the workers, she often looks around. When she sees the investigators, she looks hopeful for a moment, but then her expression

clouds over and she returns to work. If spoken to, she asks where Gabby is. She says she hopes that they can spend time together when the shift is over. But she does not know when that will be.

The Chemical Analyst: If the investigators had someone conduct a chemical analysis for them, that person is now here as well, due to contact with the venom. Upon noticing the investigators, the analyst begins to weep and shake. The analyst is very confused and anxious, pleading to go home.

THE HEMPSTEADS AND GABBY WALSH ARRIVE AT THE "NIGHT-SHIFT"

At some point in the night, the Hempsteads arrive to inspect operations and have workers start bringing boxes of venom up to their bedroom. The Hempsteads are grotesque in this dimension, with multiple spider eyes, distorted pseudo-mandibles, and long hairs erupting from various points. They are hunched over and move in an abrupt, twitchy fashion. SAN loss is 0/1D6 for seeing the Hempsteads in this monstrous form.

Gabby Walsh is at Imelda's side. She walks stiffly, and she looks like she is wasting away. Her skin is extremely pale, there are violet bags under her eyes, and her lips are bloodless. She seems largely unaware of her



surroundings, keeping her eyes on the ground. SAN loss for seeing Gabby in this state is 0/1.

They do not notice the investigators right away. They confer with the floor managers and observe the work being done. Unless the investigators draw attention to themselves, they have ample opportunity to hide behind machinery or among the workers.

After a few minutes, Anastasia notices Gabby. She calls Gabby's name and runs over, while Gabby looks up slowly in response. If Anastasia reaches them, Imelda cuffs Anastasia hard across the face. Anastasia falls to the floor and clutches her bloody mouth. A large spider emerges from the darkness to drag her away to the pit, while Gabby says, "Anastasia..." in a low, cracked voice.

SHUTTING DOWN THE FACTORY

Stopping this horrible operation is not easy. There is little mundane and legal recourse. Some strategies are harder to pull off, or have dire potential consequences to mind and body.

Removing the Hempsteads: The Hempsteads are key to the operations. Without them, the venom does not make it into our world, and the spiders never gain a foothold. If the "night-shift" factory itself is not disrupted, then it is possible that someone else takes up the cause, but that may be a long way off.

Let's look at the most extreme removal possibility: killing the Hempsteads. The Hempsteads effectively live in two dimensions now. If their bodies die in the real world, they live on in dreams. If the "night-shift" factory still operates, they are no longer able to bring the venom over to the Waking World...for now. Left to exist unhindered in this nightmare place, they can plan and come up with other arrangements. Perhaps they groom a floor manager to take over ferrying the venom to reality. This takes at least some time, especially if the factory in Brights Mill is shuttered. But by itself, the physical death of the Hempsteads does nothing to alleviate the drudgery of their "night-shift" victims.

If the Hempsteads die in dreams, however, the operation effectively shuts down for the foreseeable future. Indeed, the "night-shift" factory becomes untethered from the real world. The workers and investigators who are still alive in the Waking World wake up, free of their servitude, though not the physical and mental scars they bear. The workers who are dead in the Waking World have unknowable fates. Perhaps they endlessly toil without point or become fodder for frustrated spiders. Perhaps they fade to nothingness. One benefit here is that killing the Hempsteads' nightmare forms has no legal repercussions for the investigators.

If the Hempsteads still live in one dimension, they likely seek revenge there. Killed in the "night-shift" factory, they awaken and immediately seek the investigators and attempt to murder them. Killed in the real world, they can enact revenge on any investigators who later find themselves in the "night-shift" factory while asleep.

Another option is legal recourse. Proving that an employer is at fault in injury or death, especially willfully, is difficult, unfortunately. However, kidnapping

orphan girls and draining them of their blood every day is beyond the pale for even the most apathetic court system, if there is solid proof. Even if the Hempsteads are incarcerated (probably in a sanitarium), they may be able to work toward their goals, especially if they still have their nightmare selves.

Using Magic to Remove the Night-shift Factory?

The investigators may have supernatural means at their disposal, such as spells or the Dreaming skill. The Keeper must judge the efficacy of these various possibilities. One possible method is to use the Cthulhu Mythos spontaneously, if that optional rule is in use for the Keeper's game. Destroying the factory must be attempted from within it, which the spiders will not sit idly by and allow, and requires the following:

- ▲ 20 magic points (almost certainly requiring the excess to come from hit points).
- ▲ 1D6 SAN points.
- ▲ A Regular Cthulhu Mythos roll.

If successful, this effectively shuts the Hempsteads off from the nightmare spiders. The night-shift factory is gone, as are any dead-in-reality workers. Anyone else wakes up, including the Hempsteads. All that the Hempsteads can do now is try to enact bloody revenge. An investigator who spent hit points in lieu of magic points finds that such bodily damage occurred in reality, too.

FIRE TAKES CARE OF EVERYTHING, RIGHT?

So, at some point, someone in the group is probably going to float the idea of torching the factory. The other investigators may even agree. There is a convenient hardware store on the bottom floor where supplies can be procured. These investigators may not have thought everything through, however, like whether the fire escapes are accessible. It is also a chemical factory, which someone making an EDU roll can point out as a hazard. The investigators may still decide to do it, knowing the dangers but attempting to minimize them, such as by doing it at night.

If the real-world factory is set on fire, those dangerous chemicals help it go up in a toxic, smoky inferno amazingly quickly. On top of that, the webs in the "night-shift" partially exist in the Waking World, and they are very flammable, too. Anyone inside while the factory is on fire sees the air itself bizarrely catch fire, tracing the path of the invisible ropelike webs. If this happens while workers are present or the investigators block their own intended path by accident, the locked doors make it difficult to exit quickly. Even those with keys may fumble under the pressure, and lock-picking incurs a penalty die. Even if the factory is clear of workers in the real world, nearby buildings and their inhabitants are in danger from an out-of-control blaze fueled by chemicals and supernatural webs.

A fire in the Waking World spreads to the "night-shift" factory via the webs. If it is daytime in the real world, that at least minimizes casualties to those who are "ghosts" already. Whatever the time of day, investigators who are inside the building hear an eerie

echo of screams and see flailing human shadows. Then, a large flaming nightmare spider rushes forth from a shadow. It attacks in a paroxysm of panic and rage. It loses 1D6 HP at the end of each round due to being on fire. Those hit by it, or using melee weapons on it, must roll Luck to avoid getting burned for 1D6 HP.

A fire in the "night-shift" factory spreads rapidly through the webs. There is no effective exit. The elevator shaft catches fire, spreading into the pit, killing spiders and their cocooned victims. The two large spiders go berserk, and attack investigators and everyone else. There is a 25% chance each round that a large spider catches fire and loses 1D6 HP at the end of each round. Those hit by it or using melee weapons on it must roll Luck to avoid getting burned for 1D6 HP. If the Hempsteads are here, their deaths cause the dissolution of the factories' bonds as before. The investigators may also attempt supernatural methods, which also get them and the victims out. Otherwise, the investigators' dreaming selves are almost certainly done for (see "Rules and Regulations of Nightmare," above).

Despite all of the danger and possible unintentional real or psychic deaths, an inferno that starts in or reaches the "night-shift" factory is quite effective. The spiders are likely annihilated, making the Hempsteads' plans untenable. Unless both of the Hempsteads lost their nightmare selves or the "night-shift" factory has been otherwise detached from the real world, however, then the "night-shift" factory still exists. It is possible for the investigators or anyone else who still has dream selves to visit the ruins, either voluntarily in the case of an experienced Dreamer or involuntarily through having been previously exposed to poison.

CONCLUSION

Ideally, the investigators have severed the night-shift factory's ties to our reality. Stopping the Hempsteads from easily accessing it is a second-best result, but that may be a temporary fix.

Some of the damage caused by the venom fades with time, such as Abigail Shrift's skin condition. Anyone who lost their "night-shift" version has taken a mental hit, and can no longer enter the Dreamlands, but may otherwise recover over time. With medical attention, Gabby Walsh regains her strength.

The venom, already unstable in this world, fades away quickly if the "night-shift" factory has been destroyed or untethered. That includes the venom already within various Hempstead Chemicals products.

The economic loss is not kind to Brights Mill, and the Great Depression accelerates its decline.

REWARDS AND REPERCUSSIONS

- ▲ +1D10 SAN for shutting the factory down.
- ▲ +1D6 SAN for killing a large nightmare spider.
- ▲ -1D6 SAN for realizing that a fire started by the investigators caused the real and/or dream death of innocent people.

ABIGAIL SHRIFT*Age 36, former factory worker and union organizer.*

STR 65 **CON** 70 **SIZ** 55 **INT** 80 **POW** 70
DEX 65 **APP** 60 **EDU** 60 **SAN** 65
LUCK 70 **HP** 12 **MP** 14 **MOVE** 9 **BUILD** 0

DAMAGE BONUS: 0**EDUCATION:** Some high school plus training.**ATTACKS PER ROUND:** 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl): 45% (22/9); damage 1D3+DB
 Dodge 32% (16/6)

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 60%, Accounting 45%, Art/Craft (Garment Manufacturing) 60%, Drive Auto 30%, Fast Talk 65%, First Aid 50%, Language (English) 60%, Law 50%, Listen 45%, Persuade 70%, Psychology 60%, Sleight of Hand 50%, Spot Hidden 35%, Stealth 50%.

DEFENSES: None.**CATHERINE SLATTERY***Patrick's sister*

STR 55 **CON** 55 **SIZ** 55 **INT** 70 **POW** 50
DEX 60 **APP** 65 **EDU** 60 **SAN** 30
LUCK 50 **HP** 11 **MP** 10 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 0

DAMAGE BONUS: 0**EDUCATION:** High school.**ATTACKS PER ROUND:** 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl): 80% (40/16);
 Fist 1D3+DB; Glass shard 1D4 + DB;
 Dodge 30% (15/6)

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 65%, Accounting 30%, Art/Craft (Typing) 60%, Art/Craft (Shorthand) 65%, Charm 50%, Law 20%, Library Use 35%, Psychology 50%.

DEFENSES: None.**SUSAN MARTIN***Age 40, third-floor manager*

STR 60 **CON** 60 **SIZ** 70 **INT** 65 **POW** 70
DEX 55 **APP** 50 **EDU** 65 **SAN** 65
LUCK 65 **HP** 13 **MP** 14 **MOVE** 6 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4**EDUCATION:** High school.**ATTACKS PER ROUND:** 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 25% (12/5); damage 1D3+DB.
 Dodge 27% (13/5)

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 65%, Charm 40%, Intimidate 45%, Listen 45%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 45%.

DEFENSES: None.**WENDELL CLEVELAND***Age 38, fourth-floor manager*

STR 70 **CON** 65 **SIZ** 80 **INT** 70 **POW** 70
DEX 50 **APP** 50 **EDU** 65 **SAN** 65
LUCK 70 **HP** 14 **MP** 14 **MOVE** 7 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4**EDUCATION:** High school.**ATTACKS PER ROUND:** 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 45% (22/9); damage 1D3+DB.
 Dodge 25% (12/5)

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 55%, Drive Auto 35%, Electrical Repair 35%, Intimidate 55%, Listen 35%, Mechanical Repair 55%, Operate Heavy Machinery 40%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 35%.

DEFENSES: None.**MAVIS THORPE***Age 38, office secretary of the factory*

STR 50 **CON** 55 **SIZ** 55 **INT** 65 **POW** 50
DEX 55 **APP** 55 **EDU** 65 **SAN** 45
LUCK 50 **HP** 11 **MP** 10 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 0

DAMAGE BONUS: 0**EDUCATION:** High school.**ATTACKS PER ROUND:** 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 30% (15/6); damage 1D3+DB.
 Dodge 27% (13/5)

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 65%, Accounting 35%, Art/Craft (Typing) 65%, Art/Craft (Shorthand) 60%, Law 20%, Library Use 40%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 50%.

DEFENSES: None.**SHERIFF BILL KERN***Age 43, the sheriff*

STR 60 **CON** 65 **SIZ** 70 **INT** 70 **POW** 60
DEX 60 **APP** 45 **EDU** 70 **SAN** 60
LUCK 60 **HP** 13 **MP** 12 **MOVE** 6 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4**EDUCATION:** High school.**ATTACKS PER ROUND:** 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 45% (22/9), Fist damage 1D3+DB, Nightstick damage 1D6+DB; Firearms (Pistol), Colt Police Positive .38 caliber revolver, 40% (20/8), damage 1D10, Range 15, Rate of Fire 2, 6 shots, 8 HP, Malfunction 00. Dodge 30% (15/6)

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 70%, Drive Auto 45%, First Aid 45%, Intimidate 60%, Law 40%, Listen 30%, Persuade 40%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 40%.

DEFENSES: None.**ANASTASIA IVAN***Age 14, child factory laborer*

STR 40 **CON** 60 **SIZ** 40 **INT** 65 **POW** 50
DEX 60 **APP** 60 **EDU** 40 **SAN** 45
LUCK 50 **HP** 10 **MP** 10 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** -1

DAMAGE BONUS: -1**EDUCATION:** 8th grade.**ATTACKS PER ROUND:** 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 45% (22/9); damage 1D3+DB.
 Dodge 30% (15/6)

SKILLS: Own Language (Russian) 40%, Other Language (English) 30%, Charm 40%, Listen 40%, Sleight of Hand 40%, Spot Hidden 40%, Stealth 40%.

DEFENSES: None.**GEORGE MEADOWS***Age 35, second-floor manager*

STR 60 **CON** 60 **SIZ** 75 **INT** 65 **POW** 65
DEX 60 **APP** 50 **EDU** 65 **SAN** 60
LUCK 65 **HP** 13 **MP** 13 **MOVE** 7 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4**EDUCATION:** High school.**ATTACKS PER ROUND:** 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 45% (22/9); damage 1D3+DB.
 Dodge 30% (15/6)

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 65%, Drive Auto 40%, Electrical Repair 25%, Intimidate 55%, Listen 35%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Operate Heavy Machinery 30%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 35%.

DEFENSES: None.

NIGHTMARE SPIDERS

Nightmare spiders look much like wolf spiders in shape, but they have bright purple markings on their otherwise black abdomens. These markings glow slightly. Nightmare spiders seem to be related to the spiders of fabled Leng in some fashion.

The youngest spiders start at the size of regular adult spiders, growing larger with age. The young ones are essentially harmless and no more intelligent than any other arachnid. After a while, they grow to the size of household pets (medium nightmare spiders), and their intelligence increases to that of a human child.

They continue to grow and become more intelligent, until they reach the size of a mountain lion (large nightmare spiders). Their ability to spin webs and the strength of those webs increases. They can rear and lean back, thrusting their spinnerets forward to fling webs at targets.

There are two large nightmare spiders in the night-shift factory. They are typically apart from each other. There are countless tiny spiders and numerous medium spiders. The medium spiders are fairly docile and do not see humans as food, unless they are cocooned down in the pit.

LARGE NIGHTMARE SPIDERS

STR 110 **CON** 80 **SIZ** 80 **INT** 50 **POW** 60
DEX 120 **HP** 16 **MOVE** 7 **BUILD** 2

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Bite 40% (20/8), damage 1 + venom (see below)

Web Toss 50% (25/10): victim is entangled by webs. The webs of nightmare spiders are incredibly strong, and a web's effective STR equals the spider's SIZ. Entangled victims must make an opposed STR roll against the web to break free. Targets may roll Dodge to avoid flung webs; this does not count as diving for cover, so does not negate the target's next action.

Venom: The spider's potent venom causes 1D8 damage and unconsciousness for 2D4 hours. However, if the victim succeeds in an Extreme CON check, the damage is reduced to 1D4, and unconsciousness only occurs under special circumstances.

SKILLS: Climb 80%, Jump 80%, Stealth 80%.

DEFENSE: 2-point exoskeleton.

SPELLS: None.

SANITY: 1/1D6 to see a full-grown nightmare spider.

MEDIUM NIGHTMARE SPIDERS

STR 150 **CON** 80 **SIZ** 15 **INT** 25 **POW** 60
DEX 120 **HP** 9 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** -1

DAMAGE BONUS: -1

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Bite 30% (15/6), damage 1 + venom (see above).

SKILLS: Climb 80%, Jump 80%, Stealth 80%

DEFENSE: 1-point exoskeleton.

SPELLS: None.

SANITY: 0/1D4 to see a medium nightmare spider. (Note: there is no additional Sanity loss for simply seeing medium nightmare spiders in the night-shift factory, unless they attack).



MERVYN HEMPSTEAD

Age 47, Owner of the Hempstead Chemicals factory

STR 60 **CON** 65 **SIZ** 75 **INT** 90 **POW** 80
DEX 75 **APP** 65 **EDU** 99 **SAN** 00
LUCK 80 **HP** 14 **MP** 16 **MOVE** 7 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

EDUCATION: PhDs in chemistry and entomology, specializing in arachnology.

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 40% (20/8), damage 1D3+DB; Firearms (Pistol), Colt Police Positive .38 caliber revolver, 40% (20/8), damage 1D10, Range 15, Rate of Fire 2, 6 shots, 8 HP, Malfunction 00. Dodge 37% (18/7)

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 99%, Other Language (German) 60%, Other Language (Latin) 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Dream Lore 30%, Electrical Repair 35%, Fast Talk 50%, Library Use 65%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Natural World 25%, Occult 40%, Persuade 65%, Psychology 50%, Science (Biology) 75%, Science (Chemistry) 85%, Science (Mathematics) 55%, Science (Zoology) 70%, Spot Hidden 65%.

DEFENSES: None.

SAN LOSS: 0/1D6 to see Mervyn's hybrid form in the night-shift factory.

IMELDA FIORINA HEMPSTEAD

Age secret, former silent film star from Italy

STR 60 **CON** 75 **SIZ** 45 **INT** 70 **POW** 60
DEX 80 **APP** 90 **EDU** 70 **SAN** 00
LUCK 60 **HP** 12 **MP** 12 **MOVE** 9 **BUILD** 0

DAMAGE BONUS: 0

EDUCATION: College graduate in Italy.

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 45% (22/9); Fist damage 1D3+DB, Stiletto damage 1D4+DB Dodge 40% (20/8)

SKILLS: Own Language (Italian) 70%, Other Language (English) 60%, Other Language (French) 45%, Art/Craft (Acting) 75%, Charm 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Disguise 30%, Dream Lore 5%, Listen 50%, Occult 30%, Psychology 60%, Ride 40%.

DEFENSES: None.

SAN LOSS: 0/1D6 to see Imelda's hybrid form in the night-shift factory.

WHEN THIS LOUSY WAR IS OVER

BY BRIAN M. SAMMONS

INTRODUCTION AND OVERVIEW

This scenario takes place in Lovecraft's Massachusetts, between the years of 1920 to 1933, or the Prohibition Era. Ideally, the year is 1923, but feel free to tweak that if you so desire.

World War One, the Great War, the War to End All Wars, sadly was not. It was also like no war ever seen before or since. Not only was it the largest conflict to date, the full might of the Industrial Revolution turned battle into mechanized slaughter. Machine guns could mow down hundreds in minutes. Chemical warfare, such a vile tactic that it has since been outlawed by nearly every nation in the world, added new terror and painful death to the mix. The first airplanes used in combat came from this war, as did the earth-shaking metal behemoths called tanks. Then there was the nightmare that was trench warfare, where sickness was rampant, the artillery bombardments sometimes lasted for days, and thousands would charge directly into a withering hail of bullets so that victory could be claimed by advancing the front line a few yards. There were flamethrowers that spewed hellfire; efforts to tunnel under enemy trenches leading to pitched hand to hand battles in the pitch dark; Zeppelins dropping tons of explosives on civilian cities; submarines sinking boats with impunity from beneath the waves, and more. And everyone the war touched would be changed forever.

When the battles were over, a war-weary populace wanted to forget about the horrors and move on with their lives, but there were countless men and women that could not put the bloody past behind them so neatly and easily. Some bore horrible physical wounds, as paradoxically, the advancement in medicine saved more lives than ever, but that meant many more soldiers had to learn to live with missing limbs and horrible disfigurements. Then there were those that had wounded minds, a condition known as "shell shock" at the time and something woefully misunderstood by most. A condescending attitude of "well, it's over, I know it was bad but just get over it," greeted many veterans who could not forget the horrors of war. Understanding was a rare thing, and many war vets had nowhere and no one to turn to for help.

Thus, the VFW, the Veterans of Foreign Wars (formally the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States), was formed by vets, for vets, to help them in their

daily post-war battles. It was a way for veterans to seek solace and comradery with men (and later, women) that understood their pain and nightmares in a world where no one else did or even seemed to care.

A TALE OF TWO SOLDIERS

Charles Stow is a U.S. Marine that took part in the Battle of Belleau Wood, which raged from June 1st to the 26th, 1918. This was part of the Germans' spring offensive, taking place near the Marne River in France. The battle was fought between the U.S. 2nd and 3rd Divisions, along with French and British forces, against German elements from five different divisions. On the evening of June 1st, 1918, German forces punched a hole in the French lines to the left of the Marines' position. The Marines undertook a forced march to plug the hole and halt the German advance, which they did. Then, the Germans surged forward again, pushing the Marines back and cutting off Charles Stow's unit.

Most of his unit retreated from the counterattack, and some died during it, but for Charles and two other men who were wounded, they were accidentally left behind during the bugout. The three wounded men crawled into a nearby bombed-out farmhouse, and hid in the cellar as the German army advanced. There they would stay, behind enemy lines, scared and starving, for weeks until the Marines were able to push the Germans back. Unfortunately, during that time, the two men with Charles died of their wounds. As for Charles, he survived the only way that he could: by cannibalizing his fallen brothers in arms for sustenance.

And that was only the start of the horror for him. For Charles came from Arkham, often called witch-haunted or ghoul-haunted Arkham, and the city had imparted a lethal legacy to him. He was ghoul-tainted. Either by being a baby-swapped ghoul changeling or due to an unknown family history of breeding with the grave-dwellers, the taint of ghoul blood ran in Charles' veins. When he ate the flesh of the dead, that taint was awakened and he began the slow, but unrelenting change into a ghoul. But before that change could be completed, his crime was discovered by the Marines when they pulled him from the basement charnel house that he had been hiding in.

He was immediately placed in custody by his sickened superiors. His commanding officer argued that Charles

did what he had to do to survive, but the higher-ups were revolted by his actions, and by his visage as it became more feral. Charles was sentenced to death by firing squad, and the sentence was supposedly carried out. But Charles' physiology had mutated just enough by then to get some of the ghoul's innate resistance to firearms. So, while he was shot and he fell, he still clung to life. He was buried without honors in an unmarked grave, but he was still alive. When other, full-blooded ghouls later robbed those graves looking for meat, they discovered Charles, and smelling their blood within him, they nursed him back to health.

Years after the war was over, Charles, now a fully-turned ghoul but still with a lifetime of human memories, stowed away on a ship bound for America and soon returned to Arkham. He does not know why he did this, but he knew that his old life was over, and it felt right to be home. Soon after coming back to Arkham, he encountered the ghoul pack that lives beneath Christchurch Cemetery at the South end of town, and happily joined their ranks.

ENTER ANDRE SNYDER

Andre's time in the Army in Europe was far from fun, but it was far less harrowing and horrifying than Charles' experience. His most notable encounter was the Battle of Cantigny on May 28, 1918, where he was shot in the arm, received medical treatment, and was awarded the Purple Heart. He then served the rest of his time on the front lines without being involved in another historically notable battle.

But while the history books might have overlooked his service, it had a profound effect on the man. First, his older brother, who talked Andre into enlisting with him to "show the Hun a thing or two," and who was in his same unit, died right before his eyes when an artillery shell hit their trench, covering Andre in the bloody, mangled meat of his older sibling. Soon after, he received word that his mother back home had died of heart failure. Lastly, just weeks before being discharged, he received a "Dear John" letter from his high school sweetheart, telling him that she was leaving him to marry another man.

Upon returning home to Arkham, Andre found that everything about his old life was gone. He did not even have a home to return to. The bank had taken possession after his mother passed away, as she had been struggling to pay the mortgage on her own, with no

husband and both sons away at the war. He got himself a crappy job and a crappy apartment and lived utterly alone, with only the nightmares he brought home from Europe to keep him company. Then, he began to drink. A lot. And his life would have surely spun out of control, if not for finding the local VFW hall and starting to make friends there. He had a chance of returning to some semblance of normalcy and happiness, but fate had other ideas for him.

One night, drunk and depressed, he wandered into Christchurch Cemetery to visit his mother's grave, and that is when he came upon a small pack of ghouls. Terrified, his army training kicked in, and he hid and observed this new, unnatural enemy. When he saw some of them coming out of a mausoleum with gruesome, rotting bits and proceeding to eat them, something inside him snapped. He pulled from his coat a war trophy, a German *Nabkampfmesser* knife, and charged screaming into battle. The ghouls, ever secretive and wanting to remain so, fled into the night, all save for one adolescent grave robber. His fight or flight response had him turn, growl in rage, and face the unknown attacker. While the ghoul, even at a young age, had the physical advantage, Andre had the edge on experience and won the day, sinking his German trench knife into the ghoul's heart. And while Andre was beaten and bloody, he felt alive and whole for the first time in months. This he knew, this he had some control over, and this gave him a feeling of moral superiority. After all, what he had killed was a monster, so that made him a hero, right?

Needless to say, Charles Stow, the ghoul, was enraged at the death of one of his pack, especially one so young. With his own memories of war, thoughts of revenge soon gave way to bloody actions. And the drums of war began to beat anew, this time with Arkham as the battleground.

INVOLVING THE INVESTIGATORS

The investigators get involved when a friend of one or more of them dies violently one night in Arkham. That man was Benjamin Dabrowski, an accountant, family man, and U.S. Army veteran of the Great War. He died in an unfocused reprisal by Charles the ghoul. Charles had been following Andre around for nights, but he never had a good opportunity to attack when the man was alone. But he did see him frequent the VFW hall, and laugh and drink with some of the members, including Benjamin. So, when Ben wandered

home one night, drunk and alone, Charles took the opportunity to attack. He pulled Benjamin into an alley and viciously mauled him with his claws. Then, to leave a message, he plunged Andre's left behind *Nabkampfmesser* knife into his heart.

The investigators will have to find this out for themselves, and discover the rest of the escalating feud and try to stop it, lest it explode and become a full-blown war. Andre has already learned of the "message" from a friend on the police force, and is already making plans for a retaliatory attack on the graveyard ghouls.

Investigators can learn of Benjamin's murder in the news, or, if they live in Arkham then from mutual friends or their own contacts in law enforcement or the county coroner. Alternatively, they could be contacted by Ben's grieving widow, Maggie, looking for some reason behind the senseless slaughter and asking the investigator(s) for any help they can offer.

INTERVIEW: MAGGIE DABROWSKI (THE WIDOW)

Speaking to Maggie can be done on the telephone or in person. If in person, the Dabrowski home can be found on the corner of Noyes and Whatley streets in Arkham. The family has an eight-year-old son named Stephen who is home from school and asleep in his bedroom upstairs, recovering from the shock and loss of his father. The boy can shed no light on the investigation.

As for Maggie, a 27-year-old woman with short, curly brown hair and brown eyes, she can tell the investigators the following:

- △ On the night Ben was murdered, he had gone to the VFW hall to be with his friends a bit. He would often go there after work one or two nights a week.
- △ Despite Prohibition, all of the men often drank a lot there.
- △ The local police knew about the drinking, but turned a blind eye to it out of respect for what the men went through during the War.
- △ Only if someone made a public nuisance of themselves while drunk would the police step in, and that only happened once, with Hollace Boyd, a well-known heavy drinker.
- △ Ben had no enemies, and was not acting worried or strange at any time before his murder.

- △ For any more information, the investigators should go to the local VFW and talk to Walter Miller; he is the one that brought the VFW to Arkham and is the head of the hall. He was also one of Ben's closest friends.

The investigators will be allowed to search Benjamin's study if they want, as well as anywhere else, but there are no clues to be found here.

GOING TO THE LAW

Should the investigators want to know more details of the murder, they can try asking the police. If they have connections with law enforcement, give them a bonus die on any Persuade, Fast Talk, or Law checks needed to convince someone to give them access to the case file or, informally, more details. If one or more of the investigators are members of the Arkham Police Department, then no rolls are needed and they have full access to the case.

Failing this, investigators can try the county coroner's office and make Persuade, Fast Talk, Law, or in a pinch, Medicine rolls to convince people there that they are investigating the murder, and have the authority to do so, to get much of the same information. Again, being a part of the coroner's office alleviates the need for any skill checks and access to the information is assured.

The following information about the murder can be learned from the police or coroner's office:

- △ Ben was killed in an alleyway on East Main Street, in a part of Arkham known as River Town, south of the Miskatonic River.
- △ Ben arrived at the VFW Hall on Main Street around 6:30 in the evening and left for home, alone, just after 10:30 P.M.
- △ According to witnesses, he had been drinking and was "tipsy" but not heavily inebriated.
- △ The coroner places the time of death at around 11:00 P.M.
- △ Benjamin's face was heavily lacerated, his chest was gored multiple times by an unknown weapon, and his throat was slashed, apparently multiple times, deep enough to score the spine. Depending on the amount of time that has passed, they may be able to examine either the body (SAN loss 0/1D3) or a picture (SAN loss 0/1). He appears to have been ripped to

THE CAST OF WHEN THIS LOUSY WAR IS OVER

- △ **Charles Stow:** U.S. Marine veteran and vengeful Arkham ghoul.
- △ **Andre Snyder:** U.S. Army veteran and "defender of humanity."
- △ **Benjamin Dabrowski:** Deceased U.S. Army veteran, ripped to shreds by Charles Stow.
- △ **Maggie Dabrowski:** Benjamin's grieving widow.

- △ **Walter Miller:** Head of the Arkham VFW hall and friend of Dabrowski.
- △ **Harold Farnsworth:** Bartender at and member of the Arkham VFW hall.
- △ **Hollace Boyd:** Frequently intoxicated VFW hall member.
- △ **George Tallson:** Severely disfigured VFW hall member.

- △ **John Ebner:** Double amputee, wheelchair bound VFW hall member.
- △ **Albert Pavlik:** Withdrawn and "shell-shocked" VFW hall member.
- △ **Martin Leery:** Jovial Irish VFW hall member with mob connections.
- △ **Mendin:** An old and pragmatic ghoul of the Arkham area.

shreds by a wild animal, and then stabbed for good measure.

- △ A “large war knife” was found sticking out the man’s chest, having impaled his heart.
- △ Benjamin’s wallet, watch, keys, glasses, and money were all found on his body, so robbery is not considered to be the motive.
- △ According to the autopsy, Ben had recently eaten and there was a notable quantity of alcohol in his stomach.

If the investigators can get access to the police evidence room to look at the “large war knife,” or can convince someone in law enforcement to show them the knife, it is a dagger with a brown, wood “coffin” handle, initialed “ML.” (The initials belong to the German soldier that used the knife before Andre took it off his corpse, although the investigators will not know this). The blade has a single edge, is six inches long, and is struck with the imprints “GOTTLIEB/Hammesfahr/Solingen Foché” on one side and an inspector’s acceptance stamp (a small imperial crown) on the other. Any investigator who is a veteran of the Great War recognizes what kind of knife it is. A Know roll can also identify it as a *Nahkampfmesser* (close combat knife), a trench knife used by the German Army in the Great War. Such a thing would be very

uncommon in America, and would most likely be a souvenir brought home from the war.

INTERVIEWS: THE VFW HALL

The Veterans of Foreign Wars, Post 181, Arkham Hall is a rectangular, white-washed brick building on Main Street, in the merchant district of the town. It was founded in 1919. Inside, there are a handful of booths and tables, hat and coat racks, a long oak bar, pool table, and a dartboard. A large American flag hangs proudly on one wall, with photos of men in combat fatigues or dress uniforms adorning all walls. Over the bar two rifles are crossed, one a M1917 Enfield, and the other a Springfield Model 1903. Both are bolt action, as were most of the long arms used in war at the time, and yes, there are two boxes of ammo (30 rounds each) kept in Walter Miller’s office in the back “just in case.”

The Hall is open 6:00 P.M. to Midnight, Monday through Saturday, and closed on Sunday. It can be, and has been, open at other times for special events.

There are eight members of the Arkham VFW now that Benjamin is dead, each discussed below. In general, the members are secretive, and most do not trust people outside of the VFW. The Keeper should play them as suspects in a murder mystery, at least

until the investigators learn of the ghouls and Andre’s involvement in the brewing war.

Which of the vets are in the hall, and at what time, is left up to the Keeper. It is suggested that not every member be in attendance at any one time unless it is a special event. For the first time that the investigators visit the hall, it is suggested that Walter, Harold, Hollace, and Martin be present, although you can modify this as you wish. Asking any member about who belongs to the VFW (except for asking John Ebner, who will just ignore them unless they are war veterans themselves) will get the full list of all eight members, whether they are present or not, and some brief and basic information on each.

As far as overall reactions go, if an investigator is a war veteran from Arkham, the vets will be open, if not friendly, towards them. If someone is a war veteran from outside the town, the reaction will be only slightly less so. If someone is former or current military, but never fought in a war, there will be some grudging respect and a bit of hospitality. If someone had a family member that died in a war and can prove it, or succeed in a Persuade or Fast Talk roll, then there will be sympathy and some openness. Lastly, if there is no military or war connection, there will be coldness to outright hostility, depending on the investigators’ actions and the current mood of whomever they are dealing with. The Keeper



is to determine this for themselves as the scenario runs on, applying bonus and penalty dice as appropriate.

Walter Miller: Miller was a captain in the Army and the one that brought the VFW to Arkham. His name is on the deed to the hall. When the investigators first come to the hall, they will hear muted shouting (because of a closed-door) coming from the back room. This turns out to be Walter yelling at the cops for information on the death of Benjamin. A Listen roll will tell the investigators this. Walt and Ben were very close, and when the investigators talk to the man, a Psychology roll will confirm this. Convincing Walter to talk to the investigators is easy (a military connection or successful Persuade or Fast Talk roll will do it) but he says from the start that he does not know what good it will do. He can back up Maggie's account, and the official account, of what happened. A Psychology roll indicates that he appears to be telling the truth. He does not have the faintest idea of why his friend was murdered.

Of Ben, he says: "He was a great guy. Everyone liked him, and as far as I knew he didn't have a problem in the world. He came home from the war without any wounds and his head on straight, he had a good job and a great family, and was generally a bedrock of support and help for everyone else in the hall."

Walter is willing to do whatever it takes, as long as it

is legal, to help the investigators and find out what happened to Ben.

Harold Farnsworth: Behind the bar, whenever the hall is open, is Harold Farnsworth, an ex-corporal in the Army. He was a bartender before the war and serves that function now, Prohibition be damned. Behind the bar, a Spot Hidden made with a bonus die notices a telltale limp in the man's right leg. An Idea or Medicine roll made after spotting the limp reveals that Harold has a prosthetic leg from the knee down. If Harold (never Harry) comes out from behind the bar, he uses a cane and his disability is more noticeable.

Harold is warm and smiling with everyone, asking for drink orders and he has the gift of gab, a habit he picked up bartending, but a Psychology roll says that he is closely guarded and studying the investigators closely as they study him. While nice, there is not a lot of trust in Harold, especially for anyone who has not seen what he has seen in war. If the investigators can get past that with a Persuade roll and they are a vet, or a Hard Persuade roll if they are not a vet, then he will have one bit of useful information to give. But warning, if they try to Fast Talk the man, because of his guarded nature and experience with dealing with liars and bullshitters (again, from years of being a bartender) they get a penalty die.

If Harold opens up about Ben, he confirms the account of Benjamin's activities on the night of his death, but adds, "If you want to know more, you should talk to Andre Snyder, but don't tell him I told you that. For the last few days before the murder, those two were always drinking together and whispering about something. No, I didn't hear what, so don't ask, but I noticed it all the same."

Hollace Boyd: The most frequent VFW member at the hall who does not have a direct tie to it, such as the deed-holder or bartender, is Hollace Boyd. Hollace is a former petty officer third class in the Navy. He is nearly always inebriated, even walking into the VFW hall with a buzz already in effect. He is a sloppy but friendly drunk, especially if the investigators are buying the drinks.

If the investigators want to question the man, then he is very hard to keep on topic, veering off on tangents as soon as the thoughts come to mind. If suitably drunk, he will share the story of how he almost died, giving a glimpse into the reason he drinks so much. He was on the U.S.S. Jacob Jones, a destroyer, sailing to Ireland in a zig-zag pattern with five other warships from Brest. On December 17th, 1917, a U-boat broadsided them with a full spread of torpedoes, and the ship sank like a stone. Hollace was trapped in his bunkroom with



eight other men as the ship went down. The room filled with water, there was no way out, and then Hollace lost consciousness. He woke up in the infirmary of one of the other ships. He has no idea how he escaped the sinking ship and made it to the surface. None of the other eight men survived. "I'll never forget that feeling, fighting for life, drowning, the cold blackness, and the screams, oh God, the screams. Drowning is not an easy way to go." Hollace has no useful information for the investigators, but if they are kind to him, he will take a shine towards them and can (and will) show up unexpectedly at some inopportune (and possibly dangerous) time to talk to his "friends."

George Tallson: George is a quiet man who keeps to himself, often found in one dark corner of the hall. He has a tin mask, painted as "lifelike" as it could be, complete with a fake mustache, covering his entire face and held in place with leather straps. Such masks were used by returning soldiers whose faces were horribly disfigured by wounds. The mask even has one painted on blue eye, attesting to George missing one. When George talks, which is very, very infrequently, it is with a slurring, slurping, lisp, as the man's mouth does not work too well and he is missing most of his lips.

The other vets are very protective of the shy and bashful George, so any perceived slights, or just openly staring at the man, will not go over well with the others. It took a lot of work to get George out of his house and join the VFW, and the other vets don't want anything to undo their hard work. When George drinks in the hall (he never eats in public) he secretly turns his head to face an unoccupied corner of the room, lifts his mask, drinks, then quickly replaces it.

Any morbidly ghoulish investigator that wants to get a peek under the mask can make a Spot Hidden when George does this, but they will have to succeed a Stealth check if any other veteran is in the room in order to go unnoticed. Seeing George's face costs 0/1D3 SAN from a mix of revulsion and deep sadness. George has no information for the investigators and will avoid interacting with them, but if they can somehow convince the man to speak, he will say that he was a lieutenant and pilot in the Army Air Service that "got hurt" in a fire when his plane crashed. Because of his tin mask, it is impossible to read the man's motivations and truthfulness with the Psychology skill.

John Ebner: John is missing both legs and is confined to a wheelchair. He is also angry and unfriendly in the extreme. This is not just due to his wounds; John was always like this, but his crippled condition has compounded his miserable attitude. Upon seeing the investigators, John will loudly ask who the hell are they? Then he will ask if they are VFW members and if not, will ask if they are veterans. If the investigators say they are not veterans, then he will shout: "Then what the hell are you doing here? Get out, this is for vets only. Vets! Only!" Other VFW members present will try to calm him down, but the man will continue to huff and puff. Should the investigators try to talk to John, all interactions should be made with a penalty die. Asking someone else about the man reveals that he was a private in the Army, who lost his legs due to a landmine.

Martin Leery: Marty is a friendly, funny man, quick with a smile as he is with a dirty joke. He will be very open and welcoming to the investigators, slapping their backs and even buy some drinks. His war stories are mild compared to some of the others. He was a supply sergeant with the Army, stationed well back from the front lines. The only combat that he was exposed to was the occasional shelling from the Germans, which did give him some shrapnel wounds to his right arm (he will show them off if asked) and got him the Purple Heart. A Psychology check concludes that he is being honest and he is genuinely friendly, but a Hard success on that roll does show that he is hiding something.

What he is hiding is the fact that he is the cousin of a notorious enforcer for the local Irish mob, Eddie Leery. The two are not all that close, but they are family. Martin is also the liquor provider for the VFW hall, using his cousin's connection within the O'Bannion gang to get things done. Only Walter Miller is aware of this, and he is okay with it as he knows that Martin is a "good egg." If an investigator has a law or crime background in Arkham, they might make the last name connection with a now roll. Martin's initials, ML, do match the initials found on the *Nabkampfmesser* knife, but this is a coincidence. Let the investigators wonder about this if they make the connection.

Albert Pavlik: Albert is the VFW member who comes to the hall the least. He is quiet and keeps to himself. He is not overly cold or unfriendly, just nervous and overly cautious. While many of the vets suffer from nightmares and horrible memories from the war, Albert is considered to be literally "shell shocked," or as it is known today, suffering from Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). Loud noises make him jump, and sudden movements make him flinch. He is also very claustrophobic, and for good reason.

Asked about his service he will say he was a private in the Army, but that is all he will easily answer. Asking others about him gets little information, as they all say that Albert has never talked about his war experiences, but everyone thinks it must have been very bad as, "he's all messed up in the head, poor guy." Keeping an eye on Albert the few times that he comes to the hall sees that last VFW member, Andre Snyder, and him often chatting quietly. A Spot Hidden made during these conversations sees Albert pale, trembling, and terrified, but no amount of persuasion will get him to say why.

If the investigators can convince the man to share his wartime experiences, it will require a Hard success on either a Persuade or Fast Talk check, or a Psychoanalysis check. If the one doing the asking is a war veteran, then they will get a bonus die to the roll. Success finds out that Albert's squad was tasked with digging a tunnel from their frontline, under "no man's land," and beneath the German trenches. They were then meant to plant explosives and blow the German trenches sky high on the day of an upcoming assault. Unfortunately, the Germans had the same idea and the two tunnels unexpectedly ran into each other, underneath "no man's land." Bloody and vicious hand-to-hand combat followed in the cramped, ill-lit tunnels, until something happened and there was an explosion. Both tunnels

collapsed, and Albert was left all alone in the dark. It took his rescuers six days to clear the cave-in and find him. Thankfully, Albert never turned to cannibalism, he just starved himself instead. He did lose count of how many times he put his hand into, or stepped on, some wet, meaty thing that used to be a man. Worse yet was the constant noise in the dark. He heard subtle movement, scratches, whispers, and...chewing. Was it just rats? Was it ghouls? Was it something even worse? Albert does not know, but being trapped alone down there in the absolute dark with those sounds, for days upon days, shattered the man's sanity.

Andre Snyder: Andre is the "villain" of the piece, if there is one. He is a former corporal in the army. His life having taken a very bad turn in almost all ways after the war, he is turning to his wartime experiences for a sense of familiarity. War is something that he knows; in battle he has some control. So, when he discovered the "Hellish grave demons" (ghouls) living in his hometown, exterminating them gave him a sense of purpose that he was sorely missing. He had no idea that the ghouls (or at least one of them) would seek revenge and take it out on his friend, Benjamin, but he is nevertheless positive that they are the ones responsible for his murder. For the record, Andre never intended to get Ben involved, and it was only because the ghoul, Charles Stow, saw them talking together that he was murdered.

Ben's death now has Andre thinking that he might need some backup for this mission. Assuming that "shell-shocked" Albert Pavlik would be the easiest of the vets to convince to join his war, and being one of the few that knows about Albert's nightmarish tunnel experience, he has been telling him stories and taking the man out to the Christchurch Cemetery at night to witness the ghouls firsthand. In fact, the night after the first time the investigators come to the VFW hall, Andre and Albert will go back to the cemetery around 11 P.M. The investigators will have the chance to follow the pair if they so wish.

As for speaking with Andre, he is closed-lipped with the investigators. He says that he knew Benjamin and that the two were friends. He is very upset about his murder. Asked if he knows anything about it, he will say that he does not, but a Psychology check indicates that he is lying. Confronting him on this lie will turn the man sour and he will join John Ebner's protests and begin to question, loudly, why the investigators are allowed in the hall. He will demand to know who they think they are, questioning Ben's friends about his murder like they are suspects. (And in any case, Andre has an alibi for the time of Ben's murder—he was right here in the hall).

A WAR ON TWO FRONTS—AN OPTION

If the Keeper is looking to introduce another adversarial element to the scenario, organized crime can be that dangerous addition. This can be done in a couple of ways. First, if the investigators start leaning too heavily on Martin Leery, thinking that he is their prime suspect for the murder due to his initials being on the German knife, he might turn to his cousin for a little help. His cousin, Eddie Leery, is well-connected with the

O'Bannion mob and known for his use of violence. Martin will use his cousin to just "put a scare" into the investigators, but intimidation can all too easily turn to violence if things get out of hand.

The other option could be a little mob war. The local Italian mob, run by Joe (Giuseppe) Poterillo, and the Irish O'Bannion gang are at odds over the massive amount of money that can be made off of Prohibition. The Italians know of the VFW's free ride when it comes to alcohol, and they would very much like to be the supplier for their drinks. They may try to strong-arm Walter Miller to switch suppliers (not knowing about Martin Leery's family connection to the Irish mob), and the investigators are likely to be drawn into this conflict by witnessing this and trying to help, or mistakenly thinking that it has something to do with the murder of Benjamin Dabrowski. It does not, but that won't matter if the bullets start flying.

This will no doubt extend the length of the scenario, possibly muddy the waters of the investigation, and add some danger and violence to the mix. So Keepers be warned.

FOLLOWING A SUSPICIOUS PAIR

On the first night that the investigators come to the VFW hall, or a little later if the Keeper wants or needs it to for pacing purposes, the investigators can spy Albert and Andre ducking out of the hall while acting strangely. They are whispering to each other, Albert looking unsure and worried about something, and Andre seeming to egg him on. A Spot Hidden roll is needed to see this, and perhaps a Psychology roll is needed to catch the

nuances. An alternative to this would be to have one or two investigators, by chance, spotting the pair one night when they were on some unrelated errand. With both men acting suspicious, how can they not follow them to find out what they are doing?

If the investigators choose to follow, they will discover that both men intend to go on foot to wherever they are going. Following the pair by car will require a Hard success on a Stealth check, but if the investigators also go on foot to follow them, it only requires a Regular success. A Stealth check can be called for any number of times that the Keeper wishes, to add tension and suspense. If the investigators fail one Stealth, they may push the Stealth check to avoid being spotted as Albert and Andre look over their shoulder, mutter to each other, and Andre pulls a flashlight from his pocket and shines it about.

Eventually, the pair make their way to the Christchurch Cemetery and deftly scale the wall. If the investigators still want to follow, it will require a Climb roll to get over the wrought-iron gate that surrounds the cemetery. A botched roll here means that an investigator has sliced themselves open trying to get over the sharp, spear-like top of the gate, taking 1D4 Hit Points in damage.

Once inside the graveyard, a Spot Hidden roll at a Hard success is needed to find Albert and Andre as—yes, you guessed it—a spooky and thick fog blankets the entire cemetery. Andre knows where he is going and is acting like he's back in the War, so he is not using his flashlight so as to not give himself away. This Spot Hidden roll should be called for at least twice (or more if the Keeper wishes), as it is easy to get lost in the fog, on this moonless night, amongst all the tombstones and mausoleums. If one of these Spot Hidden rolls is

botched, have that investigator fall into an open grave, taking 1D4 Hit Points in damage. They will then have to make a Climb roll to get out or be helped out by another. This open grave is for a funeral in the morning, but a cruel Keeper wanting to up the ick and horror factor can change that and have it be a freshly dug up grave that the ghouls broke into, looking for food. In that case, the investigator that fell in lands face first in the rancid and rotting remains of a picked-over corpse. This causes 1/1D6 SAN for the one that fell and 0/1D4 SAN Points for any that see the ghoulish sight. Warning, this could "tip the hand" too early as to what is going on, but some Keepers may not be able to resist the carnage and fun. It also likely tips off Albert and Andre that they have been followed.

Ideally, and chances are good, the investigators lose Albert and Andre in the foggy graveyard. This is meant to further the mystery and not give too much away too soon and also protect the investigators somewhat at this early point in the scenario. However, if the Keeper wishes, or if the investigators are having a great night of rolling and make all their skill checks, they can see some of what happens and even get involved.

If the investigators lose track of the two vets, they will eventually hear a scream, three gunshots, and a growling, barking sound. A Listen roll tells them the direction of the noise, and they can use that to find the scene. A Spot Hidden finds a partially dug up grave, with the hole only about two feet deep. A Hard success on that Spot Hidden roll determines that the hole was dug by hand(s). A second Spot Hidden roll (or the same one if a Hard success was rolled) finds the empty brass shell casing for a .45 pistol and a splash of fresh blood on a nearby tombstone. A Tracking roll finds scuffed and

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE VFW AND THE AVAILABILITY OF VETERANS' SERVICES IN THE 1920S

The Veterans of Foreign Wars ("VFW") formed from several veterans' societies founded immediately after the Spanish-American War. In 1899, little groups of veterans returning from campaigning in Cuba and the Philippine Islands founded local societies upon a spirit of comradeship known only to those who had faced the dangers of that war side by side. The American Veterans of Foreign Service (predecessor to the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States) was established in Columbus, Ohio on September 29, 1899. The Colorado Society, Army of the Philippines, was organized in Denver, Colorado, on December 12, 1899. Shortly thereafter, a society known as the Foreign Service Veterans was established in Pennsylvania. These three veterans' organizations grew up side by side, increasing in scope and membership until August 1913, when they merged their interests and identities into a national organization.

The organization's membership consists of veterans who served in wars, military campaigns, and expeditions on foreign soil or in hostile waters. At the time of this scenario, the VFW was a men-only organization, as men were seen as the only veterans of

war. Nowadays such barriers no longer exist, and the VFW is open to both servicemen and women.

These support groups and mutual aid societies partially filled a need that was unable to be met by the military or the Federal government in the post-World War I era. By 1921 a hodgepodge of veterans' services agencies had been consolidated into the Federal Veterans' Bureau. It offered extremely modest pensions and provided hospitals for demonstrably war-related injuries such as mustard gas exposure. It also sponsored tuberculosis wards and some asylums for the hopelessly disturbed. But the technology associated with killing people had outstripped the technology associated with fixing them. Mental health services for "shell shock" were nascent and ineffective; tuberculosis was not yet treatable; reconstructive surgery was not a thing yet.

Prior to World War I, in fact, veterans' benefits were roughly one third of the Federal budget, with veterans' benefits payable to aging Civil War veterans peaking at that time. When the Great War veterans—a lot of them—came home in 1918, there was political

backlash against the anticipated cost of taking care of all of them on top of the aging Civil War veteran population. By contrast to prior wars, veterans of World War I received only a \$60 cash bonus (no land), and President Coolidge vetoed an effort to grant them more benefits in 1924. Congress overrode the veto, but the benefits were modest (a maximum of \$625, roughly \$9,000 in today's money), and the bulk of the benefits were only payable over 20 years. Only 22.5% of the award could be borrowed against, later increased in 1931 to 50%. Some 3.6 million veterans were subject to this deferred compensation scheme.

The American Legion, another veterans' service organization, was likewise founded in 1919 in direct response to the inadequacy of hospitalization services for "shell-shocked" veterans. They were being put in any available mental institution, such as facilities for mentally deficient children.

For further reading on the interwar treatment of U.S. veterans, please see *Beyond The Bonus March And G.I. Bill*, by Stephen Ortiz, ISBN-13: 978-0814762684 (NYU Press, 2012).

hurried prints all over. One looks to be a man's shoe, size 10 (Albert) and the other is a boot (an Army boot if someone is a vet or makes a Know roll), size 12.

Another set of prints is hard to make out, but one perfect print is found, and this is hoofed-shaped and whatever made it seemed to walk on two legs. It costs 0/1D3 SAN to make this conclusion. This print can also be found with a Spot Hidden roll. If a Tracking roll is made at a Hard success, then the weight of whatever made it can be deduced as 220 pounds. Also, if someone sees the odd print and makes a Cthulhu Mythos roll, they can accurately guess that it is a ghoul print.

A second Tracking check, made with a penalty die due to how dry it has been lately and how hard the ground is, can determine which way the various tracks go. The two shod prints quickly ran away in the same direction, eventually coming to the graveyard's gate, where they disappear on the other side once they hit the paved street. As for the thing with hooves, it followed the fleeing pair a short distance, stopped, turned around, and then went into an old mausoleum with the name "Anders" on it. If the investigators managed to follow the trail this far, Mendin is likely to approach the investigators before they manage to enter the crypt. See the following section, A Mysterious Watcher, for

more information if that occurs.

Should the investigators not lose sight of Albert and Andre during their graveyard stroll, they see both men stop dead (at the spot mentioned above). Albert lets loose a scream and Andre pulls out a pistol, firing it three times. Something comes rising up out of the darkness, growling, hissing, and chases the two men as they run in the opposite direction of the investigators. This shadowy figure seems to hop and leap after them with inhuman grace and a looping stride. If the investigators decide to run after them, they get a nasty surprise: a second ghoul come leaping out the dark at them. See the ghoul entry at the end of this scenario for statistics. If the investigators are particularly combat focused or well-armed and/or well-experienced, the Keeper is free to have them get jumped by two, three, or more ghouls. Remember the 0/1D6 SAN loss for encountering a ghoul.

The ghoul(s) is not totally committed to this battle. If things start to go badly for it, it will flee into the fog-shrouded night. It will not lead the investigators to the Anders mausoleum or any other entrance to the ghoul warrens below. If the investigators continue to follow it, it will wander around the cemetery all night if it has to, until either more ghouls come to its aid (thus making

for a tough fight for the investigators) or the sound of police sirens can be heard approaching, having been summoned by someone hearing the gunshots. Or, if the Keeper wishes, they can introduce the Mysterious Watcher now, to de-escalate things.

A MYSTERIOUS WATCHER

As the investigators followed Albert and Andre to the cemetery, they themselves were being watched. Or, if they did not tail the vets that night, during the course of their following investigation they will be noticed by this Watcher. Unless the Keeper chose to spring this surprise early due to escalating events, the investigators should be allowed to make Spot Hidden rolls on multiple occasions to notice the Watcher watching them. This always happens at night, and the Watcher will always keep his distance. If approached, then it will attempt to flee, using its speed and its Climb and Jump skills to its advantage to reach areas that time investigators will have a hard time reaching. The Watcher is always dressed the same, in a black trench coat and with a fedora pulled down low on its head, obviously in an attempt to mask its identity.

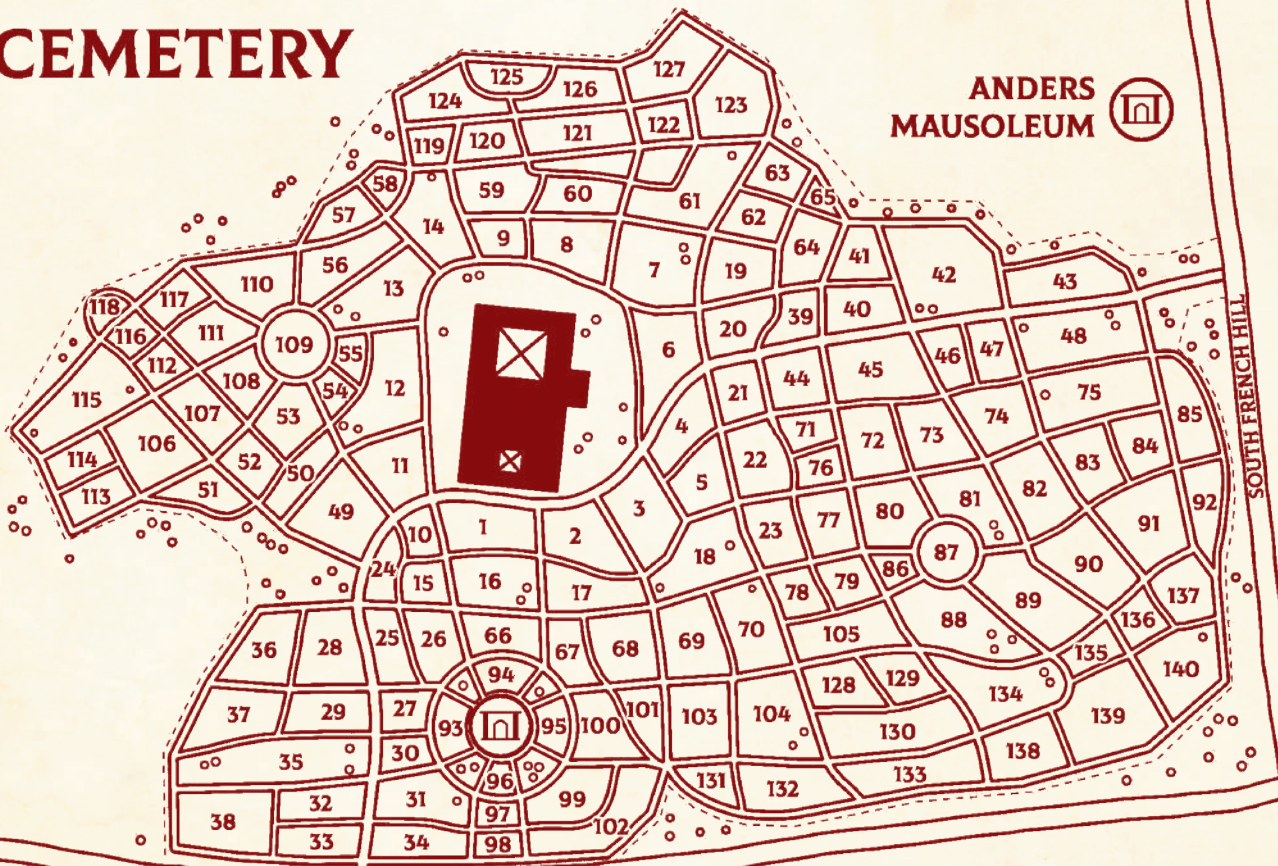
This Watcher is Mendin, an old ghoul belonging to the pack that Charles Stow has recently joined. He is fully aware of the escalating attacks, and wants to stop things

CHRISTCHURCH CEMETERY

ANDERS MAUSOLEUM



SOUTH FRENCH HILL



before things get too out of hand. He is old and wise enough to know that full-blown war with humans is not a war that his pack can survive. He also knows that maintaining secrecy and staying hidden is the only way his kind can live. So, after seeing the investigators and following them for a while, Mendin will play a hunch that they might be allies in an effort to pull things back from the brink.

Unless the Keeper introduced Mendin early, he will show himself to one (or a few) of the investigators at night when they are alone and away from others. This can happen before or after the upcoming Assault (keep reading), but if it occurs after, then Mendin will be extra nervous. This can also happen if the investigators stake out the Christchurch Cemetery, or set a trap of the Watcher that he cannot easily escape from.

In any event, Mendin will come out of the shadows, his clawed hands held palms out, and say in his guttural, growling, hissing voice, "Please. Please, no hurt, please." Mendin was always a ghoul, so the ways, and language, of men is not native to him, but he has been alive for over two hundred years and so has had many dealings, directly or not, with humanity. His speech is broken and he often does not know the right words, in which case he will try to use his hands to pantomime the ideas he is struggling with. His voice is low, rough, and hissing. He

will attempt to hide his features from the investigators so as not to upset them too much, but he will fully reveal himself if asked or should hostilities break out. A Spot Hidden roll will also give the investigator(s) a good look at the ghoul. Remember the 0/1D6 SAN loss for seeing a ghoul.

Mendin will tell the investigators, briefly, about the events that led up to this impending war. He will tell them about the new ghoul, Charles, and that he only recently became one of them and is whipping up the others into a fury over the initial attack. In fact, he blames Charles' lingering humanity for the escalation of hostilities: "He hasn't grown out of it." Mendin does not know that Charles murdered Benjamin Dabrowski; he does not even know who that is. But if the investigators show him the *Nabkampfmesser* knife, he will recognize it and tell them that it was used to kill the first ghoul, and he saw that Charles had claimed it after that attack.

Mendin says that he wants the fighting to stop, that no good will come from it. To do so he offers a simple solution: give the human that started all of it, Andre Snyder (although Mendin does not know his name) to the ghouls to be "punished." Mendin can describe him, however, and knows that he frequents the VFW hall. If asked what "punished" means, Mendin makes it clear that it means being killed and eaten. Mendin assures

the investigators that this will calm the ghouls, and he is quite firm that this is what it will take to do so. After all, it was this human that began the fight. He struck first blood, he murdered an innocent "child," the man's death is only right: "it's justice."

Normally, no amount of Persuade or Fast Talk skill will get Mendin to change his mind. However, if the Keeper decides that the investigators put forth a particularly good argument for some alternative to handing Andre over, the Keeper can have Mendin listen to reason if they wish. If the investigators use threats or try to intimidate the old ghoul, he will most likely just be sad at their lack of reason and walk away, if he can. Any use of the Intimidate skill must succeed at a Hard success with a penalty die. And should the investigators take Mendin hostage, he will do his best to escape, including an all-out attack if need be. Should the investigators harm Mendin, or try to use his capture as leverage in dealing with the rest of the ghouls, Charles Stow will use this to his advantage to further stoke the fires of war against the humans, now with the investigators as their primary targets.

CONFRONTING ALBERT AND ANDRE

Investigators will doubtlessly want to ask Albert or Andre what the hell happened out in the cemetery



if they followed them. Andre is a tough cookie, and no amount of threats or pleas will get him to spill the beans. He is now thoroughly “in the zone” of his new war, and is enjoying the fight too much to quit on his own. If pressed on the matter or threatened with the law or violence, Andre is not above turning to violence to make his point. Remember, he is always armed, and while he has no desire to kill the investigators, he is fine with beating them senseless, stabbing them if there are no witnesses to the attack, sticking a gun in their face, or putting a bullet through one of their legs to scare them off or escape, should the investigators come at him too hard.

Following Andre for the next couple of days reveals some disturbing things, if the investigators make successful Stealth rolls to remain unnoticed. If Andre spots the investigators, then he will do his best to lose them. First, Andre first goes to the bank to withdraw all of his meager savings. Next, he goes to B.F. Jones’ Hardware store on Main Street, leaving a half-hour later with a large burlap sack. The investigators can find out what he purchased, either by: talking with Mr. Jones and making Persuade or Fast Talk rolls; breaking in after-hours (an extreme response) to get a look at his sales records; doing the same in broad daylight when the store is open with a successful Stealth roll to do so covertly; or with a Sleight of Hand roll to grab the receipt when Mr. Jones is not looking. Whichever way it may be done, the investigators learn that Andre has purchased a dozen sticks of dynamite and blasting caps, all that the hardware store had to offer.

The next day, Andre heads to Edward Perrington’s shop, also on Main Street. Ed is the local gunsmith, and sells a wide variety of firearms and accessories. Andre will walk out with a stuffed duffle bag (Edward tossed that in so that Andre could take home all his purchases). Once again, the investigators can try a variety of means to learn what Andre bought, but it should be said that anyone attempting to break in after dark should have a much harder time of it than the hardware store, as the security is much better. If the investigators succeed, they learn that Andre purchased: one Remington 12 gauge pump-action shotgun; one Marlin level-action 30-30 rifle; one M1917 Enfield rifle; and one Thompson submachine gun with two extra 50 round drum magazines, plus 100 rounds for each weapon, except for the Tommy gun, for which he bought 200 .45 rounds. Yes, buying guns, even fully automatic ones, really was that easy in America at this time. No background checks or no waiting period were required.

This two-day shopping spree should set off all sorts of alarm bells that the investigators hopefully notice.

If the investigators turn their attention towards Albert Pavlik, they might be able to get some information out of him, if they can just get to him. After the events in the graveyard, Albert barricades himself in his home and will not come out until this scenario is over, not even to his VFW hall. So it is up to the investigators to go to him. First, they must find his address. This can be done through official (law enforcement) means, making a Library Use roll at the local town hall, or expressing concern to the other veterans at the VFW about his

well-being and making a success Persuade or Fast Talk roll.

Albert’s house is on the corner of West Curwen and Gedney Streets, in the Northside section of Arkham. The investigators find a small, single-floor dwelling, made of brick and wood clapboard. The building looks well kept up, but all the curtains and drapes in the windows and shut tight. There is no response to any knocking at the front door and anyone shouting for Albert gets no reply. However, a Listen roll hears faint sounds of movement coming from inside the house, and if the Keeper wishes, a Spot Hidden roll spies a shadowy figure looking at them from behind the curtains, before noticing he has been spotted and backing away.

If the investigators try to use Locksmith to get inside the home, or the more direct route of kicking the door down, they will hear Albert shout from within, “Go away!” before firing a gun at them, blindly through the door, twice. Because he is firing blind, Albert only has a 15% chance to hit anything, and the strong wooden door will provide 5 points of armor against each attack. Unfortunately, Albert is armed with his own M1917 Enfield rifle that he brought home from the war, so if he hits anything, it very well may be fatal.

If, on the other hand, the investigators chose to try to talk to the man, or calm him down after he started shooting, they can make a Persuade or Fast Talk roll to do it. An Intimidate roll may work, but due to Albert’s already agitated state of mind, this will have to be made with a penalty die. Should they make a Psychology roll after talking to Albert for a few minutes, they can give these social skills a bonus die, or eliminate the penalty die for Intimidate checks. If the investigators succeed in winning Albert’s trust, they hear him move something heavy from the other side of the door and undo the chain and deadbolt lock. (If Albert had fired off his rifle, the investigators should take the man somewhere else and fast, since the police have been called about the gunshots, and will be at his house in a matter of moments).

Getting a chance to talk to the man, without him shooting at them or the cops interrupting, gets him to tell them all about his tunnel tragedy during the War. He then says that Andre has gone crazy, telling him about wanting to kill the “monsters in the graveyard.” He said that they are the ones that murdered Benjamin and that they are the same kind of devils that were down in the tunnels with Albert back in the War and the cave-in. At first, Albert was dubious, he knows that people think he is crazy but he is not. Andre got him liquored up, took him to the graveyard at night and showed him the monsters. They are real! They are horrible, and they eat the dead and they murder other folks to eat. One charged right at them, and Andre shot it square in the chest, but it just kept coming. They were lucky to get out of there alive!

Albert wants nothing to do with those monsters or Andre’s war with them. He says that Andre has big plans; he does not know what they are, just that they are big plans. He is worried about the other guys in the VFW, because he has seen Andre talking a lot more to them recently and Andre said he wanted his “brothers” to have his back in this fight. But how can you fight something that does not much care when you shoot it?

ASSAULT ON VFW POST 181

This event can happen at any time after Albert and Andre’s graveyard visit. After that latest attack on his ghoulish brethren, Charles Stow sets plans into motion for a decisive victory. First, he gets a bunch of ghouls together and feeds their bloodthirst with tales of revenge and justice for the fallen. Then, he has some of his faithful go into the sewers beneath Arkham and damage the gas lines on the other side of the Miskatonic River from the VFW hall, in a part of the city called Easttown. On the night of the attack, the ghouls cause a gas explosion to act as a noisy, fiery, and deadly diversion to keep all eyes off of their real target, the VFW hall on Main Street. This will tie up the police, fire department, and any other rescue services that Arkham has. After the explosion, the ghouls cut the power and phone lines to the hall, and will assault the building looking to kill (and drag off and later consume) anyone and everyone within. Naturally, the war veterans inside the VFW are not going down without a fight, so a pitched, desperate battle is bound to play out.

Keepers should familiarize themselves with the 1976 classic film by John Carpenter, *Assault On Precinct 13*, for the flavor that they should try to impart with this siege. Wave after wave of ghouls will try to enter the building, there being as few or as many ghouls as the Keeper wishes. The war vets will attempt to barricade the doors and windows, seek cover behind the bar, pool table, and anywhere else they can find. They will arm themselves with the two rifles they keep over the bar, and possibly make makeshift firebombs out of the spirits kept behind the bar.

This fight should be hectic, horrific, loud, bloody, and savage, but how should it be played out? First, the Keeper must decide who exactly is in the hall when the ghouls attack. Ideally, the investigators (or at least some of them) will also be in the hall for one reason or another. Any VFW member or investigator not in the hall at the time of attack may come upon the assault in progress. They can then join in the fight from outside the hall, try to get to the other members inside or try to drive the ghouls away by opening a second, unexpected front. Because the VFW hall is located in the merchant district, the streets and surrounding buildings are likely to be deserted at the time of night when the ghouls attack. Any local citizen who does witness the attack is likely to just flee or look on in horror and not get involved in any way.

This battle can go on as long as the Keeper wishes, with all the cops and other authorities busy with the explosion across the river, the ghouls have as much time as they need for the assault. If any investigator or VFW vet dies, the ghouls will attempt to drag off the body. Likewise, any ghoul that dies in the fight will be dragged off by their brothers and sisters, in an effort to keep the pack hidden.

As for the two most responsible for this war, Andre the human will not be there, nor will he arrive during the fight. Ironically, his attention was drawn to the gas explosion, and while the battle at the VFW hall rages on, he is watching the huge fire in Easttown. As for Charles the ghoul, he will be there, bravely leading his

“troops” and likely armed to the teeth. However, Charles is not looking to be a martyr, and if the battle starts going badly for the ghouls, he will call for a retreat and attempt to slip away in the night. He is a firm believer in the saying: “He who fights and runs away lives to fight another day.” But, if the Keeper wishes and the investigators earn it, Charles can be killed during the assault on VFW Post 181.

AFTERMATH AND ENDGAME

After the assault on the VFW hall, the police are sure to have questions that the investigators may want to avoid. Fast Talk and Persuade rolls will be needed to convince the police of anything other than the truth. There is also an active witch cult in Arkham, which might now step in and try to cover things up so as to not draw any undue attention to the dark, supernatural underbelly of Arkham. If the investigators have already run up against the witch cult, then the witches are sure to remember them. If they never have before, this would be a good way for the Keeper to introduce some aspect of the cult.

Maybe the investigators try to come clean with the police and get them involved. If so, how much do the cops of Arkham already know about their cursed

and haunted town? What steps do they take to keep things quiet and people safe from the truth? Do they get involved at all, or have they learned over long years to stay out of this kind of business? After all, Arkham has been haunted since its founding.

Awkward police questions aside, if Mendin is still in play, he will approach the investigators and once again offer peace between man and ghoul, if they give him Andre. Are the investigators willing to sacrifice a man to stop the war? Granted, Andre started this fight, but is he evil? Does he deserve to die for what he brought about? The investigators will have to answer that question, and if they decide to do it, how they will go about it.

If Charles the ghoul survived the assault, then maybe then can somehow arrange a one on one meeting with Charles and Andre. If they think to do this, Mendin will help make it happen on the ghoul's end of things. At least this way, no more innocents will get caught in the crossfire.

Even if Charles did not survive, Andre will still not stop his war as long as there are still ghouls in the graveyard to kill, especially if any more of his VFW brothers died during the assault on the hall. The only way for this war to stop is to somehow deal with the man. What will the investigators do? Will they kill him? After all, he's just killing monsters? And isn't that

WHAT'S SCARIER THAN AN ANGRY GHOUL?

The answer is an angry ghoul with a machine gun, or in this case, a Browning Automatic Rifle (“BAR”). Charles is new to ghoul life and so all his old human memories are still fresh in his head. That is why he is so eager, and able, to go to war. He has the body and the strengths of a ghoul, and the knowledge of warfare and modern weapons of a Marine veteran.

This means that Charles can and will come loaded up with weapons that the other ghouls will not. In this case, he will have the mean monster of a weapon that he used in France during the war. At the Keeper's discretion, he may also have grenades, dynamite, and a flak jacket and helmet good for 5 points of armor to further bolster his natural ghoul resistance to bullets. The Keeper should temper this if their investigators are not combat mongers, not heavily armed, or more like the gentle academics that H.P. Lovecraft so often wrote about. Feel free to modify Charles' armament and tactics as appropriate.



ARKHAM MASSACHUSETTS



- 1 ALBERT'S HOUSE
- 2 DABROWSKI HOUSE
- 3 THE VFW HALL

- 4 ALLEY WHERE
DABROWSKI IS FOUND
(ON WAY HOME FROM
VFW)

what the investigators do? Perhaps they will invite him into their ranks to try to temper his rage? If so, Mendin will turn on the investigators, and if Charles is still alive, then he will turn all of his attention to the investigators and the war will go on. Maybe they join Andre on his crusade against the ghouls? He has lots of weapons and explosives, but will that be enough?

Perhaps Andre blames the assault on the VFW Hall on the investigators, or finds out that they are trying to stop his war, so he strikes first against the investigators before they can attack him. In his deluded and paranoid state of mind, anyone not fighting with him is fighting against him.

Perhaps the investigators can get the Irish mob involved in the fight, through the connection between war vet Martin and gangster Eddie Leery. Would this be easier or harder (or more dangerous for the investigators) if Martin was killed in the assault on the VFW hall?

There are many ways for the investigators to try and stop this war, but results will require either the entire destruction of the Christchurch Cemetery ghouls pack, or somehow stopping Andre for good.

REWARDS AND REPERCUSSIONS

- △ Surviving the VFW Post assault grants +1 SAN per VFW member that also survived that battle.
- △ Stopping the war grants +1D8 SAN.
- △ Killing Andre in any way other than in self-defense (or handing him over to the ghouls) costs 1D6 SAN.



WALTER MILLER

Age 32, War Vet And Local VFW President

STR 55 **CON** 60 **SIZ** 65 **INT** 65 **POW** 65
DEX 70 **APP** 50 **EDU** 70 **SAN** 65
LUCK 65 **HP** 12 **MP** 13 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 0

DAMAGE BONUS: 0

EDUCATION: High School and military training

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl): 55% (27/11); damage 1D3+DB; Firearms (Rifle), M1917 Enfield Rifle, 60% (30/12), damage 2D6+3, Range 130, Rate of Fire 1 (3/2), 10+1 shots, 10 HP, Malfunction 00. Dodge 50% (25/10)

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 70%, Credit Rating 65%, First Aid 50%, Listen 60%, Persuade 75%, Spot Hidden 70%, Stealth 50%, Throw 55%.

DEFENSES: None.

NOTES: Walter is of average size and looks, but he has a natural commanding presence and a no-nonsense attitude. He is also fiercely loyal to his VFW brothers and to a lesser extent any man that ever wore the uniform. He is calm and collected most of the time, but when he does get angry, look out, as he can go from 1 to 100 in a flash. He is a good man to have on your side and investigators will do well to earn his trust.

HAROLD FARNSWORTH

Age 24, War Vet And One-Legged Bartender

STR 70 **CON** 65 **SIZ** 65 **INT** 60 **POW** 70
DEX 45 **APP** 55 **EDU** 60 **SAN** 60
LUCK 70 **HP** 13 **MP** 14 **MOVE** 6 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

EDUCATION: High School and military training

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl): 45% (22/9); damage 1D3+DB; Firearms (Rifle), Springfield Model 1903, 70% (35/14), damage 2D6+4, Range 130, Rate of Fire 1/2 (1), 5+1 shots, 10 HP, Malfunction 00. Dodge 30% (15/6)

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 60%, Art/Craft (Drinks) 80%, Listen 75%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 65%, Spot Hidden 60%, Throw 65%.

DEFENSES: None.

NOTES: Harold is a chipper fellow, despite his grievous war injury. He is friendly, smiling, with an open ear always ready to listen. Or so it seems. Deep inside, Harold is angry and bitter over the loss of his leg and he hates any show of sympathy toward him. He thinks that everyone pities him (outside of his VFW brothers), and he is a ticking timebomb waiting to explode. Hopefully, the investigators pick up on this before Harold explodes on them.

HOLLACE BOYD

Age 24, War Vet And Drunk

STR 50 **CON** 45 **SIZ** 65 **INT** 70 **POW** 55
DEX 75 **APP** 60 **EDU** 60 **SAN** 40
LUCK 55 **HP** 11 **MP** 11 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 0

DAMAGE BONUS: 0

EDUCATION: High School and military training

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl): 65% (32/13); damage 1D3+DB; Firearms (Rifle), 50% (25/10), but does not usually have one handy. Dodge 60% (30/12)

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 60%, Fast Talk 65%, Listen 55%, Navigate 70%, Persuade 50%, Spot Hidden 50%, Swim 70%.

DEFENSES: None.

INDEFINITE INSANITIES: Substance Abuse Disorder (Alcoholism); Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder.

NOTES: Hollace had a horrific experience in the war, and still suffers nightmares of it almost nightly. He has managed to hang on to his sanity, barely, but has taken to drinking to numb his pain and blur his memories of the event. Despite that, he is friendly, perhaps too friendly. If he takes a shine to the investigators, he is likely to follow them around, getting in the middle of their investigation, and could pop when least expected and at the worst possible time.

GEORGE TALLSON

Age 24, Masked And Quiet War Vet

STR 60 **CON** 65 **SIZ** 65 **INT** 75 **POW** 45
DEX 70 **APP** 10 **EDU** 75 **SAN** 45
LUCK 45 **HP** 13 **MP** 9 **MOVE** 9 **BUILD** 0

DAMAGE BONUS: 0

EDUCATION: Bachelor's Degree in Engineering, Miskatonic University, and military training

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl): 25% (12/5); damage 1D3+DB; Firearms (Handgun), Colt Police Positive .38 caliber revolver, 55% (27/11), damage 1D10, Range 15, Rate of Fire 2, 6 shots, 8 HP, Malfunction 00. Dodge 45% (22/9)

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 75%, Other Language (French) 45%, Listen 80%, Navigate 50%, Pilot (Aircraft) 75%, Science (Mechanical Engineering) 50%, Spot Hidden 40%, Stealth 70%.

DEFENSES: None.

NOTES: George was a pilot on his way to becoming an ace. He was like many pilots, cocky, brash, and a bit arrogant about his skill at doing something that the vast majority of people could not. All that changed when he was shot down. He tried to land his crippled Curtiss JN-4 "Jenny" biplane, but he did not fully succeed. His plane burst into flames upon hitting the ground, and he was burnt all over his body. Now, wearing a painted tin mask to

hide his ruined visage, he is no longer loud and brash, but quiet and withdrawn to the point that he almost fades into the background.

JOHN EBNER

Age 24, Angry And Wheelchair-Bound War Vet

STR 55 **CON** 65 **SIZ** 40 **INT** 65 **POW** 75
DEX 30 **APP** 55 **EDU** 60 **SAN** 70
LUCK 75 **HP** 10 **MP** 15 **MOVE** 1 **BUILD** 0

DAMAGE BONUS: 0

EDUCATION: High School and military training

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl): 25% (12/5); damage 1D3+DB; Firearms (Rifle), 55% (27/11), but does not usually have one handy. Dodge 15% (7/3)

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 60%, Other Language (German) 25%, Credit Rating 50%, Intimidate 45%, Listen 50%, Local (Arkham) History 65%, Respond Sarcastically 80%, Spot Hidden 60%.

DEFENSES: None.

NOTES: Even before the war, John was kind of a jerk. Coming from a wealthy family, he had a chip on his shoulder towards those he thought were lesser than him, which was pretty much everyone. After losing both legs in the war, he became even more bitter and mean. He has a short fuse and a nasty remark for everyone save for his VFW brothers, the only people (family included) John cares anything about.

MARTIN LEERY

Age 25, Irish-American War Vet And Friendly Fellow

STR 80 **CON** 75 **SIZ** 75 **INT** 55 **POW** 55
DEX 65 **APP** 70 **EDU** 65 **SAN** 55
LUCK 55 **HP** 15 **MP** 11 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

EDUCATION: High School and military training

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl): 70% (35/14); damage 1D3+DB; Firearms (Rifle), 50% (25/10), but does not usually have one handy. Dodge 50% (25/10)

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 60%, Art/Craft (Dirty Jokes) 65%, Climb 50%, Listen 45%, Jump 55%, Persuade 70%, Spot Hidden 60%.

DEFENSES: None.

NOTES: Martin is bright, smiling, funny, with a touch of an Irish accent that he got from his parents despite being born in America. Half of his family is mixed up with the local Irish mob, something Martin tries his best to distance himself from. That said, he was always close to his cousin, Eddie, and used the connection to get the VFW vets

some booze during this ridiculous time known as Prohibition. He is also not above going to his mobbed-up cousin for some muscle if needed, as long as "things don't get out of hand." But as is often the case, once you bring in gangsters, things often do.

ALBERT PAVLIK

Age 23, Shell-shocked War Vet

STR 75 **CON** 75 **SIZ** 70 **INT** 50 **POW** 50
DEX 50 **APP** 70 **EDU** 50 **SAN** 35
LUCK 15 **HP** 14 **MP** 10 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

EDUCATION: High School and military training

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl): 60% (30/12); damage 1D3+DB; Firearms (Rifle), 40% (20/8), but does not usually have one handy. Dodge 40% (20/8)

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 50%, Climb 40%, Listen 50%, Jump 50%, Persuade 65%, Spot Hidden 70%, Stealth 55%, Swim 55%, Throw 60%.

DEFENSES: None.

INDEFINITE INSANITIES: Claustrophobia, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder.

NOTES: Albert had a horrific experience during the war that left his mind scared. While friendly and open, he is guarded, as he knows that no one went through what he did, and they cannot possibly understand why it affected him so. He still has nightmares and unanswered questions about those six days he spent in a lightless hell. This has affected him so much that in a fight, like the assault on the VFW hall, despite his best intentions and wanting to aid his brothers, he will freeze up, curl into a ball, and weep. Afterward, he will bitterly hate himself for his "cowardice" and his usual black thoughts may turn to suicide.

ANDRE SNYDER

Age 25, War Vet and Warmonger

STR 70 **CON** 85 **SIZ** 80 **INT** 55 **POW** 55
DEX 65 **APP** 60 **EDU** 65 **SAN** 40
LUCK 55 **HP** 16 **MP** 11 **MOVE** 7 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

EDUCATION: High School and military training

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 55% (27/11), damage, 1D3 +DB; Firearms (Rifle), M1917 Enfield Rifle, 65% (32/13) damage, 2D6+3, Range 130, Rate of Fire 1 (3/2), 10+1 shots, 10 HP, Malfunction 00; Firearms (Handgun), Colt Government M1911 .45 caliber pistol, 50% (25/10), damage 1D10 +2, Range 15, Rate of Fire 1 (2), 7+1 shots, 8 HP, Malfunction 99-00; Firearms (Submachine Gun), Auto-Ordinance Model 1921 Thompson

("Tommy Gun"), 55% (27/11), damage 1D10 +2, Range 40, Rate of Fire 1 (2) or 30 (burst), 50 shots, 10 HP, Malfunction 98-00 or 95-00 (burst). Dodge 60% (30/12)

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 60%, Climb 50%, Demolitions 60%, Intimidate 60%, Listen 55%, Jump 50%, Spot Hidden 70%, Stealth 65%, Throw 75%.

DEFENSES: None.

NOTES: Andre is the reason for the conflict in this scenario. But that does not make him a bad man, does it? Having lost so much, he has turned to what is familiar to make sense of his life, and for him, war is what is familiar. The fact that he is fighting a clearly inhuman enemy, one that does evil and vile things (grave robbing and cannibalism) has given him a sense of moral superiority. Like many zealots, he will not easily be deterred from his set course of action, even if it costs him everything.

CHARLES STOW

Age 26, War Vet and Ghoul

STR 80 **CON** 70 **SIZ** 70 **INT** 60 **POW** 65
DEX 65 **APP** N/A **EDU** 55 **SAN** 00
LUCK 65 **HP** 16 **MP** 13 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

EDUCATION: High School and military training

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 3 or 1 (firearm)

ATTACKS: Fighting (Claw/Claw/Bite) 50% (25/10), damage 1D6 +DB; Bite and Hold (maneuver): If a ghoul's bite strikes home, it hangs on instead of using claw attacks, and worries the victim with its fangs, continuing to do 1D4 damage automatically per round. An opposed STR roll is required to dislodge the ghoul, breaking its hold and ending the bite damage; Firearms (Rifle), Colt M1918 Automatic Rifle (BAR), 50% (25/10), damage 2D6+4, Range 130, Rate of Fire 1 (2) or 20 (burst), 40+1 shots, 12 HP, Malfunction 98-00. Dodge 40% (20/10)

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 60%, Climb 60%, Intimidate 70%, Listen 70%, Jump 75%, Spot Hidden 50%, Stealth 70%.

DEFENSES: Firearms and projectiles do half damage, rounded down.

NOTES: Charles was once a man, but recently he has become a ghoul. He has not only made peace with his new life, but embraced it. After his apparent execution at the hands of the U.S. Army, he has a bitter view of humanity. When Andre killed one of his new pack's young ones, he knew that he had to get revenge. He has played more than his part in escalating the conflict, but if Andre is killed, then he can be talked down by the elders of his pack and the war will end. Unlike the other ghouls in his pack, his human life is still fresh and so is his knowledge, and lust, for war.

SANITY LOSS: 0/1D6 SAN to see Charles in his new ghoul form.

GHOULS

STR 80 **CON** 65 **SIZ** 65 **INT** 65 **POW** 65
DEX 65 **HP** 13 **MOVE** 9 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 3

ATTACKS: Fighting (Claw/Claw/Bite) 50% (25/10), damage 1D6 +DB

Bite and Hold (maneuver): If a ghoul's bite strikes home, it hangs on instead of using claw attacks, and worries the victim with its fangs, continuing to do 1D4 damage automatically per round. An opposed STR roll is required to dislodge the ghoul, breaking its hold and ending the bite damage.

Dodge 40% (20/8).

SKILLS: Climb 85%, Listen 70%, Jump 75%, Spot Hidden 50%, Stealth 70%.

DEFENSE: Firearms and projectiles do half damage, rounded down.

SPELLS: None.

SANITY: 0/1D6 SAN to see a ghoul.



MENDIN

Age 221, Level-headed Ghoul

STR 75 **CON** 60 **SIZ** 70 **INT** 65 **POW** 75
DEX 70 **APP** N/A **EDU** N/A **SAN** 00
LUCK N/A **HP** 13 **MP** 15 **MOVE** 9 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 3

ATTACKS: Fighting (Claw/Claw/Bite) 50% (25/10), damage 1D6 +DB; Bite and Hold (maneuver): If a ghoul's bite strikes home, it hangs on instead of using claw attacks, and worries the victim with its fangs, continuing to do 1D4 damage automatically per round. An opposed STR roll is required to dislodge the ghoul, breaking its hold and ending the bite damage. Dodge 40% (20/8)

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 99%, Other Language (German) 60%, Other Language (Latin) 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Dream Lore 30%, Electrical Repair 35%, Fast Talk 50%, Library Use 65%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Natural World 25%, Occult 40%, Persuade 65%, Psychology 50%, Science (Biology) 75%, Science (Chemistry) 85%, Science (Mathematics) 55%, Science (Zoology) 70%, Spot Hidden 65%.

DEFENSES: Climb 85%, Listen 70%, Jump 75%, Spot Hidden 50%, Stealth 70%.

SPELLS: Mending knows the following spells: Bring Pestilence, Consume Likeness, Contact Ghoul, Wither Limb.

NOTES: Mending is a very old and wise ghoul. He wants to stop the conflict between Andre and Charles before it gets too far out of hand. He does this not because he is a "nice" or "good" ghoul. He cares little for the fate of humans, and sees them only as food once they die. But he knows that open conflict is the worst possible thing for his pack. He has tried talking sense to Charles, but that went nowhere, so now he turns to the investigators for help. But remember, he will not feel bad in the least if slaughtering all of the VFW vets, or the investigators, will bring about an end to this war.

SAN LOSS: 0/1D6 Sanity Points to see Mending the Ghoul.



A FRESH COAT OF WHITE PAINT

BY JEFF MOELLER

INTRODUCTION AND OVERVIEW

This scenario is set in the spring of 1931, in Los Angeles, California. It is a bad time to be (or even look) Hispanic in the City of Angels. A mass deportation is underway of anyone suspected of being Mexican and who is not obviously well off. An estimated 50,000 persons of Mexican ancestry were either forcibly removed, or fled themselves after the example was set, over the course of five months. “Charitable relief organizations” were intimately involved in the process, “helping” entire neighborhoods to “repatriate.”

Prior to the Great Depression, Mexican immigration (and indeed the southern border as a whole) was laxly enforced. Many Mexican residents of the Los Angeles area were in the U.S. illegally, because they had not paid inspection fees at entry. However, they were simply not an enforcement priority. But as the economy collapsed in 1929 and jobs became scarce, nativist impulses took control, focused through the lenses of labor unions looking out for their own by eliminating the competition, and out and out racism. Local police would make public examples by full-scale, neighborhood surrounding raids, with the aim of terrorizing others into turning themselves in or running away. Local charities would make things “easy” for those not rounded up forcibly, by greasing the wheels with aid and comfort and way stations on the way out of town, but they would also inform on those who had taken (or might need) charity.

Many of those “repatriated” were U.S. citizens (including native-born children), but this bothered people little. If one asked for a hearing prior to a forcible deportation, one got a kangaroo court sort of review, focused on seeking stringent proof that one was not a “public charge.” Anyone who seemed poor and/or not steadily employed was found to be a “public charge” and herded out of the United States, usually by rail. Those who resisted often found themselves imprisoned at filthy and overcrowded Los Angeles area jails along with common criminals, or in temporary shelters. People who claimed to be U.S. citizens were entitled to court hearings prior to deportation, but (in 1931) had the burden of proof and were held on high bails pending a court date. Court dates were often months in the making.

The investigators become involved with one such temporary shelter: a “stockade” near Elysian Park (a

makeshift prison and forced labor camp), originally built in 1907-08 as a crackdown against hoboes wintering in Los Angeles. The “stockade” has not been used in recent years, but with the “need” for “secure housing” designed to make people want to leave, a (fictitious) charity, the Brethren of Good Works, has begun to clean it up. The repatriation effort’s ringleaders, seeing an opportunity to break the wills of “resisters,” have begun holding them there until they give up their “silly” requests for hearing—and have put them to forced labor doing so.

Unfortunately for all concerned, something was left behind and buried at the “stockade” from the old days: a horrible, inhuman monstrosity, a mutated man infected by The Thing From The Fathoms. The Thing’s corrupting bite transforms and transmutes its victims into pieces of itself, over a long period of time, gradually driving them mad with urges to spread the taint by bite or copulation. Buried and thought dead at the stockade was one such victim, but it was too ornery (and immortal) to die. Work on the “stockade” uncovered it, and it has already killed an innocent victim. It lurks in the stockade, seeking only to safely escape to the sea, but ready to feed on, taint and assault any who cross its path.

Of course, the authorities believe none of this talk of monsters, and are in no hurry to let anyone just go. “Lessons have to be taught, you see.”

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

A twelve-year-old girl, Juanita Jauregui, has disappeared from the stockade. Juanita and her family are being held in detention, pending “repatriation” to Mexico, by a somewhat ill-defined coalition acting with the tacit authority of the Border Patrol and the Los Angeles Police Department. The situs of their detention is the old Elysian Park stockade, which in 1931 was on the outskirts of Los Angeles.

Juanita was born in the United States, making her a U.S. citizen, but this troubles those who are “repatriating” them not at all. Her parents are a seasonal farmworker, Jose and a seamstress, Rosa, both ethnically Mexican. Jose makes no claim to citizenship, and with the Great Depression in its third year, had become short on work. While able to get by modestly, Rosa had (several years earlier) sought out donated clothing from a

fire-and-brimstone charity, the Brethren of Good Works. When the mass repatriation of 1931 began, the charity rolls were scrutinized for charity recipients, and those were targeted for roundup. Jose was grabbed off the street, put before a summary proceeding, and deported to Mexico as a public charge (those unable to support themselves, as “evidenced” by seeking charity years earlier). When the remaining Jaureguis went to look for him when he failed to return home as expected, they too were arrested. They disputed the charges, with Rosa and her three children claiming to have been born in the U.S. For what it is worth, Rosa is lying about where she was born but telling the truth about the children.

Those arresting them sighed, set a \$5,000 cash only bond (for each), and detained them pending a hearing which would (best case scenario) take a couple of months to arrange. (Author’s note: yes, this is a *lot* of money in 1931. But it is a historically attested, typical bond amount for those challenging deportation). And since they might flee, and could not be had “burdening society,” they needed to be “humanely detained” pending a hearing. Conveniently, the Brethren of Good Works was in the

“PROVING IT”

In the modern U.S., the burden of proof when a claim of citizenship is raised in a deportation case is on the government, and it is usually solicitous of not detaining people who raise a colorable claim to U.S. citizenship pending resolution. (The author once litigated a case, however, where the evidence showed that the arresting officers knew the detainee was a citizen, but as he lacked documentation, jailed him until he could prove it because of the serious nature of a criminal conviction). He was released after a few days in jail only when government attorneys became aware of the situation and interceded). This was not the case in 1931. Many people in the 20s and 30s never applied for a passport and if they were born at home, may not even have had a recorded birth certificate. Transcripts of deportation hearings in which citizenship claims were raised in that era often involve secondary records like school records and baptismal certificates, and testimony from relatives.

middle of “sprucing up” a “camp” where the family could “stay together” until “things were sorted out.” If Rosa preferred, then she could be held in the Los Angeles City Jail, but that was no place for children. She opted (if that is the right word) for an internment camp.

Jose never made it to the camp; he was promptly tossed onto a train and transported under armed guard to Mexico. Rosa, Juanita, and Rosa’s other two children, Raul and Ana, were walked under armed guard to Elysian Park, where (in 1908) a wooden stockade had been erected to deal with seasonal “tramp” migrations.

Only briefly used and allowed to fall into disrepair, the Jaureguis were crammed into the filthy, shoulder-to-shoulder camp and tasked “pending further hearing” with forced labor: fixing up the camp. This includes (under armed guard) fixing up the palisades, painting, cleaning up the rubble and filth, digging open trench latrines, and setting rat traps.

The conditions are deplorable, and anyone who tries to escape is captured, possibly beaten, or possibly shot by guards. The guards are a mixed bag of Los Angeles policemen, vigilantes, and labor union heavies, while

“sprucing up,” food and water are overseen by the Brethren. The Brethren are nominally solicitous of the welfare of the prisoners, but nativist, racist, condescending and basically have the attitude of dog wardens who are fond of dogs. They see the “charity cases” as “inferior examples of God’s children.” Rat bites, lice, infections, and camp diseases (like diarrhea) are uncontrolled, but the Brethren dutifully patch up the wounds.

Prisoners like the detainees are welcome to drop all of their legal challenges and (theoretically) be put on the next train to Mexico, but doing so will result in refusal

THE CAST OF A FRESH COAT OF WHITE PAINT

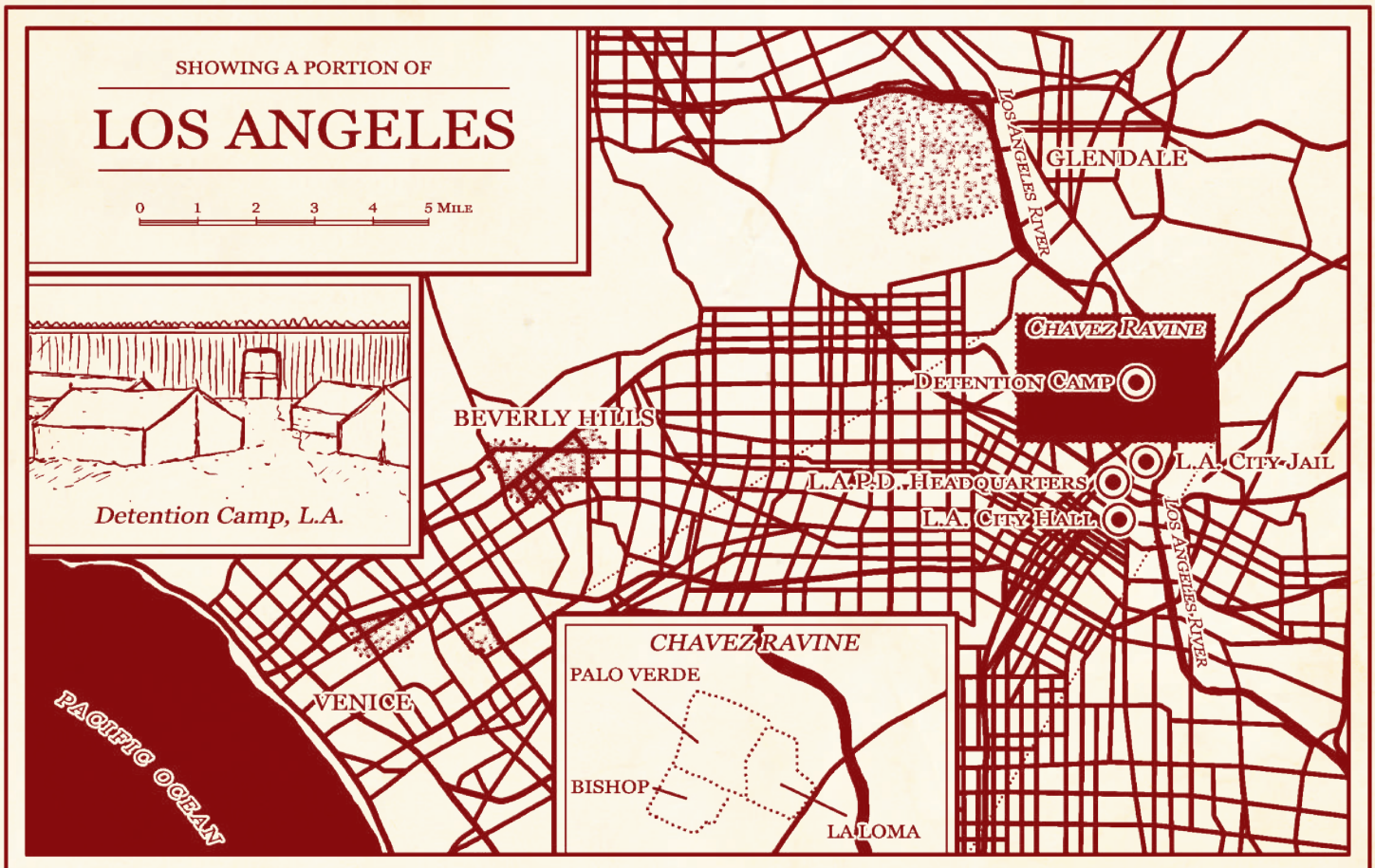
- ▲ **Juanita Jauregui:** Age 12, “repatriation” prisoner, killed by Taylor and at the bottom of the latrine ditch.
- ▲ **Thomas Taylor:** insane, transformed, ravaging metaphorical monster; wants only to escape.
- ▲ **Rosa Jauregui:** Juanita’s mother, Age 30, fighting repatriation.
- ▲ **Raul Jauregui:** Age 8, “repatriation” prisoner, bitten by Taylor the previous night.
- ▲ **Ana Jauregui:** Age 4, “repatriation” prisoner, knows what Juanita was doing up that night.
- ▲ **Sandoval Rodriguez:** Age 54, “repatriation

prisoner,” now insane eyewitness to Juanita’s fate.

- ▲ **Maia Stephens:** Age 44, mixed-ethnicity “repatriation prisoner” and organizer of the resistance.
- ▲ **Robert Stanton:** Age 42, local union official, racist nativist, and vigilante camp guard. Slated to be killed by Taylor.
- ▲ **Chauncey Walker:** Age 25, Los Angeles police officer, racist nativist, and vigilante camp guard.
- ▲ **Bill Walker:** Age 24, Los Angeles police officer, Chauncey’s brother; his limits are being tested

by the “stockade.” Possible ally.

- ▲ **Leticia McCurdy:** Age 48, Los Angeles City Hall records clerk, racist nativist.
- ▲ **Dorcas Dunfee:** Age 64, Brethren of Good Works organizer, in charge of the camp; smug and closeted racist nativist.
- ▲ **Samantha Dunfee:** Age 44, Brethren of Good Works second-in-command, cowardly and awkward woman, but possible ally.
- ▲ **George Houston:** Age 66, property owner near Chavez Ravine, able to offer historical background about the area.



of permission to return. Those in the camp are the ones who are resisting repatriation, and some of these include better-off persons who are (or may just be suspected of being) of Mexican ethnicity, who have enemies in the wrong places. Nearly all have banded together, sticking things out together, in the hope that someone will intervene on their behalf.

The Jaureguis had only been at the camp a few days, and had resolved that they had had enough. All four of them had come down sick with diarrhea, and one of the children had been bitten by a “rat.” They were making plans to surrender and get out (although they had seen, from experience, that it strangely took a few days to get anyone shipped out. Some of the more sadistic guards delight in taking their time with the prisoners, and requests to leave get “misrouted”). That all changed last night; Juanita got up to pick her way through the crowd, ostensibly to use the latrine in the middle of the night, and never returned. A panicked search of the camp failed to find her.

None of the guards saw anything, which is a significant clue—the lurking monster in the camp saw an opening in the defenses, tried to escape, and ran into Juanita. She had to be eaten to avoid detection, although one now insane prisoner, Sandoval Rodriguez, got a glimpse of what occurred.

What those “sprucing up” the camp failed to understand is that the Elysian Park stockade was not completely abandoned. Dating back to its use in 1908 as a punitive deterrent for wintering seasonal workers and hoboes who would come to Los Angeles, one such itinerant got lost in the shuffle. This unfortunate, once a man named Thomas Taylor, is still there, and has been all along. While serving in the Navy during the Spanish-American War in Cuba, Taylor was bitten, corrupted and transformed by what we will refer to as the Thing From The Fathoms. The bite insidiously changed Taylor into an immortal, only vaguely human thing, not in need of air, water or conventional food. Insane, and barely able to control both murderous and sexual impulses to spread his taint, Taylor was herded into the stockade with hundreds of other vagrants. Soon the murders and disappearances began, and the interned finally fought back. They thought that they had killed Taylor, buried him in a shallow grave, and piled rubble on top. There are several clues and leads from this prior incident, discussed in following sections.

Taylor was not dead though, merely trapped beneath the rubble, starving and going further mad. As the rubble has been cleared, Taylor has been freed. He now skulks and oozes through the camp, his humanity now

thoroughly gone, his only goal to escape. Several in the camp have been bitten and tainted, and poor Juanita has been eaten. Taylor generally hides at the bottom of the open latrine, waiting for opportunities to escape, although he sometimes lurks in other rubble. He will continue to prey on targets of opportunity as long as they present themselves, with a goal of creating chaos that he can exploit. If he sees an opportunity to safely flee to the ocean, to rejoin the main mass of the Thing From The Fathoms, then he will take it, killing any in his path. He is now little more than a separated part of it.

INVOLVING THE INVESTIGATORS

The investigators are called upon to find out what happened to Juanita. All that most people connected with the “stockade” know is that the prisoners are in an uproar over a vanished young girl named Juanita Jauregui, age 12, and no one thinks that she escaped. It will be up to the investigators to involve themselves, as no one at the camp will (or is in a position to) seek out assistance from them. She was last seen in the middle of the prior night, reportedly going to relieve herself. She never returned to her family’s tent, and a search of the camp has uncovered nothing. The camp is well-guarded by what the wrong sort of people might describe as



“clear-eyed patriots,” and escape is seen as highly unlikely. Yet the girl cannot be found, and no one admits to seeing anything happen.

The investigators might get drawn into things from several different angles:

- △ They might be a journalist (e.g., from the Los Angeles Times) looking to write a general story on the “rehabilitation” efforts. While such persons might be unsympathetic to the “repatriation,” they would not necessarily be seen as unsympathetic by those orchestrating matters. L.A. media of the era was often staunchly conservative, pro-business and sometimes reported favorably on “vagrancy enforcement” and immigrant “crackdowns.” If so, they might have received word of rumored deplorable conditions, or even that a girl has just gone missing and that foul play is suspected.
- △ They might be police officers, charity volunteers, social activists opposed to the “repatriation,” or investigators simply drawn to reports of a mysterious disappearance of a young girl at the “stockade” under unlikely circumstances. Police detectives might be called upon to investigate the disappearance itself, but will have little latitude to do anything about the camp itself. Solid chunks of the city, including the police brass, are complicit and not looking for someone who cannot “stay in their lane” to “do something about the camp.”

Indeed, if you and your players can stomach it, a supervisory detective might suggest that unsolved disappearances at the “camp” would “bring negative attention” to their “good works.”

- △ Opponents of repatriation might see this as an opportunity to expose the conditions at the camp and con their way inside by posing as (or actually being) someone of Mexican ancestry. Getting picked up by a repatriation posse, refusing to go quietly, and asserting one’s citizenship at a kangaroo court being run by the Border Patrol at the Los Angeles City Jail predictably gets the investigator(s) sent to the “stockade” for detention, after an absurd bail is set, “pending review of the citizenship assertion.” Word among knowledgeable sources, on both sides of the issue (charity workers, labor unions, the police, and social opponents) is that all “troublemakers” are being sent there as of late “to send a message.”

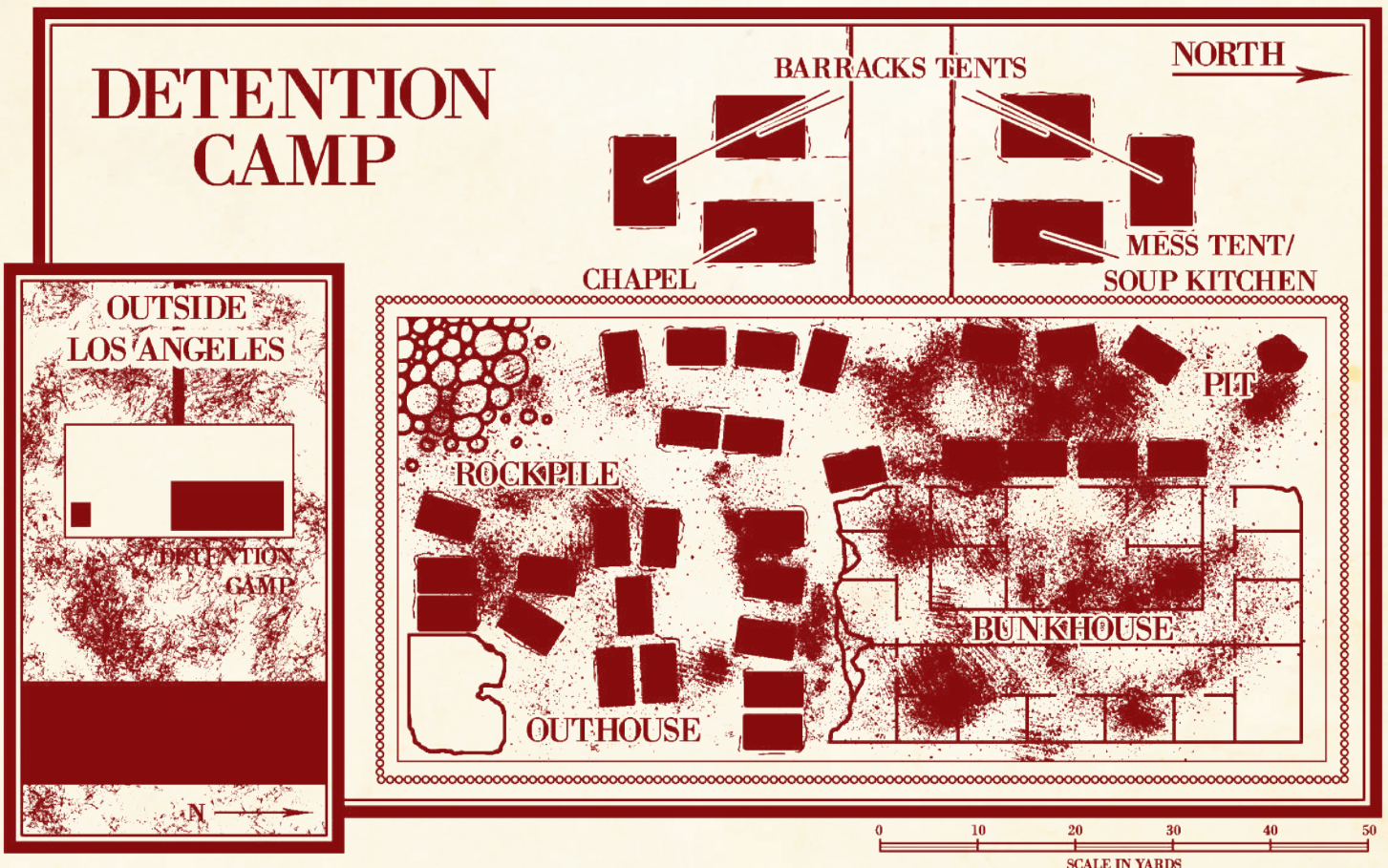
THE SCENE, AND INITIAL INTERVIEWS

Regardless of the hook, when the investigators arrive at the “stockade,” things are in an uproar. The stockade abuts Elysian Park, between the river and Chavez Ravine (basically, near where Dodger Stadium is today). In 1931, this is the outskirts of town—close by but out of sight, and with limited road access.

About 100 yards off of the Los Angeles River, an old clearing about 100 yards long and 50 yards wide had been made several years ago, with a road dead-ending into it. There is one permanent structure: a wooden palisade, 12 feet high, with a catwalk around the top. There is one gate on the side away from the river, which is kept closed except when prisoners are being taken in or out. The only other access is by wooden ladder propped up against the outside of the palisade, allowing the guards to clamber up and down.

Inside of the palisade had been a one-story, rectangular bunkhouse designed to hold 200 prisoners in squalor; a communal outhouse/latrine facility; and a large rockpile for people to break. This “facility” has, until recently, not been used for several years and quickly fell into disrepair. While the palisade and gate are intact, vermin and weather took a heavy toll on the interior structures. The bunkhouse is partially collapsed, filled with mold and infested with vermin and snakes hunting the vermin. The outhouse was filled in with soil and rocks. There is a lot of rubble, trash and debris as (ironically) hoboes used it as a camp, even after shifting demographics caused it to be abandoned.

About two weeks ago, the Brethren of Good Works, a Caucasian-dominated, evangelical charity, indulged its paternalistic impulses and decided that it would volunteer to organize a camp at the old “tramp stockade” so families would not be separated while they were processed. It is now occupied by 789 persons, a grossly overcrowded, filthy and rapidly becoming disease-infested hellhole. Fleas, lice, rats and dysentery are endemic.



THE REAL 1931 MASS DEPORTATION IN LOS ANGELES, THE REAL ELYSIAN PARK BARRACKS, AND WHERE LIBERTIES HAVE BEEN TAKEN

Both the Elysian Park “tramp stockade” and the 1931 mass roundup and deportation of ethnically Mexican families in Los Angeles are all too real.

As Los Angeles grew in the late 1800s, it became a popular wintering haven for gangs of itinerant men (usually Caucasian). Denigrated as “tramps,” many were seasonal workers, working the fields of the U.S.’ west coast, cutting timber in the Pacific Northwest, working in fisheries, mining copper, or engaging in other seasonal work. They would then camp in Los Angeles for the winter, straining the infrastructure and displeasing the year-round residents.

From the late 1800s on, law enforcement tried numbers of things to dissuade them, with limited success: vagrancy arrests, vigilante gangs, forcibly dispersing their camps, and sentencing them to hard labor chain gangs. (These chain gangs did a considerable amount of the circa 1900 construction and expansion of Los Angeles itself). They were described as “human parasites” by pundits, and the consensus was that it was better—more cost effective and supposedly, even more humane—to jail them on minor charges than let them roam free. Vagrancy arrests—with a vagrant described as someone (other than a Native American) with no permanent address in the city and no visible means of support—were a primary tool. Enforcement was broad, with being found sleeping on the side walk enough to merit an arrest which carried a six-month jail sentence. The arrests were seasonal—“tramps” would roll into town as winter approached, get arrested, get sentenced to forced labor until the spring arrived, and then would be released.

In late 1908, Lieutenant Charles Dixon of the Los Angeles Police Department’s Jails Division announced, with fanfare, his ultimate solution to the “tramp problem.” His tramp chain gang had built a purposefully substandard, wooden stockade for future tramps. It was ostensibly designed for 200 inmates, and was a low-slung wooden structure near what is now Elysian Park. He even had a rock pile ready for the incarcerated “tramps” to break if he ran out of other work for them to do, and took the press on a tour. By December 1908, the stockade was at capacity.

Up until the onset of the Great Depression, Mexican immigration was not seen as much of a problem, either nationally or in Los Angeles.

Los Angeles was an Anglo-run city, and they did not feel threatened by the minority Mexican population. Moreover, Mexicans did not stress the infrastructure much; they might come to the U.S. to perform seasonal labor, but their seasonal labor was sought by Californian agricultural interests, and they would habitually return to Mexico for the winter. Indeed, the white-focused National Immigration Act of 1924, which imposed country-by-country immigration quotas for the United States, exempted natives of the Western Hemisphere (e.g., Mexico) from the quotas. The racially-charged Congressional debates over the 1924 Act were anything but opaque about it: seasonal Mexican labor was needed, and they did not “threaten” society because they rarely stayed year-round, so they would be exempted from the quota. They merely had to be inspected, pass a literacy and health exam, and pay an \$18 inspection fee—a lot of money in those days.

This low-priority attitude toward Mexican immigration changed with the onset of the Great Depression. In 1929, this system was adjusted by Congress to deal with Mexican labor that tried to settle in what was then seen as “white” parts of the country. Uninspected entry (which was the majority of seasonal Mexican labor—\$18 was a lot of money for agricultural employers whose land might be worth \$50 per acre) was made a crime as well as a deportable offense. They could, in conjunction with the old practice of deportability for being a “public charge” (lacking visible means of support), now be arrested, sentenced, and then “released early” if they allowed themselves to be deported without a fuss, rounded up as convenient and “sent back home.” People who had slipped past the border without paying the \$18 would be found (sometimes correctly) to be unable to pay, and hence, a “public charge.”

In the late 1920s and early 1930s, the demographics of Los Angeles changed. People of Mexican ancestry began to settle in the city, forming a sizeable ethnic community in what was then eastern Los Angeles. Mexico was in turmoil in these years, and Los Angeles was a better place to live for many. This offended some nativist racists, but things did not come to a head until the Great Depression took hold. Jobs were then scarce for many, and charities became strained. A cross-section of interests thereupon found common cause: nativists (who wanted what jobs there were

for Caucasians); labor unions (whose members were heavily Caucasian); charities (who combined an odd paternalism toward the “unfortunates” with some racist and eugenic impulses); and the city’s elite (who just did not like large segments of unemployed persons in their city, still).

Ironically, many of the former young Caucasian men who had been brutalized by the Los Angeles establishment as “tramps,” as the city grew and places for them to live developed, joined labor unions. The cycle of abuse was perpetuated.

Over a five-month period in 1931, an estimated 50,000 Mexicans were “repatriated” from Los Angeles by the coalition, including armed vigilante roundups of entire neighborhoods backed by the police. Most were simply summarily herded onto trains; charities informed on their recipients; and those who resisted were jailed on various charges or given time to “think about” their resistance. Chain gangs continued in heavy use during this era for prisoners of any sort, and prisons were severely overtaxed by the “repatriation” effort. A wave of Federal prison facilities was built later in the 1930s, but prisoners were simply kept wherever they could be in earlier years. There were no Federal prisons or jails in the U.S./Mexico border region prior to 1930. None. Federal detainees were thus at the mercy of local authorities and their jail conditions.

The one liberty that I have taken with the history in this scenario (apart from the monster) is with mashing up the two anti-“vagrancy” movements. I decided that it would be instructive to use the “vagrant” stockade as a holding pen for the “vagrant” “repatriation” victims. It gave me a place to hide a monster that the filthy, overcrowded Los Angeles City Jail would not easily provide. Historically, that is where resisters were put, next to thieves, murderers and rapists, in an overcrowded facility without much in the way of internal security.

While several historical sources were reviewed in the course of preparing this scenario, I recommend, to those interested in further historical details, *City of Inmates*, by Kelly Lytle Hernandez, ISBN-13 9781469631189 (Univ. of N. Carolina Press, 2017). Chapter 2 covers the history of “tramp panic” in Los Angeles and Chapter 5, Mexican repatriation in Los Angeles (with a focus on incarceration modes).

Each detainee is given blankets, a tarp or canvas tent, and two meals a day. Sanitation is by way of an open pit in the corner of the camp, maintained by having the prisoners shovel dirt and sand on top of the pit periodically. Every day, more come.

Outside of the palisade, a half-dozen large field tents have recently been erected. One houses a mess tent/soup kitchen run by the Brethren of Good Works. Another is a makeshift chapel hosted by the same. The other four are barracks tents for the 50 or so vigilante guards, from a variety of walks of life: off-duty police officers; labor union toughs; outright racist vigilante toughs; and a few sadists who simply get off on abusing other human beings and were drawn to the spectacle. All are armed with rifles, and under the nominal command of Chauncey Walker, a 25-year-old police officer assigned by his department to “make them miserable, get them to leave, but avoid bad press.”

The male prisoners are compelled to do heavy labor: digging, latrine maintenance, rubble clearing and demolition. The female prisoners and children are set to painting the palisade white. There are no laundry facilities available; the idea is to intimidate and pressure the inmates into dropping their objections to deportation. Once they do, they are determined to be “public charges,” driven to a train, and summarily

transported to Mexico. Ones that have annoyed their captors tend to experience delays in processing their paperwork.

An uprising briefly boiled up a week ago, but was put down with warning shots from the guards on the catwalk.

It should be emphasized that at night, there is no lighting but the moon and stars. The guards have camp and cook fires, but fires are forbidden in the stockade itself.

As the investigators arrive, the prisoners have begun a hunger strike, and the normally cocky, openly abusive guards are a bit nervous and subdued. No one is happy that a 12-year-old girl, Juanita Jauregui, has disappeared in the night without apparent trace. Her mother and siblings are distraught; the disappearance has galvanized the camp into a protest; and the guards are afraid that they are losing control over the situation. Everyone wants her found; the guards and Brethren “charity workers” want it done quietly.

In order to make initial headway, the investigators will need to gain access to the camp. Police have no trouble getting past the guards or getting cooperation from the Brethren, but will have trouble with everyone in the camp, requiring a Hard Persuade or Intimidate

to get any sort of cooperation from anyone inside. Private persons who feign sympathy with the goals of the “repatriation” need ordinary Persuade or Intimidate checks to gain access to the prisoners, and ordinary Persuade checks to gain cooperation from inmates (who will need to be convinced that the investigators actually want to help and are not collaborators). Clergy (not affiliated with the Brethren) are well-positioned; while needing to Persuade both guards and inmates, they should get a bonus die if they approach matters as “just trying to get to the bottom of what happened to the girl.” If at any point the investigators manage to convince the inmates that they are trying to help them escape or find legal redress, they get a bonus die to any social interactions with the inmates. If the guards conclude that the investigators are trying to undermine their purpose (including by complaining about camp conditions), they receive a penalty die on all interactions with the guards from there on out.

While there are guard dogs at the stockade, none are bloodhounds. If the investigators manage to gain access to and make use of a bloodhound, it could (in theory) pick up Juanita’s scent and trace her from her family’s tent to the edge of the latrine pit. (The pit is divided into two segments by a curtain of tarps, women on the left and men on the right. Juanita’s trail



incongruously heads toward the men's side, as though she was looking into something). However, an Extreme Animal Handling check is needed; the dog will growl, snarl, refuse to be led and fight with all its might not to go far past the gate of the encampment, clearly afraid of something that it can sense. This presence would be the inhuman monstrosity that once was Thomas Taylor.

INTERVIEWS AROUND THE STOCKADE

The first thing that must be noted in the smell. It is awful, an open latrine combined with the body odor of several hundred people who have not bathed for days.

ROSA JAUREGUI

Juanita's mother, she is distraught and instinctively knows that something terrible has happened to Juanita. She is a 30-year-old woman who claims to be an American citizen (she is lying), and speaks fluent English. Her husband, Jose, was grabbed off the street by repatriation vigilantes two weeks ago. When she and the children (unworried about them because they are all American citizens) went to the Los Angeles City Jail to look for him, they were arrested and told that Juanita's birth certificate (the only one who has one, as she was born in a hospital), looked fake. She and her children would therefore be held in detention pending review or posting \$5,000 bail each, unless they wanted to agree to "rejoin her husband where they belonged." Rosa was surprised to be herded into this filthy camp, where she has been told (every day) that she and her children will stay here until their cases are reviewed, unless she would like to agree to leave. (Most other people in the camp have a similar story about how they got here).

Rosa had (several years earlier) sought out donated clothing from a fire-and-brimstone charity, the Brethren of Good Works. She recognizes the leader of the Brethren, "Miss Dorcas," as the one who is running the mess hall for the camp. Several others in camp have told her that they, too, took charity from the Brethren at some point.

The camp is filthy and dangerous; she has seen both the guards and some of the men making eyes at Juanita (despite her only being 12). They have stuck close together as a result, and the women keep a close eye on each other. The camp is pitch black at night.

Two nights ago, they had to calm her son and Juanita's little brother, Raul, down; Raul had gone to the latrine at night and said that he "saw something near the wall" that "bit him." He has a fresh rat's bite (or so they think) on his leg, which they have dressed the best they can. (The younger lady at the mess tent, Miss Samantha, gave them some vinegar to wash the wound and a bandage, while lecturing them about wandering at night and how they all ought to just "go home").

She does not know what happened to Juanita; she disappeared while she was sleeping. No one in the camp will admit to having seen her last evening, when she disappeared, other than her siblings. Her siblings (Raul and Ana) said that she was going to go to the latrine.

RAUL AND ANA JAUREGUI

Ages 8 and 4, "repatriation" prisoners. Both Raul and Ana are frightened and traumatized by their incarceration, by the disappearance of their sister, and (in Raul's case) by being bit by "a rat." Both speak Spanish as their first language, but speak passable English for their ages (25%). Both are terrified of police or anyone seeming to be on the side of the "repatriation," and such people suffer a penalty die (cumulative to all others) on efforts to interact with them.

Each knows a bit more, on careful and focused questioning, than they have thought to disclose. Raul knows that Juanita did not want them going to the latrines alone, but does not know why. He heard something behind the back of the latrine ditch, between it and the palisade, two nights ago. He insists that whatever it was "big," human-sized, but he did not get a good look at it as it slipped away when he startled it. He says that it "bit" him, but also insists that this occurred as it was "running away."

Underneath Raul's bandage, on his leg, is a waiting 0/1 SAN loss. Anyone who makes a Medicine or First Aid check, or has 10% in Medicine, realizes that this is no rat bite. It is the size of a man's hand, circular, and a composite of dozens of tiny bites, almost like the bite of a gigantic lamprey. It is mottled as though envenomated and numb. It does not hurt, and no amount of First Aid or Medicine impacts it, barring amputation. Left unchecked, Raul will slowly transform into a disconnected bit of the Thing From The Fathoms, going slowly mad, ravaging and slaying and spreading the taint, until he finally flees to the ocean and rejoins the Thing's central mass. A Cthulhu Mythos check, made when examining the bite, suggests the involvement of the unnatural.

Ana is distraught and feeling guilty. If she can be reached with a successful Psychoanalysis check, she admits that she needed to use the latrine last night (her stomach has been feeling sick), but was scared. Juanita was going to scout ahead, make sure it was safe, and then come back for her so that they could go together. She never came back.

MAIA STEPHENS

Age 44, organizer of the in-camp resistance. Ms. Stephens is a mixed race (Caucasian and African-American woman) from Detroit. She is not Latina whatsoever, but looks "brown," so the "repatriation" movement has decided to make her prove her identity—which she cannot as she is being held here, incommunicado and without papers. She is an unabashed socialist agitator, which does nothing to endear her to anyone associated with the repatriation (not even the labor unions, who are invested in decreasing competition for work). Eventually people will miss her and come to find her, but for right now, she wants to be here, leading the hunger strike. She steps forward to confront authority, and spits in the face (literally) of anyone she deems complicit or suspects of being a spy. But if convinced that the investigators are here to help orchestrate an escape or other end to the detention, she eagerly cooperates with any reasonable plan. When the investigators arrive, she has organized

a hunger strike which most (but not all) prisoners are engaging in, sitting in a circle and singing hymns.

SANDOVAL RODRIGUEZ

Age 54, "repatriation" prisoner. Mr. Rodriguez is absent from the protest, curled up in his tent. He resisted arrest physically, was roughed up, and is being held here following a "vagrancy" conviction for 60 days prior to deportation. This has put him under the essentially unsupervised scrutiny of the vigilante that he slugged, Robert Stanton. People in the camp speak well of him; he seemed to have some field medic training from time in the Mexican Army, and was offering advice as to how to try to keep the camp up. He also looked out for people. He is at the camp alone, as he is here for punitive purposes even less obscured than normal.

His tent is near the latrine, with a good view of both it and the space between it and the wall. The investigators will inevitably stumble on him when they go to look in this area, after talking to the Jaureguis. His absence from camp activity is odd, but people who looked in on him said that he seemed sick. Alternatively, Stanton may come down to "make sure that he is O.K." (bully him into forced labor) and his insane, flailing attack on Stanton will draw the investigators' attention.

Sandoval saw exactly what happened; he is now an insane eyewitness to Juanita's fate. His mind is broken, and he huddles in his tent, near catatonic. He can burble out some sing-song, seemingly random images (see White Paint, Investigator Handout #1, nearby). A successful Psychoanalysis roll might get him to chuckle and say, in Spanish, "What does it want? What does anyone want"? He has deduced that it was trying to sneak out and that the section of the wall by the latrines is a weak spot in the security, because it is not watched from above on the catwalk.

STANTON, WALKER, AND WALKER: THE COMMANDERS OF THE VIGILANTES

The ones in charge of the stockade are Robert Stanton, Age 42, local AFL official, racist nativist and vigilante camp guard; Chauncey Walker, Age 25, Los Angeles police officer, racist nativist, and vigilante camp guard; and Bill Walker, Age 24, Los Angeles police officer and Chauncey's younger brother. Any request, by

WHITE PAINT, INVESTIGATOR HANDOUT #1:

Sr. Sandoval's Insane Ramblings

You think I pitched my tent there because I like the smell? No, no...that poor girl, she heard it, then she saw it, then it pulled her off...it hides, it's good at hiding...I don't think it needs to breathe, how else...it's mouths, so many mouths, it must be so hungry after being down there so long...

anyone, to talk to “whoever is in charge around here” gets them brought to this triumvirate. Stanton and Chauncey Walker hang together constantly; Bill is sullen, introverted and says little. He is subordinate to his brother in every way, but a Psychology roll might notice him wince at violence, harming women and children, and verbal expressions of racism. While little better than the others, he does have his limits and did not sign up for anyone dying, especially not a little girl. Stanton has a notable New England (Vermont) accent.

Chauncey Walker has official Los Angeles Police Dept. sanction for the imprisonment, forced labor, filthy camp conditions and harassment, within limits—no death, maiming or sexual assault, but just about anything else goes. Stanton has been deputized and is the biggest, nastiest, most verbally overt racist the investigators should have ever met—brazen, unapologetic, and given to monologuing about white supremacy, eugenics and “whose country this is.” Walker is less verbal and more organized; he’s a good resource manager if a despicable human being.

Other police officers looking into the death get their cooperation as long as they are not trying to undermine the operation. Persons (like clergy) trying to (seemingly neutrally) “defuse the protest” get Persuade checks to gain his cooperation. Persons trying to undermine the

operation openly are likely arrested on trumped up (or not trumped up obstruction) charges and hauled off until they make bail. The investigators should be made to understand (Idea roll if nothing else) that unless they can get in the camp somehow, they lack the information that they will need to leverage a solution. Barring Stealth or infiltration, talking their way past these two and a half sadists is the only option. But they understand that an unsolved death risks losing control over the internment camp, and while they can use non-lethal force or shoot those trying to escape, a massacre will not be sanctioned by their superiors.

If the investigators can stomach talking to these three, then (apart from sensing the general reticence of Bill), they can gain the following information:

- △ They honestly do not know what happened to the girl, but honestly would like to find out. Things are restless and “that does no one any good.”
- △ They have searched the tents and under the rubble this morning, and found no sign of her.
- △ They have not seen too many rats (they might snicker as they say this). The ladies at the Brethren of Good Works tents might patch up anyone who got bitten by something. They

are here to provide security, prevent escape and “get them the hell out of here when they’re finally ready to go.”

- △ Anyone who goes into the camp goes with them, for “security purposes.” This is not negotiable, unless they are Persuaded that people are not talking because they are around, in which case they might step out of earshot.
- △ They sincerely doubt that the girl escaped. They have a dozen armed guards on duty at any time, half on the catwalks and half patrolling the perimeter with guard dogs. If she tried to climb the palisade, she would probably be seen; and even if she did, she would likely make noise on the other side. But more to the point, she was only 12, and they doubt that she would have left her mother and siblings. They are stumped.
- △ Their explanation for how she disappeared (if asked) actually makes sense: it’s dark after sunset, and there are places in the camp that cannot be easily seen from the catwalks without a light. The guards have lanterns, but those are of limited value. She may have been attacked by another prisoner at one of those



places. They heard that she may have been headed to the latrine when last seen. They were not posting a sentry above the latrine, due to the stench and not wanting to offend the women. Starting now, though, one will patrol by occasionally, with a lantern.

Later, if the investigators do their research, they may realize that Stanton has a history at the stockade, from the time when he was an itinerant seasonal worker and was incarcerated here in the winter of 1908. He is a key witness, and getting him to talk about his past is discussed in a subsequent section.

DORCAS DUNFEE AND SAMANTHA DUNFEE

Age 64, Brethren of Good Works organizer, in charge of the camp, smug closeted racist nativist; and Samantha Dunfee, Age 44, Brethren of Good Works second-in-command. Dorcas is in many ways the most dangerous person running the stockade, because she is the smartest and the most ideological. A prim and well-dressed evangelical missionary, hers is a smug, arrogant self-confidence, overlying her fundamental belief that she is doing God's work by "helping" his "lesser children get back to where they belong." She smiles all the time, clucks like a mother hen, sings hymns while she cooks, and prays with them (from the catwalk). Her religion and her nativism are all bound up with one another, and she is openly frustrated at what the people in the stockade are (to her way of thinking) "bringing on themselves." In an unguarded moment, Dorcas might express "mixed feelings" about Juanita's death, since maybe now the prisoners "will do what needs to be done, for their own good."

The investigators might wonder where the money for all of this is coming from, and the answer is that it is being routed through the Brethren of Good Works. Their donor rosters are not something that the investigators are likely to come across, but Dorcas does keep an expense ledger for the stockade in her (and her daughter's) tent. It is kept in a locked travel desk, but getting at it (and succeeding in an Accounting roll) reflects a who's who of Los Angeles hoi polloi making targeted donations to fund the camp. They also reflect that she is paying herself about 95% of what is being taken in. These records potentially enable a solution path (see following sections), but her tent is among those of the guards and would require an Extreme Stealth check to sneak into, barring the guards all being drawn off by a distraction. She knows little about what happened to the girl, or the particulars of goings on there.

Samantha, her daughter and second-in-command, saw the bite on Raul Jauregui, lost 1 SAN point for seeing it, and knows that something is wrong. If asked about the "rat bite," she is clearly nervous (no check needed). She is awkward and cowardly, but not a smug ideologue like her mother. She is the only person on the "repatriation" side who might, if she sees enough danger to those in the camp, look the other way at investigator disruption attempts. She will not actively assist (she is too much under her mother's thumb) but might pretend not to notice something that saves women's and children's

lives, or cleans up the situation.

THE LATRINE, THE BODY (AND TRYING TO GET AN AUTOPSY), AND FORENSICS

Taylor is smart, in both low cunning and sentient sorts of way, so he will *not* be found barring extreme measures. Generally, he hides at the bottom of the 12-foot-deep latrine pit, beneath layers and layers of human waste and covering layers of earth. He sometimes sneaks out at night and stealthily lurks in the shadows, underneath the rock pile, or beneath uncleared rubble. He is picking off prisoners for a combination of reasons: hunger (of all sorts) which he cannot control, but also because he is trying to create a chaotic situation that he can exploit to slip away. To that end, he wants Juanita's remains found and chaos to ensue, so he has left a few bits where they can be located with some effort.

Searching around the latrine and succeeding in a Hard Spot Hidden detects drag marks on the ground behind the men's latrine, suggestive of a body being drug away. Rounding up a bloodhound results in an automatic success if it can be gotten in the stockade at all; the dog heads straight for this area and indicates toward the curtain around the latrine.

Digging in the men's latrine pit (any concerted effort) is soon rewarded with a right arm and a torso, still in the clothes Juanita was wearing, near the top. It is covered with dozens of huge, lamprey-like bite marks. SAN loss for this gruesome discovery is 1/1D4 SAN. Further digging beyond that point is not allowed by the guards as "pointless," and they will refuse to allow the investigators to share their findings with any of the imprisoned. (Investigators caught defying this order are arrested and sent to the L.A. City Jail until they can make bail the next day, and are banned from returning to the "stockade"). Nonetheless, rumors fly fast around the camp; someone gets a glimpse of the remains, the fact that her dismembered body was recovered is eventually acknowledged, and a panic ensues (see the Timeline in the next section).

Getting the remains out of the camp for an autopsy should be difficult, but a Hard Persuade (with a bonus die for emphasizing the need for a proper burial) gets permission to bag the remains. Once able to be examined, a Medicine check can deduce that she has been mostly eaten. Anyone who has seen both bites can match the one on Raul's leg to those covering what remains of Juanita.

OTHER VICTIMS—PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE—AND A DEFAULT TIMELINE

Absent investigator action, the timeline for Taylor's ultimate escape plays out as follows, after Juanita's remains are discovered.

- ▲ First hour after remains are discovered: Rumors of her death and dumping "like garbage" into the latrine begin to fly.

- ▲ One hour later: her family is distraught, and the crowd is getting whipped into a frenzy by Maia Stephens, who advocates violence.

- ▲ Within minutes: all guards are summoned, take up arms and occupy positions on the catwalk. A nasty confrontation ensues, with rocks and rubble being hurled at the guards and racial epithets and insults being hurled at the prisoners.

- ▲ After about 15 minutes, Chauncey Walker, in the most racially virulent tone possible, warns the crowd to be silent and disperse, or an example will be made. Maia Stephens throws a rock at him. He responds with a warning shot. A panic ensues, people scramble for safety and cover. Sandoval Rodriguez, already mad from what he has seen, tries to escape by scaling the palisade. He is rifle butted in the head by a guard as he nears the top and falls back down. He survives, but is seriously injured.

- ▲ Over the next hour: half of the guards enter and physically assault anyone moving or displaying the slightest resistance of any sort. Dozens of prisoners are beaten and injured, some severely. Medical assistance is not provided in the aftermath by anyone other than fellow prisoners. The gate is briefly open during this interlude, and anyone watching from a high vantage point, specifically for anyone or thing looking to slip out in the chaos, may make an Extreme Spot Hidden check. Success indicates that they see something slithering behind some rubble, just for a second, but do not get a good look at it.

- ▲ In the aftermath: the guards back off after people calm down. Maia Stephens goes missing, but the prisoners are too cowed to do anything active about it. She was grabbed and hauled under the rubble by Taylor during the riot.

- ▲ The following night: Taylor, stealthily and under cover of darkness, positions Maia Stephens' battered and bruised, nude body (covered with numerous lamprey-like bites) near the top of a rubble pile, so that it can be discovered.

- ▲ The following morning (Day 2): Under doubled guard, dozens of prisoners give up and allow themselves to be deported. Breakfast is distributed and forced labor on sprucing up the camp resumes. Within 15 minutes, Maia's body is uncovered, sparking another panic. This time, the guards resort to warning shots immediately, and people are cowed and terrified. No amount of bullying succeeds in getting work started again that day. People are frightened, and whispered escape plans are kicked around but come to nothing.

- ▲ The following night (Day 2): A handful of male prisoners make an escape attempt by rushing the gate. They are deterred by warning shots. Observant investigators may

note that the guards are eager to use force but reluctant to use lethal force. This is out of fear of attracting unwanted attention, as a death would require explanation (even for the police and their vigilante associates). However, while this distraction is going on, the Taylor-thing probes the defenses at another part of the camp. He is seen by Raul and Ana Jauregui, who lose 5 SAN each and are traumatized. Taylor retreats into the rock pile.

△ The next morning (Day 3): Word of what Raul and Ana saw circulates through the camp: a horrible monster, a naked, filthy man with long hair and a long beard, that crawled in the muck like a snake and was covered with mouths full of teeth. They saw it by their tent, honest! It ran toward the latrines (well, it slithered that way like a snake). Unhappy with the pace of things, the Taylor-thing nabs an adult male worker, Jose Rodriguez, in broad daylight, reaching out from the rock pile and hauling him in when no one is looking. He leaves his shovel behind, and a gout of blood, but only moving the rock pile for an hour finds any of his remains. The guards suspect a trick, and the prisoners quietly resolve not to sit around and be slaughtered like sheep any longer.

△ The following night (Day 3): Robert Stanton, when he arrives for his guard shift, decides to take a look (for the first time) at Maia's body. He recognizes the similarities between her body and what happened when he was a prisoner at the stockade as a "tramp" in 1908. Rather than act like a human being, he keeps things to himself and resolves to look into the matter personally. He goes into the camp (quietly, dropping down from the palisade) and goes to the rock pile. He is slaughtered by Thomas without anyone noticing.

△ The next morning (Day 4): Stanton is noticed as having gone missing. No one can find him. Chauncey Walker, whom he told that he was going to the camp (Chauncey assumed for purposes of brutalizing prisoners) realizes that he must not have left the camp. He summons 25 additional vigilantes and police officers to conduct a "thorough search" of the camp. Prisoners are brutally interrogated, threatened and beaten, but no one knows anything.

△ The following night (Day 4): As darkness falls, Thomas stealthily positions what is left of Stanton in the latrine where he can be seen. He is soon found. The guards rush in through the gate, come down from the palisades, and an all-out riot ensues, with people killed on both sides. Prisoners flee in every direction. Some manage to get weapons and lanterns away from guards. A fire breaks out when a prisoner swings at a guard with a lantern and misses, breaking it on a freshly (oil-based painted) wall. When an opening appears, Thomas Taylor emerges from

the rock pile (or the latrine) and slithers toward the opening, provoking further panic and SAN loss. Most who see him flee in terror; one guard tries to shoot him without effect and is ripped to shreds. Taylor escapes into the night and heads straight for the ocean, assaulting, biting and infecting five people who get in his way.

△ Surviving prisoners are simply, forcibly deported the next day without further ado or argument, and things are hushed up by putting out a story about a "tragic fire" at the stockade.

MOVING THE PRISONERS (NOPE) AND THE REALITY OF DISBELIEF

You would think that murder, chaos and unseen terror, backed by heartfelt pleas for discretion, mercy and more humane conditions might be heeded, but you would be wrong. It did not work, historically, and it does not work here. The answer tends to be the same: prisons are rough places and the prisoners "hold the keys to their own cells." This mantra continues to this very day at U.S. immigration prisons. The point of the detention is coercion and intimidation, and in light of the long-range purpose, the prisons do not go away. Apology tours happen when something attracts enough negative attention, but things start back up again, when and to the extent anyone thinks that they can get away with it.

For example, a 2018-2019 enforcement ramp-up under the Trump administration tried to put added pressure on a wave of economic migrants from Central America by separating the families. For a time, children were (contrary to the terms of a U.S. Dept. of Justice consent decree from years earlier) put in separate "detention facilities," in actuality private prisons often run by ostensible charities. This occurred despite rampant reports of thousands of sexual assaults against detained children throughout the systems. To read up on how this did not make a difference—in this day and age, forgetting about 1931 and its comparative lack of legal infrastructure—read NPR's reporting on the matter, here:

<https://www.npr.org/2019/02/26/698397631/sexual-assault-of-detained-migrant-children-reported-in-the-thousands-since-2015>

Between 2015-2018, out of roughly 4,500 such reports, 1,300 were found credible enough to refer to the F.B.I. for investigation, and 158 involved abuse by staff. This was documented by the Federal Office of Refugee Resettlement, but did not stop or even meaningfully change the detention practices. Let that sink in before you adjudicate an investigator complaint to other authorities about a monster supposedly running amok in a stockade in 1931.

Someone has to be killed, by a guard, for anyone to even listen that things at the stockade might require rectifying. Initially, complainers are doubted. If they cannot be doubted, their reports are slow rolled. And even once a complaint moves someone to act, the

guards get every benefit of the doubt, and any remedial measures undertaken do not disrupt the prison operation itself. An abused and complaining prisoner might get transferred; a guard might be transferred; watches might be increased; but the fundamental operation goes on.

The time frame of this scenario is simply not long enough to cause any third-party mediated shutdown, evacuation, or meaningful amelioration, setting aside the exceptions set out in a later section. The active participants in a position to do something (cops, Brethren, labor unions, vigilantes) simply do not care enough to do anything fast enough. Bringing up monsters as a reason to do something about the stockade is out and out laughed at (at best) or results in incarceration of the one carrying that message (at worst). The courts of the era are complicit and slow roll any lawsuits, habeas corpus petitions or the like aimed at bringing an end to the stockade.

RESEARCH: PRIOR INCIDENTS AT THE BARRACKS CIRCA 1908, AND POOR RECORDKEEPING

Experienced investigators will look for answers as to the nature of what they are dealing with, and how it got there. The history of the stockade in 1907-1908 is a matter of public knowledge, as is how it was used: as a tramp prison. Records of expenditures, things that went on there, or the like are shoddy and useless. There are no police reports of murders or odd incidents at the stockade. This is not to say that there weren't any, just that the people there were not perceived as important enough to keep many records about.

Leticia McCurdy, a foul-tempered, Canadian-accented records clerk at City Hall, can explain this to any investigators that she decides to cooperate with. Anyone that she senses is trying to disrupt the operation at the stockade—which despite her own status as an immigrant, she is all in favor of—may not get any cooperation at all. Leading her to believe (Fast Talk check with a bonus die) that the investigators are on "the side of right" and that they are trying to "look into prior escapes" gets her to cooperate fully, but there is nothing useful in those sorts of records. There are, however, arrest records of all the vagrants who were incarcerated there during its prior operation, and she is happy (no check needed) to provide those. There are thousands, and there is nothing to do but plow through them. A Library Use check reveals three things of note, summarized in the nearby box.

SWEEPING BROADLY THROUGH THE MEDIA

Library Use checks while reviewing media sources can start the investigators down a useful path. Again, the history of the "tramp prison" is easily found common knowledge. Successful checks can uncover the following information:

△ A Los Angeles Times newspaper report from December 1908 references a series of four

WHITE PAINT, INVESTIGATOR HANDOUT #2:

Arrest Records From 1908's "Tramp Panic"

- △ The vagrants were not photographed at arrest in 1908, but there is an arrest record for a Robert Stanton, then aged 19. The description matches that of Robert Stanton, the union official at the stockade, and his place of birth is noted as Middlebury, Vermont.
- △ Five men booked in to the stockade for vagrancy in 1908 were not noted as ever being released. Four of these, William Bishop, John Cummings, Adolphus Remming, and James Stewart, are referenced as deceased in custody. Stewart was also 19 and was also from Middlebury, Vermont.
- △ The fifth man, Thomas Taylor, is noted as a "lunatic" and "opium addict" and his disposition as "missing and unaccounted for." A note in his file recites that he was a Navy veteran, having served in the Spanish-American War.

unsolved, violent deaths at the "stockade." A police spokesman, Sgt. John Clancy, is quoted as saying that "they were fighting among themselves, but the problem has now been attended to through extraordinary discipline." (Keeper's Note: this is a lie, as discussed below, and any official that the investigators can somehow track down, including the retired Sgt. Clancy, might, if successfully Persuaded, say that they believe that the tramps killed the troublemaker, a man named Taylor. Taylor was listed as missing, officially, because they could not find his body).

- △ Looking for similar reports of odd, seemingly envenomated, lamprey-like bite marks requires a Hard Library Use check. Purposefully looking for war reports from the Spanish-American War reduces the check to normal. A few newspapers reporting on the U.S.S. Maine's destruction in Havana Harbor in 1898 (apart from invective inciting the U.S. against Spain) report an amusing anecdote about how one crazed survivor, Thomas Taylor, blamed a sea monster. "Clearly suffering from shock" and having to be mustered out due to his injuries, poor Petty Officer Thomas was standing watch at the time of the explosion, and insists that Maine was attacked by a "sea monster," with the explosion being secondary. He displayed "obvious shrapnel wounds" on his legs and claimed that they were "bites of the monster, that were poisoning him."
- △ Finally, an Extreme Library Use check, reduced to Hard if the investigators think

to look for a westward migration pattern, reveals a handful of hard-to-find crime stories where someone claims to have been attacked, assaulted, and bitten by a tramp wearing the tattered remnants of a sailor's peacoat. The last of these was in Los Angeles in November 1908.

HARD RESEARCH: FINDING PRIOR WITNESSES IN LOS ANGELES

Finding (former) tramps other than Robert Stanton should be a daunting challenge, taking more time than the investigators have available to them. But should you allow it, they have much the same information as does Stanton, below.

The Keeper should err on the side of caution and eventually allow the investigators to realize that Stanton was once imprisoned here, back in 1908. If they do not do their research, he may let something slip: he seems very familiar with the layout; and eventually, he puts the pieces together and realizes that Taylor (or something like him) is still there. If Stanton is being watched, then barring investigator disruption to the timeline, he slips in during the night of Day 3, by himself, to try and find Taylor. Instead, Taylor finds him.

If (when) the investigators try to confront Stanton, his reaction must be roleplayed out carefully. He wants to find and eliminate Taylor, once he suspects that Taylor has somehow survived. However, he wants to keep it quiet, and he does not (under any circumstances) want his past as a tramp bandied about. He also does not, under any circumstances, want the camp's operations disrupted. Different approaches to Stanton and how they are likely to play out follow, but bear in mind that he is not above murdering, framing or setting up investigators to be attacked by Taylor to achieve his goals:

- △ Persuade checks (playing to rationality or humanity) are virtually useless (Extreme success required). And even then, the best that the investigators can hope for is a quiet deal, where he refuses to acknowledge his past but allows them to quietly accompany him on a sweep through the stockade, looking for "something" that he will not admit to knowing anything about; and/or lets them set a trap. (See below). That "something" might, in such an instance, pick off Stanton first. This will be a rogue operation that he will insist on being done covertly; efforts to involve the rest of the vigilantes lose his cooperation quickly.
- △ Intimidate checks bear more fruit from an information-gathering perspective. If confronted with his record (and how a friend of his from Vermont was a victim), add a bonus die to any Intimidation check. Succeed or fail, it is obvious (no check needed) that Stanton knows that he has been identified as a hypocrite. He will not admit to anything, but composes himself and discusses a "story he heard." See Investigator Handout #3. He then conducts himself as per a successful Persuade

check, above.

- △ If ultimately backed into a corner ("let everyone go, or we out you to your nativist buddies"), or he concludes that the investigators will betray any deal that they may have made, then he pretends to play along and then tries to dispose of the investigators at his first opportunity. He is not shy about resorting to violence, or calling in assistance to deal with "bleeding heart liars."

EVEN HARDER RESEARCH: THE MYTHOS (AND THE METAPHOR MADE PLAIN)

Cthulhu Mythos research requires a readily at hand resource, but a successful research effort gains some additional information. As usual, however, it is information that the investigators may regret having.

Mythos sources lead to references to an obscure being called The Thing from the Fathoms, or The Corrupter. References to this particular being, even in Mythos tomes, are hard to come by, but it is described as a thing whose "spiral bite from beneath the waves both corrupts and strengthens." The Corrupter's origins are lost in time, but it is a being whose primary form is in another, nearby dimension. It can access ours at points in the Caribbean when the stars are properly aligned. It is a huge, ravening, tentacular monstrosity, each tentacle carrying countless eyes and lamprey-like,

WHITE PAINT, INVESTIGATOR HANDOUT #3:

A "Story" Told Under Duress By Robert Stanton

"Well, that weren't me—I ain't no bum, and I'll kill anyone who says otherwise—but I did hear a story once. Seems that, back in '08 when this place was a tramp cage, there was this sailor fellow named Taylor. He was nuts and his clothes were rags, but had nowhere to stay, and needed opium, so they put him in here and cut off his medicine. He went crazy quick, screaming about the bites and the pain and how he needed a woman and to get back to his ship. Then people started going missing. Finally, someone saw this Taylor murder a kid from Vermont. A bunch of fellas took matters into their own hands and buried that freak under the rockpile. He couldn't be killed the normal way, they said; they beat him with clubs and rocks and it barely made a dent. They ended up throwing a tent over him and it took half a dozen men to do that. Can't see how someone buried under that rockpile could have survived since then, but they say there was something off about him: he was really strong, and hard to catch, and had these sores all over his body that he kept trying to press up against you."

rasping mouths. Each mouth simultaneously feeds; secretes venomous, numbing mucus; and transforms its victims. The transformation is slow, inexorable and painful, and there is no known cure.

The Corrupter is said to only be interested in feeding on human souls (and bodies) and incidentally spreading its taint, but its manifestations in the South and Central Atlantic often result in ship disappearances as it seeks victims. It is far more likely to rouse itself to a manifestation when large numbers of victims (such as might result from marine disasters) are at hand. It enters and departs our reality according to astronomical coincidence, and is so vast that efforts to kill it would be pointless.

The influence of the Corrupter's bite is slow, taking years. Ultimately, however, even a single bite slowly spreads and transforms a host. Into what? No one is sure. Victims who have escaped being eaten by the Corrupter are few, and most of those ultimately committed suicide as the dreams and transformations took their toll.

At the Keeper's option, certain older Mythos tomes might contain a historical narrative of the progressive decline of a victim of the Thing from the Fathoms, apparently dating from experiments conducted in ancient Rome by Caligula as a perverse form of torture. The victim, over a course of years, develops rasping mouths all over his body, going slowly mad, gaining superhuman strength, and ultimately devolving into frothing madness coupled with a drive to copulate with anything at hand and an urgent need to get to the ocean.

In truth, if the process somehow ran its full course, as it nearly has with Taylor, the inexorable result is transformation into a bit of the Thing itself, which then single-mindedly flees back to the ocean rejoin its central mass.

The Corrupter and its victims are metaphors for inevitability. Taylor (like the prisoners) struggle against their fate, but there is little that can be done. As is the case with all cosmic horror, the heroic narrative lies in the fight, and the mitigation of the situation, not in changing the outcome.

TALKING TO THE NEIGHBORS (OR, LATELY HE'S BEEN OVERHEARD IN MAYFAIR)

The investigators might wish to speak to locals, either in an effort to be thorough, or once they find out that their monster may have been trapped under a rock pile for over 20 years. George Houston, a rancher with land in the area, is emblematic of someone that they can find and who will talk to them about his experiences. He has lived in the area since the 1800s and has seen the area used for two dirty brick factories (shut down in 1926); a "pest house" to deal with smallpox outbreaks; and to situate the tramp prison. Three small outlying communities then in the area, Bishop, La Loma and Palo Verde, are largely comprised of Mexican-Americans who were relocated by a philanthropist in 1913 from the Los Angeles River floodplain. They are braced for attack by the nativist vigilantes, but so far, their organization has deterred an attack.

Houston has never been poking through the former ruins of the stockade, but can relate the following local lore and "ghost stories":

- ▲ Strange shrieks have been reported coming from the former stockade. Often, they sound like a man screaming, and occasionally he has been heard demanding a woman or "needing to get to the water"
- ▲ Dogs do not like to go near the old stockade; they smell something that they do not like.
- ▲ Talk about burning the place down has been had over the years, but given how dry things are around the stockade, people have to be very careful with starting fires. They are not happy about the fires the vigilantes keep going outside of the stockade.

FIGURING OUT THE PATTERN, SETTING A TRAP, OR FLUSHING OUT THE MONSTER

The investigators should quickly get the idea that something stealthy and cunning is lurking in hidden parts of the camp. Eventually, as the timeline plays out, the investigators should get the idea that this something is trying to sow chaos. (Allow an Idea roll if nothing else, once the positioning of the bodies and the selection of the victims—leaders and others designed to provoke a reaction—is established as a pattern). It is trying to provoke chaos, and a second Idea roll, if needed, might reveal the logical reason for this is that it wants to escape.

Likely the investigators will want to disrupt the functioning of the camp and get the prisoners out, but the problem is that they do not want to just leave. They want to leave and be left alone. In the time frame of this scenario, the only way (short of disrupting the camp entirely) that the prisoners will be allowed to leave is if they agree to deportation, which they are fighting against. Some will give up as things at the stockade deteriorate.

Investigators influencing the situation will likely try one or more of three courses of action: setting a trap; inciting (or channeling) violence at the stockade; or flushing out Taylor through labor-intensive means.

Setting A Trap: This is a logical and plausible approach, but it is very dangerous for all concerned and should require considerable roleplaying to arrange. There are two basic variations: ones that attempt to enlist the cooperation of the guards, and ones that do not.

The guards (except for Stanton) are simply never going to believe that there is a monster unless they see it with their own two eyes. And Stanton (to protect his reputation) will only act on his own, unless he feels that he has no other choice.

Taylor, for his part, is cunning and does not want to be seen. Bill Walker, the policeman/younger brother of Chauncey, will speak up hesitantly and urge that

no one should be killed, if involved in any planning. This may be useful information if a riot breaks out, as Bill (alone among the guards) will not shoot anyone trying to escape.

If Taylor senses any kind of trap, then he simply does not take the bait. For him to nibble at some bait, a trap has to include not just a way out that he might exploit, but a way out that does not seem suspicious. (Just leaving the gate open in a prison camp is extremely suspicious, and Taylor does not fall for something so simplistic. His whole plan is to create a big enough distraction that he can slip away in the chaos). However, smaller scale traps such as dangling a victim should be carefully adjudicated. Likely, Taylor turns the tables on such efforts by detecting someone lying in wait to see if the bait gets taken, and ambushing them instead. That creates the kind of disruption he is looking for, more than stealing bait from a trap.

Violence: The white paint with which the prisoners are painting the small surfaces of the stockade is oil-based and flammable; the camp is arid; and the whole area is a wildfire hazard. The guards are not going to allow a fire to be started, bombs to be placed, or gates to be rammed. Such efforts rapidly turn into a riot, which Taylor tries to exploit to escape. Likely this occurs under cover of darkness, and things play out much as they would have absent investigator action (see timeline, above). Many people are killed, and at the optimal moment, Taylor makes a run for it, killing and infecting on his way to the ocean if no controlled avenue of escape is afforded him.

Flushing Out Or Cornering Taylor: This works, but is not an optimal solution. It is certainly possible that the investigators convince the guards, the prisoners, or both that they need to drain the latrine, completely excavate the rock pile, and generally leave no stone unturned. Eventually, with the entire labor of the camp pulling in the same direction, every hiding place can be uncovered with a couple of days of round-the-clock work. If cornered, Taylor comes out swinging, and lots of people die and/or are bitten. Taylor is a "tough out" of a monster for people not prepared with fire. The guards want the stockade fixed up, not demolished, and they do not allow fires in the stockade under any circumstances. Convincing them that fire is "needed" to deal with an inhuman monstrosity is a non-starter.

More Creative Solutions: These all involve investigator action to change the basic equation at the stockade:

Convincing The Prisoners That There Is A Monster In The Camp And That It Is Better To Leave: While this is horribly nihilistic, it is also unlikely to work. The investigators would have to somehow maneuver Taylor into full view of the camp to sufficiently convince anyone that an actual monster—vs. a crazed killer—is in the camp. Given Taylor's cunning and stealth, this should be a tall task. Otherwise, tales of a "monster" are viewed by the detainees as a trick to try and get them to give up their rights and leave. "The monsters are all around us," they might observe. Unfortunately, getting the monster out into view of the prisoners likely puts it into the view of the vigilantes, and an all-out panic and stampede ensues.

Following The Money Trail: Working the hearts

and minds of the various nativists manning aspects of the stockade is largely not worthwhile. They are absolutely convinced of the rectitude of what they are doing. There is one exception, however, and one who is waffling about what to do.

If the investigators work the vigilantes long enough, the fact that something is really wrong will penetrate the skull of Samantha Dunfee, Dorcas' daughter and the one who mans the medical tent. She is too subordinate to her mother to do anything proactive, but if she becomes convinced that something supernatural is afoot, or that a violent riot is imminent, she will look the other way at a key moment. This even extends to her pretending not to notice investigators sneaking into the Brethren's medical tent/office, where she and her mother sleep. In a locked, portable secretary desk in that tent are the accounting records of donations made to the Brethren to fund the camp. Samantha will simply (and obviously) ignore them if she has had enough. It is obvious (no roll needed) that they are accounting records; a successful Accounting check enables the investigators to quickly determine two things:

- △ A wide array of interests from across society have donated money to the Brethren for the specific purpose of this camp. These do not generally include land barons (who depend

upon Mexican seasonal labor), but do include a wide cross-section of urban business interests (including film studios); and

- △ Dorcas Dunfee is making a very healthy profit from providing infrastructure to the camp, both on the books and by way of skimming; overcharging for services, fake vendors, and missing deposits totaling 95% of the donations. This is a private prison, being run for profit.

While publicizing either of these facts is effective at disrupting the operation, for different reasons, publicity is not necessary. If these records are noticed to have gone missing, Dorcas assumes the worst: that those of her funders who wanted to participate quietly will be angry at being outed; and that her skimming the till means that she needs to make herself scarce. At the first available daylight after the records are noted to go missing, the Brethren cease all services, break down the mess tent, pack up, and leave. There is an uproar within the vigilantes, as claims of traitor and worse are flung back and forth. Nonetheless, without support from the enabling "charity"—without funds—they cannot keep the stockade operating for long while maintaining a veneer of "law enforcement" or "caring about unfortunates." A couple of days go by while the vigilantes scramble to keep things going, but the

negative publicity about profiteering makes potential substitutes reluctant to step forward. Taylor senses that things are unraveling and lies low. Finally, once the stockade is being emptied, he makes his move to escape. This minimizes the carnage and horror that accompanies his exit—particularly if a path is cleared between the stockade and the river for him to flee along.

Sadly, no one is punished. All crimes short of murder are hushed up and glossed over. The newspapers of the era were largely complicit in matters that they perceived to improve the quality of the town (including this sort of thing), and they are more interested in publicizing the skimming than denouncing the vigilantism. That is a fight beyond the investigators' ability to win.

A Controlled Outburst, And Allowing An Avenue Of Retreat: Investigators who have done a very thorough job on both book research and studying the situation may come to realize that Taylor is trying to flee to the ocean. Everything else is collateral damage. It is possible that they might try to create a chaotic distraction that does not escalate to a riot, and herd Taylor toward the river (and then out to sea) with fire. Taylor will avoid fires if at all possible. One way in which this might play out might be the investigators doing something to draw all of the guards' attention (such as picking a fight with the guards)





while confederates on the inside or outside create a breach. If Stanton is still alive, he has greater insight into the overall situation and might be the one guy who figures out the plan and tries to stop it, only to be shredded by Taylor as Taylor escapes. However, desperate people in the stockade will probably try to take any opportunity to escape themselves, and some casualties will result once the guards realize what is going on and try to round up escapees.

CLEANING UP

The police are heavily involved in cleaning up any climax at the stockade. People who are plausibly accused of assisting with a prison break are arrested if they can be caught, and face long prison sentences if they lacked legal sanction. No one who has not seen a monster with their own eyes believes that there ever was a monster, so there is no “hushing up” of a supernatural event—people conclude that these are wild stories and lies. The vigilantes go unpunished, except in the case of the murder of a prisoner which was obviously and plainly not in the course of maintaining order. Police prosecutions in 1930s California were so rare as to be major news stories on the couple of occasions that they occurred. When they did occur, there were elements of corruption fueling the prosecutions, of the sort not present here.

One chief concern that the investigators ought to have is the fate of those bitten or otherwise molested by Taylor, going forward. If the investigators have done their research thoroughly, the results seem to indicate that such persons are doomed to inevitable

transformation and madness, spreading the taint as they devolve. Anyone impregnated by Taylor give birth to a mewling, myriad-mouthed, inhuman, infantile monstrosity in due course, going hopelessly mad in the course of the pregnancy. Whether extreme medical options, such as immediate cauterization of a wound, or amputation of a limb above a bite, work or not is up to the Keeper, but the author suggests that they not work. Again, Taylor is a metaphor for the inevitable.

Eventually, everyone in the stockade who fails to convincingly and overwhelmingly prove their status as U.S. citizens are deported. This means nearly everyone. The obstruction continues at whatever other detention facility that they are sent to next. Preventing their deportation is not a realistic goal for a bunch of “meddling” investigators. It, too, is basically inevitable, and the investigators’ goal must be one of mitigation.

REWARDS AND REPERCUSSIONS

- ▲ If a massacre erupts at the stockade, the investigators lose **1D6 SAN**.
- ▲ If the investigators manipulate the situation in any way that avoids a massacre, they gain **1D6 SAN**.
- ▲ For each person bitten or killed by Taylor, the investigators lose **1 SAN**.
- ▲ If Dorcas is exposed as an embezzler and a profiteer, the investigators gain **1D6 SAN** (and likely avoid a massacre).

AND THAT BRINGS US TO THE PAINT ITSELF

Two sorts of paint, in a broad sense, are in use by the workers in their forced labor. The palisade itself is being painted with whitewash, which is a non-flammable solution of diluted caustic lime. It is still not something that you would want to get in your eyes or on your skin. A successful Throw of a bucket of whitewash does one point of damage to a person, but a Hard success gets the mixture in the target’s eyes, blinding them until they can wipe or wash it out. The quicklime mixture comes in bags, and is mixed as needed in buckets before being applied with long handled mops. It is not truly paint, more of a preservative stain that cures into wood. Ironically, this is a potentially effective weapon against Taylor himself, in a way that most things in the camp are not.

However, interior surfaces and smaller areas are being painted with actual white paint (the cheapest color). White paint in the 1920s and 30s is based around a suspension of white lead in linseed oil. This is as toxic (fumes can overwhelm you), long-term dangerous (lead paint is now banned) and flammable as it sounds (it lights readily, especially when still wet). Of equal concern is the need to carefully clean up left over paint rags. The drying process for lead/linseed oil-based paint is thermic—it generates heat. If the heat is not free to dissipate and kindling is available (e.g., a bucket of paint-soaked rags), it can generate enough heat to combust. Dry conditions, kindling and 120 degrees Fahrenheit are what are needed for a spontaneous fire, and those conditions are all in play during the scenario (especially if a bucket of rags is left in a sealed container in the sun).

THOMAS TAYLOR

*Age 45, Nearly Subsumed
Navy Veteran*

STR 150 **CON** 90 **SIZ** 60 **INT** 55 **POW** 05
DEX 90 **APP** N/A **EDU** 55 **SAN** 00
LUCK 99 **HP** 15 **MP** 01 **MOVE** 10 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6

NATIONALITY: American

EDUCATION: High School
plus Naval training

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 95% (47/19), damage 1D3+DB. On a Hard success, Taylor can (at his option) grapple and worry a victim; unless Taylor lets go, he bites in each successive round with his numerous

lamprey-like maws for 3D4 damage, hitting automatically.

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 55%, Other Language (Spanish) 20%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Dodge 50%, Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 50%, Stealth 99%.

DEFENSES: Takes minimum damage from physical attacks. He does not need to breathe or eat to survive. Regenerates 1 hit point per minute from damage from physical attacks, even after being reduced to zero hit points. Fire, acid and similar attacks affect him normally and he does not regenerate those kinds of damage. He is afraid of fire.

NOTES: Taylor is a man-sized, man-shaped, filthy, mostly nude, generally humanoid thing, but he has nearly completely dissolved into a fluid, boneless, maw-covered monstrosity. His fluidity enables him to seep under doors, flow along at fast speeds, creep up on someone silently, and ooze like an octopus into small holes and crevices. He does not need to breathe, and so can hide in a latrine pit, ooze through a rockpile or even bury himself in loose soil. It takes some effort to seal him up properly as he was before. He is essentially immortal, and while he can go without eating, he is ravenous before long. He is cunning beyond his nominal INT statistic, a stealthy predator. While his sole goal is to escape to the river and thence to the sea, controlling his impulses to slay, feed and procreate is a constant struggle.

SAN LOSS: 1D3/1D10 SAN loss to get a good look at Taylor in his deformed, naked, maw-covered, partly fluid and horrific state. Catching a glimpse of him slipping out of sight in a boneless, unnatural way costs 0/1D3 SAN.

ROSA JAUREGUI

Age 30, Worried Mother

STR 50 **CON** 60 **SIZ** 40 **INT** 55 **POW** 55
DEX 50 **APP** 60 **EDU** 35 **SAN** 49
LUCK 40 **HP** 15 **MP** 11
MOVE 4* (leg injury) **BUILD** 0

DAMAGE BONUS: 0

NATIONALITY: Mexican

EDUCATION: Sixth grade.

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 30% (15/6), damage 1D3 +DB.

SKILLS: Own Language (Spanish) 55%, Other Language (English) 30%, Charm 40%, Craft (Cooking) 25%, Credit Rating 10%, Listen 50%, Persuade 40%, Spot Hidden 40%, Stealth 40%.

DEFENSES: None.

NOTES: A slightly built and short, attractive, mestizo Mexican woman, she worked as a cook at a downtown hotel. She is very devoted to her children and will not leave her two remaining ones. She has been beaten several times for being "trouble" and currently has bruised and battered knees, hampering her mobility.

MAIA STEPHENS

Age 35, "Troublemaker"

STR 55 **CON** 60 **SIZ** 55 **INT** 75 **POW** 65
DEX 60 **APP** 60 **EDU** 65 **SAN** 65
LUCK 65 **HP** 11 **MP** 13 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 0

DAMAGE BONUS: 0

NATIONALITY: American

EDUCATION: Bachelor's Degree in History, Wilberforce University.

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Brawl 60% (30/12), damage 1D3+DB; she is skilled in jiu-jitsu learned from fellow activists; Firearms (Pistol) 40% (20/8), currently unarmed.

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 75%, Other Language (Spanish) 25%, Accounting 25%, Charm 30%, Credit Rating 30%, Demolitions 25%, Drive Automobile 30%, Dodge 60%, Library Use 50%, Lore (Marxist/Leninist Political Theory) 40%, Listen 50%, Persuade 65%, Spot Hidden 50%, Stealth 50%.

DEFENSES: None.

NOTES: Maia is a Marxist/Leninist social agitator. Funded by various socialist political action committees, she travels the U.S. and tries to subvert the existing order and convert people to her way of thinking. Occasionally she breaks the law, starts fires and/or blows something up "for the greater good." She got a rude awakening when she came to Los Angeles to "try and right wrongs," finding her usual labor union allies actively complicit. Robert Stanton betrayed her and has tossed her into the stockade until she "proves" that she is an American citizen. Barring investigator action, her ringleader activities mark her as a target for Taylor to create maximum chaos, and she is killed by him early on in the affair. Sandoval Rodriguez.

SANDOVAL RODRIGUEZ

Age 54, Insane Eyewitness

STR 55 **CON** 60 **SIZ** 55 **INT** 55 **POW** 45
DEX 50 **APP** 40 **EDU** 45 **SAN** 35
LUCK 45 **HP** 11 **MP** 9 **MOVE** 7 **BUILD** 0

DAMAGE BONUS: 0

NATIONALITY: Mexican

EDUCATION: Grade School and Former Mexican Army Medic.

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Brawl 40% (20/8), damage 1D3+DB.

SKILLS: Own Language (Spanish) 45%, Other Language (English) 15%, First Aid 50%, Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 50%, Stealth 50%.

DEFENSES: None.

NOTES: Indefinite Insanity: Dissociation Disorder (Fades In And Out Of Coherence).

ROBERT STANTON

Age 42, Labor Unionist And Head Vigilante

STR 70 **CON** 70 **SIZ** 80 **INT** 55 **POW** 55
DEX 60 **APP** 40 **EDU** 45 **SAN** 50
LUCK 50 **HP** 14 **MP** 11 **MOVE** 7 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

NATIONALITY: American!

EDUCATION: High School Dropout.

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 60% (30/12), Billy Club, damage 1D6 +DB; Firearms (Handgun), Colt New Service .45 ACP, 40% (20/8), damage 1D10+2, Range 15, Rate of Fire 1(2), 6 shots, 8 HP, Malfunction 00.

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 50%, Other Language (Spanish) 35%, Credit Rating 40%, Dodge 50%, Drive Automobile 50%, Intimidate 50%, Listen 50%, Operate Heavy Machinery 50%, Spot Hidden 50%, Spout Racist Diatribe 90%, Stealth 50%.

DEFENSES: None.

NOTES: An openly racist bully, he is at heart a coward. Treacherous and insular, he is also toughened by the life he has led as an itinerant worker, roughneck, union enforcer and truck driver. Whereas most of the guards at the camp are deliberately carrying small caliber rifles (to lessen the chance of death if they have to shoot someone), Stanton and the Walkers are carrying .45 pistols.

CHAUNCEY WALKER

Age 25, Los Angeles Police Officer And Head Vigilante

STR 70 **CON** 70 **SIZ** 70 **INT** 65 **POW** 65
DEX 60 **APP** 60 **EDU** 50 **SAN** 60
LUCK 60 **HP** 14 **MP** 13 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

NATIONALITY: American!

EDUCATION: High School and police training.

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 50% (25/10), Billy Club, damage 1D6 +DB; Firearms (Handgun), Colt New Service .45 ACP, 40% (20/8), damage 1D10+2, Range 15, Rate of Fire 1(2), 6 shots, 8 HP, Malfunction 00.

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 50%, Other Language (Spanish) 35%, Credit Rating 40%, Dodge 50%, Intimidate 50%, Law 25% Listen 50%, Persuade 40%, Psychology 25%, Spot Hidden 50%, Stealth 50%.

DEFENSES: None.

NOTES: He is the "brains" of the outfit, the one tasked by the Los Angeles Police Department to coordinate reopening the stockade and guarding the "unfortunates." He seeks consensus with Stanton, and understands how anyone getting killed will disrupt the operation. He is more of a casual racist than Stanton

but quicker to resort to violence to control a situation (since he is an actual police officer, complete with badge). He is disappointed with his brother Bill at every turn, but feels responsible for him. Whereas most of the guards at the camp are deliberately carrying small caliber rifles (to lessen the chance of death if they have to shoot someone), Stanton and the Walkers are carrying .45 pistols.

BILL WALKER

Age 24, Junior Member Of The Vigilante Triumvirate And Los Angeles Police Officer

STR 60 **CON** 70 **SIZ** 60 **INT** 55 **POW** 55
DEX 60 **APP** 60 **EDU** 45 **SAN** 50
LUCK 50 **HP** 12 **MP** 11 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

NATIONALITY: American

EDUCATION: High School Dropout

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 40% (20/8), Billy Club, damage 1D6 +DB; Firearms (Handgun), Colt New Service .45 ACP, 30% (15/6), damage 1D10+2, Range 15, Rate of Fire 1(2), 6 shots, 8 HP, Malfunction 00.

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 50%, Other Language (Spanish) 35%, Credit Rating 30%, Dodge 40%, Law 10%, Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 40%, Stand Up To His Brother 10%, Stealth 50%.

DEFENSES: None.

NOTES: A little brother in every sense, he would really rather be somewhere else, but he is under his brother Chauncey's thumb. He hesitates to kill or do anything especially violent, and totally freezes up at the sight of any monster. Whereas most of the guards at the camp are deliberately carrying small caliber rifles (to lessen the chance of death if they have to shoot someone), Stanton and the Walkers are carrying .45 caliber pistols.

DORCAS DUNFEE

Age 64, Head Brethren Charity Organizer And Embezzler

STR 45 **CON** 60 **SIZ** 45 **INT** 65 **POW** 65
DEX 40 **APP** 50 **EDU** 55 **SAN** 51
LUCK 65 **HP** 10 **MP** 13 **MOVE** 7 **BUILD** 0

DAMAGE BONUS: 0

NATIONALITY: American

EDUCATION: High School

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: None above base.

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 65%, Other Language (Spanish) 50%, Accounting 25%, Charm 50%, Craft (Cooking) 40%, Credit Rating 60%, Drive Automobile 30%, Dodge 40%, Listen 50%, Lore (Religion) 30%, Persuade 55%.

DEFENSES: None.

NOTES: A prissy, fussy, self-righteous woman who will cook you a meal, wash your feet, pray with you and all the while think of you like you might think of a favorite pet, if you are not white and overtly religious. She is also an embezzler, who has totally rationalized her theft as justified by her "decades of inadequately rewarded God's work." She lies until the end, though, even after if she is exposed, and then she cuts and runs. She insists that people speak English to her, "for their own good," even though her Spanish is excellent and even if they cannot.

SAMANTHA DUNFEE

Age 44, Brethren Worker With A Sliver Of A Guilty Conscience

STR 50 **CON** 70 **SIZ** 60 **INT** 60 **POW** 35
DEX 40 **APP** 40 **EDU** 60 **SAN** 34
LUCK 35 **HP** 13 **MP** 7 **MOVE** 7 **BUILD** 0

DAMAGE BONUS: 0

NATIONALITY: American

EDUCATION: High School plus licensed practical nurse training.

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: None above base.

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 65%, Other Language (Spanish) 40%, Art (Sing) 35%, Accounting 25%, Credit Rating 40%, Drive Automobile 30%, Dodge 50%, First Aid 50%, Lore (Religion) 25%, Medicine 20%, Pharmacology 25%

DEFENSES: None.

NOTES: Samantha is a very socially awkward, middle-aged woman who has never married and never been in a serious romantic relationship. She is afraid of her mother and in an arrested adolescence. She will not stand up to her mother, or speak out about wrongs at the camp, but is neither overtly racist nor evil. She works as a nurse for the Brethren and still lives with her mother (her father died of

influenza in 1919). She is soft-hearted and a competent practical nurse. She refuses to go inside the stockade because she cannot bear to see the suffering.

TYPICAL ARMED VIGILANTE GUARD

(To Populate The Rank And File)

STR 60 **CON** 60 **SIZ** 60 **INT** 55 **POW** 55
DEX 60 **APP** 50 **EDU** 40 **SAN** 55
LUCK 55 **HP** 12 **MP** 11 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

NATIONALITY: American

EDUCATION: varies

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 40%, damage 1D3+DB; Firearms (Rifle) Winchester Model 06 pump action rifle, .22LR, 40%, damage 1D6+1, Range 40, Rate of Fire 2(3), 11+1 shots, HP 9, Malfunction 98-00.

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 55%, Other Language (Spanish) 30%, Dodge 40%, Listen 40%, Intimidate 30% Spot Hidden 40%, Stealth 30%.

DEFENSES: None.

NOTES: A mixed bag of Caucasian men, young and old, mostly supplied by state and local police and labor unions, in addition to a few sadists who just enjoy being there for the opportunity at sadism.

TYPICAL PRISONER

(For Spot Adjudicating Rioter Interactions)

STR 60 **CON** 60 **SIZ** 60 **INT** 55 **POW** 55
DEX 60 **APP** 50 **EDU** 40 **SAN** 50
LUCK 55 **HP** 12 **MP** 11 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

NATIONALITY: Mexican and/or American

EDUCATION: varies

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 45%, with a variety of at hand implements, damage 1D6+DB

SKILLS: Own Language (Spanish) 55%, Other Language (English) 30%, Dodge 40%, Listen 40%, Spot Hidden 40%, Stealth 30%, Throw (rocks, rubble, bucket of quicklime, burning paint) 35%.

DEFENSES: None.



A FAMILY WAY

BY OSCAR RIOS

INTRODUCTION AND OVERVIEW

This scenario takes place in New York City, in April of 1925. It centers on Catherine Dennison, a 21-year-old student at Barnard College, which is part of Columbia University. Catherine is best portrayed as a friend to one or more of the investigators, who has unexpectedly fallen out of touch. She suddenly reaches out to apologize, and hopes they will let her make amends by treating them to night on the town. Unfortunately, she has ulterior motives. Catherine Dennison is a woman in trouble, both figuratively and literally, and the investigators are quickly drawn into the nightmare that she has become trapped in.

Catherine Dennison is the daughter of Loretta and Samuel Dennison of Houston, Texas. The family is incredibly wealthy, but newly so, having struck it rich in the oil industry just a generation ago. Henry worked in his father's oil fields as a foreman, and Loretta once worked in her family's bakery. While quite wealthy, the couple retains much of their working-class attitudes and sensibilities.

Catherine grew up wealthy but not spoiled, as her parents know the value of hard work. She was well educated and wanted to see the world, so she set her sights on Columbia University and New York City. While her family wanted her to marry, they supported her desire to pursue higher education. Catherine enrolled at Barnard College, took up residence in at Brook's Hall (a student dormitory), and her parents set her up with a generous monthly allowance. All went well for a few semesters.

Catherine in the Big City: In her sophomore year, she began testing her limits and enjoying her freedom. With access to her monthly stipend, she started exploring everything that had to offer. She cut her hair short, got a new wardrobe, and started wearing makeup. She began smoking, drinking, indulging in other substances, and going to jazz clubs and speakeasies. Catherine was now a flapper and having the time of her life, but she also began missing classes, and her grades suffered.

She made three new friends, flappers like herself. Catherine knows them only by their nicknames of Margie, Barbie and Cindy. They had fun together, and watched out for one another. It was safer for them to be out together, since none of them had steady boyfriends. They were drugged and impregnated by Deep One

hybrids, and this scenario focuses on the aftermath of the crime.

INVOLVING THE INVESTIGATORS

Keepers can involve the investigators in several ways. They can be friends of the Dennison family, asked to check on Catherine after they learn that her grades have taken a downward turn. They can be an old war buddy of Catherine's older brother Mitch, who died of influenza while serving in France during the Great War, and they previously promised to check in on her. They can be friends of Catherine, possibly fellow students, members of the same social club, or acquaintances from the nightlife scene. Catherine and her friends had been attending some of the best parties across New York.

The Whole Story, as Catherine Knows It: Six weeks ago, in late February 1925, the four girls were dancing, drinking, and flirting at their usual hangout, the Garter Club. They met four young men, the Bishop Boys, a pair of brothers and two cousins from a small coastal town in Massachusetts. While unattractive, they were well dressed, had deep pockets, and threw a lot of money around. The ladies paired up with the Bishop Boys, with Catherine ending up with the one named Douglas Bishop, who became quite taken with her.

As the evening wore on, the ladies became more and more intoxicated. Eventually the men invited them to their hotel, with the promise of much better booze (Plymouth Gin, from England), jazz cigarettes (marijuana), and snow (cocaine). Unfortunately, the girls went. Once there, the ladies were plied with alcohol and other drugs, as harmless petting started to become more serious. When the girls resisted, they were convinced to keep drinking, and she now realizes that she was "given a Mickey Finn" (a drugged drink). (Keeper's information: it was actually a powerful narcotic, laced with a Mythos infused potion).

The women were rendered unconscious, and awoke the next morning in a dreadful state. Their clothing was torn; they had strange bruises and scratches on their bodies, and it was otherwise evident that they had each been raped. The men were long gone, and the ladies pulled themselves together and left the hotel. Barbie was outraged, and told the others she was going to the nearest police station (22nd Precinct) to report the attack. She asked the others to come with her, but

Catherine does not know if any of them did.

Catherine, for her part, was ashamed and embarrassed, terrified about what this would mean for her reputation if it became public. She rushed back to her dorm room, took a long bath, threw out the ruined outfit, and struggled to put the incident behind her. She stopped going out, swore off her party girl ways, and broke off contact with her flapper friends. She has started growing out her hair, and redoubling her efforts at school. While her bruises slowly healed, she has begun to have bad nightmares. All that she wanted to do was forget about that terrible night and go on with her life.

A couple of weeks later, a strange package was delivered to her, containing a mysterious gold tiara with odd designs. While hideous, it was also oddly beautiful and likely quite valuable. There was a note inside the box; see Investigator Handout #1. But two weeks after that, a further complication arose, as Catherine discovered that she had become pregnant from the rape.

A Desperate Plan: Catherine believes her family will be furious with her if they learn about her recent behavior and her pregnancy. She fears her father's reaction, as he had warned her of the temptation in the big city. She also feels guilty for allowing her studies to suffer. In a state of desperation, Catherine only saw two options: find a man willing to marry her immediately, or somehow end her pregnancy.

Catherine is torn between tricking a man into believing this child is his, or confessing her situation and hoping that he would still marry her and claim the child as his own. She does not know if she could ever really love a child conceived by such a traumatic act, but does not know anyone in New York she can go to for medical help in ending the pregnancy. She no longer has any friends that she trusts enough to confide in, and fears being turned in to the authorities if she approached a doctor on her own, as such procedures are currently illegal and only available on the "gray market" (see below).

Terrified, desperate, and sleep deprived, Catherine decided to find a husband, and fast. She reached out to some old friends who knew nothing about her recent party girl lifestyle and invited them out. She plans to see which of the young men might be interested in her, and then attempt to seduce one. Maybe she can live with herself and it would all work out; she is not sure, but she thinks that she has to try. This is the situation Catherine Dennison is in as the scenario begins.

THE DARK TRUTHS OF WHICH CATHERINE IS UNAWARE

What Catherine Dennison and the other victimized women are not aware of is that the men they encountered that night are Deep One Hybrids. These men came to New York looking for more than just a good time. They are being pressured to marry by their family members, but have not found anyone within the Innsmouth community to be a good match. So, they left their sleepy seaside town and went someplace far enough away that no one would know anything about them, their town, or the dark rumors surrounding both: New York.

Once in Manhattan, they used their vast wealth (from Innsmouth gold) to procure large amounts of alcohol and harder drugs, forging ties to Bonanno crime family (one of the “Five Families” which dominate organized crime in New York) in the process. They used cash, drugs, and alcohol to gain social acceptance and attract the sort of women that they hoped for: young, modern, fashionable and fun-loving. However, Deep One hybrids are not the sort to take no for an answer, and when the young women balked at their pressed advances, they turned to drugs, rape and magic to get what they wanted. The potion they use heightens their victim’s fertility, almost guaranteeing a successful conception.

The police did become involved, after Barbie (real name Barbara Shandon) attempted to file a report. However, and predictably in this era (see below), nothing came of her efforts. Furious, Barbie refused to drop the matter, until finally a female officer, Mary Hamilton, took her statement and delivered a warning to the Bishop Boys. The hybrids reacted by tracking Barbara down, abducting her, and torturing her before drowning her in the Hudson River. Her body was discovered on Tuesday, March 17th, autopsied on the 19th, and buried in a pauper’s grave, under the name Jane Doe #159, on Wednesday, March 25th.

Cindy (real name Cynthia North) was deeply ashamed

after the attack, and turned to religion as a way to cope. Raised in a religious household, she found comfort reconnecting with her faith. When she learned that she was pregnant, Cynthia was devastated and visited the Blessed Rosary Maternity Home. Here she would be cared for during the pregnancy, and the child would be placed with a family afterwards. While the facility is stern and oppressive, run like a prison for fallen women, she believed that it would be her best option. However, before she could admit herself to Blessed Rosary, her attacker, Daniel Bishop, turned up. He had been following her, and when he saw her come out of Blessed Rosary Maternity Home, he surmised her condition. He soon after offered to marry her, and Cynthia, lost, desperate and afraid, agreed. They will soon be traveling back to Innsmouth on the Bishop Boys’ yacht, *Leviathan*.

Margie (real name Marjorie Andrews) is different from the other girls attacked, in that she did not become pregnant. She suffers from Premature Ovarian Insufficiency, which renders her infertile. She sees it as a sort of blessing, as she does not desire a family of her own. Marjorie turned to her friends for emotional support after her rape, but found those doors shut. Barbie had vanished (secretly murdered); Cindy was going to church all the time; and Cathy said that she needed to focus on her school work. Feeling abandoned and depressed from the horrific attack, Margie has sought comfort in alcohol. She has been spiraling down a path of self-destruction ever since. Ironically, she has been ignored by the Bishop Boys, considered as having no value due to her evident infertility.

The Bishop Boys have one unresolved matter to deal with before returning to Innsmouth: Catherine Dennison. With one woman committed to coming with them, another murdered, and the third infertile, that leaves Catherine as the only loose end. They are fairly certain that she is pregnant, and trying to figure out how best to bring her back to Innsmouth. If she will not come by choice, then they will attempt to abduct

her and convince her that marriage and motherhood are her only option. If they cannot, then she will end up like Barbie, drowned after a vicious beating. Douglas Bishop, the most composed of the Bishop Boys, tries to persuade Catherine to come with him to Innsmouth. However, he has no intention of leaving her alive if she refuses him.

PART ONE: A NIGHT OUT ON THE TOWN

The scenario begins on Saturday, April 4th, 1925, with the investigators going out for an evening out on the town. They meet Catherine at her dorm, Brooks Hall, in the Morningside neighborhood of Manhattan. Catherine is well dressed and all dolled up, and greets the investigators warmly. She seems in good humor and thanks them for accepting her invitation. She apologizes for being distant these past few months. Investigators making a successful Hard Psychology roll realize that Catherine seems nervous, beyond what one would expect from just trying to repair a friendship. Catherine has hired a taxi for the evening, and ushers the investigators into it, before telling the driver to head over to the Peacock Club, one neighborhood over in Harlem.

The Peacock Club: This white-owned club has two orchestra stands on either side of a massive dance floor, and is decorated with colorful murals of peacocks. Tables are covered in white linen, and sit under hanging chandeliers. The investigators have no trouble getting in, as Catherine has reserved a table and seem to know most of the staff by name. They will greet her with comments like, “It’s been a while,” “Great to see you back,” and “Where are your three pals”? Catherine replies to such comments with brief, noncommittal answers, as she tries to focus on the investigators.

A Pleasant Evening: The investigators get to enjoy several hours at the Peacock Club, as they are treated

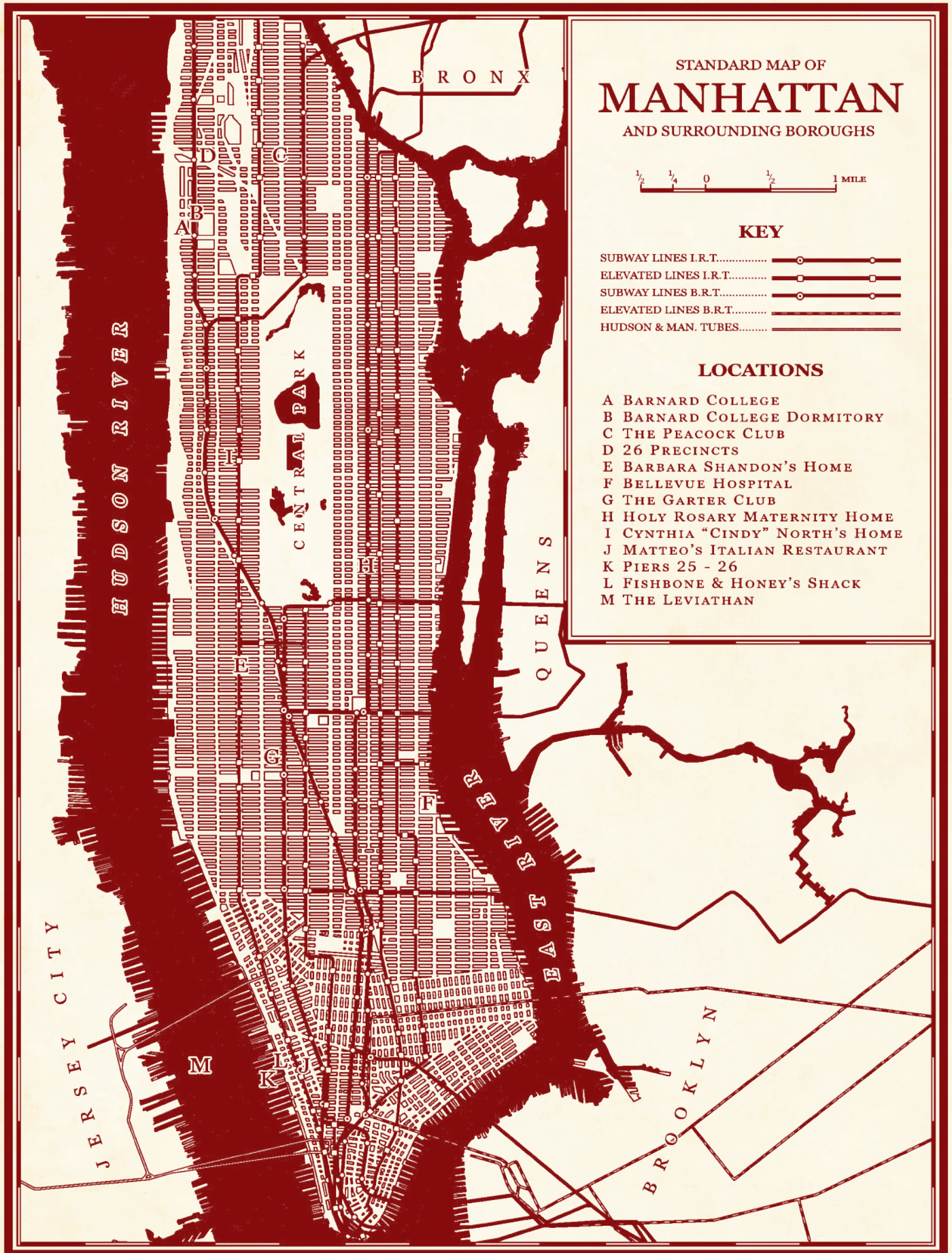
THE CAST OF A FAMILY WAY

- ▲ **Catherine Dennison:** Student at Columbia University, from a wealthy family.
- ▲ **Loretta Dennison:** Catherine’s mother, who is willing to help if asked.
- ▲ **Samuel Dennison:** Catherine’s father, who is best kept out of the loop.
- ▲ **Barbara “Barbie” Shandon:** flapper friend of Catherine, murdered, a.k.a. Jane Doe 159.
- ▲ **Marjorie “Margie” Andrews:** flapper friend of Catherine, now insane, on a downward spiral.
- ▲ **Cynthia “Cindy” North:** flapper friend of Catherine, religious, has agreed to marry her rapist.
- ▲ **Brian Bishop:** brother of Douglas, leader of the Bishop Boys, Cynthia’s rapist and now

fiancé.

- ▲ **Douglas Bishop:** the least inhuman of the Bishop Boys (which is not saying much), Catherine’s rapist and stalker.
- ▲ **Enoch Bishop:** the most obviously inhuman of the Bishop Boys, Barbara’s rapist and killer.
- ▲ **George Bishop:** the most devious of the Bishop Boys, Marjorie’s rapist.
- ▲ **Samantha Bentz:** roommate of Catherine Dennison at Brooks Hall.
- ▲ **Bruno Varga:** owner of Bruno’s Deli, a burly but friendly eyewitness.
- ▲ **Carl DeBerry:** newspaper stand operator.
- ▲ **Detective Lloyd Brown:** unhelpful police officer.

- ▲ **Officer Mary Hamilton:** one of the first female police officers with the New York Police Department.
- ▲ **Dr. Gerald Tanner:** a city medical examiner at Bellevue Hospital.
- ▲ **Sister Jane Eleanor:** Mother Superior in charge of the Blessed Rosary Maternity Home.
- ▲ **Rodney Calhoun:** landlord of Cynthia North.
- ▲ **Robert North:** brother of Cynthia North, due to pick up her belongings.
- ▲ **Marco Cordova:** a local “fisherman,” with a ship for hire.
- ▲ **Fishbone:** murderous and insane bum, ally to the Deep Ones, friend of the Bishop Boys.
- ▲ **Honey:** deeply insane, stunted, hybrid Deep One.



to a wonderful meal and discreetly served cocktails. The jazz music is almost constant, starting with a torch singer, Lady Moonbird, and then livens up with The Red Hook Knights, a wonderful jazz orchestra providing dance music. Through it all, Catherine tries to make sure everyone has a good time.

Catherine flirts with whichever male investigator seems most interested, slowly turning up the charm. She tries to pull the investigators onto the dance floor, especially the slower numbers where she can press closely against her partner. However, investigators making a successful Hard Psychology check realize that Catherine is more nervous than she should be. She occasionally glances around the club as if looking for someone and hoping not to find them.

An Unpleasant Encounter: Eventually, at some point when Catherine is away from the table, she is confronted by a well-dressed man with odd, off-putting features. He has fleshy lips, widely placed and slightly building eyes, rough skin and a greasy complexion. Investigators making a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll, or who have prior experience with Deep One hybrids, can identify the tell-tale signs of “The Innsmouth Look” (physical characteristics common to hybrid Deep Ones).

He greets her in a familiar tone, calling her “Katie,” then compliments her outfit and says: “We need to talk.” If the

investigators are with her, then he brusquely adds: “You wanna give us a minute”? However, Catherine is terrified and tries to move away from the man, saying: “We don’t have anything to talk about. Just leave me alone. I’m with friends.” He persists, saying: “Don’t be that way. We’re back in town now, and I said I’d check on you. Come have a drink with us...” He then motions to a table across the room, where three men with a similar appearance are just sitting down. This makes Catherine more afraid, and unless the investigators step in, she flees to the ladies’ room. However, eventually she will have to come out, and the whole unpleasant scene resumes.

If confronted by investigators, the man introduces himself as Doug Bishop, and offers his hand. If taken, the investigators feel that his grip is cold and clammy. Doug tries to be polite, but won’t take no for an answer, either. He presses to speak with Catherine, and she refuses to do so, looking to the investigators for protection and support. Eventually, this escalates as Doug begins raising his voice and his companions saunter over to intimidate Catherine and the investigators. Doug says things like, “We need to sort this out Katie, I’m not gonna be given the heave-ho. You better calm down and talk to me civil. No one wants this to get ugly.”

Eventually the club’s bouncers arrive and diffuse the situation. If the investigators initiate a brawl, then they

are subdued by the bouncers and thrown out before things escalate too far. The Bishop Boys back down as bouncers arrive and go back to their table. As they do so, the one of who seems to be in charge of the bunch says: “If you change your mind, we’re going to be right over there. My brother just wants to talk to you. Cindy would love to see you again. We aren’t going anywhere.”

For Catherine, the evening is ruined. She quickly settles up the bill and calls the evening to a close, eager to get away from these strange characters. If asked about these men and what they want with her, Catherine says: “Some guys think no means yes, and drop dead means I love you. Doug’s just some bad penny that turned up.” After leaving the club, Catherine claims to be tired and calls it a night. However, she pulls aside the male investigator that she has chosen as a possible husband, and makes him an offer.

The Proposition: Catherine explains to this investigator that she does not want to be alone tonight. She says: “I’ve made some bad choices, but you aren’t one of them. My roommate Samantha is staying with her sister tonight, so I’ve got the room to myself. I told her that she could keep a couple of the outfits she’s always borrowing.” If the investigator refuses the less-than-subtle invitation, Catherine persists, saying: “Just walk me to my room and stay with me until I shower



and go to bed. My nerves are shot.” This is part of her effort to seduce the investigator, and Keepers may roll a Charm check for Catherine (50%).

If the investigator still refuses Catherine’s advances, then she pushes her Charm check. She’ll say: “If it’s because we’re not married, we can fix that. Stay with me tonight, and tomorrow morning we can go to the courthouse and get married. My family is loaded and I’ll be a good wife. Please, I need you.” Investigators making a successful Psychology roll realize that Catherine is desperate, terrified, and hiding something.

If the investigator goes along with this, the mood turns romantic, but after a few minutes of kissing, Catherine begins shaking. She begins crying, pushes the investigator again, and says “I can’t do this. I’m sorry, I’m so sorry. Please don’t hate me! I need help.” Keepers should then move onto Catherine’s Confession, below.

If the investigators ultimately refuse all of Catherine’s seduction attempts, nearly the same thing happens. Seeing her plan come apart, and terrified by her earlier encounter with The Bishop Boys, Catherine breaks down. She begins shaking and crying, voicing her apologies and her desperate need for help. At this point, she confesses her situation to the investigators.

CATHERINE’S CONFESSION

Catherine asks that all of the investigators gather before she starts talking, explaining that what she has to say is too painful to do multiple times. She will ask an investigator to go down to Bruno’s Deli to pick up coffee for everyone, saying that she needs one badly. Catherine changes her clothes and removes her makeup as they wait, revealing dark circles under her eyes. It is obvious that she has not been sleeping well. Once everyone has gathered, and she has a cup of coffee in her hands, she begins.

Catherine should be portrayed as relieved at being past

the lies and finally able to talk about what she is dealing with. She is afraid, embarrassed, angry, and ashamed all at once. Following is an overview of her story, told in rough chronological order as she remembers things, and Catherine believes this version to be true:

- △ She began going out, drinking and smoking, with three working-class girls, over her summer break.
- △ Their names are Barbie, Cindy and Margie; she does not know their last names or addresses, as they always met up at the Garter Club, another bar and their regular hangout.
- △ They became regulars at many clubs and speakeasies, and were invited to lots of parties, including a few in Boston and Chicago.
- △ Several weeks ago, they met the men who just accosted them, while at the Garter Club.
- △ They are the Bishop Boys, from Massachusetts, rich thugs and bullies. She did not expect to see them at the Peacock, which is why she took them there.
- △ The Bishop Boys got them drunk and “gowed-up” (high on drugs), and tried to push things too far in their hotel room.
- △ When they said no and tried to leave, they asked us to have one last drink before we left, and once we did, “it was lights out.”
- △ They woke the next day with ripped clothes, bruises and scratches, and...well...other evidence showing that those bastards had raped us while we were passed out.
- △ Barbie went to the police, at the 26th Precinct, and asked us to come with her, but none of us did. No one was going to believe us, or do

anything about it.

- △ She stopped going out after that, quit drinking, quit smoking jazz cigarettes, and tried to focus on her schoolwork.
- △ She has not gone out partying since then, aside from tonight, or spoken to her three friends since. Margie called her a few times, but she made excuses about being busy with school.
- △ She got a gift and letter from her rapist, as if jewelry and an apology would square us up. She still has them. (See Investigator Handout #1).
- △ She does not sleep much anymore; she has nightmares most nights, and the only thing keeping her together is school and “ten cups of Joe” a day.
- △ Then things got worse; “I missed.” She has been feeling “all sorts of wrong” and is sure that she is “knocked up.”
- △ She can’t tell her family, as her dad will probably kill her. (Keeper Information: this is not true, but she believes it).
- △ She figured that she had two choices. Choice #1: Get someone to marry her fast and hope that she can live with it. If the targeted investigator was seduced, she adds: “Which obviously I can’t, because you deserve better.” If they resisted, then she says: “But I picked someone too smart and decent to fall for it.” Either way Catherine apologizes. Choice #2 was to find a doctor or someone to “put her straight.” She does not know any doctors in New York that she would trust not to turn her in. She no longer has any close female friends to ask about places to go or people to seek such services from.

SEXUAL ASSAULT IN 1920’S NEW YORK CITY

In the 1920’s, convictions for rape in the U.S. were very rare, and as many as two thirds of what convictions were obtained would be overturned by higher courts on appeal. One reason for this is that although women had won the right to vote, they were still barred from serving on juries. It was not until 1937 that women were granted the right to serve on juries across the United States, and it only takes one vote for acquittal to hang a jury.

Laws of the time were more concerned with enforcing female purity than protecting women. There was a general fear, projected by the media, that innocent men could have their lives ruined by false accusations of rape. Courts allowed the defense to bring up every aspect of a victim’s personal life in an effort to taint an accuser’s credibility in the eyes of a jury, making her private life a matter of public record. This was done deliberately by defense attorneys, in order to make victims think twice and consider the damage to her reputation when pursuing a

conviction for her rape.

To have a remote chance of a conviction in a rape case, the victim needed to have several things in her favor. First, she needed to have been a virgin, because a woman who was already “open” had “lost not only her honor but her credibility as a witness.” This was called the “chastity requirement.”

Next, she needed to have suffered grievous injury during the attack, to show she had tried to defend herself. The courts in New York insisted that a victim “must resist until exhausted or overpowered for a jury to find that [the rape was] against her will.” This requirement persisted even in cases where the victim was drugged or restrained by multiple attackers.

Third, she cannot have become pregnant during the attack. One Dr. Edmund Arnold testified in 1862 that it was “very improbable” for a pregnancy to result from rape, because “in truly forcible violations... the uterine organs cannot well be

in a condition favorable to impregnation.” While many later physicians would dispute this claim, Dr. Arnold’s testimony was still brought up in court to foster doubt among juries, and continues to be parroted by some less informed people to this day.

To complicate matters further, the first police women in New York were only hired in 1918, and initially assigned to criminal cases involving women perpetrators, such as forced prostitution, investigating midwives, and vice matters. One of the very first was Mary Hamilton, who was quoted in 1931 as saying that in her city, “there hasn’t been a conviction of a man for rape in 20 years.”

This is the period of history that Catherine Dennison lives in. She is correct in her fear that nothing would have been gained by going to the police.

For additional background, please see *Redefining Rape – Sexual Violence in the Era of Suffrage and Segregation*, by Estelle B. Freedman, ISBN-13: 978-0674088115 (Harvard University Press, 2013).

△ Other choices, which she rejects, were a Maternity Home (having the child and putting it up for adoption) or “getting rid of it on her own” (using commonly known methods such as falling down stairs, jumping up and down, taking hot baths, inserting objects or douching with a caustic substance in order to cause a miscarriage).

△ Now her rapist and his crew show up, “wanting to talk.” She wants nothing to do with them, commenting: “I’d bump him off before I let him near me again.”

△ She needs help, desperately. She wants to end her pregnancy as soon as possible, and hopes Doug will get the message and leave her alone. (Keeper Information: there is not a snowball’s chance in Hell of this happening).

The Gifts and Letter: Catherine still has the gift and letter that Douglas Bishop sent her. The box has no return address or postage, having been simply placed at her door with her name on it, “Katie.” (This should put the investigators on guard of further, in person stalking). Inside of the box are crumpled up old newspapers padding a strange, gold tiara, and an

envelope with a letter.

The newspapers, if smoothed out and examined, are from a newspaper called the Innsmouth Courier, from March 1835. They are very old, a bit faded and water stained, and contains no noteworthy or unusual news. Anyone making an Extreme History check knows that copies of this newspaper, which went out of business in 1846, are very rare.

The tiara is an oversized oval, too large to fit a human head, and made of an odd, pale gold. Its design is beautiful and horrible at once, showing intricate depictions of a blasphemous creature and a nude human female swimmer, surrounded by sharks, eels, and lobsters. The creature is part fish, part frog, and shaped like a man; the woman nude and curvaceous. The two figures seem to be in a form of courtship, he swimming below her, and she beckons with longing down towards him. Examining it closely requires a viewer to make a SAN check for 0/1 point. With the item’s mass, composition, and artistry it is worth a small fortune to the right collector.

The last item is the letter. It is handwritten, in very neat cursive penmanship, on fine stationery. It reads as follows (see A Family Way Investigator Handout #1).

A REQUEST FOR HELP

Catherine explains that she wants to “get put straight,” meaning that she wishes to terminate her pregnancy. She asks for the investigators for help in doing so. She is afraid and unsure how to proceed, as she knows of no doctors, midwives, or pharmacists which might be willing to help someone in her situation. Finding such a medical professional is the first hurdle.

The next is timing. Catherine has two upcoming major exams which she must do well on to pull up her grades. These take place on Tuesday, April 7th (in her major of History), and Thursday, April 9th (in Biology), with the Easter holiday break beginning on Friday, April 10th. This means that she cannot have the procedure done any earlier than Friday, as once it is performed, she will require several days to recover. She cannot reschedule, and refuses to miss, these exams.

Lastly, she knows that once this is done, she will need someone to keep an eye on her. She has no one to care for her, and cannot recover at her dorm. With her roommate in and out, it would be obvious that something was wrong. Catherine needs a place to convalesce and people to look after her. The good news is that school is closed all next week for the Easter break.



She can easily tell people that she is going away and disappear for a few days to recover, and then return the following week to resume her studies, with no one the wiser.

She turns to the investigators for help. They must figure out the who (who will perform the procedure), when (between April 10th – 12th), and where (a place to recover), as well as arrange someone to tend to her during her recovery. While this is difficult enough to arrange on short notice, there is a further complication. The Bishop Boys have plans of their own for Catherine, and they do not involve an abortion.

PART TWO: THE PLAN AND COMPLICATIONS

If the investigators agree to help Catherine, then she is greatly relieved. She explains that while they make the arrangements, she will need to cram for her upcoming exams. Catherine promises not to leave her dorm room until the tests are over, or leave the campus without an escort. Smart investigators who realize that the Bishop Boys obviously know where she lives will nonetheless keep watch on her.

REFUSING TO HELP?

In the event that the investigators refuse to help Catherine terminate her pregnancy, she is heartbroken and outraged. She angrily asks if they want her to carry the child of her rapist. She says that this was not some careless mistake on her part, but something done to her without consent. She is not interested in carrying the baby to term and putting it up for adoption, and no level of success with a Fast Talk, Persuade, Charm or Intimidation check will convince her.

Her recent run in with her rapist has only reinforced her desire to end this situation as quickly as possible. Ultimately, if the investigators will not help her, then she says: "Fine, I'll handle things on my own." before throwing them out. Unfortunately, without the investigators' aid, once Catherine is abducted, she is never seen again. She ends up as a drowned and beaten Jane Doe, with her face chewed off, floating in the Hudson River. If this outcome transpires, the scenario ends in failure.

What Women Know: Female Investigators, like most women of this period, talk and share intimate details about their bodies with their close female friends and family. If a female investigator makes a successful Know roll, they realize that Catherine's female family members have likely dealt with unwanted pregnancies before. Such details are seldom shared with male relatives, as these are seen as women's matters. Catherine will not willingly call her mother and confess her situation, unless the investigators make a successful Persuade check (see Calling Mom, below).

Female investigators making a Hard success on a Know roll know of a reputable doctor or midwife in New York who performs such procedures, or a pharmacist willing to discretely dispense abortifacients (drugs which can terminate a pregnancy). Female investigators

making an Extreme success know of all three. Female investigators who visit New York regularly receive a bonus die to this check, while those who are natives or residents gain two bonus dice.

Female investigators who fail these checks know none of these things, but ought to be able to find out. Discrete conversations with other women, expressing the need for such services, result in a positive lead with a successful Persuade, Charm, or Fast Talk check (meaning that the woman is willing to help them) followed by a successful Luck check (meaning that the woman actually knows who to send them to).

What Men Probably Don't Know, But Might:

Male investigators trying to do any of the things listed above must make all dice rolls at one level of success higher than their female counterparts, while suffering from an additional penalty die. If successful, the male

A FAMILY WAY, INVESTIGATOR HANDOUT #1:

The Letter From Doug Bishop

Dearest Katie,

I'm sorry for what happened.

I hope this gift squares things between us.

I didn't want things to go down that way.

I'll check in on you next time I'm in town and make it up to you.

With affection,
Doug

Dearest Katie,

*I'm sorry for what happened.
I hope this gift squares things
between us.*

*I didn't want things to go down
that way. I'll check in on you
next time I'm in town and make
it up to you.*

With affection,

Doug

investigator knows something, from a female family member, friend, or former lover or spouse.

Calling Mom: Should the investigators convince Catherine to phone her mother, Loretta Dennison, for help, things go quite differently than the young woman expects. Loretta asks her specific questions, like how far along she is, and if she has been throwing up a lot. She tells her daughter that they are going to sort this all out, and chastises her for not calling sooner. Her mother assures her that her father will not find out, and says: "You're not the first Dennison who needed to get put back on her monthlies."

Loretta informs Catherine and the investigators that she is going to help them. She says that she needs to make a few calls, but can be in Manhattan by next week. She explains that she cannot leave before Easter, as they have family commitments. Loretta informs them that she will catch a train Sunday night and be in New York by Wednesday morning. She then explains: "I've got a few friends in Queens I can reach out to. I'll track down a good doctor and get things set up. You just focus on your tests for now. I'm on my way and it's going to be all right."

Loretta Dennison then asks the investigators to make sure that Catherine is okay until then. She thanks them for convincing her to call home, and asks if she can trust them to keep all this quiet. If they agree, she says: "I won't forget this, thank you."

Finding a Doctor, Midwife, or Pharmacist Willing To Help: Investigators seeking out a medical

professional (doctor, midwife, or pharmacist), without prior knowledge of a reputable one willing to perform such services, must do some searching. When questioning them about providing such services, investigators must make either a successful Fast Talk or Persuade check. If this check fails, then the doctor suspects that the investigators are reporters or police detectives, trying to make an arrest, and simply refuse to discuss the matter. If successful, they believe the person asking is in genuine need of such services, and the investigator must then roll a Luck check.

If the investigator fails a Luck check, then the medical professional is unwilling to help. The investigators are lectured about the illegality of their request; accused of trying to put their license at risk; ordered to leave the vicinity at once, and threatened with having the authorities summoned if they do not comply. If the Luck check is a normal success, the medical professional says that they do not perform these services themselves, but know someone reputable that they can recommend. If the investigators make a Hard success, then the medical professional is willing to perform the procedure, or provide the necessary drugs and instructions for using them.

Prices for services from doctors are between \$50 - \$150; from Midwives between \$35 - \$85; and from Pharmacists, \$10 - \$40. Investigators making a second Luck check learn that the doctor or midwife also has connections with a private facility where women can recover after their procedure, staffed by reputable

caretakers. These additional services increase the cost 50% if utilized. Pharmacists do not provide such aftercare services.

Here are a few names Keepers can use to flesh out the details on doctors, midwives, or pharmacists that the investigators may seek out for assistance:

DOCTORS

Dr. Louis Wilson: A middle-aged doctor with a good reputation, who coaxes patients into describing symptoms that justify performing a "therapeutic abortion." Effective Medicine check: 95%.

Dr. Milton Lambert: An older doctor, who does not agree with the current medical anti-abortion agenda, and who is sympathetic to the needs of female patients. Effective Medicine check: 95%.

Dr. Andrew Bric: A young working-class doctor, heavily in debt, willing to perform the procedure in order to earn some extra money. Effective Medicine check: 80%.

MIDWIVES

Susan Bird: An older, Irish immigrant woman, with a motherly manner and thick accent. Effective Medicine check: 85%.

Maria Sendzimi: A streetwise and cautious 2nd generation Polish-American, taught by her mother and grandmother. Effective Medicine check: 85%.

Ida Martin: An African American woman, a working

ABORTION IN 1920'S NEW YORK

For most of America's early history, abortion was legal, commonplace, and non-controversial for many. It was an accepted part of the medical profession and family planning. Drugs for terminating pregnancy (abortifacients) were readily available, by prescription, mail order and grown in home herb gardens with specific recipes for brewing medicinal teas passed down from mothers to daughters. The church and politicians rarely spoke out against such issues. All of this changed in 1870's. Why?

There are a number of reasons. The medical community was organizing its guild structure. As part of this, it wished to limit the influence of midwives, and began pushing for anti-abortion laws under the guise of a desire to improve public safety. From there, it became a way to combat the rise of feminism and female empowerment, by forcing women back into the traditional roles of mother and homemaker. It took on an aspect of social pushback, as well: as primarily women pushed for a legal ban on alcohol, men pushed back for a ban on abortion. These laws also had a nativist aspect as well; Catholic immigrants were flooding into the United States at this time, and the Protestant majority feared they would soon be bred into a minority status.

The story used to illustrate the evils of abortion in the media was one of a single, young girl,

unmarried and poor, in trouble from either from her own bad choices or the seduction and subsequent abandonment of an unscrupulous man. She then turned to an unethical doctor and underwent a dangerous procedure that put her life at risk. However, the truth was far different. Most women getting abortions were married, and they came from every walk of life, from the banker's wife to the working-class shop girl. The reason for most abortions was not to avoid the responsibility of raising a child, but the economic burden of adding another child to an already large family. Most abortions were performed safely, but the minority that resulted in complications and deaths were highly publicized in an effort to shape public opinion through fear.

But at the same time, prior to the availability of antibiotics in the 1930s, it could be dangerous. If an infection ensued, as was possible with any surgical procedure, death was a serious possibility; and there were quacks often popping up offering dangerous, more "private" "new methods." Unskilled practitioners could and did kill women, and around the turn of the century on, laws began proliferating outlawing abortions.

By the 1920s, matters had stabilized into a "gray market." Abortions could be had in large cities like New York, relatively safely if you knew where

to go, and had money to pay. Prosecutions usually focused on those doctors or other practitioners who had had a patient die. Among women, abortion was something that close friends could discuss freely among themselves. They shared information with each other, and supported one another throughout the process.

The medical community was far from united on the topic, but some sympathetic doctors and pharmacists would and did assist women in need of these services. Many kept their willingness to assist with these services secret, out of fear of losing their licenses and arrest. Others utilized the loophole of legal "therapeutic abortions" (which were allowed to protect the life of the mother). They would fudge the diagnosis, to make the procedure "therapeutic." Still others were poorly kept secrets at best, relying on political connections to avoid prosecution (unless they fell out of favor or caused a hue and cry), and some even obliquely advertised.

Research taken from *When Abortion was a Crime – Women, Medicine, and Law in the United States, 1867 – 1973*, by Leslie J. Reagan, ISBN-13: 978-0520216570 (University of California Press, 1997).

nurse and very competent, serving mostly black communities but open to all clients. Effective Medicine check: 90%.

PHARMACISTS

Dr. Vernon Keating: An older pharmacist with little personality, who dispenses his medicines with barely a glance and minimal instructions. Effective Medicine check: 50%

Dr. Roger Foley: A young, rather nervous pharmacist, who seems very concerned with their proper use, and goes over the instructions with them multiple times. Effective Medicine check: 65%

Dr. Ronald White: A middle aged balding no-nonsense pharmacist with a businesslike nature. Effective Medicine check: 40%

A failed Medicine check from a pharmacist simply fails to terminate the pregnancy unless Fumbled, in which case there are complications (see below). A failed Medicine check from a midwife or doctor also leads to complications.

Investigators with a Medicine or Science (Pharmacy) score above 50%, and formal medical training (a medical profession, such as Doctor, Nurse, Pharmacist, or Forensic Surgeon) might feel confident enough to perform the procedure themselves.

Either way, there are risks. A failed Medicine roll results in dangerous, life threatening complications that require a hospital stay, and a successful Medicine check, in order to save Catherine's life from an infection or hemorrhage. A Fumble on the Medicine check results in Catherine's death.

Finding A Place To Recover: If the hired practitioner does not provide aftercare, or the investigators plan to perform the procedure themselves, a plan must be made for Catherine's recovery. Catherine is willing and able to discretely rent a suite at the Astor Hotel from Saturday, April 11th until Friday, April 17th. A pair of nurses who do not ask any questions can be hired to care for her in shifts, for \$20 apiece, through a reputable agency. Otherwise, the investigators can provide such care themselves, so long as one of them has a Medicine score of at least 30%.

THE BISHOP BOYS MAKE THEIR MOVE

The four Deep One hybrids are well connected, with ample resources, and are both intelligent and motivated. They do not plan to leave New York without Catherine, either willingly or as a captive. At worst, they mean to silence her permanently before returning to Innsmouth, as they did with Barbara Shandon

At some point between Tuesday, April 7th and Thursday, April 9th the Bishop Boys will do their absolute best to abduct Catherine. Exactly how they go about this depends on the opportunities provided by the investigators. Their primary plan relies on the investigators leaving Catherine unprotected, but if they are guarding her, then they plan to remove them from the field so that she can be easily abducted.

Abduction, With Catherine Unprotected: If the

investigators feel that Catherine is safe on campus or attending classes, then they are mistaken. During one of her exams, or after hours, the Bishop Boys set a very small, but very smoky fire, in either the school building that she is in, or in her dormitory. During the rush and confusion of the students evacuating the building, Catherine is grabbed, pushing into a waiting car, and kidnapped.

Abduction, With Catherine Protected—With Underworld Assistance: If the investigators are watching over Catherine, then the Bishop Boys arrange for some friends to run interference for them during the abduction. They hire some thugs from the Bonanno crime family, enough to give the attackers a numerical advantage, to ambush and delay the investigators during Catherine's abduction. The thugs have been told not to kill the investigators, but to beat them up and maybe give them a good scare (up to and including a stabbing) if they do not take the hint.

The mobsters follow these conditions, as long as the investigators do not escalate things with gunplay. If the investigators begin shooting, or fatally injure one of the mobsters, then all bets are off. The mobsters begin fighting back with murderous intent, and the situation becomes very messy, very quickly. The mobsters withdraw once Catherine is safely in the hands of the Bishop Boys, the police arrive, or all of the investigators present have been knocked unconscious or killed.

Abduction With Catherine Protected, And Corrupt Police Assistance: The Bishop Boys have made friends with a number of corrupt police officers. They pay them to plant a small amount of cocaine on the investigators, place them under arrest, and then bring them in for questioning. If the investigators resist arrest, things escalate quickly, and could earn them extra charges of resisting arrest or assaulting a policer officer. Keepers may handle this in many ways, even allowing the investigators to successfully flee from the officers.

Once in custody, as long as the investigators have not physically injured the arresting officers, they are released without being questioned or charged, after being held for 12 hours. They are told the whole thing was a misunderstanding, but by then the damage is done and Catherine is in the hands of the Bishop Boys. Likewise, if the investigators are attacked by the mobsters from the Bonanno gang, and the police arrive on the scene, these same corrupt cops arrest the investigators. They are told that they are being held until police get the situation sorted out. The investigators are locked away for 12 hours, then released without being charged. Again, by then, Catherine has been spirited away by the Bishop Boys.

CATHERINE IS GONE!

At this point, the focus of the investigators becomes finding and rescuing Catherine Dennison. New York is a big place, and while they have little to go on, it is enough to lead them to the Bishop Boys. But time is against them. If they do not track down Catherine in the next few days, she ends up dead or spirited away to Innsmouth. However, once the Bishop Boys have Catherine, they feel that they have won and take no further actions against the investigators. While they

have left a rear-guard element in place to defend their trail, the investigators are otherwise unmolested.

PART THREE: FINDING CATHERINE FOLLOWING UP ON HER THREE FRIENDS

While the investigators must find Catherine, the key to finding her is (to the extent possible) locating and interviewing the other victims. From the information given to them by Catherine, and a comment overheard from Brian Bishop at The Peacock Club, the investigators have a trail that can lead them to Catherine Dennison, The Bishop Boys, a yacht called *Leviathan*, and untold horrors from the deep.

There are four threads to this trail. Some lead to dead ends, namely the Catherine and Barbara Shandon threads, although they provide insights as to how dangerous the Bishop Boys are. Some trails lead to what seems to be dead ends, but provide information which opens a new lead, as the Marjorie Andrews thread opens up the Cynthia North thread. This last thread is the one that leads the investigators to the *Leviathan*.

The Catherine Thread: Once free of whatever the Bishop Boys arranged to delay them, the investigators find that Catherine has vanished. There is no answer at her dorm room, and no one knows where she is. They can learn about the fire and evacuation from either the dorm or the college building, which has since been deemed a dangerous prank. Someone stuffed a lot of newspaper in a wastepaper basket and set it on fire in a stairwell. The only injury was a dislocated shoulder, from a hit and run during the evacuation. A student, Jennifer Kenyon, was knocked over when a car clipped her and sped off. No one seems to know what sort of car it was, and Ms. Kenyon has since been picked up by her family (they are halfway to New London, CT by now).

Her Dorm Room: There is no answer at Catherine's dorm room, and the door is locked. If investigators make a Spot Hidden check, they notice scratches on the lock, as if it has been recently tampered with. Investigators can gain entry with a successful Locksmith roll, or a successful STR check to force it open. However, investigators should take care not be spotted while doing so, or campus security will be summoned.

Once inside, the investigators discover that the dorm room has been ransacked. The box, note, newspaper packing, and tiara are now gone. The walls of the dorm room's bathroom are splattered with blood. On the tile wall is a bloody, oversized handprint, with webbing between the fingers, and scratch marks where claws would be. Below this, lying in the bathtub, is the body of a young woman, roughly the same build, shape, and hair color as Catherine.

The Body of Samantha Bentz: The woman's nude body is covered in blood and bruises, her clothing in tatters on the bathroom floor. Her face has been chewed away, down to the bones, and is a mask of bloody tissue. Investigators viewing the body must make a SAN check

for 1/1D4 points. Those taking a closer look notice that the legs are unshaven and the hair is a bit longer than Catherine's. This is Samantha Bentz, Catherine's unfortunate roommate, who was simply in the wrong place, at the wrong time.

If investigators alert the authorities and wait for them to arrive, they lose a great deal of time giving statements and explaining their actions. The smartest move, which Keepers may suggest with a successful Idea roll, is to alert no one or make an anonymous call long after leaving the premises.

The Hit & Run: Investigators may search the area where the student, Jennifer Kenyon, was clipped by a car during the evacuation. Those making a successful Spot Hidden see a glint of a four large pieces of freshly shattered glass in the gutter. These pieces can be reassembled to form 3/4ths of a passenger side headlight from an Oldsmobile Model 43A. The glass shards and place where the accident took place are near both a newspaper stand and Bruno's Deli, which Catherine frequents. Bruno's is also where the investigators were sent to fetch coffee from the first night of the investigation.

Finding a Witness: The man who runs the newspaper stand is named Carl DeBerry, a wiry man and veteran, who wears an eyepatch and is missing most of his left hand. Bruno's Deli is owned and run by Bruno Vargas, a friendly hard-working Hungarian immigrant, well-liked by students. Both men witnessed the car pull away after striking Jennifer Kenyon, and can share some information. They are fairly sure the car was an Oldsmobile, a couple of years old, driven by a man in a suit, with a man and a woman in the back seat. If asked to describe the woman, they describe someone likely to be Catherine Dennison, whom they know. They were not alarmed because she seemed to be talking (maybe arguing) with the man in the back seat. Besides, there was a girl lying in the street, a building on fire, the fire department arriving... there was a lot going on all at once. Unfortunately, this is where the Catherine Dennison lead dries up.

The Barbara "Barbie" Shandon Thread: Barbara Shandon was the fieriest of the four friends, and the most outraged by their assault. She immediately went to the police to file a report. When no male officer took her story seriously, telling her that there was no way they could charge these men, she refused to leave. Finally, a female officer, Mary Hamilton, was brought in to deal with her.

Officer Hamilton recorded her statement and took her home. She then tracked down the Bishop Boys and gave them a warning—that their names were now part of the public record and any future incidents would indicate a pattern of such behavior that would not so easily be explained away. She advised them to either behave themselves while in "her city" or go back to where they came from. The Bishop Boys then contacted her superiors and filed a harassment complaint. Officer Hamilton was reprimanded and ordered to drop the matter.

The Bishop Boys then abducted Barbara Shandon, with the intent of taking her to Innsmouth by force

so Enoch Bishop's unborn child would be delivered safely. If Barbara needed to be killed afterwards, so be it. While captive onboard the *Leviathan*, Enoch discovered Barbara was no longer pregnant. She had taken an abortifacient just two days earlier, and was recovering from the pregnancy's termination. Enraged, Enoch savagely beat her before drowning her in the Hudson River. On Tuesday, March 17th, her body was discovered, and she was buried a few days later as Jane Doe #159.

The Police Station: Investigators looking for help at the 26th Precinct are made to wait for almost two hours, as officers hope that they will just give up at leave. As no charges were filed, and no statements recorded, they do not want to be bothered with what they consider a closed issue. However, with persistence and a successful Fast Talk, Persuade, Charm, Credit Rating or Law check, the investigators eventually get a few minutes with Detective Lloyd Brown.

Detective Brown is an older man, a long-time veteran of the NYPD, and is not a supporter of women's newly won social positions. He comments on how short the "supposed" victim's dress was, and that the woman willingly went to the man's hotel room. He explains that the accuser admitted to drinking and taking other drugs, and claimed that three other women had also been attacked, yet she was the only one willing to make a statement. "That's not enough to make an arrest or build a case from," he says, then advised the young woman to drop it. "But she wouldn't leave. You know the type, young, stubborn, mouthy, and refusing to accept responsibility for their choices. Finally, we had to call in one of our babysitters, Officer Mary, to get her out of here."

If the investigators ask to speak with Officer Hamilton, Detective Brown says: "Sure. We'll put a call in and have her come down. Just have a seat." He then summons Officer Mary Hamilton to report to the 26th Precinct immediately. He does not do this as a courtesy to the investigators, but to harass Officer Hamilton with what he considered nonsense work.

Officer Mary Hamilton: Officer Hamilton arrives in about 45 minutes. Once she learns what the investigators want, she asks them to walk with her to a nearby park to discuss things. She does not want to discuss this around other officers. She seems very smart, physically sturdy, and streetwise.

When discussing the case, she says that she believed Barbara Shandon. Unfortunately, it was not her case, and because of the circumstances, there was little chance to build a case. She laments, quite frankly, "This is off the record, so if you are from the paper you can't quote me. Even when we make arrests, they get off most of the time. If we do get a conviction, it gets overturned. No one in New York goes to jail for rape."

Officer Hamilton says that she took Barbara home, helped her get cleaned up, and then put her to bed. She checked in on her a couple of days later (Feb 25th) to make sure that she was okay. Officer Hamilton also says that she tracked down the Bishop Boys about a week later (March 4th), and told them they better learn to behave themselves or leave town. "I tried to check on her

last week, but there was no answer at home. I called her office, but they said she'd been fired after she stopped showing up for work on Friday, March 16th."

If investigators make a Persuade, Charm, or Credit Rating check, Officer Hamilton shares Barbara's home address (736 9th Avenue, Midtown), but not where she worked. She apologizes that she cannot offer more assistance, but explains "I've been ordered to stay away from this case. The Bishops filed a harassment complaint against me, and I can't risk getting written up. Besides, I'm swamped with cases as it is."

Barbara's Apartment (736 9th Avenue, Midtown, Apt. B-7): Investigators get no answer at the door, and the neighbors have not seen Barbara for weeks. Investigators can get inside with a successful Locksmith roll, by forcing the door open with a STR check, or with a successful Charm, Fast Talk, or Persuade check with the landlord. Inside her apartment, it is clear no one has been here for weeks. There is spoiled food in the refrigerator and a desiccated parakeet in its cage, next to an empty water bowl. Nothing has been packed, and her luggage is still under her bed.

Jane Doe #159: Investigators may think to call hospitals and morgues, in the morbid suspicion that Barbara may have been silenced. Investigators succeeding in a Library Use roll while reviewing local newspapers, looking for reports of a woman matching Barbara's description, which they can get from photos in her apartment, or from Officer Hamilton or her neighbors, find the following report. (See A Family Way, Investigator Handout #2).

Investigators can then contact the coroner's office, where they are forwarded to Dr. Gerald Tanner, working out of Bellevue Hospital. While saddened and sympathetic to their possible loss, he asks if the investigators could come down and possibly identify the body. He explains that the body has already been buried, listed as Jane Doe #159, but postmortem photos were taken. He explains that they make every effort to identify such unfortunate for the sake of their loved ones. He asks, "I know this will be hard, but no one should have to be put to rest unclaimed. I'd really like to put a name to her, and contact her family if possible."

Lost Girl Found: If the investigators visit his office at Bellevue, then Dr. Tanner is happy to meet with them. He warns them that the photos are a bit graphic before showing them to the investigators. They show a waterlogged, beaten body of a nude young woman. She is covered with bruises and scratches, but most shocking is her face. The flesh has been gnawed away, leaving a mass of white connective tissue over raw bone. This is nearly identical to the body of Samantha Bentz, Catherine's roommate, which the investigators realize if they found that body. Investigators seeing this must make SAN check for 0/1 points.

Once the investigators make a positive I.D., Dr. Gerald Tanner says that he can take it from there. "I understand if you wish to do this unofficially. I've listed the cause of death as an accidental drowning." Investigators making a Psychology roll realize that he is hiding something.

If pressed, Dr. Tanner admits that the woman was likely

beaten and forcibly drowned. Not only that, but there were signs of a recently terminated pregnancy, from which she was still recovering. He explains that this poor woman suffered a great deal before she died, and he wants to spare her family from those details.

The Murder of Barbara Shandon: If the authorities become involved, sadly very little develops. The coroner has listed the death as accidental, and there is no evidence linking her death to the Bishop Boys. Ultimately, the Shandon family claims the body, and has no wish to open an investigation.

The Marjorie "Margie" Andrews Thread: Marjorie Andrews, due to her medical condition, was the only victim who failed to become pregnant. However, she has suffered considerably since then. As Barbara vanished due to her murder, and Cynthia and Catherine stopped going out with her, Margie felt abandoned. Without the support of those she most trusted, her mind spiraled to a very dark place. She blamed herself for the attack, as she had encouraged the others to accept the Bishop Boys' invitation to their hotel room. She decided that her friends must have blamed her too, as they were all avoiding her now. Isolated, filled with self-loathing, and suffering from her own trauma, Margie has turned to alcohol as a way to cope.

Margie is now an alcoholic, slowly drinking herself to death at the last place she feels safe, the Garter Club. She is there every night, from opening until closing, drowning her pain in gin. She is lonely and lost, trying to put on a happy face and struggling to mask just how close to the abyss that she's drifted. Luckily for the investigators, she has information that can lead them to her friend Cindy (Cynthia North), which then can lead them to the location of Catherine Dennison.

The Garter Club (227 W. 35th Street): This speakeasy, which occupies a large basement beneath Madame Jeannette's women's undergarment's store in the Garment District, can be easily located. Most cabbies and New York residents making a Know roll

also know where it is. It's a dim, smoky neighborhood drinking spot, rather low key and quiet compared to other speakeasies in the city. Everyone working here knows Margie, and can point her out in her usual spot, sitting at the end of the bar, drinking gin.

It's clear to investigators that something is wrong with her. She is obviously drunk. Her clothing hangs on her frame, as if she has lost weight recently, and they look as if she has slept in them, too. Her makeup is poorly applied, and her hair seems a tad unkempt. If approached, she tries to flirt and engage investigators in friendly conversation.

If asked about her friends, she smiles and says how much she loves and misses them. She explains that they dropped her like "a hot potato," and she just wants to say that she is sorry. She would give anything for things to go back to the way they were before. If investigators question her further, she asks if they would help her out with her tab (she owes the bar \$25), in return for being such a good source of conversation.

She openly talks about the rape, and explain why she did not get pregnant (Premature Ovarian Insufficiency). If asked about the other girls, she will explain that she does not know where any of them live. However, a couple of the fellas who work here might, as Barbie and Cindy took them home a few times.

She will say that it looks like Barbie left town, because she has not been to work in a while (they work in the same office building, as secretaries for different companies). Catherine went back to being a college girl and stopped going out because she was flunking out, and she heard that Cindy was checking into a Maternity Home. She said Cindy came in a few weeks ago, and told her that she was pregnant. She planned to go to have the baby and let them place it with a family. If asked where, she struggles to remember, then says "Blessed Rosary, like the necklace."

The Boyfriends: Margie can point out a couple of men in the speakeasy whom Cindy and Barbie "dated."

The men are Frank Wright, Walter Dubbin, Jack Cranston, and Leo Malone. They will be uneasy at first, not wanting to be the sort to kiss and tell. They have nothing against the women, and do not want to sully their reputation by sharing such intimate details. However, investigators making a successful Fast Talk, Persuade, Charm or Intimidate roll get them to provide the addresses for both Cindy (121 W. 82nd Street, Upper West Side, Apt. C-2) and/or Barbie (736 9th Avenue, Midtown, Apt. B-7).

The Fate of Marjorie Andrews: She claims to be "all right, I'm making my way, ya know..." but this is obviously not the case. Unless someone steps in to help her Marjorie, she becomes more and more mentally unhinged. Within a month, Margie loses her job, and two months after that, she is evicted from her apartment and ends up living on the streets.

However, with a little kindness, care, and supervision Margie can pull herself together. Unfortunately, she has no one to lean on, unless the investigators choose to step in. Margie spends a few weeks drying out with the shakes (withdrawal), and going through waves of deep depression, which lessen if given a bit of therapy (successful Psychology check). While she will never be the same as before the attack, she does pull back from the abyss and begins living again. She is eternally grateful to the investigators, and offers to become their personal secretary as a way to repay her debt to them.

The Cynthia "Cindy" North Thread: In the weeks after her rape, Cynthia North's life has turned upside-down. From a religious family, the idea of abortion is abhorrent to her. However, she could not afford to raise a child on her own. She did not want to face the shame of returning to her family in Virginia as an unwed mother. Her first thought was to place herself in the Blessed Rosary Maternity Home, where she would be cared for until the child was born. The facility would then place the child in a good home, and Cynthia would then try to resume her life as best she could.

A FAMILY WAY, INVESTIGATOR HANDOUT #2:

*The New York Herald
Tribune, Wednesday,
March 18th, 1925*

The body of an unidentified woman was found washed up on the shores of the Hudson River, in the Greenwich Village area, around 2:30 p.m. yesterday. The deceased was approximately 5 feet 9 inches tall, 130 pounds, and in her early 20's, with short, curly red hair. The initial cause of death seemed to be drowning. The victim was nude, and is described as having been disfigured by either currents or fish, which is making identification difficult. If you have any information, please contact the coroner's office, and reference case #159.

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While making these arrangements, her rapist, Brian Bishop, approached her. He told her that he knew that she was pregnant and that he wanted to do the right thing. After taking her out for a nice dinner and a romantic walk, Brian proposed. Cynthia, desperate for a way forward and with limited options acceptable to her, agreed. She then packed up her belongings, arranged for her brother to pick them up, and moved onboard the *Leviathan*.

Cynthia knows that Douglas is trying to persuade Catherine to accept his own proposal. She hopes that her friend agrees and joins her onboard the *Leviathan*. The plan is to give Douglas some time to sort things out with Catherine, and then have both of them meet with some of the “older members” of the Bishop clan. After that, they will set sail for Innsmouth, in Massachusetts, and be married.

The Blessed Rosary Maternity Home (870 Lexington Avenue): Unless the investigators learned Cynthia's address from one of the men whom she dated at the Garter Club, their only lead is the Blessed Rosary Maternity Home. This large brownstone, across the street from the Blessed Rosary Church in Lenox Hill, is home to fourteen women who await the birth of their children while attending twice daily religious services.

Investigators visiting here are sent to speak to Sister Jane Eleanor, who oversees the facility. Sister Jane will not give out any specific information, saying “The women here are here for peace and privacy, which needs to be protected.” However, if investigators make a successful Persuade, Charm, or Fast Talk roll, she is willing to give them what little information she has on Cynthia North.

Sister Jane explains that Cynthia North did come to her, and planned to enter the facility, but her situation changed. “She called me last week to say that the father had reemerged and took responsibility for his actions,” she explains. “They’ll be getting married, which is always for the best.” If investigators ask for Cynthia's address, she will give it to them after finding it listed on her application.

Cynthia's Apartment (121 W. 82nd Street, Upper West Side, Apt C-2): Whether the investigators get Cynthia address from one of the men at the Garter Club, or Sister Jane Eleanor at the Blessed Rosary Maternity Home, eventually (hopefully) they find their way here. Cynthia lives on the 3rd floor of this four-story brownstone. As they enter the lobby, they are immediately stopped by the landlord, who asks one of the investigators (one who is both male and white) if they are “Robert North? Cindy's Brother?” This is Rodney Calhoun, the building's owner and live-in landlord.

Should the investigator say that he is, the landlord greets them and gives them the key to Cynthia's apartment, saying “I didn't expect you until tomorrow to pick up her things, but Cindy said you might be early. Let me know if you need anything, just knock on A-1.”

If the investigators say that they are not Robert North, the landlord asks suspiciously what they want. The investigators must then make a successful Fast Talk or Persuade check, with a penalty die, to gain access to

the apartment. Failing that investigators must break in, which requires a successful Stealth check, because the landlord is on the watch for Robert North, along with either a successful Locksmith roll or a successful STR check to force the door open.

Cynthia North, Apartment C-2: The investigators find a small, clean apartment with a half dozen packed boxes piled in the middle of the living room floor. The beds are stripped, closets empty, and food cleared out of the cupboards or refrigerator. The dustbin is filled with trash from the thorough cleaning. It is clear that Cindy is in the process of moving out. There are several important clues here which can lead investigators to the *Leviathan*.

The first clue is obvious, an envelope with the words “To Bobby” written on it, with a handwritten letter inside, sitting atop the boxes (See A Family Way, Investigator Handout #3).

The second clue requires a successful Spot Hidden roll to find and is an address, written on the back of an envelope, crumpled up and lying in the dustbin. (See A Family Way, Investigator Handout #4).

This translates to Matteo's Restaurant, on North Moor Street, between Beach Street and Hubert Street. This is the “wonderful Italian restaurant” Brian Bishop took Cynthia North. From here the investigators should look for a marina within walking distance, and the closest are Piers 25 and 26, Hudson River Park.

PART FOUR: ON THE SHORES OF THE HUDSON

If the investigators have followed the clues, then they now have all the information necessary to locate the Bishop Boys' yacht, *Leviathan*. Reaching it without falling victim to the rear guard hired by the Bishop Boys is another matter entirely. Things are about to become very dangerous for the investigators.

From Matteo's to Piers 25 & 26: If the investigators decipher the address on the envelope, or simply look for an Italian restaurant within walking distance of a marina, they eventually locate Matteo's. They do not need to visit the restaurant, only use the address as a reference point in locating the correct marina, which is either Pier 25 or 26. Exactly which is not important, as *Leviathan* is no longer docked, but anchored in the Hudson River, outside of the shipping lanes.

The Car: Investigators can determine which of the piers *Leviathan* uses by making a successful Hard Spot Hidden check while searching Pier 26. Those doing so notice a blue Oldsmobile 43A with a broken headlight. This is the vehicle which struck Jennifer Kenyon, driven by the Bishop Boys while abducting Catherine Dennison. The car is locked and has no useful clues within. However, its location indicates that Pier 26 is the one that the Bishop Boys are utilizing.

Fishbone And Honey, The Rear Guard: While looking over the area, the investigators are approached by an unwashed middle-aged man, in dirty clothes. He asks if they are looking for something or someone,

proclaiming that he knows everything that goes on around here. He says, “This is my bit of river. Nothing escapes my notice. You want directions, the low down on what's going on? The scoop? Well, I'm your man, and for cheap too.” If asked, he gives his name as Fishbone, and his fee is “\$5 and a hoagie” (a sandwich). He is well informed, superficially charming, homicidally insane, and an ally of the Deep Ones. He's been paid by the Bishop Boys to kill anyone snooping around.

Whatever the investigators ask, be it about Catherine, The Bishop Boys, or *Leviathan*, Fishbone says that he knows just where they are. He says whatever he needs to, in order to get the investigators to follow him down onto the banks of the Hudson River, and away from any prying eyes. About a hundred yards from the pier is a shanty shack, with some makeshift furniture around a campfire. “That's the place,” Fishbone comments.

As the investigators get closer, he positions himself beside or behind one of them. He then screams out, “Honey, I'm home! Company!” At which point, the door hurls open and a hideous monster comes lumbering out. Using this distraction, Fishbone viciously attacks the investigator he's lined up with, using a rusty, but razor sharp, butcher knife.

The creature is a filthy abomination; a scaly lizard-like, frog-like, hulking brute. Honey has greasy hair, bulging eyes, and a wide maw filled with needle-like teeth. She wears a moldy, threadbare dress, with a matching shawl and wide brimmed hat. She rushes forward with a guttural cry, raising a pair of massive paws tipped with cougar like claws.

Honey is a stunted Deep One, a hybrid unable to make the complete change into her immortal form. A pitiful half human, half Deep One thing trapped between two worlds and unwelcome in either, all she has is her husband, Fishbone the bum, who loves and cares for her. They make a living as best they can, living off handouts and doing favors for Deep Ones, hybrids, and their human allies. They have been hired by the Bishop Boys to kill anyone trying to track them down, and that is exactly what they intend to do. They will not parlay, retreat, surrender or take prisoners.

Pier 26: Investigators looking for clues at Pier 26 can visit the manager's office. Here, manager Chris Hobbs keeps a record of the comings and goings of vessels and collects berthing fees. Investigators making a successful Fast Talk or Persuade check can learn from him that a ship called *Leviathan* was berthed here, but set out the same day that Catherine was abducted. He adds that since then, the owners have made runs to and from the ship using a small dinghy. Hobbs will add: “Mostly to pick up food from local restaurants, I think. It's a lot cheaper to just anchor in the river than berth.”

If the investigators look over the boats anchored nearby in the river, and make a successful Spot Hidden, they can identify which of the ships is *Leviathan*. Those armed with a telescope or binoculars gain a bonus die to this check. If asked, Chris Hobbs can also point out *Leviathan* to investigators.

Boats For Hire: The investigators may require transportation to reach *Leviathan* in order to rescue

Dear Bobby,

Thanks for coming pick up my things. I promised to explain everything when you got here, but I couldn't do it in person. This letter is the best I could do. Forgive me.

I've gotten into a situation with a man I've been seeing and I ended up getting pregnant. Please don't be angry and don't tell Mom and Dad. The father is a man named Brian Bishop, from a wealthy family in Massachusetts. He's actually happy this happened. When he found out, he took me to this wonderful Italian restaurant, and then we walked to a nearby marina where he pointed out his family's yacht. It's a beautiful boat with an odd name, Leviathan. He then asked me to marry him, and I accepted.

I know this isn't the way things are supposed to be, but I am going to make the best of it. I know you want to know if I love him. I hope one day I will grow to love him. The baby will have a father and I'll be cared for. I won't have to work anymore, and I'll be getting married and starting a family. That should make Mom and Dad happy, at least. For now, we'll be living with his family, they have a large house. He's promised to restore his grandmother's mansion just for us. He wants to have a big family.

Unfortunately, I don't think his family is Christian, as he's mentioned that I needed learning about his family's religion. He mentioned something about an Order of Dagon. I hate the idea of converting to another religion, but I am sure I can talk him into letting me put up a Christmas tree, and maybe getting the children quietly baptized.

Anyway, that's the story. I'll write you once we get to Innsmouth. Tell everyone I love them, I miss them, and most of all I am so sorry for disappointing them.

Your little sister,
Cindy

A FAMILY WAY, INVESTIGATOR HANDOUT #3:

A Letter to "Bobby" North

Dear Bobby,

Thanks for coming pick up my things. I promised to explain everything when you got here, but I couldn't do it in person. This letter is the best I could do. Forgive me.

I've gotten into a situation with a man I've been seeing and I ended up getting pregnant. Please don't be angry and don't tell Mom and Dad. The father is a man named Brian Bishop, from a wealthy family in Massachusetts. He's actually happy this happened. When he found out, he took me to this wonderful Italian restaurant, and then we walked to a nearby marina where he pointed out his family's yacht. It's a beautiful boat with an odd name, Leviathan. He then asked me to marry him, and I accepted.

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Your little sister,

Cindy

A FAMILY WAY, INVESTIGATOR HANDOUT #4:

An Address on an Envelope

Matteo's, 6:30 North
Moor, Beach/Hubert.

Matteo's, 6:30. North
Moor, Beach / Hubert.

Catherine Dennison. If the investigators ask Chris Hobbs about renting a launch boat, he can rent them a small, four-man rowboat for \$2 a day, or a larger, six-man boat with an outboard motor for \$3 a day, both with a \$20 refundable deposit. However, he also offers that one of the dock's regulars runs charters, with both himself (Marco Cordova) and his vessel (*Canta Bonita*) available for hire for \$5 a day. Alternately, they can see a sign of boats for rent hanging about the marina.

The Charter: The *Canta Bonita* is a small fishing boat, with a dingy, working-class look. Her captain is a sturdy, steel-eyed, middle-aged man with a thin beard and a worn cap. However, both the *Canta Bonita* and Marco Cordova have a secret—they are much more capable than they appear. They occasionally work as rum runners, smuggling small batches of booze into New York Harbor from ships in international waters. The ship can run very quietly and is much faster than one would imagine, and her captain is a skilled pilot, brawler, and a crack shot with a rifle.

With nothing going on at the moment, Captain Cordova is happy to charter his boat out to the investigators for \$5 a day. However, if he senses that the investigators need help, in a possibly illegal matter, he raises the price to \$50 a day, but says "But with that,

you get my help with whatever you need..." and he lifts a tarp to show a Winchester Model 94 carbine, and opens his jacket to display a .45 caliber automatic pistol in a shoulder holster. Captain Cordova comments, "I don't judge or ask questions, but I don't come cheap." His ship has a small arsenal of assorted weapons (which he can loan for \$5 a day) and plenty of medical supplies. He does *not* carry flammables or explosives on board his launch, because he is not that stupid. If hired, investigators gain the assistance of this well-armed mercenary and his capable vessel.

PART FIVE: THE LEVIATHAN

The investigators can now launch an attack on the Bishop Boys. While it should go without saying, given their ties to corrupt officers, if the investigators involve the authorities, then *Leviathan* slips away before Catherine can be rescued, and she is never seen again. The police and/or the Bonanno crime family tips off the Bishop Boys long before help arrives.

Reaching *Leviathan* In A Rented Boat: Investigators renting a small craft to reach *Leviathan* notice something odd: sharks (sand tiger sharks, to be

precise)! The waters around the vessel are thick with them, and investigators easily spot no less than a half dozen lingering about. A couple of them bump the investigators' vessel, but they are not aggressive or large enough to tip it over. These are preternaturally intelligent, summoned guardians (INT 75) and are difficult to trick.

Investigators must make a successful Pilot Boat check to reach *Leviathan*, but a Hard success to do so undetected. Investigators making a Hard Luck check gain favorable conditions, either a moonless night, fog, or rain, which grants then a bonus die to their Pilot Boat check with regard to being undetected. Should they fail this check, then they are spotted as they approach, and the Bishop Boys are waiting for them when they arrive. In this case, the investigators are fired upon when they are climbing aboard and unable to easily defend themselves. If investigators reach *Leviathan* undetected, then they can easily board with a successful DEX check.

Reaching *Leviathan*, *Canta Bonita*: If investigators hired Marco Cordova, they reach *Leviathan* undetected. The captain sets out, picks up speed at a distance, then cuts his engine and drifts quietly up alongside *Leviathan* using only the ship's momentum. He then ties the two ships together, readies his carbine,



and whispers “I’ll cover the deck and come running if I hear trouble.” Otherwise, he stays to guard their only means of escape.

Raiding *Leviathan*: Investigators sneaking around *Leviathan* must make Stealth rolls. Those who Fumble, or who normally fail when within 20 feet of one of the Bishops, are detected. The hybrids are not expecting an attack, but they are waiting for their relatives to arrive, so they keep an ear out for movement on deck. Once investigators are detected, the Bishop Boys attempt to repel the boarders with everything at their disposal, intent on leaving on no survivors or witnesses. The Bishop Boys know that the water around their ship teems with sharks, and force investigators overboard if possible.

The Bishop Boys: The Bishop Boys are well armed, dangerous, and eager to employ violence. They fight until killed, entertaining no thoughts of parlay or surrender. They will not use Catherine or Cynthia as hostages or shields, and avoid putting them in harm’s way. Currently, they are scattered about *Leviathan*, in the following locations:

Brian Bishop/Map Location A: Below deck, talking to his fiancée Cynthia, slowly revealing the dark secrets

of Innsmouth and his family.

Douglas Bishop/Map Location B: Below deck, trying to convince Catherine to cooperate before his family arrives. He knows that unless she is convinced before the Elders arrive, they will sentence her to death.

Enoch Bishop/Map Location C or D: If the weather is good, on deck waiting for his family, gazing into the dark depths. If the weather is bad, then he is inside, playing cards with George.

George Bishop/Map Location D: Below deck, away from Brian and Douglas, sulking and drinking, possibly playing cards with his cousin Enoch.

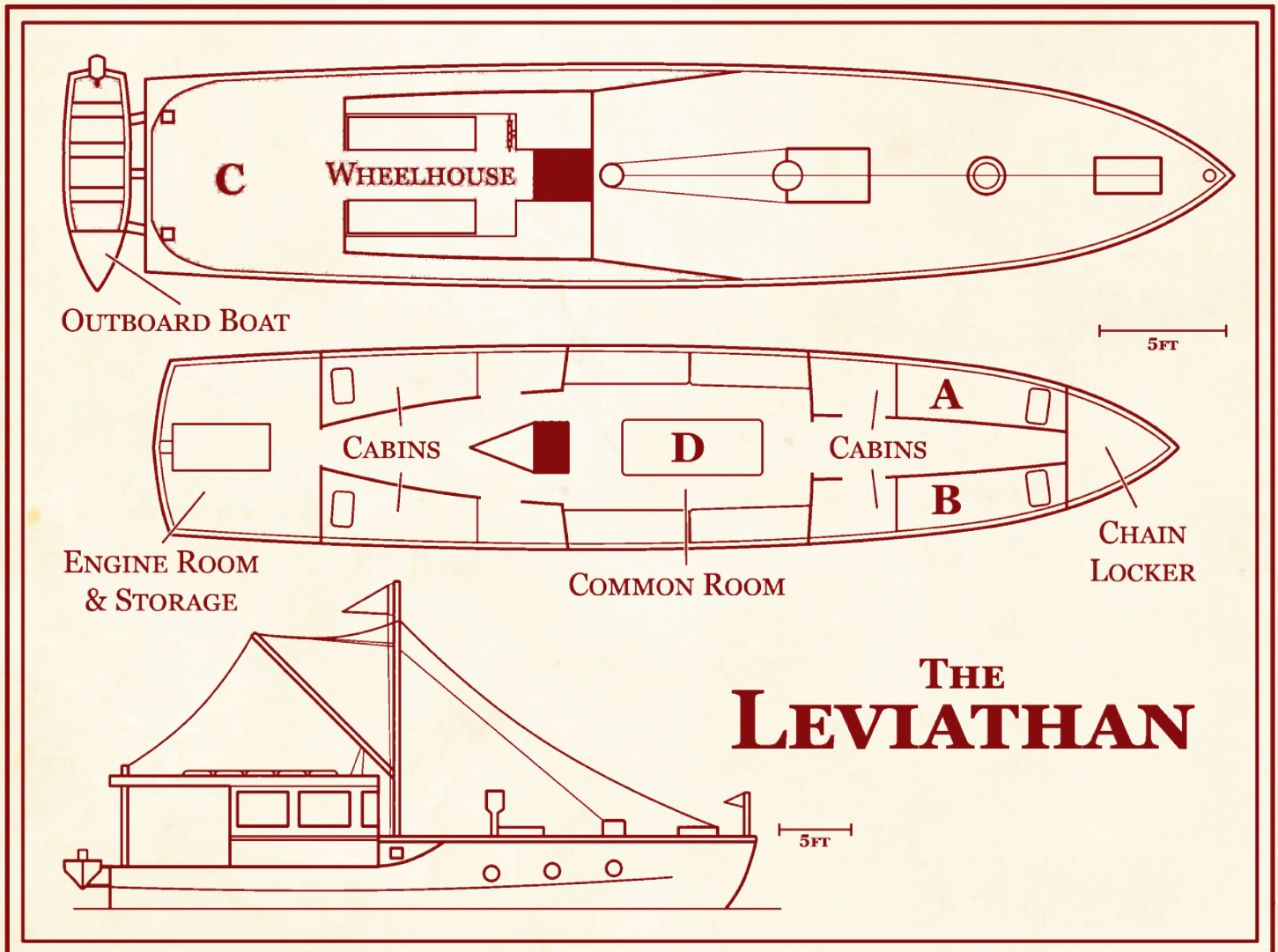
The Prisoners: At this point, Cynthia North is having second thoughts about her decision to marry Brian. Catherine has been unable to free herself, and is unwilling to cooperate with the hybrids. If trouble starts, Catherine is unable to help, and Cynthia takes cover under a table until the conflict is resolved, one way or another. If investigators defeat the Bishop Boys, then both ladies go with the investigators, Catherine eagerly, and Cynthia in sort of a resigned daze.

The Elders Arrive/Deep One Attack: Once the Bishop Boys are dispatched, the investigators must

depart *Leviathan*. However, before they can board their rented vessel, or the *Canta Bonita*, they are attacked. The Elders of the Bishop clan arrive to inspect the prospective brides of their younger kin. They do not take kindly to the investigators’ presence, or the likely death of their kinsmen, and attack.

These creatures are fully transformed Deep Ones. Depending on the strength and number of investigators, there can be as few as three or as many as six, as determined by the Keeper. They arrive by launching themselves out of the Hudson to land on the deck of *Leviathan*, much like penguins exiting the water. They attack with their claws, taking no prisoners, accepting no surrender, and entertaining no attempts at negotiation. They will not limit their attacks to the investigators, either, and try to eliminate both Cynthia North and Catherine Dennison (and if present, Marco Cordova).

The Deep Ones fight until reduced to 50% of their hit points, and then dive into the Hudson, withdrawing from combat. The entire group retreats if more than 50% of their number is killed or driven off. If the entire group is forced to retreat, they tear a hold in the hull of *Leviathan* to scuttle her. If investigators have hired



Marco Cordova, he holds his ground, fighting alongside them until the matter is decided. The investigators hear him yell out, "Deep Ones? I should have asked for more money!"

Back On Dry Land: After the battle, if all went well, the investigators reach dry land with whoever they managed to rescue. If they hired Marco, he takes them far from the area, and drops them off on the other side of Manhattan, just below the Brooklyn Bridge. He explains: "You don't want to be anywhere near what just happened, in case the Coast Guard was called." Marco then departs, saying "Look me up if you need another ride, but keep in mind that I am doubling my rates from here on out." If they rented a boat, then the investigators can land wherever they choose, at the risk losing their deposit.

AFTERMATH

Catherine Dennison: Once on land Catherine demands that her pregnancy be terminated at once. If the arrangements have been made, she tries to accelerate the timeline. If her mother is already on the way to assist her, she must be convinced to wait until then, with a successful Persuade check. She is terrified by what she saw, and realizes that the thing inside her is going

to become "one of those fish men... those monstrous things"! She adds that the Bishop Boys were becoming like them too, ending with the comment: "What's inside me... it... it's not human!"

Once the unwanted pregnancy is ended, Catherine rewards the investigators generously (\$500). This reward is even more generous (\$2,000) if Loretta Dennison is involved, as she has greater access to the family's fortunes. Once fully recovered, Catherine proposes marriage to the investigator that she had originally attempted to entrap. She explains that anyone who would go through all of this for her is a one in a million, and she will never do better than that.

Cynthia North: Once on shore, Cynthia is dazed, in mild shock over the horrors that she has witnessed. She decides to go back to her apartment, wait for her brother, and return with him to Virginia. If the investigators ask what she intends to do about her pregnancy, she says: "Come clean to my family. It'll be hard, facing them, but nothing compared to what I've been through." If the investigators explain that the baby will not be human, she says that she knows. "Brian explained it all to me, and I saw those... things." But she persists: "But I'm going to raise this baby in the loving

arms of the church, and I am sure God won't let bad happen to them."

What the investigators do next is up to them. They may try to convince her that she's making a mistake, and that she should end the pregnancy. These efforts require a Hard success, with a penalty die, on either a Fast Talk, Persuade, or Intimidation check. They may take other, more direct and aggressive measures to ensure the termination of her pregnancy. Or, they can accept her choice with regard to her body and the life of her unborn child, and let her go. In this situation there are no good choices.

REWARDS AND REPERCUSSIONS

- ▲ For saving Catherine Dennison: +1D4 SAN
- ▲ For saving Cynthia North: +1D4 SAN
- ▲ For saving Marjorie Andrews: +1D4 SAN
- ▲ For defeating Fishbone and Honey: +1D4 SAN
- ▲ For defeating the Bishop Boys: +1D3 SAN
- ▲ For defeating the Deep Ones: +1D6 SAN



JACK THOMAS, RICK BARLOW, JAKE BENCH

*Age 20s, Peacock Club/
Garter Club Bouncers*

STR 65 **CON** 60 **SIZ** 75 **INT** 45 **POW** 65
DEX 60 **APP** 50 **EDU** 60 **SAN** 65
LUCK 65 **HP** 13 **MP** 13 **MOVE** 7 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 60% (30/12), damage 1D3+DB

Dodge 50% (25/10)

SKILLS: Intimidate 60%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 40%.

DANIEL RENLY, GLENN FARLOW, NORMAN YARBROUGH

Age 20s, Corrupt Police Officers

STR 55 **CON** 60 **SIZ** 55 **INT** 50 **POW** 60
DEX 55 **APP** 45 **EDU** 65 **SAN** 60
LUCK 60 **HP** 11 **MP** 12 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 0

DAMAGE BONUS: 0

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Brawl 60% (30/12), Billy Club, damage 1D6+DB ; Firearms (Pistol), Colt Police Positive .38 caliber revolver, 40% (20/8), damage 1D10, Range 15, Rate of Fire 2, 6 shots, 8 HP, Malfunction 00. Dodge 40% (20/8)

SKILLS: Intimidate 60%, Law 60%, Listen 50%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 45%, Stealth 45%.

VIC AMATO, CARMINE DECARLO, IGNACIO RICA, ANTHONY FERRANTE

Age 20s, Bonanno Soldier

STR 60 **CON** 65 **SIZ** 65 **INT** 55 **POW** 50
DEX 65 **APP** 55 **EDU** 55 **SAN** 50
LUCK 60 **HP** 11 **MP** 10 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 65% (30/12), Knife, damage 1D4+DB; Club, damage 1D6+DB; Firearms (Pistol), FN-Browning MLE 1900 .32 APC caliber automatic, 45% (20/80), damage 1D8, Range 15, Rate of Fire 3/2, 7+1 shots, 8 HP, Malfunction 98-00. Dodge 45% (22/9)

SKILLS: Climb 40%, Fast Talk 50%, Intimidate 65%, Jump 35%, Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 45%, Stealth 45%

FISHBONE

Age 35, The Wino

STR 80 **CON** 65 **SIZ** 65 **INT** 60 **POW** 65
DEX 60 **APP** 40 **EDU** 55 **SAN** 00
LUCK 35 **HP** 13 **MP** 13 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Brawl 75% (37/15), damage, 1D3+DB; Rusty Butcher Knife, damage 1D6+DB Dodge 40% (20/8)

SKILLS: Charm 60%, Fast Talk 65%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 60%, Stealth 65%.

HONEY

*Age 45, "Stuck" Hybrid Deep
One, Particularly Hideous*

STR 90 **CON** 80 **SIZ** 80 **INT** 40 **POW** 55
DEX 50 **APP** N/A **EDU** N/A **SAN** 00
LUCK 55 **HP** 16 **MP** 11
MOVE 8/8 swimming **BUILD** 2

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Biting and Clawing), 55% (27/11), damage 1D6+DB Dodge 25% (12/5)

DEFENSE: 1-point slimy leathery skin

SANITY LOSS: 1/1D6 to see Honey

MARCO CORDOVA

*Age 29, Mercenary And Captain
Of The Santa Bonita*

STR 65 **CON** 75 **SIZ** 60 **INT** 55 **POW** 65
DEX 60 **APP** 50 **EDU** 75 **SAN** 50
LUCK 60 **HP** 13 **MP** 13 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 65% (32/13), trench knife, damage 1D4+2+DB; Firearms (Pistol), Colt New Service .45 ACP, 40% (20/8), damage 1D10+2, Range 15, Rate of Fire 1(2), 6 shots, 8 HP, Malfunction 00; Firearms (Rifle) Winchester Model 94 .30-30 caliber carbine, 60% (30/12), damage 2D6+2, Range 110, Rate of Fire 1 (3/2), 6+1 shots, 9 HP, Malfunction 99-00. Dodge 40% (20/8)

SKILLS: Own Language (Spanish) 85%, Other Language (English) 70%, Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 50%, Intimidate 35%, Listen 45%, Locksmith 40%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Navigation 65%, Pilot Boat 70%, Spot Hidden 50%, Stealth 45%, Swim 40%, Throw 40%

NOTES: This mysterious charter boat captain is the sort who you can depend on when the situation turns ugly. An expert pilot, skilled brawler, and a dead shot with a rifle, he's even a competent medic. However, he doesn't work cheap.

BRIAN BISHOP

Age 35, Leader of the Bishop Boys

STR 75 **CON** 70 **SIZ** 65 **INT** 80 **POW** 65
DEX 55 **APP** 40 **EDU** 70 **SAN** 00
LUCK 50 **HP** 13 **MP** 13 **MOVE** 7 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 60% (30/12), Brass Knuckles, damage 1D3+2+DB; Switchblade, damage 1D4+DB; Firearms (Pistol), Colt New Service .45 ACP, 40% (20/8), damage 1D10+2, Range 15, Rate of Fire 1(2), 6 shots, 8 HP, Malfunction 00. Dodge 50% (25/10)

SKILLS: Fast Talk 60%, Intimidate 60%, Listen 35%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 50%, Stealth 45%, Swim 70%.

NOTES: This very intelligent hybrid is considered one of the best and brightest of his generation. He has embraced modern society and is adept at moving through it. It was his plan to bring the bachelors of his family to New York to find wives.

DOUGLAS BISHOP

*Age 22, The "Soft" Member
of the Bishop Boys*

STR 60 **CON** 70 **SIZ** 60 **INT** 50 **POW** 45
DEX 70 **APP** 45 **EDU** 60 **SAN** 00
LUCK 45 **HP** 13 **MP** 9 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 0

DAMAGE BONUS: 0

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 50% (25/10), Blackjack, 1D4+DB; Firearms (Pistol) 50% (25/10), Colt Pocket Hammerless .32 ACP automatic, 50% (25/10), damage 1D8, Range 15, Rate of Fire 3(4), 8+1 rounds, HP 6, Malfunction 99-00. Dodge 45% (22/9)

SKILLS: Fast Talk 50%, Intimidate 40%, Locksmith 70%, Persuade 30%, Psychology 25%, Spot Hidden 30%, Sleight of Hand 70%, Stealth 70%, Swim 60%.

NOTES: The youngest of the Bishop Boys, and the brother of their leader, Brian, he has a lot to live up to. While stealthy and an expert lockpicker, by hybrid standards he comes across as naïve and "soft."

GEORGE BISHOP

Age 29, The Quiet, Angry Bishop Boy

STR 80 **CON** 75 **SIZ** 70 **INT** 45 **POW** 50
DEX 50 **APP** 40 **EDU** 65 **SAN** 00
LUCK 40 **HP** 14 **MP** 10 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 60% (30/12), hunting knife, damage 1D6+DB; Firearms (Pistol), Colt New Service .45 ACP, 40% (20/8), damage 1D10+2, Range 15, Rate of Fire 1(2), 6 shots, 8 HP, Malfunction 00.

Dodge 30% (15/6)

SKILLS: Intimidate 70%, Jump 40%, Pilot Boat 60%, Mechanical Repair 80%, Navigation 60%, Sleight of Hand 40%, Spot Hidden 50%, Stealth 40%, Swim 75%, Throw 50%

NOTES: This brooding hybrid tends to let his fists do the talking. He is prone to violence with a nasty temper, but is a deadly opponent in a fight. He is also the pilot of the Leviathan, and quite an accomplished seaman.

ENOCH BISHOP

Age 22, The Bruiser Of The Bishop Boys

STR 90 **CON** 80 **SIZ** 90 **INT** 40 **POW** 50
DEX 40 **APP** 15 **EDU** 50 **SAN** 00
LUCK 40 **HP** 17 **MP** 10 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 2

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 75% (37/15), damage 1D3+3*+DB; Bite damage 1D3+DB; Batten, damage 1D6; Boat Hook, damage 1D8 (*natural claws). Dodge 20% (10/4)

SKILLS: Intimidate 60%, Listen 40%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 80%, Throw 60%.

DEFENSES: 1 point of leathery skin

NOTES: This hulking, bestial-looking hybrid, with a nearly inhuman underbite, is the oldest and least intelligent Bishop Boy. He has begun his transformation into a full Deep One. Brian did not want to bring him on this trip, but was forced to by the Elders. He is the one responsible for the facial disfigurements on Barbara Shandon and Samantha Bentz. He does not use firearms, but is skilled at hurling batters (small clubs used to secure boat lines).

SHARKS OF THE HUDSON RIVER

Preternaturally Intelligent, Summoned Sand Tiger Sharks

STR 55 **CON** 60 **SIZ** 55 **INT** 75 **POW** 65
DEX 60 **APP** N/A **EDU** N/A **SAN** N/A
LUCK N/A **HP** 18 **MP** 13
MOVE 12 swimming **BUILD** 2

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 2 (or can try to bite and hold one victim)

ATTACKS: Fighting 75% (37/15), damage 2D3+1/2 DB; Bite and hold (maneuver), damage 2D6+DB each round

SKILLS: Sense Life 95%

DEFENSES: 5 points of tough skin.

THE ELDER BISHOPS

Full Deep Ones (2D3)

STR 70 **CON** 50 **SIZ** 80 **INT** 65 **POW** 50
DEX 50 **APP** N/A **EDU** N/A **SAN** N/A
LUCK N/A **HP** 13 **MP** 10
MOVE 8/10 swimming **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting 45% (22/9), damage 1D6+DB. Dodge 25% (12/5)

DEFENSES: 1 point of skin and scales

SAN LOSS: 1/1D6 SAN to see a Deep One





FIRE WITHOUT LIGHT

BY HELEN GOULD

INTRODUCTION

This story is set in Tulsa, Oklahoma in June 1922: just over a year after the “Tulsa Massacre” at ‘Black Wall Street.’ Some of the buildings are still burnt out; others are gone entirely, leaving lingering scars on the city’s face. There are fewer people in Tulsa than there used to be. Most of the black population fled—after all, why stay where you’re clearly not wanted—but others, determined, resourceful people, stayed to rebuild what used to be their community.

The tension remains, simmering on the faces of the aggressors and the survivors, and the city is harshly divided. A few of the white folk feel guilty about the destruction and havoc that has been wrought across the city; those with less of a conscience want to keep the black population in “their (supposed) place.” A new “Public Safety Committee” has been set up to make sure of this, comprised entirely of white men.

Many in the black community have filed lawsuits to try to salvage their lost livelihoods, their burned homes, and some semblance of justice. After a winter spent in tents, and a recent court judgement finding ‘black mobs’ responsible for the massacre and denying them compensation, their anger is both fierce and tightly controlled. They know that they are not free to express it. Instead, their righteous fury roils under the surface.

Regardless, life goes on.

A NEW (BUT OLD) THREAT

With this powder keg smoldering, some unfamiliar faces have appeared over on the white side of town. A new church minister, Pastor Nicholas Thornton, has arrived, accompanied by his “wife,” “Mrs. Rebecca Thornton.” Everybody says that she is beautiful (though somehow, nobody can agree on what exactly she looks like, apart from her very red lips).

The Thorntons have taken over the Fellowship Baptist Church over on the south side of Tulsa. Their church is growing more and more popular, but strange things have begun to happen in their social circles. People are beginning to frequently fall out with each other and form violent grudges. There has even been a murder involving a jealous husband, and it shows no signs of stopping. The members of their church have become increasingly angry and aggressive in their day-to-day

lives, with violence escalating every day; not just against each other, but against their families, friends, household staff, and even strangers. It’s getting dangerous to just be on that side of town.

This is because “Rebecca Thornton” is not a human woman at all, but a goddess who calls herself “The Lady” (if she uses a name at all). She uses a glamour to change her face to whatever is most attractive to whomever is around her, and is drawn to places that stink of strife and injustice. She always encourages the side of those perpetuating the conflict. She feeds on slaughter and grief, walking among humans with a perfectly innocent face disguising her slaving maw.

This time, she has started with her husband’s congregation, turning them against each other with well-placed words in certain ears and the discreet sowing of rumors, but she hungers for more. If left to her own devices, “Mrs. Thornton” will rekindle the simmering racial tensions in the city and spark another riot - and this time, it will never stop, every inhabitant eventually driven mad by vengeance and bloodlust. Her power will see the fighting grow to take over the entire country, and then the world.

WHAT CAN THE PLAYERS DO? REALISTIC GOALS AND UNREALISTIC ONES IN 1922 TULSA

The investigators will find themselves in the middle of a potential city-wide race riot and “ethnic cleansing,” in a place that has not recovered from its last one. Open racism is everywhere in Tulsa, and people are looking to “put people in their places” or “fight back,” depending on which side. Law enforcement is on the side of the whites, and the Federal government is (historically) turning a blind eye to matters and leaving things to the local authorities. The investigators can only plausibly take certain actions without getting themselves arrested, beaten or killed. Things that they can do include:

- ▲ Get support and back-up from people working in the Thorntons’ household, or in their inner circle (e.g., the black maids, nannies, drivers, etc.).
- ▲ Get jobs themselves in the Thornton’s household, or within their inner circle, to

investigate what is going on.

- ▲ Contact the other heads of churches to hold an intervention and/or reach out to the regional leaders for help.
- ▲ Use the library, though this will require persuasion, bribery, or intimidation.
- ▲ Convince some allies in the white community that something is going wrong.
- ▲ Uncover how “The Lady” appears differently to those who see her, and expose “The Lady”’s true face by confronting her with a mirror in front of an audience, thereby blowing her cover. Once she has been truly seen, she cannot return.
- ▲ Turn Pastor Thornton against his wife by revealing that she killed his previous fiancée.
- ▲ Avert the full apocalypse.

They cannot:

- ▲ Change the minds of any of the Thornton’s followers.
- ▲ Kill “The Lady”; she can only be driven out.
- ▲ “Fix” racism in the city.

INVOLVING THE INVESTIGATORS

For this scenario, there are only two things that investigators really need: something drawing them to the area, and to either be a member of the black community or be able to gain its trust. Examples of logical investigators would include:

Survivors: Players can choose to play someone who was around in 1921, and saw the Tulsa Massacre as it happened. Perhaps they were beaten, arrested, or lost someone. This means that they have a vested interest in helping the people around them get back on their feet, and they will be on the lookout for any signs of a repeat of the violence.

Activists: the civil rights movement in the United States was still fairly nascent at this point, but there have always been people fighting for justice. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) was founded in New York in 1909, so it is entirely plausible that one of the investigators is a concerned member of the organization who has come

to offer solidarity and advice to the Tulsa community.

Journalists: the NAACP set up a journal called *The Crisis* in 1910. A feature on “The Tulsa Massacre: One Year On” could be commissioned by the Association and its founding editor, W.E.B. DuBois.

Preachers: the church was a central fixture of the African-American community in 1920s Tulsa. The preachers, pastors, and deacons were well regarded by most, and would have felt a responsibility to protect their neighborhood (and, of course, still do). Hearing about a new church, where the congregation seems to be getting provoked into violence, would be highly disturbing for them. They may even have already heard of Pastor Thornton.

Domestic Workers: Although Tulsa was segregated, many white households employed black workers to take care of their home, children, and other domestic chores. Working for a white family within the Thornton’s vicinity—or even for the Thorntons themselves—will certainly make a black servant uneasy at the least. There will have been a noticeable change in their employers’ temperaments and behavior. They may well get involved out of sheer self-preservation.

Former Victims: “The Lady” has been around for a long time, including various other places in the U.S. Someone who has seen the consequences of her presence before may well have noticed the signs of her popping up again in various newspapers, and followed the signs to Tulsa.

Academics: The Tulsa Massacre was a national issue; segments of academia were discussing it to try to understand the precise causes of it. HBCUs (historically black colleges and universities) had been around in the U.S. since the mid-nineteenth

century. Someone looking into strange outbursts of violence would certainly be drawn to Tulsa, and to the destructive path that “The Lady” leaves in her wake.

Students: Similarly, there would have been many black students around too: there was an increase of 81% in HBCU college enrollment between 1914 and 1925. Investigators could either be a student from out of state who is writing a paper or participating in student activism, or a local who had to drop out from an HBCU because of the Tulsa Massacre.

Police Officers: Although rare, there were still black police officers around Tulsa in the 1920s. Of course, due to segregation, they were generally only allowed to patrol the black neighborhoods. To be in the police force and watch renewed miscarriages of justice would be very difficult; this character may begin their own investigation. They may also be aware of the odd increase in violence around the Thornton’s neighborhood, and be concerned that it will spread.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BLACK WALL STREET? THE TULSA MASSACRE OF 1921

This adventure takes place one year after the original, historical events, but it is still important to understand the context to help you understand the atmosphere in Tulsa in 1922. The destruction of Black Wall Street is often referred to as a “race riot,” but this is not an entirely accurate description. Far more black people were hurt or killed than white people, and it was their area of town that was destroyed. To say “riot” makes the event sound like there was senseless violence on

both sides, but in reality, the black community were defending themselves from racist violence.

BEFORE THE MASSACRE

Oklahoma became a full state in 1907, by which time the area was already populated by many African-Americans, who travelled there, hoping to escape harsh racism and oppression, during the Land Rush of 1889. The Land Rush was a huge migration of people into about two million acres of land that had been seized from the Native Americans by President Benjamin Harrison’s administration. (Many black Americans involved in the Land Rush could trace their ancestry back to the area, with some being related to local Native American ethnic groups).

In 1905, the area of Tulsa built by the black community was visited by Booker T Washington, who pushed for further cooperation within the community. A year later, the black portion of the Tulsa community was named Greenwood. In 1921, it had around 10,000 black residents. In between Washington’s visit and the massacre of 1921, the oil boom of the 1910s helped the region to prosper. Greenwood Avenue, one of the main streets in the black district, became very affluent: there were banks, libraries, schools, physicians, shops, and many other successful businesses (including its own newspapers). The community did not need to shop anywhere else, and due to segregation, usually could not even if they wanted to, leading to a prosperous internal economy. This earned Greenwood Avenue the name of “Black Wall Street.”

HOW AND WHY IT STARTED

African-Americans were not the only people flourishing in Oklahoma during the 1920s. This period also saw significant growth for the Ku Klux Klan, with

THE CAST OF A FIRE WITHOUT LIGHT

- ▲ **Rebecca Thornton (“The Lady”):** a disguised eldritch horror, that wants to stoke the racial tensions in Tulsa into a vicious riot that will last for months. This will let her feed on the residents’ pain. Her weakness is mirrors: showing her one in front of an audience will show everyone her true monstrous form, and drive her out.
- ▲ **Pastor Nicholas Thornton:** a highly racist preacher who will not be happy until he feels that African-Americans have been put firmly “in their place” as sub-humans (i.e. constant, enforced subjugation with no rights). He wants to be known as widely as possible as a true man of God, looking out for “good, white Christians.”
- ▲ **Carl Allen:** a hard-up, white junior accountant, with a dangerous propensity for violence roiling beneath the surface. He wants to “feel like a man” again, which means “taking control” of his household and demonstrating his strength in whatever way presents itself at the time.
- ▲ **Judge Ralph Garland:** a white upper-class member of the Thorntons’ congregation, who loves to entertain and show off. He thinks that the black community got what was coming to them in 1921, and wants to make sure that they remember it. Ultimately, he wants to be able to retire in peace and luxury.
- ▲ **Tabitha Kent:** a black maid for the Thorntons, who just wants to keep her head down and stay out of trouble. However, she is being treated worse and worse by her employers and their guests. She just wants that to stop and to be allowed to work in peace, but she would never fight for it.
- ▲ **Mary Kent:** owner of a small corner shop, and Tabitha’s highly protective older sister. She also wants to be left alone to run her business, but unlike her sister, she will enforce her boundaries with an iron fist. She hopes to be married someday soon, and she is sweet on Ray Parkinson, but he has not asked her on a date yet.
- ▲ **Ray Parkinson:** a black member of the kitchen staff at Judge Garland’s house and host of the Saturday night fish-fry over at the rebuilt Canaan Baptist Church. He loves to gossip and wants to help keep everyone’s spirits up. His main goal is to get back into waitering and maybe settle down with the right lady.
- ▲ **Pastor Francis Jones:** head of both the old and new, African-American Canaan Baptist Church, Pastor Jones has lived in Tulsa all his life and has no intention of ever being driven out. A gentle but stubborn man, he keeps up regular correspondence with the National Baptist Convention and asks their advice. He is very wary of the new white preacher, and sees him as a potential nemesis. He wants to make sure that his neighborhood is safe.
- ▲ **Hettie ‘Hothead’ Lewis:** a young black woman who was going to college, but could not continue because her parents’ home and all their belongings were destroyed in 1921. She is furious and hardened, ready to fight at the drop of a hat. She wants to prove that nobody can ever mess with her life like that again.

membership growing to around 100,000 between 1920 and 1922. This included an active chapter of between 2,000 and 3,000 in Tulsa. However, there is nothing to directly link the KKK to what happened—only the implication that their views were widespread. In addition, World War I had ended relatively recently: white veterans returning from the front lines were meeting strong competition for jobs in the cities, while black veterans felt that their service had earned them their full civil rights. There were widespread riots in Tulsa throughout the summer of 1919 as these competing groups clashed.

The trigger for the Tulsa Massacre itself was an allegation that Dick Rowland, a 19-year-old black shoe-shiner, had assaulted a young white woman named Sarah Page in an elevator. No written statements from her have been found, though a clerk from a nearby clothing store said that she seemed distraught and that he had heard what sounded like a scream.

Whether she was assaulted or not has never been resolved, but in an era where even looking at a white woman the wrong way could easily get a black man lynched, it seems unlikely that Rowland would have risked it—especially so close to his workplace and in a busy building. Rowland himself claimed that he simply stumbled and stepped on her foot, putting his hand on her arm to steady himself.

On May 31st—the day after the elevator incident—Rowland was arrested and detained in the city jail. The Tulsa Tribune ran an article with a headline referring to Rowland by an unmitigated slur. Within hours, lynching was being discussed. When the police heard this talk, they moved Rowland to the third floor of the courthouse. By 7:30 P.M., however, there were about 300 white men outside the courthouse, refusing to disperse.

At 9:30 P.M., between 25 and 30 black men arrived to protect Rowland, but were persuaded to leave (probably in view of the large and growing white crowd). However, eventually a group of African-American men soon returned in cars, some of them armed. A white man attempted to take a gun away from an African-American man, and in the process the weapon discharged, killing another black man and quickly dispersing the crowd. Reprisals began to be swiftly planned.

ESCALATION AND MARTIAL LAW

An angry white mob began to acquire arms by looting nearby shops. The Tulsa police were deployed along the streets separating Greenwood from the white areas of town, with their main objective to stop any African-Americans from crossing the boundary. Around 250

black people were arrested by midnight, and buildings began to be set on fire by the white rioters. They would break into a house, smash everything inside, pile up anything flammable, and then ignite it. The National Guard began mobilizing in order to control the situation.

From midnight until dawn, the white mobs began to loot and burn the Greenwood district, as well as to drive around the city with guns pointed out of their car windows, firing at will. There were occasional gunfights between them and the black people trying to defend themselves, as their homes and businesses went up in flames. Though the Police Commissioner sent firefighters to the scene, they were prevented by the mob from doing their jobs, unless they were protecting white-owned houses.

The fires continued throughout Wednesday, June 1st, when the National Guard finally received the order to proceed. Later that morning, martial law was declared throughout the county, but by the time the Guard began patrolling, most of the actual fighting had ceased. Their efforts were concentrated on containing and suppressing the fires running rampant throughout the black district.

Airplanes reporting to law enforcement began to circle to assess the situation, identify looting, and look



for refugees from the fire. Around 1,500 African-Americans seeking police protection were taken to the Convention Hall, which was surrounded by armed guards. McNulty Park also became a camp for those fleeing the violence (as well as for those rounded up by the police and National Guardsmen). By the end of the day, 4,000 people were detained in these camps.

On Thursday June 2nd, the rest of the country began to take notice. The National Secretary of the NAACP sent a telegraph to the Governor of Oklahoma, asking that the terror be stopped, and sent a wire the next day to President Harding asking for a statement on the situation. The Federation of Coloured Women's Clubs also sent a telegram to Governor Robertson protesting the situation. The Governor of Massachusetts also contacted President Harding after pressure from the National Equal Rights League, and the U.S. Attorney General ordered a general inquiry into the riot (although it was dropped fairly quickly).

The Governor of Oklahoma arrived in Tulsa on Thursday, and decided that martial law could end the next day. Instead of martial law, a hundred special police officers were sworn in, as rumors spread throughout the city that a huge group of African-Americans were heading to the city to take revenge—rumors which were proven obviously false by aerial surveillance. Still, armed guards were placed on all the roads into the city, just in case.

AFTERMATH

The true number of casualties is still unknown. Various records indicate that nearly a thousand people were treated in hospitals and by the Red Cross, but not everyone will have received medical treatment (and some may have refused to report their injuries). At least 26 African-Americans and 10 white people were officially listed as killed, but in the chaos, there may have been many more casualties. Some people who were presumed missing may have been dead instead.

Over a thousand homes were completely destroyed, with another few hundred looted. Black Wall Street itself—the thriving business hub of the district—was entirely demolished.

Emergency measures were taken due to the mass destitution of the black population, including establishment of a “Citizens Committee” which moved the now-homeless black community into an old fairground site and authorized food purchases for them. The “Tulsa Executive Welfare Committee” was also set up to coordinate efforts to help rebuild the Greenwood district. By June 15th, the fairground was empty as people arranged accommodations or were taken in by other residents in Tulsa or elsewhere in Oklahoma.

A Grand Jury investigation into the cause of the massacre was commenced on June 2nd, and on the 9th they began to work. A week later, witnesses were invited to appear before the Grand Jury. Mainstream public consensus was that it was the fault of the black community being impudent and intoxicated, seeking undeserved authority, rejecting segregation, and so on; the white population of Tulsa certainly blamed them.

Others, like the Tulsa Ministerial Alliance, said that it was due to immorality and lack of film censorship; some blamed communists; still others blamed the Tulsa chapter of the African Blood Brotherhood. Many also said that the police had not acted quickly enough in dispersing the crowds outside the jail. Everyone pointed fingers at their favorite scapegoat.

On June 25th, the Grand Jury determined that the riots were caused by the black men who went to the jail to protect Rowland from the white men gathered outside (who were described as “purely spectators and curiosity seekers” rather than the lynch mob which they obviously were). Their arrival, and the fact that they had turned up armed, were blamed for precipitating the incident. In addition, the Grand Jury's report recommended that the Greenwood district be patrolled by white officers rather than the two black policemen of before, and that segregation should be enforced severely. They also indicted 87 people, including Tulsa's police chief for “dereliction of duty,” for which he was found guilty. Only one person was convicted of inciting a riot: Garfield Thompson, a black man who had been carrying a concealed weapon on the night the riots broke out. The Oklahoma Attorney General did not endorse the Grand Jury's findings.

Dick Rowland was released from custody later in June, and Sarah Page did not press charges. On September 28th, all charges against Rowland were dismissed.

For more information on the Tulsa Massacre and its aftermath, please see *The Burning: Massacre, Destruction and The Tulsa Race Riot of 1921*, by Tim Madigan, ISBN-13: 978-0312302474 (St. Martin's Griffin, 2003).

MRS. REBECCA THORNTON (“THE LADY”), HER NATURE AND MOTIVATIONS

On the surface, Mrs. Thornton is a perfectly lovely and gracious woman. Her manners are always impeccable, her smile never falters, and she can charm anyone. None of the upper-class people who have met her in Tulsa have a bad thing to say about her; but her servants have a different story. Somehow, they have been the victims of more shouted invective and thrown plates than ever before—never from Mrs. Thornton herself, but from those around her.

This is because she is not a woman at all, though she still goes by ‘The Lady’ when confronted. When humanity was born, she came into being with them: a greedy monster with an enormous, dripping mouth that lurked in the dark, quietly spurring people on to committing heinous acts. She latches onto subjects who already have the potential for cruelty, and encourages them to act on their anger and fear, gorging herself on the resulting slaughter, conflict, and grief. She has been anthropomorphized as a variety of goddesses of strife, discord, chaos and hate by human cultures that recognized that there was an entity at work.

As human technology advanced, creating more ways for people to kill each other and more reasons for hatred, her power grew—and so did her hunger. She has the strength to create a glamour to make her look appealing

to whoever sees her. For example, if you are looking for a maternal figure, then she will have kind eyes and a gentle smile. If you miss your estranged sister, then she will look strangely similar; if you are still in love with your childhood sweetheart, she is the spitting image of them as an adult. This makes it easier for her to get people to do what she wants. People notice these similarities and half-consciously muse aloud about them to those they trust.

It is important to note that there is no overt mind control afoot here. People serving her needs have certainly been powerfully but subconsciously influenced, but they are fundamentally acting of their own free will. They always have the capacity to say no; it is just that she has a knack for putting her finger on what will most effectively incite them to violence.

Once she has done generated enough strife that the blood is flowing, she will hide herself nearby to devour the chaos and pain: her enormous maw will force its way through her flimsy body, parting her flesh like a flower bursting into bloom. Usually she slips away when she is satiated and repeats the process elsewhere, but after so many centuries, she is tired of the effort. She can feel the tension in Tulsa, and hopes to use it to create a never-ending feast of conflict.

PASTOR THORNTON

Nicholas Thornton is, in most respects, an ordinary man in his late twenties. He has no supernatural powers, no curses, and no blessings. What he does have is a wife who is a monster (although he does not know it), a lot of charisma, and increasingly genocidal views about black people.

He grew up in Forsyth County in Georgia, an area which forcibly expelled all African-Americans in September 1912. His views have never progressed past what he was taught there: namely, that black people were dangerous threats to “civilized” society. He often preached on the topic in his previous church placements, usually to applause and nodding from his all-white crowds.

He had been engaged to a woman called Violet Galworthy, but broke it off soon after meeting his current wife. Violet later died in tragic circumstances after falling off a bridge. When he met “Rebecca,” she quickly brought the topic of race up: their bond grew up around his virulent racism and her merciless appetite for cruelty. They were married within the year. “The Lady” sensed great, untapped potential in him for leading and spurring on violence, and decided to see how far she could push him. When a ministerial position in Tulsa came up, she urged him to take it and spread his God-given message on the importance of white superiority. He took it.

Nicholas has never been physically violent himself (though he is just one small step away, and it is mostly luck that has stopped him from lashing out at his black servants), but that does not matter much when his preaching constantly encourages it. Words can also be acts of violence, and he has wielded them expertly

so far. Even before “The Lady” found him, there were always instances of heightened racial violence in the neighborhoods he preached in, ranging from racist graffiti to beatings.

His tactics are the same as “The Lady’s,” and the same as any fascists: he convinces people that they deserve something, tells them that the minority group is taking it away, and persuades them that it is their duty to take it back by whatever means necessary. In Nicholas’ case, he also actually believes this.

If “The Lady” succeeds in inciting another racist massacre, it is her husband who will lead the active charge.

STARTING THE INVESTIGATION/ OUTBURSTS OF VIOLENCE

The scenario is set in Tulsa, Oklahoma in the summer of 1922. It is oppressively hot, and people throughout the city are tense, angry and short-tempered. It is well-known that as the summer has worn on, a number of violent spats have broken out—far more than usual. Brawls, racist confrontations that stop just short of violence, domestic violence incidents, and rallies (on both sides of the racial divide) calling for action have become commonplace on a daily basis. The investigators, from whatever walk of life they may be from, are aware that the powder keg that exploded last summer is smoldering again. Their motivation should be to prevent Tulsa from erupting once again.

This scenario is structured as a sandbox-style investigation. The Keeper should understand the setting thoroughly, stage incidents as set out below in whatever order he sees fit, and allow the investigators a great deal of agency to snoop around and interact with the participants. The scenario will naturally tend to focus the investigators’ attention on “The Lady” once enough incidents have been staged and the pattern emerges. Each of the following introductory incidents should be staged early on, however. Feel free to invent your own incidents as well, with the common themes being:

- ▲ That the participants have been exposed to “The Lady” shortly before their violent actions began; and
- ▲ If the investigators either gain their trust or get them talking about “The Lady,” they each, semi-consciously, comment on her beauty, her red lips, and which trusted female person from their past she reminds them of. Even the African-American characters speak in these terms about her.

Close Call: One evening, the investigators are all witnesses to a well-dressed white man harassing a black man about being in the wrong part of the city. As many streets in Tulsa are shared between the two communities, this is something that is almost unavoidable. If the players do not intervene, the two will get into a brutal physical fight (the Keeper can choose who wins). Whichever NPC gets the upper hand, he does not willingly stop, but continues to beat

and ultimately, curb stomps the loser, inflicting a total of 2D6 damage on him throughout the course of the fight, likely severely injuring or possibly killing him. (Assume both combatants have 14 hit points).

The two combatants are Carl Allen (white) and Arnie Jones (black). Allen is a member of the Thornton congregation who has stormed out of his own house for a few hours after an argument with his wife, Lucy. As usual, the problem was money: she is a housewife, so their entire income is dependent on Carl’s income as an accountant at the local bank. Unfortunately, he just missed out on a promotion that they were depending on to help with the costs of Lucy’s new pregnancy. The stress is taking a toll on both of them, and Carl’s temper is even more unpredictable than usual. If he wins the fight, then he will remain aggressive and challenge the players to a fight, dropping in a quote or two from Pastor Thornton about how the white man needs to protect his own. This can be de-escalated with the right amount of bowing and scraping. If he starts talking about “The Lady,” he comments on her red lips, what a beautiful older woman she is, and how she reminds him of his mother, who “knew her role and how to support her husband, not like my wife.”

Jones is a former restaurant owner from “Black Wall Street” who was well-known for his excellent ribs and friendly service. Since he lost his business in the riots, he has been washing dishes in various white-owned establishments, biting his tongue, stewing over the denial of justice, and biding his time. On Saturdays, he is part of a community-run kitchen that serves fried fish, sweet potatoes, and all the rest.

He has a meagre pile of savings that he is hoping will one day be enough for a deposit on a new venue. He sent his wife and children out of state to stay with her parents, and is currently living with his younger brother.

If he wins the fight, then he will panic about having beaten up a white man and plead with the players to help him stay out of sight for a few days. He will also mention that the atmosphere in the town is getting worse and he has no intention of being the next lynching victim. If he starts talking about “The Lady,” he comments on her red lips, and what a “classy” woman she is, “the sort of lady that can really have an impact on a community.”

Street Preaching: Main Street in Tulsa is a popular place for pastors who subscribe to the efficacy of street evangelism to give their sermons in public. This summer, this has become a daily occurrence, and the preachers are delivering sermons with themes of justice and perseverance (on the African-American side) and being the “chosen people of God” with accompanying entitlement (on the white).

While going about their business, the investigators should come across one of the local black preachers giving a sermon to a small crowd. Across the way, there is a new, white preacher speaking to a much larger crowd. There is a beautiful woman standing very still next to his makeshift stage, smiling away. The sermon starts out sounding fairly ordinary, but if the investigators stay to listen, they will begin to hear phrases that are not so Christian. Things like “punish the wrongdoer

with blood and fire”; “drive out and destroy even the rumor of impurity” and “avenge insults to the faith with glorious retribution” abound. The crowd is murmuring in agreement.

If the investigators do nothing, the crowd will soon become a small mob, putting any black people within range in danger. Each should form their own opinion of “The Lady,” which should be both consistent and inconsistent. All will agree that she is beautiful, alluring and has striking red lips. Beyond that, if they compare notes about what she looked like, their recollections may well vary, prompting their suspicions. She may, in particular, strike people as older than Pastor Thornton, which should strike them as odd.

Hettie Lewis is in the crowd, but does not come forward immediately. The investigators may encounter her later at community events (see below), or if she hears tell that they are trying to help, she may find them.

Pastor Thornton: As described above, Pastor Thornton is the latest stooge of the Lady. He is a tall, good-looking young man in his late twenties, with the kind of voice that sounds like it was made for the pulpit. He does not know that his wife is an eldritch horror, but he does know that she is clever and devoted to the “cause of the white man.” He takes her advice on his sermons, and hopes to bring back the days where (in his words) “the impudent” understood their place. He secretly misses his previous fiancée, but the new one believes in him more strongly than Violet ever did, and he’s married her now. He cannot go back on that easily. He is generally friendly (at first) to white people, until he realizes that they may be opposed to his viewpoint. Then he avoids them. He is stunned at any black people bold enough to confront him or speak to him in anything but the most servile manner, and only interacts with them as one would a presumptuous, supposed inferior.

A Wounded Woman: Tabitha Kent, a maid at the Thornton’s household, is found limping home by the investigators. She insists that she fell down the stairs at work, but it is obvious that this is just a cover story: she doesn’t want any hassle. However, she will ask for some help to get home, even if it is just an arm to lean on. When she gets there, her older sister Mary will immediately exclaim that this is the second time this happened, and if something does not change, she will go to the police about the Thorntons. The two women proceed to argue the pros and cons of this (pros: the authorities will know something is happening and may investigate; cons: the police are almost all white and will likely not care very much). If the investigators do nothing, there will be a third incident later that lands Tabitha in the hospital (they can press her for more information at that time instead if they choose).

The younger of the Kent sisters, Tabitha is a mild-mannered woman who simply wants a quiet life. She lost her fiancé in the massacre last year, and has never really recovered since. All that she has is her job at the Thorntons’ house; without it, she does not know how she will survive. She wanted to be a jazz singer once, but never made it further than the church choir. If the investigators can get her to trust them, she can become

a useful source of information, and can even smuggle them into the Thorntons' house if they are discrete and careful. Tabitha's perception of "The Lady" mentions (as always) her ruby lips and great beauty, but she sees her as a reflection of her assertive older sister. Tabitha realizes (in part due to her own filter) that "The Lady" is really in charge in the Thorntons' household.

The Saturday Night Fish Fry: Prohibition recently came into place, so one of the few legal opportunities for socializing is the fried fish night at the temporary church that has been set up near Greenwood. If he is not in hiding, Arnie Jones will be there, bruised but otherwise all right. The fish fry has become the new place to hear local gossip and rumors in the African-American community, many of which are not pleasant.

If the investigators hang around here, they will quickly hear people discussing the unusual rash of violent incident happening uptown between different white folks, and how the neighborhood around the new church is even more of a "no-go zone" than before.

Ray Parkinson: Ray used to be a waiter in Greenville, but he is now working in the kitchens at Judge Ralph Garland's house. On Saturdays, he is front of house at the fish fry. He knows everybody who is anybody in town,

white or black. Judge Garland throws a lot of parties for the white upper and middle classes, and Ray has served a lot of influential people their champagne. He can also confirm that Pastor Thornton's congregation are acting strangely hostile, including to one another, and yet the wife is adored by everybody—even the other pastors' wives, which is very unusual. He can also point the investigators in the direction of other important NPCs.

The Speakeasy: This is the less legal place to come to find out more about what is happening in the black community. Hidden in the basement of a burnt-out shop is the local speakeasy, serving homemade alcohol and the occasional smuggled bottle for special occasions. It is almost exclusively a male establishment, but the occasional woman is not unheard of (though if anyone in her circles found out, it would be a quiet but large scandal). The only woman who is not out of place is Caroline, the owner's wife. Usually, her appearance means that she is about to herd all of the men off of her husband's property. White people are never seen in this place, and any who show up are viewed with great suspicion.

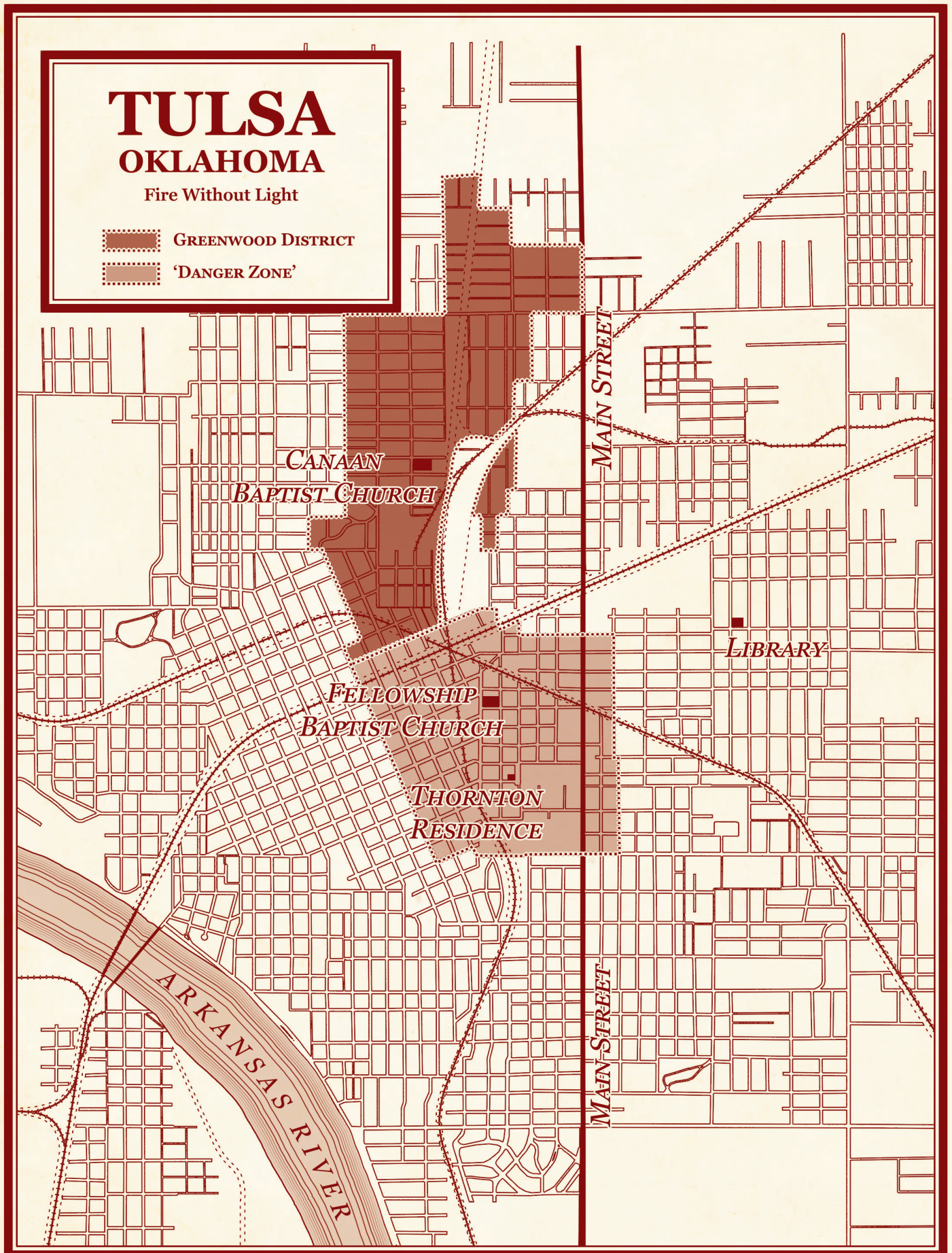
Danny Cooper, the proprietor, used to own The Blackberry, the bar that Ray Parkinson used to work

at, and refused to give up his trade just because the government said so. He converted the bar into a shop, but the cellar remained full. It just has some additional tweaks so that it will pass any impromptu inspections. Since his shop was destroyed, he has been drinking more, much to the dismay of his long-suffering wife Caroline. They have been scraping by with her work as a seamstress and what he can earn shining shoes and running messages, but he is getting on in years and his knees are not what they once were. Still, he gets to see a lot of the city, and can report that the neighborhood around the Thorntons' church is getting very tense.

INTERVIEWS OF PERSONS INVOLVED IN VIOLENT INCIDENTS

If the investigators are able to gain the trust of the NPCs (Persuade or Charm checks, with a bonus die if they are someone that they would naturally confide in, such as a pastor or prominent member of their own community), they may obtain valuable information about the source of the violence beyond what can be gained initially. Note that people tend to talk about their perceptions of "The Lady" almost involuntarily if her name comes up; no roll is needed and those





perceptions are summarized, accordingly, along with the incidents if the investigators would have interacted with them at that time:

Arnie Jones, attacked randomly by Carl Allen:

- △ Still shaken after his encounter with Carl Allen, Arnie will be babbling on about how strange it was for Carl to even be in that part of town.
- △ It is almost as if he was deliberately looking for a fight, even though he had always been known as one of the white people who is fairly safe to be around.
- △ Carl seemed to be a completely different person; others in the community will agree.
- △ If the investigators roleplay well, Arnie will also mention that he thought he saw someone else standing in the shadows, watching—a woman, he thinks. (This may lead into him sharing, or re-sharing, his impressions of “The Lady”).

Hettie Lewis, one of the witnesses to the almost-riot at Main Street after Pastor Thornton gave one of his public sermons. She will only come forward later, once she concludes that the investigators can be trusted:

- △ She barely got away in time. The mainly white

crowd had begun to look around angrily, looking for a target for their newly “righteous” fury, and she and some of her friends were right in their line of sight.

- △ It will be difficult to get Hettie to recall specific details of what happened, as she will keep diverting the conversation into political talk about injustice and how she cannot bear to swallow it any longer, and begin to discuss tactics for direct action or how the oppression of black people ties into wider theories of anti-capitalism.
- △ In between attempts to recruit the players into a protest action, she may reveal that there was something strange about the “The Lady” and the way she smiled; her mouth seemed a little bigger than it should be for the size of her face. She agrees that she is quite beautiful and self-possessed, and finds herself blurting out admiration for how “in control” she seems to be. This is at odds with the demure or motherly impression many others have of her.
- △ When things started to really kick off, she thought she saw something happen to the woman’s face—but then she was running, and

“couldn’t pay much attention to another white lady.”

Tabitha Kent, maid in the Thorntons’ household:

- △ The players won’t get much from her at all if they try to ask her about the Thorntons. She just wants to keep her head down and not get involved in any violence, protests, or actions—none of it.
- △ To get her to really open up, the players will have to earn her trust. This can be done with offering to repair something in the house that she shares with her sister, talking to her about music (particularly jazz), or commiserating with her about the death of her fiancé. If this is done, Tabitha will say that Mrs. Thornton treats her as well as can be expected, but that she has a rule about not being disturbed in her room without warning: Tabitha *always* has to knock, even if she doesn’t think anybody is in there.
- △ This makes her think that maybe there is something being hidden in there. Also, there are no mirrors for some reason, at all, anywhere in the house. They had to be removed when the Thorntons moved in.



△ Regarding Pastor Thornton, she will note that he listens to his wife a lot more than most husbands might; they talk like equals, and he often takes her advice on his sermons. She hears him practicing them, and they always seem more extreme after he has run them past his wife.

Interview: Danny Cooper, domestic worker in the Thornton's neighborhood:

△ He gets a lot of his work down in the Thorntons' neighborhood, so he hears a lot of gossip and sees lots of things when the white folk forget that he is there. He is not usually a very talkative fellow, but a few drinks will loosen him up.

△ He has seen more and more fighting going on over the smallest of problems—who was there first in a queue, or which person bumped into the other. These are respectable people who normally would just let things slide; clerks, lawyers, accountants. He thinks it is very odd, and probably dangerous for the black community. It will not take long for them to start feeling the effects of it. And that new pastor is not helping any.

△ In fact, the strangest thing that he has noticed is that Mrs. Thornton is often around when these fights are happening—never getting involved, just watching and smiling. This “gives him the creeps.”

RESEARCH: MYTHS, LEGENDS, AND PRIOR SIMILAR INCIDENTS

There is not much of a library left in what remains of Greenwood, but there are plenty of people who carry knowledge in their heads. Alternatively, the players can use the main town library, but it is segregated - and of course, the good stuff will inevitably be in the “whites only” section.

Finding Knowledgeable People: Professor Gabriel Summer is a historian who went to and later taught history at Howard University. He moved to Tulsa to work at the HBCU in nearby Langston (then known as “Oklahoma Coloured Agricultural and Normal University”), since the community was flourishing. His plans to advance the school were derailed by the 1921 massacre, but he is a stubborn man and refuses to give up on his dream. For him, all it means is that he has to work a bit harder. He is well-known in the community, and attends church every week.

Professor Summer specializes in history of conflicts, particularly civil insurrections, throughout history, and managed to preserve a great deal of his research (including books, journals and photographs). If the investigators seek him out, he is more than happy to help (though very skeptical if they mention that they suspect a supernatural element). As far as he is concerned, humans do enough damage without people inventing monsters. However, once they have him looking for mentions of a strange woman, he will begin to find them—he has never

really looked for this before. His papers are superior to those at his university's small library.

Professor Summer is able to find mentions of a strange but beautiful blonde woman all over the world, but especially in the United States, from Bloody Monday and the 1884 Cincinnati riots to more recent events such as the Elaine Race Riot in 1919. On a Library Use roll, the players can uncover old photographs of these riots and their aftermaths, with a woman in the background. Her face is different each time, but her smile is very distinctive and the same as that of “The Lady.”

If the investigators ask him for good local sources on myths and legends, he suggests that the best would be the theological section at the University of Tulsa.

Charlotte Healy: Ms. Healy is the church secretary for the Canaan Baptist Church and keeps its records. These include not only of the history of the Canaan Baptist Church, but records of the official minutes from the wider National Baptist Convention. She and Pastor Jones are both extremely wary of the Thorntons, and have raised complaints about them to the Convention which have gone unanswered.

Pastor Jones has left it at that for now, but Charlotte is much more determined. She has been trying to dig up dirt on the two of them, but has not been able to find very much. In her opinion, that is just even more suspicious. Though Pastor Thornton has gone through a fairly typical route, including records of his time at seminary, Mrs. Thornton simply appears one day. Charlotte can find no birth records or known family for her not even a fixed address before she married the Pastor. She has also noted that in their previous neighborhood, there were several violent crimes—including murders—which all happened after Mrs. Thornton appeared, and stopped once they left.

Charlotte's thoughts lean far more towards mundane theories like secret Communist spies than an actual monster, but she will happily share everything she knows if the investigators will also tell her anything that they have found out so she can add it to her dossier. If the investigators will not share information, Ms. Healy will politely but firmly withdraw her help and opinions (other than her opinion that the Thorntons are definitely bad news).

THE SEGREGATED LIBRARY

The University of Tulsa had formed at its present location and opened its library by 1920, but in 1922 is a segregated institution. This is ironic given its origin as a Presbyterian-founded primary school for girls from the Creek nation, and its development as an educational system for the Creek people. Nonetheless, that is the state of affairs in 1922.

There is a reference section in the theological section of the library that has some useful occult books. In order to have much luck, the investigators will need to be looking for information about female mythological figures who appear differently to different viewers, always as something they respect or admire. With this research goal, a Library Use check unearths the following sources:

Violence And Those Who Worship It, by P. R. Brooks: This book contains a reference to a nameless goddess worshipped in Classical-era Thrace. To say her name was, her worshippers contended, death, and while she would appear to worshippers in “pleasant guises,” no one could stand to look upon her true face. Each time that her worship bubbled to the surface, there was a rebellion, massacre or vicious attack that coincided with it. There are references to her, not by any proper name, such as “the maw,” “the hunger,” and “the feeding.” The goddess is always accompanied by a male high priest.

The Dangerous Feminine: A Demonology, by Dr C. Jeremy: Dr Jeremy gives a rundown of many of the typical female demons and monsters, and speculates that there is some external, unknown force that is bringing them into being. He notes many of the same incidents as P. R. Brooks, but addresses it from a non-skeptical angle, theorizing that these various demons are all the same monster. He makes much of the fact that when there are stories of this woman being defeated, it is by revealing her true form with a mirror. This is because like her worshippers, she cannot stand the sight of her true face, either.

Mob Rule And Chaotic Deities, by L. St. Clair: Religion and mob mentality are explored in this book, as well as how easily people can be goaded into violence. St. Clair also postulates that there is a form of magic, operating through the collective unconscious, that occurs when a large number of people are together, all thinking the same thing, and that this is where so many spirits, demons and stories about goddesses of strife and discord actually come from. Again, he mentions similar incidents as the other two, but further notes that they all occurred when there was already profound tension between different groups. An excerpt from St. Clair's book follows as Fire Without Light, Investigator Handout #1.

Getting In To The Library: Unless an investigator can get into a segregated library openly, the investigators will have to bluff or sneak their way in. Possibilities include:

Asking The Junior Librarian: Ralph McCallister is a nervous young man in his twenties with a stutter. His boss is Mrs. Laura Reynolds, a sharp-eyed and surprisingly shrill lady who knows exactly what fines everybody owes and can tell if a book has been misplaced from a hundred yards.

Ralph is terrified of her (most people are). He played no role in the massacre last year and was privately sickened by all the violence. He is sympathetic towards the black community, but does not have the courage to speak up. He knows this and is quietly ashamed, but feels that it would be pointless for him to do anything, especially with the Thorntons becoming more popular nowadays. This leaves quite a few ways for the players to get him on their side with a successful Persuade check. They can offer to distract Mrs. Reynolds while Ralph slips out early in return for his help; they can play on his sympathies and guilt trip him; or they can assure him that by getting them the books that they want, he is making up for his past inaction. A Hard Persuade check has Ralph check the books out to himself and “lend”

FIRE WITHOUT LIGHT, INVESTIGATOR HANDOUT #1:

*An Excerpt From Mob
Rule And Chaotic
Deities, by L. St. Clair*

"The Lady" of ancient times was an unusual goddess, whose worship waxed and waned with the ebb and flow of civil unrest. She had no proper name, scholars of antiquity tell us, for a number of reasons. She appeared differently to those who saw her, sometimes in different places at the same time, and no one could agree on what her name should be. The very subject resulted in violence. All could only agree that her smile was wicked; her food, the suffering of others; and her face, beautiful but always changing. But many of the myths that surrounded her find parallels in those of other ancient goddesses of strife and discord: how she would foment violence; how her ways were subtle; and how, like violence itself, she will always be with us. Like many such goddesses, she could only be undone by forcing her to see herself for what she was: empty and hollow.

them to the players; a simple Persuade check will get him to look the other way against a break in or disguise-based operation with plausible deniability.

Breaking in? No one guards the library, but it is in the well-off white section of town, and there is a burglar alarm. It closes at 9 P.M. There is also a regular police patrol around the area, but they walk down the street only every thirty to forty-five minutes. Getting caught would mean jail for the night at least, as well as a potential beating. The alarm would have to be disabled (a few well-placed rocks would do it) and it would be a good idea to

have a lookout. If the players have Ralph on their side, then he can leave a door unlocked and/or "forget" to set the alarm. A successful Stealth check results in a break in going undetected, with a bonus die if Ralph is cooperating.

Subterfuge? The library may be segregated, but it would be no surprise to anyone to have black "cleaners" coming in. The investigators could try to disguise themselves as maintenance or janitorial staff and either read or steal the books that they are looking for, but this is risky. If caught, they will be in a great deal of trouble, and any links that they have built up with the black community will be a lot shakier, as few people will want to be noted as an accomplice. Again, with Ralph's help, this could all go a lot more smoothly. (A Disguise check with a bonus die, two if Ralph is cooperating, succeeds in getting into the library long enough to swipe the books).

TIMELINE

Absent actions to disrupt events by the investigators, "The Lady" and her human accomplices incite a second Tulsa Massacre as follows. Note that the reaction of law enforcement is largely passive until an actual riot breaks out. When it does, they are complicit: they fight fires and try to protect public buildings and white-owned property, but do not risk their lives to get in the middle of all-out violence. They may approach the white mob and urge them to calm down or not use fire, but under the psychic goading of "The Lady," the mob even turns on the police.

June 7th: The inciting incident (whatever event you choose to spark the players into action) occurs. The

investigators can get involved or not, but regardless, this event is what begins the momentum of the next massacre.

The investigators can: begin to research; ask around the town for more witnesses of what happened, and begin to get an idea of how the Thorntons are influencing the atmosphere of the city.

June 8th: Smaller instances of violence begin to occur. Hostility towards the black community (including the investigators) begins to rise. Tension is in the air. Rebecca Thornton is seeing walking around without her husband, but nobody thinks to question her. She acts as if she owns the place. The Judge has a dinner party this evening, at which the Thorntons are guests (and hence, away from their home).

The investigators are likely to: break into the church and find the upcoming sermon; enter the Thorntons' house; and/or get a better idea of what they are dealing with in the library.

June 9th: Hettie Lewis and Pastor Jones both begin to prepare for obviously imminent violence in their own ways. Hettie gathers a group of young people to be on their guard and set up their own patrols of the black neighborhood, ready to warn of any approaching mobs. Many of Hettie's group are armed to protect themselves if necessary.

Pastor Jones, by contrast, quietly begins to stockpile supplies in the church, including large amounts of water, blankets, food, and medical equipment. Both of them know what the other is doing, and leave each other to it. Both methods are necessary. Again, Rebecca Thornton is seen all over the city—sometimes multiple places at the same time. (SAN loss for this realization is 0/1 if it

Mob Rule And Chaotic Deities ~ 12

"The Lady" of ancient times was an unusual goddess, whose worship waxed and waned with the ebb and flow of civil unrest. She had no proper name, scholars of antiquity tell us, for a number of reasons. She appeared differently to those who saw her, sometimes in different places at the same time, and no one could agree on what her name should be. The very subject resulted in violence. All could only agree that her smile was wicked; her food, the suffering of others; and her face, beautiful but always changing. But many of the myths that surrounded her find parallels in those of other ancient goddesses of strife and discord: how she would foment violence; how her ways were subtle; and how, like violence itself, she will always be with us. Like many such goddesses, she could only be undone by forcing her to see herself for what she was: empty and hollow.

can be confirmed. If someone sees her in two places at once, say with the aid of binoculars from a high place, then SAN loss is 1/1D3).

June 10th: Pastor Thornton holds a closed-door service in his church, giving the congregation a time and place to meet the following evening. Then they will go about “putting things right” and arranging society how they think it should be. His wife nods in the front row.

Pastor Jones holds a parallel service on justice, righteousness, and faith. He believes in deliverance and mercy, but he exhorts everybody to be on their guard as he can feel that they will soon be tested.

The Judge has a dinner party this evening, at which the Thorntons are guests (and hence, away from their home).

June 11th: The whole of the Thorntons’ congregation creeps out at night, aiming to reclaim “their” city and (to their way of thinking) “teach the black community a lesson.” They are met by Hettie’s activist force, and soon there is open gunfire again in the streets. The civilians run to the church and are mostly protected there, but anyone lingering outside is caught. In the shadows, “The Lady” appears (in several places at once), drinking in the violence and hatred. The City of Tulsa burns and the violence spreads from there.

SNOOPING AROUND THE THORNTONS’ CHURCH OR HOME

There are two main places that can be broken into, either looking for clues or to confront the Thorntons: their church or their home.

The Thorntons’ Church: The front doors are very sturdy, and anyone trying to gain surreptitious entrance would need either the keys—which Pastor Thornton keeps on his person—or a battering ram. However, the side door can quite easily be kicked in (though it is also locked). The church is open between 8 A.M. and 9 P.M., so the players can attempt to sneak in (Stealth check) during these hours. However, remember that this is a white-only church which is increasingly racist and dangerous; the players should have a plan or an excuse if they are caught. They are likely to be beaten, arrested for trespassing, or both if caught, barring a Fast Talk or Hard Persuade check.

The Pastor’s office will also be locked, but the lock can be jimmied or picked (or, again, broken into). Inside, the investigators will find many papers of draft sermons, all of which are virulently racist, and all of which have corrections (making them even more racist and violent) in someone else’s handwriting. There is also a packet of letters in the bottom drawer of the desk: this is correspondence between Pastor Thornton and other preachers on the importance of racial superiority and how to put the black populace “back in their place.” He praises his wife often, and credits her with many of his turns of phrase. They will also find his next sermon: one in which he tells his congregation that it is time to take “their city” back.

Finally, they will also find a battered picture of a brunette woman who is definitely not Mrs. Thornton. The writing on the back says “From your loving future

wife Violet, August 1917.”

The Thorntons’ Residence: The easiest way to get in here unobserved is to gain the cooperation to Tabitha Kent or Ray Parkinson, both of whom work in the area, and engage in a little subterfuge.

Tabitha will refuse to help at first, but can be Persuaded if she is assured that there is no way she can be caught. One of the best ways to do it is to have her help in a way which can be easily disguised as accidental or unable to be pinned on her (such as leaving a window open or a key in the wrong place). If Mary is around, she will push her sister into doing it as well—she will say that it is time for Tabitha to stand up for herself, even in this small way.

Note that if the Thorntons are at home during the buildup to the riot, there will be roughly a dozen of their parishioners (armed) about, at all hours of the day and night, making plans or receiving instructions. Out and out burglary is unlikely to succeed here as a result. Waiting for the Thorntons to go out, or devising a ruse for needing to be inside (repairs, substitute help) is much more likely to succeed.

Ray is not in a position to help them gain access personally, but he will tell the players when Judge Garland is throwing his next party (and it will be a big one). The Thorntons are guaranteed to go, giving the investigators a chance to poke around while they are out. Ray can also pass the word around that they are to be trusted, as the players are not the only ones concerned about what is happening in this neighborhood.

A Spot Hidden (or looking for them) notes that there are no mirrors in the common areas of the house. There is one in Pastor Thornton’s room, but everywhere else there are signs that wall mounted ones have been removed and replaced with pictures, hat racks, or other wall covers.

In Pastor Thornton’s room, the players will find a box under the bed. If opened, it contains further mementoes of Violet Galworthy, including the newspaper clippings about her mysterious, untimely death (what was she doing on that bridge in the middle of the night)? There are also several letters which reveal that they were engaged. The articles about her death mention that a cloaked woman was seen in the area, but never came forward.

In Rebecca’s room, there are no mirrors at all, just like Tabitha said. Most of the room holds nothing out of the ordinary for a middle-class woman in the 1920s, except for a false panel in the wardrobe (Spot Hidden check). Behind this panel is a single hooded cloak. If an investigator puts it on, it will become evident that the cloak completely hides the face; more than hides it, in fact. It is as if a veil of darkness falls between the hood and the person wearing it. Light cannot penetrate it. If someone wore this, nobody would be able to tell who they were. SAN loss is 0/1. “The Lady” will quickly find it missing, and if the investigators cannot fit the pieces together, allow an Idea roll to suggest that “The Lady” eliminated Violet to get into Pastor Thornton’s circle.

The attic holds only Christmas decorations, and a window where one can see the whole street. There is

also a clear way down from this window to the back garden, which would be useful if someone wanted to get out of the house unseen. It looks like someone has used it recently: tiles are scuffed and the window has been left a little ajar.

In the basement, there is a cache of weapons: rifles, machetes, clubs, etc. Somebody has been stockpiling them.

DEFEATING “THE LADY”

Confronting “The Lady” with violence or attempts at restraint are ultimately unsuccessful. She may seem to be harmed or subdued, but she can vanish and reappear in the blink of an eye, elsewhere. Indeed, she is often—when violence is ongoing—manifesting several places at once, watching from the shadows and drinking in the strife.

There are two ways in which “The Lady” can be meaningfully impeded. One is to somehow not only get, but to confront, Pastor Thornton with the evidence that she murdered his prior fiancée, Violet. The evidence is not damning, but it is suggestive, especially if he is confronted by her cloak. He does not recognize the cloak, and she smiles and tries to deflect if confronted. An argument breaks out and he becomes suspicious of “The Lady.” Nonetheless, the seeds of doubt are sown, and what is scheduled to become an out-and-out destruction of Tulsa becomes a still awful, but not quite-so-apocalyptic, mob scene.

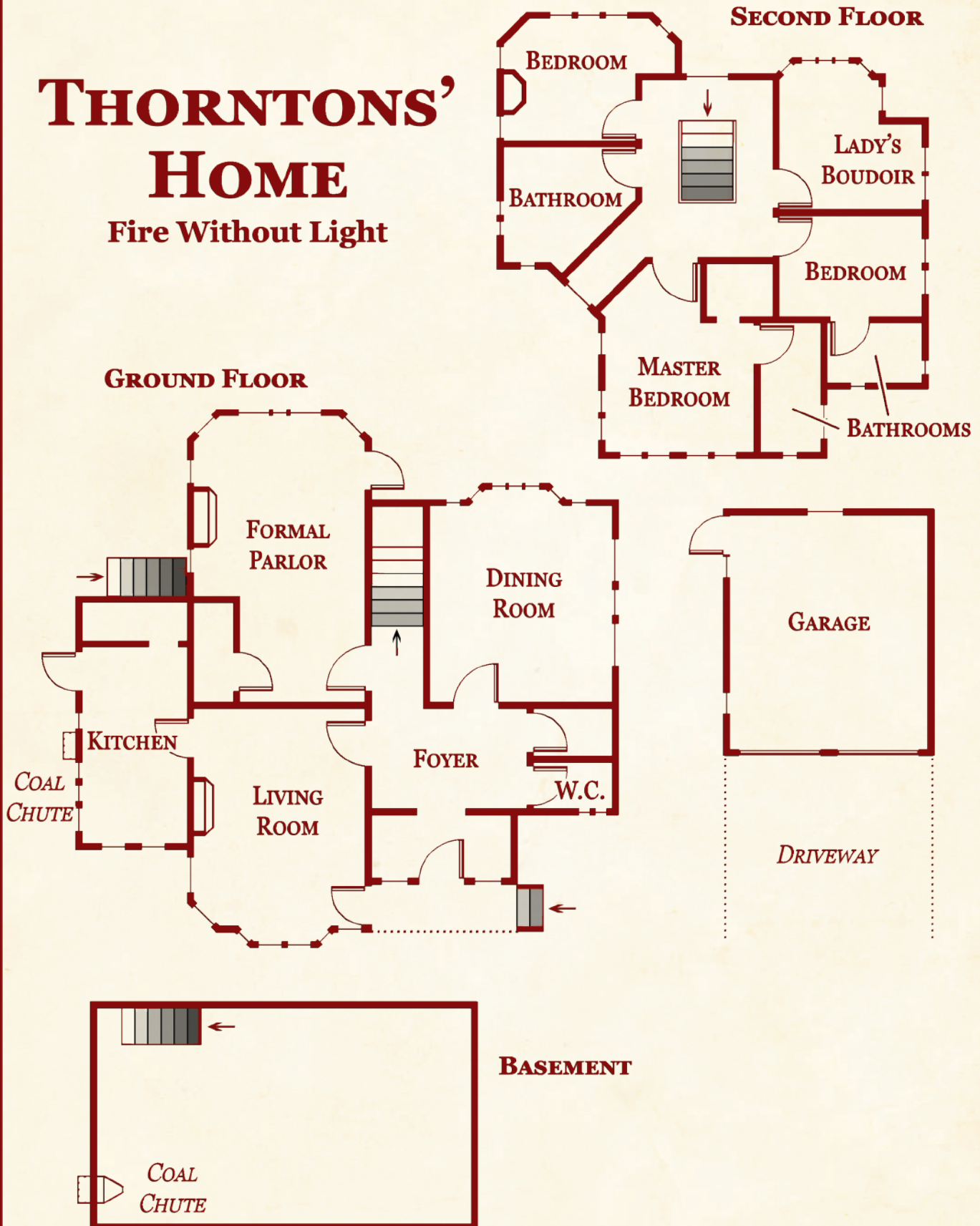
Far more effective is to confront her in public—where she cannot just fade away—and capture her image in a mirror. This completely breaks her spell, as she stands revealed as she truly is: a ravaging thing with a gaping, razor-toothed, rasping maw where her face should be. This could be accomplished effectively at the Judge’s dinner party if the investigators can infiltrate the soiree. Indeed, a silver serving platter will do the job. Once revealed, she vanishes for good, resulting in a room or street full of SAN losses and a panicked stampede. It also undermines Pastor Thornton (who flees town) and quashes anyone’s interest in being anywhere than safe in their own homes or in church.

REWARDS AND REPERCUSSIONS

- ▲ Saving an identified NPC from violence gains the investigators +1D3 SAN. Abandoning one to a beating (or worse) costs -1D3 SAN.
- ▲ Forcing “The Lady” to leave Tulsa completely gains +1D8 SAN.
- ▲ Undermining Pastor Thornton’s faith in “The Lady” and thereby mitigating the ensuing massacre gains +1D4 SAN.
- ▲ If a second Tulsa Massacre breaks out, the investigators lose -1D6 SAN.

THORNTONS' HOME

Fire Without Light





CARL ALLEN

Age 25, Accountant On A Rampage

STR 50 **CON** 40 **SIZ** 40 **INT** 65 **POW** 50
DEX 60 **APP** 55 **EDU** 60 **SAN** 45
LUCK 50 **HP** 8 **MP** 10 **MOVE** 9 **BUILD** 0

NATIONALITY: American

DAMAGE BONUS: 0

EDUCATION: High School plus accounting internship.

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 50% (25/10), damage 1D3 +DB. He is quick to pick up an improvised weapon at hand (1D6), and does not stop unless beaten down to unconsciousness. Dodge 72% (36/14)

SKILLS: Intimidate 40%, Sneak Attack From Behind With Chunk Of Masonry After Fight Has Already Been Broken Up 99%.

DEFENSES: None.

NOTES: Not normally the angriest man in town, and far from the biggest, Carl is just looking for a fight under the psychic goading of "The Lady."

PASTOR THORNTON

Age 29, Highly Racist Preacher

STR 60 **CON** 60 **SIZ** 60 **INT** 60 **POW** 65
DEX 80 **APP** 70 **EDU** 55 **SAN** 50
LUCK 65 **HP** 12 **MP** 13 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

EDUCATION: High School plus seminary.

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 40% (20/8), damage 1D3 +DB; Firearms (Shotgun), pump action 12-gauge shotgun, 40%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6, Base Range 10/20/50, Rate of Fire 1, 5 shots, HP 9, Malfunction 00. Dodge 50% (25/10)

SKILLS: Fast Talk 40%, Listen 40%, Lore (Religion) 40%, Persuade 50%, Spot Hidden 40%, Throw 55%

DEFENSES: None.

NOTES: Although he has not been in physical combat since he was a teenager, Pastor Thornton burns with religious fervor. He is sure that he will go down in history for helping to "rescue the white race," so he may act recklessly. However, if the investigators figure out that "The Lady" killed Violet Galworthy, and manage to get that through to the Pastor, he will stop fighting to go and confront her.

TYPICAL THORNTON MOB MEMBER

Age varies

STR 60 **CON** 60 **SIZ** 60 **INT** 55 **POW** 55
DEX 55 **APP** 55 **EDU** 40 **SAN** 50
LUCK 55 **HP** 12 **MP** 11 **MOVE** 7 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 50% (25/10), damage 1D3 +DB. Most will be armed with a mishmash of readily at hand weapons such as clubs (1D6 +DB) or large knives (1D4 +DB). Many will be wielding torches at night. A sizeable minority will have firearms, such as: Colt New Service .45 ACP, 40% (20/8), damage 1D10+2, Range 15, Rate of Fire 1(2), 6 shots, 8 HP, Malfunction 00; Winchester Model 06 pump action rifle, .22LR, 40%, damage 1D6+1, Base Range 40, Rate of Fire 2(3), 11+1 shots, HP 9, Malfunction 98-00; Pump action 12-gauge shotgun, 40%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6, Base Range 10/20/50, Rate of Fire 1, 5 shots, HP 9, Malfunction 00. Dodge 50% (25/10)

SKILLS: Listen 40%, Spot Hidden 40%, Throw 25%

DEFENSES: None.

NOTES: It is important to note that people in a mob incited by The Lady are not brainwashed. They have been radicalized and provoked, but they are not under her control. This means that they will not just throw themselves into any fight without a sense of self-preservation, but they are still vicious. The full congregation has a few hundred people in it, but they will soon split up into groups of about half a dozen. If one of them is seriously hurt, they react as mobs typically react: they fight back if they think they can win, or back off and regroup, now even angrier, if not.

"THE LADY"

Age: Countless Millennia
Goddess of Violence

STR 90 **CON** 100 **SIZ** 50 **INT** 90 **POW** 100
DEX 90 **APP** 90 **EDU** N/A **SAN** N/A
LUCK N/A **HP** 18 **MP** 20 **MOVE** 9 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Vicious Bite: 95% (47/19), damage 1D6 +DB. When "The Lady" chooses to bite, all façade is dropped. Her face opens up like a snake dislocating its jaws, revealing a basketball-sized maw full of razor-sharp teeth. Anyone bitten by "The Lady" is driven temporarily insane with manic rage, unless they succeed in a Hard POW check.

Dodge 70% (35/14)

SKILLS: Any Language 100%, Charm 90%, Listen 70%, Spot Hidden 70%, Stealth 70%.

DEFENSES: Immune to all forms of damage, normal or magical, although she seems to suffer damage normally. If seemingly reduced to zero hit points, then she disappears, only to reappear elsewhere that violence is being perpetrated, none the worse for wear, as soon as a few minutes later. The only way to get rid of her for a lengthy amount of time is to capture her image in a reflective surface, such as a mirror. This reveals her true face to all present. At the Keeper's option, certain spells may also thwart or dismiss her. She is capable of being in multiple places where violence is being plotted or perpetrated,

at the same time.

SPELLS: None.

SAN LOSS: 1D3/1D10 SAN to see "The Lady" with her true face. 0/1D6 SAN to see "The Lady" vanish when "killed" or captured.

NOTES: "The Lady" appears differently to different people, which should provoke suspicion. She is always beautiful, with full red lips, and reminiscent of a woman the viewer admires or trusts. People who have been exposed to her semi-consciously find themselves talking about their impressions of her, whenever she is mentioned. She possesses a cloak which can hide her face entirely through magical means.





INTRODUCTION AND OVERVIEW

Spring thaw has started in the scrappy logging capital of Bangor, Maine. It is late March of 1923. This year's winter was especially bitter, especially long, and full of foreboding events. For tens of thousands of lumberjacks working the unforgiving wilderness of the state's North Woods, the breakup of river ice signals a new phase of a grueling cycle. The workers, mostly Irish and French-Canadian immigrants, must now risk life and limb on the raging meltwater of the Penobscot River, driving logs downstream from remote lumber camps into Bangor for hewing, milling, and shipping. This year, though, dark forces are gathering, and tragedy has already cast a shadow over the season.

About three weeks ago, two deadly logjam accidents sent 16 men to icy river graves. Their deaths pushed waves of grief and outrage through the logging community, sparking protests, calls for unionization, and an uptick in street brawls. New rumors have started to float around Bangor's rough-hewn waterfront neighborhoods: of curses and demons, of bloody omens and witchcraft. Some are saying that the "Frenchies" awakened something unholy in the woods that stalked them downstream to Bangor. Others dismiss the stories as more ignorance and superstition from the Catholic immigrants.

For generations, just a handful of wealthy so-called "lumber barons" or "kings" have controlled the state's lumber and pulp industry. They have prospered from miserable and deadly working conditions, wielding near-monarchical power and impunity. Things have recently started to change. In recent years, the state repealed a "peonage" system that allowed barons to treat lumberjacks like indentured servants, forcing them into a spiral of debt to pay for their own equipment, and throwing them in jail for walking off the job. When workers and activists challenged the peonage law, lumber barons wrote anonymous messages to newspapers, claiming only a scant few had ever been prosecuted under that law, and wrote in an anonymous editorial that the crews were made up of "foreigners and the scum of Boston," most of whom were unfit for hard work.

That law was scuttled in 1917, and now workers are starting to demand safer and more humane conditions in the lumber camps, coordinating with others across the labor movement. The lumber barons are pushing

back with an aggressive drive to discredit "complainers" and maintain the status quo.

Infection loves an open wound. The Ku Klux Klan has seized the opportunity to win allies and inflame fear and resentment against foreign-born workers. Maine becomes a key battleground in the Klan's surging nationwide revival. A failed stage magician and hypnotist by the name of Eugene Farnsworth declares himself "King Kleagle," or head Klan recruiter, for the Pine Tree State. He wages a statewide campaign of hate against Catholic immigrants, insisting that the right to govern Maine belongs to "America for Americans," meaning the white, Anglo-Protestant majority. In Bangor, recruiting has gone well. Farnsworth has gathered an inner circle of well-placed supporters in the community, and construction has started on a huge meeting house for the Klan.

Rumors of strange nocturnal attacks and gruesome incidents against Catholic workers and their families have upset the immigrant community. Police have dismissed the incidents as superstition, hysteria, or petty infighting. The attacks are worsening. Investigators must dig up what they can about the supposed "Stillwater Curse" and try to stanch the tide of rising panic, or get to the root of what is happening and try to put an end to it before incidents escalate.

BACKGROUND AND KEEPER'S INFORMATION

The Stillwater Curse is part hoax and part real.

By the time that Farnsworth lands in Bangor, he is puffed up and strutting over a major victory in Portland, where he hosted a rally for tens of thousands of supporters that thronged City Hall. He quickly forms a fervent inner circle among stalwarts of the Protestant community, including doctors, lawyers, bankers, ministers, and lumber barons. Ever a showman, he charms them with acts of stage hypnotism and prestidigitation to drive his message home. Farnsworth lends an especially attentive ear to the woes of timber company owner Frederick Abbott, who has been fighting a movement to unionize employees in the timber industry.

The tragic logjams that caused the deaths of 16 river drivers two weeks ago were, in fact, nothing more or less than mundane accidents. This year brought

an unusually large and sudden death toll, but such accidents have claimed a handful of lives nearly every year. However, the scale of this tragedy has inflamed discontent among workers, renewing calls for collective bargaining, and putting Abbott and other lumber barons in an awkward position, unable to quash complaints during a time of grief.

Farnsworth is a master of manipulation and persuasion. In meetings with his close circle of Klan supporters, which he calls the Inner Lodge, he blames the accidents on immigrant workers who drink too hard and work hungover, lazy with discipline and careless with risks. Farnsworth was first to name the root of those tragedies a "Stillwater Curse," named after the site of one of the accidents, floated as a cruel joke to demonstrate ignorance and superstition of what he sees as the profane false religion of Catholicism. Soon, word of this "curse" ("Malédiction de Stillwater" in the language of the frequently French-Canadian workers) begins to circulate.

This is where Frederick Abbott's ardently nativist 20-year-old son, Samuel, picks up the torch. Samuel started out with a few "harmless" tricks, just to make the curse seem more real to the workers. A spatter of pig's blood in a docked bateau. A smear of gore on a widow's front door. The community is horrified. Samuel was thrilled. So little effort generates such exaggerated reactions. And it whets his appetite for more.

Samuel asks Farnsworth for advice on how to perform more spectacular sleight of hand and stage illusions. Farnsworth suspects what Samuel is doing, but tries to distance himself to maintain plausible deniability. Instead of giving advice or teaching tricks, he introduces Samuel to a Bangor book collector, Orban Scribner, whom he knows from his dealings in occult dabbling and stage magic.

Scribner is a semi-retired warlock and former member of a large coven of Shub-Niggurath worshipers based in Chesuncook, a lake town about 150 miles upstream from Bangor, at the northern headwaters of the Penobscot. He was cast out of the coven for insubordination, and is now ostracized, operating a bookstore in Bangor. Scribner lent Samuel a book of magic that purports to be the confessions of a medieval Spanish monk and charlatan who used bloody "stigmata" illusions and spectacles to bilk followers. But Scribner points out notes in the margins of the book that could

be translated to unlock encoded Mythos spells, and sets Samuel on a path of obsession and experiments that grow increasingly dangerous and costly. Samuel relishes the opportunity to put those strident Catholic agitators “back in their (supposed) place.” The apex of the book’s power is a spell to extract and summon a giant golem made of blood. Samuel is slowly unlocking the book’s secrets and creating a monstrous creature to wreak havoc in Bangor.

Until recently, the incidents had been confined to intimidation and harassment: a mausoleum filled with

blood; a statue crying red tears. But three days ago, an outspoken worker and union supporter, Gerard “Gerry” Oulette, fell to his death while stacking lumber on a riverside loading dock. He was found in an enormous pool of blood that covered the stack. Oulette’s death has sent shockwaves of fear through the community, and renewed fresh rumors of a curse. A priest with suspicions is asking investigators for help.

BANGOR, THE QUEEN CITY

Bangor is a tidal river town, lodged like a fishbone the gullet of the mighty Penobscot, about 60 miles from the coast at the end of navigable waters. The rough and tumble logging town of about 26,000 bustles with industry. Streets and squares near the river are thronged with workers: wood cutters, mill workers, stevedores, mariners, lumber barons, ice cutters, and all the commerce needed to support them. The city is divided into east and west by a tributary, the Kenduskeag Stream, which rages with milky meltwater during spring thaw. Four short bridges connect the two sides of the stream. Hills rise steeply from the banks of both arteries, like the stages of a great ziggurat. The town’s wealthy live in stately mansions high on the ridges, where they can see miles down to the river and toward the coast. Thronged of newly arrived workers live closer to the waterways. A pair of iron trestle bridges stretch across from Bangor to the smaller sister city of Brewer, which has a population of about 6,000.

Arriving in Bangor: Investigators “from away” may arrive by river, road, or rail. From the first week of May to the first week of October, when the river is not frozen over, visitors may take a paddle steamboat from Boston. Travelers pass up the coast through sheltered waters punctuated by hundreds of islands, entering the mouth of Penobscot Bay and wending up the wide estuary river for about 60 miles, finally sidling up to wide-planked commercial docks south of the Kenduskeag. From Boston to Bangor, steamer fares are \$6.50 round trip, or \$3.50 one-way. The Eastern Steamship Company runs steamers from Boston departing daily at 5:00 p.m., arriving the following day. Departures southbound from Bangor are at 2:00 p.m. There is no service on Sundays.

By road from Boston, Portland or other points south, drivers in the spring would likely follow coastal routes that are clear of snow earlier in the season. From Portland, the trip is a total of about 8 hours and usually broken between driving stints with an overnight in the seaside towns of Rockland or Belfast.

INVOLVING THE INVESTIGATORS

Local investigators may be professionals within the Catholic community of Bangor, church officials brought in to investigate strange occurrences, unsatisfied law enforcement, those tasked with quashing “curse” rumors, or activists rallying against the dark tide of Farnsworth’s hate rhetoric and the overall rise of the Klan in Maine. Whatever hooks each investigator, their first likely first stop is a priest who has spoken to police and others raising concerns in the community.

Pere Gilles Levesque, the priest of St. Anne’s Catholic Church in Bangor, contacts investigators to discuss recent events, and asks the group to look more closely at Oulette’s case. The church is an imposing brick structure with a cruciform plan and a stout, vaulted steeple with long dormer windows that look out from the top. Three sets of double doors open out from the front under stone lancet arches. Tall, stained glass windows peer down from the sides. The manicured church grounds end in a steep slope that drops down behind the building to the Kenduskeag Stream. Pere Levesque greets visitors warmly, with a smile that conveys gratitude and a tinge of urgency. He is fully bilingual and speaks English with French intonation. He invites the group inside to talk in a small parish office, offers them coffee and closes the door.

If the investigators do not already know details of Oulette’s accident from other sources, Levesque relays what he knows. Oulette was tying down a high stack of lumber on one of the floating docks near the Kenduskeag outlet. It was late afternoon and the sun was setting fast, but there was still ample light to work.

“FROM AWAY”

“From away” is a long-repeated term in Maine for people who were not born in the state. A person could be a near lifelong resident, having moved to Maine at the age of a toddler, and still be considered a transplant “from away.”

In contemporary times, this phrase is used to decry throngs of summer tourists who pour over the state’s borders to enjoy Maine’s natural beauty, or to deride non-residents who own land along the state’s rugged coast and forested wilderness, where multimillion-dollar mansions are only occupied during warm summer months, if ever. Historically, “from away,” was a convenient catch-all applied to those who import discordant views, such as those of eugenicists from New York, the less subtle brand of racism from the American South, or those who think car horns are megaphones for rage instead of a safety feature. Either way, the phrase it is clearly rooted in suspicion of outsiders, a way to decide what is and is not aligned with the essence of Maine.

Given the state’s long history of nativism and hostility against immigrant newcomers, the xenophobic context of this term should not be forgotten.

THE CAST OF THEY ARE FROM FAR AWAY

- ▲ **Frederick Abbott:** a lumber baron who has fallen in with the surging Klan establishing itself in Maine; Samuel Abbott’s father.
- ▲ **Samuel Abbott:** a highly nativist, 20-year-old who has been dabbling in the occult to lend credence to the “Stillwater Curse.”
- ▲ **Eugene Farnsworth:** a narcissistic stage magician and hypnotist who has established himself as “King Kleagle,” head recruiter for Maine’s chapter of the Klan. While he wants to terrorize the Catholic population, he also does not want to be demonstrably tied to anything that will result in prosecution or undermine his movement (such as “black magic”).
- ▲ **Orban Scribner:** warlock and ostracized

- culmist who could not care less about the flavor of one’s Christianity or ethnicity; he simply enjoys horror and chaos.
- ▲ **Gilles Levesque:** a French-Canadian Catholic priest who turns to the investigators for assistance.
- ▲ **Richard Plourde:** Maintenance worker at Pere Levesque’s church.
- ▲ **Gerard “Gerry” Oulette:** murdered French-Canadian dockworker.
- ▲ **Paul D’Aigle and Henri St. Pierre:** dockworkers in Bangor who witnessed the death of Oulette.
- ▲ **Joe Lagasse:** proprietor of The Bloody

Bucket, a French-Canadian dive bar and rumor source.

- ▲ **Elodie Cyr:** widow whose door was defaced with blood.
- ▲ **Faye Putnam:** madam of the Lavender House, a house of ill-repute and rumor source.
- ▲ **Karen Abbott:** wife of Frederick, mother of Samuel, and behind the scenes social organizer.
- ▲ **David Bass, Marcus Cutler, Helen Cutler, and Terrance Landry:** Racist pranksters who form Samuel Abbott’s “crew.” Terrance Landry is the son of the Penobscot County Sheriff, Glenn Landry.

Other workers on the site heard a garbled voice, and then a fall. They rushed over to find him splayed out on the dock at the foot of the stack. The unusual part was the huge amount of blood—a gout that started at the top of the pile and poured down almost like a spring to the place where his body laid, then into the river below the dock.

Several members of Levesque's congregation are alarmed about it, and wonder if something supernatural is at work. Their concerns have been dismissed by the lumber company and local police, which officially declared the incident an accident. If they want to know more, he can connect investigators with the two workers who first found Oulette's body, Paul D'Aigle and Henry St. Pierre.

Pere Levesque is clearly sizing up the investigators and straining to trust them. On a successful Psychology check, he appears to be holding back something uncomfortable. Having few other options, he speaks with caution about rumors of the supposed "curse," which many people in the community are connecting to Oulette's death. Levesque is very leery about perpetuating any talk of "curses," and wonders where the rumors are coming from. In addition, there are two other incidents that he believes could be related, but not for supernatural reasons. A successful Persuade

check, with a bonus die if the investigators are Catholic themselves or appear to at least be neutral to the sectarian strife, gets him to open up fully.

The first incident occurred two weeks ago during communion. Levesque reached for the chalice and noticed an opaque red liquid had replaced the wine before it had been blessed. His hands shook visibly and a little spilled onto the pulpit before he covered it in cloth again, retrieving a new vessel to continue with mass. At the time he kept this to himself, and disposed of the blood. Then, the next week, he was alone in the church on a Tuesday, when he noticed stains on the face of one of the statues in an alcove. Upon looking closer he saw that the statue appeared to be weeping blood. He tried his best to clean it off so no one would be alarmed. Levesque believes that vandals are trying to intimidate him, or cause disruption at the church. These are troubling times.

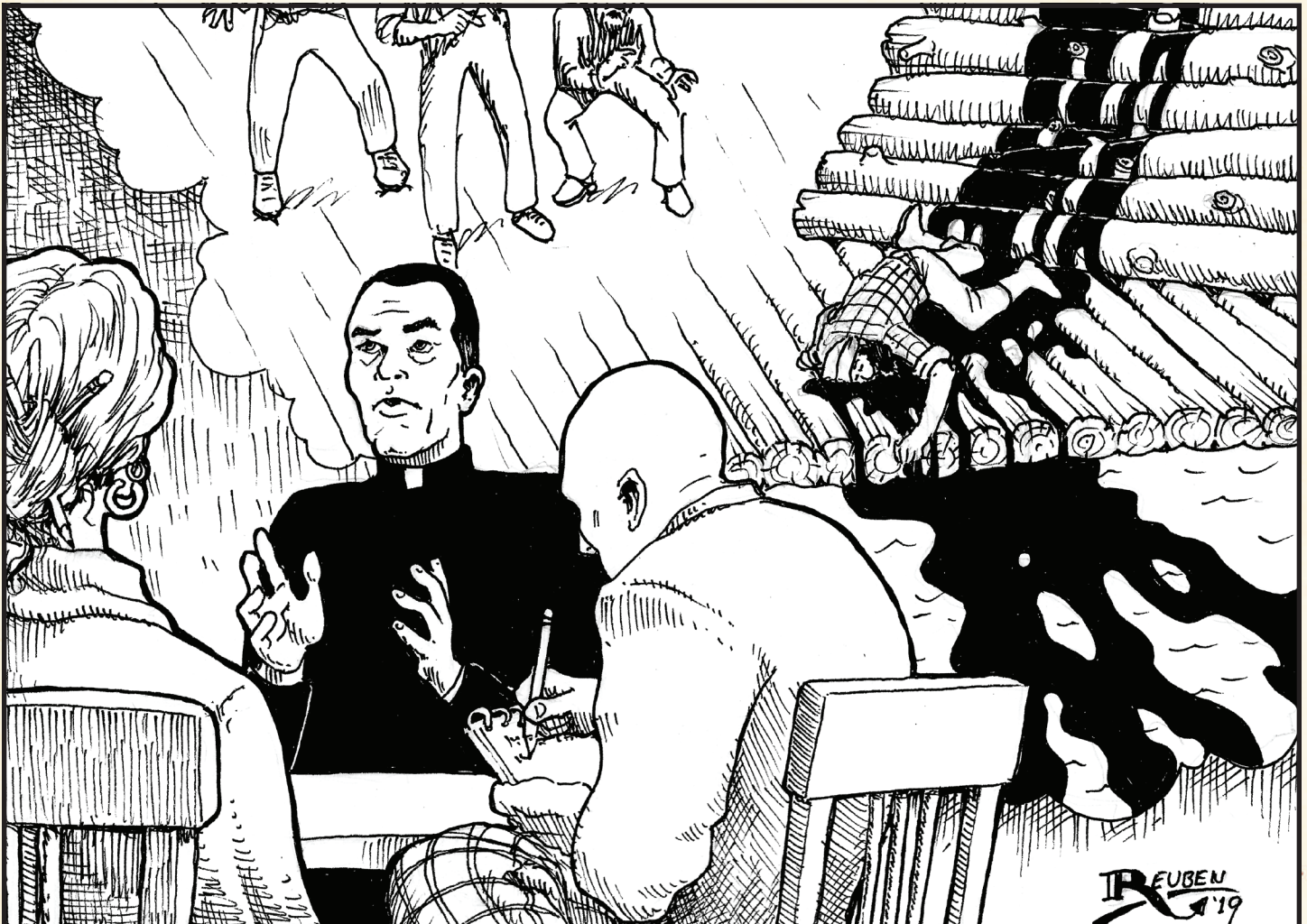
Further questions may reveal the following details:

▲ Levesque noticed the blood on the statue on a Tuesday, in the early morning hours before mass. It's common knowledge that the doors of a church usually remain unlocked. Someone could easily have gotten access to the statue during the night.

▲ Less obvious is how someone could have swapped wine with blood during mass. The chalice is "vested," or covered in layers of cloth and other items between the time it is poured and the time it is offered during communion. He has mentioned these two vandalism incidents only to the Bangor police, who have not taken any action.

▲ Since the river-driving accidents earlier this spring, Levesque spoke several times during homily at mass about the need for more leadership in state government in protecting the workers that industries depend on, and calling for stronger leadership and compassion among the owners. The lumberjacks take pride in the risks and hardships of life in logging camps and leaping across logs on raging rivers. He has called for the workers to turn their grief into action and make their voices heard. Levesque suspects the vandalism could be retribution for such messages.

▲ He has heard rumors that someone smeared blood on the door of one of the widows from the logjam accidents, though no one has come forward about it. He has no doubt it could be



true, though fear has a way of bending facts.

▲ Oulette's death has worsened tensions between loggers and lumber company owners. The "Wobble" (labor union) office on Front Street, on the edge of the Devil's Half Acre, has been very busy. The workers are more fervent than ever this year in calling for better and safer conditions.

▲ That "ignoramus," Eugene Farnsworth, the head of the Ku Klux Klan chapter, loves to talk about blood in his speeches. American blood, mixed blood, blue blood, tainted blood. Maybe he knows something about bloody pranks and attacks. The Klan has been very active in Bangor of late, and Catholic immigrants are the target of their hate in these parts.

ST. ANNE'S CHURCH

Given the two possible vandalism incidents that occurred at the church, the investigators might want to poke around it for evidence. The statue that wept blood is of John the Evangelist, and stands on the right side of the entry door as visitors walk in. There is slight discoloration on the painted surface of the statue where blood or a stain might have marred it. It is not noticeable at a casual glance.

This was one of Samuel Abbott's tricks. Using a minor spell from the book he received from Orban Scribner, he was able to sneak a smear of his own blood onto the eyes of the statue. The spell causes a rapid cloning effect, allowing samples to metastasize exponentially and appear to flow from nowhere. The only significant find for investigators is the lack of any obvious mechanical or mundane explanation for the trick.

Likewise, there is no clear explanation for the mystery that Pere Levesque described with blood appearing in the chalice during mass. Once again, the effect was made by planting a sample of his blood around the rim and casting the "Stigmata" spell that causes goutts of blood to manifest.

Investigators might notice a man working around the grounds, trimming shrubs outside or repairing worn woodwork. The church employs Richard Plourde as an overall maintenance and handyman. He is a retired lumberjack, in his mid-fifties, and walks slumped over with a slight limp. A successful Medicine roll reveals that his injury is acute, not simply a sign of age. "Plourdie," as he is called, speaks French and not much English. If questioned in French or through a translator, Plourdie has his own story to tell. He will only tell it with a lot of coaxing, encouragement from Levesque, or a Hard success on any social skill other than Intimidation.

A few days ago, when repairing some brickwork on a ladder on the outside of the church, a rock struck the window near his head. He turned to look and saw someone scuttle away. When Plourdie turned back, the hole in the window seemed to be pouring blood out of cracks in the glass as though they were wounds, onto the frozen ground.

What really happened: All three of the blood-related incidents are Samuel's doing. He had thrown a blood-soaked rock at the window, and cast the Stigmata spell to make blood pour out. That incident gave him the idea to try causing more accidents, and to try the trick down at the docks.

INSPECTING THE DOCKS

Most of the timber loading docks along the Penobscot are south of the Kenduskeag outlet, running parallel to the lumberjack neighborhood of the Devil's Half Acre. Investigators can find the site of Oulette's death easily by asking around; everyone knows about his death and many have heard rumors about the strange circumstances.

It is bustling on the docks. This is high busy season, and the crews work long hours loading wood into ships that nod in the waves along the waterfront. The stack where Oulette died, three days before the adventure



began, has already been sprayed with water to keep the timbers from warping, so only stains remain on the stack. Workers still give the place a wide berth when possible. The stack is ready to be shipped out, and all are looking forward to seeing it gone.

Stains confirm what the investigators have already heard, that there must have been an *enormous* amount of blood that flowed from the top of the stack, seemingly from nowhere. A successful Medicine check or a Hard Spot Hidden check reveals that there is some splattering and smearing at the top, but there is one section where it looks as if the blood was painted on with a brush. Either successful check realizes that this is clearly not natural and garners a 0/1 SAN loss.

Investigators can easily find the two workers, Paul D'Aigle and Henry St. Pierre, who are at work nearly every daylight hour of this season. Both are short and stocky, wearing stocking caps and suspenders, and bearing the scars of a long season in the North Woods. The two are clearly close, acting like brothers and alternately interrupting or finishing each other's sentences like a married couple. Their English is rusty, and they often speak to each other in French while searching for words. Apart from confirming what Pere Levesque already said, they can also report the following:

- ▲ Oulette died from breaking his neck, not from anything that happened at the top of the stack. He slipped and fell from the top, and did have any open wounds.
- ▲ The incident happened at dawn, just as workers were getting ready for a long day at the docks.
- ▲ Blood continued to drip down for more than an hour after his death. They state this as fact, and any attempt to read their demeanor with Psychology or other skills will reveal that they are certain that this happened, but cannot explain it with anything other than supernatural reasons.
- ▲ Both are convinced that this has something to do with a "curse," which they pray will end.
- ▲ They immediately reported finding Oulette to the yard boss, Margaret Hale, and spoke with city police when they arrived. The police called it just another unfortunate accident, and did not make much of the mysterious blood.

Investigators can talk to Hale, who sits in a square office made of corrugated metal that overlooks the docks. She is the niece of Frederick Abbott and cousin to Samuel. She tells them that she watched Oulette fall from the top of the stack. It seemed like he slipped and fell directly down.

What really happened: This was the result of one of Samuel Abbott's experiments in blood-based spellcasting. He had painted a stripe of blood at the top of the stack during the night. When he saw Oulette climb up, he cast the "Stigmata" spell and caused blood to coat the wood. He meant to use the incident to fuel more "curse" rumors and sow fear, but he was not really disappointed when Oulette fell to his death. The

incident has gotten the workers talking about the curse more, now, than he could have hoped.

Hale had spoken to Samuel at the office the evening before the incident, but will not connect his visit in any way to the accident unless investigators bring it up, perhaps after learning his identity and returning to question her again. She has no reason to suspect that he was involved.

BANGOR POLICE

If investigators follow up with the local police about the circumstances of Oulette's death, they will not be able to pry much more information out of them. Police at the scene saw the unusual amount of blood, and assumed it was a freak accident that caused internal bleeding. They are quick to dismiss hysteria and "witchy" rumors among the French workers, which have caused police a lot of grief over false alarms and phantom reports of blood omens and similar nonsense. They do not want to encourage superstitions which make law enforcement's job any harder than it already is.

If they press any further, with Hard social skill rolls or leveraging contacts and Credit Rating, they can see a police report (including a crime scene photograph) that confirms a large amount of blood found at the scene, but no obvious external injuries on Oulette's body. His death is deemed to be accidental, due to a fall.

FARNSWORTH'S PRESS CONFERENCE

Eugene Farnsworth plans to meet privately with the Bangor Ministerial Association, a group for Protestant clergy, to explain the goals and methods of the Klan. After he schedules the meeting, he makes a show of it, informing the Bangor Daily News that no journalist will be allowed at the meeting except for a reporter for the national Klan paper the Imperial Night-Hawk, which in 1923 has a circulation larger than The New York Times. He is clearly brimming with pride. However, he tells news media that after the meeting, he will hold a "press conference" and allow questions from "respectful" journalists. The meeting and presser afterward will be held in the lobby of the Bangor House, one of the city's finest hotels, located downtown on Main Street, on the edge of the Devil's Half Acre.

Farnsworth keeps journalists waiting for nearly an hour after the meeting, as he enjoys a leisurely lunch with his entourage at the hotel's restaurant. Samuel and Frederick Abbott are among them, as is Reverend Milton Charles Bennett, one of Farnsworth's close colleagues and collaborators.

The group finally wanders over to the small group of reporters, sitting in overstuffed chairs around a low table. Farnsworth is a comely gentleman of below-average height, with white hair that sweeps back as if by some invisible wind. He wears a mask of earnestness, a permanent browbeat and darting, mousy eyes.

A large, ham-faced man in a seersucker suit places a briefcase in front of Farnsworth, who opens the case, extracts a large, Colt .45 handgun with a 7 1/2" inch barrel (known as a Peacemaker and a real "cannon"),

and places it on the table in front of him. "You'll forgive me, but I find that when you speak the truth, there are many who want to bring you harm," he jokes dramatically, sparking uncomfortable laughter. An Extreme Spot Hidden roll would allow an investigator to look down the barrel to see that there is a bullet loaded behind the hammer. A Sneak roll with a penalty die is required to do so in secret. It is not illegal to carry a handgun openly in Bangor.

Reporters from the Bangor Daily, the Ellsworth American, the Portland Press Herald, Lewiston Sun, and The Boston Globe are attending. The main points of Farnsworth's "briefing" are as follows:

- ▲ The Klan is here to stay in Bangor, and though the "senescent" Mayor Albert Day emphatically rejected the idea, he pledges to hold a rally at City Hall, come hell or high water. "The real Americans of Maine will have their 'Day,'" he says, emphasizing the joke by leaning over and pointing to a reporter's notebook as if to prompt notation of a quote.
- ▲ Farnsworth announces that a "Klan Bake" will be held on Sunday to "celebrate the Protestant spirit" of the state. He pauses to spell out "K-L-A-N Bake" for anyone who does not chuckle at the pun. The name is a play on the traditional New England "Clam Bake" featuring seafood. Food and decorations will be provided by the Klan's Ladies Auxiliary chapter of Bangor. It will conclude with the induction of 100 new Klan members. He adds that such an event is only meant to be positive, and that he has no beef with "our wonderful" French and Irish neighbors, but emphasizes that "this has never been and never will be a Catholic nation."
- ▲ He also announces that the group has broken ground on a Klan "Tabernacle" that will have a capacity of up to 8,000 people. The group will hold a rally in full hooded regalia on the construction site in two days' time. "Bring your photographers, fellas, it promises to be a real corker!"
- ▲ Any investigators who pose as (or actually are) journalists and take the opportunity to quiz Farnsworth about Oulette's death can attempt a Psychology check. Success indicates that he genuinely knows nothing about it, but everyone in the group snickers at "silly superstitions."

THE DEVIL'S HALF ACRE

A low, flat riverbank area where the raging Kenduskeag Stream empties into the Penobscot, this has long been known as a wild spot with places to carouse and indulge in vice with abandon. Rows of drink-friendly establishments, including pool halls, boarding houses, flop hotels, and bordellos once crowded the district. Since about 1910, a few new buildings have cropped up in The Devil's Half Acre, and there have been some efforts to "clean up" the seedy district. But

plenty of such establishments remain, and the area's reputation persists.

"The Acre" now consists of a few angular blocks lined with dilapidated houses and converted shops. The buildings are hung with clapboard siding that is buckled and weathered in stages of distress. Some date from before the Civil War and hint at golden ages of boom now faded, featuring carved wooden fittings, ornate trim and balustrades of fine local hardwoods and hemlock. Other more squat and square buildings are more recent and more hasty additions. The roads are caked with mud, with irregular planks from sawmills filling low spots in the grade. Sidewalks lined with boards are stippled with holes from the lumbermen's cleats.

To winnow out rumors among the Franco-American woodcutter community, investigators can try a watering hole known as The Bloody Bucket, and ask for proprietor Joe Lagasse.

THE BLOODY BUCKET

This coarsely appointed dive has a frontier look about it. A bar made of scrap trim boards and slabs of granite props up a row of inebriated elbows and foreheads. It smells of balsam pitch and rank body odor. This time of year, throngs of log drivers can be found at all hours, thirsty and shaking off a hard winter, drowning fresh

memories of close calls and making desperate toasts to friends who succumbed to the icy river.

Joe Lagasse is a rugged French-Canadian with a beatific smile that displays several charming gaps. The man smiles with his whole face, crowned with close cropped white hair that stands straight up, giving visitors a sense that he is always just a little surprised at life. He speaks broken English with a rolling Quebecois accent. Joe enjoys harassing newcomers and putting up an intimidating front for the entertainment of his guests. But he will quickly soften if visitors take his baiting as playful. He enjoys sparring and will throw a jab here and there to keep visitors on their toes. Joe respects a little friendly pushback.

Joe is deeply entrenched in the illegal transport of booze, coming overland by truck from Quebec or by boat down the coast from Nova Scotia. He has connections with criminal French-Canadian gangs, forging illicit agreements with police, customs and maritime officials to make it all run smoothly. But he is still subject to frequent raids and harassment when police want to squeeze a few extra profits or make a show of power.

Providing that visitors are generally respectful and show no connections with law enforcement or the timber company owners, "Old Uncle Joe" is willing to disclose the following information.

△ Many lumbermen are talking about joining a union, the LWIU, and that has got Bangor's "lumber kings" worked into a froth.

△ Gerry Oulette was an outspoken supporter of the lumber worker's union, was a member of the LWIU, and had posted "stickerettes" agitating for worker's rights around The Acre. Joe took several of them down himself. This kind of thing does not sit well with the company owners, and Joe wanted no part of that conflict in his establishment.

△ Joe is very worried about the Klan's rising popularity, since they are clearly targeting Catholics and reviving calls for temperance.

△ The LWIU has a small, unmarked storefront office on the east side of Pickering Square, where organizers meet at irregular times. Someone in Joe's place will be able to name the time of the next meeting, if the investigators win the guests' trust, on a Hard Charm or Persuade roll. If they ask in French, they only need a regular success, and if Joe asks on their behalf, success is automatic.

The name of the watering hole is a reference to the frequent cleanups needed after a night of rowdy



fighters. When workers land in Bangor after weeks or months in the woods, they often make a short beeline from the docks to "The Acre," still wearing metal-spiked boots called "calks" or "corks." These become brutal weapons when fights break out among them. The scrappiest old timers, including Joe Legasse, are marred with tell-tale spike scars on their faces known as "lumberman's smallpox."

Asking patrons of The Bloody Bucket, or anywhere else in The Acre, about rumors of bloody incidents or harassment could reveal the following: Elodie Cyr, a widow of one of the 16 killed workers, Jean Paul Cyr, found blood painted with a paintbrush on her door on the night of her husband's funeral. She lives on First Street, and most are willing to give the address or take investigators there to hear her story.

THE LAVENDER HOUSE

One of the older and better kept buildings stands prominently in the center of The Acre district at the corner of South and Summer streets, the latter of which runs parallel to the river. The building and has a distinctive chimney that is painted light purple, a distinction meant to signal unspoken advertisement for prostitution.

The house madam is Faye Putnam, a friendly, sharp-witted and impeccably dressed woman in her early forties. She faces frequent harassment and fines from the police, so any social interactions with investigators trying to use Intimidate or the law for leverage suffer a penalty die on any social skill checks. Mrs. Putnam hires a half-dozen women as prostitutes in her brothel, and unlike in other spots around town, none of them are very young.

As a woman operating outside the law and on the fringes of town life, Mrs. Putnam makes it her business to understand the region's politics and details of commerce. She has gathered a fair number of secrets about prominent members of society over the years by collecting bits of stray clues during pillow talk. But she rarely has found cause to use that information, because she knows any blackmail scandal that backfires could risk shutting her down for good. However, she is well aware of Farnsworth's charm offensive and Puritan leanings, and has strong opinions about where he can take his hundred rallies and pancake breakfasts. If word gets around town that the investigators are poking into Farnsworth, she will seek them out for a quiet word. If investigators are straightforward with her, and reveal a stance against the Klan, she may be persuaded to share the following:

Dr. David Gunn, a general practitioner who caters to wealthy clients, has been attending special meetings with Farnsworth, in which he performs a stage hypnosis act as part of a presentation on "True Americanism." Dr. Gunn left a paper invitation to such an event behind after one of his recent visits to the brothel. Putnam can direct investigators to a waste can that has not yet been emptied, and they can easily fish it out. See From Away, Investigator Handout #1.

Easily accomplished research can discover that Eugene Farnsworth was, prior to focusing his activities on hate

groups, a noted stage magician whose act focused on hypnotism and sleight-of-hand.

ELODIE CYR

The widow's apartment at 39 First Street overlooks a park that is mostly a steeply terraced hill that slopes down to Main Street. If found during the day, she is outside, hanging linen on a line when investigators arrive. Her three children, ages 5, 6, and 7, play in the park, rolling down the hill like logs and then trying to chase each other while still dizzy.

Elodie is from Montreal and fully bilingual. Grief and anger haunt her sunken eyes. She is not fragile. Elodie is a city girl who was plucked from a cosmopolitan life to this wilderness backwater (her words) to follow promises of great income for Jean Paul, and is now raising children on her own with laundry money. She is eager to describe the incident after her husband's funeral, since city police have taken little interest. She

THEY ARE FROM AWAY, INVESTIGATOR HANDOUT #1:

A Flyer Dated Two Weeks Ago

**True American Protestant Patriots!
By Special Invitation Only!**

Duty requires that you attend King Kleagle's gathering of the elite, tonight at the Bangor House. Learn the secrets of hypnotism and how to dominate inferior minds, all in the glory of True Americanism! Taught by King Kleagle himself, sometimes known as The Great Farnsworth!

TRUE AMERICAN PROTESTANT PATRIOTS! BY SPECIAL INVITATION ONLY!

**DUTY REQUIRES THAT YOU
ATTEND KING KLEAGLE'S
GATHERING OF THE ELITE,
TONIGHT AT THE BANGOR
HOUSE. LEARN THE SECRETS
OF HYPNOTISM AND HOW TO
DOMINATE INFERIOR
MINDS, ALL IN THE GLORY
OF TRUE AMERICANISM!
TAUGHT BY KING KLEAGLE
HIMSELF, SOMETIMES
KNOWN AS THE GREAT
FARNSWORTH!**

returned from the services at Mt. Pleasant Cemetery around dusk with her children, when she noticed the large smear of what she thought was red paint on her door frame. Then she saw that it was done with a bare hand, as though dipped and drawn across the door at an angle. It was still wet and running a little. When she realized that it was blood, she cried out, which made her children cry out as well. All of them have suffered horrific nightmares since then. One thing she remembers distinctly—there was still a lingering smell of unusually caustic pipe tobacco in the air. She believes that whoever did it was watching her from nearby.

LWIU #120

About a dozen new recruits spill onto the stoop of the newly opened office for the Lumber Workers International Union, Branch #120, on Pickering Square. Heated discussions about politics and economics in both French and English, punctuated with cussing, fill the air, along with thick tobacco smoke.

The workers are more than happy to talk about the need for better conditions at the logging camps, the monotonous meals of beans every day for three months, the foul bedding that is never washed and full of lice, the endless hours and dangers of wielding saw blades or climbing trees while near collapsing with exhaustion. They are proud of the hard work that they do, but incidents like the deaths at Stillwater should be a lesson that such conditions can be deadly.

If the investigators engage the group about Farnsworth and the growing popularity of the Klan in Bangor, they watch as rage boils over and quickly escalates to talk of violent responses. Some will push back and try to calm the group, telling them not to provoke or act alone against the Klan.

Talking to organizers here can also reveal more reports of stalking and strange events. Asking about incidents involving blood may draw out confessions that some people in the group have not yet shared, because of shame or fear.

- ▲ Union leaders have been followed late at night. One leader can report turning a corner to see what he assumed to be a child running into an abandoned lot.
- ▲ Two LWIU members have found their shoes filling with blood as they walk.
- ▲ Some of the incidents of stalking have been accompanied by a lingering smell of extremely harsh pipe tobacco.

Samuel will likely target the LWIU building and labor leaders as he extracts blood to grow a monstrous Golem.

MADINE CIGAR COMPANY

Investigators looking into the reports of harsh pipe tobacco may wind up at Madine's, a Bangor cigar manufacturer that also sells pipe tobacco from a storefront on Pickering Square. The proprietor of the storefront, Michael Curran, may be able to

identify the pipe tobacco as Latakia purely from the description of its overwhelmingly rank scent. Without a description of Samuel to jog his memory, he will only remember that the young Abbott buys Latakia on a Hard Luck roll. If investigators bring a plug of the tobacco or a pipe to the shop, he can identify it immediately. If investigators describe Samuel to confirm the connection, Curran remembers him and remarks how strange it is for anyone to smoke the extremely harsh Latakia without blending it.

TARGETS

Several groups in Bangor are the targets of Farnsworth's xenophobic rhetoric. The following communities may be drawn in as allies, providing helpful NPCs or springboards for investigator ideas. Coalitions of groups resisting bigotry in Maine were not unheard of. That is not to say collaboration among marginalized groups should be considered automatic or without friction; a realistic portrayal of prejudice requires many masks and subtle forms.

The First Ward: By far, the largest demographic of foreign-born residents in Bangor are Catholic French-Canadians. But the migration of Irish Catholics as a labor force for the logging industry started as early as the 1840s, when uncounted masses fled potato famine and oppression. The largest part of the Irish community is congregated in a riverside neighborhood known as the First Ward, just north of the Kenduskeag outlet. The name is a reference to the area's city district number. This is the site of Bangor's first Catholic church, St. John's, on York Street, where bloody rags from Jesuit missionary Johannes Baptist are buried in the church's cornerstone. The surrounding neighborhood is lively and buzzing with first, second, and third generation Irish.

Jewish Community: The earliest Jewish residents of Bangor arrived in the late 1820s, with slow expansion of the population, mostly German Jews, throughout the 19th Century. The Beth Israel synagogue, Maine's first permanent congregation, was established in Bangor during the 1880s and remains strong in the 1920s. Many Jewish residents have moved from the riverside immigrant neighborhoods to the "Little City" neighborhood on the east side of town.

African-Americans: Out of a total population of about 26,000, only a little over 200 Bangor residents were African-American, according to the 1920 census. Most were not newcomers. Some of the city's oldest established families stemmed from professionals that arrived as early as the 1820s, working as doctors, lawyers, and business owners. Up to a third of the African-American population immigrated southward from New Brunswick in Canada, while some families had arrived during the Great Migration northward after the Civil War. African-Americans worked in a range of industries and professions, including positions with economic and social status. Despite notable standouts and a lack of official segregation, invisible lines of discrimination still existed. Bangor's black community formed one of the first NAACP chapters in the state several years ago, in part to call for a ban on the film "Birth of a Nation." The group succeeded in a pyrrhic

victory, getting some of the most offensive sections of the film cut from Bangor showings. African-Americans formed civic organizations in Bangor and participated in traditionally racially mixed groups such as the Odd Fellows and Mothers' Clubs. The NAACP on Water Street near Pickering Square may be a useful resource or an anchor organization for investigators.

INTERVIEWS: THE ABBOTTS AND THEIR ASSOCIATES

The investigators should begin to focus their attention on the Abbotts eventually. The Abbotts own the docks where Oulette was killed, and Frederick and Samuel are frequently in the company of Farnsworth. As discussed below, simply interviewing Samuel in person is enough to prompt suspicion about his violent tendencies, and he has no alibi for any of the blood-related incidents.

Frederick Abbott: Frederick Abbot is a millionaire. He made his fortune first as a land speculator, and then began acquiring forest land in his early thirties. He is known as a shrewd and cutthroat businessman and has amassed a fortune. He sees himself very much as a father figure to all of his workers, and is quick to explain how much he cares for those who work for him as though they are his own children. He also claims to have a high regard for French-Canadian and Irish culture, and does not enjoy seeing discontent among those in his employ. In short, he is the sort of nativist who does not wish to be seen as one, making him an unlikely suspect for terrorist attacks.

Karen Abbott: Wife of Frederick and mother of Samuel, she has made it her mission to join every possible civic organization in Bangor that will have her, and enjoys her status as a respected supporter of worthy causes and a matron of arts and culture. She has forged a very busy life, with public appearance and events nearly every day of the week. Short of being "vulgar" about her husband's wealth, she is quick to find ways to point out how much she gives to the community. She coined the term "Bangor Brahmin" after the moniker for Boston's traditional upper class. Despite her busy life, she is aware that Samuel is keeping strange hours and is worried he may be up to some trouble. She once found a strange book in Spanish in Samuel's room, and when she asked about it, he overreacted in a way that frightened her.

Samuel Abbott: Samuel, by contrast, makes no pretense about his contempt for foreign woodcutters, for their carousing and debauchery, and for their "Pope-worshipping religion." Having grown up as a young man of status, surrounded by Bangor's accomplished elite, he believes that some people are born to lead, and others are born to follow. These words are parroted directly from his father.

Indeed, it seems he was perfectly groomed to adopt Eugene Farnsworth's messages about Americanism and the destiny of white Protestants to lead the country to greatness. In fact, he would take the message a step further. Farnsworth says that he is not against Catholics, he is just in favor of the Protestant way of life. Samuel, on the other hand, is

indeed against the Catholics and not shy about it. He will make comments along the lines of "someone has to stand up to them before they infiltrate and rot the country's founding principles and absorb America into the Papal kingdom." Somewhere, in a recess buried out of reach of his own awareness, Samuel is looking for approval from his father, who often comments on his son's lack of ambition or perseverance. A successful Psychology check when interacting with Samuel suggests that he is insecure and has a bad temper.

Samuel's Crew: Samuel has recruited a few childhood friends to help with his plots.

David Bass is a member of another lumber-king family, not a direct descendant of magnate Joseph Bass, but one of his children's cousins. He is easy to persuade, and is confident nothing bad will happen from a little "harmless fun."

Marcus Cutler is the son of a sea captain whose father, Owen Cutler, is often away delivering lumber to Belize and the West Indies. Owen is the clown of the group, and enjoys planning and carrying out all manner of pranks. He believes that he has nothing to lose.

Helen Cutler is the somewhat more sensible older sister of Marcus, who often insinuates herself into the group's antics so she can keep an eye on Marcus. That is what she tells herself, anyway. Helen has participated in cruel pranks nonetheless.

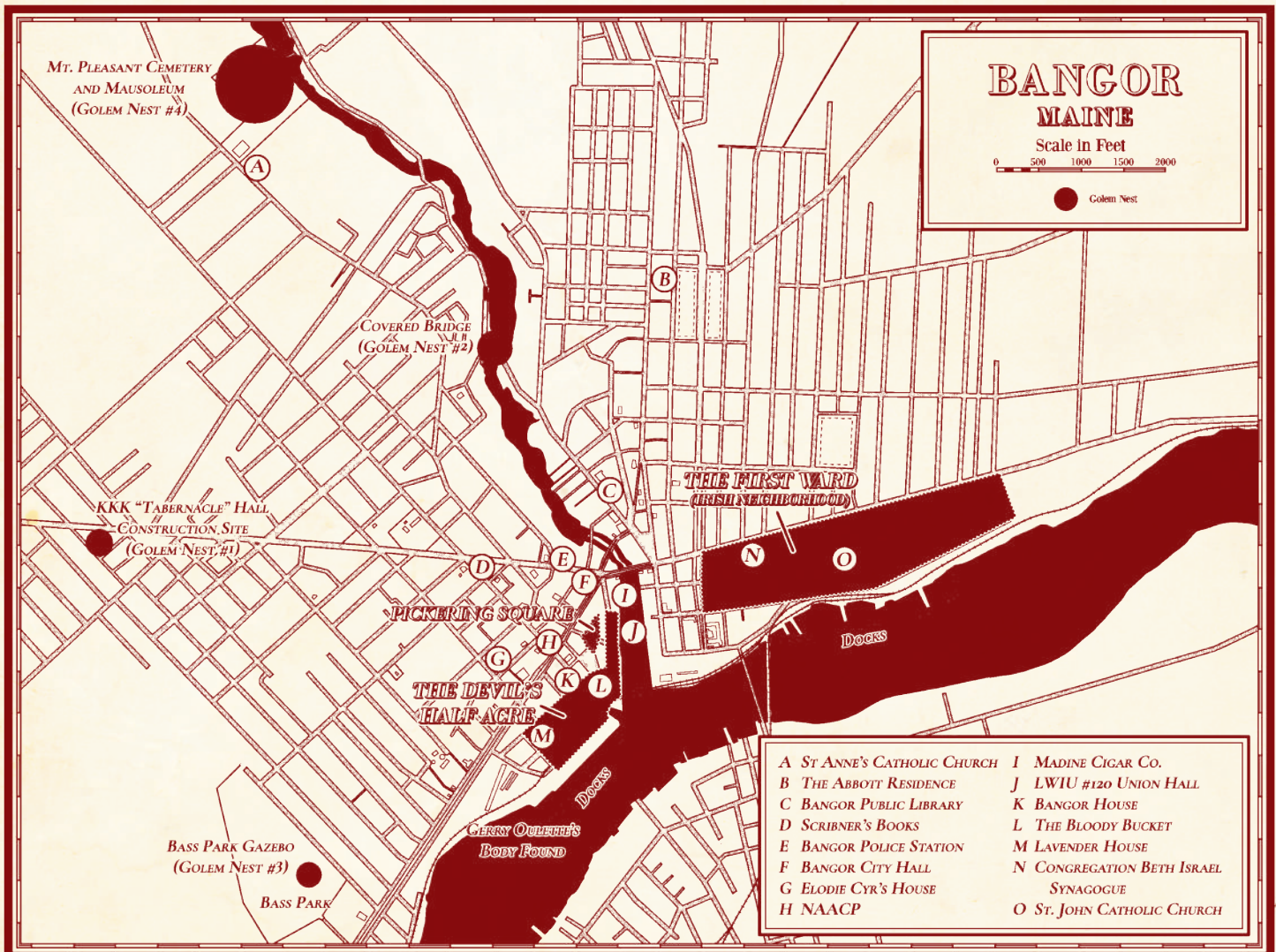
Terrance Landry is the son of the Penobscot County Sheriff, Glenn Landry. Glenn has ambitions to run for a bigger office in the future, and has cast his lot with Farnsworth in hopes that performing civic duty with the Klan will help his career. Terrance has a cruel streak in him that Samuel very much appreciates. All of this adds up to reluctance, driven from the top down, to look into anything that anyone suspects Samuel, and by extension Terrance, is involved with.

EUGENE FARNSWORTH

Farnsworth is unlikely to voluntarily cooperate with non-law enforcement investigators. He will grant law enforcement investigators an interview; others must connive their way into his presence. He denies (truthfully) any involvement in any of the blood-related incidents, and has an alibi for the morning of Oulette's death and the incident involving Mrs. Cyr: he was having breakfast or dinner, respectively, with Protestant clergy and civic

TEMPERANCE

Maine was the first state to pass alcohol prohibition laws, long before the Federal law in 1919. Maine became the first state to pass a temperance law in 1851, and though the first law was in effect for only a few years, ending after "Portland Rum Riots" in 1855, some form of the ban remained in place until the end of the Federal prohibition in 1934. These moves were seen as a direct attack on immigrants, particularly Irish and French Canadians, who did not share Puritan sensibilities. Because of its history as a "dry" state, Maine had already fully adapted to life under prohibition by the time the federal ban passed, with a thriving bootleg highway from Canada, alcoholic "medicines" sold widely at drug stores, and speakeasies operating in the open and accepting fines as a part of doing business.



leaders, including Frederick Abbott. His alibis check out. He does know that, for both of these incidents, Samuel Abbott was absent from the meeting. He also knows that Samuel smokes extremely foul, uncut pipe tobacco, and if questioned about Samuel's alibi, puts two and two together. He does not give up any information against Samuel, though, unless successfully Intimidated (on a Hard Intimidate check). He is all in favor of terrorism and psychological warfare that cannot be pinned on him, as long as it does not discredit his movement.

Eugene Farnsworth harbors a few secrets that may be of use as leverage for the investigators, should they choose to confront him.

On a Hard Law or Library Use roll at the Bangor Public Library or City Hall, investigators may uncover the following details: In 1901, Farnsworth performed a stage trick, in which an assistant balanced several heavy rocks on his stomach, and audience members were then invited to break them with a sledgehammer. But during the act, a boulder became dislodged and crushed the assistant to death. He was tried for manslaughter, but negotiated a deal with the judge and was released. His only penalty was to pay court fees.

A more immediate scandal could stem from a close look at his financial accounts. Given at least one hour's opportunity to look at his Klan financial ledgers, on an Accounting check, the investigators will note that Farnsworth appears to be skimming \$4 for each \$10 in membership fees for the Klan. This information can also be gleaned from deposit receipts to Bangor Savings Bank. Given the large number of members across the state, the stolen funds would amount to at least \$8,000. This information could be taken to Klan officials higher up the pecking order, or shown to recruiters lower down the chain to destabilize the group, sow distrust among his allies, and discredit Farnsworth. The mere threat of doing so could be used as leverage against Farnsworth himself, giving an investigator a bonus die to Charm, Persuade or Fast Talk rolls against him, and two bonus dice on any Intimidate check.

Mind Control Rumors: Investigators may encounter claims that Farnsworth or Samuel have extraordinary powers of persuasion or even supernatural powers of suggestion. Farnsworth is more than happy to talk with those in his inner circles about his stint as a stage magician and hypnotist. Thus, rumors have leaked to others in the community and are taking on a life of their own. Farnsworth does not have any such powers beyond the effects of mundane charisma. But if he is confronted about the rumors, he will explain in plain terms: the art of stage hypnotism only gives him the ability to encourage people to do things they would do anyway under normal circumstances. He will proudly declare that those who follow him do so because they see for themselves what is right and just for America.

RESEARCH: CURSES AND BLOOD LORE

The following folklore and tales can be heard at the Bloody Bucket, the Lavender House, or from other community elders.

The most commonly known monster of legend in French-Canadian folklore is that of the loup-garou, which is often translated to English as werewolf, but has many variant forms. It is a tale often told to children as a way to get them to behave, and to follow Catholic teachings. According to legend, a person can become a loup-garou by breaking restrictions of Lent for seven years in a row. The curse lasts for 101 days, during which they will have an unshakable craving for human blood. If they do suck the blood of another person, the loup-garou curse can jump to another person. Though "loup" means wolf, in some stories the creature takes the form of a hare, a black dog, or a devilish imp. The loup-garou legend is quick to come up in any conversation about rumors of creatures attacking in the night, or strange incidents involving blood. In one well-known legend of the loup-garou, a man's wife becomes upset because she says he is never at home with her at night. She asks his boss whether her husband appears tired during the day when he arrives at dawn for work. The boss says that he always appears refreshed and energetic. She then assumes that he is with another woman, so she confronts him. He denies being out every night, but she knows better. In time, she decides to follow him home from the mill. He ends up at the graveyard at the edge of town and meets several other mill workers there. She watches in horror as they gather over a freshly dug grave, transform into dogs, dig up the corpse and eat it. She rushes home and never speaks of it again.

There is also a legend known as "the three drops of blood." A man went to a store in a place far from his home where he worked, but when he arrived, he found that it was empty. As he waited, he saw blood falling on the windowpane outside. He knew that blood on a windowpane is an omen that family back at home must have died. When he went back to his home that night to fall asleep, he heard moaning in the attic. So he got up, lit his lamp and looked in the attic. The sounds moved from corner to corner. After two days, he received a letter from his wife in Canada, saying one of his little girls had died.

There are also several variations of a tale about a witch's curse that causes victims to bleed uncontrollably. In some versions, the victims are descendants of someone who refused to help, like those who ignore shipwreck victims. The condition is called the "Bleeding Curse," and is thought to be a possible folk explanation for hemophilia, which is hereditary and more common among French-Canadians than other groups.

These stories are not merely red herrings for investigators. Having grown up around the logging industry, Samuel Abbott is very much aware of Franco-American legends, and hopes to prod those superstitions and stories to cause fear among those he sees as crass and backward outsiders.

BANGOR PUBLIC LIBRARY

The city's library was built in 1912, after the original building burned along with a quarter of the city in 1911. The new stone structure is stately, with high pillars flanking wide granite stairs at the entrance, metal and glass-globed chandelier lights inside, and a spectacular dome of small glass panes in brass frames rising up

in the center like the lens of a kaleidoscope. From a lattice of wooden card catalog drawers, wrought iron spiral staircases lead to a mezzanine and stacks on the second level.

The most useful information available at the library is the link that investigators can make from examining cards left in pockets in the back of occult and folklore books. The name of Samuel Abbott appears as the most recent borrower for nearly every book of French-Canadian folklore that they find. The lending dates line up with the start of the strange incidents involving blood.

A Hard roll on a Charm or Persuade check (with a bonus die for Credit Rating over 50% or law enforcement professionals) may convince a librarian at the horseshoe-shaped checkout desk to share Samuel's borrowing records. In addition to books about blood lore and witches in French culture, the general subjects of books Samuel recently checked out include:

- ▲ Medieval Spanish to English dictionaries.
- ▲ Books covering stigmata and miracles of Catholic saints.
- ▲ And in particular (renewed several times): "The Passing of the Great Race" by Madison Grant, a book on eugenics published in 1916. The book is earmarked on pages with passages underlined about the "impurity" of French-Canadian blood, which Grant claimed was supposedly "contaminated" by intermarriage with Native Americans.

One of the books checked out by Samuel that the investigators find at the library will contain a folded copy of a draft speech on yellow lined paper by Farnsworth, with the address "270 Hammond Street" (the address of Scribner's Books) scribbled on the back.

Library Use may be used to investigate information about Orban Scribner. Given his unusual name, a regular success will unearth birth records indicating a person of that name was born in Bangor in 1788, and later became a ship building magnate who drowned in 1840.

TAILING SAMUEL & MORE VICTIMS

If investigators focus on Samuel and begin to follow him in the hope of uncovering his secret activities, they will see routines emerge, and possibly witness key locations or catch him in an act of mischief or crime. In the daytime, he usually makes a circuit among several locations, starting at his family's Italianate house on Pine Street near Broadway Park, thence by foot to the Bangor Public Library on Harlow, thence by electric streetcar to the exclusive "Condukeag [sic] Canoe and Country Club" in nearby Hampden where his "crew" also gathers, thence to the Madine Cigar Company (occasionally but not daily), and thence to the upscale Bangor House hotel, where he sometimes loafs around the lobby hoping to run into Farnsworth.

At night, Samuel likes to stalk around The Devil's Half Acre looking for isolated, easy targets to draw a quart of blood from. He uses the Draw Blood spell for this,

generally only taking a quart from each victim. Some, however, such as Pere Levesque or other enemies, may get drained unto death. He also visits three locations where he may be nurturing the Blood Golem that he is assembling: inside a mausoleum at the Catholic Mt. Pleasant Cemetery; in an unfinished section of basement at the Tabernacle construction site on North Street; or in a pit that he has dug underneath the gazebo at Bass Park. He moves it around carefully between these sites to keep it from being discovered. If he is confident that he is unobserved, he may use blood magic spells to claim additional victims, with Pere Levesque being a likely target. He does this from a plausibly deniable distance, but likes to watch the results of his handiwork. A favorite tactic of his is to use his gang of cat's paws to "play a prank" by planting blood at the intended scene while he occupies the investigators' attention, only to circle back later and activate the spell.

During the day, he is not paying close attention to his surroundings, but at night he is keeping a keen watch. An opposed Stealth vs. Spot Hidden check should be called for periodically to have him not notice a tail. If he notices, he returns home or to some other safe place.

Diligent tailing at night may reveal Samuel carrying a blood "sample" from one of his attacks back to one of these locations, or in more rare cases "walking" the creature in its semi-liquid form from one location to another, dispelling it into a pool of blood if he thinks that he might be caught.

THE SNITCH

Marcus Cutler has been helping Samuel with various tasks and pranks related to his plans. But late one night, while he was following Samuel home across the covered bridge over the stream, the two started arguing about Marcus' loyalty, when Samuel started mumbling something in a foreign language. Marcus suddenly started bleeding from the tips of his fingers and crying tears of blood. Marcus may go to one of the investigators to talk about what happened, or to an NPC that has been in touch with them. He may go to Karen Abbott first, and Karen may be the first to contact the investigators if they have already been in touch. He is eager to confess the following:

- △ Samuel is practicing witchcraft, and Marcus is fed up with it.
- △ He often visits the weird book vendor on Hammond Street, and he thinks he is probably a witch.
- △ Samuel is hiding something under the Tabernacle construction site. Marcus may also know about other locations where the Golem is stored, like Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, and the Bass Park gazebo.
- △ He believes that Samuel killed Gerry Oulette, and any other subsequent victims at the time Marcus decides to flip.

SCRIBNER'S BOOKS

Located in a small, triangular building on an acute-angled corner of Hammond and Union Streets,

this cramped pile of litter barely qualifies as a store in any way. Only a hand-carved wooden sign in a blackened window that reads "Trades Are Final" hints at commerce within. The place is little more than a dumpy single apartment that Scribner has turned into a labyrinth of books, shelving, and the detritus of a preoccupied life. There is barely room to sidestep between the stacks, as Scribner paces, rearranging and pecking at items like a nesting magpie.

An Extreme Spot Hidden roll reveals a lingering tinge of the harsh tobacco, or a regular success if an investigator is specifically sniffing it out. Samuel visits frequently, so his distinctive Latakia pipe smoke is likely lingering at any given time. Scribner will not disclose Samuel's identity or the experiments with blood.

There are several rare occult books and a few Mythos tomes hidden among the mess, but Scribner has little interest in sharing such items for collectors or casual practitioners. Investigators will likely only turn up books of interest by searching the place in his absence or otherwise against his wishes.

Scribner was cast out of the Chesuncook coven as a result of what he sees as petty jealousy—the coven's council saw him overreaching in his research and shunned him for a strident refusal to stop practicing certain profane rites to please Shub-Niggurath. He retains his longevity and some Mythos powers, but maintains hope that he could return to the coven in good graces. If Samuel unlocks secrets of the book, this might be leverage enough to restore his standing.

Scribner has little incentive to help investigators puzzle out what Samuel is up to or how to stop him. He wants Samuel to keep experimenting. Scribner is pleased to see Samuel pushing the boundaries of the tome he wants decoded, and is happy to avoid any personal risk to himself. But investigators might have luck posing as people interested in learning more about the Mythos and becoming guinea pigs themselves.

Investigators will quickly seize his attention at the mention of Shub-Niggurath or Chesuncook, if such names have surfaced in Mythos insight or research. If Scribner makes the investigators as a threat to Samuel, himself or any risk of exposure, he smiles and bids them the best of luck, and then begins to stalk them all, one by one, from the shadows until the threat is put down.

Tomes of interest hidden among the stacks include: *Cultes des Goules*, by François-Honore Balfour, Comte d'Erlette, 1702 quarto edition; *Unausprechlichen Kulten*, by Friedrich Wilhelm von Junzt, 1839; *The Political History of the Devil*, by Daniel Defoe, 1726; *A System of Magick*, by Daniel Defoe, 1727; and *An Essay on the History and Reality of Apparitions*, by Daniel Defoe, 1727.

THE "KLAN BAKE"

Early on an overcast Sunday afternoon, a small expeditionary force of ladies in spectacular hats descend on the sweeping city property of Bass Park. They quickly set up a perimeter of picnic tables and decorations for an event aimed at putting the Ku Klux Klan's "best foot forward" to the people of Bangor, to show it off as a supposedly legitimate civic organization

with supposedly respectable goals. At least that is the message Farnsworth has imparted to the Ladies Auxiliary of the Klan.

What Farnsworth conveniently neglected to convey to them is that Mayor Day and the Bangor City Council denied the Klan permission to hold any rallies on city land. He had previously applied for a permit to hold a rally at City Hall, as he had done in January in Portland, but that was rejected and included a blanket ban on the use of public land "for any persons or organizations which make an attack upon any portion of the community." Farnsworth knows full well that the event at Bass Park will violate those rules, and he welcomes the chance for attendees to see the police and city leaders ruin a good picnic. He has fibbed to organizers and told them the Klan was granted permission. The Abbotts are among the attendees.

The event has all the trappings of a traditional New England clambake, with cauldrons of seafood brimming with lobsters, clams, mussels, crabs, tiny Maine shrimp, corn on the cob and other vegetables, all steamed in layers of seaweed using red hot "cannonball" rocks to heat the water.

The group festoons a large, whitewashed gazebo in the center of the park with red, white, and blue bunting, erects an unadorned free-standing cross, and places a small wooden step for speakers to stand on. A flatbed truck delivers a stand-up piano. There are no overt displays of Klan symbols at the event, and mentions of the Klan are reserved for speeches. Most attendees are fully aware of who is sponsoring the event, however.

By the time that the police catch on, a sizable crowd of several hundred have gathered on the park's grassy lawn, near the gazebo. Reverend Milton Charles Bennett opens the program by handing out songbooks with a hymn entitled "It's Your Land and My Land." The cover features a photograph of Farnsworth floating in a background of blue clouds and adorned with an American Eagle. A dedication reads "To the lovers of Law and Order, Peace and Justice, we send greeting and to the shades of the valiant, venerated Dead, we gratefully and affectionately - Dedicate this Song!" Bennett leads the hymn from the stand-up piano.

Next, Farnsworth steps up on the gazebo box and makes a speech, calling for true, Protestant Mainers to reclaim the pride and honor that Papists and others who pledge allegiance to foreign powers would seek to diminish. He speaks of the bonds of blood and the strength of "real" Americans. His speech closely resembles the draft that Samuel had squirreled away at the library.

Police have arrived by the time Farnsworth begins speaking, but it is apparent they do not plan to drag him off the stage in front of the crowd. As he promised, he has his day for the Klan on public land. However, a group of lumberjacks and other protesters have also gathered at the edge of the park, a few carrying sticks and tools that portend violence. The groups square off. The police are outnumbered.

SAMUEL'S MOMENT

If not interfered with by the investigators, Samuel plans to stow the Blood Golem under the gazebo before

the Klan Bake. If he is successful, then he will decide to unleash it once chaos ensues between combatants at the event. The creature bursts out of the wooden enclosure surrounding the bottom of the gazebo platform, and once bound will attack under Samuel's direction. If anyone attacks Samuel, then he must make a POW check to maintain control of the creature. If his concentration slips, then the creature may begin the process of attacking the nearest donor, and a massacre ensues. SAN loss is 1/1D10 for seeing the Blood Golem.

REWARDS AND REPERCUSSIONS

- ▲ For solving the deaths of Gerry Oulette or any other victims, +1D6 SAN each.
- ▲ For getting (legal) justice for Samuel's actions, +1D10 SAN.
- ▲ For defeating or jailing Orban Scribner if (and only if) investigators know that he is a warlock with Mythos powers, +1D6 SAN.
- ▲ Destroying the Blood Golem, +1D8 SAN.

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Maine's Visible Black History: The First Chronicle of Its People, by H.H. Price and Gerald E. Talbot, ISBN-13: 978-0884482758 (Tilbury House Publishers, 2006).

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BLOOD SPELLS

Vocationem Stigmatibus Sacris ("Stigmata")

Cost: 3 magic points and one SAN point per quart of blood generated from a sample.

Casting time: Instantaneous.

The caster can make an existing drop of blood suddenly grow in volume, making it appear to flow mysteriously from an unknown source. The original blood sample must be placed by the caster or a confederate as part of the spell. To trigger the flow of blood, the caster must be within sight of the source sample.

This "spell" is, in fact, simply one of the side effects or the sign of spell failure for the casting of the Golem of Blood spell. The liquid from this spell is denatured, more like plasma than blood, and does not work as a "feeder" sample to grow the Golem.

Sanguinem Trahere ("Draw Blood")

Cost: 5 magic points and 1D4 Sanity points per quart



of blood involved.

Casting time: 1 minute of sustained concentration per quart involved.

The caster can draw blood from the pores, eyes, mouth, and ears of a target, and maintain control over the sample as an amorphous, animated entity as long as concentration is maintained. The extraction costs the target 2D6 POW points and 1D6 Hit Points per quart. The animated blood can be used to attack a target, but the shape does not move quickly and can easily be "spattered" apart and dispelled with blunt force. It can be used to strangle or restrain, however. It requires a successful POW vs. POW opposed check to succeed against an unwilling victim.

Create Blood Golem

Cost: 1 magic point per quart of blood stored in the creature, and 1D4 Sanity points.

Casting time: 1 minute to animate, 1 round to bind.

This spell creates an animate creature made of human blood, with a SIZ equal to the number of quarts invested times 10. When animated, it can maintain a "flow" form that tends to travel over surfaces in a lattice, web-like texture of bloody drips. It can also form an approximate animate likeness of the donor, walking and moving in mimicry of its original source.

If the caster breaks his concentration and the creature becomes unbound, its first instinct is to kill the blood

donor. In Samuel's case where there are multiple donors, the golem will move toward the nearest donor and destroy each one in turn. It possesses an uncanny ability to ferret out its donors. The creature projects a telepathic tone at donors or any entity that stands in its way, which is interpreted by human minds as a signal that asks "why?" It will pause for an answer, but there is no satisfactory answer, because this is simply a poorly translated interdimensional greeting. Once the target is dead, for 1D6 days the Golem will carry out a series of actions that mimic the most familiar daily routines of the slain donor. After this time expires, the form will melt into a large pool of blood (the volume of an average human-sized Golem is about 6 quarts).

SAMUEL ABBOTT

Age 20, Rakish Loafer And Incipient Sorcerer

STR 65 CON 55 SIZ 45 INT 70 POW 50
DEX 70 APP 65 EDU 65 SAN 30
LUCK 25 HP 11 MP 10 MOVE 9 BUILD 0

DAMAGE BONUS: 0

NATIONALITY: Protestant American!

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 35% (17/7), damage 1D3+DB. Samuel was on the boxing team in high school and knows just enough to be woefully overconfident in a street fight. Dodge 35% (17/7).

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 65%, Other Language (French) 10%, Appraise 40%, Charm 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Intimidate 45%, Library Use 65%, Listen 40%, Occult 20%, Psychology 30%, Sleight of Hand 15%, Spot Hidden 40%, Stealth 60%, Swagger Uselessly 85%, Swim 30%.

DEFENSES: None.

SPELLS: Stigmata, Draw Blood, Create Blood Golem.

NOTES: A swaggering, insecure nativist with the bravado of the entitled but unproductive, he is mentally stretched thin and prone to violence.

EUGENE FARNSWORTH

Age 55, Charlatan, Stage Magician And Professional Racist

STR 55 CON 65 SIZ 50 INT 75 POW 45
DEX 65 APP 70 EDU 65 SAN 45
LUCK 45 HP 11 MP 9 MOVE 9 BUILD 0

DAMAGE BONUS: 0

NATIONALITY: Whatever works best at the moment.

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 35%, damage 1D3 +DB. Eugene does not appear graceful in a physical fight, and tends to use maneuvers like throwing sand in people's eyes or swinging improvised weapons to gain the upper hand; Firearms (Pistol), Colt New Service .45 ACP, 65% (20/8), damage 1D10+2, Range 15, Rate of Fire 1(2), 6 shots, 8 HP, Malfunction 00. Dodge 32% (16/6).

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 75%, Other Language (French) 20%, Accounting 40%, Art/Craft (Stage Magic and Hypnotism) 40%, Charm 70%, Fast Talk 80%, Gaslight 40%, Intimidate 55%, Locksmith 45%, Occult 65%, Persuade 65%, Psychology 55%, Spout Nonsense Conspiracy Theories 85%, Sleight of Hand 45%.

DEFENSES: None.

NOTES: He has made a life out of fooling people for money, and this is merely a continuation of his life's work. One could possibly debate whether he even genuinely believes his racist diatribes. It is enough that others do and contribute money to his movement. He has zero scruples.

ORBAN SCRIBNER

Age 135, Chesuncook Warlock

STR 60 CON 80 SIZ 55 INT 75 POW 90
DEX 55 APP 45 EDU 75 SAN 00
LUCK 90 HP 13 MP 18 MOVE 8 BUILD 0

DAMAGE BONUS: 0

NATIONALITY: Hungarian

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 30% (15/6), damage 1D3 +DB. Scribner is not confident in close combat and prefers to stay at a distance in order to cast spells, so will maneuver to escape any hand-to-hand confrontation. Dodge 27% (13/5).

SKILLS: Own Language (Hungarian) 90%, Other Language (English) 75%, Other Language (Medieval Castilian) 45%, Accounting 60%,

Appraise 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 40%, Fast Talk 65%, History 65%, Intimidate 75%, Library Use 70%, Listen 50%, Loom Menacingly 85%, Occult 65%, Spot Hidden 50%, Stealth 60%.

DEFENSES: None.

SPELLS: Alter Weather, Call Shub-Niggurath, Extend Life, Power Drain, Spectral Razor.

NOTES: An insane, sadistic, rejected little weasel of a wizard, who is happy to sow chaos in the mad hope that the members of his former coven will take him back.

AVERAGE LUMBERJACK

Age 25, Tough Outdoorsmen

STR 70 CON 70 SIZ 50 INT 55 POW 50
DEX 70 APP 50 EDU 40 SAN 50
LUCK 50 HP 12 MP 10 MOVE 9 BUILD 0

DAMAGE BONUS: 0

NATIONALITY: Most are French Canadian, Franco American or Irish.

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl): 70% (35/14), damage 1D4+DB. Lumberjacks like to fight with the metal work spikes attached to their boots, using vicious kicks to tear gashes and spill blood. Dodge 50% (25/10).

SKILLS: Own Language (French) 50%, Other Language (English) 20%, Carousing 85%, Climb 70%, Dodge 50%, First Aid 55%, Intimidate 40%, Jump 80%, Listen 45%, Natural World 60%, Navigate 60%, Pilot Bateau 70%, Spot Hidden 50%, Survival 55%, Swim 40%, Throw 60%, Woodcraft 70%.

DEFENSES: None.

SPELLS: None.

NOTES: Way tougher than their opponents, a fight at the gazebo almost certainly goes in their favor.

BLOOD GOLEM

STR 120 **CON** 90 **SIZ** 60 **INT** 00 **POW** 80

DEX 80 **HP** 13 **MOVE** 9 (humanoid form), 4 (web/liquid form) **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS:

Fighting: 80% (40/16), damage 1D6+DB.

Smothering Strike (maneuver): The Blood Golem can reach out with both hands to cover the target's mouth with semi-liquid hands. The target must make a CON roll each round, and once the roll is failed takes 1D6 damage each round until death. To break the suffocating hold, the target must make an opposed STR check, allowable once per round.

Dodge: 30% (15/6)

DEFENSE: Firearms and projectiles do half damage, rounded down.

SANITY LOSS: 1/1D10 SAN to see a Blood Golem.



THE CALDWELL BOOKMOBILE SERVICE

BY OSCAR RIOS

A NEW INVESTIGATOR ORGANIZATION

The bookmobile, a vehicle used to transport a traveling library collection to remote, under-served communities, is not a new concept. The first was established back in 1839 by The American School Library. Gradually these traveling libraries evolved from animal-drawn wagons to trucks, able to carry larger number of texts further and further distances.

In 1908, a bookmobile traveled to Lewisburg, West Virginia, which at the time was being plagued by strange weather, disappearances, and ritualistic murders. It just so happened that the librarian in charge of that particular bookmobile, one Thomas Coopersmith, was both a graduate anthropology student at Miskatonic University, as well as a Mythos investigator. His personal research notebook, a compilation of his research at the Orne Libraries' Restricted section, proved invaluable in helping the local authorities. Working with the town sheriff and a group of stalwart deputies, the student was able to help end the crisis, and even recovered a pair of rather dangerous Mythos tomes in the process.

Similar things kept happening, and Mr. Coopersmith's bookmobile slowly became a miniature Mythos research library. He began traveling with one or two assistants, usually a mechanic and physician, who were also fellow Mythos investigators. They used the bookmobile as a traveling support center, serving remote communities in need of their specialized help. Unfortunately, eventually Mr. Coopersmith's luck ran out. In 1922, he was killed and the bookmobile destroyed in a mysterious fire, although his companions escaped with their lives.

However, their good work was noticed by a wealthy

New York lawyer and fellow occult detective, Theodore Caldwell. In 1923, he awarded the surviving members of Mr. Coopersmith's team a generous grant, allowing them to purchase and outfit a state-of-the-art bookmobile. The Caldwell Bookmobile Service was born. Educated and experienced Mythos investigators were thereby furnished with a cover story for why they would appear in haunted, out of the way places, and if they helped to spread literacy at the same time, so much the better.

There are anywhere between two and five such vehicles operating at any one time, serving the Northeast, Mid-Atlantic, South, and Midwest regions of the United States. Those not in service are usually undergoing repairs, waiting for team members to recover from injuries or mental breakdowns, or waiting for new (replacement) members to finish their training.

Each bookmobile has a standard library, and serves the traditional role of supporting education in rural underserved communities. However, each also carries a small arsenal of weapons, enough medical supplies to serve as a mobile field hospital, and a number of Mythos tomes written by members of their organization (small, compact reference books focused on identifying and combating the most common Mythos threats). A secondary goal is to remove dangerous Mythos texts from public hands and either transport them to secure libraries if possible, or destroy them as a last resort.

Caldwell Bookmobiles are usually run by teams of between two and four individuals. Teams usually include academics, automobile mechanics, and medical doctors, all of whom have some sort of self-defense or weapons training. Military veterans are eagerly recruited, and teams typically include at least one veteran. The five current bookmobiles are all named after mythical goddesses of knowledge: Minerva, Athena, Saga, Isis, and Kuan-Yin.

JAMES ROYAL

Age 26, Librarian

STR 70 **CON** 65 **SIZ** 70 **INT** 75 **POW** 65
DEX 60 **APP** 60 **EDU** 70 **SAN** 51
LUCK 65 **HP** 13 **MP** 13 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

EDUCATION: Bachelor's Degree
in Literature, Oberlin College.

NATIONALITY: American

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 60% (30/12), damage 1D3+DB; Firearms (Pistol) 50% (25/10), Colt Pocket Hammerless .32 ACP automatic, damage 1D8, Range 15, Rate of Fire 3 (4), 8+1 shots, HP 6, Malfunction 99-00. Dodge 60%

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 95%, Other Language (Latin) 25%, Charm 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Credit Rating 40%, Drive Automobile 40%, Library Use 80%, Listen 50%, Occult 30%, Persuade 65%, Spot Hidden 50%, Stealth 50%.

DEFENSES: None.

SPELLS: Create Elder Sign, Eibon's Wheel of Mist.

NOTES: John is an African-American graduate of Oberlin College who came to the Caldwell Bookmobile Service from an unpleasant experience in Tulsa, Oklahoma in the summer of 1922. Badly wounded in an altercation with a preacher's wife which took him six months in a hospital to recover from, he became haunted by the experience and sought out answers in academia. Contacts at Brown put him in touch with knowledgeable sorts from Miskatonic University, who in turn referred him to the Service if he wanted to make a difference. John operates the Isis bookmobile in the Southern United States, maintaining a network of contacts among churches, HBCUs, benign occultists and community leaders. He has, unfortunately, made a number of enemies in the white supremacist movement.



A BUNCH OF TROUBLEMAKERS

BY JEFF MOELLER

A NEW INVESTIGATOR ORGANIZATION

Jo Dumbarton is a Scottish emigre to the United States who works as a matron at Ellis Island, inspecting new arrivals to the country. She is hiding in plain sight, however, using her training as a stage actress to maintain her fictitious and forged identity. In reality, she is a fugitive from British justice named Jeanette Bell.

Jeanette was a noted London actress, and an early suffrage activist in Great Britain. She had learned self-defense from her upper-class acquaintances in theater society, and became a trainer for her fellow suffragettes. She is an expert judoka and gave more than one policeman a rude awakening when they tried to manhandle her away from a sit-in or protest.

In an effort to get some dirt that could be used to embarrass an anti-suffrage member of the House of Lords, Jeannette broke into his London house late one night. She walked in on a basement chamber human sacrifice, attended by a number of prominent

Londoners, and overseen by something she still cannot clearly recall. She managed to escape, killing a senior police official in the course of doing so. Now wanted for “murder,” Jeannette fled with forged papers and established herself in New York, constantly dodging (and often silencing) cultists sent to silence her who managed to track her down.

Since arriving in New York, “Jo,” as she is now known, has waged war against devilry of any sort. She often takes a personal hand in the fight, but when she does it is always alone. More often, under a variety of guises, she infiltrates a variety of activist movements—from racial equality to women’s rights to labor unions to outright Marxist saboteurs—and trains them in the arts of stealth and self-defense. Then she manipulates them, with a legitimate pretext, into going somewhere that she suspects that the Mythos is active. She watches the results, and either sends more cat’s paws in or, depending on how serious the matter is, finishes the matter herself. To call her ruthless is an understatement.

Investigators are a part of her organization when they belong to another one and get drawn into her web. Getting into her true confidence is a rare honor.

JEANETTE BELL, A.K.A. JOSEPHINE “JO” DUMBARTON

Age 26, Suffragette And International Fugitive

STR 80 **CON** 80 **SIZ** 50 **INT** 85 **POW** 75
DEX 80 **APP** 50 **EDU** 70 **SAN** 43
LUCK 75 **HP** 13 **MP** 15 **MOVE** 9 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

EDUCATION: The School of Hard Knocks.

NATIONALITY: British (Scottish)

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 90% (45/18), damage 1D3+DB, or blessed sacrificial knife (considered magical), damage 1D4+2+DB; Firearms (Pistol) 80% (40/16), Colt Pocket Hammerless .32 ACP automatic, damage 1D8, Range 15, Rate of Fire 3(4), 8+1 shots, HP 6, Malfunction 99-00. Dodge 80%

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 75%, Other Language (Gaelic) 75%, Art (Acting) 50%, Charm 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Credit Rating 40%, Disguise 50%, Drive Automobile 50%, Listen 50%, Lore (Political Theory) 40%, Occult 40%, Persuade 65%, Spot Hidden 50%, Stealth 80%.

DEFENSES: Bless Blade, Cloud Memory, Contact Ghoul.

SPELLS: None.

NOTES: Jeanette is mean, tough, driven, devious and completely ruthless, as well as a consummate actress. Among her favorite ploys, once she has found a target that needs to be eliminated, is to infiltrate the target’s inner circle. She pretends to be helpless, an addict, frightened, needy or any other thing that will get him to let his guard down. Then she strikes, either with her mastery of judo or a well-placed shot to the back of the head. She gives no warning and no quarter. People are expendable and the ends justify the means when it comes to the Mythos.



FRIENDS FROM BOSTON

BY JEFF MOELLER

A NEW INVESTIGATOR ORGANIZATION

One of the greatest causes celebres of the 1920s, and one of the first such to earn the label, was the Sacco and Vanzetti affair. Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were Italian immigrants residing in Massachusetts. There is little doubt that they were anarchists and members of an Italian-American radical movement led by Luigi Galleani. They met at a 1917 labor strike, and the Galleani organization was known to not only advocate bombings and assassinations, but to commit robberies to fund their objectives. The group were domestic terrorists, in effect.

Many Galleanists were deported from the U.S. in 1918, but it is estimated that several dozen were missed initially, including Sacco and Vanzetti. Galleanists staged a series of attacks on judges, Federal authorities and others involved with the deportation of radical foreigners over the next three years.

In 1920, someone committed an armed robbery at the Slater-Morrill Shoe Company in Braintree, Massachusetts. The attack was cowardly; a security guard was ambushed and a pay clerk shot in the back as he attempted to flee. The robbers fired wildly at other workers as they escaped. Circumstantial evidence led the police to anarchist associates of Sacco and Vanzetti, and additional circumstantial evidence was found on Sacco and Vanzetti later. They made matters worse by lying about having no connection to the Italian anarchist movement when apprehended. To make matters even worse, two days after their arrest, one of their associates that they denied knowing, Marco Buda, orchestrated a bombing of Wall Street, killing 38 and wounding 134. Other bombings attributed as retaliation for Sacco and Vanzetti's arrests were perpetrated throughout Europe over the next several years.

In short, regardless of whether Sacco and Vanzetti actually did commit the robbery/murder at the Slater-Morrill Shoe Company, they were members of a violent radical group that certainly reacted as though they had. This did not play well for them at trial. They were

convicted and sentenced to death; the sentence was finally executed in 1927.

Evidence at the trial was conflicting, particularly as to Vanzetti. Some witnesses put Vanzetti at the scene, while many others offered him an alibi. Both were convicted.

A wide variety of political radicals and intellectuals refused to accept the verdict (in addition to anarchist reprisals). Forming what became loosely known as the Sacco Vanzetti Defense Committee, they funded a series of appeals and collateral attacks on the convictions, organized protests and funded sympathy strikes, organized letter writing campaigns, and ceaselessly lobbied politicians both in the U.S. and abroad for clemency. They beat the drum of claiming that anti-immigrant bias tainted the verdict. Prominent attorneys on both sides of the question of retrial spilled a great deal of ink picking through every detail of the trial, every perceived error. Another convict confessed while on death row, but the resulting motion for a new trial was rejected by the trial judge. The Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, while acknowledging that new evidence (both for and against guilt, but including additional forensic evidence implicating Sacco) had been adduced, allowed the convictions to stand. A blue-ribbon panel appointed by the Governor, incident to reviewing Sacco and Vanzetti's clemency petition, refused to criticize the verdict.

Retaliation bombings continued for years after the execution, with the trial judge's wife and housekeeper being injured, and the judge himself living at a club in Boston under constant guard until his death in 1933.

For our purposes, the identities and loose organization of the Defense Committee becomes significant. They included Albert Einstein, Dorothy Parker, Edna St. Vincent Millay, future U.S. Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter, George Bernard Shaw, and H.G. Wells. While primarily focused on Sacco and Vanzetti, the Defense Committee and their allies in leftist politics would become involved in other perceived, anti-immigrant abuses by government. They might commission and fund lawyers, journalists or political activists to get involved in a perceived case of governmental abuse, to expose injustice and bring reform.

DANIEL FREY

Age 23, Rabble Rouser For The Sacco And Vanzetti Defense Committee

STR 70 **CON** 70 **SIZ** 70 **INT** 85 **POW** 75
DEX 70 **APP** 60 **EDU** 70 **SAN** 75
LUCK 75 **HP** 14 **MP** 15 **MOVE** 8 **BUILD** 1

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

EDUCATION: LL.B. (Law),
Harvard University

NATIONALITY: American

ATTACKS PER ROUND: 1

ATTACKS: Fighting (Brawl) 50% (45/18), damage 1D3+DB; Firearms (Pistol) 50% (25/10), but careful not to carry one so as not to risk harm if arrested. Dodge 40%.

SKILLS: Own Language (English) 95%, Other Language (Italian) 50%, Charm 40%, Credit Rating 40%, Drive Automobile 50%, Law 40%, Listen 50%, Lore (Political Theory) 40%, Persuade 65%, Spot Hidden 50%, Stealth 50%.

DEFENSES: None.

SPELLS: None.

NOTES: Reporting to Professor Frankfurter of Harvard informally, Daniel Frey is a young Boston attorney who acts as a go-between, putting together lawyers, journalists and activists on the one hand and private sources of funding on the other. Persons approached by Frey are encouraged if possible, and hired if necessary, to look into suspected cases of bias-influenced government action in general, and questionable prosecutions in particular. While he and those who support the movement know nothing of the Mythos, this only means that they pay rumors of government "persecution" of "innocent fishermen" in Innsmouth trouble them greatly, as do threats of "oppression" of "minority religions" in Arkham and Dunwich.

A SPECIAL THANKS TO...

Joshua Moldenhauer

Greg Bevelhimer—Thanks to the writers, creators, and all of my future investigators—with whom I'll be exploring humankind's inner darkness. Nunc in tenebrae tu accipeo.

Christopher Milan—He felt that he was held for the coming of that frightful soul and messenger of infinity's Other Gods, the crawling chaos Nyarlathotep.

Martin Davis—To my Lesser Evils, Chloe and Carter, I love you with all my heart, even though you drive me insane.

Jen Eastman-Lawrence—So glad to be able to support this project!

Robert Meyer—Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn!

Brian Isikoff

Brian "Vito" Overton—You make the world a better place through games, writing and community. Thanks for supporting goodness.

Sam Heazt

Your time is short, make the most of it. The universe is full of violence and chaos; counter it with good works and kindness.

James "The Great Old One" Burke

William Fisher—Can't wait to play!

Stack—Great to see the Mythos expanding to put a lens on the unrest and injustice of the 1920s.

David S Robinson—Thanks for shining a light into dark places and adventuring where others fear to tread.

Nick Allen

Aaron Fiske

Alyssa Faden—The soul of the Empire will never leave our hearts.

Michael Diamond—Here we are, trapped in the amber of the moment. There is no why.

Ralph Gaudioso—"After the monster gets you, I'm taking your watch."

Loren Eason—Your devotion and efforts will forever be appreciated

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Michael L Anderson

D. Bateman of Eldritch Scuttlings

Christopher Robichaud

Fredrik Wiklund

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Michael Miley

Gil Cruz

Arne Kuhn

Graeme Patrick—Social Justice is the foundation these fictions are built on. It illuminates bad actors and the privileged among us.

Todd W. Olson

Colin Solomon—Thanks to my dad for teaching me the game.

Cena May—Thank you: Aint Babe, Maw-Maw, and Momma.

Regina Ramos—Thank you, Oscar, for creating such amazing work!

David Gutierrez

Ryan Roth—In tenebris, lumen invenimus

Alexander R. Stigler—Let us not forget those who struggled before.

Jarkko Koskinen

Jeremy Michael Matott

Aaron Besson—I'm just happy to be part of this.

Douglas Zi

David Mascari

John Lunman—Thanks for the privilege of backing this game and playing in one of the first sessions with Oscar

Karen Joan Kohoutek—Rebellions are built on hope.

Aaron Sinner—played as Arthur Lexington in the online game of "A Family Way."

Eric Christensen

Jeff "Hank" Marshall—We face horrors at the gaming table not to make light of them, but in solidarity with those who have faced true horrors in life.

Steve Rubin

Jens Bagh

Michael A Piacsek—The Game Steward

Chris Basler

Vitas Varnas—The feats we gain will add to our legacy, which will allow us to live on till the end of time. Game Grumps forever!

Cisco Jimenez—Search long enough, and everything becomes an eigenfunction. Ex nihilo, nihil fit.

Adam Crossingham—A man without habits, consistency, redundancy—and hence boredom—is not human. He's insane.

Morgan Llewellyn—May madness guide your path.

Seth J Bradley

Josh King

J & L Candalino

Andrew Fattorusso



The malevolent forces of the Cthulhu Mythos mostly ignore humankind. But our sense of humanity has many cracks: greed, lust, envy, hatred and fear. In the depths of these fissures An Inner Darkness grows, and through the worst aspects of our human nature, an even darker evil finds purchase.

While the best of humankind fights for just laws and civilization, those who cling to power and privilege stand ready to quash protections for those who need them the most. In the shadows of human injustice lurk loathsome, inhuman entities. As investigators square off against the mankind's darkest nature, they sometimes find themselves entangled with the parasitic and corrupting powers of the Mythos.

An Inner Darkness presents a collection of well researched, historically accurate and challenging adventures, with a darker, harsher and more brutal tone than what is usually found in your typical role-playing scenario. This is a more mature book, focused on adult themes, designed to spark deep conversations among your players for years to come. Each scenario features the malignant taint of the Cthulhu Mythos, but at the forefront of each are examples of social injustice, societal corruption, and mankind's inhumanity to man. The 1920's was a period of great social upheaval in America, when the borders between classes, races, and genders were changed. In this time of social upheaval and chaos, eldritch forces found fertile ground to exploit us. Mankind is never so vulnerable than when we are divided from within.

An Inner Darkness is a collection of six scenarios for the Call of Cthulhu 7th Edition Role Playing Game.

Dreams of Silk by Christopher Smith Adair
Featuring unsafe conditions, dangerous materials, and lack of concern for worker safety in Pennsylvania.

When This Lousy War is Over by Brian M. Sammons
Featuring traumatized, disfigured veterans, struggling to reintegrate with post-war society in Massachusetts.

A Fresh Coat of White Paint by Jeffrey Moeller
Featuring racial discrimination, deplorable detention camps, and human rights violations in California.

A Family Way by Oscar Rios
Featuring sexual assault, torture, imprisonment, corruption, and abortion in New York.

Fire Without Light by Helen Gould
Featuring rampant racism and mob violence in the aftermath of the Tulsa Massacre of 1921 in Oklahoma.

They Are From Away by Charles Gerard
Featuring organized racial and religious persecution by the Ku Klux Klan in Maine.

Investigator Organizations

The Caldwell Book Mobile Service, by Oscar Rios
A Bunch of Troublemakers, by Jeff Moeller
Friends from Boston, by Jeff Moeller

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