In the Shadows

Three Scenarios for Call of Cthulhu

Gary Sumpter
Dave Carson, Earl Geier, Drashi Khendup, Eric Vogt
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by
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“Now what else is the whole life of mortals but a sort of comedy, in which the various actors, disguised by various costumes and masks, walk on and play each one his part, until the manager waves them off the stage? Moreover, this manager frequently bids the same actor go back in a different costume, so that he who has but lately played the king in scarlet now acts the flunkey in parched clothes. Thus all things are represented by shadows.”

— Erasmus, *The Praise of Folly*

This book is dedicated to the memory of my grandfather, Ernest Warden—whose tall tales inspired me to create some of my own.
Shadows are everywhere, my friend. Take a look around; there’s at least one beside or behind you at this very moment. Look closely and you’ll see that it isn’t true darkness, for it can only exist in the presence of light. And if light represents knowledge and symbolizes good, yet casts a shadow of that which it illuminates, what must we then surmise about the interaction of light and darkness? The implication is unsettling—and forms the basis for the scenarios within this book.

“Devil’s Hole” begins with the disappearance of an old friend in Scotland. Subsequent investigation uncovers dreadful secrets about his ancestry, and his terrible fate.

“In the Shadows of Death” takes place in what was once the plantation country of Louisiana. Visiting a friend at his newly-inherited mansion sets the stage for a series of haunting encounters, culminating in the monstrous legacy of a blasphemous experiment.

“Song of the Spheres” takes place in New England, where the elderly father of a respected colleague has been inexplicably stricken mad. The investigators discover that a slighted musician and his act of supernatural revenge have far greater implications.

This book could not have existed without the participation of many people. First and foremost, many thanks to the dozens of gamers who sat through one of these scenarios at various conventions—UBCon and MAGIC, in particular. Special thanks, long overdue, to the most intrepid trio of players this side of Yuggoth—Rob Malkovich, Kelli Smith, and Steve Spisak. Last, but by no means least, special thanks to Debbie and Emily for ignoring the strange noises in the basement for so many nights.

IN THE SHADOWS
Three Scenarios for Call of Cthulhu

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Devil's Hole

Wherein the investigators find that a plethora of clues and information may not always be helpful.

This scenario has been designed for three to six players, and contains many basic elements that occur in the macabre fiction of Howard Phillips Lovecraft. While this adventure can introduce novice players to the game and to Lovecraft's work, experienced players may also find "Devil's Hole" to be a challenging exercise in Lovecraftian horror.

The scenario is set in and around Aberdeen, Scotland. It could be moved with little change to Kingsport, Massachusetts. The nominal year is 1927, but this may be altered as the keeper sees fit.

Keepers might find Green and Pleasant Land, a British sourcepack for Call of Cthulhu, useful for background when running this adventure. Dark Designs also contains relevant information, for an earlier era.

At least one of the investigators should be a friend or school chum of Edward Drake. During playtesting, the teams were based in London, England. In campaign play, they could begin the adventure anywhere, provided the keeper alters the chronology of the scenario, to accommodate the five-day trans-Atlantic crossing to Liverpool.

Special thanks are due to Robert Malkovich for his advice and able assistance during the design and playtesting stages of this scenario.

Scenario Considerations

Begin the scenario by presenting the players with The Devil Papers #23, which arrives by mail late one summer morning.

A short time later, while the investigators ponder Drake's disturbing letter, a telegram arrives. Give the players The Devil Papers #24.

This curious sequence of events gives them much to think upon: should they make the trip to Aberdeen, and take a closer look at this odd occurrence firsthand? Or perhaps there's no cause for concern at all?

But then the situation changes again. Before they've had a chance to decide on a course of action, an investigator happens upon The Devil Papers #1. If the investigators are not based in the United Kingdom, the article appears in the "London Calling" column of their local newspaper.

Good Heavens! Edward Drake missing? Why, it
has only been a fortnight since the investigators' chum left for Aberdeen, and now he's disappeared. An uncle had died, Edward told them, and he had been bequeathed the family's ancestral home. He planned to stay there for a while. Unfortunately, he didn't provide the address. What has happened to poor Drake? Present The Devil Papers #2 to the players.

**Keeper's Information**

Edward Drake's maternal ancestors for four generations have had the taint of Deep One blood in their veins, ever since Duncan MacBain's fateful voyages in the Pacific in the 19th century. Young Edward, too, has that tainted blood. He is now gradually beginning to undergo the change that will separate him from mankind.

A small colony of Deep Ones — and worse — lurks in an undersea chasm in the North Sea near Dogger Bank. The fishermen know the area as Devil's Hole, a place where catches are meager and where nets are often holed if not lost entirely. There, allies of the tainted MacBains are engaged in an ongoing attempt to release a shuddersome entity from its eons-long imprisonment under the waves.

What begins as a simple missing person search becomes a larger mystery; as the investigators delve into the circumstances surrounding the disappearance of their friend and discover secrets they might not wish to know.

# Aberdeen

Located in northeast Scotland, this port city of 167,000 lies on the North Sea, at the mouth of the river Dee. It developed from two separate fishing villages on the rivers Dee and Don. By the thirteenth century, Aberdeen had become an active trading center based on coastal and Baltic trade. Shipbuilding and fishing remain the major industries.

Known as the Granite City for its many buildings constructed of many-hued local granite (white, blue, pink and grey), Aberdeen contains several places of interest, including the Old Cathedral of Saint Machar.
dating from the fourteenth century, and the University of Aberdeen, which was established in 1860 by the merger of two colleges dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. High-rise buildings are not yet common; stately facades, towers, and pillars of granite still reign supreme.

Investigators travelling to Aberdeen from London by train take the Flying Scotsman from Kings Cross to Waverley Station in Edinburgh. They must then transfer to another train to Aberdeen. The trip to Edinburgh takes about six hours; to Aberdeen takes another three.

Trains for Edinburgh leave London at 7am, 10am, 1pm, 4pm and 7pm (arriving at 1pm, 4pm, 7pm, 10pm, and 1am, respectively) and cost £1/10 (“one-pound-ten”). Trains leave Edinburgh for Aberdeen at 9am, noon, 3pm, 6pm and 9pm, and cost £0/35s (“six and three”), arriving at noon, 3pm, 6pm, 9pm and midnight, respectively.

The British pound is worth approximately four United States dollars. There are twelve pence to a shilling, and twenty shillings to a pound.

**SETTING THE SCENE**

Regardless of the time of day, a light rain falls in Aberdeen as the investigators’ train pulls into the station. Umbrellas are not necessary, but almost everyone on the platform is carrying one. The platforms of the Victorian-era station are covered; only the pigeons perched in the rafters seem distressed. A taxi rank is just outside the station, and a sheltered bus station is located directly across the street.

At this time of year, the wind blowing off the sea is cool and fresh, even invigorating. The keeper may assume that, for the duration of the investigators’ stay, the weather is consistent, if uninspiring; early morning fog gives way to a fine drizzle which lasts most of the day, broken by intermittent sunny periods. With each cloud bank that passes through, another lurks just beyond. The average daytime temperature hovers around sixty degrees Fahrenheit; at night, it dips as low as forty-five.

**Cultist Activity**

Edward Drake was unaware that a deep-one cult existed, or that his family had ties to it. He has had no contact with its members, who are unaware that he has gone to join his still-living ancestors in the depths of the North Sea. They are as curious about his disappearance as are the investigators. The exact nature of the actions of the cultists in their search for Edward Drake is best left to the keeper to decide, but here are some suggestions.

While visiting the MacBain house during the day, an observant investigator with a successful Spot Hidden roll might notice a battered old lorry parked a little way down the street. Its two scruffy occupants apparently watch them with some interest. The lorry belongs to Harbourside Processing, but there are no markings to indicate it as such. There are fish scales and fins scattered on the flat bed, which reeks of rotten fish. Should the investigators get close enough to detect this, the cultists will speed off.

The cultists in the lorry can be seen elsewhere: outside the Maritime Museum, the University, or at the investigators’ hotel. The keeper should take care,
Aberdeen

A. MacBain House (Albury Rd.)
B. MacKendrick House (Sunnybank Rd.)
C. Police Station (Union St.)
D. Cemetery (Great Western Rd. & Holburn St.)
E. Royal Mental Hospital (Berryden Rd.)
F. Records Office (King St.)
G. Aberdeen Evening Press (Union St.)
H. Central Library (Skene St.)
I. Chisholm's Office (Desswood Pl.)
J. Rare Books (Beechgrove Terrace)
K. Maritime Museum (Ship Row)
L. Fish Market (Market St.)
M. Harbourside Processing (Blaikie's Quay)
N. Train Station
however, not to overuse the cultists by having them show up everywhere the investigators go. They should be used sparingly, just enough to keep the players on edge.

If the investigators visit the MacBain house at night, they might find that they are not alone; at an opportune time, the keeper might wish to introduce a couple of intruders to the scene: a pair of slovenly but dangerous thugs, searching for any sign of Edward Drake’s whereabouts. The keeper should make this encounter as suspenseful as possible, perhaps by having the investigators hear curious sounds from elsewhere in the house, or the two parties might blunder into each other when a door is opened, or a corner turned. Whatever the circumstances, the cultists avoid any confrontation with the investigators, choosing to flee if possible (to a waiting lorry in the street, perhaps?)

Since encounters are limited in this scenario, it is important for the keeper to create the impression that one might occur at any moment. The actions of the cultists while they search for Edward Drake is one way in which an imaginative keeper can accomplish this.

**THUG #1**

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**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist 70%, damage 1D3+db

Club 65%, damage 1D6+db

**Skills:** Bluff 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Drink Beer 60%, Listen 50%, Occult 10%,  Operate Heavy Machinery 30%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 40%, Track 50%

**THUG #2**

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**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 45%, damage 1D3+db

12-gauge shotgun (2B) 45%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

**Skills:** Cthulhu Mythos 7%, Hide 45%, Listen 35%, Occult 15%,  Operate Heavy Machinery 25%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 45%, Track 40%

**MacBain House**

Now that Drake has disappeared, this two-story town house in Albury Road is empty and silent. The building is locked up, but an unlocked ground floor window allows access to the house.

Although hooked up for electricity, the power has been shut off since the death of Hugh MacBain; apparently Edward never bothered having it turned back on, employing oil-burning lamps during his stay here. The house is well-kept, although the presence of dust in certain rooms suggests that Drake nor his uncle made little use of the entire home.

**GROUND FLOOR**

*Hall:* a narrow carpeted hallway. The stairs at the end leading to the upper floor are bare hardwood.

*Living Room:* oak-panelled and attractively furnished with comfortable chairs, but apparently seldom used. Dust and cobwebs abound.

*Dining Room:* the unlocked window here is a convenient entrance and exit to the otherwise tightly locked house. The dust and webs clinging to the antique table, chairs, and buffet suggest little use.

*Kitchen:* this room appears recently used. There are dirty pots and pans scattered about. The cupboards contain a variety of canned goods, and there is a loaf of bread on the counter fresh enough that mold has just begun to develop.

*Library:* this room appears frequently used. The walls are lined with neatly arranged bookshelves. There are gaps on the shelves where certain volumes appear to have been removed. Investigators will find The Devil Papers #3 on a desk here. A successful Idea roll suggests that it is in Edward's hand.

**UPPER FLOOR**

*Storage:* there are a number of crates and boxes here, containing old clothes and furnishings. Most of the contents appear to be of 19th century design. A trap door in the ceiling (accessed by standing on boxes, or a friend's shoulders) leads to the attic.
Guest Room: this Spartanly furnished room has apparently not been used for a long time. Dust and webs are thick here.

Guest Room: furnished simply with a bed, chair, and dresser, this room is thick with dust and webs.

Master Bedroom: a well-appointed room has been recently used, but there is little of interest here apart from a faded photograph, circa early 1900s, of a young couple and their baby. An inscription on the back reads “Edward, 6 mos.” The photograph depicts Edward and his parents. The closet contains clothing which can be readily identified as belonging to Edward.

Study: from the looks of things, this room saw extensive use. Books and papers lie scattered about in some rough semblance of order. A locked cabinet (STR 15, no key can be found) contains The Devil Papers #4.

There is also a deed of ownership, dated 1841, for a “Harbourside Processing, Ltd.” The company, started by Duncan MacBain, has been handed down, following Hugh MacBain’s death, to young Edward. The processing plant is located in Blakie’s Quay, but Edward never had time to visit the plant and planned to sell it off. Attached to the deed is a business card. Give the players The Devil Papers #5.

W.C: the MacBain house is equipped with indoor plumbing. Besides the usual toilet and sink, this washroom contains a large, free-standing, curtained bathtub.

ATTIC
This small, low-ceilinged room is accessed through the trap door in the storage room. The attic does not seem to have been used at all in recent years; it is empty, save for copious amounts of webs and dust.

BASEMENT
There is a coal-burning furnace here, with an abundant supply of coal piled nearby. Crates and boxes line the walls, and contain mostly cast-off clothing. A trunk in the corner embossed with the letters “H.M.” contains several pairs of well-worn men’s trousers and shirts, neatly folded. Sitting on top of this pile are a pair of large black mittens, spectacles of a deep cobalt hue, and a big pair of old shoes (a successful Spot Hidden or Idea roll suggests that each shoe is plainly worn out of shape as if the foot inside had been afflicted by a kind of distorting disease). These are the personal effects of Hugh MacBain.

The Devil Papers #4

D. Mortimer Drake, being of sound mind and body, on this 20th day of June, 1910, do hereby set forth this testimony of events occurring on this day.

The woman who now calls herself my wife is not the woman I married. Something terrible is happening to her; she is changing, undergoing some sort of hideous transformation. Her features, once fair, are now grotesque, almost inhuman. Her eyes bulge, unblinking, her nose flat and flatly. Her voice cracks horribly and she speaks interminably of going to join her fathers, and utter black oaths so foul that D. shall not repeat them. D. do not know what manner of curse is upon her, but there is only one way to end it.

With God as my witness, D. have sent young Edward to my dear cousin home in London, and loaded my shotgun; D. shall now go upstairs and use as many shells as it takes to destroy that cackling, gibbering thing that calls itself Ada, and then, mercifully, turn the gun upon myself.

Forgive me...
Hidden in the bottom of the trunk, beneath the folded clothing, is a plain metal box which contains a decaying manuscript roll written in Chinese. This item was brought back from the Orient by Duncan MacBain. Investigators need a successful Chinese skill roll, or locate someone willing to transcribe it for them (the University has no Chinese department, but there is a small Chinese enclave near the harbor). Reading the text in the original Chinese increases the Cthulhu Mythos skill by one point. Give The Devil Papers #21 to the players.

**BACK YARD**

Behind the MacBain house, like most in the neighborhood, is a square, cement, brick-walled area without a blade of grass. The only entrance to the yard is through the kitchen; neighboring yards are adjacent on three sides. The back lot is unkempt. A number of rats nest in a dingy corner and feast on the piles of rotting trash along the walls.

A covered barrel (containing stagnant rainwater) stands just outside the kitchen door. If the lid is removed and the murky water within examined, a slimy appendage suddenly flails out of the water to strike at anyone within three feet.

**THE THING IN THE BARREL**

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<td>DEX 11</td>
<td>HP 8</td>
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**Damage Bonus:** +0.

**Weapon:** Tentacle 30%, damage 1D3

Under the green seas the Ancient Masters lie, patient and potent, imprisoned when the great cities crumbled to dust and the oceans drank the land. Gone but not forgotten are they, who were served by the Sons of the Orient. These cults, with signs and symbols ancient beyond belief are lost in the void of time but in our veins flow the blood of those who served the Black Gods. Soon shall the stars be right, when One of the Old Race rises up from the sea, and in strange woes the world shall be yours, and you shall know that the long sleep of the dead has ended.

(see) of Wan Su-Yin

In the 25th year of the Meiji Era

*The Devil Papers #21*

**Armor:** 3-point blubber and gristle.

**Sanity Cost to See:** viewing this minor abomination costs 0/1D3 points of sanity.

The thing in the barrel is the hideous offspring of Hugh MacBain and an unknown entity. When it was born, some ten years ago, it was so monstrous, so manifestly nonhuman, that MacBain had realized he had to keep it well out of sight of his neighbors. The thing itself is a loathsome blob of ropy, green, pulsating flesh which bears no resemblance to mankind. It has no means of locomotion, having been born limbless, apart from one tentacle which is used to draw food into its puckered gullet. This tentacle is also used to keep the curious and inedible at bay.

Although the gruesome thing is very hungry (having fed only on occasional stray cats since Hugh MacBain’s disappearance), it poses no real threat to investigators, who are far too large to be consumed. Nonetheless, it is ready proof that the younger MacBain’s disappearance was not accidental.

**Other Leads**

**NEIGHBORS**

Neighbors in Albury Road can provide little information regarding Edward Drake; upon his arrival at the MacBain House, Drake introduced himself to several of the neighbors and made mention of settling in for a long stay, but thereafter kept to himself. He had few, if any, visitors.

Lately, however, neighbors have seen suspicious characters skulking around the house. An old lorry

*7 – Devil’s Hole*
has parked on the street on several occasions, sometimes slowing down as it passes the MacBain house and then speeding away again. The locals have no idea who these people might be.

Information on Hugh MacBain is easier to come by, but investigators will have to inquire about him specifically. Several neighbors have long resided here and were acquainted with Edward Drake’s uncle. Apparently Hugh MacBain suffered from some slow, ravaging disease that left him disfigured. The opinion of many Albury Road residents is that his disappearance was no accident, but suicide. Neighbors will report that Hugh MacBain was a reticent fellow, maintaining a polite but indifferent relationship with those around him.

If the investigators are well-dressed or benefit from successful Credit Rating rolls, several of the neighbors go into more detail, mentioning his staring, unblinking expression, a disquieting countenance that he apparently shared with his father. One or two may mention that the MacBains once owned some sort of fish processing plant at the harbor.

Professor MacKendrick

Professor Ian MacKendrick, of Aberdeen University, is a pioneer oceanographer. He had made crude preliminary studies of shallow Dogger Bank areas, but dreamed of penetrating the murky depths of Devil’s Hole itself. That chance came when he received a grant from the University which enabled him to acquire a bathysphere (a revolutionary prototype on loan from the Maritime Museum). The fledgling British Oceanographic Society’s ship Intrepid was also brought in.

For his crew, MacKendrick selected young Simon Murray, an undergraduate student, and Edward Drake, from London, whose knowledge, enthusiasm, and competence impressed Professor MacKendrick enough to take him on as the third and final member of the team.

What MacKendrick found in Devil’s Hole horrified him. He decided to keep it hushed up, until he could think of some way to handle it. Murray was delirious, and Drake promised to mention nothing about what they had seen. He soon disappeared.

Just before the investigators go looking for MacKendrick, the Professor is found dead in the study of his Sunnybank Road home. The autopsy identifies cardiac arrest as the cause of death. The note MacKendrick had been writing at the time of his death remains in his typewriter, unnoticed by the authorities.

MacKendrick is survived by his wife Iris and his teenage daughter, Pauline. According to Iris, when she discovered her husband’s body the study was curiously damp; there was condensation on the walls, floor, and ceiling, “as though someone had left a kettle boil too long.”

A successful Persuade roll will convince the grieving family to let the investigators examine the study, where they can discover The Devil Papers #6 and The Devil Papers #7. If asked about the typewritten document, the family is puzzled. They did not know that MacKendrick ever tried to write stories.

Aberdeen’s Constabulary

Located in a dignified 19th century granite edifice in Union Street, the police station can supply inquiring investigators with Edward Drake’s address (successful Persuade or Fast Talk roll required), or they can find it in the local telephone book under MacBain, Hugh.

Mortimer Drake’s Death: no officer directly involved in the investigation is still with the force. If the investigators are patient, the desk sergeant can be convinced by a Persuade roll to dig up the old police report from the files storage. Give The Devil Papers #8 to the players.

The desk sergeant’s opinion, while being essentially accurate, is misleading and naive, as a successful Psychology roll will show.

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The Devil Papers #6

A curious water sound, as of something swimming, and now a terrible trembling in the bowels of the earth itself, shading upward from below, as though some great being walked in the watery places under the earth. Great, sluggish, sucking footsteps grow louder and louder; the fog, seeping in through the cracks around the window frame — something in that watery fog, a bestial travesty out of nightmare, a creature that seems to have once been a man and now...
We went down, past schools of curious fish and hearing into Devil’s Hole. The vegetation clinging to the side of this immense chasm seemed to back up languidly with the motion of the waves. Soon the sea became an airy black, and we turned on our afterlights. At this depth, perhaps five hundred feet, the schools of fish were no longer evident.

The vegetation grew thicker, and we seemed to pass into another world altogether. We thought we saw shapes—possibly cup in this blackness—and just beyond the reach of our beams.

And then we saw it! There, in the heart of our afterlights—a city of coloured sand, dropped between the waves of the black sea, it must have been thousands upon thousands of years old, and it was covered with the growths of countless centuries, yet its immense outline seemed eerily articulated by the waves.

That the ancient city was not constructed for man use was immediately obvious; the angles were jagged, jutting, and seemed rather concave or convex. Murray, was dumbfounded; he marvelled something about there being a sort of unfeigned horror locked within these cyclopic structures.

Our afterlights could only hint at the fabric, swallowy presence of this terrible city, but we could make out slits—deeps of them—etched and running precociously upon the countless terraces of that immense azure whale of stone, tawny, ciphers of wood and iron, soil and glass.

I felt dizzy, nauseous, yet sought further details. Young Murray, however, had become so hysterical that to extend our visit was unthinkable. He was screaming and writhing like a madman. It was obvious he was a fanatic not only to us, but to himself. We gave the signal to the interregnum above, and at once we began to rise. It was then, as we were heaved up towards the surface and safety, that we saw a sight to surpass the horror of all we had already seen; the most banal of sights imaginable, a guardian of that sunken crypt which walled in the murky depths. We saw the determination seemed to be following us at a distance. By this time Murray had mercifully fainted. I have never felt such relief as when—at last—we broke the surface alongside the interregnum.

**Hugh MacBain’s Death:** This case is on file as “Missing: Presumed Dead.” Following the discovery of MacBain’s capsized rowboat, a thorough search of the outer harbor was made, but to no avail.

**Edward Drake’s Disappearance:** The investigators can readily learn that Inspector Martin Sutherland is handling the investigation into Edward Drake’s disappearance. He is in his office during normal working hours, and is quite accessible. He is as interested in the investigators as they are in what he has to say. He readily agrees to swap information, since he has very few leads, and has not dismissed the possibility that Drake might simply have decided to leave Aberdeen without informing anyone. Detective Sutherland doesn’t rule out foul play, either, but fanciful that it is not likely. So far he has no suspect, no motive, and no evidence.

**FILE CONCERNING THE MURDER OF MORTIMER DRAKE**

In summary, the thin file says that the body of Mortimer Drake was discovered lying in a pool of blood at the foot of the first floor stairs of his Albury Road residence. The body was covered with deep slashes, and it appeared as though he had been cut repeatedly by razor-sharp knives. A loaded shotgun lay several feet away. The coroner states conclusively that Drake was murdered.

A subsequent autopsy revealed that his left arm, left hip, and neck were all broken, due probably to a fall down the stairs. No knife resembling the suspected weapon was located on or near the premises.

Mrs. Drake was nowhere to be found, and has not been seen since. She is still wanted for questioning. She may have killed herself, as part of a murder-suicide. No other possible killer developed, and the police exhausted their meager leads.

The case is still technically open, but no work has been done on it in more than ten years.

**The Devil Papers #8**

However, he is very curious as to why the MacBain men all seem to disappear or die young; he too has looked at the old files. A successful Psychology roll shows that he now considers the investigators to be his prime leads, but that he does not suspect them of murder. If background checks begin to suggest that they might have a motive for Drake’s death, he will move swiftly against the investigators.

He does not yet know about the death of Prof. MacKendrick. Once he learns about that, and about Simon Murray’s commitment to the Royal Mental Hospital, he will have many more questions to ask.

**MARTIN SUTHERLAND, age 37, Inspector of Police**

STR 12 CON 12 DEX 11 APP 10

SIZ 13 INT 13 EDU 15

Authority Bonus: +1D4.

**Weapons:** Webley Revolver, 70%, 1D8 Fist/Punch 75%, 1D4+1D4

**Skills:** Bargain 60%, Drive Auto 40%, Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 60%, Hide 40%, Law 50%, Listen 75%, Psychology 65%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 75%, Track 15%.

Sutherland is a burly red-haired fellow with a handlebar moustache and a tough no-nonsense attitude. He speaks the thick local accent impeccably, though he was raised in the Lowlands. He plays by the book and expects everyone else to do the same. Inspector Sutherland has little compassion for those who break the law.

**Aberdeen City Cemetery**

This is a large, rambling graveyard located at the junction of Great Western Road and Holburn Street. A
wrought iron fence surrounds the entire graveyard; a narrow gravel drive leads to the custodian's house. Many of the tombstones date back centuries. Each hour of searching in this tree-filled cemetery allows a Spot Hidden roll to locate one of the following graves. With a successful Credit Rating roll and a gift of a few shillings to the groundskeeper, he can find a plot map that locates the three simple gravestones.

- Mortimer Drake (1879-1910)
- Howard MacBain (1779-1829)
- Emma MacBain (1781-1826)

Try as they might, the investigators cannot find graves for Duncan, Duncan II, Ewen, Hugh, or Ula.

The cemetery is best visited during the daylight hours, as the groundskeeper has a shotgun and no sympathy for nocturnal prowlers. Grave-robbbers are not unknown here. Anyone skulking around in the dead of night would be suspected of that heinous crime.

**IVOR CONNOLLY**, age 61, Groundskeeper

- STR 13
- CON 12
- SIZ 14
- INT 14
- POW 13
- DEX 11
- APP 10
- EDU 8
- SAN 60
- HP 13

**Damage Bonus**: +1D4.

**Weapons**: Nightstick 50%, damage 1D6-1D4
- 12-gauge Shotgun 40%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

**Skills**: Drive Funereal Coach and Four 40%, History of the Cemetery 50%, Library Use 50%, Recite Robbie Burns 44%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 50%.

A stout fellow with a heavy beard and rather romantic nature, Connolly has little of interest to tell investigators. He can recite many of the Ossian poems, a more or less fraudulent epic once much-admired by some, and is familiar with the works of Edgar Allen Poe, especially “The Raven”. He dislikes strangers tramping about, for they’re likely to upset the dead, and then for weeks the dead are tempted to walk again like the living do, requiring him to step lightly at night.

A successful Psychology roll shows that Connolly doesn’t actually believe this, though he regularly scares himself with such tales.

**Royal Mental Hospital**

Simon Murray, of Edinburgh, the third member of the bathyscaphe team, is currently a patient at the Royal Mental Hospital in Berryden Road. The hospital is a shining example of British psychiatry—neat, efficient, and dignified. Visiting hours are Monday to Friday, 9am to 5pm, at the discretion of hospital staff. Medical credentials, or letters of reference, or successful Credit Rating and Persuade rolls are needed to see Murray.

He sits huddled in a corner on the floor of his padded room, mumbling to himself. When he notices his visitors, he babbles mindlessly. “The waves... the waves... down the Hole... beneath the waves... endless, endless... up! Up! The walls... breathing—living! That thing! Up! Up!”

A successful Psychology roll made while interviewing Simon Murray suggests that he has suffered a tremendous mental shock, resulting in a complete nervous breakdown. What he witnessed, or believes he witnessed, would seem to be the cause of his state.

Here he begins to screech and rave. The attendants rush in to administer a sedative to Murray and hustle out the investigators.

Dr. Peter Cameron, the attending therapist, is a dapper Englishman with gray hair, spectacles, and white suit. He will explain his patient’s condition to the investigators: “From what we know, Mr. Murray was a reasonably stable young man, with no history of mental illness, but sometimes he who appears the most rational is often quite the opposite, under certain conditions. Hence his present nervous breakdown.”

“Mr. Murray’s involvement with the University’s ocean survey seems to have triggered the problem. I’ll be frank with you; he’s in sad shape. I’ve seen veterans of the War with less damage. His mind has retreated, and only time perhaps can bring it back. He’s certainly suffering from a variety of conditions, not the least of which we call thalassophobia: fear of the sea. It probably lay unnoticed in him all the time, but emerged when he entered that bathysphere and went down into the gray waters.”

If the investigators present Dr. Cameron with Professor MacKendrick’s journal, or other similar evidence, he will be quite perplexed, but remain unconvinced: “It seems that Mr. Murray isn’t alone in his deep-rooted fears. Of course, what you’ve shown me is the result of this dread, perhaps connected with the tremendous stresses that such explorations force upon the human mind, and not based on any reality.”

**City Records Office**

Located on King Street, this stout office of recent construction is open from Monday to Friday, 9am to 5pm. Access to the information requires a successful Fast Talk or Persuade roll. There are a number of MacBain birth certificates here, but surprisingly few marriage or death certificates entered. The heavy
bound registers of such events bear numbered lists in roughly chronological order. There is a gap of about one hundred years where three generations of MacBain brides are unknown, corroborating Edward's ancestry chart.

The records clerk is an unhelpful Marxist with a perverse taste for reading racing forms on the job. About the missing generations he raises his eyes and says only that the proletariat have no obligation to furnish their bloodsucking masters with information of any sort. Then he returns to his racing form.

**Aberdeen Evening Press**

The offices of Aberdeen's popular daily newspaper, established in 1879, are located on Union Street, and are open weekdays 9am to 5pm and Saturday 1pm to 5pm. A copy of the Aberdeen Evening Press costs a penny.

Having long outgrown the building in which it is housed, the newspaper is desperately in need of larger quarters. Staff work in cramped cubicles and narrow hallways. Access to the newspaper's cellar morgue is easy enough to obtain with a letter of reference and a short interview (or successful Persuade and Credit Rating rolls) but locating relevant articles amidst a jumble of nearly fifty years of newspapers is a daunting task, even if one knows the general date of the story. For each hour spent rummaging, a successful Library Use roll uncovers one of six relevant stories, *The Devil Papers #s 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14.*

While conducting research here, the investigators may cross paths with Margaret Fergusson, a reporter currently covering the local news scene; as such, she may be used by the keeper to steer confused investigators in the right direction (or to provide misleading clues and red herrings) should the need arise.

Miss Fergusson is a feisty, independent red-head in her late twenties. She is always well-dressed and good-natured. Her common-sensical Presbyterian background makes her unlikely to believe stories of aquatic cities and fish-men. She shares a flat in Westburn Road with a girlfriend.

**University Of Aberdeen**

Most of the university is housed between Gallowgate and North Streets, in a number of buildings, some dating back as far as four centuries. If the investigators look for Professor Ian MacKendrick, everyone informs them that he has taken a week's holiday. A polite inquiry to the porter gets them MacKendrick's home address, only a comfortable walk distant.

If the investigators visit here after MacKendrick's death, the faculty and staff are mourning his loss, but cannot provide useful information. No one here knows what the bathyscaphe team witnessed in Devil's Hole.

University offices are open weekdays only, from 8am to 6pm. Tutors and resident scholars keep their own hours, for the most part. The University porters can provide much assistance, if asked.

A Fast Talk or Persuade roll gains access to MacKendrick's office, which is in any case unlocked. Amid stacks of books, student essays, and scholarly journals, the investigators find an unsent letter addressed to Professor Henry Armitage, Miskatonic University, Arkham, Massachusetts. Give the players *The Devil Papers #22* if they decide to open the envelope.

**Central Library**

A visit to this stately building on Skene Street (open Monday to Friday, 10am to 6pm. Saturday and Sunday, 1pm to 5pm) may turn up some items of interest. Among the bewildering piles of books, manuscripts, and other documents here, a successful Library Use roll is required for each book per hour of searching, per investigator.

*North Sea Tales,* by P.A. Logan. Edinburgh, 1925. This book contains folklore concerning the North Sea, from the earliest tales of sea serpents in the eighth century by seafaring Norsemen, to the most recent twentieth century reports. The players should be given *The Devil Papers #15.*

Similar reports have been logged at various times in the last forty years on the Edinburgh-Oslo route,
Dear Professor Armitage,

I write this letter in the hope that you might be of some assistance to me in a matter most unusual. Please accept my apologies, for I have neither the time nor the desire to explain the situation in full.

Suffice to say that I have heard rumors about recent events at Devil Reef off the Massachusetts coast. The tales I have heard bear a disturbing similarity to what I have seen here with my very own eyes, in an underwater chasm known as Devil's Hole, in the Dogger Bank region of the North Sea. I am certain that I have attracted the attention of those from below. They do not like for others to know that which they strive to keep secret. I do not know how long it will be before they come for me. Please be assured, Professor Armitage, that this is no hoax, nor am I off the beam - not yet anyway.

If you would be so kind, could you please send to me - in all possible haste - any and all information you might have in your possession which may pertain to the situation at hand.

Sincerely,
Prof. Ian MacKendrick
University of Aberdeen

but the most frequent occurrences seem to be on the Hull-Oslo, Hamburg-Edinburgh, and Hamburg-Newcastle routes.

*Vestigium Scoticum* by D. MacAonghais, Edinburgh, 1680. This reference book is missing. No one at the library knows what the book is, where it is, or when it went missing. The librarian, Mrs. Alice Paton, will suggest that investigators wishing to obtain a copy of the book try one of Aberdeen's many used and rare book dealers.

*Genealogy of the Clans*, by Clive MacRae, Glasgow, 1911. A standard work on Scottish clans. There is an interesting section on the MacBain clan; give the players *The Devil Papers* #10.

**Rare Books**

"Aberdeen's Finest!" proclaims the sign over this musty little shop in Beechgrove Terrace. The proprietor, Andrew Bruce, lives upstairs. He is an absent-minded but good-natured octogenarian. The shop is open Monday to Friday, 10am to 5pm, and Saturday, 11am to 5pm. Amid a clutter of Shakespeares, Dickens, Brontës, Bunyans, and Burnses, wedged between old editions of *Canterbury Tales* and *Ivanhoe*, is a musty old copy of *Vestigium Scoticum*. Locate it with a successful Spot Hidden roll.

Mr. Bruce does not remember how he came into possession of the book, but reckons that it was part of an old second-hand job lot. Although ignorant of its arcane value, Mr. Bruce is well aware of its antiquity; this original edition fetches the princely sum of £25, more if Mr. Bruce perceives that the investigators want it badly.

*Vestigium Scoticum* by D. MacAonghais, Edinburgh, 1680: this book upset puritanical 17th century Scotland because of its dark themes, and was often labeled "blasphemous." There are two relevant passages. Each requires a successful Luck roll to discover while perusing the book. Give the players *The Devil Papers* #17 and *The Devil Papers* #18 as applicable.

The old, worm-eaten tome gives +5% to Cthulhu Mythos knowledge, and a Sanity loss of 1/1D6. It
The Devil Paper #17

It is spoke of with guarded tongue, but certain khyber folk of that Vurch beeth the Deo and the Don have been known to propitiate them which they believe dwelleth beneath the cold, dark waters of that sea which separateth the isle of the Britons from the Scandinavian home of the Norse.

The Devil Papers #18

has a spell modifier of x1 and contains two spells: Contact Spawn of Cthulhu and Contact Deep One.

Malcolm Chisholm, Solicitor

Mr. Chisholm’s office is located on the ground floor of a town house in Desswood Place, near Forest Road. Chisholm is a cigar-chomping, portly individual who enjoys a spot of brandy. As executor of Howard MacBain’s will, he contacted Edward Drake in London and informed Drake that he was the sole beneficiary of the estate. When Drake arrived in Aberdeen, Chisholm presented him with the inheritance: the house in Albury Road (and all its contents), and the deed to Harbourside Processing, Ltd. There was no cash involved; apparently MacBain had a dislike for banks, and whatever money he may have had would probably be in the house.

Chisholm, a cordial fellow in his late thirties, has no information regarding Drake’s disappearance. If asked about Hugh MacBain, Chisholm says little, unless the investigators make a Credit Rating roll; he then relates that “he was a queer sort, was Hugh MacBain; what you’d say ‘holier-than-thou,’ I suppose. He only visited me once, to register the will. That was just a few weeks ago. You’d think he’d almost knew he was going to die.”

Maritime Museum

The museum is housed in two sixteenth century town houses bordering Ship Row, one of the medieval thoroughfares winding up from the harbor. The museum is open to the public Monday through Saturday, 10am to 5pm.

FIRST FLOOR

These galleries retrace the early development of Aberdeen harbor from the original north pier (1781) to successive fishing booms. Model boats here include pre-steam replicas. There is a tribute here to the China Tea Trade. The exhibit mentions Duncan MacBain as a prominent clipper captain, along with his son. A second exhibit entitled “Memorial To Those Brave Souls Lost At Sea” includes some familiar names.

Duncan MacBain - 1849, North Sea
Duncan MacBain II - 1869, North Sea
Ewen MacBain - 1891, Dogger Bank

SECOND FLOOR

The history of shipbuilding is traced from the earliest small sailing vessels, with emphasis on the tea clippers. What is called a 19th century sailor’s “good luck charm” is exhibited here. It is a wooden object, about six inches in length and three in diameter, resembling the head of an octopus with a mass of feelers or tentacles protruding from it. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll suggests that this represents Great Cthulhu himself, or perhaps a Star Spawn.

Graham Kilbride, age 49, Director

Damage Bonus: none.
Weapons: none.
Skills: Accounting 45%, Anthropology 60%, Archaeology 40%, Credit Rating 30%, Geology 45%, Latin 40%, Library Use 80%, Natural History 80%, Persuade 20%.

Dr. Kilbride is a well-mannered gentleman in his late forties. He wears well-tailored clothes, and his idea of casual dress is a three-piece suit. He is a staunch supporter of accepted scientific theories; he has no time for the wild speculations of “publicity-mad amateurs.” Although he believes that species of marine life hitherto unknown to man might well exist, the notion of fish-men and vast underwater cities is utterly ridiculous.

If the investigators ask about the strange ichthysoid remains and the fire that destroyed them, Dr. Kilbride says that the specimen was nothing more than the
rotting carcass of a seal or walrus, and that the (unrelated) fire was the work of vandals. A successful Psychology roll suggests that he is perhaps not so certain of these explanations as he would like to be.

**ABOUT THE EXPEDITION**
The museum is also involved in current studies, including the Oceanographic survey of Devil's Hole. The museum curator, Dr. Kilbride, is dissatisfied with the results of the first expedition and hopes that, one day, another dive will be made. "The technology is new," he relates, "but I think we're on the verge of tremendous discoveries!"

**Fish Market**
The old fish market is a lively spot at the foot of Market St. on Albert Basin. When in full swing, a crowd of buyers, merchants and fishermen haggle over the stacked boxes brimming over with fish of all kinds. Each day at 7am the public can watch fish being auctioned.

Making his home amidst this jumble and cacophony is a white-haired old drunk by the name of Archibald Burns. He sleeps among and around the stalls and, perforce, reeks of fish. Gaunt and almost toothless, Archie is fond of quoting Robert Burns (of whom he insists he is a direct descendant) and, if supplied with a bottle or two of strong liquor, can provide the following to investigators who inquire about the MacBain family:

"They 'eld commerce wi' th' far corners o' th' earth, an' 'brocht strange things back wi' 'em."

If the investigators inquire about strange happenings and/or peculiar items in Aberdeen, or Devil's Hole itself, and more liquor is supplied, Archie will relate the following, drunkenly, before passing out:

"Well naow, ye've opened up ain whole can o' worms naow, ye have. There's a' lot more tae this world than they teaches ye in school. Ain lot more. I knaow, I seen an' heard things ain body oughtn't tae. I can tell ye that they wait by th' gates for th' time tae come, and there's them who ken th' spells put upon th' Aold 'uns, and there's them who ken how tae break them, as already they ken how tae command th' servants o' those who wait beyond th' door fra' Aoutside."

Just how he came upon this information, Archie does not say. Perhaps his run-sodden imagination is running wild, or perhaps he is repeating something he once read, or overheard. He has been a fixture in the fish market for more years than most folk can remember. He does not beg, but often receives a few pennies from the locals, who tolerate his stumbling interpretations of Robert Burns. No one gives credence to any of Archie's wild stories.

**ARCHIBALD BURNS, age 55, drunk**

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**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Weapons:** none.

**Skills:** Hide 50%, Listen 35%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 40%.

**Harbourside Processing**
This ramshackle processing plant on Blaikie's Quay operates Monday to Friday, from 6am to 6pm. The building itself is in a state of disrepair, but still functioning. There are about a dozen employees, all of whom are members of the cult. If investigators decide to visit during the day, the workers direct them to Rowland MacFie, the plant manager.

MacFie is a potbellied fellow dressed in ill-fitting clothes. If questioned, he admits that the plant is owned by the MacBain family. He's heard of Hugh's death, but it's business as usual: "Don't matter who owns the plant, there's a job to do." Anyone making a Psychology roll will deduce that MacFie is not telling everything he knows.

MacFie has never met Edward Drake. He will answer any other questions as briefly and unsuspiciously as possible, then politely wave the investigators off: "I've a load of work to do today, if ye'll excuse me."

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![Harbourside Processing Diagram](image-url)
If the investigators visit after here after hours, they will have to break in: doors and windows are securely locked. A single watchman stands guard, and there is a chance equal to the lowest luck score of investigators present that he will be sound asleep in the lunch room (see below). If not, he occasionally makes rounds of the plant.

Hapless investigators who have the misfortune of being captured by the cultists are brought to the plant, to be ground up with the fish viscera. If rescuers arrive in time (the cultists rarely wait longer than twenty-four hours to dispose of prisoners), they find their friend bound and gagged, awaiting the grinding machine which is in the warehouse.

Investigators who do not arrive in time might (with a successful Spot Hidden roll) find a pocket watch, hat, or other personal item of their late friend. He or she has, by this point, met his or her terrible demise in the grinder.

**MacFie’s Office:** on MacFie’s desk is a small statue very similar to the sailor’s luck charm in the Maritime Museum, a wooden object about six inches in length and three in diameter, resembling the head of an octopus with a mass of feelers or tentacles protruding from it. A Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the image as that of Great Cthulhu himself, or one of his Spawn. If questioned about the object, MacFie says that it is a good luck charm, “like a rabbit’s foot.”

**ROWLAND MACFIE, age 39, Plant Manager**

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**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Weapons:** 45 Revolver 60%, 1D10+2

**Knife** 80%, 1D6

**Spells:** Contact Deep Ones, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Shrivelling

**Skills:** Accounting 65%, Bargain 25%, Credit Rating 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Law 20%, Occult 50%, Operate Heavy Machinery 30%

**Lunch Room:** workers take their lunch breaks in this room. There are several long, low tables and benches about the room but nothing of interest. If the investigators visit at night, there is a chance that the night watchman will be asleep here. Any loud noise will awaken him. Have each investigator who passes by the door make Sneak roll: if any fail, the watchman will awaken with a successful Listen roll. The watchman is a gruff, burly fellow with little interest in conversation.

**NIGHT WATCHMAN, age 71**

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**Damage Bonus:** +1D4.

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

**Club** 40%, damage 1D6+db

**Skills:** Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Electrical Repair 50%, Hide 35%, Listen 70%, Occult 25%, Operate Heavy Machinery 50%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 70%, Track 40%.

**Washroom:** this tiny room contains a toilet, washbasin, and shower.

**Warehouse:** the warehouse, ostensibly for the grinding and storage of fish viscera (which is used for pet food) serves another, less pleasant purpose: it is also a temple to the great abomination which dwells in Devil’s Hole. The hidden temple is located in the secret cellar, accessed only through a dummy crate in the warehouse. Investigators examining the many crates stored here will stumble across the secret with a successful Luck roll.

**Temple:** below this crate, which is easily moved aside, lies a long flight of narrow stairs. The rock walls become increasingly damp as the steps descend, until finally a small cavern is reached. About a foot of murky water covers the floor. There is a noxious stench of putrescent fish here, far worse than the odors found in the warehouse. A gleaming obsidian statue of a huge, hulking half-frog, half-man creature looms at the opposite end of the cavern, on a small stone pedestal. The statue glistens in any light the investigators may have brought with them.

There are several exceptionally deep troughs in the floor here, hidden by the murkiness of the water. These troughs are essentially bottomless, perhaps eventually linking up with the depths of the sunken alien city. Unless a character is heavily encumbered (in which case drowning rules take effect), these troughs pose little danger, although the keeper may want to make anyone who steps into one of these troughs a swim roll, since the sudden depth will probably startle the investigator.

It is here that the faithful come to worship. Sacrifices are tossed—bound and weighted—down the troughs. The devotees are degenerate humans of dubious breeding, simple fisherfolk all, sharing a common unwholesome appearance and lack of intelligence. There is a 50% chance that 1D4+1 adherents will be present, praying, if the investigators visit during the night. They will, of course, seek to sacrifice any and all intruders to their loathsome god.

For over a hundred years, the MacBain clan has acted as go-betweens for the human cultists of Aberdeen and the less than human denizens of Devil’s Hole.
At Sea

Dogger Bank

This 170 mile long, 65 mile wide sandbank is an important cod and herring fishing ground, as well as a breeding area for many types of fish. It lies 250 miles southeast of Aberdeen, and attracts trawlers from Britain, Norway, Denmark, Germany, and many other nations. Several major shipping lanes pass over it. At its most shallow point, Dogger Bank is just under sixty feet deep; at its deepest, one hundred and twenty feet.

Hiring a ship to travel to Dogger Bank will be simple; there are plenty of local fishing vessels for hire. For £10, investigators may hire a sturdy vessel and crew for such a voyage. Unfortunately, there is nothing of importance there, as far as this scenario is concerned, and the trip will be unremarkable.

Devil’s Hole

This undersea chasm reaches a plumbd depth of 120 fathoms, nearly 800 feet. Devil’s Hole lies about 150 miles southeast of Aberdeen. If the investigators mention a journey to Devil’s Hole to local fishermen, the once-abundant ships and crews suddenly remember prior commitments. No one seems willing to undertake such a voyage: “Looks like a storm’s brewing. Not a good time to set out,” and “Och, I just remembered, I’ve already hired out the ship. Sorry, mate,” are two common reactions.

Only two local captains will take the investigators to Devil’s Hole. Have the investigator with the lowest Luck score make a secret roll; if he rolls equal to or lower than his score, the investigators find Kapitan Hans Mueller and his ship, Der Grunhafen. For £20, this sturdy fishing vessel from Hamburg will take the investigators out to Devil’s Hole on an uneventful voyage. While in the Devil’s Hole area, investigators making a Spot Hidden roll will catch a fleeting glimpse of a large, dark shape in the water not far from the ship: “Probably a whale,” says Mueller. His crew speaks little English.

If the Luck roll fails, the investigators find Captain Liam Baird and his ship, the Kippee. This rather decrepit-looking fishing vessel operates out of Aberdeen. It is powered by a coal dust-burning diesel engine that coughs and sputters occasionally. Baird, who bears a long scar upon his bearded face, will take the investigators out to Devil’s Hole for the astonishingly low fee of £5, but this is not the bargain it appears to be: Baird and his crew are deranged
servants of that which dwells beneath the waves. They will attempt to subdue the investigators and toss them overboard, as sacrifices, into the cold, dark waters of Devil’s Hole. There is but a single lifeboat, with room for eight average men.

LIAM BAIRD, age 43, Captain of the “Kipper”

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Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: 45 revolver, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Navigate 45%, Pilot Boat 60%.

SIX UNSAVORY SAILORS

All are male. Ages range from twenty to forty. Sanities are zero. Reuse as necessary.

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Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Knife 65%, damage 1D6+db

Fist 65%, damage 1D3+db

Skills: Boating 40%, Climb 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dodge 30%, Hide 20%, Listen 40%, Navigate 25%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 80%, Throw 45%.

Investigators thrown into the water are essentially doomed: the nearest land is some seventy-five miles to the southwest. Even the most capable of swimmers will succumb to the freezing waters long before they even catch sight of shore. The nearest shipping route is the Edinburgh-Hamburg lane, about twenty miles to the south, still an impossible distance in the frigid North Sea.

Allow any investigators tossed into the sea a chance equal to Luck/20 (rounded up) that a ship will pass near enough to notice them floundering in the water, and pick them up. If more than one investigator is involved, the chance is not cumulative; use the highest Luck/20 score.

Any survivors fortunate enough to have a spot in the lifeboat will drift at sea for 3D6 hours before being spotted and picked up. If the keeper is kind-hearted, the ship is Aberdeen-bound.

Armitage’s Reply

The investigators may decide to write to Professor Armitage themselves, or perhaps mail Professor MacKendrick’s own letter posthumously, with a cover-message of their own explaining the situation. A much faster method is to send a telegram, of course. In any event, they will receive a cabled reply back. Give the players The Devil Papers #19.

Exploring Devil’s Hole

Given the technology required, it is highly unlikely that the investigators will find the means by which to explore Devil’s Hole firsthand.

Unless one of the investigators happens to be an oceanographer (or can present him or herself as one), the University will decline any offers to undertake another visit to Devil’s Hole. Likewise, it will be very difficult for investigators to convince the Maritime Museum to allow them the use of the bathysphere, which is housed in a shed at Albert Basin. The British Oceanographic Society vessel, the Intrepid, is still anchored in Albert Basin, awaiting recall to its home port of Portsmouth.

Possible connections in the government may bring the University to heel, however. And if the investigators are wealthy, they may be able to hire the bathyscaphe for a few weeks, since there are now no University projects scheduled for it.

Less law-abiding investigators may attempt to borrow the bathysphere without permission; while this in itself presents no great challenge (the shed is padlocked, but unguarded), they will be unable to load the bathysphere onto the deck of the Intrepid without the assistance of dock-side cranes; nor will they be able to put out to sea unless one or more of the group is familiar with operating such a vessel, and the principles of navigation. Any Idea roll made in connection with stealing the bathyscaphe in order to dangle at the end of a cable in the middle of a deep one city suggests that the notion is very bad indeed!

Should they somehow manage to make their way to Devil’s Hole, an Operate Heavy Machinery roll is
required to successfully lower the bathysphere into the murky depths by way of the steel cable and winch system.

Intrepid investigators will find Professor MacKendrick’s description of the undersea city in his journal disturbingly accurate. Viewing such a loathsome, impossible sight requires a Sanity roll. Those who succeed lose one point; those who fail lose 1D6. Each round that the investigators spend gazing at the impressive, non-Euclidean design of the sunken city through the porthole, there is a 10% chance (non-cumulative) that their view becomes obstructed by some large, dark shape. If the investigators continue watching, they see that the shape is moving towards them. Blubbery flesh becomes evident; the bathysphere is rocked violently and, before it is torn asunder, the investigators catch a glimpse of a single monstrous eye glaring at them through the porthole.

**STAR-SPAWN OF CTHULHU**

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**Damage Bonus:** +10D6.

**Weapons:** Tentacles (1D4) 80%, damage 10D3+db
Claw 80%, damage 10D6+db

**Armor:** 10 points; regenerates 3 points per melee round.

**Spells:** any 10 spells, keeper’s choice

**Sanity Cost to See:** viewing this monstrosity costs 1D6/1D20 SAN.

On board the *Intrepid*, a violent tug on the steel cable nearly capsizes the vessel; when the crew winches the cable in, they find that it has been sheared off, and the bathysphere and its unfortunate crew are gone forever.

**Defeating the Horror**

There is only one way in which the investigators may hope to defeat the horror from Devil’s Hole, and that is by convincing the authorities to take action. Accomplishing this will not be easy. These people are skeptical by training and by experience alike, and they have learned to go slow and be sure of each step.

If the players go to the police or other agents of the government with their story, allow a base chance to succeed equal to the highest investigator Persuade score divided by five and added to the highest investigator Credit Rating divided by five. Then add also the percentiles for evidence found and for actions taken during play, as per the table at right. **Percentiles for Evidence Found and Actions Taken.** Roll D100 against the final total. If the roll is equal to or less than the total percentiles, then the authorities are convinced, and secret actions take place against the deep one enclave. If the roll fails, the authorities do nothing, and the deep one city, the cultists, and the Star-Spawn survive and prosper.
SUCCESS

If the investigators succeed in convincing the authorities to take action, the latter may take any or all of the following steps: raids on the processing plant; arrests of suspected cultists; employing naval vessels to investigate Devil’s Hole, and finally naval attacks upon the alien city. The investigators are not permitted to take part in these events unless they are authorized agents of the Crown.

All such actions are done in secret, and are thoroughly covered up. No person in Aberdeen ever learns the truth.

Each investigator regains 1D10 Sanity by convincing the authorities to take action when they are finally informed by the smug officials that “nothing could have survived the barrage we laid down there.”

The day after the attack on Devil’s Hole, a fishing trawler ensnares a mangled, misshapen body, and brings it ashore. The body is identified (perhaps with the investigators’ assistance) as that of Edward Drake. The autopsy shows that Drake was killed by explosives, not unlike those discharged into Devil’s Hole. The body is quietly laid to rest, the last of MacBain blood to be buried in Aberdeen Cemetery. When the terrible truth about Drake is revealed, each investigator loses 1/1D6 points of Sanity.

FAILURE

If the players fail to convince the authorities to destroy the horror from Devil’s Hole, over the ensuing months an increase occurs in the number of ships lost in that area of the North Sea. There is also an increase in the number of humans who disappear, not only in Aberdeen but in many other communities along the east coast of Scotland.

Then a letter from Edward Drake himself arrives at the investigators’ hotel, having been forwarded there from London, where it had been originally sent. Give the players The Devil Papers #20.

The investigators may yet meet up with their old chum; although he retains a resemblance to his former self, young Edward’s features are decidedly baraquian: prodigious bulging eyes that never close; palpitating gills at the sides of his neck; and webbed paws. He hops irregularly, sometimes on two legs and sometimes—more easily—on four. His voice is a croak and, if he recognizes his old friends, Edward’s gibbering ululations mercifully do not reveal it.

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<tr>
<th>Percentiles Awarded for Evidence Found and Actions Taken</th>
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<td>+16</td>
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*dp = Devil Papers*

The Devil Papers #20

My friend,

Do not tell me where to find the truth. You know all about it, as I did. Get to the bottom of it, and find out why we are so obsessed with the story. Are we going to shut our eyes and pretend that it never existed? Or are we going to accept it for what it is, and deal with the consequences? If we choose to ignore the truth, we will soon be cornered.

Edward Drake, Deep One

**STR** 15  **CON** 12  **SIZ** 16  **INT** 13  **POW** 11  
**DEX** 11  **MOV** B  **HP** 14

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapon:** Claw 25%, damage 1D6+db

**Armor:** 1 point of skin and scales

**Sanity Cost to See:** 0/1D6 plus an automatic 1D6 for witnessing Edward’s hideous transformation.

Edward may be found in the secret temple beneath Harbourside Processing or, perhaps, skulking about the MacBain house at night, haunted by some dim ancestral memory. Unless facing a lone opponent, he always seeks to flee, but will fight ferociously if cornered.
Conclusion

Even if the investigators do manage to convince the authorities of the danger, and Devil's Hole is torpedoed, or a whole shipload of explosives is dropped on the place, this is not an outright victory; the nameless abomination, wounded but not dead, has been driven deeper into the chasm, but it still exists. Even if all known cultists have been rounded up, others will take their place. The horror from Devil's Hole has lost this battle, but the war is far from over.

If the Royal Navy succeeds in blasting the sides of the chasm, causing it to collapse upon the city and trapping the Star Spawn beneath the debris, the horror will still survive, and one day return.

If investigators fail to motivate the authorities, even fleeing to a dry location as far from the sea as possible does not have a significant effect on cultists, who may continue to show up to do harm to the investigators. More immediately, though, the investigators should worry about efforts of the authorities to have them join Simon Murray in the Royal Mental Hospital.
“...Monstrous things abide in the shadows of death, lurking and waiting to seize the souls of those who meddle with forbidden things.”

- Robert Bloch

This scenario takes place nominally in 1927. The year can be changed to suit the keeper’s game, but certain specific dates mentioned in the text will need to be altered accordingly, especially the birth and death dates for the Butler family.

At least one of the investigators should be friends with Dr. Isaac Butler, a New England physician. It seems appropriate for the investigator selected to be a trusted colleague—a doctor, or another professional, perhaps—and the keeper can provide background details of the friendship which seem pertinent to play.

The investigator in question receives a letter from Dr. Butler; the envelope bears the postmark of Champillon, Louisiana. Give the players The Shadows Papers #1.

Although Dr. Isaac Butler seldom made mention of the fact, he is the descendant of a wealthy Southern family; and, following the recent death of his elderly uncle, Dr. Butler and his wife have traveled to Louisiana to settle the estate.

Later that day, a telegram arrives for the same investigator; it was cabled early that morning from the telegraph office in Champillon, Louisiana. Give the investigators The Shadows Papers #2.

Involving the Investigators

The remaining investigators should be also be acquainted with Dr. Butler; they might be patients or colleagues, or members of the same societies or clubs. The keeper need only provide sufficient reason for those other investigators to respond to Dr. Butler’s summons.

Dr. Isaac Butler is known to the investigators as a hard-working physician, forty years of age. Isaac’s father was an exceptionally gifted man who was born in Louisiana and eventually moved north to estab-
lish a medical practice in Boston. He married a local girl and, in 1888, Isaac was born.

Shortly after Isaac’s birth, however, tragedy befell the family: the elder Butler went inexplicably mad, and died raving in a Boston asylum in 1891. Young Isaac, however, inherited his father’s aptitude for rapid learning, and went on to attend college and then medical school.

Tragedy struck again in 1915, when Isaac’s mother was lost at sea following the sinking of the ill-fated Lusitania. Soon thereafter, Isaac graduated near the top of his class, and established a practice in the investigator’s home town in 1918. In 1921, he married a young woman named Hannah Bell.

The air is close and humid, the sun hot. The trip takes an uncomfortable hour through the lagoons and swamps of the bayou country, past ancient homes and gardens festooned with Spanish moss. With each passing mile, the number of plantations dwindles. Some squat amid clusters of brooding, moss-grown trees, lost in various stages of desertion and decay. A sense of isolation grows.

Bowen’s Landing

The road reaches Bowen’s Landing, a tiny hamlet where a ferry waits to take passengers and vehicles across muddy river to the town of Champillon.

The Bowen family has been operating the ferry for generations. Francis Bowen, the current ferryman, is a sturdy, middle-aged fellow who reacts with surprise if the investigators advise him of their destination: “What you wanna go there fer?” he asks.

Although Bowen has heard the blasphemous rumors associated with the Butler family, he is not a superstitious man and puts little faith in those old stories; Bowen simply finds it strange that a group of well-dressed and (presumably) well-educated Yankees would want to visit that decrepit old plantation.

Bowen and his teenaged son operate the ferry six days a week (there is no Sunday service), with crossings every two hours from sunrise to sunset. The ferry has room for three automobiles or about fifty
people, and each crossing (one-way) takes about fifteen minutes.

**Champillon**

Champillon itself huddles close on the banks of the muddy river. A few small sawmills and paper mills provide the town's economic livelihood, the only other industry of note being a glassworks. The town has no library, and the closest hospital facilities are located in New Orleans, though there is a local M.D. The 2300 residents of Champillon are suspicious of foreigners. Sophisticated Yankees are about as foreign as they come in these parts.

Most of the townsfolk are unwilling to discuss the Butler Plantation with outsiders, either denying any knowledge of the place, or simply urging caution if pressed. If the investigators seek out the “gray-haired patriarch” who warned Dr. Butler away from the plan-
Information in Town

If the investigators stop in town for a while, they can use daylight hours to good effect in researching the Butler family. If they wait until another day, the walk between the Butler house and town is only half an hour.

Investigators searching for death certificates or autopsy reports of deceased members of the Butler family meet with no success. In the rural south, records of this nature were seldom kept; nor did the parish of Champillon actively seek them. Such information was placed in the family Bible, traditionally, so that the line of begats might extend even unto the living day, and was thought to be the business of no one else.

THE CHAMPILLON GAZETTE

The local newspaper has files dating to 1873. Each investigator who searches through the back issues for four hours and makes a successful Library Use roll uncovers one of the items included in The Shadows Papers #5.

GENEALOGICAL DATA

With a successful Credit Rating roll, a clerk at the Gazette voluntarily mentions records in a local historical society: information prior to 1873 can be gleaned from the office of the local historical society, a chapter of The Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy. The office is just a back room in the home of Mrs. Elihu Gervaise, lined with stacks of old letters, invoices, land documents, and stacks of expired Louisiana Lottery stubs (these of course are post-Civil War), all accumulated with an eye to showing the genealogies of those who fought for the South. Each investigator who spends four hours searching the files and succeeds in a Library Use roll uncovers one of the items listed in The Shadows Papers #6.

The Shadow Papers #4

Seth Rutledge Speaks

Seth Rutledge is a grubby derelict in his eighties who sleeps in the town square. He is frequently seen slipping moonshine out of a brown paper bag. In exchange for booze, or enough money to buy some (a dollar), Rutledge answers the investigators' questions about the Butler Plantation, but it is difficult to tell exactly how inebriated he really is; he speaks clearly, but there is a wild gleam in his eyes.

According to him, the blasphemous rumors surrounding the Butler family are true. "Sure's I'm a-settin' here," he says, spitting out a wad of chewing tobacco, "they've been muckin' about with what no man got a right to. Y'know, even back 'fore the Yankee Invasion, them Butlers had trouble keepin' their niggers. They was always escapin'—or dyin' tryin'. Them what didn't make it still talked to other niggers, like they would do, and I've heard tales that'd make yer hair stand on end.

"Now mind, most folk don't put much stock in what a scaret nigger got to say, but I reckon they was tellin' the truth. Sometimes, if the wind was right, folk could hear them niggers walkin' somethin' fierce clear into town, like they was fearin' for their very souls. Ain't no whip gonna do that, no sir. They jes' ain't no denyin' that them Butlers was up to somethin'; no God-fearin' Southern family ought to be. I used to live out that way. Certain times o' the year, everthin' would go real quiet out in the swamp, and then the whippoorwills would set to callin' so loud as folk couldn't sleep. All night long they'd cry, hundreds of 'em. My ma use to say they was jes' waitin' to hitch somebody's soul.

"The first Butler hereabouts was of Virgil. He was a privateer—that's how he made his fortune—an' he come here and built that plantation, a hundred years ago or more. When ol' Virgil died, he left one son, Zachariah, who found a sea-chest full of devil-books that belonged to his pa, so the story goes. Virgil couldn't read nor write, but Zachariah got some schoolin', enough so's he could read them books, an' he learnt how to do strange things. He used to disappear for months at a time, an' folk use to say he was out visitin' corners of the earth what weren't never meant to be visited.

"Well, when the war come, his son Abraham went off to fight the Yankees, and when he got himself killed, the old man set about learnin' his grandson what was in them books. That was ol' Aaron—who got took to meet his maker last month.

"I reckon' ol' Aaron was the last of 'em, but now they's another Butler on the plantation, a smart-talkin', fancy-dressed Yankee. Well, they's been enough goin's-on already. I'm warnin' you, as like as it's too late for him—stay clear of that place, if you knows what's good for ye."
reach Butler Island, however, they arrive in the middle of a driving rainstorm. Across the bridge, an unpaved track leads the width of the island (two miles) to the plantation house. The slow, slick way is churned into mud by the passing vehicles. As the investigators cross the island, they pass the neglected, marshy remains of the rice and sugar cane fields which once flourished in the fertile delta soil. In the distance, crude huts are glimpsed, the deserted remains of slave quarters.

The Butler House
At the east end of the island, adjacent to the ramshackle collection of crude huts which forms the remains of a long-abandoned slave settlement, the investigators find the plantation house. The overseer's bungalow, the machine shop, and the rice and sugar mills have weathered the years poorly and now lie mostly in ruins. Nearby stands the two-story Butler plantation house, silhouetted against the dark sky and surrounded by rampant weeds.

This once-elegant example of classic-revival architecture has fallen into gloomy disrepair. The hipped roof saggs, the whitewashed clapboards are badly weathered but, although vines cover much of the house, the formal facade with its magnificent portico, supported by Ionic columns, remains impressive. Wisps of smoke rise from several of the chimneys, and out front sits a gray Packard bearing Massachusetts license plates.

The grimy, multi-paned windows of the house are hidden by crumbling wooden shutters, closed against the storm, but when the investigators mount the steps to the portico and approach the pedimented front doorway, they can see the faint glow of warm candlelight through the second-floor Palladian window above.

When the investigators knock upon the front door, the reply is not immediate. The keeper should delay long enough to start the players thinking that something has happened, then announce that the door suddenly swings open on creaking hinges.

Isaac Butler stands in the doorway. A successful Psychology roll detects that he seems surprised to see the investigators. He hesitates for a moment, then greets his visitors with a familiar smile. Extending his hand to each investigator, Dr. Butler invites the group inside and out of the rain.

DOCTOR ISAAC BUTLER
Dr. Butler is middle-aged, with dark hair and a thick mustache. He is of average build and in good health, but a Psychology roll indicates that he seems tense.

He carries in his pocket the only key to the locked downstairs study.

When Abraham Butler was killed during the Civil War, the plantation fell into neglect. The few remaining slaves fled or were sold, leaving Abraham's wife Victoria to raise their three children. Old Zachariah tutored the oldest son,
Aaron, in the forbidden ways. The twins, Daniel and Jacob, were as different as night and day; while Jacob was drawn to the dark side of the ancestral legacy, Daniel shunned it, eventually fleeing after the death of his mother in 1880. Daniel made his way to Boston where he eventually became a doctor. In 1887 he met and married Sarah Pinckney; their son, Isaac, was born the next year.

Shortly after Isaac's birth, his father went mad, and died in a Boston asylum in 1891. Isaac subsequently attended medical school and, like his father before him, became a doctor. He established his own practice in 1918.

Isaac's mother had been killed three years earlier, a passenger aboard the ill-fated Lusitania. In 1921, Isaac Butler married Hannah Bell.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Dr. Butler takes his guests' hats and coats and hangs them up to dry. He politely defers immediate questions about the urgent telegram and leads the investigators through the elegant, receiving hall, with its graceful curved oak staircase open to the second floor, and into a spacious parlor boasting comfortable chairs and couches, and a large stone fireplace.

A warm fire crackles in the fireplace. Dr. Butler invites the investigators to pull their chairs closer. He offers brandy and cigars. Here, as throughout the house, paraffin lamps provide the evening illumination; the plantation house does not have electricity, nor indeed does the town of Champillon. The evening wears on. The storm has passed, but a light drizzle remains. The hour having grown late, Mrs. Butler announces that she will retire; on her way to bed, she says, she will have Jack, their only servant, make up rooms for the visitors. She bids her husband and the investigators goodnight.

After his wife has left, Dr. Butler continues to make small talk until it is time for everyone to turn in. If the investigators broach the subject of his telegram, or make mention of what they heard in Champillon about the plantation, Dr. Butler chuckles:

"Local superstition has not been kind to my ancestors," he reflects over a goblet of brandy. "Do you know what they call my grandfather? A wizard! They say he dabbled in black magic, of all things. My late uncle, too. Folk clearly disliked my family; and I suppose it was their secluded nature that fostered these strange fables.

"I'm not a superstitious man, by any means, but I must admit that when I sent you that cable, I was in quite a panic. You see, I had been working into the small hours of the morning on the estate, going over my late uncle's papers, and there was quite a storm—worse than tonight's. I must have fallen asleep, for I had the most terrible dream. I dreamed of my late

HANNAH BUTLER

Hannah is a slim woman, pretty but without glamor. She dresses modestly in conservative attire and eschews cosmetics. She is obviously surprised to find the investigators here, and politely inquires as to what brings them to the plantation.

Outside, the storm continues unabated; distant thunder booms and, through the parlor windows, lightning flashes. The investigators may make small talk—about the weather, social conditions in the south, etc.—with Dr. Butler and his wife, but if the conversation begins to move toward his urgent telegram, Dr. Butler abruptly steers to another topic.

If the investigators find a convenient opportunity to talk with Hannah in private, she confides her concern for her husband's recent behavior. According to Hannah, Isaac has been spending more and more time poring over the documents pertaining to the estate; and, on more than one occasion, he has sequestered himself for hours within the locked study. He sleeps poorly, and she fears that he has become obsessed with the legacy left by his ancestors. Hannah dislikes Alexandra, as she seems to encourage Isaac in his fixation. (She does not mention Alexandra's scandalous private conduct with an as-yet-unknown member of the household, but when the investigators notice Alexandra's behavior, they will better understand Hannah's disapproval.) Hannah expresses the hope that the investigators will be able to convince her husband to leave the island and retain the services of a solicitor to settle the estate on his behalf.

"I owe you an explanation and a great apology," he says. "That telegram I sent was foolish—and completely unnecessary. I was over-tired, and the place was getting to me; my mind was simply playing tricks on me."

There is a knock upon the parlor door. and Dr. Butler adds hastily: "Please mention none of this business to my wife. She is apprehensive enough about the plantation, and I don't want to cause her additional concern."

Dr. Butler opens the parlor door and admits his wife Hannah, a gracious and engaging woman with whom, it can be assumed, at least one of the investigators is already acquainted. Meanwhile, a successful Psychology roll directed at the doctor suggest only that what he says he very much wishes to be true.
uncle; he was outside the window—beckoning me, calling my name. I found myself following him into the swamp, where he promised that ancient secrets would be revealed to me.

"I awoke suddenly, in a cold sweat. I was so unsettled that I didn't dare sleep again that night. Come the first light of dawn, I wasted no time getting into town and cabling you. It was rash and foolish of me, I know. I really am quite embarrassed about this, and I'm terribly sorry for having dragged you all the way down here for nothing. I hope you can forgive me."

At this point, Dr. Butler notes the late hour and says he'll show the investigators to the guest rooms in the old servants' quarters. "They've been empty for some time," he says. "My family has not had a full complement of servants for many years."

As they leave the parlor, the investigators see a woman in a long black dress coming down the stairs in the receiving hall. She is darkly beautiful, and approaches the group with a supple feline grace.

"Ah yes," says Dr. Butler, clearing his throat, "allow me to introduce my cousin, Alexandra."

**ALEXANDRA BUTLER**

She is an alluring woman with long black hair, dazzling green eyes, and a mole on her cheek; a true southern belle despite her rather pale complexion. Alexandra's voluptuous figure is enhanced by the suggestive style of her snug-fitting, low-cut dress.

She wears the only key to the mausoleum suspended from a heavy gold chain around her neck.

As she is introduced to each guest in turn, Alexandra's attention lingers longest on that investigator (male or female) with the highest APP. Anyone who makes a Psychology roll determines that Alexandra seems quite interested in that individual.

She is intelligent but not garrulous, and her smile is enigmatic. Alexandra's tastes are decadent, her pleasures obscure and deviant. She is nocturnal by nature, and rarely seen during the day. On calm nights, she ostensibly takes long, solitary walks around the island, but investigators who surreptitiously trail Alexandra follow her either to the graveyard behind the house, where she lays fresh flowers at her mother's grave; or to the Butler mausoleum near the northern end of the island, where she unlocks the door and disappears inside for hours at a time, emerging before dawn and creeping back into the house. The investigators might draw the erroneous conclusion that Alexandra is some sort of vampire; the keeper should feel free to play upon this fear without unduly misleading the players.

Alexandra welcomes the investigators to the Butler Plantation in her deep, velvety voice, but does not linger to make idle conversation; she bids everyone goodnight and saunters away. If the investigator with the highest APP happens to watch her sinuous progress across the room, Alexandra turns her head when she reaches a door leading off of the receiving hall and, with a sly grin, blows that investigator a discrete kiss before disappearing into the living room.

Dr. Butler proceeds to lead the investigators through the house to the servants' quarters, where Gullah Jack has just finished preparing the rooms. It is a mark of Dr. Butler's disfavor that all the investigators are placed in the servants' wing, while the family guest room remains empty.

**ISABELLA**

Isabella is a beautiful but dimwitted blonde girl. She wears a simple homespun cotton dress and spends most of her time in Alexandra's room, tending to the whims of her mistress, or sitting for hours in front of an ornate cheval mirror, singing quietly to herself and brushing her hair. The best opportunity to talk with her arises whenever Alexandra leaves the house in the middle of the night, leaving Isabella alone in Alexandra's room.

No one knows where Isabella comes from; Gullah Jack found her wandering mindlessly near the bridge to the mainland about five years ago, and brought her back to the house. Aaron wanted to put the half-wit girl in the swamp for Solomon, but Alexandra insisted on keeping her. Although Isabella has seen much in the last five years, she is too dull to comprehend most of it; she has the mind of a five-year-old, and often behaves accordingly.

If the investigators ask where Alexandra goes at night, Isabella giggles and says "to see her daddy." Isabella does not know who her own parents are and refers to Alexandra as her "best friend." She is glad Uncle Aaron has "gone away." He didn't like Isabella.

Isabella is devoted to Alexandra, but also insanely jealous: any investigator to whom Alexandra has offered her affections (regardless of whether those affections were accepted or declined) invariably gains Isabella's undying enmity. The girl's jealousy might drive her to attempt murder, using a piano wire garrotte to satisfy her anger.
Gullah Jack
Gullah Jack is an old black man who walks with a noticeable limp. He has a cataract on his left eye, leaving it filmed over and sightless. Jack knows many secrets of the Butler family, but he does not speak; his tongue was burned away many years ago to prevent any such disclosures during his infrequent trips to Champillon for supplies. During the investigators’ visit, he relinquishes his room in the servants’ quarter and sleeps in the kitchen.

Jack is quite mad, and devoted to the Butler family. He will not allow harm to come to Dr. Butler or Alexandra.

Investigators often see him shuffling about the house on mysterious errands; footsteps heard in the dead of night usually belong to him.

“I hope you’ll find everything in place,” Dr. Butler says.

There is room for one investigator in each bedroom; any more will have to make do in the servants’ sitting room. Dr. Butler wishes the investigators a pleasant evening and heads off.

Exploring The House
The interior of the house retains much of the splendor of bygone antebellum days, but modern conveniences are completely lacking in the plantation house; there is no electricity, no telephone, and no furnace. Light is furnished by paraffin lamps and candles; numerous fireplaces provide the warmth.

Dr. Butler tactfully discourages any exploration of the house; the investigators find it easiest to look around without his knowledge.

GROUND FLOOR
Entrance Hall: this elegant hall, with its graceful curved oak staircase open to the second floor, is lit by a brass chandelier with sixteen candles suspended from the ceiling by an ornate chain which can be raised and lowered to light or extinguish the candles. An old grandfather clock marks time in the corner.

With a Luck roll, followed by a Spot Hidden, an investigator passing through the receiving hall at any time of the day or night catches a fleeting glimpse of Isabella, Alexandra’s lover, watching from one of the second floor balconies. Unfortunately, the glimpse does not permit the investigator to recognize or describe the features of this half-seen watcher.

Kitchen: the large kitchen is relatively new, replacing the separate kitchen from slave-holding days that burned down at the turn of the century. This one has vast cupboards for crockery, a large wood-burning stove, and brick ovens for roasting, smoking, and rendering. Gullah Jack sleeps on the floor here during the investigators’ visit.
**Dining Room:** there is a long, heavy oak table here, surrounded by twenty-four tall chairs. Buffets, closed glass and china cabinets, and serving tables line two walls. There is a fireplace here, too. A thirty-two candle brass and crystal chandelier is suspended from the ceiling by an ornate chain, by which the chandelier can be raised and lowered to light or extinguish the candles.

**Living Room:** this cozy, stone-floored room is wood-paneled, with several velvet-covered armchairs and a raised-hearth fireplace with built-in wood box. An upright piano stands against one wall, and a chess board sits on one of the many decorative tables, but no game is progress.

**Parlor:** the spacious parlor overlooks the terrace and garden, and boasts a paneled ceiling and large stone fireplace. There are several deep, cretonne-covered armchairs here.

**Study:** the study, which is locked at all times (door STR 15), has many fine mahogany bookcases stuffed with books. A cursory search reveals works on folklore, theology, astrology, metaphysics, and astronomy, and there are also numerous examples of 19th century literature. Many of the books are of an esoteric nature; such titles as Sir Walter Scott’s *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, J. Beaumont’s *Treatise on Spirits, Apparitions, and Witchcraft*, and Allen Cozy’s *The Book of Spirits* rub shoulders with the more conventional works of Scott, Wordsworth, Poe, Dickens, Trollope, Shelley, and Keats. A first edition of *In Ole Virginia* contains moral tales extolling the virtues of the antebellum South; uncut, this copy appears to have been foresaken.

Any investigator who spends at least an hour thoroughly searching the precisely-ordered shelves receives a Spot Hidden roll to discover a slender volume which appears to have been shelved incorrectly. A summary of it, *The Shadow Papers #7*, appears below.

The volume is titled *The Book of Celestial Providence*. It adds +9% to Cthulhu Mythos knowledge, and causes a SAN loss of ID4/ID8 to skim or to read, respectively. It has a spell multiplier of x1 and contains one spell: Call Nebhroth.

**Greenhouse:** this small extension to the main house is built entirely of glass. Several panes are broken, but the area is overgrown with lush vegetation.

**Servants’ Quarters:** the servants’ quarters are clean and sparsely furnished; except for Gullah Jack’s room, they have not been used in many years. There are four bedrooms in this wing of the house. They serve the investigators as guest rooms while they stay.

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**The Book of Celestial Providence**

This is a slim, maggot-eaten folio bound in black leather. The title is inscribed in large handwritten gilt letters on the first page.

There is no date of publication, but the style of the book is obviously old, and age has spotted its linen paper pages. On an inside page is inscribed in ink, “To Zachariah Solomon Butler, from his loving father”.

The book, comprised of some three-dozen frayed pages, is written in the barbarous English of a semi-literate author. It purports to be the translation of a treatise on the bloodthirsty worship of a fertility deity known only as Nebhroth, originally composed in a long-forgotten language by the sorcerers of Atlantis.

Mentioned within the moldering pages are two gifts that the petitioner might ask of the summoned deity: “The Covenant of Nebhroth” is ambiguous, but implies an ability to grant eternal life; “The Bride of Nebhroth” is equally vague, but hints at a supernatural potency that allows even an infertile wife to conceive. The former requires a human sacrifice; the latter, nothing more than “a suitable vessel”.

**The Shadow Papers #7**

Each contains a single bed, a mahogany bureau, a wash-stand with shaving mirror, and a wooden chair. Clean linen has been set out. The rooms in the servants’ wing are empty and unremarkable.

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**SECOND FLOOR**

The second-floor bedrooms are all tastefully-decorated, but only three are currently in use.

Four 19th-century oil portraits hang on the hallway. They depict members of the southern aristocracy; the men are stern, the women pretty but lethargic. Although none are named, Dr. Butler or Alexandra can identify the subjects of these portraits as Zachariah, Abraham, Josephine, and Victoria.

**Master Bedroom:** Dr. Butler and his wife occupy this grand bedroom, with heavy mahogany bureaus, canopied four-poster, and roll-top desk. A private bath and dressing room are adjacent.

The roll-top desk is unlocked and contains a jumble of unremarkable papers concerning the estate. Amongst these papers, a tattered old notebook can be found.

This notebook bears the title “Experiment - 1891”. Its handwritten contents describe in disturbing detail the anonymous author’s attempts to invoke the power of an otherworldly entity. Give the players *The Shadows Papers #3*, Aaron Butler’s journal. Reading this account costs 1D3 sanity points.

**Alexandra’s Bedroom:** Alexandra resides in this well-appointed bedroom which, along with its southeastern counterpart, has a balcony which overlooks the receiving hall below. There is a canopied four-poster...
bed in the center of the room; and a huge armoire stands in one corner, a mahogany dresser in another.

Because of her nocturnal habits, Alexandra often sleeps through much of the day; she is usually attended to by Isabella, her devoted lover.

Isabella's Bedroom: when Alexandra wants to be alone, she sends Isabella to this small room. It has a deal armoire, a basin and wash stand, and a narrow, high child's bed. A box in a corner holds undergarments and ribbons. Many dolls sit or stand on the floor, or are arranged on the bed. All of the dolls are gifts from Alexandra.

The Guest Room: a spacious and comfortable room, not offered to any of the investigators. Its furnishings match those in Alexandra’s room.

CELLAR
This part of the island is high enough that someone could sink a cellar under part of the Butler mansion. A cellar or basement is almost unheard of in this part of the state, because the water tables are so high.

Lined with stone to keep out insects and rodents, the cellar is cooler than the upstairs rooms, but rarely cold. It mostly holds salted or pickled foodstuffs, cases of canned goods, and bottles of wine. Drenching rains occasionally flood the cellar; then a hand pump helps remove the standing water.

Beyond the House

The Covenant

THE COVENANT OF Nebhroth was undertaken by Zachariah Butler almost a century ago. As a result, the lineal male descendants of the Butler clan are immortal. The result of this black sorcery is not the blessing it appears to be, however: after death, the Butler heirs are resurrected and, rather than having cheated death, they are its eternal prisoners, suspended forever in a gruesome state of undeath.

The Shadow Papers #3

These cunning fools who call themselves doctors may be unable - or unwilling - to provide Rebecca and I with a child, but tonight I invoke Nebhroth in the names set out in grandfather's books he will not fail me. Success! Success! His blood has ensured my call! The whole island shudders beneath him, howling of the wind. Nebhroth, fata morgana... never so settled enough to rest... even the most the most recent preparations were made took R into bedroom and sent down to cellar to perform ritual incantation completed - retired to study to await. What have fallen asleep... smoke suddenly during violent storm. Upstairs, R screaming. First impulse to avoid, but other noises emanating sound of wind between stars that terrible, futile yelling... hastened back to study and closed door. How long did I sit and listen to R's anchor?

Wednesday: Memory of other events gone; but recall occurring upstairs next morning with much uncertainty. Quiet within, but it took an expanse of time to indeed that door. Inside, R lay upon the bed, bandaging mindless, glazed eyes fixed an open window. All servants gone now; only Gullid Jack left. Just as well?

Plan now that R has been driven quite mad - small pride to pay to be the chosen vessel of Nebhroth's need - yet think she comprehends changes... how glorious to nurture the memory of a god?

Time drawn near, past six months very difficult - caring for usual common much time - but essential. Gullid Jack remains loyal. Feeding betrayed, have taken his tongue.

Vessel has noptual! R death! but now the liege! Nebhroth Fata morgana! Fata morgana! Thy child is born! Must tell grandfather glorious news!
Immune to all natural causes of death, the tombspawn are bitterly aware of the cruel jest which has been played upon them; but while they lament their misfortune, these living corpses cling desperately to their half-life, fearing the nameless horror that awaits them should they be killed.

Alexandra frequently visits her father in the mausoleum, to comfort and soothe him, but the undead are not so favorably-inclined toward others among the living. If the investigators visit the mausoleum at any time of the day or night, they soon witness several of the slabs being moved aside—from within—as the animated remains of Zachariah, Jacob, and Aaron rise to attack. Though they need no sustenance, these undead bitterly resent the living, and seek to devour them.

**The Graveyard**

Behind the plantation house there is a small and neglected graveyard. Buried here are the wives of most of the Butler men: Josephine Middleton Butler (1809-1852), Victoria Mann Butler (1833-1880), Rebecca King Butler (1870-1891), and Mary Wister Butler (1869-1899). Fresh flowers adorn Mary's simple tombstone, having been placed there by her daughter, Alexandra. There are several non-Butler graves, all long-forgotten; over the years, a few trusted Butler overseers without other family have been interred here as well.

There are no graves for Zachariah Butler and his lineal male descendants to be found in this plot. If the investigators do not notice this themselves, an Idea roll suggests the unusual discrepancy.

If asked about this, Isaac Butler does not reply, except to observe that the question is a rude, blunt, Yankee-style one. "You must become more familiar with our gentler Southern ways here, gentlemen," he admonishes.

**The Spawn of a God**

This terrible entity is the offspring of Nebhroth, one of the Lesser Other Gods, and Aaron Butler's unfortunate wife, Rebecca, in 1891; Aaron bestowed the name Solomon upon it—in honor of his grandfather—and, as such, it is "step-cousin" to both Isaac and Alexandra. Despite the death of its mother in childbirth, the creature survived and has attained prodigious size.

Solomon is larger than a horse, and weighs close to 700 pounds. A shambling, vaguely-human mass of pustulant flesh, its terrible form is covered with twitching, finger-like appendages. It dwells deep in the swamp, scuttling forth at night on its four crab-like legs to devour any of the island's wild livestock that it can find and catch. It also preys on muskrats and raccoons. It also likes large catfish, but rarely stays underwater more than a few minutes, feeling vague alarm then and scuttling back to shore. It walks on the bottom, it does not swim.

Occasionally Solomon inspects the outside of the plantation house, rattling doors and scratching at windows. The thing does not attack any of the Butler clan, but the unfamiliar scents of visitors attract its attention and tempts its voracious appetite. Incautious investigators who wander the island after sunset probably end up in Solomon's belly.

Statistics for this unholy child are at the end of this adventure.

**The Butler Mausoleum**

Midway between the plantation house and the bridge to Champillon, a path departs north from the road. Occasionally, dim footprints can be seen along it, a woman's shoe by the size of it, always the same size, often overprinting earlier versions of the same print in the wet, boggy earth. At the end of the path, on a little promontory, surrounded by swamp, is the family mausoleum.

This large stone tomb dates back to the mid-nineteenth century. It is an octagonal building with white walls and a black, domed roof. An Ionic peristyle surrounds the mausoleum. Steps ascend to the ornate colonnade, where a set of heavy iron doors af-
The Mausoleum

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N

The only visible entrance. The doors are secured by a massive padlock: Alexandra has the only key. Investigators seeking to enter without benefit of the key must make an attempt against the door's STR 35 on the resistance table.

A successful Locksmith or Mechanical Repair skill roll can open the big, simple padlock in one minute.

The inside of the mausoleum is pitch black. There are seven unadorned stone sarcophagi arranged in a circle around an inlaid and corroded copper pentagram.

Each sarcophagus is covered with a cement slab. Close inspection reveals that each slab bears a small inscription. The slabs may be moved aside by matching the combined STR of up to four individuals against a slab's STR 11 on the resistance table.

**Little Solomon**

*Sarcophagus 1: empty. This sarcophagus was intended for the child begotten upon Aaron's wife Rebecca by Nebroth, a Lesser Other God.***

**Isaac Abraham Butler**

*Sarcophagus 2: empty. If Dr. Butler becomes aware that this sarcophagus is reserved for him, the realization that he is doomed to join his ancestors in their ghastly undeath probably robs him of his remaining sanity.***

**Abraham Middleton Butler**

*Sarcophagus 3: empty. Abraham was blown to pieces outside Atlanta as Hood's ill-considered counterattack gave the keys of the city to Sherman.***

**Zachariah Solomon Butler**

*Sarcophagus 4: contains the desiccated skeleton of the patriarch of the Butler clan. He is the grandfather of Daniel, Aaron, and Jacob. His leathery skin is stretched tight over his skeletal frame, exposing the bones beneath. Investigators who saw the portrait of Zachariah in the plantation house may attempt an Idea roll to recognize his features.***

**Aaron Zachariah Butler**

*Sarcophagus 5: contains the immortal remains of Dr. Butler's late uncle. Grandson of Zachariah, brother of Daniel and Jacob, and recently interred. Aaron is a pale, bloated creature; his flabby skin is just beginning to desquamate.***

**Jacob Alexander Butler**

*Sarcophagus 6: contains a fiendish, half-fleshed cadaver: grandson of Zachariah, brother of Daniel and Aaron, and late uncle of Isaac. Half of Jacob's head is missing—blown off by the shotgun blast that killed him—and oozing exposed bone and brain matter.***

**AARON BUTLER, age 74, tomb-spawn**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STR 12</th>
<th>CON 15</th>
<th>SIZ 16</th>
<th>INT 5</th>
<th>POW 11</th>
<th>DEX 13</th>
<th>HP 16</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Damage Bonus: +1D4.</td>
<td>Weapon: Claw 35%, damage 1D4 + db</td>
<td>Armor: 2 point skin</td>
<td>Sanity Cost to See: 1/1D8 SAN.</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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</table>

**JACOB BUTLER, age 68, tomb-spawn**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STR 10</th>
<th>CON 12</th>
<th>SIZ 14</th>
<th>INT 5</th>
<th>POW 11</th>
<th>DEX 8</th>
<th>MOV 2</th>
<th>HP 13</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Damage Bonus: +1D4.</td>
<td>Weapon: Claw 40%, damage 1D4 + db</td>
<td>Armor: 2 point skin</td>
<td>Sanity Cost to See: 1/1D8 SAN.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Events

THE CHRONOLOGY of these events is elastic, not absolute; the keeper should feel free to hasten or delay each incident as intuition dictates. Other events may be added as required: perhaps Solomon attacks and carries someone off—Hannah, Isabella, Jack, or possibly even one of the investigators themselves. Strive to present as many of these events as possible, however, for they provide tension and, ultimately, the climax for the adventure.

The First Night
STORMY WEATHER
The wind howls and the downpour continues unabated until dawn. The day is damp and plagued by drizzle.

SEDUCTION
Alexandra Butler attempts to seduce one of the investigators: that night, after the investigators have unpacked and gone to bed, the investigator with the highest APP, male or female, receives a visit from Alexandra. To keep the other players in the dark, the keeper may wish to resolve the situation privately with the player involved, or through written notes.

There is a quiet knock on the door. If the knock is ignored, it is repeated. Should the investigator continue to disregard the knocking, it persists for a time—softly, so as not to disturb the other guests—but eventually the caller gives up and the rapping ceases. Inquiries as to the caller’s identity made from behind the closed door are not acknowledged.

If the knock is answered, the investigator in question opens the door to find Alexandra Butler standing upon the threshold, barefoot in a translucent black night dress; wordlessly, she smiles and lets the robe fall open, revealing the smooth curves of exquisite, bare flesh beneath.

By seducing one of the investigators, Alexandra hopes to learn why these unexpected visitors are really here, and what they know about the Butler family and the plantation; she wants nothing to interfere with her cousin’s destiny. Her pursuit of intimacy may be bold, but her quest for information is much more subtle; she relies on shrewd questions asked at the most judicious of moments. Alexandra wants to convince the investigators to leave the island; through seduction, she hopes to gain the acquiescence of at least one of the investigators.

Alexandra is a beguiling, desirable woman who does not give up easily; her desire is insatiable, her enthusiasm unrestrained. An investigator able to resist Alexandra’s amorous advances requires single-minded determination and a lot of willpower: as an option, the keeper may wish to have the investigator match his or her POW against Alexandra’s APP on the resistance table to resolve the issue. Yielding to temptation results in a night of unbridled passion: the investigator sleeps until late the next morning, awaking exhausted and alone.

Whether it is possible for a decadent and lascivious libertine like Alexandra to actually fall in love with an investigator, and how such a situation might effect the course of subsequent events, is an intriguing consideration, but entirely beyond the scope of this scenario; as such, it remains for the keeper alone to judge.

DR. BUTLER’S FIRST REVELATION
Dr. Butler reads his late uncle’s journal and encounters Aaron Butler’s successful attempt at providing the Other God, Nebroth, with a bride. His sanity is shaken and, though Dr. Butler is visibly troubled the next day, he refuses to discuss the matter with anyone. Psychology rolls suggest that Dr. Butler seems to be under a lot of strain. Hannah privately expresses fear for her husband’s health.

The Second Night
ANOTHER STORM
The drizzle tapers off by late afternoon, but the sun remains hidden by dense clouds. By sunset, a storm is brewing. Thunder and lightning presage a torrential downpour, heralding the worst storm of the season. That night, the whippoorwills are raucous and the bridge connecting Butler Island to the mainland is washed away. The only escape from the island is to swim.

DR. BUTLER’S SECOND REVELATION
Dr. Butler reads Celestial Providence and realizes the hideous fate of his forefathers—and what awaits
him. He goes mad, and becomes quite paranoid; the next day, he avoids the investigators whenever possible. Psychology rolls suggest that Dr. Butler is in a state of shock. Hannah begs the investigators to get help for her husband.

THE SECOND SEDUCTION
Alexandra Butler may make another attempt at seducing an investigator, or possibly the same one. Alexandra continues to bestow her affections on the previous investigator only if he or she seems amenable and there is further advantage to be gained in doing so. If the investigator spurned her advances, or avoided providing adequate answers to her questions, Alexandra attempts to seduce the investigator with the second highest APP.

The Third Night
A BRIEF RESPITE
By dawn, the storm has abated. Outside, the effects of the storm are clearly visible: trees have fallen, and low-lying parts of the island are flooded. The sky is gray and overcast all day, but by nightfall there is no sign of rain.

THE OTHER GOD APPEARS
Dr. Butler summons Nebhroth, using the spell in Celestial Providence, and offers his wife to the terrible entity; the Lesser Other God appears and proceeds to ravish Hannah Butler (who, mercifully, goes indefinitely insane). Her screams echo throughout the island and are carried on the wind as far as Champillon. Witnessing the appalling ritual costs the viewer 1/ID6 sanity points. His heinous appetite satisfied, Nebhroth returns to his starry home; investigators who interfere must face his terrible wrath.

There is a 25% chance that a female victim molested by Nebhroth becomes pregnant; the dreadful realization costs another 1/ID20 points of sanity. Six months later, when the half-human progeny is born, another 1/ID20 points are lost—but the mother must receive a D100 roll equal to or less than her CON to survive the terrible birth experience.

If necessary, Nebhroth can call a Servitor of the Other Gods to attend him.

ANOTHER SEDUCTION
If necessary, Alexandra Butler makes another attempt at seducing an investigator—possibly the same one. That day, Alexandra continues to bestow her affections on the previous investigator only if it seems there is further advantage to be gained in doing so. If the investigator spurned her advances, or avoided providing adequate answers to her questions, Alexandra attempts to seduce the investigator with the third highest APP.

The Fourth Night
WEATHER
Under partly sunny skies, the flood waters recede. By nightfall, however, ominous dark clouds have returned. Distant thunder booms for much of the night, but the storm passes by.

Scenario Statistics

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dr. Isaac Butler, age 39, troubled heir</th>
<th>Alexandra Butler, age 33, seductive heirel</th>
<th>Hannah Bell Butler, age 30, devoted wife</th>
<th>Gullah Jack, age 61, sole servant</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>STR 12  CON 14  SIZ 12  INT 17  POW 10</td>
<td>STR 10  CON 13  SIZ 9  INT 14  POW 16</td>
<td>STR 9  CON 11  SIZ 10  INT 14  POW 11</td>
<td>STR 10  CON 12  SIZ 9  INT 12  POW 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DEX 12  APP 13  EDU 18  SAN 30  HP 13</td>
<td>DEX 15  APP 16  EDU 12  SAN 20  HP 11</td>
<td>DEX 12  APP 13  EDU 13  SAN 55  HP 11</td>
<td>DEX 11  APP 12  EDU 5  SAN 0  HP 11</td>
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<tr>
<td>Weapons: none.</td>
<td>Weapons: Kitchen Knife 40%, damage 1D6</td>
<td>Weapons: none.</td>
<td>Weapons: Hatchet 85%, damage 1D6+1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Skills: Bargain 25%, Biology 35%, Chemistry 40%, Credit Rating 55%, History 45%, Latin 25%, Law 25%, Library Use 75%, Listen 30%, Medicine 90%, Persuade 25%, Pharmacy 45%, Spot Hidden 30%.</td>
<td>Skills: Listen 55%, Occult 15%, Psychology 40%, Persuade 65%, Ride 45%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 45%.</td>
<td>Skills: Accounting 45%, Credit Rating 25%, First Aid 40%, History 35%, Listen 30%, Psychology 25%, Ride 35%, Spot Hidden 30%.</td>
<td>Skills: Conceal 25%, Hide 35%, Listen 40%, Natural History 35%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Psychology 15%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 35%.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

34 - In The Shadows Of Death
AN ULTIMATUM
If events have not yet been resolved, the deranged Dr. Butler urges the investigators to devote themselves to Nebhroth and become servants of the Other Gods. If they refuse, he orders the investigators off the island in no uncertain terms. If they do not leave immediately, he attempts to have them eliminated. To this end, Dr. Butler will employ the Tomb-Spawn and the demon-child Solomon (unless the investigators have already dealt with them). He might also summon Nebhroth again, this time offering a female investigator as “a suitable vessel.”

Conclusion
Having arrived at Butler Island in response to Dr. Butler’s telegram, the principal goal of the investigators is to prevent their friend from going insane. This may be accomplished by destroying or preventing Dr. Butler from reading the maggot-eaten grimoire that reveals the terrible secret of his ancestors, and the journal kept by his late uncle, which details Aaron Butler’s successful attempt at providing the Other God, Nebhroth, with a bride.

Alexandra Butler also knows the eldritch secrets of the Butler family; if the books are destroyed, she can impart the knowledge to her cousin herself. The investigators will have to deal with her sooner or later.

As a last resort, the investigators can physically remove Dr. Butler from the island. This solution may be only temporary, for having already encountered hints of the awful secrets of his ancestors, Dr. Butler is likely to soon return and continue his studies.

If Dr. Butler dies, his cousin Alexandra insists on having him interred in the family mausoleum. Regardless of the location of its final resting place, however, the corpse is destined to rise within twenty-four hours to join the tomb-spawn, provided a reasonable portion of the body is intact. If moved for burial elsewhere, the living corpse always attempts to make its way back to the Butler Island and the mausoleum. Seeing Dr. Butler in this condition causes a loss of 1/1D8 sanity points. Only destroying the corpse (through dissection, or some act of violence) prevents it from reanimating.

If Dr. Butler or Mrs. Butler is alive and sane when all is done, the investigators’ travel expenses will be quietly deposited to their accounts. Alexandra is the heir, however, and will make no recompense.

SANITY REWARDS
The investigators may be awarded the following Sanity bonuses following the conclusion of this adventure:

Each investigator gains 1D4 points of sanity if Dr. Butler is prevented from going insane, and an additional 1D4 if his wife is rescued alive and unharmed (and being a Bride of Nebhroth does not constitute “unharmed”).

For eliminating all of the tomb-spawn, each investigator recovers 1D4 points of sanity.

Destroying Solomon, the half-human offspring of Rebecca Butler and the Other God, Nebhroth, each investigator recovers 1D6 points of sanity.

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Scenario Statistics

**ISABELLA, age 19, a half-wit girl**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STR</th>
<th>CON</th>
<th>SIZ</th>
<th>INT</th>
<th>POW</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>11</td>
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</table>

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Weapons:** Garrote 80%, damage special (use drowning rules).

**Kick 35%, damage 1D6**

**Skills:** Hide 45%, Listen 60%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 40%.

**SOLOMON, age 36, the demon-child**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STR</th>
<th>CON</th>
<th>SIZ</th>
<th>INT</th>
<th>POW</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>22</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Damage Bonus:** +2D6.

**Weapons:** Claws (x2) 50%, damage 3D6 each

**Bite 40%, damage 3D6**

**Spells:** Call Nebhroth, Summon Servitor of the Other Gods

**Skills:** Dodge 65%, Hide 75%, Listen 80%, Sneak 70%, Spot Hidden 70%.

**Sanity Cost to See:** 1/1D10 SAN.

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**NEBHROTH, timeless, a Lesser Other God**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STR</th>
<th>CON</th>
<th>SIZ</th>
<th>INT</th>
<th>POW</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>64</td>
<td>59</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Damage Bonus:** +6D6.

**Weapon:** Smash 60%, damage 8D6

**Sanity Cost to See:** 1/1D20 SAN.
The investigators learn of a rare instance of sudden psychological disintegration, significant to them because it involves the grandfather of William Hatton, an acquaintance or friend of at least one investigator.

If the investigators decline, cause young William Hatton to listen to the same recording a few days later, and collapse just as his grandfather did. The same thing might then also happen to some of the investigating police, and by that time the story of the "haunted bungalow of New Haven" should be strange enough to pique the interest of any investigator.

Timing is of some importance. Quantrill needs several days, for instance, to make the full version of "The Song of the Spheres," with Antonia Balsamo.

If a keeper wants appropriate sound effects, Kate Bush's "Experiment IV" has as a premise the seeking of a song that could kill.

Assuming that the investigators are interested from the start, present the players with The Song Papers #1.

The keeper should devise whatever link he or she feels tenable between William Hatton and the investigators; perhaps they attended school together, belong to the same organization or society, or are acquainted professionally. Modify Hatton's particulars as required.

If the investigators require further incentive to inquire into the case, Hatton himself contacts his old friend and invites him or her to New Haven, Connecticut. This approach works best if Hatton's investigator friend is, by profession, an M.D. or psychologist.

The Hatton Residence

When the investigators visit Hatton's modest but comfortable home in New Haven, they learn of the circumstances surrounding Sir Hubert Hatton-Bartlett's sudden psychological breakdown. The younger Hatton had been out for dinner with a lady friend that evening, and upon his return at about nine o'clock he found Sir Hubert sitting in an armchair, staring blankly into space. Nothing William could do would rouse his grandfather, who had been quietly reading and listening to music.

William Hatton summoned the family doctor, who examined Sir Hubert but was baffled by his condition. Sir Hubert was taken by ambulance to the hospital, where he was diagnosed as catatonic. William's grandfather remains under observation at the hospital.

Sir Hubert's ground-floor room has been left more or less untouched, and William is happy to show it to the investigators. The room is cozy and, at first glance, unremarkable: Sir Hubert's

The Song Papers #1
The armchair faces the fireplace; a small table next to the chair contains a book (The River War by Winston Churchill, writer and English politician), a plain white envelope, an ashtray, and a humidor with a half-dozen of Sir Hubert’s favorite Cuban cigars inside. A gramophone sits on top of a wooden stand in the corner, next to a great bookcase containing Sir Hubert’s fine collection of works on 19th century British military history. Everything appears in order—the mark of a fastidious occupant and meticulous housekeeping.

Anyone who examines Sir Hubert’s copy of The River War notices the folded slip of paper marking a chapter detailing the Battle of Omdurman. While the book itself is of no relevance to the mystery at hand, the bookmark is. Give the players The Song Papers #2.

Should the investigators inquire, William has no idea who Q. is or what gift is referred to in the note. (In their researches, though, the investigators soon find a likely candidate for the unidentified Q.)

The envelope contains two tickets to an upcoming performance of Verdi’s opera Aida in New York City. William purchased these tickets and had planned to take his grandfather, a lifelong lover of music, to see it. He sighs, offering the tickets to the investigators. “They are of no interest to me, now. The soprano lead is said to be marvelous.” Then he absently mends thinks of something and leaves the room.

Investigators who examine the gramophone notice a stack of ordinary talking machine records on the platter. However, the records have blank labels, except for the numbers 1-4. There are no titles. If the investigators attempt to play the recording, the keeper should refer to the boxed section on the effect of “The Song of the Spheres” at the end of this adventure. This is the instrumental version; the libretto is not sung in this version.

If need be, William can return in time to rescue the investigators by turning off the recording before it has time to take effect.

The rest of Sir Hubert’s record collection rests in a nearby cabinet. Consisting mostly of military band favorites, the recordings argue a certain solid quality to his imagination.

Reseaching “The Song of The Spheres”

Investigators wishing to learn more about “The Song of the Spheres” need only visit the New Haven Conservatory of Music or any similar institution located in large cities throughout the northeast, including New York, Boston, and Providence. Four hours of research identifies the piece and its possible composer. Give the players The Song Papers #3, appearing below.

Information about Gabriel Quantrill can also be obtained. Give the players The Song Papers #4 after a successful Library Use roll.

The Song Papers #3

About “The Song of the Spheres”

When, in 1901, police discovered the body of composer Charles Frye following his suicide in a London hospital, they also found the unfinished score of an oratorio called “Song of the Spheres.” This piece, for soprano with accompaniment by piano and flute, is reputed to be Frye’s work, written during his convalescence. Those who have studied the musical notation describe it as awkward and unconventional. The Latin libretto “Nebulam Nigritiae,” or “Dark Nebula,” is apparently equally unorthodox, and the identity of the librettist remains unknown. As far as is known, the piece has never been performed, nor are recordings known to exist.

About Charles Frye (1863-1901)

An unremarkable English composer who, in the late 19th century, produced a number of minor operas that range from mediocre to uninspired, Frye’s last musical work, an opera to commemorate Queen Victoria’s Diamond Jubilee, was begun in 1896 but never completed. Frye disappeared, along with virtuoso flautist Gabriel Quantrill, under mysterious circumstances shortly thereafter, only to surface five years later—Quantrill in a state of mental decay and Frye an amnesiac. Less than two weeks later, Frye committed suicide in hospital. He is survived by his daughter Marion (1894- ), herself an accomplished pianist, and now a resident of Boston, Massachusetts.
About Gabriel Quantrill
Born in England in 1866, Gabriel Quantrill showed precocious musical talent but was refused entrance to the Royal Academy as having been inadequately trained. Disenchanted, he went to Vienna where he came to be regarded as a virtuoso flautist.

While there, Quantrill mingled with underworld figures, the demi-monde, and various eccentric occultists. Through his choice of friends, his quick temper, and his dark moods, Quantrill disengaged from legitimate Viennese musical society. He returned to England and, in 1896 made the acquaintance of composer Charles Frye.

Later that year, Frye and Quantrill disappeared under mysterious circumstances. When they surfaced five years later, Frye had no memory and Quantrill had gone mad. Quantrill was committed to the Royal London Infirmary in 1901 where he remained until escaping in 1926.

The Song Papers #4

QUANTRILL'S ESCAPE
Information about Quantrill's murderous escape from the asylum can be found in a back issue of The Times of London, available at any large North American public or university library. The story also runs in many other London-area publications of the day.

Four hours of research followed by a successful Library Use roll uncovers a relevant article from 1926; give the players The Song Papers #5.

Perceptive investigators have already deduced that Quantrill was denied entrance to the Royal Academy by none other than Sir Hubert Hatton-Bartlett.

New Haven General
Sir Hubert is a patient in the Psychiatric Ward of the hospital. Unless they get successful Fast Talk or Persuade rolls, visitors must be accompanied by William Hatton.

Doctor Eastman, the hospital's resident psychiatrist, informs the investigators that Sir Hubert is catatonic: "He is completely oblivious to events, and must be forced to eat. Sir Hubert's mind has suffered a severe shock, one I am at a loss to identify. Very rarely does someone of Sir Hubert's steady faculties regress this quickly."

The investigators find Sir Hubert sitting in a wheelchair, staring blankly into space. He appears to take no notice of his visitors, or his environment. Sir Hubert breathes, blinks, and swallows, but no external stimulus brings a response—his mind appears completely absent.

The investigators are unlikely to be permitted to visit long enough to attempt a Psychoanalysis roll, but if by chance they are—and get a successful roll—

Sir Hubert simply shrieks out a single word, "Quantrill." None of the staff knows to whom or to what the word refers, if it indeed refers to anything at all.

A successful Psychology roll applied to Sir Hubert merely corroborates Dr. Eastman's opinion that William's grandfather is catatonic.

Boston
Investigators visit Boston, no doubt, in search of the daughter of Charles Frye. The woman's married name is Farwell, making it impossible for the investigators to trace her residence through the telephone directory; although there are dozens of Fryes listed, none are related to or acquainted with Marion.

Armed with the knowledge that she is an accomplished pianist, however, a successful Idea roll suggests that the best way for the investigators to discover her whereabouts is to check a business directory—available at the Boston Chamber of Commerce, any branch of the public library, and at most

The Song Papers #5
banks and financial institutions—under "piano instruction". Among the teachers listed therein is one Marion Frye Farwell.

MARION FRYE FARWELL

Once they have located Mrs. Farwell, interviewing her is easy. Born in 1894, she is the daughter of the late English composer Charles Frye. She married an American serviceman in 1919 and moved to Massachusetts; she and her husband currently reside in Boston's Back Bay district, and have two young children.

Mrs. Farwell is happy to answer the investigator's questions, but she can provide little relevant information. She was a small child when her father died, and never knew Gabriel Quantrill. She cannot speculate about the nature of her late father's relationship with Quantrill, their subsequent disappearances, or her father's suicide.

She adds that she feels no curiosity whatsoever about his strange behavior. A successful Psychology roll suggests that she believes her father to have been in a perverse relationship with Quantrill, and that this perception has stifled all her natural curiosity about her father.

Following the death of her mother in 1923, Mrs. Farwell came into possession of her late father's effects. With a successful Credit Rating or Persuade roll, Mrs. Farwell shows the investigators the old trunk containing her father's effects. In it are correspondence, a journal, and the original sheet music for all of Charles Frye's works, save the score for his unfinished oratorio, "The Song of the Spheres." It was recently stolen.

She tells the investigators that her home was broken into about a month ago. Returning from a family picnic, the Farwells found the back door forced open. A search of the house revealed that only one item had been disturbed: the lock on her father's trunk had been smashed, and the papers within rifled through. Mrs. Farwell does not have an inventory of the contents, but she did like the title of the missing oratorio, and so remembers it. If something more was stolen, she is unaware of it. Curiously, nothing else in the house was touched.

The correspondence in the trunk is unremarkable, consisting of old letters from various friends and relatives, all of it wholesome and aboveboard. The journal is a yellowed, crumbling, handwritten manuscript that begins in 1889 and ends just prior to Charles Frye's disappearance in 1896. It takes two hours to read. Give the players The Song Papers #11.

Antonia Balsamo

By this point the investigators have no doubt concluded that Gabriel Quantrill is alive, probably linked to the break-in at the Farwells' in Boston, and somehow responsible for Sir Hubert Hatton-Bartlett's sudden breakdown. As Quantrill's scheme unfolds, his activities come to the investigators' attention accidentally, as the odd initial Q pops up again. Give the players The Song Papers #6.

FREDERICO ARGENTO

Further information about Signorina Balsamo can be provided by the touring company of Aida, in New York City, rehearsals at the Metropolitan Opera House, located on Amsterdam Avenue in midtown Manhattan, are at a standstill, while the company waits for news of Signorina Balsamo. Any member of the company can direct the investigators to the manager, Frederico Argento, a portly fellow with a
The Journal of Charles Frye, excerpts
The Song Papers #11

September 18, 1896
Quantrill and I met briefly in his flat this evening; my wife has made it clear to me that he is not welcome in our home. My friend told me that he had given me lack of inspiration much thought, and proposed a solution: I would accompany him on his next journey. Quantrill assumed responsibility for all the arrangements and promised all the inspiration I needed, and more. I told Quantrill that I would need to deliberate upon his proposal for a time. He concurred, asking only that I tell no one of his offer, not even my wife.

September 21, 1896
My friend Quantrill and I sat up into the small hours of the morning while he regaled me with vivid tales of his world and others. He's travelled far, indeed. Quantrill tells me that he learned certain things from his friends in Vienna that he dare not repeat, but if I am willing, he will arrange for the two of us to make a most wondrous trip. He offered proof of the most singularly genial sort: my skin still creeps when I recall the ghastly evidence of his estranged knowledge. Is mankind meant to possess such insights? Yet, at this moment, I am sorely in need of inspiration — my Diamond Jubilee tribute is at a standstill; I fear I shall never complete it.

October 15, 1896
Quantrill has taken care of all necessary preparations. All is ready we leave tonight. While I am looking forward to this, I remain visibly nervous; my wife is concerned for my health, but I cannot reveal our plans to anyone. I will greatly miss little Marion; but Quantrill promises a speedy return. The night is exceedingly dark and each rustle of leaf outside my window sets my heart pounding. I have only to wait for my wife to fall asleep to join Quantrill at our appointed rendezvous. Our friends will soon be here: fame and fortune await!
receding hairline and full beard, who can be found pacing anxiously and chewing on an unlit cigar.

FREDDERICO ARGENTO, age 49, Impresario
STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 15 INT 13 POW 14
DEX 10 APP 11 EDU 14 SAN 70 HP 13
Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+db
Grapple 50%, damage special

Skills: Accounting 65%, Bargain 55%,
Credit Rating 45%, English 65%, Italian
80%, Law 16%, Persuade 75%, Psychology
25%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Signor Argento is baffled by Signorina Balsamo’s disappearance and genuinely concerned for her safety. She is intelligent and steady, not at all the sort to do something like this. Although he has no relevant information to offer the investigators, Argento gladly accommodates their requests for assistance if he thinks that doing so will help locate the young lady.

According to Argento, Antonia Balsamo was born in Milano, in 1903. A lyric soprano, she is possessed of a light, pretty voice and impressive vocal agility. She received her formal training at the Conservatory there, and began her professional career at age eighteen. She studied with Caterina Cavallaro of La Scala (the Horror on the Orient Express campaign has background information about Signorina Cavallaro). While virtually unknown in America, Antonia Balsamo is acclaimed throughout Europe. This is her first visit to the United States. She arrived a few weeks ago, to begin rehearsals for Aida. She is well-liked by everyone in the company.

As for the note from “Q” mentioned in the Times article, Argento shrugs. It may or may not be significant. He has not seen the message; the police have it. But perhaps Balsamo’s companion, Signora Capaldi, can add something concerning it, since she found it.

What Happened To Signorina Balsamo?
In actual fact, Antonia Balsamo left the Empire Hotel just before seven o’clock on the evening of her disappearance. Gabriel Quantrill, presenting himself as a reporter with the New York Times, had obtained an interview with her, and arranged to have her met by a car at the hotel, ostensibly to be taken to a nearby restaurant. Once she had entered the car, however, Quantrill discreetly used the spell Cloud Memory to cause the doorman to forget the whole incident. Quantrill, his henchman, and the abducted singer disappeared into the night.

At the keeper’s discretion, a successful application of Psychoanalysis might cause the doorman to recall vague details of the incident, but these should not be specific enough to provide clues.

SIGNORA MARIA CAPALDI
Like most of the touring company, Signorina Balsamo has been staying at the Empire Hotel on West 56th Street in midtown Manhattan. Her traveling companion, Signora Capaldi, is a beefy, good-natured matron from Milan who stays in an adjacent room. She speaks passable English. If an investigator is able to interview Signora Capaldi in Italian, she is pleased and very forthcoming.

MARIA CAPALDI, age 47, Chaperon
STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 17
DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 13 SAN 85 HP 12
Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Grapple 65%, damage special

Skills: Accounting 30%, Bargain 35%, English 5%, Italian 80%,
Listen 55%, Persuade 65%, Psychology 45%, Sing 25%,
Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Signora Capaldi has already told the police everything she knows about Antonia’s disappearance but, if the investigators impress her as being competent, Signora Capaldi discloses that, to her regret, Antonia is a willful young woman who sometimes disregards the curfew imposed on the company by its managers. Still, says the Signora, Antonia is not foolish and does not often go out alone in such a big, unfamiliar city, especially at night.

If the investigators express an interest in examining Signorina Balsamo’s room, Signora Capaldi tells them that the police have already been through it. If the investigators persist, a Persuade or Fast Talk roll obtains her consent, though she insists on accompanying them.

SIGNORINA BALSAMO’S SUITE
Signorina Balsamo’s sixteenth-floor suite is expensive but not unusual. The room has a private bath, a separate sitting area, a bedroom, and a dressing room. The windows give an unremarkable view; most buildings in this part of Manhattan are as tall, and their proximity eliminates the panorama of the Hudson River.

Signorina Balsamo’s empty luggage is in a closet; Signora Capaldi attests that all the pieces are present. Balsamo’s clothes hang in the closets or rest in bureaus, and her toiletries and cosmetics are found in the dressing room. A copy of the score to Aida sits on a small table in the sitting room. Several bouquets of flowers decorate the suite, but the most magnificent bouquet, of white roses, is in a vase on the table bearing the score.
With a successful Spot Hidden, a small card can be seen nesting among the white rose blossoms and ferns. It reads, Best Wishes from Johnny. Signora Capaldi says that the flowers are from Johnny Crandall, a member of the Met's chorus who is enamored of Signorina Balsamo, and who sent the flowers as a token of his regard. Offers of romance are constantly made, the Signora smiles. Crandall, she assures the investigators, is a nice boy, and a harmless person.

This is true. Crandall is in no way connected to Antonia's disappearance, but paranoid investigators might assume otherwise, and the keeper should exploit or dismiss this angle as he or she sees fit.

**A REAL CLUE**

If the investigators inspect the score, they notice something inside it, at the spine inside the back cover. It is a business card, The Song Papers #7, reproduced above.

Signora Capaldi has never seen the card before, and knows nothing of it. Reporters from all the local newspapers are interested in Signorina Balsamo and eager to get an interview, she says. Besides, she says evenly, the Signorina is an attractive young woman.

**THE NEW YORK TIMES**

The address on Quantrill's business card is a fake, as is the telephone number. If the investigators visit the editorial offices of the Times, they are vast and busy. The investigators get the fastest attention by going to the personnel office, where they learn that no Gabriel Quantrill is or ever has been on staff. The card is a complete fraud, but the police will be interested in it.

**Police Involvement**

The New York Police Department was contacted the morning after Signorina Balsamo was last seen. Jack Heathcliff, a trim and hearty twenty-year veteran of the force, has been assigned to the case. He may be interviewed at his office, which is located in a nearby precinct. Heathcliff may also be found conducting his investigation at the Empire Hotel. If he becomes suspicious of the investigators, the detective approaches them.

So far, Heathcliff has been unable to make progress in the case; satisfied with the investigators' explanation of their interest in the episode, the detective welcomes any information they can provide, but insists that all police work is left to him. Looking at the business card they have found, he agrees to let them see the note from Q.

Give the players The Song Papers #8.

But Maison Lucien, a nearby restaurant specializing in French cuisine, said that no reservations were made under the name Balsamo or by any name beginning with a Q in the past few weeks. No one matching Signorina Balsamo's description was seen.

However, if the handwriting of the note found in Sir Hubert Hatton-Barlett's room (The Song Papers #2) is compared to the note from Q, similarities are immediately visible. This interests Heathcliff very much, and he contacts the New Haven police. After they show him this connection, the investigators get Heathcliff's full cooperation. He also takes an interest in their backgrounds and motives: "Strictly professional," he smiles. "You guys are the only leads I have."

Despite his honest efforts, however, Heathcliff is destined not to find Quantrill, for Miss Balsamo will be released into the streets of SoHo.
JACK HEATHCLIFF, age 43, Police Detective
STR 14 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 14
DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 13 SAN 70 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.
Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3-db
Nightstick 60%, damage 1D6+db
.45 revolver 60%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Accounting 25%, Bargain 35%, Climb 50%, Credit Rating 30%, Dodge 35%, Drive Automobile 50%, Fast Talk 60%, First Aid 40%, Hide 30%, Jump 55%, Law 50%, Library Use 30%, Listen 50%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Persuade 45%, Psychology 45%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 55%, Swim 35%, Track 20%.

A Dead End?
The investigators find that the trail of clues dries up, and they are thwarted in their attempts to locate Gabriel Quantrill and interrupt whatever malevolent scheme he has in mind. When this point is reached, the keeper should allow the investigators to wander without aim, clutching at ambiguous straws and following dubious red herrings, until they start to become frustrated. They notice that Heathcliff lets himself be seen now and then. Then, as suddenly as she disappeared, Signorina Balsamo re-appears. Give the players The Song Papers #9, and adjust the time reference as needed.

Bellevue Hospital
The investigators, having learned of Signorina Balsamo’s re-appearance, will be eager to interview her. They have no difficulty in doing so if they are accompanied by Signora Capaldi or Detective Heathcliff; otherwise, they must succeed with Fast Talk or Persuade rolls to get past vigilant Bellevue staff.

The famous soprano is a vigorous, attractive young woman with long dark hair and green eyes. She dresses elegantly, and there is an air of demure sophistication about her. Signorina Balsamo is generous and good-natured, with a cheerful disposition. She is always courteous and well-mannered, has a lively sense of humor, and is something of a flirt.

Signorina Balsamo speaks effective English and is happy to answer the investigators’ questions. Unless they state otherwise, she assumes them to be police detectives. She does not remember leaving the Empire Hotel that night, nor does she recall an appointment with Mr. Quantrill of the New York Times. The last thing she remembers is resting in her hotel suite—and then finding herself wandering in a daze in an unfamiliar district of rundown warehouses. Her memory of events in between are vague and dreamlike; Signorina Balsamo dimly recalls many brilliant points of light, like stars, dancing to some shrill and ghostly cadence, while beneath her the earth itself seemed to tremble with a great rumbling noise like that of an earthquake or thunder.

Miss Balsamo can provide no other useful details. She has never heard of “The Song of the Spheres,” Charles Frye, or Gabriel Quantrill, and, although she recalls meeting and can describe a fellow named Quantrill from the New York Times, Signorina Balsamo does not recall his having arranged an interview with her: if the investigators show her the note they found in her hotel suite, she remembers it only vaguely.

ANTONIA BALSAMO, age 24, Italian soprano
STR 8 CON 14 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 12 APP 16 EDU 15 SAN 56 HP 13
Damage Bonus: none.
Weapons: none.
Skills: Bargain 40%, Credit Rating 60%, English 40%, First Aid 45%, Flirt 56%, Listen 40%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 15%, Ride 25%, Sing 80%, Swim 50%.

What Happened While She Was Missing
Having completed his enchanted recording of “The Song of the Spheres” (with Signorina Balsamo performing the libretto), Quantrill released the singer after magically erasing her memory of the incident, encouraging her further disorientation.

The “great rumbling noise” to which Signorina Balsamo referred was actually a subway train thundering past; if the investigators make the connection, they can easily determine that there is only one line that runs through the SoHo district, a little to the east of Broadway; it forks south of Broome Street. There are two stations at the south end of SoHo, in the vicinity of Canal Street, and a third at the north end, near Houston Street.

- Song of the Spheres
**Quantrill**

**Soho**

Soho, an acronym for "south of Houston Street", is in the 1920s a rundown warehouse district bounded by West Broadway, Houston, Lafayette, and Canal streets. Most of the buildings are old cast-iron structures. The area is just beginning to appeal to impoverished artists who, in the decades to come, will help transform SoHo into an avant-garde district of galleries, shops, and eateries.

If the investigators query local residents, their players get one successful Luck roll a day to learn of someone fitting Quantrill's description. If the keeper wishes, of course, the process of locating Quantrill can be more difficult, and require hints from several people before he is precisely located.

This fellow, they are told, has been seen in the neighborhood recently, and has been renting a small brownstone on the east side of Broadway, just south of Spring Street, for about a month. No one mentions that there are two people in the building, though.

**His Rented Brownstone**

Gabriel Quantrill's rented brownstone is unremarkable. It is of two stories, with other residences adjacent on either side, and an alley in the back. Most of the houses along Broadway in this faded district look alike.

Investigators who stake out the house are unlikely to glimpse their quarry; Quantrill seldom leaves. A battered old Ford Model-A is parked on the street. Anyone with an ear pressed to the front door might, with a successful Listen roll, hear the faint, forlorn strains of music from within.

Front and back doors are kept locked at all times. The front door has STR 20; the back, STR 15. All ground floor windows are kept tightly shuttered. In-
side, most of the rooms are unfurnished and dusty; on the first floor, it appears that the occupant makes use of but few. Only the kitchen and living room are in current use.

The kitchen contains an old wooden table and chair, and there are a few plates and utensils scattered about. The icebox contains some fresh milk. Canned food-stuffs can be found in one of the cupboards. A door from the kitchen leads down to the cellar; if Quantrill or Wilson Oliver are downstairs, the door is locked from within. It has STR 15.

The living room contains a battered old piano and some sort of gramophone. A successful Idea roll suggests that this is an outdated recording device, surpassed by advances in electrical recording techniques; a Know roll allows an investigator to operate the equipment properly. If the investigators surprise Quantrill and his henchman, they are likely to be in this room, improvising some outlandish piece of music.

Beneath the hinged seat of the piano bench is a small compartment containing Frye’s frayed musical score for “The Song of the Spheres,” stolen from his daughter. Anyone familiar with musical composition concludes, after only a brief examination, that the score to Frye’s unfinished oratorio is incredibly complex, and appears to have been written using an unknown form of musical notation. The libretto can be read with a successful Read Latin roll—it is an archaic invocation to Tru’membra, the Angel of Music.

On the platter of the recording device, there is a flat wax disc bearing a number of ridges. A Know roll indicates that this is a master recording, from which shellac pressings are made. This disc cannot be played on a standard gramophone, but it contains Quantrill’s most recent recording of “The Song of the Spheres”—this one complete with libretto.

Upstairs, only the bathroom and a bedroom appear to be used. The bedroom is furnished with a dingy old cot and a writing desk and chair. There is a poorly-bound book on the desk, handwritten in English; it is an unfinished manuscript by Quantrill, titled “An Elegy For The Universe.” For the most part it is incomprehensible, full of obscure references to muddled and blasphemous ideologies. Reading the book in its entirety takes four hours and requires a Read Latin roll. Those who succeed gain 2% Cthulhu Mythos knowledge and lose 1D4 Sanity. The book contains a single spell, “Enchant Recording,” with a spell multiplier of x1. Give the players The Song Papers #10.

Quantrill regularly retires in the small hours of the morning, and sleeps until noon.

The cellar contains an oil furnace, a lopsided chair, and an old army cot. There are half-drained bottles of bootleg whisky strewn about the floor. Quantrill’s henchman sleeps here, and spends most nights drinking himself into a stupor; he does not wake until well into the afternoon. A bundle of filthy, threadbare blankets and a length of frayed rope in one corner represent the location of Signorina Balsamo’s captivity during her abduction.
ENCHANT RECORDING, a new spell
A rare but potent incantation, used in conjunction with a specially-designed, magical piece of music. The spell causes the effects of the recorded music to remain the same potency of a live performance or recital by creating a reservoir for magic points, which are utilized when the recording is played back. A group of people can help to enchant a recording, but the caster always acts as the focus for the group. He or she must know the spell, and may expend as many magic points as desired. Anyone else present knowing the spell may also expend as many magic points as desired. The remainder of the group may spend only one magic point each.

At the end of the brief ritual, the enchantor loses one point of POW and 1D4 points of Sanity. The total of the magic points used to enchant the recording is the amount available each time it is played.

Other than the Song of the Spheres, the spell could work with other published song-spreads, such as the Song of Hastur, the Song of Glissandor, or Soul-Singing; the keeper decides, and may devise other uses.

WILSON OLIVER, age 42, drunken jazz pianist
STR 16  CON 14  SIZ 16  INT 11  POW 12
DEX 12  APP 10  EDU 9  SAN 15  HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3
Grapple 40%, damage special
Head Butt 25%, damage 1D4

Skills: Bargain 20%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Drive Automobile 40%, Fast Talk 30%, Listen 65%, Play Piano 75%, Sing 25%.

Wilson is a black jazz pianist who fell on hard times when his drinking got out of hand. He lost his gig, his wife, and his self-respect. When he met Gabriel Quantrill, Wilson had hit rock bottom and he figured things could only improve. The black secrets Quantrill revealed to him, combined with the effects of chronic alcoholism, have eroded much of Wilson’s sanity, but he still can make glorious music.

A big bear of a man, Wilson serves Quantrill faithfully, helping to abduct Signorina Balsamo and playing piano during the recording of “The Song of the Spheres.” He spends most of his time inebriated, deprived of his common sense but not his strength.

The house is entirely without carpet, and there is no electricity or telephone. Light is provided by kerosene lamps in the kitchen, bedroom, and bathroom.

If Quantrill and his henchman are aware of the investigators’ arrival, they attempt to hide and take the intruders by surprise. Both are vicious and fight to the death; Quantrill was thought to have bitten one person to death while escaping from the Royal Infirmary, remember.

GABRIEL QUANTRILL, age 60, deranged musician
STR 13  CON 15  SIZ 12  INT 15  POW 16
DEX 15  APP 13  EDU 18  SAN 0  HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: 32 Automatic Pistol 50%, damage 1D8+db
Sword Cane 45%, damage 1D6+db
Bite 50%

Skills: Astronomy 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%, French 25%, German 40%, History 35%, Italian 50%, Library Use 40%, Listen 55%, Occult 20%, Persuade 50%, Play Flute 80%, Play Piano 45%, Psychology 20%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 35%

Spells: Brew Space-Meal, Cloud Memory, Contact Ghoul, Contact Nyarlathotep, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Enchant Recording*, Enthral Victim, Mental Suggestion, Pipes of Madness, Summon/ Bird Byakhee.

* this is a new spell, detailed at left.

Gabriel Quantrill is a gaunt, brooding Englishman. Above a prominent brow, his chalk-white hair is uncombed, his features cruel but colorless. Quantrill wears a monocle and walks with the aid of a cane, although he has no noticeable limp. Dapper but dishevelled, he is smug by nature and cunning by design.

Quantrill possesses an ornate bone flute of exquisite workmanship, a gift from Tru’nembra, one of the Outer Gods who dances at the court of Azathoth. It enables him to cast the Pipes of Madness spell.

Conclusion
With Gabriel Quantrill dead and the master recording of “The Song of the Spheres” destroyed along with the musical score, the investigators have succeeded. In time, Sir Hubert Hatton-Bartlett effects a full recovery. If success is total, the investigators should receive 1D8 points of Sanity. If Quantrill survives, reduce the Sanity bonus to 1D6. If either the musical score or the master recording survive, further reduce the reward to 1D4.

Signorina Balsamo, grateful for their efforts on her behalf, invites the investigators to the gala premiere of this production of Aida at the Metropolitan Opera House. Seated in a private box, they enjoy a superb performance of Verdi’s opera. The audience is spellbound throughout and, at the end of the last act, loudly appreciative. Reviews rave, and critics are uniform in their praise of Signorina Balsamo’s vocal talents.

Following the performance, the investigators are invited to a party at the Empire Hotel to celebrate a successful premiere. Despite prohibition, champagne flows freely, and everyone is in high spirits. Cast, crew, and guests mingle in a festive mood. A waltz by Strauss crackles from a gramophone in the corner, and Signorina Balsamo asks one of her new
friends to dance. She is thrilled at the evening’s success, and just tipsy enough to be bold. The waltz ends prematurely, for those enjoying the proximity of their present company, and new disks are put on—Gabriel Quantrill’s awful legacy. Somewhere in the black void, the Angel of Music hears the call.

The Angel Of Music

The manifestation of Tru’nembra is heralded by a single sustained note that gradually increases in volume until it becomes almost unbearable. As the note begins to oscillate, glass shatters and cars begin to bleed: the Angel of Music has arrived.

Because it has no corporeal form, Tru’nembra cannot be harmed by physical attacks. Once summoned, the Angel of Music wreaks havoc upon the scene, using its music to attack the guests in the ballroom, who must flee or continue to take damage. The god does not use its Sonic Blast unless powerfully attacked.

Tru’nembra searches among them for a suitable sacrifice, a performer worthy of the gods. This unfortunate is taken either in body or in soul to play eternally for the Daemon Sultan and its courtiers.

Signorina Balsamo is a likely target: if selected, she begins to sing from the beginning her role from Aida. Her performance is magnificent, as good as any ever given upon the stage. As Signorina Balsamo sings, the ethereal music of Tru’nembra unerringly finds the cadence and, in unison, the two reach a terrifying crescendo and suddenly there is silence.

The Angel of Music is gone. Signorina Balsamo begins to sing again, only this time her voice is devoid of passion, dull and listless. She stands like a rag doll, reprising Aida without emotion. Her glassy eyes have a faraway look and her skin is cold and clammy to the touch. Upon examination of her, a Medicine roll confirms that she is dead, yet continues to sing. Anyone witnessing this loses 1/ID10 points of Sanity. Shortly thereafter, the body of Signorina Balsamo crumples to the floor, never to sing again.

TRU'NEMBRA, Outer God

STR n/a CON n/a SIZ n/a INT 14 POW 80
DEX 50 MV speed of sound HP80
Damage Bonus: as sound, not applicable.

Weapons: Music automatic, damage one hit point per round.

Sonic Blast automatic, damage D100 hit points

Armor: none; however, as living sound, Tru’nembra can be dispelled only by spells which affect INT or POW, or by mechanisms which affect sound waves.

Spells: none.

Sanity Cost to See: Tru’nembra is invisible, but 1D10 -4/1D10 to hear or experience it.

The Song Of The Spheres

The tempo of the piece conveys the anxious feeling of a mysterious wait; the shrill rhythm produces weird melodic strains while the piano provides rhythmic pulse beats. Suspense builds; weird piano glissandos are augmented by the eerie inner voice of the suspenseful, mystifying flute. The melody becomes elusive, then disappears in a cacophonous maelstrom of uncanny, mesmerizing notes. Cosmic excitement turns to cosmic terror as a strange rhythmic chant, indescribably haunting and beguiling, is offered to the starry void and, as in reply, ghastly sound-phantoms seem to echo out of space and the stars begin to flicker.

Hearing an instrumental performance (live or recorded) of the unfinished oratorio fills the listener with a soul-chilling dread, and costs 1/ID6 points of Sanity. Anyone actively listening to the piece suffers a major mental shock and loses 1D10 points of Sanity. Regardless of the amount lost, he or she automatically lapses into stupor for 1D6 months; handle recovery in the same manner as that outlined for Indefinite Insanity in the rulesbook.

These effects depend upon the listener’s relative POW. Those of POW 1-6 are swept up by the music in the first combat round, POW 7-10 in two combat rounds, POW 11-14 in three rounds, and POW 15-18 in four rounds. Those few of 19 or better are unaffected.

The full version, with vocal accompaniment, is far more dangerous. The libretto “Nebulum Nigritiae”, written by Quantrill himself, is a blasphemous evocation of the Outer God Tru’nembra: when successfully sung and recorded using the Enchant Recording spell it becomes a potent, re-useable method by which the Angel of Music can be summoned from the stars. Since Tru’nembra is not subject to the laws of space and time as mankind perceives them, it is conceivable that multiple performances of the piece may summon the god in several places simultaneously. The recording made by Gabriel Quantrill with Signorina Balsamo singing the libretto has a reservoir of 35 magic points.

How many discs were pressed from the original master recording is a matter for the keeper to decide; tracking down and rounding up the remaining pressings could provide the investigators with any number of additional missions, and could serve as a lead-in to another scenario.

If, at any time, the authorities (including conservatories and music libraries) are given the opportunity to hear a recording (with or without vocal accompaniment) of this hideous piece of music, those who retain their Sanity will be filled with such loathing and dread as to attempt to destroy the recording and its musical score immediately. The consequences of broadcasting the deadly oratorio are too terrible to contemplate; no doubt some mad musical genius will one day make the attempt.
"It is absolutely necessary, for the peace and safety of mankind, that some of earth's dark, dead corners and unplumbed depths be let alone; lest sleeping abnormalities wake to resurgent life, and blasphemously surviving nightmares squirm and splash out of their black lairs to newer and wider conquests."

— H.P. Lovecraft, "At the Mountains of Madness".

A disappearance!
A plea for help.
The strike of sudden madness.

Dear Fro...
I write...
me in a
Neither.

Suffice:
Reef off:
Hastard.
In an out:
Of the North:

The many illustrations and maps, and their more than forty handouts make these adventures unusually accessible and easy to present.