CALL OF CTHULHU®

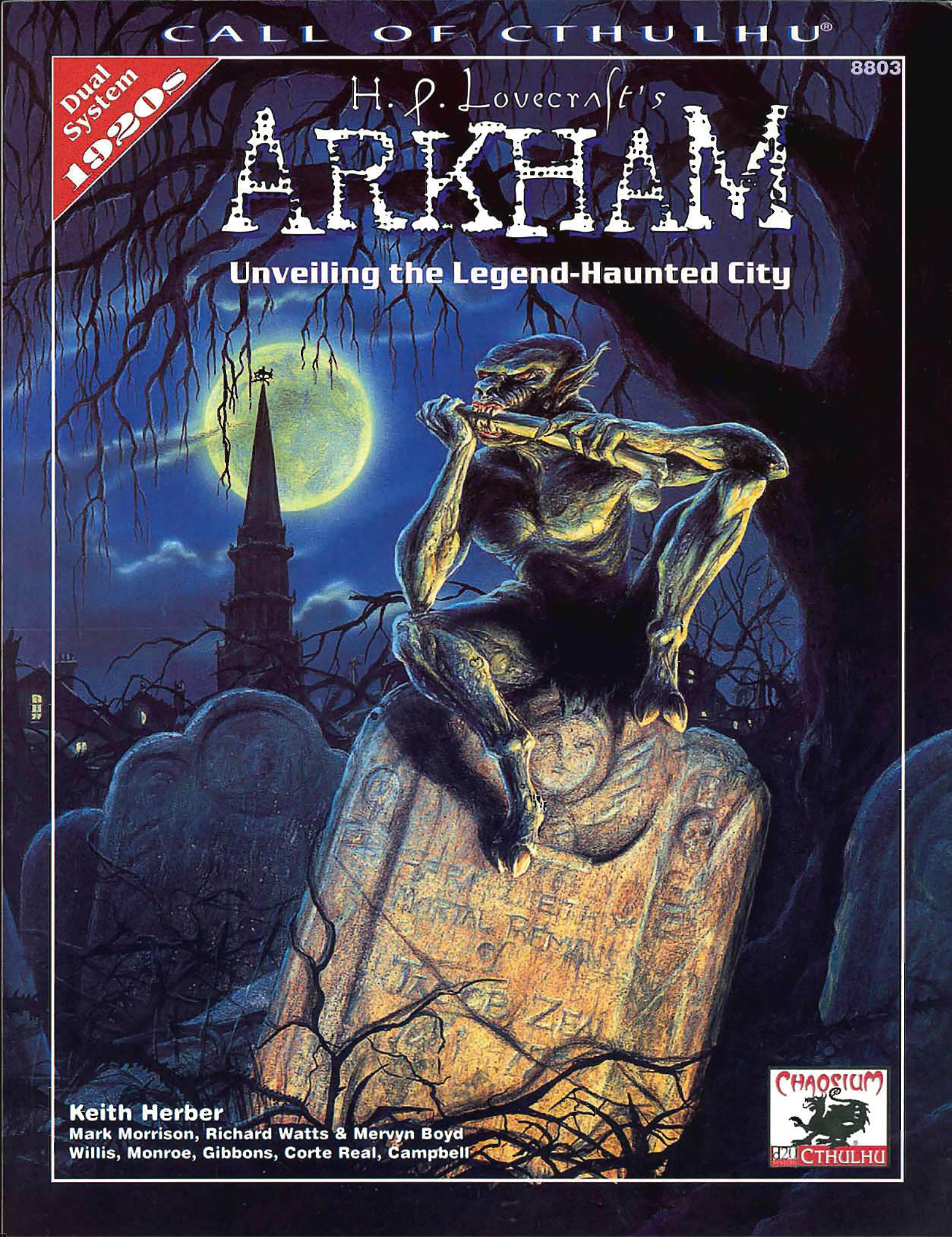
Dual System 1920s

8803

H. P. Lovecraft's

ARKHAM

Unveiling the Legend-Haunted City



Keith Herber

Mark Morrison, Richard Watts & Mervyn Boyd

Willis, Monroe, Gibbons, Corte Real, Campbell

CHAOSIUM

320 CTHULHU



H. P. Lovecraft's ARKHAM

A New England Haven for Investigators

Local History & Lovecraftian Timeline
Notable Personalities & Town Guide
Adventures

Game Data format

Game data presented in this book is structured so that players of either Chaosium's *Call of Cthulhu* (BRP Cthulhu) rules, or the d20 edition of *Call of Cthulhu* (d20 Cthulhu), can fully enjoy this background and adventures. Instructions for game system use, or that call for die rolls, is given first for BRP Cthulhu (in bold). D20 Cthulhu rules data is then given in brackets immediately following. The following is an example: "The investigator needs a successful **Electrical Repair roll** [Repair check, DC 20] to shut off power and darken this part of town."

Personality and creature statistics for BRP Cthulhu are presented within the narrative of the text. **Appendix 2: d20 System Townsfolk** contains all of the *Call of Cthulhu d20 System* personality and creature statistics needed for play.

d20 system

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BRP™ A Basic Roleplaying Game





For my Father.
It was he who took me to those early movies that gave me so many nightmares.
—Keith Herber.

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H. P. Lovecraft's ARKHAM





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Introduction

WELCOME TO ARKHAM, MASSACHUSETTS, the New England town created by H.P. Lovecraft as a setting for many of his stories. Located on the banks of the dark and muttering Miskatonic River, the town was first settled in the latter 17th century, and has become home to Miskatonic University and its renowned library.

In this book I have tried to faithfully introduce Arkham in a form suitable to a *Call of Cthulhu* campaign setting. Although the information herein reflects nearly everything Lovecraft ever wrote about Arkham, I have taken the liberty to fill in blanks, to complete descriptions where only names existed, and I have also added Lovecraftian-style locations of my own. Many entries are intended purely for gaming, though the likelihood of their existence is clear enough.

Some character names and place names also appear here from the writings of August Derleth, although these references are by no means as systematic as those drawn from Lovecraft. Additional references derive from stories by Brian Lumley, Ramsey Campbell, Lin Carter, Robert E. Howard, Robert Bloch, and Clark Ashton Smith.

Pinpointing Arkham's exact location on the map is difficult. It does not seem that Lovecraft ever had a definite location in mind and, in fact, it can be argued that Arkham tends to move around over the years, appearing in different places at different times. For the purposes of this book I have located the city along highway 1A in the area of Wenham and Hamilton, about six miles north of Salem, Massachusetts. This seems to satisfy much of what Lovecraft wrote and offers the fewest contradictions.

After rereading the stories, I chose the month of October, 1928, a period immediately after Armitage's adventure in "The Dunwich Horror," shortly after Wilmarth's encounters with the Vermont Fungi in "The Whisperer in Darkness" as the time which offered the best dramatic opportunities for scenario design. The prevailing situation at the University in regards to the Cthulhu Mythos appears in the "Guide to Arkham" section, in entry 620, especially under the subhead "Mythos Holdings in the Library."

Liberties have been taken with some dates given in Lovecraft's stories. Although by strict chronology Walter Gilman ("Dreams in the Witch House") would at this time already be dead, the situation described in this book has the brilliant and sensitive young mathematician just moving into the accursed house on E Pickman Street. Likewise, the events of "The Thing on the Doorstep" have also been integrated: Edward Derby has already married Asenath Waite, and the two live together in Crowninshield Manor.

And, although the raid on Innsmouth would have occurred by this date, the actuality is left to the keeper. Future publishing visits to Lovecraft Country may include materials for Innsmouth, Dunwich, and Kingsport, and perhaps other locations as well. A chronology deriving only from Lovecraft's stories is appended to the chapter, "A Brief History of Arkham" outlining the events that took place in and around Arkham as Lovecraft reported it. Keepers, understanding the choices, should choose and adapt as desired.

Stores and professional services useful to or likely to be needed by investigators have been offered at least once. Where competition or choice exists, a description of its nature usually appears. Much of Arkham has not been described; do not expect to conduct walking tours of the town even after making a thorough study of the entries. Keeper care and involvement are the only useful ways to enlarge or complete the town; individual style and interests dictate the creation of as many different Arkhams as there are keepers.

Plenty of room exists on the bound-in maps for keepers to add whatever they wish. The handout map is intended for player orientation and enjoyment, not for precise movement and positioning. No easily-obtained street maps of Arkham in fact exist at this time. Investigators who want one must go to the Town Hall and laborously copy the big map on the wall of the room where the selectmen meet.

The maps of Arkham published herein pretend to show only the center of town; it is up to the keeper how much more of Arkham exists beyond the borders of the maps. And this is a good place to point out that Chaosium maps of Arkham diverge considerably from Lovecraft's notes and drawing in *Marginalia*. Please consider this new Arkham map as official to the game if not to Lovecraft; succeeding versions of *Call of Cthulhu* will reprint it.

The total population of Arkham is left unstated. Most players and keepers already have mental images of Arkham, so inventing a precise total can only annoy or hinder. Lovecraft is unspecific, but in one story a character visits "a cheap cinema", intimating that the town is at least large enough to have several movie theaters. Try this rule: Arkham is big enough that no one knows everyone, but just small enough that folks feel as though they could. Salem's population in 1928 was about 45,000; Arkham's population is almost surely only a fraction of that.

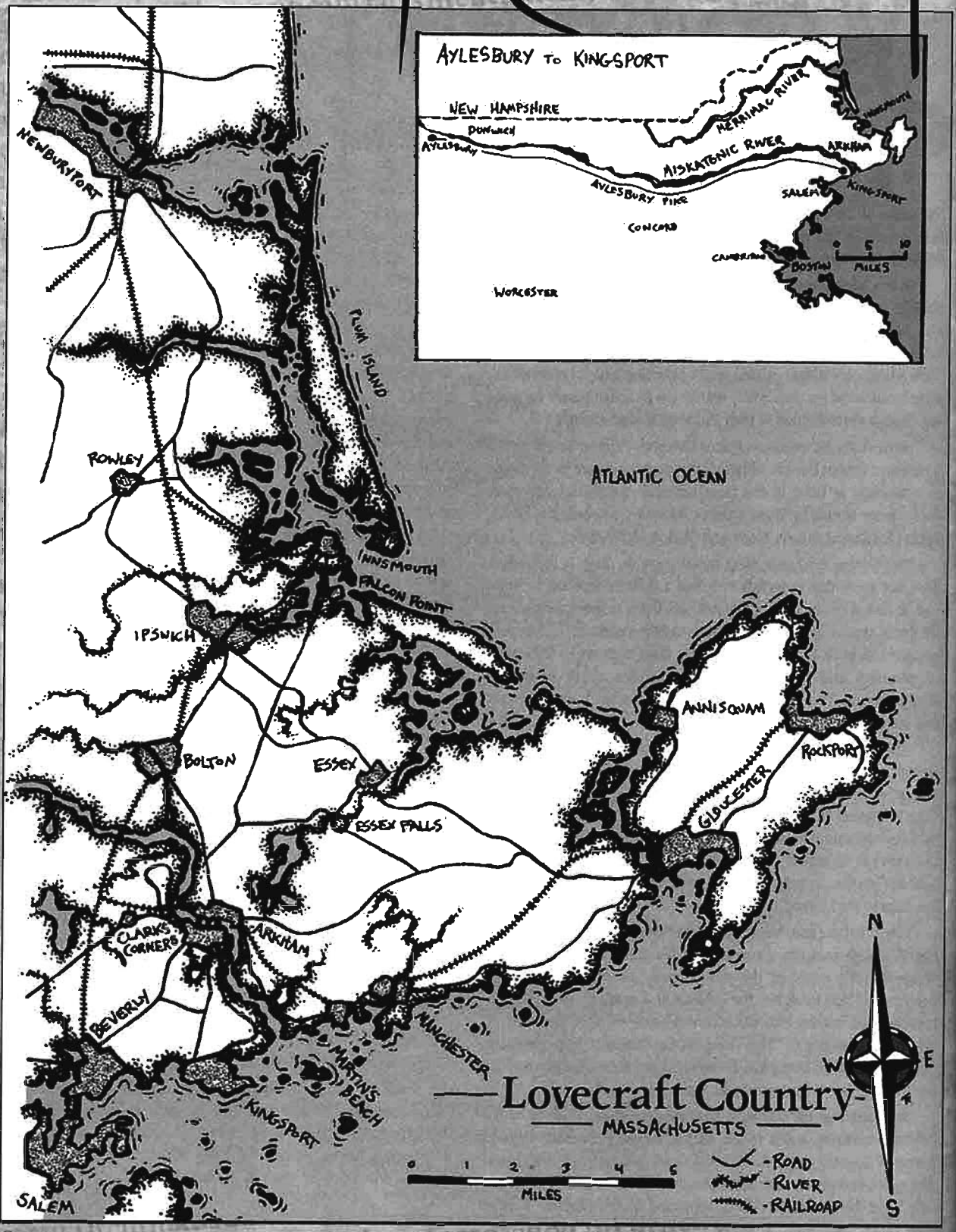
Neither are Miskatonic's enrollment and staff quantified—there are more faculty members than the University Directory shows, just as there are more stores and other businesses than the Town Directory shows. But remember, *in this book there is as much to Arkham or of anything in it as the keeper desires*, no more and no less.

I urge keepers to read or reread the following tales before beginning an Arkham campaign: "Herbert West-Reanimator," "The Unnamable," "The Dunwich Horror," "The Whisperer in Darkness", "The Dreams in the Witch House," and "The Thing on the Doorstep".

Finally, a number of people, including Tom Esposito, Richard Watts, Lee Estes, Lynn Willis, Steve Nardella, Sharon Herber, Gahan Wilson, and Kevin Ross, were particularly helpful to me on this project. I also thank Dawn Treader Bookshop in Ann Arbor, Necronomicon Press, and *Crypt of Cthulhu* and *Dagon* magazines.

—Keith Herber

Lovecraft Country



Lovecraft Country is a land located in the northeast of Massachusetts. The most important portion stretches along the Miskatonic river valley, from Dunwich in the far west to where it enters the Atlantic Ocean, between Arkham, Kingsport, and Martin's Beach. References to other books in the Lovecraft Country series are noted when they contain central information.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunwich—pop. 373, settled in 1692. A small farming community. Formerly the site of several large lumber mills. Dark forces seem ascendent among the decadent inhabitants of Dunwich detailed in *H. P. Lovecraft's Dunwich*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kingsport—pop. 7834, founded in 1639, incorporated in 1651. Home port of numerous privateers during the Revolutionary War. A summer resort and artist colony, fishing is the main industry. Rumors abound of a strange fire cult worshiping beneath the streets of Kingsport. Detailed in *H. P. Lovecraft's Kingsport* and *Tales of the Miskatonic Valley*.

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

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

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

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

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

Martin's Beach—pop. 867, first settled in 1644. A small fishing village and vacation spot. On occasion, a strange creature has been seen in the ocean. Detailed in *Dead Reckonings*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



The Dreams in the Witch House

by H. P. Lovecraft

Whether the dreams brought on the fever or the fever brought on the dreams Walter Gilman did not know. Behind everything crouched the brooding, festering horror of the ancient town, and of the mouldy, unhallowed garret gable where he wrote and studied and wrestled with figures and formulae when he was not tossing on the meagre iron bed. His ears were growing sensitive to a preternatural and intolerable degree, and he had long ago stopped the cheap mantel clock whose ticking had come to seem like a thunder of artillery. At night the subtle stirring of the black city outside, the sinister scurrying of rats in the wormy partitions, and the creaking of hidden timbers in the centuried house, were enough to give him a sense of strident pandemonium. The darkness always teemed with unexplained sound — and yet he sometimes shook with fear lest the noises he heard should subside and allow him to hear certain other, fainter, noises which he suspected were lurking behind them.

He was in the changeless, legend-haunted city of Arkham, with its clustering gambrel roofs that sway and sag over attics where witches hid from the King's men in the dark, olden days of the Province. Nor was any spot in that city more steeped in macabre memory than the gable room which harboured him — for it was this house and this room which had likewise harboured old Keziah Mason, whose flight from Salem Gaol at the last no one was ever able to explain. That was in 1692 — the gaoler had gone mad and babbled of a small, white-fanged furry thing which scuttled out of Keziah's cell, and not even Cotton Mather could explain the curves and angles smeared on the grey stone walls with some red, sticky fluid.

Possibly Gilman ought not to have studied so hard. Non-Euclidean calculus and quantum physics are enough to stretch any brain; and when one mixes them with folklore, and tries to trace a strange background of multi-dimensional reality

behind the ghoulish hints of the Gothic tales and the wild whispers of the chimney-corner, one can hardly expect to be wholly free from mental tension. Gilman came from Haverhill, but it was only after he had entered college in Arkham that he began to connect his mathematics with the fantastic legends of elder magic. Something in the air of the hoary town worked obscurely on his imagination. The professors at Miskatonic had urged him to slacken up, and had voluntarily cut down his course at several points. Moreover, they had stopped him from consulting the dubious old books on forbidden secrets that were kept under lock and key in a vault at the university library. But all these precautions came late in the day, so that Gilman had some terrible hints from the dreaded *Necronomicon* of Abdul Alhazred, the fragmentary *Book of Eibon*, and the suppressed *Unaussprechlichen Kulten* of von Junzt to correlate with his abstract formulae on the properties of space and the linkage of dimensions known and unknown.

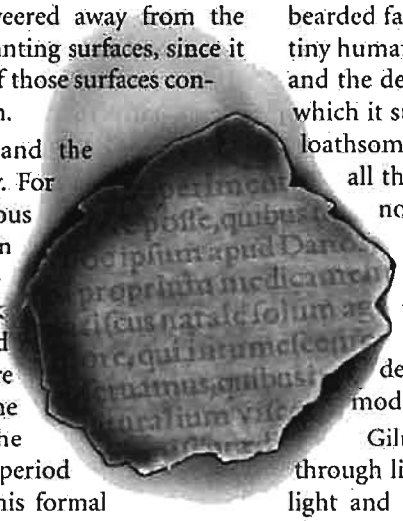
He knew his room was in the old Witch House — that, indeed, was why he had taken it. There was much in the Essex County records about Keziah Mason's trial, and what she had admitted under pressure to the Court of Oyer and Terminer had fascinated Gilman beyond all reason. She had told Judge Hathorne of lines and curves that could be made to point out directions leading through the walls of space to other spaces beyond, and had implied that such lines and curves were frequently used at certain midnight meetings in the dark valley of the white stone beyond Meadow Hill and on the unpeopled island in the river. She had spoken also of the Black Man, of her oath, and of her new secret name of Nahab. Then she had drawn those devices on the walls of her cell and vanished.

Gilman believed strange things about Keziah, and had felt a queer thrill on learning that her dwelling was still standing after more than 235 years. When he heard the hushed Arkham whispers about Keziah's persistent presence in the old house and the narrow streets, about the irregular human tooth-marks left on certain sleepers in that and other houses, about the childish cries heard near May-Eve and Hallowmass, about the stench often noted in the old house's attic just after those dreaded seasons, and about the small, furry, sharp-toothed thing which haunted the mouldering structure and the town and nuzzled people curiously in the black hours before dawn, he resolved to live in the place at any cost. A room was easy to secure; for the house was unpopular, hard to rent, and long given over to cheap lodgings. Gilman could not have told what he expected to find there, but he knew he wanted to be in the building where some circumstance had more or less suddenly given a mediocre old woman of the seventeenth century an insight into mathematical depths perhaps beyond the utmost modern delvings of Planck, Heisenberg, Einstein, and de Sitter.

He studied the timber and plaster walls for traces of cryptic designs at every accessible spot where the paper had peeled, and within a week managed to get the eastern attic room where Keziah was held to have practiced her spells. It had been vacant from the first — for no one had ever been willing to stay there long — but the Polish landlord had grown wary about renting it. Yet nothing whatever happened to Gilman till about the time of the fever. No ghostly Keziah flitted through the sombre halls and chambers, no small furry thing crept into his dismal eyrie to nuzzle him, and no record of the witch's incantations rewarded his constant search. Sometimes he would take walks through shadowy tangles of unpaved musty-smelling lanes where eldritch brown houses of unknown age leaned and tottered and leered mockingly through narrow, small-paned windows. Here he knew strange things had happened once, and there was a faint suggestion behind the surface that everything of that monstrous past might not — at least in the darkest, narrowest, and most intricately crooked alleys — have utterly perished. He also rowed out twice to the ill-regarded island in the river, and made a sketch of the singular angles described by the moss-grown rows of grey standing stones whose origin was so obscure and immemorial.

Gilman's room was of good size but queerly irregular shape; the north wall slanting perceptibly inward from the outer to the inner end, while the low ceiling slanted gently downward in the same direction. Aside from an obvious rat-hole and the signs of other stopped-up ones, there was no access — nor any appearance of a former avenue of access — to the space which must have existed between the slanting wall and the straight outer wall on the house's north side, though a view from the exterior shewed where a window had been boarded up at a very remote date. The loft above the ceiling — which must have had a slanting floor — was likewise inaccessible. When Gilman climbed up a ladder to the cobwebbed level loft above the rest of the attic he found vestiges of a bygone aperture tightly and heavily covered with ancient planking and secured by the stout wooden pegs common in colonial carpentry. No amount of persuasion, however, could induce the stolid landlord to let him investigate either of these two closed spaces.

As time wore along, his absorption in the irregular wall and ceiling of his room increased; for he began to read into the odd angles a mathematical significance which seemed to offer vague clues regarding their purpose. Old Keziah, he reflected, might have had excellent reasons for living in a room with peculiar angles; for was it not through certain angles that she claimed to have gone outside the boundaries of the world of space we know? His interest gradually veered away from the unplumbed voids beyond the slanting surfaces, since it now appeared that the purpose of those surfaces concerned the side he was already on.



The touch of brain-fever and the dreams began early in February. For some time, apparently, the curious angles of Gilman's room had been having a strange, almost hypnotic effect on him; and as the bleak winter advanced he had found himself staring more and more intently at the corner where the down-slanting ceiling met the inward-slanting wall. About this period his inability to concentrate on his formal studies worried him considerably, his apprehensions about the mid-year examinations being very acute. But the exaggerated sense of hearing was scarcely less annoying. Life had become an insistent and almost unendurable cacophony, and there was that constant, terrifying impression of *other* sounds — perhaps from regions beyond life — trembling on the very brink of audibility. So far as concrete noises went, the rats in the ancient partitions were the worst. Sometimes their scratching seemed not only furtive but deliberate. When it came from beyond the slanting north wall it was mixed with a sort of dry rattling — and when it came from the century-closed loft above the slanting ceiling Gilman always braced himself as if expecting some horror which only bided its time before descending to engulf him utterly.

The dreams were wholly beyond the pale of sanity, and Gilman felt that they must be a result, jointly, of his studies in mathematics and in folklore. He had been thinking too much about the vague regions which his formulae told him must lie beyond the three dimensions we know, and about the possibility that old Keziah Mason — guided by some influence past all conjecture — had actually found the gate to those regions. The yellowed county records containing her testimony and that of her accusers were so damnably suggestive of things beyond human experience — and the descriptions of the darting little furry object which served as her familiar were so painfully realistic despite their incredible details.

That object — no larger than a good-sized rat and quaintly called by the townspeople "Brown Jenkin" — seemed to have been the fruit of a remarkable case of sympathetic herd-delusion, for in 1692 no less than eleven persons had testified to glimpsing it. There were recent rumours, too, with a baffling and disconcerting amount of agreement. Witnesses said it had long hair and the shape of a rat, but that its sharp-toothed, bearded face was evilly human while its paws were like tiny human hands. It took messages betwixt old Keziah and the devil, and was nursed on the witch's blood — which it sucked like a vampire. Its voice was a kind of loathsome titter, and it could speak all languages. Of all the bizarre monstrosities in Gilman's dreams, nothing filled him with greater panic and nausea than this blasphemous and diminutive hybrid, whose image flitted across his vision in a form a thousandfold more hateful than anything his waking mind had deduced from the ancient records and the modern whispers.

Gilman's dreams consisted largely in plunges through limitless abysses of inexplicably coloured twilight and bafflingly disordered sound; abysses whose material and gravitational properties, and whose relation to his own entity, he could not even begin to explain. He did not walk or climb, fly or swim, crawl or wriggle; yet always experienced a mode of motion partly voluntary and partly involuntary. Of his own condition he could not well judge, for sight of his arms, legs, and torso seemed always cut off by some odd disarrangement of perspective; but he felt that his physical organisation and faculties were somehow marvellously transmuted and obliquely projected — though not without a certain grotesque relationship to his normal proportions and properties.

The abysses were by no means vacant, being crowded with indescribably angled masses of alien-hued substance, some of which appeared to be organic while others seemed inorganic. A few of the organic objects tended to awake vague memories in the back of his mind, though he could form no conscious idea of what they mockingly resembled or suggested. In the later dreams he began to distinguish separate categories into which the organic objects appeared to be divided, and which seemed to involve in each case a radically different species of conduct-pattern and basic motivation. Of these categories one seemed to him to include objects slightly less illogical and irrelevant in their motions than the members of the other categories.

All the objects — organic and inorganic alike — were totally beyond description or even comprehension. Gilman sometimes compared the inorganic masses to prisms, labyrinths, clusters of cubes and planes,

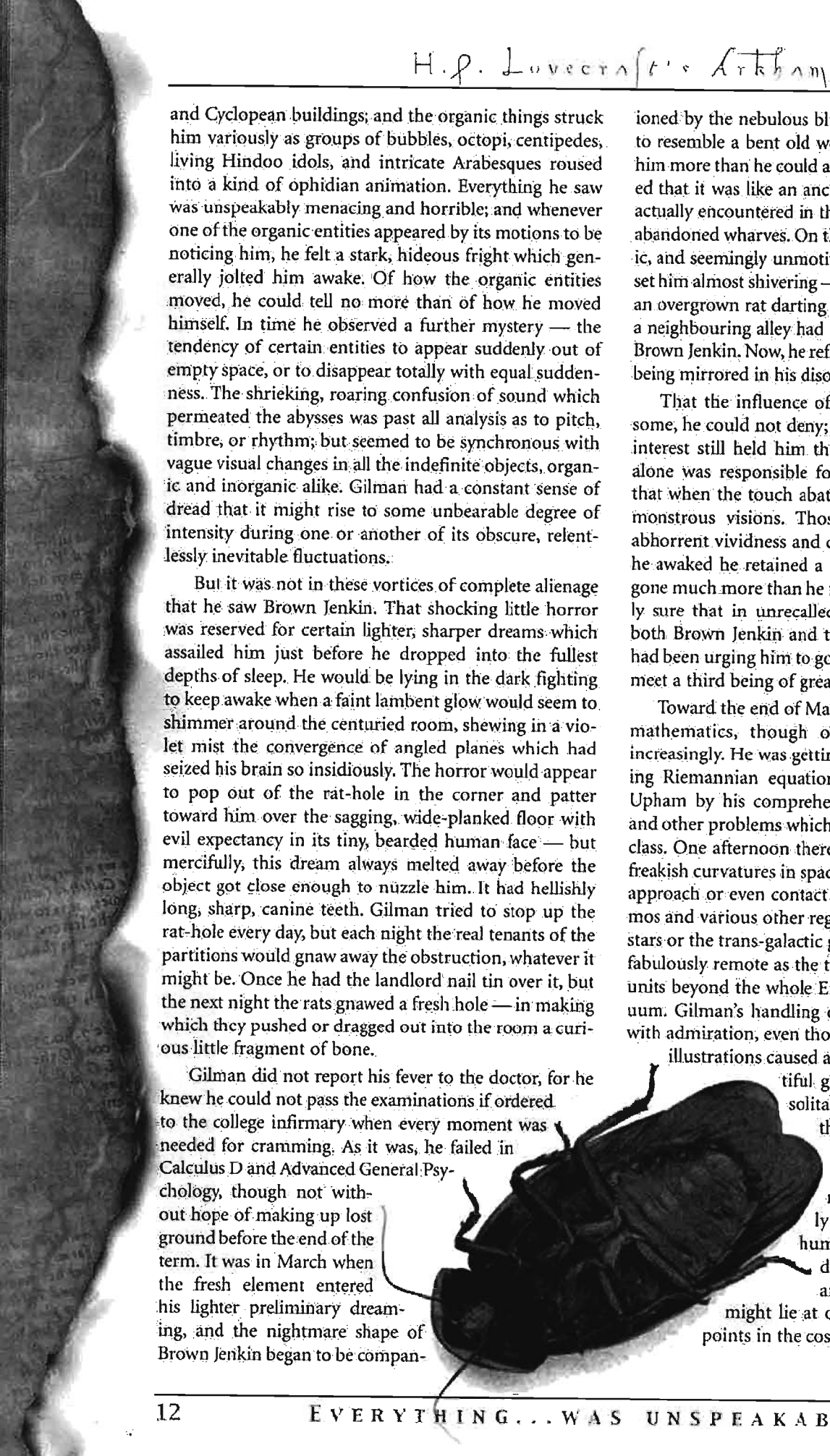
and Cyclopean buildings; and the organic things struck him variously as groups of bubbles, octopi, centipedes, living Hindoo idols, and intricate Arabesques roused into a kind of ophidian animation. Everything he saw was unspeakably menacing and horrible; and whenever one of the organic entities appeared by its motions to be noticing him, he felt a stark, hideous fright which generally jolted him awake. Of how the organic entities moved, he could tell no more than of how he moved himself. In time he observed a further mystery — the tendency of certain entities to appear suddenly out of empty space, or to disappear totally with equal suddenness. The shrieking, roaring confusion of sound which permeated the abysses was past all analysis as to pitch, timbre, or rhythm; but seemed to be synchronous with vague visual changes in all the indefinite objects, organic and inorganic alike. Gilman had a constant sense of dread that it might rise to some unbearable degree of intensity during one or another of its obscure, relentlessly inevitable fluctuations.

But it was not in these vortices of complete alienage that he saw Brown Jenkin. That shocking little horror was reserved for certain lighter, sharper dreams which assailed him just before he dropped into the fullest depths of sleep. He would be lying in the dark fighting to keep awake when a faint lambent glow would seem to shimmer around the centuried room, shewing in a violet mist the convergence of angled planes which had seized his brain so insidiously. The horror would appear to pop out of the rat-hole in the corner and patter toward him over the sagging, wide-planked floor with evil expectancy in its tiny, bearded human face — but mercifully, this dream always melted away before the object got close enough to nuzzle him. It had hellishly long, sharp, canine teeth. Gilman tried to stop up the rat-hole every day, but each night the real tenants of the partitions would gnaw away the obstruction, whatever it might be. Once he had the landlord nail tin over it, but the next night the rats gnawed a fresh hole — in making which they pushed or dragged out into the room a curious little fragment of bone.

Gilman did not report his fever to the doctor, for he knew he could not pass the examinations if ordered to the college infirmary when every moment was needed for cramming. As it was, he failed in Calculus D and Advanced General Psychology, though not without hope of making up lost ground before the end of the term. It was in March when the fresh element entered his lighter preliminary dreaming, and the nightmare shape of Brown Jenkin began to be companioned by the nebulous blur which grew more and more to resemble a bent old woman. This addition disturbed him more than he could account for, but finally he decided that it was like an ancient crone whom he had twice actually encountered in the dark tangle of lanes near the abandoned wharves. On those occasions the evil, sardonic, and seemingly unmotivated stare of the beldame had set him almost shivering — especially the first time, when an overgrown rat darting across the shadowed mouth of a neighbouring alley had made him think irrationally of Brown Jenkin. Now, he reflected, those nervous fears were being mirrored in his disordered dreams.

That the influence of the old house was unwholesome, he could not deny; but traces of his early morbid interest still held him there. He argued that the fever alone was responsible for his nightly phantasies, and that when the touch abated he would be free from the monstrous visions. Those visions, however, were of abhorrent vividness and convincingness, and whenever he awaked he retained a vague sense of having undergone much more than he remembered. He was hideously sure that in unrecalled dreams he had talked with both Brown Jenkin and the old woman, and that they had been urging him to go somewhere with them and to meet a third being of greater potency.

Toward the end of March he began to pick up in his mathematics, though other studies bothered him increasingly. He was getting an intuitive knack for solving Riemannian equations, and astonished Professor Upham by his comprehension of fourth-dimensional and other problems which had floored all the rest of the class. One afternoon there was a discussion of possible freakish curvatures in space, and of theoretical points of approach or even contact between our part of the cosmos and various other regions as distant as the farthest stars or the trans-galactic gulfs themselves — or even as fabulously remote as the tentatively conceivable cosmic units beyond the whole Einsteinian space-time continuum. Gilman's handling of this theme filled everyone with admiration, even though some of his hypothetical illustrations caused an increase in the always plentiful gossip about his nervous and solitary eccentricity. What made the students shake their heads was his sober theory that a man might — given mathematical knowledge admittedly beyond all likelihood of human acquirement — step deliberately from the earth to any other celestial body which might lie at one of an infinity of specific points in the cosmic pattern.



Such a step, he said, would require only two stages; first, a passage out of the three-dimensional sphere we know, and second, a passage back to the three-dimensional sphere at another point, perhaps one of infinite remoteness. That this could be accomplished without loss of life was in many cases conceivable. Any being from any part of three-dimensional space could probably survive in the fourth dimension; and its survival of the second stage would depend upon what alien part of three-dimensional space it might select for its re-entry. Denizens of some planets might be able to live on certain others — even planets belonging to other galaxies, or to similar-dimensional phases of other space-time continua — though of course there must be vast numbers of mutually uninhabitable even though mathematically juxtaposed bodies or zones of space.

It was also possible that the inhabitants of a given dimensional realm could survive entry to many unknown and incomprehensible realms of additional or indefinitely multiplied dimensions — be they within or outside the given space-time continuum — and that the converse would be likewise true. This was a matter for speculation, though one could be fairly certain that the type of mutation involved in a passage from any given dimensional plane to the next higher plane would not be destructive of biological integrity as we understand it. Gilman could not be very clear about his reasons for this last assumption, but his haziness here was more than overbalanced by his clearness on other complex points. Professor Upham especially liked his demonstration of the kinship of higher mathematics to certain phases of magical lore transmitted down the ages from an ineffable antiquity — human or pre-human — whose knowledge of the cosmos and its laws was greater than ours.

Around the first of April Gilman worried considerably because his slow fever did not abate. He was also troubled by what some of his fellow-lodgers said about his sleep-walking. It seemed that he was often absent from his bed, and that the creaking of his floor at certain hours of the night was remarked by the man in the room below. This fellow also spoke of hearing the tread of shod feet in the night; but Gilman was sure he must have been mistaken in this, since shoes as well as other apparel were always precisely in place in the morning. One could develop all sorts of aural delusions in this morbid old house — for did not Gilman himself, even in daylight, now feel certain that noises other than rat-scratchings came from the black voids beyond the slanting wall and above the slanting ceiling? His pathologically sensitive ears began to listen for faint foot falls in the immemorially sealed loft overhead, and sometimes the illusion of such things was agonisingly realistic.

However, he knew that he had actually become a somnambulist; for twice at night his room had been found vacant, though with all his clothing in place. Of this he had been assured by Frank Elwood, the one fellow-student whose poverty forced him to room in this squalid and unpopular house. Elwood had been studying in the small hours and had come up for help on a differential equation, only to find Gilman absent. It had been rather presumptuous of him to open the unlocked door after knocking had failed to rouse a response, but he had needed the help very badly and thought that his host would not mind a gentle prodding awake. On neither occasion, though, had Gilman been there — and when told of the matter he wondered where he could have been wandering, barefoot and with only his night-clothes on. He resolved to investigate the matter if reports of his sleep-walking continued, and thought of sprinkling flour on the floor of the corridor to see where his footsteps might lead. The door was the only conceivable egress, for there was no possible foothold outside the narrow window.

As April advanced Gilman's fever-sharpened ears were disturbed by the whining prayers of a superstitious loomfixer named Joe Mazurewicz, who had a room on the ground floor. Mazurewicz had told long, rambling stories about the ghost of old Keziah and the furry, sharp-fanged, nuzzling thing, and had said he was so badly haunted at times that only his silver crucifix — given him for the purpose by Father Iwanicki of St. Stanislaus' Church — could bring him relief. Now he was praying because the Witches' Sabbath was drawing near. May-Eve was Walpurgis-Night, when hell's blackest evil roamed the earth and all the slaves of Satan gathered for nameless rites and deeds. It was always a very bad time in Arkham, even though the fine folks up in Miskatonic Avenue and High and Saltonstall Streets pretended to know nothing about it. There would be bad doings — and a child or two would probably be missing. Joe knew about such things, for his grandmother in the old country had heard tales from her grandmother. It was wise to pray and count one's beads at this season. For three months Keziah and Brown Jenkin had not been near Joe's room, nor near Paul Choynski's room, nor anywhere else — and it meant no

good when they held off like that. They must be up to something.

Gilman dropped in at a doctor's office on the 16th of the month, and was surprised to find his temperature was not as high as he had feared. The physician questioned him sharply, and advised him to see a nerve specialist. On reflection, he was glad he had not consulted the still more inquisitive college doctor. Old Waldron, who had curtailed his activities before, would have made him take a rest — an impossible thing now that he was so close to great results in his equations. He was certainly near the boundary between the known universe and the fourth dimension, and who could say how much farther he might go?

But even as these thoughts came to him he wondered at the source of his strange confidence. Did all of this perilous sense of imminence come from the formulae on the sheets he covered day by day? The soft, stealthy, imaginary footsteps in the sealed loft above were unnerving. And now, too, there was a growing feeling that somebody was constantly persuading him to do something terrible which he could not do. How about the somnambulism? Where did he go sometimes in the night? And what was that faint suggestion of sound which once in a while seemed to trickle through the maddening confusion of identifiable sounds even in broad daylight and full wakefulness? Its rhythm did not correspond to anything on earth, unless perhaps to the cadence of one or two unmentionable Sabbat-chants, and sometimes he feared it corresponded to certain attributes of the vague shrieking or roaring in those wholly alien abysses of dream.

The dreams were meanwhile getting to be atrocious. In the lighter preliminary phase the evil old woman was now of fiendish distinctness, and Gilman knew she was the one who had frightened him in the slums. Her bent back, long nose, and shrivelled chin were unmistakable, and her shapeless brown garments were like those he remembered. The expression on her face was one of hideous malevolence and exultation, and when he awaked he could recall a croaking voice that persuaded and threatened. He must meet the Black Man, and go with them all to the throne of Azathoth at the centre of ultimate Chaos. That was what she said. He must sign in his own blood the book of Azathoth and take a new secret name now that his independent delvings had gone so far. What kept him from going with her and Brown Jenkin and the other to the throne of Chaos where the thin flutes pipe mindlessly was the fact that he had seen the name "Azathoth" in the *Necronomicon*, and knew it stood for a primal evil too horrible for description.

The old woman always appeared out of thin air near the corner where the downward slant met the inward slant. She seemed to crystallise at a point closer to the ceiling than to the floor, and every night she was a little nearer and more distinct before the dream shifted. Brown Jenkin, too, was always a little nearer at the last, and its yellowish-white fangs glistened shockingly in that unearthly violet phosphorescence. Its shrill loathsome tittering stuck more and more in Gilman's head, and he could remember in the morning how it had pronounced the words "Azathoth" and "Nyarlathotep."

In the deeper dreams everything was likewise more distinct, and Gilman felt that the twilight abysses around him were those of the fourth dimension. Those organic entities whose motions seemed least flagrantly irrelevant and unmotivated were probably projections of life-forms from our own planet, including human beings. What the others were in their own dimensional sphere or spheres he dared not try to think. Two of the less irrelevantly moving things — a rather large congeries of iridescent, prolately spheroidal bubbles and a very much smaller polyhedron of unknown colours and rapidly shifting surface angles — seemed to take notice of him and follow him about or float ahead as he changed position among the titan prisms, labyrinths, cube-and-plane clusters, and quasi-buildings; and all the while the vague shrieking and roaring waxed louder and louder, as if approaching some monstrous climax of utterly unendurable intensity.

During the night of April 19-20 the new development occurred. Gilman was half-involuntarily moving about in the twilight abysses with the bubble-mass and the small polyhedron floating ahead, when he noticed the peculiarly regular angles formed by the edges of some gigantic neighbouring prism-clusters. In another second he was out of the abyss and standing tremulously on a rocky hillside bathed in intense, diffused green light. He was barefooted and in his night-clothes, and when he tried to walk discovered that he could scarcely lift his feet. A swirling vapour hid everything but the immediate sloping terrain from sight, and he shrank from the thought of the sounds that might surge out of that vapour.

Then he saw the two shapes laboriously crawling toward him — the old woman and the little furry thing. The crone strained up to her knees and managed to cross her arms in a singular fashion, while Brown Jenkin pointed in a certain direction with a horribly anthropoid fore paw which it raised with evident difficulty. Spurred by an impulse he did not originate, Gilman dragged himself forward along a course determined by the angle of the old woman's arms and the direction of the small monstrosity's paw, and before he had shuffled three steps he was back in the twilight abysses. Geometrical shapes seethed around him, and he fell

dizzily and interminably. At last he woke in his bed in the crazily angled garret of the eldritch old house.

He was good for nothing that morning, and stayed away from all his classes. Some unknown attraction was pulling his eyes in a seemingly irrelevant direction, for he could not help staring at a certain vacant spot on the floor. As the day advanced the focus of his unseeing eyes changed position, and by noon he had conquered the impulse to stare at vacancy. About two o'clock he went out for lunch, and as he threaded the narrow lanes of the city he found himself turning always to the southeast. Only an effort halted him at a cafeteria in Church Street, and after the meal he felt the unknown pull still more strongly.

He would have to consult a nerve specialist after all — perhaps there was a connexion with his somnambulism — but meanwhile he might at least try to break the morbid spell himself. Undoubtedly he could still manage to walk away from the pull; so with great resolution he headed against it and dragged himself deliberately north along Garrison Street. By the time he had reached the bridge over the Miskatonic he was in a cold perspiration, and he clutched at the iron railing as he gazed upstream at the ill-regarded island whose regular lines of ancient standing stones brooded sullenly in the afternoon sunlight.

Then he gave a start. For there was a clearly visible living figure on that desolate island, and a second glance told him it was certainly the strange old woman whose sinister aspect had worked itself so disastrously into his dreams. The tall grass near her was moving, too, as if some other living thing were crawling close to the ground. When the old woman began to turn toward him he fled precipitately off the bridge and into the shelter of the town's labyrinthine waterfront alleys. Distant though the island was, he felt that a monstrous and invincible evil could flow from the sardonic stare of that bent, ancient figure in brown.

The southeastward pull still held, and only with tremendous resolution could Gilman drag himself into the old house and up the rickety stairs. For hours he sat silent and aimless, with his eyes shifting gradually westward. About six o'clock his sharpened ears caught the whining prayers of Joe Mazurewicz two floors below, and in desperation he seized his hat and walked out into the sunset golden streets, letting the now directly southward pull carry him where it might. An hour later darkness found him in the open fields beyond Hangman's Brook, with the glimmering spring stars shining ahead. The urge to walk was gradually changing to an urge to leap mystically into space, and suddenly he realised just where the source of the pull lay.

It was in the sky. A definite point among the stars had a claim on him and was calling him. Apparently it was a point somewhere between Hydra and Argo Navis, and he knew that he had been urged toward it ever since he had awaked soon after dawn. In the morning it had been underfoot; afternoon found it rising in the southeast, and now it was roughly south but wheeling toward the west. What was the meaning of this new thing? Was he going mad? How long would it last? Again mustering his resolution, Gilman turned and dragged himself back to the sinister old house.

Mazurewicz was waiting for him at the door, and seemed both anxious and reluctant to whisper some fresh bit of superstition. It was about the witch light. Joe had been out celebrating the night before — it was Patriots' Day in Massachusetts — and had come home after midnight. Looking up at the house from outside, he had thought at first that Gilman's window was dark; but then he had seen the faint violet glow within. He wanted to warn the gentleman about that glow, for everybody in Arkham knew it was Keziah's witch light which played near Brown Jenkin and the ghost of the old crone herself. He had not mentioned this before, but now he must tell about it because it meant that Keziah and her long toothed familiar were haunting the young gentleman. Sometimes he and Paul Choynski and Landlord Dombrowski thought they saw that light seeping out of cracks in the sealed loft above the young gentleman's room, but they had all agreed not to talk about that. However, it would be better for the gentleman to take another room and get a crucifix from some good priest like Father Iwanicki.

As the man rambled on Gilman felt a nameless panic clutch at his throat. He knew that Joe must have been half drunk when he came home the night before, yet this mention of a violet light in the garret window was of frightful import. It was a lambent glow of this sort which always played about the old woman and the small furry thing in those lighter, sharper dreams which prefaced his plunge into unknown abysses, and the thought that a wakeful second person could see the dream-luminance was utterly beyond sane harbourage. Yet where had the fellow got such an odd notion? Had he himself talked as well as walked around the house in his sleep? No, Joe said, he had not — but he must check up on this. Perhaps Frank Elwood could tell him something, though he hated to ask.

Fever — wild dreams — somnambulism — illusions of sounds — a pull toward a point in the sky — and now a suspicion of insane sleep-talking! He must stop studying, see a nerve specialist, and take himself in hand. When he climbed to the second story he paused at Elwood's door but saw that the other youth was out. Reluctantly he continued up to his garret room and sat down in the dark. His gaze was still pulled to the southwest, but he also

found himself listening intently for some sound in the closed loft above, and half imagining that an evil violet light seeped down through an infinitesimal crack in the low, slanting ceiling.

That night as Gilman slept the violet light broke upon him with heightened intensity, and the old witch and small furry thing — getting closer than ever before — mocked him with inhuman squeals and devilish gestures. He was glad to sink into the vaguely roaring twilight abysses, though the pursuit of that iridescent bubblecongeries and that kaleidoscopic little polyhedron was menacing and irritating. Then came the shift as vast converging planes of a slippery-looking substance loomed above and below him — a shift which ended in a flash of delirium and a blaze of unknown, alien light in which yellow, carmine, and indigo were madly and inextricably blended.

He was half lying on a high, fantastically balustraded terrace above a boundless jungle of outlandish, incredible peaks, balanced planes, domes, minarets, horizontal discs poised on pinnacles, and numberless forms of still greater wildness — some of stone and some of metal — which glittered gorgeously in the mixed, almost blistering glare from a polychromatic sky. Looking upward he saw three stupendous discs of flame, each of a different hue, and at a different height above an infinitely distant curving horizon of low mountains. Behind him tiers of higher terraces towered aloft as far as he could see. The city below stretched away to the limits of vision, and he hoped that no sound would well up from it.

The pavement from which he easily raised himself was of a veined, polished stone beyond his power to identify, and the tiles were cut in bizarre-angled shapes which struck him as less asymmetrical than based on some unearthly symmetry whose laws he could not comprehend. The balustrade was chest-high, delicate, and fantastically wrought, while along the rail were ranged at short intervals little figures of grotesque design and exquisite workmanship. They, like the whole balustrade, seemed to be made of some sort of shining metal whose colour could not be guessed in this chaos of mixed effulgences; and their nature utterly defied conjecture. They represented some ridged, barrel-shaped object with thin horizontal arms radiating spoke-like from a central ring, and with vertical knobs or bulbs projecting from the head and base of the barrel. Each of these knobs was the hub of a system of five long, flat, triangularly tapering arms arranged around it like the arms of a starfish — nearly horizontal, but curving slightly away from the central barrel. The base of the bottom knob was fused to the long railing with so delicate a point of contact that several figures had been broken off and were missing. The figures were about four and a half inches in height, while the spiky arms gave them a maximum diameter of about two and a half inches.

When Gilman stood up the tiles felt hot to his bare feet. He was wholly alone, and his first act was to walk to the balustrade and look dizzily down at the endless, Cyclopean city almost two thousand feet below. As he listened he thought a rhythmic confusion of faint musical pipings covering a wide tonal range welled up from the narrow streets beneath, and he wished he might discern the denizens of the place. The sight turned him giddy after a while, so that he would have fallen to the pavement had he not clutched instinctively at the lustrous balustrade. His right hand fell on one of the projecting figures, the touch seeming to steady him slightly. It was too much, however, for the exotic delicacy of the metalwork, and the spiky figure snapped off under his grasp. Still half-dazed, he continued to clutch it as his other hand seized a vacant space on the smooth railing.

But now his oversensitive ears caught something behind him, and he looked back across the level terrace. Approaching him softly though without apparent furtiveness were five figures, two of which were the sinister old woman and the fanged, furry little animal. The other three were what sent him unconscious — for they were living entities about eight feet high, shaped precisely like the spiky images on the balustrade, and propelling themselves by a spider-like wriggling of their lower set of starfish-arms.

Gilman awaked in his bed, drenched by a cold perspiration and with a smarting sensation in his face, hands, and feet. Springing to the floor, he washed and dressed in frantic haste, as if it were necessary for him to get out of the house as quickly as possible. He did not know where he wished to go, but felt that once more he would have to sacrifice his classes. The odd pull toward that spot in the sky between Hydra and Argo had abated, but another of even greater strength had taken its place. Now he felt that he must go north — infinitely north. He dreaded to cross the bridge that gave a view of the desolate island in the Miskatonic, so went over the Peabody Avenue bridge. Very often he stumbled, for his eyes and ears were chained to an extremely lofty point in the blank blue sky.

After about an hour he got himself under better control, and saw that he was far from the city. All around him stretched the bleak emptiness of salt marshes, while the narrow road ahead led to Innsmouth — that ancient, half-deserted town which Arkham people were so curiously unwilling to visit. Though the northward pull had not diminished, he resisted it as he had resisted the other pull, and finally found that he could almost balance the one against the other. Plodding back to town and getting some coffee at a soda

fountain, he dragged himself into the public library and browsed aimlessly among the lighter magazines. Once he met some friends who remarked how oddly sunburned he looked, but he did not tell them of his walk. At three o'clock he took some lunch at a restaurant, noting meanwhile that the pull had either lessened or divided itself. After that he killed the time at a cheap cinema show, seeing the inane performance over and over again without paying any attention to it.

About nine at night he drifted homeward and stumbled into the ancient house. Joe Mazurewicz was whining unintelligible prayers, and Gilman hastened up to his own garret chamber without pausing to see if Elwood was in. It was when he turned on the feeble electric light that the shock came. At once he saw there was something on the table which did not belong there, and a second look left no room for doubt. Lying on its side — for it could not stand up alone — was the exotic spiky figure which in his monstrous dream he had broken off the fantastic balustrade. No detail was missing. The ridged, barrel-shaped centre, the thin, radiating arms, the knobs at each end, and the flat, slightly outward-curving starfish-arms spreading from those knobs — all were there. In the electric light the colour seemed to be a kind of iridescent grey veined with green, and Gilman could see amidst his horror and bewilderment that one of the knobs ended in a jagged break corresponding to its former point of attachment to the dream-railing.

Only his tendency toward a dazed stupor prevented him from screaming aloud. This fusion of dream and reality was too much to bear. Still dazed, he clutched at the spiky thing and staggered downstairs to Landlord Dombrowski's quarters. The whining prayers of the superstitious loomfixer were still sounding through the mouldy halls, but Gilman did not mind them now. The landlord was in, and greeted him pleasantly. No, he had not seen that thing before and did not know anything about it. But his wife had said she found a funny tin thing in one of the beds when she fixed the rooms at noon, and maybe that was it. Dombrowski called her, and she waddled in. Yes, that was the thing. She had found it in the young gentleman's bed — on the side next the wall. It had looked very queer to her, but of course the young gentleman had lots of queer things in his room — books and curios and pictures and markings on paper. She certainly knew nothing about it.

So Gilman climbed upstairs again in a mental turmoil, convinced that he was either still dreaming or that his somnambulism had run to incredible extremes and led him to depredations in unknown places. Where had he got this outré thing? He did not recall seeing it in any museum in Arkham. It must have been somewhere, though; and the sight of it as he snatched it in his sleep must have caused the odd dream-picture of the balustraded terrace. Next day he would make some very guarded inquiries — and perhaps see the nerve specialist.

Meanwhile he would try to keep track of his somnambulism. As he went upstairs and across the garret hall he sprinkled about some flour which he had borrowed — with a frank admission as to its purpose — from the landlord. He had stopped at Elwood's door on the way, but had found all dark within. Entering his room, he placed the spiky thing on the table, and lay down in complete mental and physical exhaustion without pausing to undress. From the closed loft above the slanting ceiling he thought he heard a faint scratching and padding, but he was too disorganised even to mind it. That cryptical pull from the north was getting very strong again, though it seemed now to come from a lower place in the sky.

In the dazzling violet light of dream the old woman and the fanged, furry thing came again and with a greater distinctness than on any former occasion. This time they actually reached him, and he felt the crone's withered claws clutching at him. He was pulled out of bed and into empty space, and for a moment he heard a rhythmic roaring and saw the twilight amorphousness of the vague abysses seething around him. But that moment was very brief, for presently he was in a crude, windowless little space with rough beams and planks rising to a peak just above his head, and with a curious slanting floor underfoot. Propped level on that floor were low cases full of books of every degree of antiquity and disintegration, and in the centre were a table and bench, both apparently fastened in place. Small objects of unknown shape and nature were ranged on the tops of the cases, and in the flaming violet light Gilman thought he saw a counterpart of the spiky image which had puzzled him so horribly. On the left the floor fell abruptly away, leaving a black triangular gulf out of which, after a second's dry rattling, there presently climbed the hateful little furry thing with the yellow fangs and bearded human face.

The evilly grinning beldame still clutched him, and beyond the table stood a figure he had never seen before — a tall, lean man of dead black colouration but without the slightest sign of negroid features; wholly devoid of either hair or beard, and wearing as his only garment a shapeless robe of some heavy black fabric. His feet were indistinguishable because of the table and bench, but he must have been shod, since there was a clicking whenever he changed position. The man did not speak, and bore no trace of expression on his small, regular features. He merely pointed to a book of prodigious size which lay open on the table, while the beldame thrust a huge grey quill into Gilman's right hand.

Over everything was a pall of intensely maddening fear, and the climax was reached when the furry thing ran up the dreamer's clothing to his shoulders and then down his left arm, finally biting him sharply in the wrist just below his cuff. As the blood spurted from this wound Gilman lapsed into a faint.

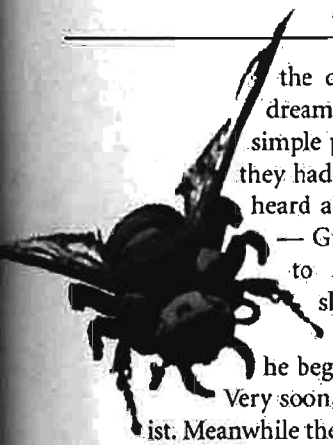
He awaked on the morning of the 22nd with a pain in his left wrist, and saw that his cuff was brown with dried blood. His recollections were very confused, but the scene with the black man in the unknown space stood out vividly. The rats must have bitten him as he slept, giving rise to the climax of that frightful dream. Opening the door, he saw that the flour on the corridor floor was undisturbed except for the huge prints of the loutish fellow who roomed at the other end of the garret. So he had not been sleepwalking this time. But something would have to be done about those rats. He would speak to the landlord about them. Again he tried to stop up the hole at the base of the slanting wall, wedging in a candlestick which seemed of about the right size. His ears were ringing horribly, as if with the residual echoes of some horrible noise heard in dreams.

As he bathed and changed clothes he tried to recall what he had dreamed after the scene in the violet-litten space, but nothing definite would crystallise in his mind. That scene itself must have corresponded to the sealed loft overhead, which had begun to attack his imagination so violently, but later impressions were faint and hazy. There were suggestions of the vague, twilight abysses, and of still vaster, blacker abysses beyond them — abysses in which all fixed suggestions of form were absent. He had been taken there by the bubble-congeries and the little polyhedron which always dogged him; but they, like himself, had changed to wisps of milky, barely luminous mist in this farther void of ultimate blackness. Something else had gone on ahead — a larger wisp which now and then condensed into nameless approximations of form — and he thought that their progress had not been in a straight line, but rather along the alien curves and spirals of some ethereal vortex which obeyed laws unknown to the physics and mathematics of any conceivable cosmos. Eventually there had been a hint of vast, leaping shadows, of a monstrous, half-acoustic pulsing, and of the thin, monotonous piping of an unseen flute — but that was all. Gilman decided he had picked up that last conception from what he had read in the *Necronomicon* about the mindless entity Azathoth, which rules all time and space from a curiously environed black throne at the centre of Chaos.

When the blood was washed away the wrist wound proved very slight, and Gilman puzzled over the location of the two tiny punctures. It occurred to him that there was no blood on the bedspread where he had lain — which was very curious in view of the amount on his skin and cuff. Had he been sleep-walking within his room, and had the rat bitten him as he sat in some chair or paused in some less rational position? He looked in every corner for brownish drops or stains, but did not find any. He had better, he thought, sprinkle flour within the room as well as outside the door — though after all no further proof of his sleep-walking was needed. He knew he did walk — and the thing to do now was to stop it. He must ask Frank Elwood for help. This morning the strange pulls from space seemed lessened, though they were replaced by another sensation even more inexplicable. It was a vague, insistent impulse to fly away from his present situation, but held not a hint of the specific direction in which he wished to fly. As he picked up the strange spiky image on the table he thought the older northward pull grew a trifle stronger; but even so, it was wholly overruled by the newer and more bewildering urge.

He took the spiky image down to Elwood's room, steeling him self against the whines of the loomfixer which welled up from the ground floor. Elwood was in, thank heaven, and appeared to be stirring about. There was time for a little conversation before leaving for breakfast and college, so Gilman hurriedly poured forth an account of his recent dreams and fears. His host was very sympathetic, and agreed that something ought to be done. He was shocked by his guest's drawn, haggard aspect, and noticed the queer, abnormal-looking sunburn which others had remarked during the past week. There was not much, though, that he could say. He had not seen Gilman on any sleep-walking expedition, and had no idea what the curious image could be. He had, though, heard the French-Canadian who lodged just under Gilman talking to Mazurewicz one evening. They were telling each other how badly they dreaded the coming of Walpurgis-Night, now only a few days off; and were exchanging pitying comments about the poor, doomed young gentleman. Desrochers, the fellow under Gilman's room, had spoken of nocturnal footsteps both shod and unshod, and of the violet light he saw one night when he had stolen fearfully up to peer through Gilman's keyhole. He had not dared to peer, he told Mazurewicz, after he had glimpsed that light through the cracks around the door. There had been soft talking, too — and as he began to describe it his voice had sunk to an inaudible whisper.

Elwood could not imagine what had set these superstitious creatures gossiping, but supposed their imaginations had been roused by Gilman's late hours and somnolent walking and talking on the one hand, and by the nearness of traditionally feared MayEve on the other hand. That Gilman talked in his sleep was plain, and it was obviously from Desrochers' keyhole-listenings that



the delusive notion of the violet dream-light had got abroad. These simple people were quick to imagine they had seen any odd thing they had heard about. As for a plan of action — Gilman had better move down to Elwood's room and avoid sleeping alone. Elwood would, if awake, rouse him whenever he began to talk or rise in his sleep. Very soon, too, he must see the specialist. Meanwhile they would take the spiky image around to the various museums and to certain professors; seeking identification and stating that it had been found in a public rubbish-can. Also, Dombrowski must attend to the poisoning of those rats in the walls.

Braced up by Elwood's companionship, Gilman attended classes that day. Strange urges still tugged at him, but he could sidetrack them with considerable success. During a free period he shewed the queer image to several professors, all of whom were intensely interested, though none of them could shed any light upon its nature or origin. That night he slept on a couch which Elwood had had the landlord bring to the second-story room, and for the first time in weeks was wholly free from disquieting dreams. But the feverishness still hung on, and the whines of the loomfixer were an unnerving influence.

During the next few days Gilman enjoyed an almost perfect immunity from morbid manifestations. He had, Elwood said, shewed no tendency to talk or rise in his sleep; and meanwhile the landlord was putting rat-poison everywhere. The only disturbing element was the talk among the superstitious foreigners, whose imaginations had become highly excited. Mazurewicz was always trying to make him get a crucifix, and finally forced one upon him which he said had been blessed by the good Father Iwanicki. Desrochers, too, had something to say — in fact, he insisted that cautious steps had sounded in the now vacant room above him on the first and second nights of Gilman's absence from it. Paul Choynski thought he heard sounds in the halls and on the stairs at night, and claimed that his door had been softly tried, while Mrs. Dombrowski vowed she had seen Brown Jenkin for the first time since All-Hallows. But such naive reports could mean very little, and Gilman let the cheap metal crucifix hang idly from a knob on his host's dresser.

For three days Gilman and Elwood canvassed the local museums in an effort to identify the strange spiky image, but always without success. In every quarter, however, interest was intense; for the utter alienage of the thing was a tremendous challenge to scientific curiosity. One of the small radiating arms was broken off and subjected to chemical analysis, and the result is still talked about in college circles. Professor Ellery found platinum, iron, and tellurium in the strange alloy; but mixed with these were at least three other apparent elements of high atomic weight which chemistry was absolutely powerless to classify. Not only did they fail to correspond with any known element, but they did not even fit the vacant places reserved for probable elements in the periodic system. The mystery remains unsolved to this day, though the image is on exhibition at the museum of Miskatonic University.

On the morning of April 27 a fresh rat-hole appeared in the room where Gilman was a guest, but Dombrowski tinned it up during the day. The poison was not having much effect, for scratchings and scurryings in the walls were virtually undiminished. Elwood was out late that night, and Gilman waited up for him. He did not wish to go to sleep in a room alone — especially since he thought he had glimpsed in the evening twilight the repellent old woman whose image had become so horribly transferred to his dreams. He wondered who she was, and what had been near her rattling the tin can in a rubbish-heap at the mouth of a squalid courtyard. The crone had seemed to notice him and leer evilly at him — though perhaps this was merely his imagination.

The next day both youths felt very tired, and knew they would sleep like logs when night came. In the evening they drowsily discussed the mathematical studies which had so completely and perhaps harmfully engrossed Gilman, and speculated about the linkage with ancient magic and folklore which seemed so darkly probable. They spoke of old Keziah Mason, and Elwood agreed that Gilman had good scientific grounds for thinking she might have stumbled on strange and significant information. The hidden cults to which these witches belonged often guarded and handed down surprising secrets from elder, forgotten aeons; and it was by no means impossible that Keziah had actually mastered the art of passing through dimensional gates. Tradition emphasises the uselessness of material barriers in halting a witch's motions; and who can say what underlies the old tales of broomstick rides through the night?

Whether a modern student could ever gain similar powers from mathematical research alone, was still to be seen. Success, Gilman added, might lead to dangerous and unthinkable situations; for who could foretell the conditions pervading an adjacent but normally inaccessible dimension? On the other hand, the picturesque possibilities were enormous. Time could not exist in certain belts of space, and by entering and remaining in such a belt one might preserve one's life and age indefinitely; never suffering organic metabolism or deterioration except for slight amounts incurred during visits to one's

own or similar planes. One might, for example, pass into a timeless dimension and emerge at some remote period of the earth's history as young as before.

Whether anybody had ever managed to do this, one could hardly conjecture with any degree of authority. Old legends are hazy and ambiguous, and in historic times all attempts at crossing forbidden gaps seem complicated by strange and terrible alliances with beings and messengers from outside. There was the immemorial figure of the deputy or messenger of hidden and terrible powers — the "Black Man" of the witch-cult, and the "Nyarlathotep" of the *Necronomicon*. There was, too, the baffling problem of the lesser messengers or intermediaries — the quasi-animals and queer hybrids which legend depicts as witches' familiars. As Gilman and Elwood retired, too sleepy to argue further, they heard Joe Mazurewicz reel into the house half-drunk, and shuddered at the desperate wildness of his whining prayers.

That night Gilman saw the violet light again. In his dream he had heard a scratching and gnawing in the partitions, and thought that someone fumbled clumsily at the latch. Then he saw the old woman and the small furry thing advancing toward him over the carpeted floor. The beldame's face was alight with inhuman exultation, and the little yellow-toothed morbidity tittered mockingly as it pointed at the heavily sleeping form of Elwood on the other couch across the room. A paralysis of fear stifled all attempts to cry out. As once before, the hideous crone seized Gilman by the shoulders, yanking him out of bed and into empty space. Again the infinitude of the shrieking twilight abysses flashed past him, but in another second he thought he was in a dark, muddy, unknown alley of foetid odours, with the rotting walls of ancient houses towering up on every hand.

Ahead was the robed black man he had seen in the peaked space in the other dream, while from a lesser distance the old woman was beckoning and grimacing imperiously. Brown Jenkin was rubbing itself with a kind of affectionate playfulness around the ankles of the black man, which the deep mud largely concealed. There was a dark open doorway on the right, to which the black man silently pointed. Into this the grimacing crone started, dragging Gilman after her by his pajama sleeve. There were evil-smelling staircases which creaked ominously, and on which the old woman seemed to radiate a faint violet light; and finally a door leading off a landing. The crone fumbled with the latch and pushed the door open, motioning to Gilman to wait and disappearing inside the black aperture.

The youth's oversensitive ears caught a hideous strangled cry, and presently the beldame came out of the room bearing a small, senseless form which she thrust at the dreamer as if ordering him to carry it. The sight of this form, and the expression on its face, broke the spell. Still too dazed to cry out, he plunged recklessly down the noisome staircase and into the mud outside; halting only when seized and choked by the waiting black man. As consciousness departed he heard the faint, shrill tittering of the fanged, ratlike abnormality.

On the morning of the 29th Gilman awaked into a maelstrom of horror. The instant he opened his eyes he knew something was terribly wrong, for he was back in his old garret room with the slanting walls and ceiling, sprawled on the now unmade bed. His throat was aching inexplicably, and as he struggled to a sitting posture he saw with growing fright that his feet and pajama-bottoms were brown with caked mud. For the moment his recollections were hopelessly hazy, but he knew at least that he must have been sleepwalking. Elwood had been lost too deeply in slumber to hear and stop him. On the floor were confused muddy prints, but oddly enough they did not extend all the way to the door. The more Gilman looked at them, the more peculiar they seemed; for in addition to those he could recognise as his there were some smaller, almost round markings — such as the legs of a large chair or table might make, except that most of them tended to be divided into halves. There were also some curious muddy rat-tracks leading out of a fresh hole and back into it again. Utter bewilderment and the fear of madness racked Gilman as he staggered to the door and saw that there were no muddy prints outside. The more he remembered of his hideous dream the more terrified he felt, and it added to his desperation to hear Joe Mazurewicz chanting mournfully two floors below.

Descending to Elwood's room he roused his still-sleeping host and began telling of how he had found himself, but Elwood could form no idea of what might really have happened. Where Gilman could have been, how he got back to his room without making tracks in the hall, and how the muddy, furniture-like prints came to be mixed with his in the garret chamber, were wholly beyond conjecture. Then there were those dark, livid marks on his throat, as if he had tried to strangle himself. He put his hands up to them, but found that they did not even approximately fit. While they were talking Desrochers dropped in to say that he had heard a terrific clattering overhead in the dark small hours. No, there had been no one on the stairs after midnight — though just before midnight he had heard faint footfalls in the garret, and cautiously descending steps he did not like. It was, he added, a very bad time of year for Arkham. The young gentleman had better be sure to wear the

crucifix Joe Mazurewicz had given him. Even the daytime was not safe, for after dawn there had been strange sounds in the house — especially a thin, childish wail hastily choked off.

Gilman mechanically attended classes that morning, but was wholly unable to fix his mind on his studies. A mood of hideous apprehension and expectancy had seized him, and he seemed to be awaiting the fall of some annihilating blow. At noon he lunched at the University Spa, picking up a paper from the next seat as he waited for dessert. But he never ate that dessert; for an item on the paper's first page left him limp, wild-eyed, and able only to pay his check and stagger back to Elwood's room.

There had been a strange kidnapping the night before in Orne's Gangway, and the two-year-old child of a clod-like laundry worker named Anastasia Wolejko had completely vanished from sight. The mother, it appeared, had feared the event for some time; but the reasons she assigned for her fear were so grotesque that no one took them seriously. She had, she said, seen Brown Jenkin about the place now and then ever since early in March, and knew from its grimaces and titterings that little Ladislas must be marked for sacrifice at the awful Sabbat on Walpurgis-Night. She had asked her neighbour Mary Czanek to sleep in the room and try to protect the child, but Mary had not dared. She could not tell the police, for they never believed such things. Children had been taken that way every year ever since she could remember. And her friend Pete Stowacki would not help because he wanted the child out of the way anyhow.

But what threw Gilman into a cold perspiration was the report of a pair of revellers who had been walking past the mouth of the gangway just after midnight. They admitted they had been drunk, but both vowed they had seen a crazily dressed trio furtively entering the dark passageway. There had, they said, been a huge robed negro, a little old woman in rags, and a young white man in his night-clothes. The old woman had been dragging the youth, while around the feet of the negro a tame rat was rubbing and weaving in the brown mud.

Gilman sat in a daze all the afternoon, and Elwood — who had meanwhile seen the papers and formed terrible conjectures from them — found him thus when he came home. This time neither could doubt but that something hideously serious was closing in around them. Between the phantasms of nightmare and the realities of the objective world a monstrous and unthinkable relationship was crystallising, and only stupendous vigilance could avert still more direful developments. Gilman must see a specialist sooner or later, but not just now, when all the papers were full of this kidnapping business.

Just what had really happened was maddeningly obscure, and for a moment both Gilman and Elwood exchanged whispered theories of the wildest kind. Had Gilman unconsciously succeeded better than he knew in his studies of space and its dimensions? Had he actually slipped outside our sphere to points unguessed and unimaginable? Where — if anywhere — had he been on those nights of daemoniac alienage? The roaring twilight abysses — the green hillside — the blistering terrace — the pulls from the stars — the ultimate black vortex — the black man — the muddy alley and the stairs — the old witch and the fanged, furry horror — the bubble-congeries and the little polyhedron — the strange sunburn — the wrist wound — the unexplained image — the muddy feet — the throat-marks — the tales and fears of the superstitious foreigners — what did all this mean? To what extent could the laws of sanity apply to such a case?

There was no sleep for either of them that night, but next day they both cut classes and drowsed. This was April 30th, and with the dusk would come the hellish Sabbat-time which all the foreigners and the superstitious old folk feared. Mazurewicz came home at six o'clock and said people at the mill were whispering that the Walpurgis-revels would be held in the dark ravine beyond Meadow Hill where the old white stone stands in a place queerly void of all plant-life. Some of them had even told the police and advised them to look there for the missing Wolejko child, but they did not believe anything would be done. Joe insisted that the poor young gentleman wear his nickel-chained crucifix, and Gilman put it on and dropped it inside his shirt to humour the fellow.

Late at night the two youths sat drowsing in their chairs, lulled by the rhythmical praying of the loomfixer on the floor below. Gilman listened as he nodded, his preternaturally sharpened hearing seeming to strain for some subtle, dreaded murmur beyond the noises in the ancient house. Unwholesome recollections of things in the *Necronomicon* and the Black Book welled up, and he found himself swaying to infandous rhythms said to pertain to the blackest ceremonies of the Sabbat and to have an origin outside the time and space we comprehend.

Presently he realised what he was listening for — the hellish chant of the celebrants in the distant black valley. How did he know so much about what they expected? How did he know the time when Nahab and her acolyte were due to bear the brimming bowl which would follow the black cock and the black goat? He saw that Elwood had dropped asleep, and tried to call out and waken him. Something, however, closed his throat. He

was not his own master. Had he signed the black man's book after all?

Then his fevered, abnormal hearing caught the distant, windborne notes. Over miles of hill and field and alley they came, but he recognised them none the less. The fires must be lit, and the dancers must be starting in. How could he keep himself from going? What was it that had enmeshed him? Mathematics — folklore — the house — old Keziah — Brown Jenkin . . . and now he saw that there was a fresh rat-hole in the wall near his couch. Above the distant chanting and the nearer praying of Joe Mazurewicz came another sound — a stealthy, determined scratching in the partitions. He hoped the electric lights would not go out. Then he saw the fanged, bearded little face in the rat-hole — the accursed little face which he at last realised bore such a shocking, mocking resemblance to old Keziah's — and heard the faint fumbling at the door.

The screaming twilight abysses flashed before him, and he felt himself helpless in the formless grasp of the iridescent bubblecongeries. Ahead raced the small, kaleidoscopic polyhedron, and all through the churning void there was a heightening and acceleration of the vague tonal pattern which seemed to foreshadow some unutterable and unendurable climax. He seemed to know what was coming — the monstrous burst of Walpurgis-rhythm in whose cosmic timbre would be concentrated all the primal, ultimate spacetime seethings which lie behind the massed spheres of matter and sometimes break forth in measured reverberations that penetrate faintly to every layer of entity and give hideous significance throughout the worlds to certain dreaded periods.

But all this vanished in a second. He was again in the cramped, violet-litten peaked space with the slanting floor, the low cases of ancient books, the bench and table, the queer objects, and the triangular gulf at one side. On the table lay a small white figure — an infant boy, unclothed and unconscious — while on the other side stood the monstrous, leering old woman with a gleaming, grotesque-hafted knife in her right hand, and a queerly proportioned pale metal bowl covered with curiously chased designs and having delicate lateral handles in her left. She was intoning some croaking ritual in a language which Gilman could not understand, but which seemed like something guardedly quoted in the *Necronomicon*.

As the scene grew clear he saw the ancient crone bend forward and extend the empty bowl across the table — and unable to control his own motions, he reached far forward and took it in both hands, noticing as he did so its comparative lightness. At the same moment the disgusting form of Brown Jenkin scrambled up over the brink of the triangular black gulf on his left. The crone now motioned him to hold the bowl in a certain position while she raised the huge, grotesque knife above the small white victim as high as her right hand could reach. The fanged, furry thing began tittering a continuation of the unknown ritual, while the witch croaked loathsome responses. Gilman felt a gnawing, poignant abhorrence shoot through his mental and emotional paralysis, and the light metal bowl shook in his grasp. A second later the downward motion of the knife broke the spell completely, and he dropped the bowl with a resounding bell-like clangour while his hands darted out frantically to stop the monstrous deed.

In an instant he had edged up the slanting floor around the end of the table and wrenched the knife from the old woman's claws; sending it clattering over the brink of the narrow triangular gulf. In another instant, however, matters were reversed; for those murderous claws had locked themselves tightly around his own throat, while the wrinkled face was twisted with insane fury. He felt the chain of the cheap crucifix grinding into his neck, and in his peril wondered how the sight of the object itself would affect the evil creature. Her strength was altogether superhuman, but as she continued her choking he reached feebly in his shirt and drew out the metal symbol, snapping the chain and pulling it free.

At sight of the device the witch seemed struck with panic, and her grip relaxed long enough to give Gilman a chance to break it entirely. He pulled the steel-like claws from his neck, and would have dragged the beldame over the edge of the gulf had not the claws received a fresh access of strength and closed in again. This time he resolved to reply in kind, and his own hands reached out for the creature's throat. Before she saw what he was doing he had the chain of the crucifix twisted about her neck, and a moment later he had tightened it enough to cut off her breath. During her last struggle he felt something bite at his ankle, and saw that Brown Jenkin had come to her aid. With one savage kick he sent the morbidity over the edge of the gulf and heard it whimper on some level far below.

Whether he had killed the ancient crone he did not know, but he let her rest on the floor where she had fallen. Then, as he turned away, he saw on the table a sight which nearly snapped the last thread of his reason. Brown Jenkin, tough of sinew and with four tiny hands of daemoniac dexterity, had been busy while the witch was throttling him, and his efforts had been in vain. What he had prevented the knife from doing to the victim's chest, the yellow fangs of the furry blasphemy had done to a wrist — and the bowl so lately on the floor stood full beside the small lifeless body.

In his dream-delirium Gilman heard the hellish, alien-rhythmed chant of the Sabbat coming from an

infinite distance, and knew the black man must be there. Confused memories mixed themselves with his mathematics, and he believed his subconscious mind held the *angles* which he needed to guide him back to the normal world — alone and unaided for the first time. He felt sure he was in the immemorially sealed loft above his own room, but whether he could ever escape through the slanting floor or the long-stopped egress he doubted greatly. Besides, would not an escape from a dream-loft bring him merely into a dream-house — an abnormal projection of the actual place he sought? He was wholly bewildered as to the relation betwixt dream and reality in all his experiences.

The passage through the vague abysses would be frightful, for the Walpurgis-rhythm would be vibrating, and at last he would have to hear that hitherto veiled cosmic pulsing which he so mortally dreaded. Even now he could detect a low, monstrous shaking whose tempo he suspected all too well. At Sabbat-time it always mounted and reached through to the worlds to summon the initiate to nameless rites. Half the chants of the Sabbat were patterned on this faintly overheard pulsing which no earthly ear could endure in its unveiled spatial fulness. Gilman wondered, too, whether he could trust his instinct to take him back to the right part of space. How could he be sure he would not land on that green-litten hillside of a far planet, on the tessellated terrace above the city of tentacled monsters somewhere beyond the galaxy, or in the spiral black vortices of that ultimate void of Chaos wherein reigns the mindless daemon-sultan Azathoth?

Just before he made the plunge the violet light went out and left him in utter blackness. The witch — old Keziah — Nahab — that must have meant her death. And mixed with the distant chant of the Sabbat and the whimpers of Brown Jenkin in the gulf below he thought he heard another and wilder whine from unknown depths. Joe Mazurewicz — the prayers against the Crawling Chaos now turning to an inexplicably triumphant shriek — worlds of sardonic actuality impinging on vortices of febrile dream — Iä! Shub Niggurath! The Goat with a Thousand Young.

They found Gilman on the floor of his queerly angled old garret room long before dawn, for the terrible cry had brought Desrochers and Choynski and Dombrowski and Mazurewicz at once, and had even wakened the soundly sleeping Elwood in his chair. He was alive, and with open, staring eyes, but seemed largely unconscious. On his throat were the marks of murderous hands, and on his left ankle was a distressing rat-bite. His clothing was badly rumpled, and Joe's crucifix was missing. Elwood trembled, afraid even to speculate on what new form his friend's sleep-walking had taken. Mazurewicz seemed half-dazed because of a "sign" he said he had had in response to his prayers, and he crossed himself frantically when the squealing and whimpering of a rat sounded from beyond the slanting partition.

When the dreamer was settled on his couch in Elwood's room they sent for Dr. Malkowski — a local practitioner who would repeat no tales where they might prove embarrassing — and he gave Gilman two hypodermic injections which caused him to relax in something like natural drowsiness. During the day the patient regained consciousness at times and whispered his newest dream disjointedly to Elwood. It was a painful process, and at its very start brought out a fresh and disconcerting fact.

Gilman — whose ears had so lately possessed an abnormal sensitiveness — was now stone deaf. Dr. Malkowski, summoned again in haste, told Elwood that both ear-drums were ruptured, as if by the impact of some stupendous sound intense beyond all human conception or endurance. How such a sound could have been heard in the last few hours without arousing all the Miskatonic Valley was more than the honest physician could say.

Elwood wrote his part of the colloquy on paper, so that a fairly easy communication was maintained. Neither knew what to make of the whole chaotic business, and decided it would be better if they thought as little as possible about it. Both, though, agreed that they must leave this ancient and accursed house as soon as it could be arranged. Evening papers spoke of a police raid on some curious revellers in a ravine beyond Meadow Hill just before dawn, and mentioned that the white stone there was an object of age-long superstitious regard. Nobody had been caught, but among the scattering fugitives had been glimpsed a huge negro. In another column it was stated that no trace of the missing child Ladislas Wolejko had been found.

The crowning horror came that very night. Elwood will never forget it, and was forced to stay out of college the rest of the term because of the resulting nervous breakdown. He had thought he heard rats in the partitions all the evening, but paid little attention to them. Then, long after both he and Gilman had retired, the atrocious shrieking began. Elwood jumped up, turned on the lights, and rushed over to his guest's couch. The occupant was emitting sounds of veritably inhuman nature, as if racked by some torment beyond description. He was writhing under the bedclothes, and a great red stain was beginning to appear on the blankets.

Elwood scarcely dared to touch him, but gradually the screaming and writhing subsided. By this time

Dombrowski, Choynski, Desrochers, Mazurewicz, and the top-floor lodger were all crowding into the doorway, and the landlord had sent his wife back to telephone for Dr. Malkowski. Everybody shrieked when a large rat-like form suddenly jumped out from beneath the ensanguined bedclothes and scuttled across the floor to a fresh, open hole close by. When the doctor arrived and began to pull down those frightful covers Walter Gilman was dead.

It would be barbarous to do more than suggest what had killed Gilman. There had been virtually a tunnel through his body — something had eaten his heart out. Dombrowski, frantic at the failure of his constant rat-poisoning efforts, cast aside all thought of his lease and within a week had moved with all his older lodgers to a dingy but less ancient house in Walnut Street. The worst thing for a while was keeping Joe Mazurewicz quiet; for the brooding loomfixer would never stay sober, and was constantly whining and muttering about spectral and terrible things.

It seems that on that last hideous night Joe had stooped to look at the crimson rat-tracks which led from Gilman's couch to the nearby hole. On the carpet they were very indistinct, but a piece of open flooring intervened between the carpet's edge and the baseboard. There Mazurewicz had found something monstrous — or thought he had, for no one else could quite agree with him despite the undeniable queerness of the prints. The tracks on the flooring were certainly vastly unlike the average prints of a rat, but even Choynski and Desrochers would not admit that they were like the prints of four tiny human hands.

The house was never rented again. As soon as Dombrowski left it the pall of its final desolation began to descend, for people shunned it both on account of its old reputation and because of the new foetid odour. Perhaps the ex-landlord's rat-poison had worked after all, for not long after his departure the place became a neighbourhood nuisance. Health officials traced the smell to the closed spaces above and beside the eastern garret room, and agreed that the number of dead rats must be enormous. They decided, however, that it was not worth their while to hew open and disinfect the long sealed spaces; for the foetor would soon be over, and the locality was not one which encouraged fastidious standards. Indeed, there were always vague local tales of unexplained stenches upstairs in the Witch House just after May-Eve and Hallowmass. The neighbours grumblingly acquiesced in the inertia — but the foetor none the less formed an additional count against the place. Toward the last the house was condemned as an habitation by the building inspector.

Gilman's dreams and their attendant circumstances have never been explained. Elwood, whose thoughts on the entire episode are sometimes almost maddening, came back to college the next autumn and graduated in the following June. He found the spectral gossip of the town much diminished, and it is indeed a fact that — notwithstanding certain reports of a ghostly tittering in the deserted house which lasted almost as long as that edifice itself — no fresh appearances either of old Keziah or of Brown Jenkin have been muttered of since Gilman's death. It is rather fortunate that Elwood was not in Arkham in that later year when certain events abruptly renewed the local whispers about elder horrors. Of course he heard about the matter afterward and suffered untold torments of black and bewildered speculation; but even that was not as bad as actual nearness and several possible sights would have been.

In March, 1931, a gale wrecked the roof and great chimney of the vacant Witch House, so that a chaos of crumbling bricks, blackened, moss-grown shingles, and rotting planks and timbers crashed down into the loft and broke through the floor beneath. The whole attic story was choked with debris from above, but no one took the trouble to touch the mess before the inevitable razing of the decrepit structure. That ultimate step came in the following December, and it was when Gilman's old room was cleared out by reluctant, apprehensive workmen that the gossip began.

Among the rubbish which had crashed through the ancient slanting ceiling were several things which made the workmen pause and call in the police. Later the police in turn called in the coroner and several professors from the university. There were bones — badly crushed and splintered, but clearly recognisable as human — whose manifestly modern date conflicted puzzlingly with the remote period at which their only possible lurking-place, the low, slantfloored loft overhead, had supposedly been sealed from all human access. The coroner's physician decided that some belonged to a small child, while certain others — found mixed with shreds of rotten brownish cloth — belonged to a rather undersized, bent female of advanced years. Careful sifting of debris also disclosed many tiny bones of rats caught in the collapse, as well as older ratbones gnawed by small fangs in a fashion now and then highly productive of controversy and reflection.

Other objects found included the mingled fragments of many books and papers, together with a yellowish dust left from the total disintegration of still older books and papers. All, without exception, appeared to deal with black magic in its most advanced and horrible forms; and the evidently recent date of certain items is still a mystery as unsolved as that of the modern human bones. An even greater mystery is the absolute homogeneity of the crabbed, archaic writing found on a wide range of papers whose conditions and watermarks suggest age differences

of at least 150 to 200 years. To some, though, the greatest mystery of all is the variety of utterly inexplicable objects — objects whose shapes, materials, types of workmanship, and purposes baffle all conjecture — found scattered amidst the wreckage in evidently diverse states of injury. One of these things — which excited several Miskatonic professors profoundly — is a badly damaged monstrosity plainly resembling the strange image which Gilman gave to the college museum, save that it is larger, wrought of some peculiar bluish stone instead of metal, and possessed of a singularly angled pedestal with undecipherable hieroglyphics.

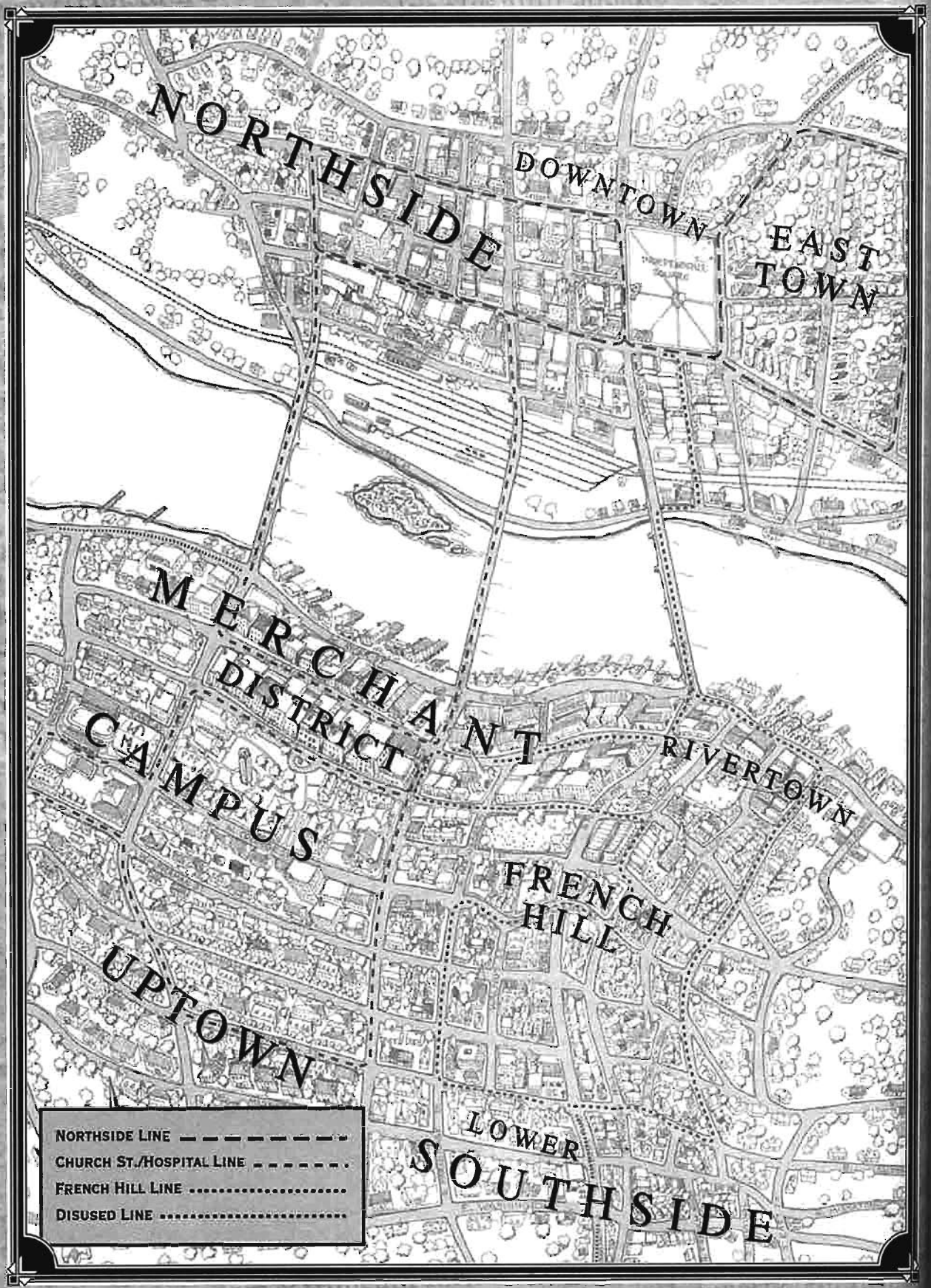
Archaeologists and anthropologists are still trying to explain the bizarre designs chased on a crushed bowl of light metal whose inner side bore ominous brownish stains when found. Foreigners and credulous grandmothers are equally garrulous about the modern nickel crucifix with broken chain mixed in the rubbish and shiveringly identified by Joe Mazurewicz as that which he had given poor Gilman many years before. Some believe this crucifix was dragged up to the sealed loft by rats, while others think it must have been on the floor in some corner of Gilman's old room all the time. Still others, including Joe himself, have theories too wild and fantastic for sober credence.

When the slanting wall of Gilman's room was torn out, the once sealed triangular space between that partition and the house's north wall was found to contain much less structural debris, even in proportion to its size, than the room itself; though it had a ghastly layer of older materials which paralysed the wreckers with horror. In brief, the floor was a veritable ossuary of the bones of small children — some fairly modern, but others extending back in infinite gradations to a period so remote that crumbling was almost complete. On this deep bony layer rested a knife of great size, obvious antiquity, and grotesque, ornate, and exotic design — above which the debris was piled.

In the midst of this debris, wedged between a fallen plank and a cluster of cemented bricks from the ruined chimney, was an object destined to cause more bafflement, veiled fright, and openly superstitious talk in Arkham than anything else discovered in the haunted and accursed building. This object was the partly crushed skeleton of a huge, diseased rat, whose abnormalities of form are still a topic of debate and source of singular reticence among the members of Miskatonic's department of comparative anatomy. Very little concerning this skeleton has leaked out, but the workmen who found it whisper in shocked tones about the long, brownish hairs with which it was associated.

The bones of the tiny paws, it is rumoured, imply prehensile characteristics more typical of a diminutive monkey than of a rat; while the small skull with its savage yellow fangs is of the utmost anomalousness, appearing from certain angles like a miniature, monstrously degraded parody of a human skull. The workmen crossed themselves in fright when they came upon this blasphemy, but later burned candles of gratitude in St. Stanislaus' Church because of the shrill, ghostly tittering they felt they would never hear again. ◆◆





Arkham ca. 1928, neighborhoods and trolley system.

Welcome to Arkham

"...The changeless, legend-haunted city of Arkham, with its clustering gambrel roofs that sway and sag over attics where witches hid from the King's men in the dark, olden days of the province."

—H. P. Lovecraft

THE NEXT SEVERAL PAGES introduce keepers and players to Arkham, describing how an investigator might get a place to live, employment, and loans; telling what the University has to offer; discussing crime and criminals (alas, even in Arkham), and so on. Keepers may want to consider this chapter a summary for themselves; more liberal keepers might photocopy parts of this chapter and distribute them, to quickly give players some idea of what's possible.

Other keepers may want to ignore much of this initial chapter and go directly to the "Guide to Arkham," a lengthy chapter listing and describing representative town characters and appurtenances useful to keepers, such as shops, strange places, cemeteries, boarding houses, schools, hotels, restaurants, and offices.

When the investigators first arrive in Arkham, show them the small Arkham *Advertiser* which appears at the end of this book. That and the large town map are player aids, outlining current local events. The classified and display ads in the newspaper can help them get settled. Both map and newspaper contain data not otherwise repeated in this book.

How to find Arkham

ARKHAM is in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, not far from the Atlantic Ocean, athwart the banks of the Miskatonic River, about 22 miles NNE of Boston, a little more than 12 miles south of Newburyport. Travelers reach it by car, bus, train, or small boat. Fare for the B&O commuter train from Boston is $2.20, and from Newburyport is $1.40.

Arkham's Climate

ARKHAM RECEIVES three or more inches of precipitation monthly throughout the year. Summer and fall thunderstorms are likely; occasionally a great hurricane swoops north. Winter storms occasionally can be severe.

Temperature varies more than rainfall. Early October shows Arkham's trees in full autumn color. The hills become fabulous carpets of reds, yellows, and golds. Temperatures are brisk, with night-time lows in the 40s and daytime highs in the 60s. By November, fallen leaves litter everywhere, and the trees are nearly bare.

Occasional light snow-showers occur as early as late November, but the snow does not last, and Arkham rarely enjoys a white Christmas. January and February are cold, when low temperatures are normally 20°-30°F. Anything lower than 10°F is considered remarkable.

On the first weekend of February the town now celebrates Winterfest, a recently-established commercial festival. The merchants sponsor a parade, a snowman-building contest, and an indoor pageant to select an annual Winter Queen to rule over the festival.

Winter thaws in March, but cool temperatures can last into early April. By the end of April, flowers begin to bloom and the trees begin to leaf.

May and June bring the first 70°F days, and July the first summer heat. In August, when the onshore breezes fail, temperatures can soar to 90°F and more. The air hangs in the valley, humid and stagnant, creating uncomfortably sticky days and nights. These periods are usually short, however, and temperatures above 85°F are exceptional. In general, the evenings cool off considerably and, especially near the river, a light jacket might be considered. The Miskatonic is often too cool for comfortable swimming, though hearty souls and young men showing off regularly make the plunge.

In September, the weather cools, and the first light frost may fall at the end of the month. This time is sunny and breezy, with scattered showers. Students return to school, leaves turn, and the cycle begins again.

General Hours of Business

FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS generally are open to the public from 10:00 A.M. to 3:00 P.M., Monday-Friday. Governmental offices are open 8 A.M. to 5 P.M., but closed at lunchtime. Most merchants are open from 8:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. Some, especially hardware, department stores, and lumberyards stay open for part or all of Saturday. Sunday closures are nearly absolute.

Shops and stores that vary from these hours are noted in their individual descriptions. Restaurants usually maintain hours that suit their clientele; early-rising Arkhamites find the notion of eating at 8:00 P.M. decadently continental and conceivably un-Christian.

Commercial activity halts on Sunday. With certain exceptions, it is against the law (and the law will be enforced) to operate any business of any kind between the hours of 6:00 A.M. and 11:00 A.M. on the Sabbath. Then one hears the sound of money only in collection plates.

However, on Sunday, with the express permission of the selectmen, Western Union receives and delivers wires, but does not transmit them; the telephone exchange is open and operating, as is the B&M rail line and the local taxi service; restaurants, speakeasies, gift shops, or other luxurious enterprises, with a single

Lovecraftian Family Names

As keepers create new characters for Arkham, bear in mind that a visitor or immigrant might be called almost anything, but that a native would likely bear one of a limited number of family names. Not infrequently, a native of the area might bear a surname as a given name—Abbot Bicknell, for instance, or Brewster Carrington. Surnames follow in alphabetical order:

Abbott	Bishop	Carrington	Cushing	Farr	Graves
Alexander	Bixby	Carter	Dalton	Field	Greene
Allen	Bosworth	Chaplin	Danforth	Fenner	Halsey
Angell	Bowen	Chase	Davis	Fenton	Harris
Arnold	Bradbury	Checkley	Derby	Fowler	Hart
Arthur	Brewster	Clark	Dexter	Frye	Hartwell
Ashley	Briden	Coffin	Dole	Fuller	Hacket
Averill	Brown	Corey	Dudley	Gammell	Hathorne
Barnard	Burroughs	Cotton	Durfee	Garrison	Hawkins
Bellingham	Cabot	Crane	Dwight	Gedney	Hill
Bennett	Cahoone	Crawford	Eliot	Gerritson	Hetfield
Bicknell	Capwell	Crowninshield	Elton	Gifford	Holt
Birch	Carew	Curwen	Endicott	Goddard	Hopkins

exception, never open on Sunday. Sunday dinners are family affairs, not commercial opportunities.

finding a Place to Live

INVESTIGATORS may wish to establish residence in Arkham. Hotels, apartment buildings, and boarding houses of varying quality exist; those with rooms to let are listed in the want-ad section of the Arkham *Advertiser*.

The quality of an investigator's housing depends upon annual income. An investigator can spend up to 35% of total income for lodging, food, and utilities without living beyond his or her means. An investigator may spend more or less than this percentage, but significantly greater or lesser allotments should reflect on **Credit Rating**, {Diplomacy checks}, which alters the chance for personal or commercial loans. Other ramifications of housing choice will arise from time to time; in a small town, everyone notices everything. Folks know the value of a dollar.

Boarding house prices usually include two meals a day, housekeeping, and possibly laundry.

Residence costs for an apartment and a hotel room vary proportionately for food, service, and utilities: deduct, respectively, five and fifteen percentiles from the percentage of income spendable.

Example: *an investigator living in a hotel that costs more than twenty percent of his income is considered to be living above his means (35%–15%=20% spendable on rent). At the keeper's option, investigators living above their means, and consequently townspeople perceive his* ***Credit Rating*** *as lower than it is {receives penalties to diplomacy checks with townspeople}.*

finding Employment

MANY JOB OPPORTUNITIES exist in Arkham. Skilled investigators might procure work. Journalists could freelance or get a job with either of the newspapers; jobs exist in and around the University from academic positions to janitorial services, though competition for them may be keen. As the keeper wishes, any shop, store, business, or service could hire an investigator looking for work.

Though costs are low compared to Boston, no investigator is going to make much money in Arkham, where hourly rates and salaries remain fixed for decades.

A janitor earns $1+1D100 cents per hour on a 48 hour week, for instance. A skilled senior craftsman might make up to $3.50 an hour. A cub reporter for either newspaper makes $20-25.00 a week (the lesser amount if from out of town, the higher if known to the editor); a

Hoppin
Houghton
Howland
Hutchins
Hutchinson
Hyde
Ilsley
Ives
Jackson
Jenckes
Jenkin
Jermyn
Keezar
Lawson
Leslie
Liddeason
Lillibridge
Low
Lyman
Manning
Marsh
Mason
Martin
Mather
Mathewson
Merritt
Monroe
Mowry
Nichols
Nightingale
Noyes
Olney
Orne
Osborne
Osgood
Parker
Parsons
Peck
Peters
Phillips
Pickering
Pickman
Pierce
Potter
Putnam
Randolph
Reid
Rice
Rider
Robbins
Robinson
Ropes
Rowlandson
Russel
Saltonstall
Sargent
Sawyer
Seaton
Sewall
Shepley
Slocum
Smith
Snow
Spaulding
Soames
Somerby
Southwick
Spencer
Stafford
Stuart
Sutton
Talbot
Thornton
Throckmorton
Thurber
Thurston
Tillinghast
Tilton
Tobey
Updike
Wade
Waite
Wanton
Ward
Warren
Washburne
Waters
Wayland
Webb
Weeden
West
Whateley
Wheeler
Whipple
White
Whitefield
Whitmarsh
Wilcox
Willett
Winthrop



seasoned hand makes about $45.00 a week, not counting an occasional bonus. Reporters always work more than 40 hours weekly, and keep hours appropriate to newspaper deadlines. An untenured full-time university professor (academic load of fifteen or more classroom hours a week) earns about $300.00 a month.

No one in Arkham gets paid vacations, there is no social security, nor does recognizable hospital insurance exist. An investigator can, of course, insure individually against death or injury with any insurance agent, and build up cash equity usable as savings in an emergency. Emergency hospitalization does exist on a charity basis, but payment arrangements must be made.

When getting new employment, the investigator's player should roll to establish the annual income of the job. Keepers might require annual re-rolls for freelancer income, to reflect the ups and downs of self-employment. Holding down any small-town job will be impossible if an investigator makes frequent journeys to solve Mythos mysteries, since businesses and shops are small, and every person has a vital job.

Getting a Loan

THE FOLLOWING ARE GUIDELINES only, adjust concepts and parameters as needed and desired. Credit is available to investigators who wish to purchase autos, airplanes, and other high-priced equipment. Two banks (Arkham First Bank and Miskatonic Valley Savings) serve Arkham, and at least one alternate personal loan service (Arkham Loan Agency) exists. Compute interest charges at 2+1D3% per year. Investigators could try each institution to shop for the best deal.

Loan types are auto, personal, home equity, and commercial. All loans require collateral, and each type of loan has a maximum limit on amount: auto, no more than forty percent of the investigator's annual income; personal, no more than twenty-five percent of the investigator's annual income; home equity, no more than fifty percent of the home's assessed value; commercial, no more than the lender thinks advisable, or fifty percent of the value of the collateral.

Each lending institution has a different chance of granting each type of loan; see their individual entries for terms.

Add the chance for the particular type of loan to the borrower's **Credit Rating**, and then apply the following modifiers to gain a total percentage to roll against on D100 [find the base DC for the specific Lender and loan type, apply all modifiers below, and attempt a successful diplomacy check versus the result.]

Term of the loan depends on the amount: for $1,000 or less, ask repayment in one year or less; for $1,001 to $4,000, ask repayment in two years or less; for $4,001 and up, ask repayment in three years or less. Tailor large financial transactions, such as bond floats, individually.

In the 1920s, purchases of homes were arranged somewhat differently than now. Middle and lower-income homes might be paid for weekly, for a dollar or two, for five years; after sixty months, a large balloon payment became due, amounting to most or the entire loan principle. The weekly payments might satisfy only the interest on the mortgage. Future **Credit Rating rolls** [Diplomacy checks] would certainly be affected by eviction.

Improving Investigator Skills

*(**NOTE:** The following information is used only for **BRP Call of Cthulhu** games. **D20 CoC** offers skill advancement only when a character gains a new level. D20*

Modifiers to Credit Rating

(Call of Cthulhu, BRP edition)

Residency: fewer than two years a resident, -20%; lifelong resident, +20%.

Property Owner: own a house, +20%; owns house and additional real estate, +40%.

Room and Board Level: frugal, +20% (spends 25% or less of income on room and board); respectable, +10% (spends 26%-35% on room and board); spendthrift, -15% (spends 36%-50% on room and board); wastrel, -30% (spends 51% or more on room and board).

Current Employment: less than two years, -10%; more than five years at same job, +20%.

Annual Income: divide annual income by 1000, round down any fraction and multiply by 2. Add the resulting figure as a percentile to the score.

Savings: if only a small amount, as per Annual Income, above. Large savings amount to significant collateral, and should be judged on a per-case basis.

Marital Status: married +10%; single male 0%; single female -10%.

Co-Signer: add this person's Credit Rating to the borrower's total. A co-signer must be a lifelong resident of Arkham or be an exceptionally important resident of Boston.

Total all the modifiers. If the investigator's player can roll that final total or less on D100, grant the loan.

Cthulhu keepers should feel free to use the following section as a guide if he or she requires players to find a teacher, and spend campaign time training).

BESIDES COURSES from the University, small private schools and individual instructors offer ways to increase investigator skills, as may participation in certain clubs. Let interested players offer specific proposals to evaluate.

A course of study usually requires uninterrupted attendance in order to grant improvement in a skill. Breaking off study to go adventuring negates the chance of improvement.

Though previously advocated in Chaosium publications, four month periods (the trimester system) prove to be anachronistic: in the 1920s, most of the United States was firmly semester-bound; university-level summer schools, if existing at all, were firmly remedial and intended for freshmen and sophomores. A six-month period is the standard in this book, appropriate to a slower-paced time. (Nonetheless, keepers content with the four-month system should not change; adapt the statements herein instead.)

As a rule of thumb, offer 1D6 skill percentiles improvement for each semester's (or six months') study of a particular topic. Improvement of a skill beyond fifty percent should come from individual experience in scenarios, not from study. That teachers must be seventy-five percent or better in a skill in order to teach it is a useful guideline, but one which keepers should not follow slavishly {a d20 suggestion: offer +1 skill rank for six months of study (at keeper's discretion) under a teacher with at least 8 skill ranks in the skill}.

If they admit skill-teaching into their campaigns, keepers should limit the number of studies an investigator undertakes: if an investigator does not work, let him or her take up to six classes without penalty.

If an investigator works, allow one or two courses of study per semester or six months, but attach penalties for overwork, fatigue, inattention, etc., when more than two courses are undertaken. One possible scheme for such additional courses is to modify the skill increase die roll: if it's 1D6 for the first and second classes, it's 1D6-1 for the third class, 1D6-2 for the fourth, and so forth; Only the cruelest keepers will make negative charges against skills to simulate overwork.

Some keepers may find that an automatic increase of one to three points per class successfully completed may stifle debate and be simpler to administrate.

Be sure to remind your players that it's possible to graduate from a class without having learned anything.

Fees for instruction or tuition are up to the keeper. Don't be afraid to announce an arbitrary amount and then do some haggling to reach an agreed-upon sum. Balance how much the investigator can reasonably afford with the desirability of the course of study or training in your campaign.

Modifiers to Diplomacy Check

(Call of Cthulhu, d20 edition)

Residency: less than two years a resident, -2; lifelong resident, +2.

Property Owner: own a house, +2; owns house and additional real estate, +4.

Room and Board Level: frugal (spends 25% or less of income on room and board): +2; respectable (spends 26%-35% on room and board): +1; spendthrift (spends 36%-50% on room and board): -2; wastrel (spends 51% or more on room and board): -5

Current Employment: less than two years, -1; more than five years at same job, +2

Annual Income: Use the modifier provided for your profession on table 1-13 in the core rulebook. ***Example:*** *A doctor would receive a +2 to his diplomacy check to gain a loan.*

Savings: Large savings amount to significant collateral, and should be judged on a per-case basis. A good guideline for keepers is to use the Wealth Feat. Every time a character takes the Wealth feat they gain a +2 to their modifier; these bonuses stack.

Marital Status: married, +1; single male, +0; single female, -1.

Co-Signer: Add the average of the borrowers, and co-signers relevant modifiers to the diplomacy check. A co-signer must be a lifelong resident of Arkham or be an exceptionally important resident of Boston.

Total all the modifiers. If the investigator's player succeeds at his Diplomacy check versus the result, grant the loan.

Example: *James knows he won't gain the loan he needs alone. He enlists the aid of his Patron, Dr. Hagan, who owns his home, and has practiced medicine here for decades. Finally Dr. Hagan is single, and is proudly considered quite a penny pincher. James' total is +2. Dr. Hagan's total modifiers equal +11. James rolls his diplomacy check, and adds +11, receiving a total score of 39, sufficient to earn nearly any loan he desires.*

The Importance of Being Reputable

BECAUSE *CALL OF CTHULHU* often is played as a series of globetrotting adventures, many games and campaigns rarely use or think about Credit Rating {Reputation and Diplomatic Relations} except as a momentary hindrance: "To get dynamite, **roll your Credit Rating** {Diplomacy check} and we'll see if you strangers impress the storekeeper as upright citizens." But a campaign based in Arkham and played out in Arkham and its surrounds means that many town characters become neighbors, and that investigator reputations and contacts accumulate from adventure to adventure. Gossip is a staple in Arkham: investigators should find that most residents quickly get all the news not fit to print. 'Notorious' implies that a resident will know of and judge another by his or her reputation.

Investigator choices and actions will certainly alter investigators' Credit Ratings, and to that end reputation changes should be part of scenario conclusions, should be taken into account when participating in clubs and activities, and should be at issue wherever the keeper finds the theme pertinent. Though an investigator's reputation can be increased, it can be also be lost swiftly, more swiftly perhaps than any attribute except Sanity, since the loss depends merely on town opinion and is not derived from game statistics. Keepers should not be chary of declaring reputation changes in Arkham, since tongues are quick and not always charitable.

Keepers may want to note sizable losses or gains of Credit Rating {Reputation} in Arkham-related incidents, and insist that investigator sheets also record notably good or bad deeds. Doing so makes sense of the fact that those invaluable Arkham connections mean nothing to a yawning New York City police sergeant.

On the reverse of their investigator sheets, players may also want to note whom in Arkham their investigators meet and get along with. A good reputation and good connections can open all the resources of the town. {At the keeper's discretion an investigator may gain bonuses or penalties to charisma based checks against locals, depending entirely on his deeds.}

Joining a Club

ONCE SETTLED IN, an investigator might join a club or two, to get to know people. Various organizations exist and many bestow tangible benefits for membership. A list follows, noting each club's address and entry number in the "Guide to Arkham."

Astronomical Society: amateur astronomers meet weekly in the warmer months of the year for stargazing field trips. Contact Dr. Morris Billings, Department of Astronomy, at the University; entry 609.

Athletic Club: a young male professionals' association formed several years ago as a refuge from Prohibition and incidentally to play handball and rugby (602 Crane Street, entry 604).

Chamber of Commerce: a businessmen's organization active civically (520 Gedney Street, entry 126).

Arkham Amateur Theatre Company: headquartered at the Manley Theatre (670 Gedney Street, entry 109).

Daughters of the American Revolution: a conservative women's organization dedicated to community service and patriotic Americanism {432 W Saltonstall Street, entry 810).

Eye of Amara: a mystic society headquartered in a mansion (131 E Saltonstall Street, entry 909).

Gun Club: pheasant and partridge shooters meet at various private homes or in the field. The owner of Parrington's gun shop (433 1/2 W Main Street, entry 414-B) is president and founder.

Historical Society: dedicated to the preservation of Arkham's historical sites and memorabilia (537 S. Garrison Street, entry 901).

Masonic Lodge: a secretive men's 'Mystic Society' with strong professional ties, frequently involved in civic affairs (679 Brown Street, entry 105). An informal associate group for women exists. The Catholic Church forbids membership in this organization.

Miskatonic Club: a posh club for people of good family who have money (411 W High Street, entry 803).

Rotary: a service organization devoted to good deeds in the community (650 N Garrison Street, entry 206).

School Board: members must be popularly elected, but the positions carry prestige (Town Hall, entry 217).

Miskatonic University

PRIOR TO the recent Dunwich Horror, apparently no one at the university took seriously the horrible truths to be found in the *Necronomicon* and certain other books on university library shelves. Only a visit to the library by Wilbur Whateley alerts Armitage to the dangerous knowledge within these awful tomes. Few people connected with the university had ever taken the time to scan these volumes, and of those few none bothered to make serious study.

Students consulted these books from time to time, and outsiders such as Wilbur Whateley of Dunwich and Ephraim Waite of Innsmouth were allowed free access to the volumes. In 1922, the *Necronomicon* was loaned to doctors at the Arkham Sanitarium who, in an attempt to cure a victim of amnesia, allowed their patient to read through it.

While certain holdings of the library were recognized as rare and as contributing to the school's scholastic reputation, it is not until October, 1928, that anyone

suspected some tomes to be any more than odd and blasphemous.

Since Armitage's experiences in Dunwich, the *Necronomicon* and certain other volumes have been placed on a "special restricted list". No one may consult them without the express permission (and usually in the presence) of Dr. Armitage. This is possibly contrary to the university's charter, but Armitage's policy has not been challenged.

Of course, many student librarians do not know this rule, and Armitage often leaves the library.

Armitage and Wilmarth know each other and have discussed what their oddly linked experiences might mean. Rice and Morgan, the companions of Armitage in his excursion to Dunwich and witnesses to the death of Wilbur Whateley, also share in Mythos knowledge.

Professors Dyer, Pabodie, and Lake, three members of the upcoming University expedition to the Antarctic, have been told by a concerned Wilmarth of what might lie ahead for them. Some of them have gone as far as to inspect the *Necronomicon* but, despite this and despite their respect for Wilmarth and Armitage, they're good scientists, and they'll have to experience Mythos horrors first-hand before being convinced.

Professor Nathaniel Wingate Peaslee, whose body was once possessed by a Yithian, also has some knowledge of the Mythos and is presently laying plans to accompany a future expedition to Australia. Peaslee has shared some of his information with his son, Prof. Wingate Peaslee. Although Prof. William Dyer will eventually head the Australian expedition, the Peaslees may not have shared their Mythos knowledge with the other seven professors.

As evidenced in Lovecraft's stories, these nine individuals possess the only scraps of Cthulhu Mythos at the university. Armitage apparently knows as much as anyone — how much must be decided by the individual keeper: the old librarian could be conducting quiet research into the matter, still not grasping the ramifications of the situation; at the other extreme, his alarm might be total, and he could have established a global network of correspondents — including some in the federal government — have hired clipping services, and be actively scheming to stifle the terrible threat to mankind.

UNIVERSITY FACILITIES

Besides the library and museum (described separately in the 'Guide to Arkham'), the university offers other useful services.

Clues are often found written in strange languages. Postgraduate students can usually be hired to make translations from languages unknown to investigators. The going rate is about three dollars per thousand words, or five dollars total for short messages. Brainpower at the university is excellent; these academicians thrive on new ideas and unsettling events. Most of the professors have high value in at least one skill, and the younger faculty at least still have inquiring minds; if they cannot answer an investigator's question immediately, they know where the answer might be or will continue to ponder the matter. Any professor will be intrigued by the strange problems investigators bring in.

Time spent researching or testing objects in university labs will often be done without charge to the investigators, though the faculty is honor-bound to ask payment for expensive chemicals, photographic plates, construction of special machines, and so on which involve replacement of materials by the university.

Investigators with good university contacts (perhaps through Armitage) can get big favors performed. Investigators known and trusted by faculty might be given the loan of valuable scientific equipment, allowed the occasional use of Miskatonic facilities and vehicles, or introduced into the global fellowship of first-rank scholarship.

Keepers are cautioned that while university scientific facilities are excellent for the period, period equipment and organization is not that much better than one might find in a decent high school these days: accurate balances, glasswork, optical devices, preparations for a variety of quantitative and qualitative analyses, specimen collections, and established technique. Perhaps most importantly, the university glassblowing facility and its machine shop are excellent.

NEWSPAPER FILES

As part of its service to the community, the university library has kept systematic files of both the Arkham *Gazette* and the Arkham *Advertiser* (along with its two predecessors) in bound volumes in its basement archives.

Portions of this collection were ruined during the flood of 1888, including the *Gazette* for the years 1845–1848 and 1864–1868. The *Advertiser's* volumes for the years 1851–1863 are also missing, as are the Arkham *Bulletin's* editions for the years 1823–1826, and the *Miskatonic Valley Gleaner's* editions from the years 1830–1831.

Complete numbers for the *Gazette* and the *Advertiser* exist at their respective newspaper offices, as any university librarian will promptly say.

The missing *Bulletin* and *Gleaner* volumes are not known to exist, but they can be located in handmade wooden storage boxes resting undisturbed, uncatalogued,

and unknown in the crowded, dingy basement of the Arkham Historical Society.

Arkham Government

TOWN HALL, on Peabody Avenue, holds the town offices. Arkham has an elected mayor and nine elected selectmen, all part-time positions. Posts are held for two years; elections occur every even-numbered year on the first Tuesday in November. Longtime Mayor Joseph Peabody is being seriously challenged for mayor by the University's energetic young president, Dr. Harvey Wainscott.

Occasionally the mayor can be found in his Town Hall office during the week.

The council of selectmen meets in Town Hall the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

Police and Courts

THE POLICE FORCE, inured to student antics, are forgiving of some behavior — harmless high jinks are expected. Though fear of offending an influential family curtails the reach of law enforcement into the campus community, police are not so forgiving when dealing with transients and immigrants.

They are unsurprised to find when they find professorial types snooping around old houses and cemeteries, especially if given excuses like "field trip" or "historical research."

Discharging a firearm in Arkham is illegal without good reason, as is possessing significant explosives such as dynamite or dynamite caps. Carrying a concealed weapon is legal, though almost suspiciously pointless in this placid place.

Fast Talk, Persuade, and Law skills {Bluff, Diplomacy, and Knowledge (Law)} are always valuable when dealing with the town constabulary, but a high **Credit Rating** {Reputation} renders a person nearly invulnerable to quick arrest. The police are basically honest, but they do not move without good reason against men and women whom they rightfully see as their employers.

From chief on down, the police know that beer and liquor have been entering town despite Prohibition. Since even the chief enjoys a glass of Scotch in the evening, the police ignore social infractions by private citizens as much as possible. Helpful officers often escort home drunks, especially those inebriates with high Credit Ratings. Drunks who are rowdy and abusive risk being subdued, taken to the station, and booked; Judge Randall frequently hands out stiff penalties to those who cannot handle their liquor.

The speakeasy on the north side of town is an unremarkable fact to most; police force, government, and citizens look the other way, tolerating its existence, since it creates no problems for the town. Though they've long been aware of gangland problems in the big cities, they consider Prohibition to be the responsibility of the Commonwealth and federal agencies.

Unfortunately, the bootleggers have spawned additional crime. A lieutenant, a sergeant, and a few patrolmen routinely receive weekly payoffs. As a whole, the force is well paid and satisfied, and relatively immune to one-time bribes from investigators and their ilk. The motorcycle police assigned to traffic duty are the most vulnerable, often accepting a few dollars in lieu of speeding citations.

Justice Court is held five days a week, starting promptly at 8:30 A.M. and lasting as long as court business provides. Judge Keezar Randall likely presides. For more information about him, see entry 212 in the "Guide to Arkham."

Most misdemeanor arrests mean at least a night in jail, longer if it's a weekend. Misdemeanors and other minor crimes call for warnings, fines, or short jail terms. Major felonies involve murder, kidnapping, grand larceny (theft of anything valued in excess of $100), and major destruction of property: such proceedings are bound over for trial at the Essex County Courthouse in Salem.

Proceedings for some Commonwealth and all federal crimes are held in Boston, though arrests for them can be made anywhere in the state.

Crime, Criminals, and Evil

ARKHAM, despite long acquaintance with strange and often unexplained events, views itself as a New England town isolated from and superior to the divisive problems and crude dangers of cities — an island of civilized virtue in the countryside, carved out of the wilderness by energy, thrift, and probity, held together to this day by respect, religion, and education, a place superior both to the mutant hive-like cities and to the ignorance and filth of rural backwaters.

Education is important in Arkham mostly as the passing-on of received truth, which should be not unduly disputed, analyzed, or reinterpreted. Free inquiry decently exists only in business dealings and in the obligatory tip of the hat to the long-ago Protestant rebels in far-off Europe.

Murders, kidnapings, burglaries, disappearances, fisticuffs, and drunken and indecent behavior traditionally occur among the poor, especially the immigrant poor, not among Arkham's respectable families, who ignore or never learn of such matters.

The occasional burglary of a fine home or an important shop reaps headlines; the disappearance of the Stolkowski's youngest child doesn't raise an eyebrow.

ARKHAM AND ALCOHOL

Some of Arkham's placid character has changed since the 18th Amendment, which barred the sale and use of alcohol for consumption on January 16, 1920.

Like many places, Arkham never really went Dry. Imbibers, anticipating lean years, hoarded beer, wine, and liquor. As those sources were exhausted, illegal liquor distribution networks evolved from Canada and Europe. Later still, turf wars and price competition led criminals to set up their own distilleries.

Back to the days of the rum trade, alcoholism in the United States was epidemic, linked with innumerable cruelties and brutalities, but the systematic prohibition against alcoholic beverages created systematic crime, concentrating fortunes in the hands of ambitious thugs.

In the early days of the Eighteenth Amendment, most of the alcohol coming into Arkham passed through the hands of Joe (Giuseppe) Potrello, who still lives on the Lower Southside (see entry 911).

Potrello handsomely profited from alcohol, enough that an important source, a Boston Irish mob, decided to annex Arkham. Backed by mob money, Danny O'Bannion (see entry 412) was sent in to buy out Potrello "peaceable-like" and become the local kingpin. His offer refused, O'Bannion lured a Potrello henchman to Boston and there murdered him. Potrello then quickly struck a deal, giving up the booze business in favor of tiny operations in gambling and prostitution.

Opening the Lucky Clover Cartage Co., O'Bannion soon expanded sales of illegal alcohol in Arkham and the entire Miskatonic Valley. O'Bannion was not satisfied with only one racket, and began running numbers among factory workers and in immigrant communities. As O'Bannion squeezes, Potrello retreats, knowing the game is lost.

STREET GANGS

Made up of teenage boys who have little future and lots of time, Arkham's two street gangs, the Rocks and the 'Finns are ethnic Italian and Irish, respectively.

They incidentally lie, cheat, and steal, but mostly they gather together to swear, boast, and gain respect. They never cause trouble in wealthy neighborhoods because they know that there the police must be unmerciful. Occasionally a new, ambitious leader arises, but an O'Bannion thug either hires him or has him beaten until he flees town.

Large fights between the two gangs have been infrequent lately, because territory boundaries have been observed. That can easily change.

For the Irish, see entry 512; for the Italians, see 716.

THE EVIL COVEN

This cruel and secret group has plagued Arkham since the town's beginnings. For a description of them and an instancing of the central members, see entry 1007.

INDEPENDENTS

The following scoff-laws may know of each other, but never work together. Investigators might encounter them. Some may have witnessed Mythos events and may have been influenced by what they saw. These lawbreakers include Bartholemew Appley IV (entry 103), Larry Freen (entry 113), Greg the Monster (entry 513), Alex Hearne (entry 129), Jonathan Shear (entry 814), and Melissa Thorne (entry 304). ◆◆



History of Arkham

Concerning Arkham's past, of the famous and the infamous, of war and trade, and of the good and evil that men do; how Arkham became a beacon of civilization.

A CONSIDERABLY YOUNGER town than neighboring Kingsport or Innsmouth, colonials settled the Arkham area first in the late seventeenth century. They were 'liberal thinkers' fleeing the oppressive Congregationalists of Salem and Boston. Led by such educated men as Jeremiah Armitage, Jebel Whateley, Tristram Curwen, and Abel Peabody, these earliest settlers laid out the first streets on the slopes of what is now known as French Hill. Town meetings for "the Plantation of Arkham" were held once a month in a small wooden hall on "the first wet day of the month when all are to appear there at the beat of a drum."

Among the least desirable of Arkham's first generation were Keziah Mason and Goody Fowler, suspected witches who brought with them from Salem a dark and hideous cult. In 1692, Mason was apprehended by the King's men from Salem; Fowler fled into the forests northwest of town. Mason was gaoled but soon mysteriously escaped, never to be seen again. When the New England witch scare ended, Goody Fowler quietly returned to Arkham and resettled in her cottage southwest of town. Here she indulged in evil until, in 1704, an angry mob dragged her to a hill west of Arkham and there hanged her by the neck. Her murderers were never arraigned or punished.

Yet the dark cult remained active. One member is thought responsible for summoning or creating the unnamable thing present in the attic of an old house on N Boundary Street. This thing later murdered 15 people in a nearby parsonage.

Arkham grew slowly through the early eighteenth century, overshadowed by nearby Kingsport's successes with fisheries and trade. Arkham grew as a quiet farming community; when prices were good, a few fishing boats slipped down to the sea. For many years the only way to cross the Miskatonic was by way of Evan's ferry, just large enough for a coach and four.

In 1761, Francis Derby and Jeremiah Orne returned to Arkham following successful careers as Salem sea captains. They brought five ships between

them, determined to turn Arkham into another West Indies trade port. They built docks and warehouses along the north side of the river, in the area around Fish Street, and for a few years Arkham was host to ships plying the triangular trade, moving slaves to the Caribbean and the South, bringing molasses, sugar, and rum to New England, and exporting skins and dried cod to England.

At the height of this trade the first permanent streets north of the river were established, and the first great Arkham mansions — the Derby and Orne homes and those of their captains — rose in the area now called East-town. Orne and Derby built the first bridge to span the Miskatonic River, a wooden creation near the site of the present Peabody Avenue bridge.

Jeremiah Orne died in 1765, leaving a library of 900 volumes and a bequest that, administered by trustees Francis Derby and George Locksley, was used to found Miskatonic Liberal College. The school was housed in a large two-story building on the south side of College Street, overlooking the old Common.

A large second-story housed the Orne library and a small museum of oddities brought back from the West Indies and beyond by Arkham ships. This collection can still be seen at the Miskatonic University Exhibit Museum. John Adams Pickering, Harvard-educated and of the Arkham Pickerings, was chosen the college's first president.

During the Revolutionary War, the Derbys and Ornes turned privateer. Operating mainly out of Kingsport, they sank or captured 23 vessels under the British flag, turning handsome profits. After the war, the families subsidized the purchase and development of the old Town Common previously used for pasturage and militia training — and soon installed a now healthily endowed Miskatonic College on the new campus. A new town square was laid out on the north side of the river, near the center of town, and, after much debate, named Independence Square.

The end of the war marked the decline of Arkham's sea trade. Salem, Boston, and New York rapidly consolidated most of the China trade; the local remnant went to Kingsport. In 1808, the Federal Customs Office in Arkham was closed, and Arkham lost its status as a port of entry.

Despite the loss of international trade, Arkham grew rapidly in the first half of the nineteenth century, thanks to the vision of such men as Eli Saltonstall. Saltonstall, formerly a captain sailing for the Pickman family, foresaw the end of Arkham's short-lived sea trade, opening in 1796 Arkham's first textile mill, on the south side of the river at the foot of East Street. More mills opened soon after and, as New England farming declined, Arkham grew industries.

The industrialists — the Saltonstalls, Browns, and Jenkins — laid out new streets south of the college campus along the top of South Hill, and there constructed grand Georgian and Federalist mansions, financed by large textile profits.

In this period, in 1806, the town's first newspaper, the Arkham *Gazette*, was established, underwritten by the Federalist Derbys. Republican industrialists were later to help found the Arkham *Bulletin*. By this time the Federalist sea merchants were dwindling. Their last building spree saw the construction of the mansions that border the Common along Federal and Curwen Streets.

By 1820, mills and supporting industries lined the south bank of the river, from Peabody Avenue east. Arkham became increasingly urbanized. By 1850, a telegraph line linked the town with Boston. Reputable scholars, in part drawn by Miskatonic College's already famous library and by the proximity of the town to Boston, began to join the staff. Southwestern Arkham took on the feel of an Ivy League town.

Industry continued to expand. By 1850, brickyards, leather shops, shoe factories, watchmakers and, later, costume jewelry manufacturers lined the shores north and south on the eastern side of town. A great string of warehouses, eventually reaching West Street, were constructed along the south shore during this period.

In the American Civil War, Arkham's finest formed a company of the 23rd Massachusetts Volunteer Regiment. Twenty-seven young men died in the struggle; a memorial in Christchurch Cemetery commemorates their sacrifice.

Aylesbury

Founded in 1802 by Arkham idealist Elihu Beckworth, Aylesbury was designed to be a utopic manufacturing center. Employing chiefly young, single women, the Aylesbury mills provided their workers with food, clothing, dormitory housing, and religious instruction, all in addition to their regular wage. It was Beckworths's vision that the young women he employed would work for only a few years, then marry and move on to raise families. Beckworth was also responsible for the construction of the Aylesbury Pike, originally a toll road connecting Aylesbury directly with Arkham.

Aylesbury's mills eventually fell into other hands and Beckworth's vision was lost. Today one sees little difference between Aylesbury and a place like Bolton. Large factories, fueled by immigrant labor, spew pollution into air and river in a futile attempt to compete with the textile industries of the South.

A Lovecraft Chronology

This is H. P. Lovecraft's chronology of events in or near Essex County, as can be reckoned now. Certain notes in the "Guide to Arkham" chapter differ from this chronology. For more information, see the introduction to this book.

1643: Innsmouth founded.

1692: Whateleys, Bishops come to Dunwich from Salem.

1747: The Reverend Abijah Hoadley, newly come to the Congregational pulpit in Dunwich village, preaches against the well-known rumblings in the surrounding hills, claiming them to be the work of the devil. Soon after delivering the sermon, the Reverend disappears.

1846: Marsh is followed out to Devil Reef one night and, along with 32 others, is arrested and jailed. Shortly after this, Marsh escapes jail and half the town is wiped out by "epidemic and riot."

1846: Captain Obed Marsh takes a second wife; no one in Innsmouth ever sees her.

1863: Federal conscription agents visit Innsmouth after this date, but take no action.

1882 (June): A meteorite falls on Nahum Gardner's farm just west of Arkham, not close enough to town to be heard. News of it reaches Arkham the next morning. Three university professors promptly visit the site, then return the next day when their first specimen fades away when placed inside a glass beaker.

1883 (March): Vegetation around the Gardner farm grows noticeably large. University professors again visit and dismiss the phenomenon as unimportant.

1890: Lavinia Whateley's mother disappears under strange circumstances.

1905: Typhoid strikes Arkham, killing many. At the height of the epidemic, an insane killer strikes, killing 15 people before capture by police. He bears an uncanny resemblance to Dr. Allan Halsey, former Dean of the School of Medicine at Miskatonic University and a recent typhoid victim.

1908 (May 14): Prof. Nathaniel Wingate Peaslee collapses while conducting a class at the University, and is subjected to many years of amnesia.

1912 (April 30, evening): Loud noises in the Dunwich hills are heard in Arkham. The sound marks the conception of Wilbur Whateley and of his twin brother. Soon after, Old Whateley renovates the second floor of his house and boards up the windows on that floor.

1913 (February 2, Candlemas): Wilbur Whateley is born in Dunwich.

1913 (October 31, Beltane): In Dunwich a great blaze is seen atop Sentinel Hill.

1915 (April 30, evening): Powerful tremors emanate from Sentinel Hill, felt as far away as Aylesbury. This occurs annually for the next ten years.

1915 (September): Prof. Laban Shrewsbury of Arkham disappears while walking alone down a country lane west of town.

1915 (October 31, Samhain): Powerful rumblings from atop Sentinel Hill are accompanied by bursts of flame on the summit. This occurs annually for the next ten years.

1917: When the Dunwich draft board has trouble filling its quota, several federal inspectors and doctors arrive to investigate. Stories of wholesale degeneracy are picked up by the Boston *Globe* and the Arkham *Advertiser*, who promote the area's weirdness to increase circulation. Stories include Wilbur's precociousness, Old Whateley's black magic and his shelves of strange books, the sealed second story of their ancient farmhouse, and the hill noises. A photo shows Wilbur at four and a half years old, although he appears to be fifteen — lips and cheeks fuzzy with a coarse, dark down.

1922 (Yule): The unnamed protagonist of "The Festival" experiences horror in Kingsport.

1923: A second great siege of carpentry begins as Old Whateley guts the second floor of the house.

1924 (August 1, Lammas night): Dr. Houghton of Aylesbury is summoned to the Whateley house by Wilbur. At 1 A.M. Houghton witnesses the death of Old Whateley.

1925: Dr. Henry Armitage of Miskatonic University calls upon Wilbur Whateley at the latter's home in Dunwich. Armitage has corresponded with Whateley for some time.

1926 (October 31): Lavinia Whateley disappears.

1927: Wilbur Whateley moves his library and effects into two sheds and begins new carpentry work on the house, boarding up all the ground floor windows and removing the interior walls.

1927 (July 15/16): An outsider's visit to Innsmouth precipitates an investigation by the federal government.

1927 (November 3): Unprecedented flooding in Vermont washes strange pink bodies down the swollen rivers.

1927 (Winter): Federal officials make a secret and continuing investigation of strange conditions in Innsmouth.

1927 (Winter): Continuing into 1928, Wilbur Whateley visits the Miskatonic University Library to copy a formula from the dread *Necronomicon*. Dr. Armitage refuses his requests to borrow the book.

1928 (January): Walter Gilman experiences bizarre dreams while rooming in Arkham's Witch House.

1928 (February): Federal and state officials make a coordinated series of arrests and raids on Innsmouth, followed by the deliberate burning and dynamiting of a number of empty buildings along the waterfront. Most people believe the actions are connected with whiskey smuggling. A submarine reportedly torpedoes certain portions of Devil Reef, a mile and a half east of Innsmouth.

1928 (May 1): Walter Gilman dies when his heart is eaten out by Keziah Mason's familiar, Brown Jenkin.

1928 (June): Prof. Wilmarth receives a phonograph recording from Vermont. The recording contains the voices of the mi-go.

1928 (August 3, Tuesday): Wilbur Whateley attempts to steal Miskatonic's *Necronomicon* but is killed by the school's watchdog.

1928 (September 2, Sunday): After nearly a month's work, Armitage succeeds in translating the first complete passage from Wilbur Whateley's annals.

1928 (September 3): Armitage reads all day.

1928 (September 4): Morgan and Rice visit Armitage and he tells them something terrible. They leave pale and shaken.

1928 (September 5): Wilmarth receives a warning from his Vermont correspondent, Akeley. "Look out for yourself too," is part of the message.

1928 (September 9, Sunday): The Dunwich Horror is spotted for the first time by Luther Brown, a hired boy of George Corey's, who was walking the cows to pasture. Sally Sawyer's son, Chauncey, later discovers that the Whateley house is destroyed, as though it had been exploded from the inside. The first wounded cows, belonging to Seth Bishop, are discovered.

1928 (September 11): The Horror attacks Elmer Frye's farm, destroying his barn and three-quarters of his cattle.

1928 (September 13, Thursday): The Dunwich Horror wipes out the Elmer Frye family at 3 A.M.

1928 (September 13): After a short visit with his "friend" Akeley, Wilmarth escapes the Vermont farmhouse in terror of what he has learned.

1928 (September 14, Friday): Armitage, Rice, and Morgan set out for Dunwich by motor. They soon learn of the destruction of the Frye farm and discover that five state policeman are apparently missing. That night Seth Bishop, Sally Sawyer, and her son Chauncey are all destroyed by the Horror.

1928 (September 15): Armitage, Rice, and Morgan destroy the Dunwich Horror atop Sentinel Hill.

1928 (October 7): While on a visit to Arkham, Randolph Carter mysteriously disappears. His abandoned auto is discovered parked at the foot of Elm Mountain.

1928: Probable year in which Edward Derby and Asenath Waite marry.

1930 (September 2): The Miskatonic University expedition to the Antarctic, sponsored by the Nathaniel Pickman Derby Foundation, leaves Boston harbor aboard the brig *Arkham* and the barque *Miskatonic*.

1930 (October 20): Miskatonic's expedition reaches the Antarctic Circle.

1931 (January 24): Atwood and Lake fall victim to the horrors in Antarctica.

1931 (March): A gale destroys the roof of Arkham's now-deserted Witch House.

1935: Miskatonic's expedition to the western Australia desert begins.

After the Civil War, Miskatonic College became a full-fledged university. Gas street-lighting was nearly complete by 1870. Visitors were frequent enough that a cab service existed, working out of the rail depot. In 1873, Arkham created a municipal police after members of a then-illegal fraternity got drunk at Doc Howard's Bar and sparked a riot that damaged many shops and stores along Church Street. A law was soon after passed limiting the proximity of taverns in the campus area.

In 1882, a strange meteorite landed west of Arkham, on a farm belonging to Nahum Gardner. Professors from the university investigated the meteorite but were unable to learn its true nature. In the end, the Gardner family succumbed to a strange disease that eventually left the area barren and scorched.

Unprecedented spring rains in 1888, coupled with offshore storms that drove the sea up the Miskatonic's estuary, swelled the river far over its banks. The worst flooding ever recorded in Arkham caused extensive damage to the riverside mills. Southwestern Arkham, as far as part of the University campus, was inundated, damaging the basement archives of the library and destroying irreplaceable acquisitions.

In the next years, new concrete drains and levees eased the danger of a second killer flood. A little later, trolley lines were installed, and the first homes turned from gas light to electricity. Telephone lines appeared. Before the end of the century, a public sanitary water system was completed.

As though to spite these efforts, in 1905 a terrible typhoid epidemic swept Arkham, killing many in the sudden plague. Among the many victims was Dr. Allen Halsey, then dean of the Miskatonic School of Medicine and a public benefactor loved by all. A statue to his memory was erected on campus and presently overlooks the town he loved.

Arkham's textile mills never fully recovered from the flood of 1888. New England had lost much of the trade to the South; most of Arkham's firms, underinsured against the disaster, never reopened.

In the Great War, Arkham gave its share; a bronze plaque at City Hall and a Commons bronze doughboy commemorates those who fell.

The economic boom in the 1920s passed by most of New England, whose industrial base was by now in rapid decline, but reached Arkham by way of the university. Town and school became inextricably linked. Many Arkham shops cater greatly or exclusively to the needs of the university community. In 1928, the school is the heart of the town's economy. Its administrators and faculty form part of the newest of Arkham's aristocracies.

Arkham Today

THOUGH NEW ENGLAND'S fortunes declined after the Great War, local survey shows that 83% of Arkham homeowners possess electric irons, 77% have gas or electric washing machines, and 51% have or plan to purchase vacuum cleaners. Nearly 50% of Arkham families own at least one automobile, and merchants complain of those who park their machines in front of shops all day.

The interurban trolleys that once linked Arkham, Ipswich, Kingsport, Bolton, and Salem have been abandoned with the coming of the automobile. A bus line has recently re-established some of these routes.

Problems persistently arise between town and university. At present, the cost of campus police protection is being debated. The university's young president, Dr. Wainscott, has dared to enter the controversy by running for mayor. Even if the election in November goes to the university, the perennial struggle for power between town and university will not end.

Though there is no boom, the new construction of apartment buildings, university buildings, and filling stations attests to general prosperity. However, much of this construction slows or dies after the stock market crash in 1929. Arkham feels the effects much less than other towns in the area, but it is hurt. Most of Arkham's industries, employers of the poorer classes, lay off workers, and more than a few close their doors forever. ◆◆

A Guide to Arkham

Important, exemplary and curious locations in the town of Arkham and environs, with notes; particular inhabitants are described and pictured, and pertinent statistics for them supplied

ARKHAM HAS nine neighborhoods. Beginning north of the Miskatonic with the Northside, those neighborhoods in this guide are numbered 100–300, left to right across the town: south of the river, neighborhoods 400–900 are treated similarly. Each neighborhood has its own section in this guide

Neighborhood maps may be subdivided into two map areas occurring on separate pages. This does not affect the consecutiveness of the printed entries.

Every town entry in the "Guide To Arkham" has been assigned a three-digit number: the first digit indicates in which of the nine neighborhoods the reference can be found. The succeeding digits are the index number for the particular building, business, residence, or location. Thus entry reference 202 is found in the Downtown area, neighborhood 2, as the second entry listed for that neighborhood. Entries are ordered not by consecutive street address, but by an arbitrary entry number.

After all town entries, a tenth section, Outskirts, numbered 1001–1015 discusses points of interest beyond the town.

No attempt has been made to populate the entire town. Though of absorbing interest to scholars, Arkham is on the whole an unexceptional small university town, rightly regarding itself as ordinary and as a cut above average. As home, or as a place to visit, Arkham must be able to grow and to change. No two campaign-Arkhams can or should be identical in details.

Finding an Address

As recently adopted by the selectmen, Arkham possesses a systematic house-numbering system. Beginning at the intersection of Main and Garrison. Blocks have been numbered in ascending 100s, in the four cardinal directions.

Larger blocks such as College and Pickman Streets west of Garrison count as four blocks in the scheme. Traveling as the house numbers ascend,

Location Numbers

Arkham locations described on the following pages are identified and organized by a three-digit **Location Number**. The first digit identifies the neighborhood; the second and third digits the specific location. Not every building or place in a neighborhood is described; there is plenty of room in Arkham for keeper ingenuity and invention. Entries for personalities, items, and events may contain a parenthesized Location Number — that place most important or relevant to the entry.

even-numbered addresses occur to the right, and odd-numbered addresses to the left.

Thus Albert N. Wilmarth's house at 118 W. Saltonstall Avenue is found on the north side of the street, facing south and near the corner of Garrison. Addresses followed by 110 Walnut, for example, may indicate separate second-floor apartments or offices.

Some streets, such as Walnut, which occur only in one quadrant of town do not bear the mostly-ubiquitous N/S/E/W prefix.

Twists and turns sometimes throw, the numbers awry, as will new structures or additions. Addresses located on courts or alleys can also make street numbers confusing.

Alleys, with the exception of Orne's Gangway, are not noted on the maps and are left to the keeper's discretion. Typically alleys are numerous, twisting, badly lighted or pitch-black, and uninviting.

NEIGHBORHOOD 1

Northside

The ground in this part of town slopes up more or less steadily from the river until cresting along Derby Street.

Derby and Curwen Streets, particularly near the intersection of Brown and Jenkin, boast a number of large Georgian, Classical, and Victorian mansions. Most have large yards, often enclosed by stone walls, and iron gates; estates along the north side of Derby may have extensive grounds.

South of Curwen Street begins a commercial and financial area containing many professional offices. Landmarks include the seven-story Tower Professional Building, the Boston & Maine rail station, and Arkham's two newspapers, the *Gazette* and the *Advertiser*.

Along High Lane, stretching north out of town, is a small industrial strip home to a few, small factories, but in part abandoned.

101

PUMP HOUSE AND WATER TOWER

560 W Derby Street

This pumping station pulls water out of the Miskatonic, filters it (though it does not purify it), and pumps it to a high storage tower nearby. The gravity feed from the tower ensures decent water pressure for the entire town. The pump house is manned at all times.

Over sixty feet high, the tower overlooks the town. Iron rungs are attached to one of the legs and lead up to a narrow catwalk that encircles the storage tank. From this vantage point the entire town of Arkham can be viewed. The tower also acts as an emergency reserve in case the pumps break down.

Public health officials declare that purer water is needed, and engineers emphasize that the town has outstripped its present supplies, and that a reserve of less than 100,000 gallons is dangerously insufficient. The proposed reservoir west of town would solve Arkham's water problems.

102

POTTER'S FIELD

945 N Garrison Street

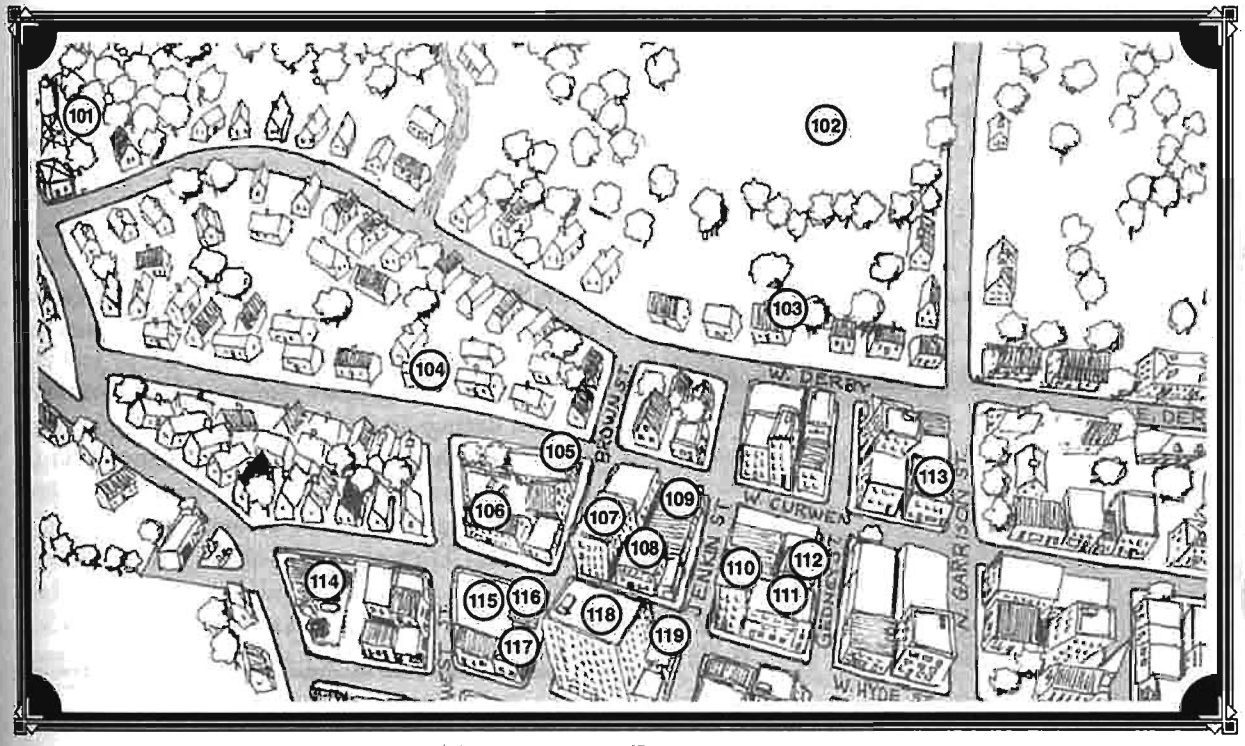
The traditional resting place of indigents, transients, and those without friends or next of kin. Herbert West made use of Potter's Field when conducting his reanimation experiments. Ghouls inhabit the place.

103

BARTHOLEMEW APPLEY IV

100 W Derby Street

Appley, 36, lives in a fancy house on West Derby Street, where he throws huge parties every Saturday night. When he is dry — a rare event — he complains of a hangover and prepares for another binge.



Northside, Section A

Those who attend his parties eat the best food and drink the best Canadian whiskeys, and always show up for more. Police and neighbors shake their heads but don't intervene, since Appley so far has taken care of himself.

Annoyingly, he habitually hops in a car whenever he notices one with the keys left in, and drives it off with enthusiasm. (His neighbors all now know to take out their keys and lock their car doors.) When he's done with a borrowed car, he turns it off and wanders away, blocks from his home or perhaps miles from town. His chums now call him Mr. Toad, after the character in *The Wind and the Willows.*

Appley did not always drink. His problem started four years ago, after his father died. He was paying his respects at the family crypt when he heard strange scrabbling noises from inside. He stepped inside and found a pack of ghouls fighting over his father's remains. A weak man, he ran home and drank to forget.

Bartholemew Appley, Dilettante

STR 13	CON 09	SIZ 13	INT 15	POW 09
DEX 07	APP 12	EDU 18	SAN 14	HP 11

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: none

Skills: Anthropology 30%, Credit Rating 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 3%, Drive Automobile 5%, Fall Down Without Damage 80%, History 60%, Latin 20%, Library Use 50%, Sing 3%.

{d20 STATS: page 212}

104

LABAN SHREWSBURY

498 (formerly 493) W Curwen Street

Home of Dr. Laban Shrewsbury the noted anthropologist. Dr. Shrewsbury disappeared in 1915. The house is kept locked and the taxes and insurance paid from Shrewsbury's estate by attorney E. E. Saltonstall, who also keeps the keys for the place.

Useful books and manuscripts exist in Shrewsbury's library: a second handwritten copy of the *Celaeno Fragments,* identical to the one deposited at the Miskatonic University Library, copies of the *Sussex Manuscript, Zanthu Tablets,* and the *Eltdown Shards* as well as copies of his own books, *Cthulhu in the Necronomicon* and *An Investigation into Myth Patterns of Latter-Day Primitives with Especial Reference to the R'lyeh Text* (see the Miskatonic University Library for details).

Stashed in a locked desk drawer is a full translation of the *R'lyeh Text,* transcribed in code. Those lacking experience in Cryptography cannot decipher it.

Although he disappeared in 1915, Shrewsbury is actually in Celaeno, studying the forbidden books and manuscripts contained in that gigantic library.

Shrewsbury is elderly, with bushy eyebrows and longish white hair. He has a firm, almost prognathous jaw and a Roman nose. He always wears opaque black glasses equipped with side shields. His eyes are gone, leaving only the blackened pits of the empty sockets. Seeing the empty sockets may, at the keeper's option, cost 0/1D3 points SAN.



Laban Shrewsbury

He is expert in extinct, prehuman languages, and has some knowledge of explosives.

Dr. Laban Shrewsbury

STR 13	**CON** 14	**SIZ** 13	**INT** 20	**POW** 21
DEX 12	**APP** 09	**EDU** 21	**SAN** 44	**HP** 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: none

Spells: Brew Space-Mead, Perceive Text (new spell, see sidebar), Summon/Bind Byakhee

Skills: Anthropology 85%, Archaeology 70%, Astronomy 34%, Bargain 65%, Botany 32%, Chemistry 15%, Cthulhu Mythos 32%, Dodge 44%, Geology 21%, Hide 40%, History 43%, Library Use 90%, Linguist 55%, Listen 95%, Navigate 45%, Occult 80%, Persuade 45%, Pharmacy 35%, Psychology 55%, Spot Hidden 75%, Zoology 25%.

Languages: English 75%, French 91%, Latin 92%.

{d20 STATS: page 213}

A NEW SPELL

Perceive Text

Allows the caster to read writing in the dark, or to read when blind. The caster must know how to interpret the symbols to begin with: this spell does not teach languages. The writing appears plainly before the caster, the words seemingly graven in space. An ordinary hand motion turns the page or rolls out the scroll.

The spell requires 1 magic point per 6 hours or fraction thereof of reading, and for the caster to be touching the desired book or other unit of writing. To read a new book requires a new Perceive Text to be cast, and the spell may be recast until magic points are exhausted.

Learning Perceive Text costs 1 Sanity point. Use of this spell requires no Sanity points.

105

MASONIC LODGE

679 Brown Street

A practical 'mystic society' for men only, more dedicated to rational thinking and professional contacts than airy dreams. Membership is $65 a year, by invitation only. A member may **add a momentary 25 points to his Credit Rating** (a +5 circumstance bonus to any Diplomacy checks) when someone responds to the secret handshake. In Arkham, a professional or businessman has a 25% chance of being a Mason.

106

JENKIN PUBLIC SCHOOL

488 W Hyde Street

Grades 1–8 meet here from the first Monday in September till the last Friday of May.

107

GUARDIAN APARTMENTS

622 Brown Street

Built in 1925, it's four stories tall. Three-room apartments rent for $60 per month and are spacious and comfortable. Maintenance is good. Each apartment has hot and cold running water, a bathtub, a kitchen sink, an icebox, and a four-burner gas stove with oven.

Professor Shalad (611) of Miskatonic's Oriental Studies department resides here.

108

ARKHAM GAZETTE

350 W Hyde Street

Arkham's first newspaper, the *Gazette* was established in 1806 by Aaron Crane, its first editor and publisher. It began daily publication in 1894; before then it was a fat weekly. It is still owned by the Crane family; Michael

Crane, 62 years old, is managing editor, though he does little more these days than read the mail and curse his rival publisher, Harvey Gedney.

The *Gazette* is published at 3 A.M. six mornings a week; Sunday papers are run Saturday afternoon at 2 P.M. and distributed that evening. Though it has happened five times since 1900, it takes a big event for a *Gazette* special edition.

Issues currently cost 4 cents, since it's a bigger paper than the *Advertiser*, publishing about 20% more text daily than its Arkham rival. Sunday issues cost 7 cents.

Of the two Arkham newspapers, the *Gazette* is the more conservative, featuring town and valley news to the virtual exclusion of international events. It is especially notable for its large number of county correspondents who report family visits and other crossroads events. It has never missed an edition in 122 years of publishing. Crane has been more protective of area businessmen, notables, and old families, and they have reward his concern with larger display ads and longer subscriptions.

Stored in the basement is a complete collection of *Gazettes*— at the keeper's option, a small portion might be missing. This collection is priceless, since no other exists. Beginning in the 1880s, issues were printed on acid processed paper, and these later years have become more fragile. Access to these archives is grudging.

Gazette office hours are 8 A.M.–5 P.M., Monday-Friday, and 8 A.M.–NOON on Saturday.

WILLARD PECK



Willard Peck

The Gazette's chief reporter, 44 years old. Peck's family is of long standing in Arkham, and his connections are excellent. He preserves his contacts by wise discretion: he knows much more about Arkham than he would ever consider using in published stories. He is not a stooge for wrongdoers: he honestly respects the citizens of Arkham and will protect the least of them from scandal until his duty to the contrary becomes clear.

Willard Peck, *Gazette* Reporter

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

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: none

Skills: Bargain 65%, Cast Trout Fly 40%, Credit Rating 65%, Drive Automobile 45%, English 75%, Fast Talk 15%, Library Use 45%, Persuade 65%, Photography 15%, Psychology 55%, Spot Hidden 65%, Wear Tweeds 47%.

{d20 STATS: page 213}

109

MANLEY THEATRE

670 Gedney Street

The Manley shows a few movies and a bit of vaudeville, but prides itself on being a legitimate stage. The Arkham Amateur Theatre players pay a major portion of the rent (the season begins rehearsals in February and lasts through August), as do Mrs. Turner's University Players (see entry 615), who schedule performances throughout the school year.

ARKHAM AMATEUR THEATRE COMPANY

The company rehearses and performs in the Manley Theatre. Their last production was Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie," starring Elizabeth Peabody.

Investigators inclined to strut the boards find it inexpensive to join (a $20 initiation fee and $10 annual dues). Hours can occasionally be long. Cast parties at the end of a production are reputedly wild.

After the first year of membership, providing the investigator has performed on stage and is undergoing no other training, he or she may **add 1D6 percentiles each to Persuade and to Fast Talk skills.** Further yearly increases can occur, but a player must roll D100 equal to his or her investigator's present skill or higher to qualify for them. {Investigators wishing to train or improve their Charismatic skills as they gain a new level may join and perform with the cast.}

Members who perform stage crew work may choose to raise either **Mechanical Repair or Electrical Repair** once yearly, in the same manner as the Persuade or Fast Talk. {Investigators who wish to study the mechanical, and technical arts, (basically, any Craft skill, and possibly basic Demolitions/Pyrotechnics if the keeper permits) may join the stage crew.}

110

JEDEDIAH MARSH & Assoc.

622 Gedney Street

A highly reputable firm with both legal and accounting branches, specializing in New England genealogies, burials, cargo salvages, tax records, title searches, etc. They are especially familiar with the Miskatonic Valley, including Innsmouth, Aylesbury, and Newburyport, and are well known in New England.

Their fees are reasonable, but they delay outside work in favor of their retainer clients. They undertake ordinary historical or legal researches for $5.00 hourly, with an 80% chance of successful completion.

111

ARKHAM LOAN AGENCY

621 N Garrison Street

This tiny establishment specializes in higher-risk loans, or other sorts of loans that the local banks will not place. Accordingly, interest rates are higher. They are quick to repossess. Meetings are by appointment only. Use the following base rates to figure the chance for a loan: auto 30%, personal 25%, commercial 25%, home mortgage 20% {the following are Base DCs for various loans: Personal 15; Auto 14; Commercial 15; Home Mortgage 16}.

112

TERRACE BUILDING

611 Gedney Street

This four-story building, only ten years old, offers rooms for $45 a month. It is a decent place to live, though not as well fitted as the Guardian Apartments, for instance. Baths are shared. One tenant is a professional psychic and medium.

GERRHARDT WVINCH

A 33-year-old native of Germany, Wvinch is tall, strong, and wears his silver-blond hair long and brushed straight back, a matter of much comment by the neighbors. In Germany, Wvinch fell from a ladder and sustained a serious head wound. Recovering, he found he had gained a talent as a medium.



Gerhardt Wyvinch

Provided with a personal item of the deceased, he is usually able to contact the spirit. If he fails in 1D3 sessions to make the contact, he is never able to. Sessions are always at least a week apart. Normal fee is $20 per session.

Wvinch's occult library is in some respects more inclusive than Miskatonic University's. It contains a copy of the *Zanthu Tablets*. Investigators friendly with Wvinch get the use of his library.

Special Ability: Contact The Dead 75%. {Medium, and Psychometry feats}

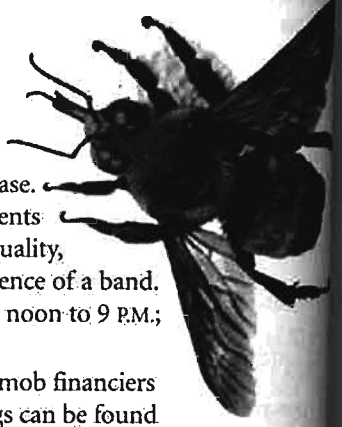
113

THE SPEAKEASY

721 N Garrison Street

This clandestine tavern is for respectable Arkham residents; laborers and other rowdy types are not admitted, and that and its quasi-respectable business hours explains in great part why the community tolerates it. The speakeasy pays a small stipend to the regular beat patrolmen, but the police know it exists; they also tolerate it because it never causes them trouble.

Enter it down unmarked basement stairs. The doorman opens a window in the door and decides who can enter.



Sam always admits strangers accompanied by a regular patron.

Established regulars come and go as they please. Expect to spend 25-75 cents a drink, depending on quality, availability, and the presence of a band. Business hours are from noon to 9 P.M.; closed Sundays.

O'Bannion's Boston mob financiers own the place; local thugs can be found there regularly.

SAM AND DAN

A large man named Sam takes care of the door, while Dan tends bar. Neither Sam nor Dan carry guns; the mob is expected to provide protection, though Dan keeps a weapon down behind the bar. Small jazz bands sometimes enliven Friday and Saturday nights. Whores are kept out; sleazy customers are told righteously to "go to Bolton — Arkham's for decent people."

Sam the Doorman

STR 17	CON 18	SIZ 18
INT 12	POW 10	DEX 11
APP 10	EDU 09	SAN 45
HP 18		

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Fist/punch 75%, damage 1D3+1D6
Head Butt 70%, damage 1D4+1D6
Kick 55%, damage 1D6+1D6
Grapple 95%, damage special
Small Club 90%, damage 1D6+1D6.

{d20 STATS: page 213}

Dan the Bartender

STR 16	CON 17	SIZ 16
INT 13	POW 12	DEX 13
APP 14	EDU 11	SAN 55
HP 16		

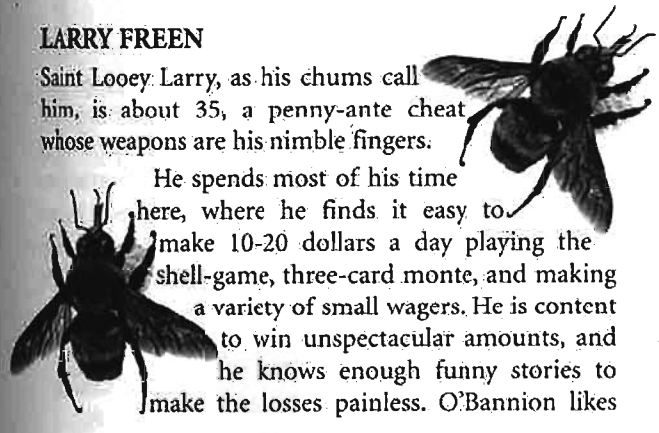
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4
Grapple 55%, damage special
Whisky Bottle 75%, damage 1D4+1D4 (impale possible)
Sawed-Off 12-Gauge 2-Barreled Shotgun 60%, damage 4D6/1D6/0 at 5-yards/5-10 yards/10+ yards.

{d20 STATS: page 213}

LARRY FREEN

Saint Looey Larry, as his chums call him, is about 35, a penny-ante cheat whose weapons are his nimble fingers.



He spends most of his time here, where he finds it easy to make 10-20 dollars a day playing the shell-game, three-card monte, and making a variety of small wagers. He is content to win unspectacular amounts, and he knows enough funny stories to make the losses painless. O'Bannion likes him because Freen knows so many anti-Italian jokes. Sometimes Freen employs a shill in his games, a possible job for an investigator.

Freen usually wears a nondescript gray suit and a gray fedora propped back on his forehead. He is tall, skinny, and is always smiling the same plastic grin and chewing the same big stick of gum.

Larry (St. Looey) Freen

STR 13	CON 13	SIZ 11	INT 14	POW 14
DEX 17	APP 14	EDU 06	SAN 67	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3

Skills: Credit Rating 16%, Dodge 50%, Fast Talk 60%, Persuade 20%, Pick Pocket 40%, Sleight of Hand 80%, Spot Hidden 45%, Spot Mark 70%.

{d20 STATS: page 213}

114

ARKHAM FUEL & COAL CO.

562 High Lane

Bulk coal and fuel oil delivered or you haul it away. Open 8 A.M.–5 P.M., Monday-Friday.

115

CONSTRUCTION SITE

570 N. West Street

Bulldozers and steam shovels grind around this lot. At the perimeter of a large excavation, foundations are being poured for a new four-story apartment building. Builders optimistically tout a May opening, but most Arkhamites are betting they'll be lucky to be ready for the University's fall semester.

116

HARDING HOUSE

561 Brown Street

A middle-priced boarding house run by William and Grace Harding. Open respectable hours. Rooms go for $75 a month but the landlords are notoriously crabby

and rule-bound. The nearby construction site is currently noisy.

GEORGE LILLIBRIDGE

This boarder is 28 years old and a top-notch surveyor. Acquainted with early New England land records and surveys, he can decipher ancient land plots, and approximate the locations of vanished structures, graveyards, and roads. He will soon be quite busy with a contract by the state of Massachusetts. He has been abruptly hired to lead the survey for the proposed reservoir west of Arkham. The former surveyor, a reputable Bostonian, quit the assignment after a visit to the area, known locally as the Blasted Heath. Lillibridge has not yet begun work there.

Special Skills: Locate Land Records 85%, Locate Forgotten Site 90% (Research +14, Search +14).

117

TARANOWSKI'S BAKERY

511 Brown Street

The best in town. Taranowski opened this first shop on the north side five years ago, shortly after coming to Arkham.

He soon opened a second shop near campus. Delicious. Open 4:30 A.M. to 3 P.M., Monday-Saturday; closed Thursday.

118

TOWER PROFESSIONAL BUILDING

350 W Armitage Street

This seven-story office building is one of the tallest structures in town. It has two six-person elevators, front and back stairs, and two fire escapes. It houses a number of different professional offices. A watchman, 67-year-old Sawyer Lyman, patrols it at night. There are four suites per floor; 1D4+3 suites in the building are unoccupied.

DR. EPHRAIM SPRAGUE, SUITE 1A

This Arkham-born physician is 42 and owns a moderately successful practice. For the last two years he has also been Essex County's medical examiner for Arkham, taking up such responsibilities when the County Coroner is unavailable. As one might guess, 1928 proves to be a banner year for this part of his income. Dr. Sprague purchased his practice from the estate of an aging M.D. who died mysteriously during a late-night autopsy.

DR. G.R. FELDMAN, DENTIST, SUITE 1B

Besides performing fillings and extractions, he is a competent oral surgeon who does emergency reconstructive work without needing to refer to a Boston specialist. He uses the controversial-to-some gas anesthetics, always in the company of a nurse, and keeps ample supplies of nitrous oxide in his storeroom.

GEDNEY & BROWN BROKERS, SUITE 2A

Scions of these two longtime Arkham families have operated this brokerage for 12 years. The market has been strong for most of the decade, and business is profitable. They've reinvested most of the profits in the market, unfortunately: when the crash comes next year the brokerage is wiped out and James Gedney, 38, commits suicide the next day by jumping from the Tower Professional Building roof. Gordon Brown keeps his nerve and later holds an important command in WWII.

MANTON & MANTON, REAL ESTATE, SUITE 2B

Buying and selling property in rural New England can be a slow business. The university generates some activity, but much of the Manton income derives from work done as property managers and factotums. Their most recent sale was of Crowninshield Manor to Edward Derby and his bride, the former Asenath Waite.

STIGLEITZ & SON, SUITE 3A

Elliot Stigleitz, 48, and his son Michael, 23, will be happy to sell you life, home, auto, and commercial property insurance. They do not underwrite business ventures, freight shipments, or sea voyages.

EDWIN CASSIDY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, STE 4A

He is 28, a bright young Harvard graduate who has inherited a second-uncle's declining practice and will attempt to improve it for the next few years despite the indifference and downright hostility of his straight-necked New England neighbors. He and crotchety Judge Keezar Randall of the municipal court do not get along; **add 10 percentiles to the chance for failure** if he deals with Judge Randall (he suffers a –2 to all Charisma-based skills).

Special skills: Law 60%, Library Use 65%, Persuade 68% (Diplomacy +8, Knowledge (Law) +8, Research +5).

DR. ALLEN TURNER, M.D., SUITE 5A

Now 59 years old, and semi-retired, Dr. Turner has taken an interest in psychoanalysis, a fashionable treatment for neurotic disorders, and has quietly begun an experimental practice in it — "quietly" because few Arkhamites believe that anything having to do sexual fantasy, identity, or perception can be much above gutter talk. He depends entirely for patients upon references from a handful of Boston-area physicians.

Special Skill: Psychoanalysis 35% {Psychoanalysis +7}.

119

MISS CHRISTIAN'S SCHOOL FOR MODERN WOMEN

577 Jenkin Street

Teaches elocution to women only, and in effect functions as a feminist assertiveness school. Initial classes costs a mere $12 and last three hours a week for four weeks, after which an investigator may add 1D2 points to Art (Lecture), Fast Talk, or Persuade, to a maximum of 50% in the skill. This course is not repeatable.

Six-month-long classes at $125 each raise the student's choice of Art (Lecture), Fast Talk, or Persuade by 1D6 points, to a maximum of 50% per skill. Oratory classes (teaches Art (Lecture)) available Tuesday evenings, 6:30 P.M. to 9:00 P.M. Debate classes (for Fast Talk or Persuade) are available Thursday evenings, during the same hours. {d20 Keeper's Option: +1 rank to Diplomacy or to Performance (Oratory) per six months to a maximum of 10 skill ranks}.

120

HARDWICKE'S STAMPS & COINS

561 Jenkin Street

Mr. Hardwicke is expert in North American coins and stamps, and a sound historian of New England to boot. He deals his rarities mostly by mail. He's always eager to buy collections. He belongs to the Arkham Historical Society.

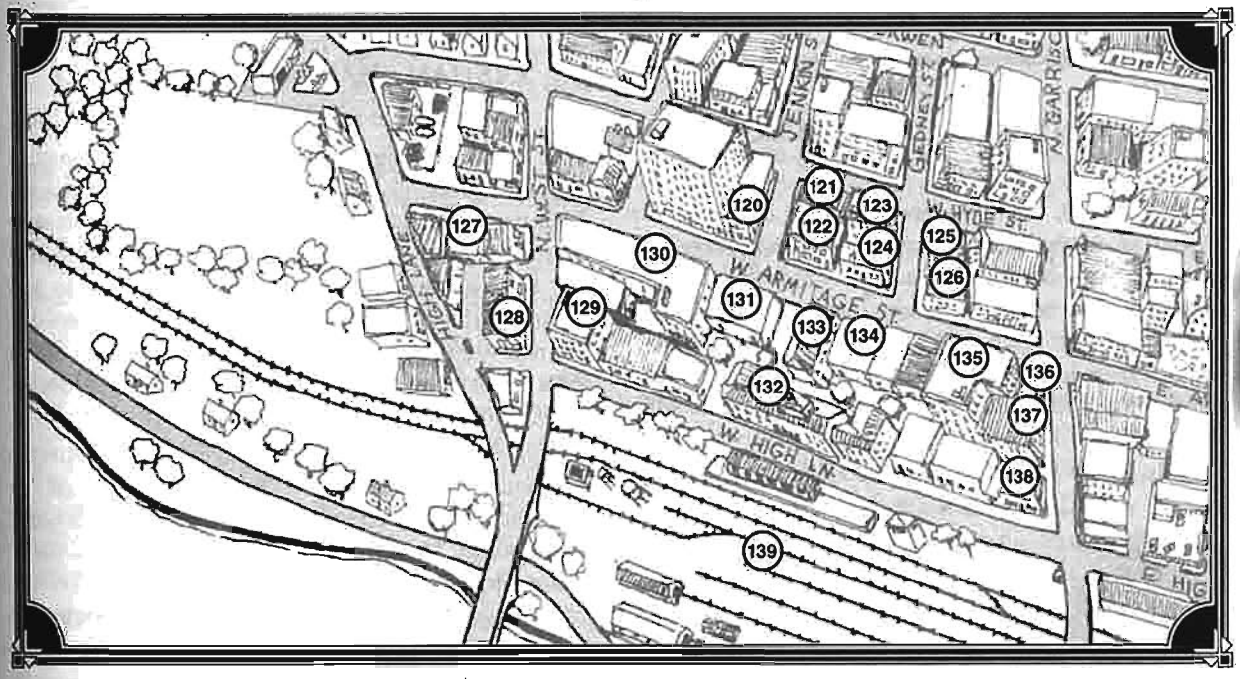
Special Skills: Appraise North American Stamp/Coin 85%, New England History 70% {Appraise +8, Knowledge: History +6}.

121

J. J. ABBOTT, TAXIDERMIST

588 Jenkin Street

Out of the corners of his eyes, around his wire-rim glasses, the mild-mannered Abbott surreptitiously examines his clients, imagining them stripped and



Northside, Section B

armatured to pedestals. Abbott enjoys his work, whatever he mounts.

Special skills: Skin 84%, Sew 87%, Stuff 78% {Craft: Taxidermy +8}.

122

WORLDWIDE CLIPPING SERVICE

520 Jenkin Street

Located between the *Advertiser* and the *Gazette*, for $1.50 a week Worldwide keeps an eye on the two local papers and selected papers from Boston and New York, clipping items concerning a specified interest. For $4 a week and up, they'll make national and international searches. Each specified topic requires separate payment.

123

UPTOWN LAUNDRY

565 Gedney Street

The shop has laundry and dry-cleaning services; pants can be pressed while you wait; shirts always return heavily starched.

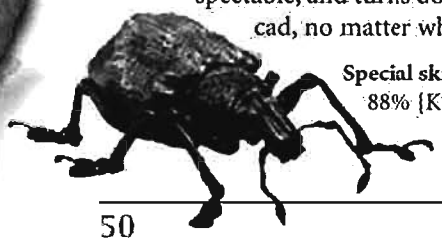
124

E. E. SALTONSTALL, AND ASSOC.

511 Gedney Street

With his staff, this venerable lawyer occupies the Saltonstall ancestral home on W. Saltonstall Street; he wears high stiff collars and black suits, as befits a man of substance. He has exceptional influence with Judge Randall: as Saltonstall wishes, **add or subtract 20 percentiles from any D100 roll** {investigators receive either +2 or –2 to any charisma based checks} concerning Saltonstall and Randall's court.

Saltonstall accepts as clients only the most respectable, and turns down any man he feels is a cad, no matter what the fee.



Special skill: (Saltonstall Sr.): Law 88% {Knowledge (Law) +17}.

125

RARE BOOKS AND MAPS

588 Gedney Street

This shop is too expensive for most locals. Like Hardwicke's stamp and coin business, the majority of Edwin Tillinghast's trade is done by mail. Valuable books and maps are not on display. Students rarely frequent this place, though people like Stuart Portman and Edward Derby do. Original editions of Mather's works, and holographs by Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and others are among the many gems of Tillinghast's collection. He is strong in 15th-16th century Dutch, Portuguese, Spanish, French, and English charts, and in Colonial-era coastal sailing guides.

Those who express an interest in esoterica are offered a splendid edition of *Cultes des Goules* for a mere $750.

Tillinghast belongs to the Arkham Historical Society and has a lively interest in New England and Western European history.

Special skills: Appraise Books 85%, Arkham History 70%, Library Use 65% {Appraise +13, Knowledge: History +12, Research +12}.

126

ARKHAM CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

520 Gedney Street

This business organization is dedicated to the protection and growth of town business, trade, and finance. Membership costs $50 a year, and the member must be a property-owner. Membership increases **Credit Rating by 1D6 percentiles** {a +1 morale bonus to any Charisma-based checks made against locals}, and has no real requirements, except that the member runs a 10% risk each month of serving on a charity or special-project committee.

Election to the Chamber's governing board requires a minimum **Credit Rating of 50%** {at least 10 ranks in Diplomacy}, and a commitment of 16 hours to the board each month. Membership on the board increases **Credit Rating by 1D10+6** {additional +2 bonus to Charisma based skills}, after three months of successful service.

At present, the governing board is split. Should it invite new industry to Arkham, or should the town be

content to remain a center for the university and the surrounding countryside?

127

ARKHAM BALER COMPANY

523 W Armitage Street

Founded in 1872, Arkham Baler presently flounders near bankruptcy. The company boomed during the World War. They now employ twelve people, mostly manufacturing and shipping replacement parts. The majority of the plant has already been sold. The company disappears in 1930.

128

ARKHAM BUS LINE

411 N West Street

Compared to the train, the ride is slower, bumpier, and, in the winter or rainy months, occasionally hazardous, but the bus can stop almost anywhere.

Salem/Boston: Monday through Saturday, except holidays. The fare to Boston is $1.45, to Salem 35 cents. The coach leaves Arkham at 7:15 and 9:30 A.M., and 12:30, 4:30, and 7:30 P.M., respectively. The bus arrives in Salem 15 minute's later, stops for five minutes, and then continues on to Boston. It arrives in Boston at 8:30 and 10:45 A.M., and 1:45, 5:45, and 8:45 P.M. From Boston, daily departures for Salem and Arkham occur at 9:00 and 11:15 A.M., and at 2:15, 6:15, and 9:15 P.M.

Kingsport: Monday through Saturday, except holidays. Fare is 25 cents one-way. It departs Arkham at 9:15 A.M. and 12:15, 3:15, and 7:15 P.M., respectively. The trip takes 20 minutes. Departures from Kingsport occur at 9:55 A.M., and at 12:55, 3:55, and 7:55 P.M., respectively.

Dean's Corners/Aylesbury: Monday, Wednesday, and Friday only; no holiday schedules. Dean's Corners costs $3.50 and Aylesbury $3.75. Departs Arkham at 10:30 A.M., arriving in Dean's Corners at 1:15 P.M. After a five-minute stopover, it arrives in Aylesbury at 1:45 P.M. The return trip to Arkham begins at 2:00 P.M., reaches Dean's Comers at 2:00 P.M., and returns to Arkham at 5:15 P.M.

Ipswich/Newburyport: Monday-Friday, except holidays. Buses leave Arkham at 10:00 A.M. and 2:00 P.M. Ipswich costs 75 and Newburyport 95 cents. Buses arrive in Ipswich at 10:15 A.M. and 2:15 P.M., wait 15 minutes, and then arrive in Newburyport 11:25 A.M. and 3:25 P.M., respectively. Return trips to Arkham depart Newburyport at 12 NOON and 4:00 P.M., stopping at Ipswich at 12:55 and 4:55 P.M., and reach Arkham at 1:25 and 5:25 P.M. This is the company's newest line, established only last month.

129

BORDEN ARMS

488 W High Lane

A cheap hotel for transients, failures, and worse: rooms are 90 cents a night, and the operators and clientele alike are often no better than they ought to be.

ALEX HEARNE

A street thug, he hangs out in back alleys waiting for someone to walk by then he strikes, leaping out of his hiding place and knocking out and robbing his victim. He currently skulks in poor parts of town where the police patrol less frequently.

He hasn't killed anybody yet, but he might. Alex's methods are none too subtle; he may be caught soon by the Arkham police.

Alex Hearne, Age 24

STR 15	**CON** 15	**SIZ** 16	**INT** 09	**POW** 09
DEX 12	**APP** 08	**EDU** 07	**SAN** 37	**HP** 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+1D4
Prybar 60%, 1D8+1D4
Knife 65%, 1D4+2+1D4

Skills: Camouflage 30%, Dodge 35%, Fast Talk 25%, Hide 40%, Jump 30%, Psychology 10%, Sneak 55%, Swim 35%, Throw 40%, Track 15%.

{d20 STATS: page 213}

130

ARKHAM ADVERTISER

389 W Armitage Street

The Arkham *Bulletin*, the forerunner of the *Advertiser*, was first published in 1821. In 1828, the paper changed hands and was renamed the *Miskatonic Valley Gleaner*. The *Gleaner* appeared for four years, then was sold, reappearing as the Arkham *Advertiser*.

The *Advertiser* is the more aggressive of the two Arkham papers, even printing extras and what Gedney calls "five-PMs" for Arkham, when news dictates. The *Advertiser* tends to print more features (especially about technical and scientific wonders, which Gedney favors), comics, and ethnically slanted international news than does the *Gazette*.

Regular office hours are 8 A.M. to 6 P.M., Monday-Friday. Someone is usually in the office or the press-room, even at midnight, but everything closes tight from 10 P.M. Saturday to 8 P.M. Sunday. The regular morning edition runs off at 3 A.M. If news warrants, revised editions — extras — run at 8 A.M., or 11:30 A.M., or 4:30 P.M. These later editions are in small quantity, for local street-sale distribution only. A story is rarely big enough to warrant four editions in one day. Only one edition each appears Saturday and Sunday. The Sunday edition is run and distributed Saturday night. Daily editions cost 3 cents; the Sunday paper costs 7 cents. Special editions are printed for the Fourth of July, Armistice Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter, with as many display ads as Gedney can sell to local businesses.

The publisher and managing editor is 42-year old Harvey Gedney, whose family has owned the paper since 1832. He employs two full-time reporter/editors, a secretary, a linotypist, a caseman, two pressmen, a circulation manager, an advertising manager, and part-time help and correspondents as needed.

Along two walls behind the secretary's desk is a near-complete bound collection of the *Advertiser* since it began publication. Richard Gedney, who first bought the paper, foolishly discarded the *Bulletin* and *Gleaner* years. Some issues can be located at the university's library. Few people are interested in old newspapers, and the staff is always flattered when anyone wants to take a look. Though they would be justifiably furious if someone mutilated a back issue, no one thinks the collection of much value.

ROBERTA HENRY

Though Gedney has a stable of stringers in the Miskatonic Valley, reporter Roberta Henry, just 23 years old, is one of only two full-time reporter/editors on staff. She has worked there for two years. Gedney likes her assertive style and the way she charms nearly everyone, but to her frustration insists on rewriting her stories which may step on too many toes. With his backing, though, she's presently gathering information on bootlegging operations in and around Arkham. The stories hint of police corruption.



Roberta Henry

Roberta Henry, Advertiser Reporter

STR 10	**CON** 14	**SIZ** 10	**INT** 16	**POW** 15
DEX 15	**APP** 15	**EDU** 13	**SAN** 61	**HP** 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: none

Skills: Bargain 35%, Climb 55%, Credit Rating 25%, Dodge 45%, Dress Appropriately 55%, Drive Automobile 60%, Fast Talk 60%, Flatter Dowager 75%, Flirt 70%, Library Use 35%, Listen 40%, Persuade 45%, Photography 15%, Psychology 25%, Spot Hidden 45%, Type 25%.

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131

DESOLATE HIGHWAY CAFÉ

387 W Armitage Street

University intellectuals, émigrés, the smart set, and bohemians with money like the tasty French country-style cooking. The owners, Reid Vandervelden and his partner Josh, occasionally sponsor exhibits or readings, but the attraction here is conversation, posturing, and flirting. Criminals will be bored.

Years ago Edward Derby often read his poetry to acquaintances here, and Derby's friend Justin Geoffrey once delivered "People of the Monolith" to a table of listeners following his return from Hungary, shortly before he went mad.

There is a chessboard available, though none but immigrants play the game. The wide selection of current newspapers is of more interest. A few frequenters have access to opium. Customers known to the management can have wine served surreptitiously with their meals. Open 11:30 A.M. to 1:30 P.M., and from 4:30 to 9:30 P.M., Tuesday–Saturday.

132

B&M TRAIN STATION

298 W High Lane

Passenger trains from Newburyport and points north arrive at 9:00 A.M., noon, and 5 P.M. for Boston, departing ten minutes after the hour. Trains from Boston and

points south arrive at 7:30 and 11:30 A.M., and 5:40 P.M. for the north, departing ten minutes later. Fare for Boston is $2.20, and for Newburyport $1.40. Freight trains are frequent.

Western Union Office: for a fraction of the cost of a long distance telephone call, Western Union can get a telegram to almost anywhere in a matter of hours. Incoming telegrams are delivered by young bicycle messengers, the best of whom is 14-year-old Bobby Ashbourne, who knows every shortcut and every dead-end.

133

COMMERCIAL HOUSE
297 W Armitage Street

Once a tavern popular with students and residents, the present owner has turned it into a dance hall with live jazz bands. As often as possible, the club books the Easttown Five, a black band, or settles for the Arkham Swingtime Band, a student band from the university. If you don't like to dance, don't come. Admission is $1.50 per couple, refreshments extra. As recently ruled by the police, single men and women are not admitted; frequently they meet outside and form temporary couples to evade the restriction. Open Friday-Saturday only, 7 P.M. to midnight, when the police make sure they close.

It's a rare Saturday night at the Commercial House that police don't arrest someone for disorderly conduct, throwing rocks, mopery, or worse.

134

AUNT LUCY'S
237 W Armitage Street

Stools line the long, curving counter of the diner where fried chicken or boiled beef, gravy, limp green beans, and mounds of mashed potatoes are slopped onto heavy white crockery. It's the fast food of the epoch. Tables line one wall, but there is service only at the counter. Lunch, without pie, costs 35 cents. Open 5 A.M. to 6 P.M., Monday-Friday.

135

TILDEN ARMS HOTEL
179 W Armitage Street

A decent hotel charging $2.25 a night and up for room and bath, handy to the train station. It is four stories high. To conserve heat in the winter and preserve order in the summer, the manager has locked all the fire escapes. Oops.

ED DUNLAP

In his early thirties, six feet tall, sandy-haired and healthy looking, Dunlap claims to be a vacuum cleaner salesman from Philadelphia. In truth, Dunlap is an agent of the mi-go and has come to Arkham to keep an eye on Prof. Albert Wilmarth of the university.

Dunlap's luggage holds not vacuum cleaner samples but some of the equipment used in removing and storing living human brains.

Dunlap parks his Studebaker sedan behind the hotel. In the afternoon he sometimes drives north out of town, not returning until well after sunset. He may be meeting mi-go on these jaunts. He also wishes to consult the university's copy of the *Necronomicon* and other rare volumes. At the library he poses as a visiting scholar, Adrian Hennepeck, to gain Armitage's permission to consult the books. The fungi wish to learn how much Wilmarth and Armitage have learned about the Mythos, but do not want to tip off the scholars.

Ed Dunlap, Evil Agent for Interstellar Aliens

STR 13	**CON** 14	**SIZ** 12	**INT** 17	**POW** 15
DEX 14	**APP** 13	**EDU** 20	**SAN** 0	**HP** 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4
Kick 65%, damage 1D6+1D4
Fighting Knife 75%, damage 1D4+2+1D4
.38 Revolver (shoulder holster) 65%, damage 1D10

Skills: Arabic 55%, Bargain 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 22%, Drive Automobile 50%, Electrical Repair 85%, Fast Talk 95%, Greek 58%, Latin 65%, Library Use 75%, Occult 35%, Psychology 45%, Spot Hidden 50%.

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136

NEWSSTAND

SW corner, Armitage and Garrison

Though it's a legitimate newsstand, with papers, magazines, candy, and tobacco, Ernie also peddles underworld information to shady types and the police, and under-the-counter publications of "the kind men like" to more respectable customers.

137

SANDER'S WAX MUSEUM

443 N Garrison Street

It contains all the standard scenes and figures, Caesar and Cleopatra to Lucky Lindy. It sports as well a small chamber of horrors — a guillotining, an iron maiden with piteous occupant, a witch in flames, as well as ten edifying Biblical brutalities.

The exhibits are poorly lit, but impressively life-like and detailed. The museum is regularly open on Saturday and holidays, 1–5 P.M., and for the entire month of August, when Boston folk encamp up and down the valley and cast about for something — anything — to do. Admission is 10 cents.

Pete Sander is more hobbyist than businessman, and earns most of his money as a portrait photographer and sign-painter. At the keeper's option, Sander may have surprising techniques for modeling his figures.

138

GRAFTON DINER

106 W High Lane

Adjacent to the train station, this place does a good business with its 35 cent lunch. Having tried the food, though, local customers tend to go to Lucy's. The Grafton opens at 5 A.M., closes at 7 P.M., seven days a week (except holidays).

The Grafton is the only eating place in town open Sundays. It mostly serves transients or those without facilities to cook. Sunday mornings can be crowded.

139

RAILROAD PROPERTIES

The area astride the tracks and along the river is crowded with sidings, small warehouses, storage sheds, an old water tower, and sided freight cars. Hoboes occasionally put up for a night in the yard, daring railroad guards who are notoriously violent.

NEIGHBORHOOD 2

Downtown

Downtown is hillier than the Northside. Although the ground rises steadily north from the river, there are dips and ridges as it climbs. The town square is the most level part of Downtown.

North of Curwen Street this thickly built neighborhood is mostly residential, and mostly lower class. The houses bordering the common (the town square) on the north and east sides are stately mansions, but the homes behind them, topped with gables and gambrel roofs and built around 1820, are commoner and more crowded together. Arkham Sanitarium was originally a huge Georgian double home built by the Pickering brothers, Paul and Thomas Jr., in 1822.

Most of Arkham's civic services are located on the west and south sides of the common (Independence Square as it is formally known). They include town hall, the courthouse, the police station, and the fire hall. Most of these buildings were constructed in the mid-eighteenth century in a classical style with large pillars and pediments; some have wings added later. Town hall is a four-story building of late Georgian or Federalist Revival design. Professionals, particularly lawyers and bail bondsmen, are found here, as are Arkham's two major banks.

The Common is surrounded on its other sides by large and impressive Federalist homes built in the early nineteenth century. Many have been divided into apartments or boarding houses.

A small area along Garrison Street features good restaurants and a variety of family entertainment. This area may be busy on weekend evenings, unusual in Arkham.

Peabody Avenue, Fish Street, and Federal Street are lined with small shops and industries, constituting one of Arkham's dirtier, smellier areas. A few local markets and diners also appear there. Several abandoned mills decay at the water's edge.

201

ARKHAM SANITARIUM

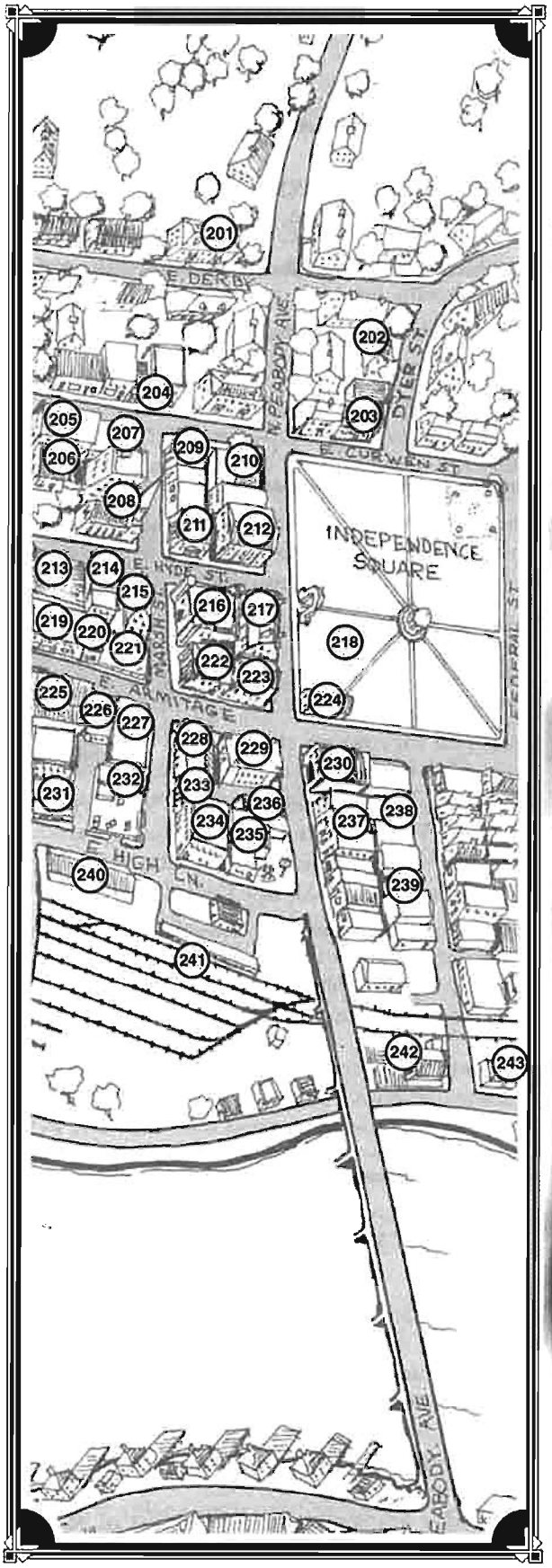
225 E Derby Street

This institution, supported partly by Commonwealth funds, is at the edge of town. For paying patients, who supply the great majority of the sanitarium's trade, the cure chance is 45% per year. Indigents, while receiving adequate care, get little therapy; the yearly chance of a cure for a pauper is 20%. Normal in-patient treatment costs $110 a month. With fifty beds, Arkham Sanitarium is the largest such institution between Boston and Portland, Maine.

Dr. Eric Hardstrom, a hard working if uninspired man, heads the facility, and shares duties with two other physicians. A staff of twelve nurses and orderlies, a groundskeeper, and a maintenance man work under them. There are also small pathological and clinical laboratories. A number of the county's doctors have staff status at the sanitarium.

The Arkham Sanitarium employs modern psychiatric treatments. Though the grounds are fenced and the sanitarium windows barred, restraints and strait jackets are rarely used. Sleep-producing and -alleviating drugs, dietetics, physical culture, hydrotherapy, and electric shock are often prescribed.

Among the indigents housed in the basement ward is one as yet unidentified. The young man was found wandering the streets of Kingsport around Christmas of 1922 (see the Lovecraft story, "The Festival") in an amnesiac state. Various treatments were attempted. The university library's valuable copy of the *Necronomicon* was even borrowed when the patient referred to this book in his ravings. Alas, allowing him to peruse the terrible volume did nothing to restore his mind or memory.



Downtown

202

FLEETWOOD DINER

715 Dyer Street

A workingman's diner with seven counter stools and six wooden booths. Breakfasts are notable, and men may be lined up for theirs. Open 4 A.M. to 2 P.M., Monday-Saturday.

203

INNSMOUTH BUS

705 Dyer Street

There's no waiting room or office, just an ancient sign. The dirty gray bus travels between Arkham, Innsmouth, and Newburyport. The fare from Arkham to Innsmouth is 40 cents, departing at 8 A.M. and 9 P.M., and leaving Innsmouth for Arkham at 7 A.M. and 8 P.M. The trip takes half an hour.

The fare between Innsmouth and Newburyport is 60 cents. From Innsmouth, the bus departs for Newburyport at 9 A.M. and 6 P.M., leaving Newburyport for Innsmouth at 10 A.M. and 7 P.M. The trip takes 35 minutes.

Joe Sargent drives the bus. Early loss of hair, smallish ears, partially webbed fingers and wide, splayed feet mark Sargent as one with the whispered 'Innsmouth taint.'

204

DR. HEINRICH T. MUELHIG

157 E Curwin Street

Muelhig studied with Freud and then with Jung before immigrating to the United States after the World War. Among those who know his skill, his reputation is outstanding; however, his office is unmarked and he accepts no patient who has not been referred to him by a licensed physician, since psychoanalysis has no medical standing in Massachusetts.

Muelhig has accumulated a number of Mythos-related facts about the Arkham area that could interest investigators or prove valuable in a particular adventure. Although the doctor refuses to compromise his patient confidentiality, he might be able to supply some information. If burglary is not ruled out, his files contain the facts.

Special skill: Psychoanalysis 70% (Psychoanalysis +9).

205

KENNETH HEATH, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR

136 E Curwen Street

Heath is 34 years old, a veteran detective of the New York City police. He rents this storefront office along with the upstairs apartment.

Three years ago Heath, while halting a bank robbery, lost the four fingers of his left hand to a shotgun blast. He was subsequently pensioned by the force. He and his wife, Madeline, moved to Arkham, her hometown, where Heath opened this office.



Kenneth Heath

Heath is unexpectedly slight of build and wears wire-framed glasses. Not at all the Sam Spade type, Heath is a scientific criminologist and an intellectual. He dodges spouse-watching jobs, if he can afford it, preferring to concentrate on more intriguing problems.

In particular, he has been working on one case since 1926. The body of a Miskatonic student was found floating in the river a few days after Halloween. The evidence seems to link it to a similar murder he investigated years ago in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn. In the Miskatonic case, the police were baffled and concluded that the student had drunkenly fallen into the river and drowned. The student's parents knew their son for a teetotaler, and did not accept this explanation. Heath so far has been able to link the young man to a local, very secretive cult, about which he has been able to learn little. He is patient, and the statute of limitations has years to go before it runs out.

Heath is familiar with the Lucky Clover bootlegging operation but, as no one else seems to care, Heath does not either. In fact, in a desk drawer he has a bottle of bonded whiskey which Bobby Sills just gave him.

Heath can be hired for $10 a day plus expenses. He owns his own car, a sporty Chevrolet roadster.

Kenneth Heath, Private Eye

STR 12	CON 13	SIZ 11	INT 17	POW 15
DEX 14	APP 14	EDU 14	SAN 68	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Blackjack* 65%, damage special
.38 Revolver (shoulder holster) 75%, damage 1D10
**does only knock-out damage*

Skills: Accounting 20%, Ballistics 20%, Bargain 65%, Chess 40%, Climb 45%, Credit Rating 35%, Criminology 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Dodge 40%, Drive Automobile 45%, Fast Talk 40%, First Aid 35%, Forensic Medicine 15%, History 30%, Jump 40%, Law 25%, Library Use 35%, Linguist 20%, Listen 45%, Persuade 45%, Photography 30%, Police Methods 55%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 55%, Stake-Out 65%.

{d20 STATS: page 214}

206

ROTARY CLUB
650 N Garrison Street

This service organization is devoted to good deeds for the community. It's a more active group than the Chamber of Commerce, and its members tend to be younger and to have less money. To join, a sponsor must be found. Membership is $20 a year, **raising Credit Rating once by 1D6 percentiles** {+1 to diplomacy checks}. Membership requires a commitment of 12 hours a month for meetings and service activity.

207

DR. SINDERWALD COSMETIC SURGEON
568 Marsh Street

A licensed physician and a well-regarded practitioner, Garrison Sinderwald can undertake reconstructive surgery should an investigator have the need. Small facial scars depart for $50; major work runs into the thousands of dollars.

Sinderwald owes large gambling debts to shady people who demand favors in return: treatment of injuries that the mob does not want reported, for instance, and recently the alteration of the face of a gangland friend from Boston. Sinderwald fears this criminal activity but feels that he has no choice.

Special skills: Gamble 25%, Facial Surgery 75%
{Heal +6, Disguise +5, Knowledge (Medicine) +6, Knowledge (Gambling) +2}.

208

ASBURY M. E. CHURCH
640 Marsh Street

"M. E." stands for Methodist-Episcopal. Founded by 'Bishop' Asbury (along with hundreds of others around the same time), in 1789. The original wooden structure burned in 1815, replaced the following year by the present brick building. Archives therefore contain records only back until 1815.

Dr. Ezekiel Wallace, the pastor, has warned from the pulpit against joining any Innsmouth church.

Special skill: Innsmouth Lore 35%
{Knowledge (Local: Innsmouth) +3}.

209

DIAMOND CREDIT AGENCY
682 Marsh Street

Three brass balls above the front door of this establishment establish its function. An item pawned to the shop must be claimed within 60 days, including a 20% profit to Diamond Credit. If unclaimed, it is put up for sale at three or more times the amount for which it was pawned. Randle Wade, owner and sole employee, sometimes fences items for thieves known to him.

210

BEE'S DINER
332 E Curwen Street

Gets lots of office workers at lunchtime. The establishment offers a superior maple ice during sugaring

season, and excellent chowders the year round. Open 6 A.M. to 2 P.M., Monday-Friday.

211

ARKHAM PUBLIC LIBRARY

630 Marsh Street

Supported mostly by private donations, the Arkham Public Library was founded in 1845 by philanthropic citizens concerned for the betterment of the community. Hours are 11 A.M. to 7 P.M., Monday-Friday, and 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. Saturday. This good circulating library of 18,000 volumes is overshadowed by the massive collections of the university.

On its shelves are Shrewsbury's *Cthulhu in the Necronomicon* and *An Investigation into the Myth Patterns of Latter Day Primitives with Especial Reference to the R'lyeh Text* (see entry 623 for details). Misplaced behind other works is the Rev. Ward Phillips' *Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New England Canaan*, findable with a successful **Library Use roll** {Research Skill check (DC 15)}.

A copy of Edward Derby's controversial *Azathoth and Others* is kept behind the librarian's desk. Although available on request, librarian Ellen Whitmarsh, 57 and a spinster, narrows her eyes at anyone who asks for that collection of poetry.

212

COURTHOUSE & JAIL

666 N Peabody Avenue

This building, constructed of stone in 1910, contains two courtrooms (one the regular court of Municipal Judge Keezar Randall), court records since the early nineteenth century (earlier records are with the Arkham Historical Society), court offices, and the town jail.

All public records can be examined by any citizen from 8 A.M. to noon, and 1–5 P.M., Monday-Friday. The municipal court handles an array of misdemeanors, civil actions, and minor felonies, but major felonies as well as civil actions involving more than $500 are bound over to Salem's county or circuit courts.

The Salem courts also adjudicate and record wills, name changes, adoptions, and annulments. Adoption records are sealed by the court and not allowed to be opened, even by the adoptee.

Investigators wishing court orders for exhumations, subpoenas for personal files, bank accounts, business records, or police files, or to get injunctions or relief must start with Judge Randall, who may or may not pass them along to a county or state court for final dispensation, and who may or may not be overruled by appeal. (Appealers are not popular with Judge Randall.)

Arrested investigators may appear before Judge Randall. He is white-haired, nearly 80, and he dispenses justice much as bachelors eat — as he sees fit. Major matters are bound over for trial in Salem, but Randall is supreme in smaller affairs, and makes most of his decisions intuitively. He favors housewives who haven't betrayed their traditional role, college students who are respectful and well dressed, and anyone with an old Arkham family name. He hates long-haired intellectuals and shorthaired flappers, and can be particularly insulting to immigrants and minorities. When he's in a bad mood, no one can placate him, though certain lawyers have a lot of influence with him, notably E. E. Saltonstall, Sr.



Judge Randall

Depending on the charge, Randall can sentence up to 60 days and fine up to $500.

A man from Aylesbury, Attorney Lee E. Craig, represents the town's legal interests. Craig, 41, a Harvard man with roots in Tennessee, functions much like a district attorney, offering advice, handling the prosecution of small crimes, and defending Arkham against rare lawsuits. He and Randall have clashed repeatedly, and Craig — motivated by unusually strong ethics — is contemplating a formal complaint to the Bar. If upheld, Randall will retire. Investigators in tight legal situations may find Craig a valuable ally.

Defense attorneys for the indigent or incapacitated are appointed from a rotating pool of the county's lawyers. Since the appointments are without fee, Randall has lately taken great glee in appointing brash young Attorney Ed Cassidy to as many cases as possible; Cassidy is another on Randall's growing list of enemies.

213

TELENEWS CINEMA
552 N Garrison Street

A large blue world globe marks Arkham's newest theater. The manager prefers versions of the classics, documentaries, and other vehicles that conform to the maxim over the entrance, "Instruct and Entertain." Newsreels are updated continually; Cthulhoid clues can pop up in an otherwise innocuous film about New Guinea primitives. Always two cartoons Friday-Saturday. Admission is 15 cents for adults, 6 cents for children. Open 6–11 P.M. Monday-Friday, NOON–11 P.M. on Saturday, and 1-5 P.M. Sundays. Special show for the kids on Saturday afternoon.

214

ARKHAM FIRST BANK
150 E Hyde Street

Rooted in the community for generations, it's not unusual for this bank to grant generous extensions to customers, provided the debtor is of good character and making honest efforts at repayment: they never dispossess a friend or neighbor. This admirable policy results in the closing of the bank in 1933.

Saving and checking accounts are available. Hours are 10 A.M. to 3 P.M. Monday-Thursday, extended to 5 P.M. on Friday.

Use the following base rates to figure chances for a loan: auto 20%, personal 20%, commercial 30%, home mortgage 30% {base DCs for various loans: Auto 16; Personal 16; Home Mortgage 14; Commercial 14}.

215-A

BERTRAND CHAMBERS, ATTNY.
589 Marsh Street

A thin man with slick hair and a pencil moustache, Chambers is 38, originally from New York City. No one knows why he opened shop in Arkham, but the police suspect a connection with O'Bannion's boys. Chambers is a not-too-scrupulous fellow who defends some local criminals with unusual vigor and ingenuity. He has no compunction about over-charging clients not connected with the bootleggers.

215-B

FEDERAL BOND AGENCY
589½ Marsh Street, upstairs

This small office is a branch of a larger firm headquartered in Boston. The agency can provide bail for an investigator but the person must put up 10% of the bail in cash or other securities — a property deed, an automobile title, and so forth. After the trial, the bondsman collects interest upon the total loan, at the rate of 20% per year.

216

MASSACHUSETTS GUARD ARMORY
560 Marsh Street

The National Guard is equipped and trained identically to the U.S. Army but is under the command of the individual state governors. Most members of Arkham's Infantry Company B are residents of Essex County. B–Company is in the 1st Battalion of the old Massachusetts 23rd Volunteer Regiment, reconstituted since the Great War.

Once a month these members put on uniforms and report to the armory for compulsory drill. Most train every summer at the state National Guard camp.

The company is far under-strength; only 56 guardsmen currently use the facility. Commanding is 55-year-old Colonel William Hathorne. His executive officer is Lt. Colonel Aubrey Bridgeton, 48. Major Charles Hart is responsible for the weaponry stored in the armory as well as the motor pool. Additionally, there are usually two or three lieutenants present.

Sergeant Groat is directly responsible for the motor pool and keeps the keys for the unit's two large trucks. This unit will not be fully motorized until after WWII.

Securely locked in a STR 80 reinforced concrete vault, {Hardness 8, HP 540, DC 50 to break} are 120 greased and packed .30–06 bolt-action rifles and 12,000 rounds of ammunition, 150 bayonets, ten .45 caliber automatic pistols (greased and packed) and 500 rounds

of ammunition, 24 M11A1 fragmentation grenades with Bouchon igniters, one Browning M1917 water-cooled tripod-mounted .50 caliber machine gun (greased and packed) with 5,000 rounds of armor-piercing ammunition, two 3-inch Stokes mortars (greased and packed) with 24 practice rounds each, four field telephones with 6,000 yards of wire, and 20 trench helmets, sizes 7 and 7 1/8 only.

Tents, a field kitchen in a small wagon, hospital supplies, etc., are stored in the armory, but not in the weapons vault.

217

TOWN HALL

551 N Peabody Avenue

This large brick building, built in 1901, houses the town's administrative offices. Hours are 8 A.M. to noon and 1–5 P.M., Monday-Friday.



Mayor Peabody

Mayor's Office: since the post is a part-time job, the mayor is here one hour a day (a roll of 1 on a 1D12 to catch him in). Knock first, then try the door. He has no secretary, but messages can be left with Janet Larkin.

Public Room: the mayor, 51-year-old Joseph Peabody, meets in open sessions twice a month on the second and fourth Wednesday with the selectmen. Here policy in argued out and decided upon in public. (The topic of zoning is being hotly debated. Until now most American cities had no zoning laws — a factory could conceivably be plunked down in the midst of a residential neighborhood.)

Town Manager's Office: after selectmen and mayor expostulate, the town manager gets to make sense of their frequently bizarre decisions and to remember all the things that they forgot. Darrell Slocum, 37, is the effective head of municipal government, and is paid nearly $5000 a year in the full-time position. He does not know that his wife is a member of the evil coven.

Clerk's Office: As the manager creates effective policy, the town clerk creates effective ways of implementing and recording it. Janet Larkin, 38, holds the post.

The following records are open to the public: deeds, deed transfers, local census records, business licenses, local birth/death/marriage certificates, military draft records 1917–1919, assessment and tax records, town budgets and expenditures, dating back to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and other records at the keeper's option.

Auto registration is a Commonwealth matter, the information held in Boston.

Engineer's Office: variously maintains, inspects, judges, or records (1) building permits and designs since 1891, (2) Arkham's water and sewer systems, (2) gas lines, (4) electric lines, (5) streets, curbs, bridges, and the Miskatonic embankments, (6) parks, (7) school and office buildings and other town property. Frequently records are not methodical, but the staff will go to a lot of effort to help out a citizen.

Assessor's Office: establishes property tax rates, assesses property, collects taxes, and disburses money as the selectmen authorize. All monetary transactions are matters of public record.

School Board: meets once a month. Most people in Arkham agree on what schooling's for and on what needs doing about it — policy questions fall to such pointless levels as whether or not Easter-egg hunts are lascivious and anti-Christian.

218

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE (THE COMMON)

Officially opened in 1797, Independence Square is a vast expanse of open green, nearly eight acres in size, owned by the citizens of Arkham. It replaced the old militia training ground south of the river, which was ceded to Miskatonic College.

The square is surrounded by an iron fence, four feet high. The official entrance, a massive arch thought to have been designed by Salem architect Samuel McIntyre, is found on the Peabody Avenue side, facing Town Hall. The Common (as everyone calls it) serves as a picnic ground and gathering site. There is a roofed bandstand as well as a baseball diamond on the grounds. This is the site of Winterfest, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, Forefathers' Day (weather permitting) and other celebrations, observances, and gatherings, and of the annual summer Founder's Day Festival.

219

CRAWFORD'S RESTAURANT
NE corner of Garrison and Armitage

Specializing in gigantic old-style eight- and ten-course meals, Crawford's is the most expensive restaurant in town. A man can pay as much as $5.00 for supper here, though few Arkhamites would think that a worthy thing to do.

Crawford's has been in the same location since the Civil War, the menu changing little in all that time. For history buffs, a bronze plaque memorializes the table at which General Sheridan once sat. Open 5–8:30 P.M. Tuesday through Saturday.

220

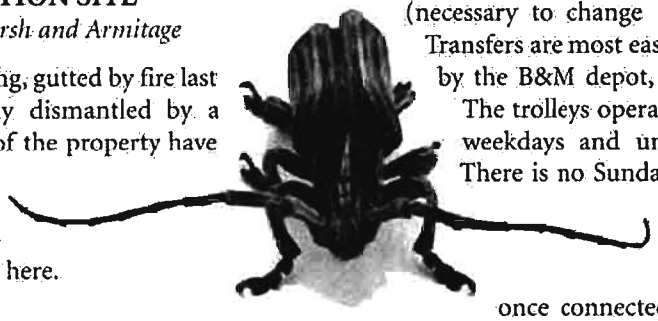
ART'S BILLIARDS
139 E Armitage Street

This scummy Northside poolroom is a hangout for lots of men, including street punks. A few members of the University football team can be found here despite the fact that Art's is off-limits to students. In the past, fights and scuffles between the Rocks and the 'Finns have broken out here. Local mobsters frequently kill time here. Open noon to 9 P.M., Monday-Saturday.

221

DEMOLITION SITE
NW corner of Marsh and Armitage

An old three-story building, gutted by fire last summer, is being slowly dismantled by a work-crew. The owners of the property have no immediate plans to rebuild, offering the keeper the chance to create something significant here.



222

ARKHAM GAS COMPANY
235 Armitage Street

It sells natural gas for heating needs and industry, as well as gas stoves, ranges, and equipment converting coal-burning furnaces to safe, efficient, natural gas. The company's not considered a public utility in Arkham, and company records are not open to the public.

223

ARKHAM BELL TELEPHONE
345 E Armitage Street

Arrange for service, pay bills, and interview operators — there's no dialing in Arkham, and an operator manually switches plugs for every call that's made. With a successful Fast Talk {Bluff} an investigator might scrutinize a suspect's phone bill or glean information from an operator coming off duty.

224

ARKHAM TROLLEYS
404 E Armitage Street

Trolleys are electrical trains that run on rails set in the streets. They draw electric power from special overhead wires.

The ride costs 5 cents plus a penny for transfers (necessary to change from one line to another). Transfers are most easily made at the main station, by the B&M depot, or in the merchant district. The trolleys operate from 5:30 A.M. until 7 P.M. weekdays and until 9 P.M. Friday–Saturday. There is no Sunday service. Depending on the time of day, a trolley passes every 5–15 minutes.

Interurban lines, which once connected Arkham with Boston and the rest of the east coast, were abandoned several years ago. However, the rails and switches still exist and would operate given power and intact cables.

225

AMHERST THEATER

480 N Garrison Street

Much newer than the Manley, the Amherst is dedicated to feature talking films, a profitable decision; it no longer books vaudeville acts.

The theatre is open 1–11 P.M. daily, closed on Christmas, New Year's Eve, and Easter.

Big films this year were *The Circus* (Charlie Chaplin), *A Girl in Every Port* (Victor McLaglen), and *Our Dancing Daughters* (Joan Crawford). In 1929, hits include *Coconuts* (Marx Brothers), *Blackmail* (Alfred Hitchcock), *Bulldog Drummond* (Ronald Coleman), *The Iron Mask* (Douglas Fairbanks Sr.), and *The Virginian* (Gary Cooper).

226

DENNISON'S ICE CREAM EMPORIUM

148 E Armitage Street

Dennison's is clean and decorated in a wilted 'French cafe' style. A favorite with anyone who has 5 cents for a double scoop, 3 cents for a single. Open 11 A.M. to 7 P.M., from Easter afternoon to whenever it cools off for the winter. Closed Sundays, like all decent establishments, but open holidays.

227

NORTHSIDE MARKET

467 Marsh Street

Meat and produce are shoddier than Benson's, and more expensive. On the other hand, this store is open till 9 P.M. six days a week. Owner Robert Czyenck is a member of the secret evil coven. Open 8 A.M. to 9 P.M. Monday–Saturday.

228

ARKHAM POLICE STATION

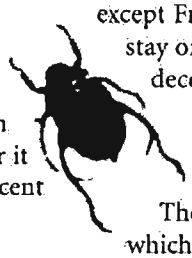
302 E Armitage Street

Always open. Arkham has a nominal force consisting of a chief, a captain, and three detectives with the nominal rank of lieutenant, three sergeants, and 15–20 patrolmen. Finances rarely allow Nichols the luxury of a full complement. There is also a little-known police reserve, consisting mostly of retired patrolmen and military men, who can join the ranks during emergencies.



Depending on the part of town, patrolmen walk their beats singly or in pairs. They check in with the station at regular intervals by telephone from locked police call boxes, installed systematically across town. Police cars are not driven on patrol, but officers at the station have several with which to move quickly when trouble arises.

As a general rule, only a duty officer at the station is awake and available between midnight and 6 A.M., except Friday and Saturday nights, when several men stay on to make sure that rowdy activity ceases at a decent hour.





Sergeants effectively command hour-by-hour police dispositions, and rarely appear on the street except at the scene of a crime. The department possesses three cars (one of which the Chief takes home) and two motorcycles. Neither cars nor motorcycles have radios.

Armed officers carry department-issued .45 revolvers, specified by Chief Nichols as the smallest handgun likely to stop an angry man. Department riot guns, rifles, and two submachine guns (purchased during the Great Red Scare of 1919-20) are kept in locked cabinets.

A holding cell each for men and for women stand ready in the rear of the building, but the six-cell jail actually is in the basement of the courthouse. In 1935, a successful suit concerning the death of a prisoner forces the town to build a new combined jail and police station.

Arkham has no policy concerning concealed weapons, since any adult citizen has that right. Over the years, though, Nichols has accumulated a lot of confiscated weapons. These he keeps in his office, in a trunk now filled to the brim. Once in a while he opens the




Chief Nichols

trunk and smiles, considering how many criminals do not have these weapons.

CHIEF ASA NICHOLS

He is 61 years old, married, and lives on High Street with his wife, Orrette. He is a good-natured man from another era, not fully aware of the changes in Arkham since the war. He would be shocked to know the extent of organized crime in Arkham and of the corruption within his own department. Nichols belongs to the Gun Club, Rotary, and Masons.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM KEATS

In line to be chief upon Nichols' retirement, this 49-year old is executive officer and administrator. He has an inkling of organized crime in Arkham but knows of no police involvement. However, Keats is not fundamentally honest: after he has assured himself of his own safety, he may decide to get in on the action.


Detective Harden

CHIEF DETECTIVE LUTHER HARDEN

He's 44, single, hard-boiled, irascible, and present on the scene of almost every noteworthy crime in Arkham for 23 years.

Luther Harden, Tough and Honest

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

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+1D4
Head Butt 25%, damage 1D4+1D4
Kick 35%, damage 1D6+1D4
Grapple 55%, damage special

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

{d20 STATS: page 214}

DETECTIVE HARRIGAN

An affable, sympathetic young man, he's the star of the local amateur rugby team and as honest as the day is long.

Mickey Harrigan, age 32, Good Cop

STR 16	CON 17	SIZ 17	INT 14	POW 14
DEX 14	APP 13	EDU 11	SAN 65	HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D6
Kick 45%, damage 1D6+1D6
Nightstick 65%, damage 1D6+1D6
Grapple 60%, damage special
.45 Revolver 65%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Bargain 55%, Climb 55%, Credit Rating 40%, Dodge 55%, Drive Automobile 55%, Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 35%, Handcuff Suspect 55%, Hide 15%, Jump 55%, Law 30%, Library Use 25%, Listen 50%, Maul-Ruck-Scrum 78%, Persuade 43%, Photography 22%, Psychology 45%, Sneak 15%, Spot Hidden 55%, Track 20%.

{d20 STATS: page 214}


Detective Harrigan

DETECTIVE STUCKEY

A few years senior to Harrigan, Stuckey works with the O'Bannion mob on a salary, but a is competent policeman in non-Mob matters.

Ray Stuckey, Cop on-the-Take

STR 15	CON 15	SIZ 15	INT 15	POW 11
DEX 15	APP 12	EDU 09	SAN 45	HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4


Detective Stuckey

Weapons:
Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+1D4
Nightstick 50%, damage 1D6+1D4
Grapple 55%, damage special
.45 Revolver 55%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Bargain 45%, Climb 60%, Credit Rating 35%, Dodge 54%, Drive Automobile 45%, Fast Talk 55%, First Aid 30%, Handcuff Suspect 45%, Hide 29%, Jump 35%, Law 25%, Library Use 35%, Listen 50%, Persuade 40%, Photography 12%, Play 5-Card Stud 49%, Psychology 60%, Seize Personal Advantage 40%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 50%, Track 15%.

{d20 STATS: page 214}

Typical Sergeant

STR 16	**CON** 15	**SIZ** 17	**INT** 12	**POW** 15
DEX 13	**APP** 12	**EDU** 8	**SAN** 65	**HP** 16

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+1D6
Head Butt 70%, damage 1D4+1D6
Grapple 75%, damage special
.45 Revolver 65%, damage 1D10+2
Nightstick 85%, damage 1D6+1D6

Skills: Dodge 33%, Drive Automobile 45%, First Aid 50%, Hide 25%, Law 30%, Listen 45%, Motorcycle 65%, Persuade 40%, Psychology 55%, Sneak 15%, Spot Hidden 55%.

{d20 STATS: page 214}

Typical Patrolman

STR 15	**CON** 15	**SIZ** 15	**INT** 11	**POW** 13
DEX 10	**APP** 12	**EDU** 10	**SAN** 60	**HP** 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+1D4
Head Butt 40%, damage 1D4+1D4
Grapple 45%, damage special
.45 Revolver 45%, damage 1D10+2
Nightstick 55%, damage 1D6+1D4

Skills: Dodge 29%, Drive Automobile 60%, First Aid 40%, Hide 15%, Law 15%, Listen 35%, Motorcycle 35%, Persuade 25%, Psychology 35%, Sneak 5%, Spot Hidden 30%.

{d20 STATS: page 215}

229

U.S. POST OFFICE

487 N Peabody Avenue

The only point of federal power in Arkham. The Postmaster is Eli Whittaker, 61. Postmen begin to case their mail at 4 A.M., and have begun their rounds by 6 A.M. There are no Saturday deliveries, but mail to post office boxes is cased that day. Postal windows are open 9 A.M. to 4 P.M., Monday–Friday, closed for Easter, Fourth of July, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Access to postal boxes is always available.

230

FIRE DEPARTMENT

418 E Armitage Street

Downstairs holds five fire trucks (one hook-and-ladder, one pumper, two hose engines, one chemical engine). Nine firemen usually sleep upstairs. Arkham has reciprocal firefighting agreements with Salem and other area towns. The fire chief is 62-year-old Benijah Adams.

231

FIRST NATIONAL GROCERY STORE

422 N Garrison Street

This large store is part of a national chain. The manager is 37-year-old Arthur Anderson, formerly of Philadelphia. The company transferred Arthur here about a year ago and he and his family like living in Arkham. Besides the Arkham store, Anderson as district manager is also responsible for stores in Kingsport and in shunned Innsmouth. He visits both stores at least once a month and is well aware of Innsmouth's oddities.

232

BALLARD'S AUTO LOT

NW corner of High Lane and Peabody

Harvey Ballard always has 2D6 used cars on the lot, for sale or rent, price depending upon auto and condition. Rental rates range from $1.50 a day for a rusting Model T to $5 daily for a gleaming Packard.

Ballard has connections with Boston auto dealers. At no cost to the customer, he'll handle dealer arrangements and deliver your new car to your front door. He is paid a commission by those dealers.



Harvey Ballard

Ballard or his assistant is usually on the lot from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. A sign on the front door of the tiny office gives Ballard's home phone number.

In 1928, a new Chevrolet or Ford Model A (both with 25 hp engines) could be had for $400-700. Six-cylinder Dodges, Hudsons, or Buicks could run close to $2000; the big Chrysler Imperial 80 went for $3500. Eight-cylinder Cadillacs and Packards cost as much as $6000, while Lincolns run $4600–7400. The Packards, with a 39.2 hp engine, were the fastest of the lot until the newest Studebakers, with a top price of $2500, started appearing with a 43 hp engine powering the car to a speed of nearly 100 mph.

For the well-heeled investigator, the new Dusenberg is available December 1. Sporting a 256 hp engine, this huge car has a top speed of 111 mph and matchless acceleration. The price of the chassis alone is $8500; coachwork goes for $2500 and up.

Ballard also gives driving lessons. An investigator whose **Drive Automobile skill is less than 50%** can gain 1D6 percentiles (but not more than that totals 50) at the end of Harvey's two-week course. The student must roll higher than his present Drive Automobile skill to gain any benefit. The course is not repeatable. It costs $10 {at keeper's option, investigator may add +1 rank to Drive (Automobile) skill, to a maximum of 10 ranks, for attending the course}.

233

ARKHAM EDISON

470 Marsh Street

Here accounts can be opened and bills paid. Records are not available to the public.

234

MISKATONIC VALLEY SAVINGS BANK

420 Marsh Street

A Massachusetts bank, which opened in Arkham in 1924. To thrifty customers, they offer a quarter-percent higher passbook interest than Arkham First, but tend to be quicker to close on unpaid loans and defaulted mortgages. Hours are 10 A.M. to 3 P.M., Monday-Friday, open till 5:30 on Friday.

Base chance for investigator loans are auto 25%, personal 5%, commercial 40%, and home mortgage 40% {base DCs for various loans: Personal 20; Auto 15; Commercial 12; Home Mortgage 12}.

235

PHILLIPS 66 STATION

NW corner of High Lane and Peabody

Gas is the same price as at the competing Esso dealer but the owner, Abel Sykes, is friendlier. He has a slow and cautious way of talking. Help is clean, polite, and efficient. Open 7 A.M. to 6 P.M., Monday-Saturday.

Special skills: Whittle Emergency Part 70%, Mechanical Repair 80% {Craft (Carpentry) +7, Repair +8}.

236

ARKHAM CAB CO.

433 N Peabody Avenue

Depending on demand, up to four cabs are on the streets from 6 A.M. until 10 P.M. seven days a week. The company has asked to provide 24-hour service, but the selectmen hesitate, believing that this might promote crime and loose behavior.

Two cab stands exist, one in front of the cab company and one by the newsstand at Garrison and Main. At the latter, a direct phone line links the stand with the cab office. At the keeper's wish, other direct lines exist at St. Mary's Hospital, Hotel Miskatonic, and so forth.

Cab orders can be taken by phone in the grungy second floor office, and cabs sent directly from the stand outside. No cab has a radio; two-way radios are too large, too expensive, and too delicate until the era of the transistor.

Trips around town are flat-rate: 25 cents in-town as long as no bridge is crossed, 25 cents each time a bridge is crossed, 25 cents for each mile out of town, and 50 cents an hour to wait. A cab and driver can be hired for eight hours at a cost of $4 and the promise of a tip of more than a dollar.

GREGORY DAHLBERG

The manager works the day shift six days a week and (with the exception of the owner) is the only one with the authority to allow investigators to search cab trip records or employment files. Dahlton is surly and unresponsive to any persuasion save money or the presence

of police. Any time investigators want to see the waybill files, Dahlton demands a dollar. On a second visit, the fee doubles.

Drivers, while desiring tips, are more willing to talk, on the stand or in the cab.

237

BUNDEN'S BINDERY

420 N Peabody Avenue

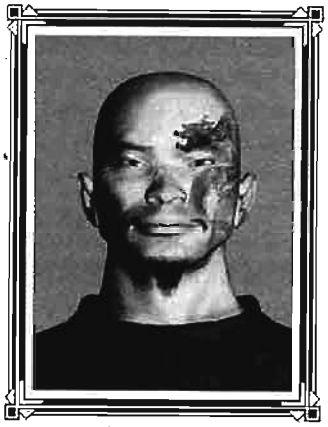
This small business's main customer is Miskatonic University Press, which publishes numerous scholarly monographs. Malcolm Bunden also operates a small fine-press business, which publishes three or four hand-set and hand-bound limited editions yearly, for subscribers only.

238

TATTOOS

443 Fish Street

This establishment occupies a cramped dingy storefront of questionable sanitation. Any investigator receiving a successful **Pharmacy or Chemistry roll** {Knowledge (Medicine) or Knowledge (Chemistry), DC 15)} notices that, among many odors, a faint scent of opium lingers here. The middle-aged proprietor, Pin Liou, lives alone in the building's back room. Many tattoo designs, mostly in Chinese and Japanese styles, decorate Liou's walls. A sharp-eyed investigator spots an occasional Elder Sign woven into a design. If the keeper wishes, Pin Liou can have knowledge and skills directly useful to investigators.



Pin Liou

The door is never locked; Mr. Pin seems present day and night. When the signs are inauspicious, he may not leave his establishment for weeks. Sometimes a woman (or is she?) who is possibly his wife (and possibly not) arrives from Boston, bringing strange books and artifacts.

Pin Liou, Stranger in a Strange Land

STR 10	**CON** 11	**SIZ** 10	**INT** 18	**POW** 20
DEX 18	**APP** 12	**EDU** 22	**SAN** 55	**HP** 10

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3
Head Butt 75%, damage 1D4
Kick 75%, damage 1D6
Grapple 75%, damage special

Spells: Contact Deep Ones, Curse of Azathoth

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 17%; Dodge 75%; Gamble 90%, Hide 80%; Jump 85%; Listen 70%; Martial Arts 75%, Occult 65%; Persuade 37%, Pharmacy 65%; Psychology 65%; Spot Hidden 75%; Four Needle Tattoos 65%, Seven-Color Tattoos 85%, Treat Poison 45%.

Languages: Cantonese 35%, Hakkan 40%, Japanese 45%, Korean 40%, Mandarin Chinese 75%.

{**d20 STATS:** page 215}

239

SHEEHAN CONTRACTOR SUPPLY

411 Fish Street

Features a wide assortment of plumbing, electrical, and roofing supplies; for a wider stock, a man would have to drive to Boston. Trade discounts to reputable contractors. Some equipment, such as jackhammers and compressors, may be for rent, or Sheehan will have an idea where the item bulldozer, crane, scaffolding, etc. can be found. Open 7:15 A.M. to 3 P.M., Monday–Saturday.

240

PENNY ARCADE

NE corner of High Lane and Garrison

Hand crank movies, claw machines, mechanical boxers — play them all for one cent apiece. A few university students who dare to be childish visit here, but the customers mostly are loutish locals. The 'Finns frequently meet here. Open 4 P.M. (after the grade-school kids have gotten home) to 10 P.M., Monday–Saturday.

241

RAILROAD PROPERTIES

Sidings, empty freight cars, equipment sheds, and the B&M right-of-way fill this block.

242

ADAMS LUMBER YARD

315 E Water Street

Wholesale and retail lumber. Stocks some hardwood blocks, as well as construction lumber. Large orders can take up to a week to assemble. Open 8 A.M. to 4 P.M., Tuesday–Saturday.

243

SLAUGHTERHOUSE

400 E Water Street

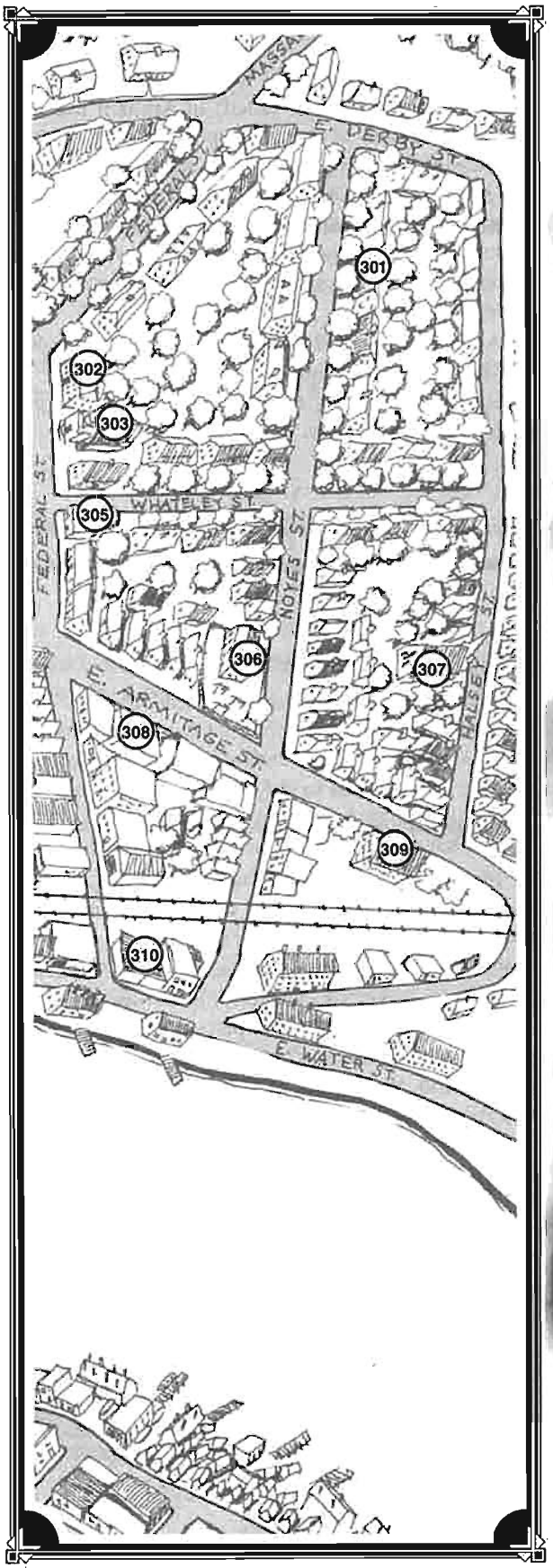
Though there are some independent cattle- and hog-butchers in town, this feedlot and hanging-house supplies most of the town's meats.

NEIGHBORHOOD 3

East-town

The northern part of East-town, above Whateley Street, contains many fine old homes of pure Georgian design. These homes were built by Derbys, Ornes, Pickmans, and Pickerings — the sea merchants who made up Arkham's first aristocracy. Most of these homes, unfortunately, have fallen into neglect; as a whole, East-town is seedy and decaying, some of it beyond repair. Of the few old Arkham families still residing here, most teeter on the brink of ruin.

Streets are of brick, 40 feet wide, and in some need of repair. Tree roots have so buckled and raised the brick sidewalks that walking in the streets is more comfortable.



East-Town

South of Whateley Street, the ground slopes sharply to the river. The homes are modest and tightly spaced, and the streets are narrow. Those few negroes (as in the 1920s many prefer to be called) in Arkham live here, clustered together as every group in Arkham is except the old-line Wasp majority. Some make a good living, and some are popular, well-respected citizens who can trace their Arkham ancestry to before 1788, when the Commonwealth outlawed the slave trade. As a group, though, they are poor and feel looked at and looked down upon.

A number of small businesses exist along Armitage and River Streets. Freight trains pass through day and night. Arkham's last operating textile mill, steam-powered, can be found here.

301

THE PRISONER OF THE ATTIC

753 Noyes Street

This large, decaying house is home to Mrs. Ellen Crawford, who has lived here since the death of her husband 23 years ago. Mrs. Crawford has kept her mad sister, Beatrice Allen, locked in the attic for decades, unwilling to send her to an institution and unwilling to publicly reveal what she considers to be a shameful illness.

Mrs. Crawford declared that Beatrice was dead of a fever in Europe. Her coffin in the Allen mausoleum at Christchurch Cemetery is empty.

Beatrice escaped just once, in 1919, and Mrs. Crawford believes she was responsible for a horrible mutilation murder that took place during that six-day period. (The victim was a student at Miskatonic University, and the crime was never solved.) Two days after the murder, Beatrice turned up at the back door in the middle of the night; Mrs. Crawford has since kept her securely locked away.



Beatrice Allen

BEATRICE ALLEN

She is 55 years old and horrible to look upon. Her hair is a mass of dirty gray tangles. Her eyes burn wildly. Her face is a hideous mass of scars and fresher wounds — in her darker moments Beatrice claws at her own face and has to be regularly treated with antiseptics. Her attic room is cramped and filthy and her clothing rarely changed. As possible, Mrs. Crawford keeps her sister chained to the wall by the wrists.

Beatrice Allen, Madwoman

STR 16	**CON** 13	**SIZ** 11	**INT** 14	**POW** 03
DEX 12	**APP** 6	**EDU** 14	**SAN** 0	**HP** 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch/Claw 75%, damage 1D3+1D4
Kick 55%, 1D6+1D4
Grapple 45%, damage special

SAN: Beatrice looks horrible and costs 1/1D4 points Sanity points to see.

{d20 STATS: page 215}

302

PICKERING HOUSE

698 Federal Street

This mansion was built in 1828 by Captain Thomas Pickering, a sea trader then operating ships out of Kingsport harbor. Although rumored to be a privateer, Pickering also traded heavily along the coast of Southeast Asia and spent considerable time in and around the developing continent of Australia. One room of the house is, in fact, devoted exclusively to Australian aboriginal artifacts, including a stone axe that bears the traces of an Elder Sign carved in its head.

The house was furnished by the captain's wife, Ethel, presently the finest collection of Early American furniture in town. A comprehensive collection of New England hand blown glass is on display.

The Pickering House is operated by the Arkham Historical Society and open to the public 1–3 P.M. Thursday and Saturday. There is no admission fee, though donating a dollar or more is a good way to strike up a conversation with the volunteer attendant, who may prove to be of consequence in town.

303

FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH OF ARKHAM

656 Federal Street

The church and its records date back to 1778 but the present brick building was constructed in 1875. Dr. Willet Spencer is the minister and presides over the

church's large library. Among several rare volumes kept locked away is a copy of the *Book of Dzyan.*

304

MELISSA THORNE

Since she runs her business out of her own house and has a select and genteel clientele, Mrs. Thorne considers herself more a companion with whom grateful men leave gifts than a prostitute. Her neighbors, a few of whom know the truth, find her quiet, reliable, and considerate, and make no trouble. She numbers a selectman and a police official among her beaus.



Mrs. Thorne

Her husband gambled away their savings and then died, leaving her with a house and little else. As a woman used to pampering, she began to borrow. Little by little the loans became gifts. In 1935, a favorite client names a new Arkham street after her, a great source of pride to her in later years.

Melissa Thorne, Courtesan, Age 32

STR 12	**CON** 13	**SIZ** 09	**INT** 16	**POW** 15
DEX 14	**APP** 16	**EDU** 09	**SAN** 64	**HP** 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Slap 60%, damage 1D2-1
Hatpin 40%, damage 1D4-1

Skills: Appraise Value 30%, Fan Dance 45%, Fast Talk 55%, Flatter 50%, Flirt 65%, Psychology 40%, Seduce 70%, Shimmy 55%, Sing 50%.

{d20 STATS: page 215}

305

NORTHSIDE TRANSFORMER STATION

606 Whateley Street

This station controls the electrical power to town north of the river. Unmanned, it's dangerous, and enclosed by a high fence. Once entered, the investigator needs a successful **Electrical Repair roll** {Repair check (DC 20)}, to shut off power and darken this part of town. An **Electrical Repair roll result of 00** gives 8D6 electrical damage to the investigator {a result of 1 on this check causes 8d6 HP of Electrical damage}.

306

MARTIN PUBLIC SCHOOL.

511 Noyes Street

Grades 1–8 meet here from the first Monday in September till the last Friday of May.

307

TEMPLE BAPTIST CHURCH

571 Halsey Street

The black church in Arkham. A rousing service begins at 9:30 Sunday morning.

308

ANDERSON'S CHEMICAL SUPPLY

650 Armitage Street

The company stocks a large variety of liquid and powdered chemicals, including acids. A fire here would generate explosions and corrosive, nauseating fumes. Open 8 A.M. to 5 P.M., Monday–Friday.

309

ARKHAM WORSTED MILLS

750 E Armitage Street

A victim of mismanagement and antiquated equipment, this dying concern employs a few dozen Southside immigrants.

310

ICE HOUSE

600 E Water Street

As ownership of electric refrigerators widens, this business slowly dies. Two horse-drawn wagons now serve all of Arkham.

NEIGHBORHOOD 4

Merchant District

This narrow two-block stretch lies on low, level ground near the river. Perhaps 75% of Arkham's stores and shops can be found here: Church Street is the most important artery, and Main is of secondary importance. People ordinarily call such an area downtown; here they say instead "Goin' to Merchant" since Downtown is a part of town north of the river.

The old East Church and West Church are found here, and several rows of early eighteenth century Georgian-style warehouses line the river. These latter mostly stand unused, though one serves surreptitiously as a bootlegger depot.

The heart of the district is the long block bordered by Main, Garrison, Church, and West Streets, where stand two- to four-story early nineteenth-century brick row buildings.

Church Street, from Main to West, is cobblestoned, originally laid down in 1773. Occasional alleys, barely wide enough for skilled truck drivers to get in and out of, give access to the service courts in the rear of the shops. These dingy courts are more often than not cluttered with crates, packing materials, and machines that don't work but are too good to haul away.

River Street was once heavily trafficked by stevedores moving goods between docks and warehouses, but the stretch between Garrison and West Streets is now abandoned to decades of litter, requiring skill for a driver to negotiate.

The two blocks of warehouses east of Garrison, mostly made of wood, were long ago converted to tenements and settlement houses. Here the street is clearer, the result of a volunteer effort in 1926.

The two shopping blocks east of Garrison and south of Main are composed of shops housed in buildings older and less impressive than those along Church Street. Many are tightly crowded converted residences. The tall Georgian steeple of Christ Church dominates the skyline.

This neighborhood's western edge is of older residences, growing very old near Boundary Street. Boundary north of Church Street is unlit; north of Main the street is sparsely populated.

401

THE UNVISITED ISLAND

Visible from the Garrison Street Bridge, this small, uninhabited island is almost never visited. It is low and swampy, and covered with thick undergrowth. On its eastern tip, visible from the bridge, are a series of gray standing stones, covered with green moss. An altar, of similar substance, rests in the center of the smaller stones. The stones are said to be older than the Indians.

Superstitious peasants occasionally claim to see the witch, Keziah Mason, and her familiar, Brown Jenkin, roam the island. The secret cult that meets in the dark vale beyond Meadow Hill may also have ties to this place.

There are charges pending against a group of Miskatonic student's accused of the un-Christian ritual slaying of domestic animals on the island. The dogs and cats were obtained from the local pet shop and were allegedly killed in a bizarre fraternity initiation stunt. The names of the accused are being withheld by police.

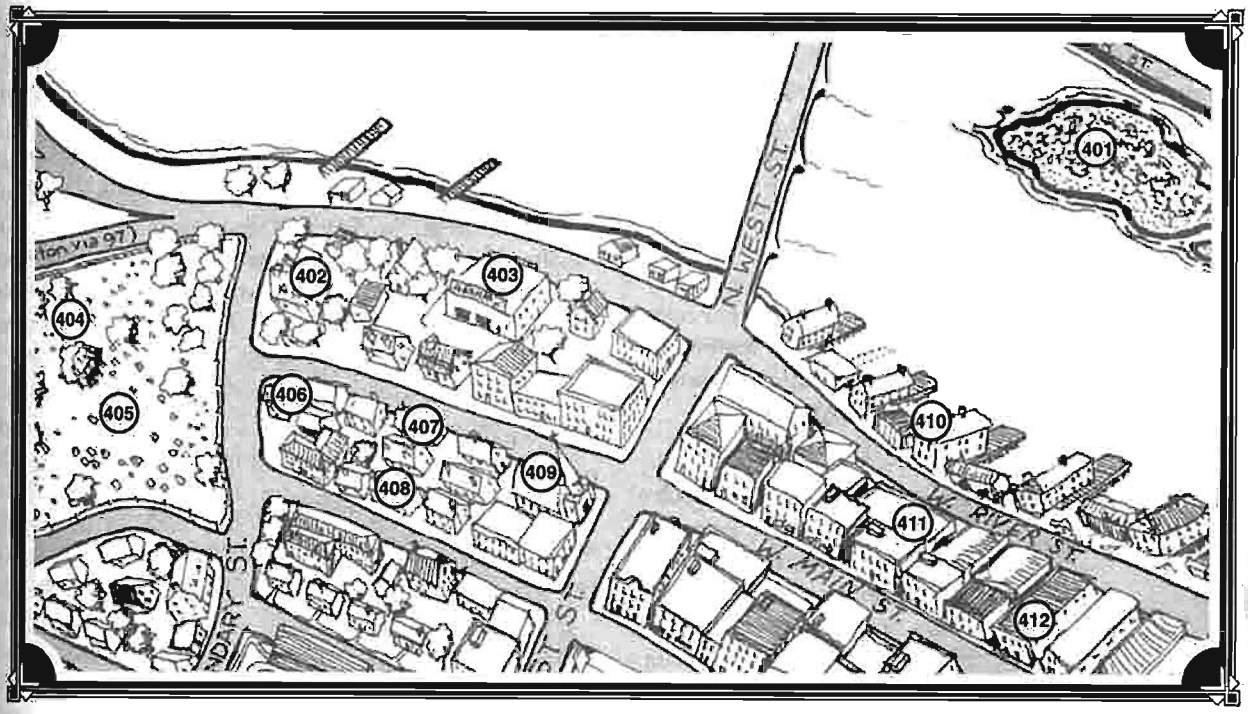
402

THE UNNAMABLE HOUSE

188 N Boundary Street

A site of bizarre psychic emanations. Something horrible once lived and died in the attic of this house, the product of a seventeenth century wizard, a member of Arkham's secret cult. The thing seems to be brought back to life by thinking or speaking of it. The skull of the monster, interred by Randolph Carter along with the rest of its skeleton into an unmarked, slate-slab-covered tomb in the old wooded graveyard, was semi human but bore four-inch horns.

This creature was last brought back to existence by Carter and his friend, Joel Manton, (entry 407), while they sat in the graveyard discussing the story of the



Merchant District

monster. It pursued and attacked the pair across Arkham. They were finally found, after dawn, wandering aimlessly in the vicinity of Meadow Hill.

Although neither of them could remember much about their assailant, Manton once described it as "everywhere — a gelatin — a slime — yet it had shapes, a thousand shapes of horror beyond all memory. There were eyes and a blemish. It was the pit — the maelstrom — the ultimate abomination. Carter, *it was the unnamable!*"

The man who owned the house was buried in 1710 near the unmarked slate slab in the Old Wooded Graveyard. The house was left deserted, the attic door still locked. Despite strange noises and rustlings coming from the place, none dared enter. A short time later, everybody in a nearby parsonage was horribly murdered.

In 1793 a boy, looking for evidence of the thing, was driven inexplicably mad after entering the house alone. In 1922 Randolph Carter and Joel Manton accidentally unleashed the thing again.

This 'unnamable' being is mentioned in Cotton Mather's demonic sixth book as "the thing with the blemished eye, more than beast, but less than a man." This thing, before the death of its keeper, was rumored to prowl at night, peeking in windows and once a post rider saw it being pursued over Meadow Hill by an unknown man.

This house has remained vacant since 1710, and is in remarkably good shape for its 200+ years of neglect.

If somehow called forth, the being causes a loss of 2/2D6+2 SAN and automatically causes temporary insanity, during which time the thing pursues its maddened victims, slashing with its horns for 1D4 points of damage and striking with its hooves for 1D2 points. It rarely kills its victims but may inflict permanent scars.

403

ARKHAM DAIRY

559 W River Street

It's provided Arkham with safe, fresh dairy products for some fifty years. A dozen delivery men hit the streets at 4:30 A.M.; milkmen can be handy witnesses to strange goings-on.

404

HANGMAN'S HILL

The highest point of the Old Wooded Graveyard, it was upon this hill that Arkham citizens hung the suspected witch, Goody Fowler, in 1704. Legend maintains that spending the night alone on the hill on May Eve or Hallowmass guarantees a visit by Goody's ghost.

Some claim to have attempted the vigil and to have seen nothing. Others swear they have seen Goody's ghost. A few claim to have talked with her. Some have fled in terror and refused to speak of what happened. A few have disappeared without trace, other than odd hoof-shaped tracks found the next morning. Elijah, the old stonecutter (see entry 406), is the only living witness to these events.

An investigator attempting this vigil most certainly meets the ghost of the long-dead witch. Seeing her costs 0\1D6 SAN. The investigator stricken with temporary insanity must stand paralyzed by fear while the ghostly hag slowly strangles his or her life away.



Goody Fowler's Ghost

GOODY FOWLER'S GHOST

She always condenses from a white fog on the summit of Hangman's Hill, the highest point in the Old Wooded Cemetery. Goody has an evil, wrinkled face and a body veiled by a burial shroud. To attack, she extends one hand around the victim's throat, to hold him or her, and skewers the victim's heart with ectoplasmic extensions from the fingers of her other hand, holding herself so that the resulting spray of blood passes through the upper portion of her shape.

Goody appears only to single individuals. Tales that she talks or reveals secrets are lies; she is single-mindedly vicious and only attacks.

Unusually, her attack is physical; she drinks the victim's blood, represented here by the loss of constitution every round. Having drained the victim of CON, Goody's ghost tosses the corpse to the ever-waiting ghouls and then dematerializes.

This murderous wraith is incorporeal and thus is unaffected by mundane weapons and attacks. Weapons must be enchanted {+1 or better} to inflict damage on her materialized form. Spells affecting POW or INT (or conceivably certain defensive spells) may, at the keeper's option, be effective against her {unless the spells utilize Force effects, the attack is 50% likely to pass harmlessly through her. Force effects inflict damage normally}. Without such magical intervention, Goody's hold and attack cannot be broken unless the investigator can jump the old iron fence at the border of the cemetery.

For every round that she takes damage, Goody's ghost has a 50% chance of dematerializing. She reappears on the following Hallowmass or May Eve and continues her predations. If she takes damage but does not dematerialize, she recoils from the target for a round before renewing her attack.

Goody may pursue a target that fights back or retreats, but she dematerializes upon reaching the iron fence at the edge of the cemetery.

Should an investigator succeed in dematerializing or destroying her, he or she still must face the 2D6+2 ghouls who lurk behind nearby headstones — beings who have no compunction about attacking humans on Hangman's Hill.

Goody Fowler's Ghost

INT 14 **POW** 17 **HP** 13 **Move** 10*

Weapon: Siphon Blood 100%, damage 1D3 CON

Armor: none, but impervious to all non-magical attacks

Spells: none now, though she once commanded powerful magicks

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6 SAN.

{d20 STATS: page 215}

405

OLD WOODED GRAVEYARD

These grounds have not been used for generations. The newest tombstone is dated 1818. A number of the tombs bear seventeenth century inscriptions; it was in one of these that Randolph Carter placed the bones that he found in the attic of the unoccupied (Unnamable) house. The oldest legible stone is that of Abigail Armitage, dated 1694.

The whole graveyard is surrounded by a dilapidated iron fence three and a half feet high.

The graveyard is dominated by an ancient willow tree whose huge, twisting trunk has nearly engulfed an illegible slate tombstone. This portion of Boundary and Aylesbury is without street lamps. At night the graveyard lies in darkness. Ghouls infest it.

406

ELIJAH THE STONECUTTER

113 S Boundary Street

In his eighties, Elijah Potts has cut headstones for Arkham's dead for 60 years. He lives and works in a decaying seventeenth century house on Hill Street,

across from the cemetery. When he was younger, he carved capitals for the columns of some of the university's ornate buildings.

Elijah is well aware of the ghouls that infest the place after nightfall. He doesn't bother them and they don't bother him. He has also, on occasion, seen the ghost of Goody Fowler appear on Hangman's Hill on May Eve and Hallowmass. Once, in 1901, he witnessed the murder of a man who intended to spend the night alone atop the hill.

Sitting atop the hill the stranger from Boston waited for the ghost. He didn't notice the dark forms slinking between the tombstones, silently circling the hill. When the ghost of Goody Fowler appeared, the stranger was taken by fright and attempted to flee. But Goody's ghost seized the man and strangled him with her claw-like hands. After drinking his blood she tossed the body to the ghouls who dismembered it horribly, then dragged it to their burrows for a feast.



Elijah Potts

Elijah watched this whole thing from his window, afraid to move. He has never spoken to anyone about it. Police, looking for the stranger, found traces of blood atop the hill and questioned, along with others, the old stonecutter. Elijah claimed to have seen nothing.

The old man is friendly and reasonably talkative about most subjects but only the direst of circumstances could induce him to mention the ghouls or Goody Fowler's ghost. His present SAN is only 32 but he is immune to further losses provoked by seeing ghouls.

Special skills: Cthulhu Mythos 7%; Occult 10%; Stories about Old Arkham Families 75% (Cthulhu Mythos +2; Knowledge (Occult) +2, Knowledge (Local) +9)

407

PUBLIC SCHOOLS BUILDING

601 W. Main Street

A small building, mostly given over to maintenance equipment and shops. Joel Manton, 42, is presently superintendent of Arkham's schools, mostly responsible for preparing the yearly budget and mediating between principals, the school board, and the assessor's office. A past friend of the now-missing Randolph Carter, it was Manton who sat with Carter in the old wooded graveyard when they were attacked by the Unnamable thing from the house at 188 N Boundary Street (entry 402). Manton can tell little about his experience, unless hypnotized. His home is at 180 W Lich Street.

408

HUBBARD GRADE SCHOOL

622 W Church Street

Grades 1–8 meet here from the first Monday in September to the last Friday in May.

409

THE WEST CHURCH

561 W Main Street

This wooden church was built in 1801, abandoned in 1878 when moaning sounds came from the coffin of Trisham Goddard. Goddard, an early co-founder of the church, had died in 1810 and his body had been interred beneath the building. Despite his active church membership, many rumors held him to be a sorcerer; when stirring sounds were detected from within the stone coffin four generations later, the already-failing congregation hurriedly voted to merge with a nearby church, and the building has been sealed off since.



410

THE DOCKS

The waterfront. Long dark and rotting, only bootleggers use these docks. The street between them and the warehouses is crowded and unlit at night and, stuffed with junk and litter; it more resembles a forbidding alley than a street. Hoboes make temporary homes here.

411

THE OLD WAREHOUSES

North side of Main Street, from West to Garrison. Constructed in the early nineteenth century, these great brick Georgian-styled warehouses have stood next to the river for a century. Most are unused, although a few local businesses use one or two for temporary storage from time to time. Lucky Clover Cartage has recently leased a larger unit.

Watermarks five feet above ground can be seen on the sides of these buildings, from the flood of 1888.

412

LUCKY CLOVER CARTAGE CO.

200 W Main Street

Lucky Clover will truck your freight where you need it or lease you a truck for $5 a day so you can do it yourself. Lucky Clover is also a front for the bootlegging operations in Arkham, which O'Bannion grabbed from Joe Potrello. The front part of the warehouse is offices, leaving the rear for storage, a truck lot, and maintenance. Bootlegged liquor is loaded from boats at the river and stored here.



Danny O'Bannion

Potrello trucked in booze from Boston. O'Bannion's increased volume of sale has called for a new approach. Now whiskeys and scotches are loaded onto small motor launches from a ship anchored off Kingsport, beyond the twelve-mile limit. In the dead of night the motor boats return to the Miskatonic estuary north of Kingsport and in the dark, running lights off, make their way upriver to Arkham.

Outside town, the boats kill their motors and wait at anchor for the next scheduled freight train to pass through Arkham. When a train approaches Arkham, the boats head upriver, the passing freight dimming their noise. If timed right, the boats reach the wharfs while the noisy freight still rumbles through. The craft tie up and are quickly unloaded by a waiting crew, which stashes the booze in the rear of the Lucky Clover Cartage Co. warehouse.

From here the booze is disbursed to volume retailers such as the Northside speakeasy and the Arkham General Store, who in turn may supply smaller dealers.

Helped by payoffs to a few police officers, the routine works admirably; Arkham has become the distribution point for nearby communities, including Aylesbury, Rowley, Ipswich, Newburyport, and (in inordinate amounts) Innsmouth.

O'Bannion employs ethnic numbers runners among the various immigrant populations, and occasionally recruits a new hoodlum from among the local Irish thugs. O'Bannion also loan sharks for good profit.

O'Bannion wants to put Joe Potrello out of the picture permanently. Arkham is too small a town for an outright hit, but O'Bannion feels sure that if he is patient enough his chance will come.

DANNY O'BANNION

The boss is 33, six feet tall, and heavily built; he remembers and tells jokes well, and can talk about anything for hours. Compared to Joe Potrello, O'Bannion is well-educated; he can move in circles that Potrello could not penetrate.

Born and raised in Boston, he is third-generation Irish. He wears tailored suits, owns his own automobile (the traditional gangster black Packard), and maintains a suite atop the Timbleton Arms. O'Bannion's charming facade conceals a cold and brutal personality which relishes humiliating or destroying those who cross him.

He is often out of town, usually on business in Boston, negotiating with and delivering money to the mob bosses who financed the move into the Miskatonic Valley. They trust him enough to use his boats to dump unseemly corpses at sea.

O'Bannion keeps his hands clean. He directly manages only the trucking company. He implicates himself only when delicate crimes (such as bribing important officials) need his skills. Henchmen and hirelings handle the actual racketeering.

Danny O'Bannion, Local Kingpin

STR 15	CON 15	SIZ 16	INT 15	POW 14
DEX 13	APP 15	EDU 12	SAN 21	HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+1D4
Head Butt 40%, damage 1D4+1D4
Kick 65%, damage 1D6+1D4
Grapple 35%, damage special
BlackJack* 55%, damage 1D8+1D4
.38 Automatic Pistol 40%, damage 1D10
** does only knock-out damage*

Skills: Accounting 15%: Bargain 45%: Credit Rating 50%: Dodge 65%, Drive Automobile 35%, Fast Talk 75%, Listen 35%, Lean On 65%, Psychology 50%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 45%.

{d20 STATS: page 215}

BOBBY SILLS

O'Bannion's second-in-command, Sills keeps track of all illegal shipments through Arkham. Good-looking and canny, Sills is somewhat flashier than O'Bannion in dress and mannerism, and drives an expensive Lincoln V-8 sedan.

He also handles the day-to-day problems concerning liquor, numbers, and collections. Sills, with a thug or two, visits overdue debtors to talk sense into them. Slapping a victim around contributes to understanding.

Sills sees to rubouts that require a subtle touch. He murdered Potrello's henchman a few years ago.

Bobby Sills, Henchman

STR 14	CON 14	SIZ 13	INT 14	POW 14
DEX 15	APP 15	EDU 09	SAN 22	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+1D4
Head Butt 20%, damage 1D4+1D4
Kick 55%, damage 1D6+1D4
Grapple 35%, damage special
Blackjack* 45%, damage 1D8+1D4
Fighting Knife 55%, damage 1D4+2+1D4
.38 Snub-Nose Revolver 50%, damage 1D10
** does only knock-out damage.*

Skills: Credit Rating 40%, Bargain 45%, Dodge 55%, Drive Automobile 50%, Fast Talk 55%, Hide 70%, Listen 65%, Pick Pocket 35%, Psychology 55%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 45%.

{d20 STATS: page 216}

EDDIE LEERY

A Lucky Clover Cartage officer, this huge, violent man keeps drivers, and hirelings in line, breaking fingers, arms, and legs as the boss tells him to. He also oversees night-time deliveries from beyond the twelve-mile limit.

Eddie Leery, Enforcer

STR 18	CON 17	SIZ 17	INT 11	POW 10
DEX 12	APP 11	EDU 06	SAN 33	HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+1D6
Head Butt 80%, damage 1D4+1D6
Kick 55%, damage 1D6+1D6
Grapple 75%, damage special
Blackjack* 90%, damage 1D8+1D6
Knife 80%, damage 1D4+2+1D6
.45 Revolver 40%, damage 1D10+2
** does only knock-out damage.*

Skills: Credit Rating 20%, Dodge 55%, Drive Automobile 40%, Hide 30%, Listen 40%, Psychology 10%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 35%.

{d20 STATS: page 216}

MEYER GOLDITZ

An accountant, keeps the books for the liquor, loan, and other rackets run by O'Bannion, as well as for the legal commercial entity of Lucky Clover Cartage. He's a nervous man, and fussy with details. He has an office at the trucking company, and rooms at Miss Clark's boarding house.

Since he tracks all the money, Golditz knows how much these criminals steal from each other as well as from their victims; their dealings show him that whatever he can get away with, he should, and that any loyalty he showed to them would be misplaced. He currently dreams of stealing $100,000 from O'Bannion and starting a new life in California as an accountant at Goldwyn or Universal — some place with lots of starlets.

Meyer Golditz, Who Knows Too Much

STR 10	CON 11	SIZ 10	INT 16	POW 11
DEX 11	APP 11	EDU 14	SAN 14	HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: .32 Revolver 20%, damage 1D8

Skills: Accounting 81%, Bargain 25%, Credit Rating 30%, Drive Automobile 30%, Law 15%, Psychology 35%, Sneak 45%, Swim 30%.

{d20 STATS: page 216}

FIVE TOUGH MUGGS

Enough employees of Lucky Clover come from Boston to suggest that an outside force is moving into the Valley. All the employees are criminals, or of criminal bent. More can drive out from Boston in an hour.

Five Tough Muggs

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	SAN	HP
#1	14	14	12	12	11	35	13
#2	13	11	13	11	12	28	12
#3	16	12	14	10	10	33	15
#4	13	13	13	15	11	34	13
#5	12	16	12	12	9	27	14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+1D4
Head Butt 55%, damage 1D4+1D4
Kick 45%, damage 1D6+1D4
Grapple 70%, damage special
Blackjack* 75%, damage 1D8+1D4
Fighting Knife 65%, damage 1D4+2+1D4
.38 Revolver 75%, damage 1D10
** does only knock-out damage.*

Skills: Climb 55%, Dodge 55%, Drive Automobile 55%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 55%, Pick Pocket 25%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 55%.

{d20 STATS: page 216}

413

GALLERY OF ART

451 W Main Street

Andreas ver Hoven comes from New York and was educated in France. He displays whatever he feels has merit. He is a student of contemporary American art and owns one of the late Pickman's ghoulish works. Ver Hoven has a good level of sales because he persistently hustles his collections in Boston.

Also an appraiser and art historian, he writes occasionally for the *Gazette*. He frequently does restorations and, though that craft is not much advanced in his rather too-decisive hands, has several times perceptively removed an indifferent painting to reveal a minor masterpiece beneath.

Special skills: Art History 55%, Oils Restoration 65%, {Knowledge (Art) +6, Craft (Painting) +7, Repair (Art) +7}

414-A

ACE ALARMS & LOCK-SAFES

433 W Main Street

The company custom-installs electrical burglar alarm systems in businesses and homes, for $50 and up.

For $1 an hour Richard Henry Ace can scrape up a trustworthy watchman to patrol a business or the grounds of a house, but the men are of indifferent quality. On less than short notice, Ace can hire an off-duty officer from the Arkham police, for $2 an hour.

Ace carries a variety of fireproof files and safes, and can install fireproof (up to 2000° F) safes of up to 180 cubic feet, with doors of up to **STR 130** {Break DC 40}.

Ace is the only locksmith in town who will come to your house on short notice or at night.

414-B

E. PARRINGTON, GUNSMITH

433½ W Main Street

Edward Parrington is a skilled gunsmith who can repair or custom-tool many sorts of firearms. He reloads bullets to order, and may joke about the time "some nut came in and ordered 20 solid-silver bullets, then never picked them up" (keeper's choice as to caliber). He stocks a variety of handguns, shotguns, and rifles, though never exotic weapons such as elephant guns. Unusual weapons requests are referred to Abercrombie & Fitch in Boston.

Parrington knows ways to get access to illegal automatic and heavy weapons, but would only indulge in such risky behavior for another Gun Club member who had a problem, such as Communist agitators at a factory, which calls for force.

Special skill: Machine Tools 45% {Craft (Machinery) +6}.

ARKHAM GUN CLUB

Parrington is president of the upper-crust Arkham Gun Club (dues are $50 yearly, by invitation only), which often meets at his shop. Asa Nichols, the chief of police, is the treasurer this year.

Members have unlimited use of a shooting range northeast of Meadow Hill and invitations to a picnic in the summer, and sit-down game dinner in the fall. Each month's interval spent on the range with a particular caliber or gauge of rifle, pistol, or shotgun grants the investigator a **1D6 percentile increase in skill**, to a maximum of 50% {keeper may grant +1 to hit with a particular pistol, rifle, or shotgun to a maximum of 10}.

415

ANDERSON'S FURNITURE AND CARPETS

353 W Main Street

Fine furniture, rugs and draperies, established in 1869. Ben Anderson is interested by and has a personal collection of furniture such as writing desks which feature hidden compartments.

Special skill: Find Secret Door 73% {Search +9, Disable Device +7}.

416

ARTHUR MURRAY SCHOOL OF DANCE

333 W Main Street

Learn all the latest steps. An eight-week course costs $20; at the end of that time the investigator gains **Art (Ballroom Dancing) 15%** {+1 rank to Performance (Ballroom Dancing)}. Additional improvement comes only from experience.

417-A

PET SHOP

321 W Main Street

Purebred puppies, parrots and canaries, and tropical fish are for sale, as well as supplies. This new enterprise is run by an outsider, Albert Cunningham.

Recently Cunningham sold several domestic animals before discovering that they were being used as sacrifices in a fraternity initiation. The rituals were held on the Unvisited Island in the center of the river.

The police were notified, the suspects suspended, and Cunningham is suing three of the families involved for civil damages under an obscure provision of Massachusetts drayage law intended to protect horses from mistreatment. Two of the defendant families, unnamed by police, are local and influential within the community. The incident has been hushed up so far. Cunningham has been gently warned that he should not broach the offenders' names in public — at least not until after the trial — and how he handles this matter in large part determines whether or not he succeeds or fails in Arkham.

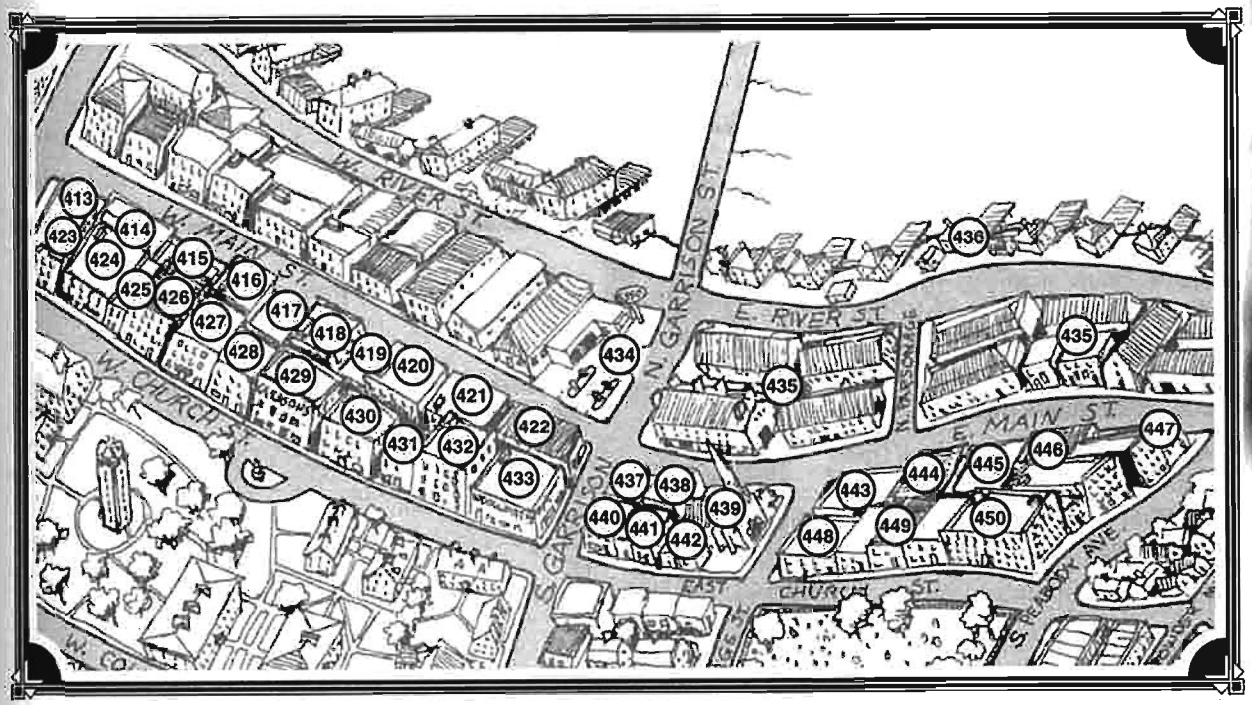
Special skill: Zoology 40%
{Animal Empathy +3, Knowledge (Zoology) +4, Handle Animals +3}

417-B

MANELLI'S MUSIC STORE

321½ W Main Street

Keeping his prices low because of a favorable lease, Manelli does a brisk trade in sheet music, phonograph records, pianos, violins, and clarinets. Ukuleles are falling from favor, even in Arkham. Alberto Manelli also gives vocal lessons, still popular among those with aristocratic fantasies.



Merchant District: Section B

Popular songs in 1928 include "I Can't Give You Anything but Love" and "Makin' Whoopee"; in 1929 look for "Star Dust," "Happy Days Are Here Again," and "Tiptoe Through the Tulips."

He was trained as a baritone in Italy, but forfeited his future when a tragic love affair forced him to flee the Old Country. He settled with relatives in Arkham.

Flamboyant and demanding of his students, Manelli yells and screams, breaks furniture, tears out his hair, or cries with joy when he teaches. Twice-a-week lessons cost a dollar an hour; for every six months that an investigator trains with Manelli, he or she may add **1D6 points to Art (Sing)**, to a maximum of 50% {+1 rank to Performance (Sing) to a maximum of +10}.

418

CURIOS & ANTIQUES
261 W Main Street

Run by George Tillinghast, younger brother of Edwin, the bookseller. Although brothers, and both members of the Arkham Historical Society and the Rotary, they have not spoken to each other since disputing a division of property in their father's will.

Tillinghast's store collection includes several fine antiques.

Special skill: Appraise Old Furniture 75% {Appraise +10}

419

OPTOMETRIST
237 W Main Street

Bernard Evans performs eye examinations and prescribes eyeglasses. He ordinarily uses an optical service in Boston but he can custom-grind lenses if investigators need and if they can supply the glass blanks.

Special skills: Optics 35%, Applied Optics 65%, Soothe Patient 55% {Knowledge (Optics) +8, Craft (Optics) +14, Diplomacy +6}.



420-A

MALLOY'S TIMEPIECES
205 W Main Street

He stocks and repairs all types of clocks and watches. John Malloy, 55, has operated this shop since 1911 and is an avid collector of rare and antique timepieces. In his home is an odd coffin-shaped floor clock marked with strange hieroglyphs and bearing four hands. He obtained the clock from a private collection broken up for auction. For twelve years he has tried to learn something about the timepiece, to no avail.

420-B

THE RADIO CENTER
205½ W Main Street

Owned by Robert Valencia, 29. He sells radios, phonographs, and records. In the back room he repairs and services A.M. radios. He owns a large shortwave radio and transmitter. He's an enthusiastic hobbyist who never stops learning.

Special skills: Electrical Repair 35%, Make Radio Tube 18% {Repair +7, Craft (Radio) +5}.

421-A

FENNER AVERY, TOBACCONIST
185 W Main Street

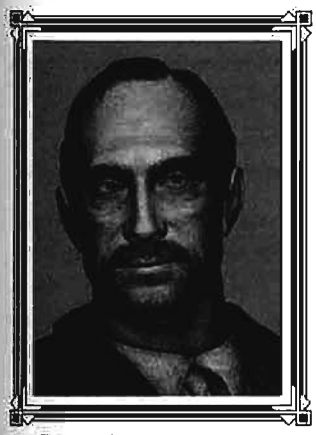
Deals in imported tobaccos like fine Balkan Sobranje as well as domestic brands, and in pipes and cigars. For protection from rowdy youngsters, the traditional wooden Indian stands just inside the front door.

421-B

WALTERS' OPTICS AND FANCY TOYS

185½ W Main Street

Timothy Walters, 42 years old, sells fine cameras, microscopes, binoculars, and telescopes, as well as scale-model trains and ships, and superbly-painted toy soldiers.



Timothy Walters

Walters is an active amateur astronomer, a good friend of Prof. Billings at the University. His older brother, Harvey Walters, the celebrated New York mystic and scholar, occasionally visits Arkham, staying with Timothy in the latter's apartment.

One of Walters' telescopes is of an odd design (successful Physics or Astronomy roll to notice). Walters bought it cheaply at an auction. The accompanying manuscript (written in German) claims that the lenses were abnormal, but when he tested the instrument Walters found nothing unusual (he didn't look in the right spots). Still, he considers it a collector's item and he will not part with it for less than $50.

Also an accomplished commercial photographer, Walters has evolved some dry-ice techniques of great value to astronomers, and might be able to help investigators to photograph what's usually unphotographable.

Special skills: Observational Astronomy 45%, Optics 55%, Photography 75% [Knowledge (Astronomy) +6, Knowledge (Optics) +7, (Photography) +9].

422

KROGER'S

SW corner of Main and Garrison.

Brand-name canned and packaged goods at low prices. One of the first chain markets.

423

E. WAITE, GOLDSMITH

478 W Church Street

He retails silver and gold jewelry, often set with precious stones. He can cast personal settings. He and the jeweller, Lazlo Caselius, do a lateral business together, with Waite purchasing gems from Caselius and Caselius ordering settings from Waite.

Waite moved here from Innsmouth in 1918, Caselius loaning Waite some of the money that started him up, and accepting some Innsmouth jewelry Waite brought with him as collateral.

Waite is still trying to pay the debt and recollect the pieces. He is nervous and fearful that someone from Innsmouth might discover that he has broken his trust and shown the pieces to strangers. Waite may or may not carry the Innsmouth taint: he is 34, and his hair is quite thin.

424-A

HATTIE'S BOUTIQUE

388 W Church Street

This store was opened in 1926 by the refined (though illborn) Hattie O'Brian of Boston. Miss O'Brian is 42. She stocks the store with the latest fashions. She has enough of a knack at quiet flattery to meet broad approval in Arkham, and is expert with a needle.

424-B

CASELIUS'S FINE JEWELERS

388½ W Church Street

Good-quality to expensive jewelry using ready or custom settings. Although he does little of it these days, Lazlo Caselius is a trained stonecutter. He is familiar with American and European antique jewelry styles.

In his displays are a few pieces of Innsmouth gold Caselius has on deposit from the goldsmith, Waite.

Special skill: Appraise Gemstone 75% [Appraise +9].

425

PIKE'S HABERDASHERY
338 W Church Street

Clothing for men. All suits are individually tailored. Also has clothes for shooting and riding.

426

GLEASON'S DEPARTMENT STORE
310 W Church Street

Four floors of clothing, appliances, furniture, books, toys, tools, bedding, etc. Gleason's offers prices somewhat lower than other Arkham merchants in exchange for less personal service. The company owns a large delivery truck and a smaller van.

427

GILMAN'S OFFICE SUPPLIES
298 W Church Street

Stationery, fountain pens, pencils, office furniture, ledgers, adding machines, typewriters, and other supplies.

428



Miss Jenny

MISS JENNY'S BEAUTY PARLOR
288 W Church Street

Run by headstrong Jenny Aberstrom. Popular with younger women. They dress and cut ladies' hair. The town's barbers, all licensed (and male), once unsuccessfully filed suit to staunch her competition.

429

UNIVERSITY SHOE STORE
268 W Church Street

Shoes for men and women. Repairs in the back.

430-A

JAYWIL'S BOOK STORE
224 W Church Street

A large store devoted to new editions and textbooks, Jaywil's also has an active personal order business. Nearly 7,000 titles on a wide range of subjects are in stock. Regular shipments arrive from Britain and the Continent. The majority of their business is with Miskatonic's faculty and student body. Malvina Jaywil, 56, is the crusty, intelligent owner. Open 8:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., including lunch hour, Monday–Friday.

The year 1928 saw the publication of Aldous Huxley's *Point Counterpoint* and Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (the latter's widespread ban included importation into the United States). In 1929, Jaywil's will offer Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*, Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*, and Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel*.

430-B

THE UNIVERSITY SHOP
224½ W Church Street

Everything for the male Miskatonic U. student — pennants, sweaters, blazers, boaters, banners, school ties, beer steins, embossed stationery, etc.

431

MARSH'S CONFECTIONERY
172 W Church Street

Fresh candy by the pound or piece can be gotten here; there is a soda fountain.

432

SEARS-ROEBUCK CATALOG STORE

168 W Church Street

Miss Henrietta Harrison, 41, manages this small storefront. Things not findable in Arkham can be ordered from Sears. Allow 1D6 days for delivery of small items, and 1D2 weeks for large items.

433

WOOLWORTH'S 5 & 10

110 W Church Street

Nothing in this store costs more than a dime, including household goods, books, candy, orders from the soda fountain, thread, needles, can openers, and so on.

434

ESSO SERVICE STATION

NE corner, Main and Garrison

The gas is the same price as at the Phillips 66 across the Miskatonic, but the service is ruder and the station dirtier. Despite this, the mechanic is slightly better. Open 7 A.M. to 6 P.M., Monday–Saturday.

Special skills: Mechanical Repair 82%, Electrical Repair 80% {Repair +12}.

435

THE OLD WAREHOUSES

North side of Main Street, from Peabody to West

Constructed in the early nineteenth century, these great brick Georgian-styled warehouses have stood next to the river for a century. Most are unused, although local businesses rent one or two for temporary storage from time to time. Lucky Clover Cartage has recently leased a large one.

Watermarks five feet above ground can be seen on the sides of these buildings, from the flood of 1888.

436

EASTERLY WAREHOUSES

North of River Street, from Garrison to Peabody

These old wood warehouses are similar to their brothers west of here. Years ago they were converted to tenements and almshouses, and remain so today. Twisting alleys and lanes run between the structures. Some are built upon an old wharf once used to unload raw wool and cotton for the mills.

437-A

NEWSSTAND

SE corner, Main at Garrison

Although the two newsstands in town have much the same fare, the one nearer the campus is larger and carries more out-of-state newspapers. It also stocks a large number of confession, pulp adventure, and crossword puzzle magazines, all very popular. Open 6:30 A.M., to 5:30 P.M., Monday–Saturday.

437-B

BELL CAFE

132 E Main Street

A clean, friendly lunchroom featuring better-than-average cooking: breakfast 25–45 cents; lunch 50–60 cents. Comfortable booths line the back wall and front window, and there is a counter. Open 6 A.M. to 3 P.M., Monday–Friday.

438

MARKWIL'S THEATRICAL SUPPLY

148 E Main Street

Rent or buy costumes and purchase stage makeup, phony beards, moustaches, wigs, etc. Ben Woodward,

who owns and operates the store, does regular business with the many local amateur productions. His supplies for stage effects includes flash powder, chemical fog, and rubber spider webs.

439

CHRISTCHURCH EPISCOPAL

150 S Parsonage Street

This church was founded in 1792. The present stone structure has housed the worshipers since 1824. Father Archibald Bishop heads a prosperous and satisfied (even perhaps smug) congregation.

440

CHURCH ST. CAFETERIA

NE corner of Church and Garrison

The cheapest place to eat south of the river. A meal of sorts can be had for as little as 15 cents. Open 5 A.M. to 2 P.M., Monday–Saturday.

441-A

BRYANT'S APOTHECARY

135 E Church Street

Mather Bryant, 61, has run this store for nearly forty years. Competition with the newish Walgreen's could leave business lean, but Bryant's old customers are loyal.

Special skills: Diagnose Poison 55%; Pharmacy 80%; Treat Poison 75% (Heal +10, Knowledge (Pharmacology) +10, Poison Use +8).

441-B

TARANOWSKI'S BAKERY

135½ E Church Street

The second Taranowski's, and just as good. Baked goods and coffee. Open 5 A.M. to 2 P.M., Monday–Saturday, closed Wednesday.

Sheila Torsten, a bulky 22-year-old woman, works here. Unknown to family or co-workers, she belongs to the Evil Coven (see entry 1007).

442

ARKHAM GIFT SHOP

195 E Church Street

Knick-knacks, ceramics, fancy stationery, mahjong sets. Owned and operated by elderly, kindly Mrs. Edith Winkler who lives above the shop. A charming woman, Mrs. Winkler is admired by her friends for her courage in carrying on after Mr. Winkler ran off with a Southside floozie twenty years ago.

When Mrs. Winkler passes on, the new owner of the property discovers the bodies of a man and a woman, victims of cyanide poisoning, buried in the basement.

443

CALEB MARKHAM, LOCKSMITH

206 E Main Street

An Arkham native, 48, Markham makes keys, rekeys locks, sells and installs locks and other closures, including small wall safes. He'll come to your house, but "mebbe not for three-four days." He is an honest man, and never performs improper or illegal actions. He's expert at opening old chests and cabinets without damaging them. Markham has a ferocious temper. The shop is open 8 A.M. to noon, and 1–5 P.M., Monday–Friday.

Special skill: Pick Lock 82% (Open Lock +12)

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY

Markham wants an apprentice. An investigator who helps out Markham for six months incidentally learns the following skills: Accounting 1D6%, Pick Lock 2D6%, and Mechanical Repair 1D6%. Additional six-month stints increase each skill by the same amount, to a maximum of 50% in a particular skill. (Investigators can train between levels to increase the following skills: Knowledge (accounting) +1 rank, Open Lock +2 ranks, or Repair +1 rank.)

Markham expects 50 hours a week from an apprentice, for which he gladly pays $25 a week. Miss more than a few days of work, and he fires his apprentice.

444

HARDEN'S USED BOOKS
226 E Main Street

A shabby store with a pedestrian selection of used textbooks, cheap novels, and a century's-worth of religious tracts. Herbert Harden enjoys reading, but has no taste. There is a 5% chance per half-day search that an investigator finds a volume of interest. For 90% of the time, it's a book of value such as the signed Dickens first edition a lucky student walked out with last week for 25 cents; for 10% of the time, the find is a minor Mythos tome the investigator desires or at least does not have. Harden will not know what he is selling and lets it go for 1D100+10 cents.

445

B. F. JONES, HARDWARE
244 E Main Street

Nuts, eyebolts, tools, rope, flashlights, magnets, cable, hooks, pipe, bolt-cutters, in one convenient location. Jones sells dynamite and caps to regular customers, but not to "strange foreign types up to no good."

446

BENSON'S MARKET
276 E Main Street

This long-time establishment still does a good business, but 61-year-old Jasper Benson finds himself hard-pressed to keep up with a new competitor, the Kroger store, on canned goods prices.

447

BARGAIN HOUSE CLOTHIERS
390 E Main Street

A second-hand clothing store. For the destitute investigator or for the wise resident who appreciates a dollar.

448

STEWART'S CARAVAN
211 E Main Street

Owned and operated by 32-year-old Gerald Stewart, this store caters to campers and hikers, activities much in vogue as motorcar ownership widens. Includes tents packed into small trailers.

449

F&M TRAINS AND TOYS
233 E Church Street

A fairly recent addition to the area, F&M opened last fall featuring a line of electric trains, square-rigged ships, paper biplanes, chessboards, dolls, wooden and metal toys, and so forth. Owned and operated by Dean Martelle of Quebec and Clell Flint, Scotland.

450

CHELSEA HOUSE APARTMENTS
267 E Church Street

This apartment building is three stories high and offers clean four-room apartments with private baths for $65 a month. Bobby Sills, henchman to Danny O'Bannion, lives on the second floor.

NEIGHBORHOOD 5
River Town

This section of town lies partially on the north face of French Hill, which slopes steeply toward the Miskatonic River before flattening at River Street.

Inhabitants south of River Street tend to be French-Canadian or East European, the population becoming more and more Irish as the hill ascends.

This is the old trade district of Arkham. Longtime outlets such as the Arkham General Store remain here.

Many of Arkham's skilled tradesmen, native and migrant, here combine homes and shops. The houses are modest, old, and built tightly along the streets. Most are sited with their ends to the street, the front doors opening onto small courts or lanes that lead to the streets.

501

ARLEY'S BOAT & BAIT

Foot of French Hill Street

Bert Arley will rent you a rowboat or canoe for $1 a day, and throw in a can of worms to boot. The current on the Miskatonic is usually slow, especially when the tide is in, and a relaxing row up and down the river may be just the thing. Don't get too near the deserted island and don't linger too long around the old warehouse leased by Lucky Clover Cartage.



Bert Arley

Arley occasionally rents boats to the bootleggers. Living in his shack on the dock, he's well aware of their activity.

A short time back he rented boats to college students traveling to the Unvisited Island. He didn't know anything about the animal sacrifices, but he's been dragged into the police investigation.

502

ARKHAM GENERAL STORE

421 E Main Street

Besides the general run of merchandise, the General Store is a major outlet for liquor supplied by Lucky Clover Cartage. Some local home-brewers supply a limited amount of keg beer (much less profitable than whiskey, and heavy to handle), of which the General Store sells a good many barrels to University fraternities.

The proprietor, Rider Adams, also sells firearms, ammunition, and dynamite. There are no regulations concerning purchase, though storage of explosives within city limits is regulated by ordinance dating to 1866, when a souvenir cannonball from the siege of Petersburg blew away Eliot Olney's mantelpiece, chimney, and bedroom wall. The store is open 6 A.M. to 6 P.M., Monday–Saturday.

503

ARKHAM PRINTING

106 N Powder Mill Street

Specializes in flyers, stationery, business cards, etc. Quick service.

504

GREGOR WEILDER, GLASSBLOWER

191 N French Hill Street

He brought this trade with him from Europe. He is nearly sixty, stout and powerful, and speaks with a thick middle-European accent. He is married and lives in the rear portion of the building that serves as his shop.

Special skill: Blow Glass 85% {Craft (Glass) +9}.

505

BEACON OF HOPE SETTLEMENT HOUSE

608 E River Street

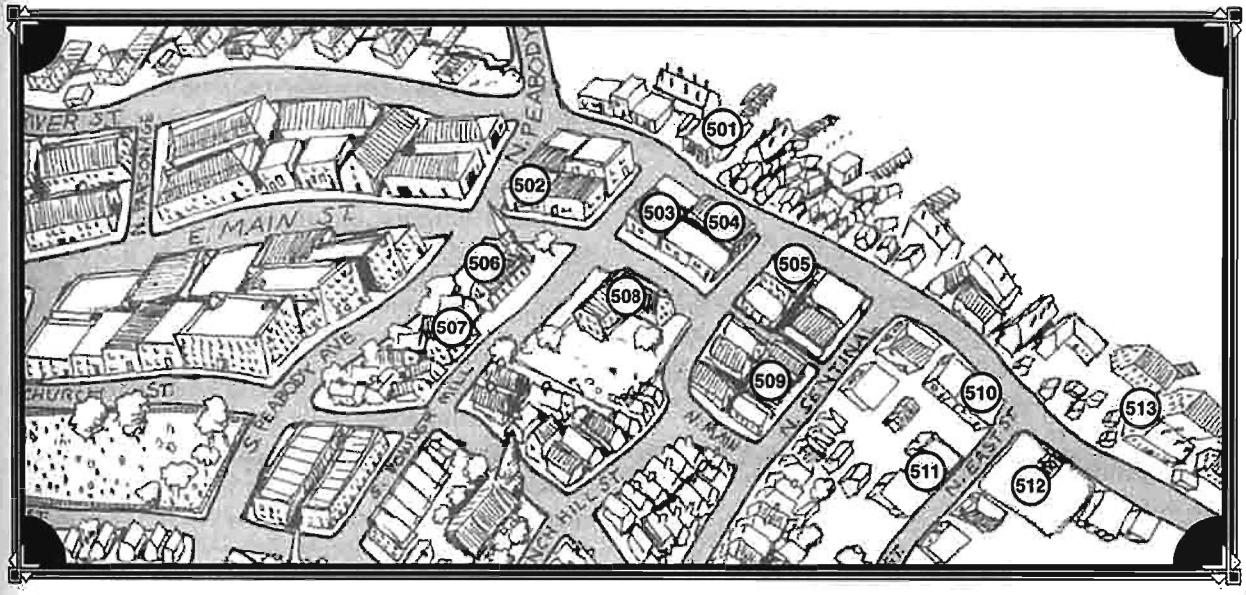
A Baptist charity for the destitute, a person can shelter here until finding work. One room is for men, and another is for women. Prayers, supper, a blanket, and a cot are provided. This makes a good if unappealing hideout, though the police occasionally inspect here to learn who's new.

506

THE EAST CHURCH

444 E Main Street

This brick structure, built in 1842, is owned by Miskatonic University and serves as the University Chapel. Nondenominational Protestant services are held here on Sundays for the student body.



Rivertown

507

ELEANOR PEABODY CHARITY HOME

S Powder Mill Street

This is a charity home for the destitute elderly, funded by the late Eleanor Peabody's estate.

508

ARKHAM EAST PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL

550 E Main Street

Arkham's first high school. Principal Eldon Jenkin, 55, keeps strict discipline over the ethnically-diverse student body. The high school team name is the "Musketeers." Arkham's second high school, East was established in 1902 and maintains a heated rivalry with the more snobbish Arkham Public (603). Joel Manton, who accepted the post of Superintendent of Schools in 1926, was the former principal.

509

G. SCHMIDT, GLAZIER

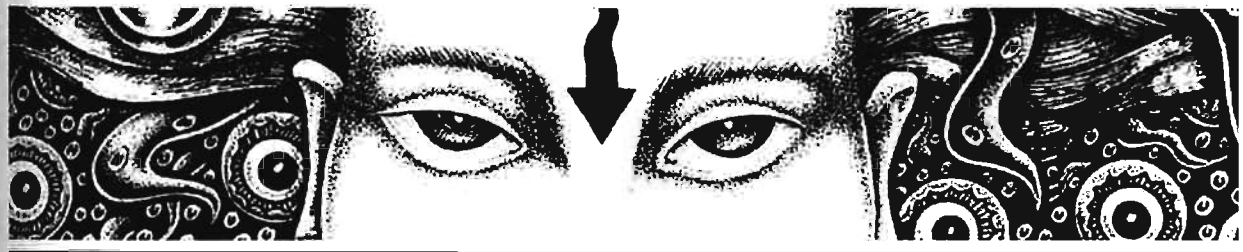
137 N Sentinel Street

Gunther Schmidt emigrated to Arkham shortly after the end of the Great War. He operates his shop out of the lower floor of this building while he and his family occupy the second.

Schmidt is a skilled craftsman trained in stained glass work and has done extensive restoration work in three different Arkham churches.

Two years ago, following a suggestion from the minister of the First Baptist Church, he inspected the crumbling mansion of Alijah Billington and chanced to gaze through the strange, prismatic window in the second floor study. He was shaken by the event (he saw something moving) and although he does not think he would return for a second look, he is fascinated by the existence of the window. If investigators raise the subject, he may be willing to speak about it.

Special skill: Deploy Glass Artistically 80%
(Craft (Glass) +9)



510

BLACKSMITH

SW corner of East and River

Though he doesn't shoe as many horses as he used to, semi-retired Jacob Asker still does a lot of trailer hitches and other ironwork to order. People know that they can get quick service from him, and that his hasps and gates and tongues either last or get fixed for free.

In a paddock he keeps four saddle horses, which he rents out from time to time.

511

HIRAM THE JUNKMAN

211 N East Street

Hiram, about 60, makes daily the rounds of Arkham in his wagon. His horse, Nessie, wears a hat with holes cut for her ears. As they plod along alleys and back streets, he is ever-vigilant for sellables; he also hauls trash to the dump for a small fee.

In the 40-odd-years he's ridden the byways of the town, he has witnessed many strange things, and found even stranger things in certain people's trash, which he may remember for a small fee. He also knows some details of the local bootlegging operation, and his regular inspection of folks' garbage tells him who the best customers are.

The junkman, while friendly, always poses as a dolt. Whether or not investigators can get anything out of him depends on their skillful persuasion. He has a special fondness for peach brandy and friendly company; perhaps an evening with him could be well spent.

512

DUNHAM'S BRICKYARD

500 E Armitage Street

Closed since 1912, the yard was once second only to the University as the major Arkham employer. The brickyard's buildings are boarded up and decaying. One shack has an intact roof.

The 'Finns: the name's derived from *Sean Finn*, a reference mostly lost on present members of the group, who even spell it *fins*.) They follow O'Bannion's operations with great interest; the talented and the obedient can look forward to jobs from him as they mature.

Gang members indulge in petty thievery and an occasional burglary, but there's not much to buy in Arkham, and there's no fence here who'll trust kids. Mostly they gather on corners and in vacant lots, and talk and posture.

The Irish gang feels safest in most of the French Hill district, while the Italians favor the lower Southside east of Garrison and south of Pickman.

The 'Finns have recently made a headquarters in an abandoned shack in Dunham's brickyard. The Rocks often congregate around the Southside Gym, for the moment regarded by both gangs as neutral territory. For the Italian gang, see entry 716.

Street Punk: Typical 'Finn-Boy

STR 11	**CON** 14	**SIZ** 10	**INT** 12	**POW** 11
DEX 14	**APP** 11	**EDU** 07	**SAN** 65	**HP** 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Climb 50%, Dodge 40%, Fast Talk 20%, Hide 30%, Lie Creatively 20%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 35%, Strut 40%, Throw 45%.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3
Throw Rock = Throw skill %, damage 1D4
Kick 30%, damage 1D6
Grapple 35%, damage special
Small Club 35%, damage 1D6
Small Knife 30%, damage 1D4

{d20 STATS: page 216}

513

THE SHORE

Rivertown

Between River Street and the Miskatonic stand empty, long-abandoned mills. A few of Arkham's poorest live among the crumbling structures, sharing space with hoboes and an occasional petty criminal. With its twisting dark alleys and foreboding doorways, even the police venture in cautiously.

GREG THE MONSTER

No one knows Greg's real name, or where he came from. He frequents the riverbanks and wherever he can find edible garbage. Immensely overweight, the people who know of him wonder how he manages to stay so huge. Time spent investigating the loss of family pets, small

farm animals, and the occasional missing child might yield insight into that mass.

The man is very quiet, never speaking unless spoken to. All conversations are short and grudging. He lives in a culvert which once emptied into the river but was blocked off by later construction. Bony remnants from his meals lie at the bottom of the river.

In attacks, if he manages either to knock his victim unconscious or kill him, he then drags the body into his lair and immediately begins his victory meal.

Greg the Monster, Age 29

STR 14	**CON** 12	**SIZ** 19	**INT** 09	**POW** 13
DEX 12	**APP** 06	**EDU** 05	**SAN** 13	**HP** 15

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Grapple 80%, damage special
Fist/Punch, 60%, damage 1D3+1D6
Sit* 40%, damage 1D6+1D6
**Greg's target must first be knocked down for this attack. After the first round of Sit, damage is automatic each round, unless the victim gets a successful opposition of his/her STR against Greg's SIZ on the Resistance Table.*

Skills: Dodge 45%, Listen 65%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 40%, Track 20%.

{d20 STATS: page 216}

NEIGHBORHOOD 6

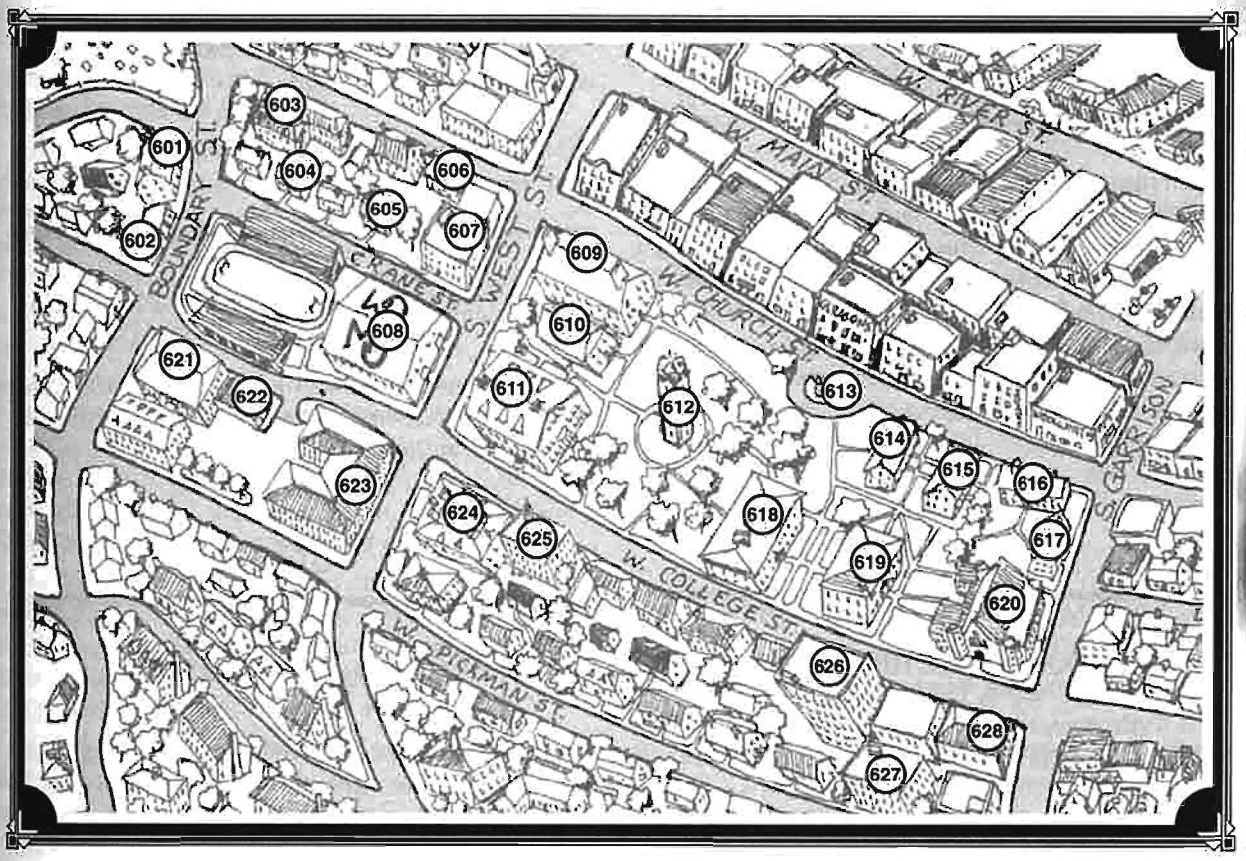
Campus

The campus area is an Arkham showplace. Landscaped and kept immaculately clean, the university grounds are a cool and shady place for a summer walk. Almost all of the university's buildings are found here, including the hospital and the field house.

Like the merchant district, the campus is on low ground, which noticeably climbs only south of College Street.

North of Crane Street and west of West Street is a block of substantial residential homes, designed in the Georgian/Federalist style. Many of these large homes are no longer residences, but are maintained as offices by the university or other organizations. This block is as well groomed as any part of the campus.

College Street contains, besides campus buildings, many old family homes that have been converted to apartments and boarding houses, where live most of the junior and senior men who do belong to fraternities.



Campus

West of Boundary Street are blocks of older, more modest residences. Hill Street is an unlit dirt road underlain by a foundation of ancient rotting timbers, poking up through the road in places. Residents here lack sewers, and draw water from one of three public wells along the street. This very rustic section of town contains many seventeenth-century homes, and the families of the inhabitants have lived in them for ten generations and more, datable to the first settlement of Arkham.

601

MISKATONIC VALLEY VETERANS' HOME

224 S Boundary Street

Supported by community and church funds, this home houses the worst of Arkham's war casualties. Triple and quadruple amputees abound; faces ruined by shrapnel gaze pitcously; bodies rotted by poison gas sometimes drift ghostlike across windows and disappear.

602

SOUTHWEST TRANSFORMER STATION

322 S Boundary Street

This transformer station controls power to all parts of Arkham south of the river and west of Garrison St. Unmanned, it's dangerous, and enclosed by a high fence. Once entered, an investigator needs a successful **Electrical Repair roll** {Repair check (DC 20}, to shut off power and darken this part of town. An Electrical Repair roll result of 00 gives 8D6 electrical damage to the investigator {a 1 on this check results in 8d6 HP of Electrical damage}.

603

ARKHAM PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL

665 W Church Street

Grades 9–12 meet here from the first Monday in September till the second Friday of June.

The student body contains more old Arkham family names than the more diverse East High. The school's team name is the "Commanders."

ANITA PIERCE

Named principal here after Manton became superintendent, she's widely respected by her students and the more open-minded portion of the community. One of only a handful of New England women to hold such a post, Pierce still experiences opposition to her appointment and must often defend her policies at school board meetings.

604

MISKATONIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

602 Crane Street

This men's club was formed in 1920 as a solution to Prohibition, and membership is by invitation only. Of the 80 or so members, most are businessmen, professionals, or tenured professors from the university. The small mansion is open from 3 A.M. to 10 P.M. six nights a week.

Social drinking, cards, billiards, and conversation are the major activities; drunkenness is cause for expulsion. A member **adds 1D6 percentiles to his Credit Rating** by belonging {a +1 bonus to Charisma-based skill checks against Arkham locals.}

Cost of joining is $200 plus monthly dues of $10; drinks at the bar are 25 cents.

605

NATHANIEL AND WINGATE PEASLEE

588 (formerly 27) Crane Street

A fine home with large, well-kept grounds, the residence of Professor Nathaniel Wingate Peaslee and his son, professor Wingate Peaslee.

606

WHITECHAPEL MORTUARY

581 W Church Street

It offers most services, though no facilities for cremation exist. Embalmment has become a requirement for burial in Arkham, after much controversy and much to the discomfort of religious groups backing various theories of physical resurrection.

607

JONATHAN EDWARDS HALL (LL&A BUILDING)

270 S West Street

Construction continues on this imposing brick building, intended to house the new School of Language, Literature, and the Arts. Foundation, frame, and roof are completed, and work now concentrates on the interior. Furnishings will be supplied in late spring, and the facility opens to instruction for the fall 1929 semester.

608

AXTON FIELD HOUSE

378 S West Street

Named for past great football coach Peter "Dump" Axton, this field house was constructed in 1920, two years after Axton's untimely death at the wheel of a car. Coach from 1908–1918, Axton brought three championships to the university, and was very active in Arkham civic projects. A saddened alumnus quickly raised the funds and named the structure in his honor.

The field house is open from 7 A.M. to 6 P.M., Monday–Friday, and by arrangement other times. All the coaches and staff have keys. Facilities are technically closed to the public, but no one much cares who uses them unless they become rowdy or interrupt classes.

Facilities include classrooms, offices, a pool, squash and handball courts, a basketball court, mats, and gym equipment. Adjacent outdoor facilities include a quarter-mile track with a practice field inside, and two well-used clay tennis courts. The baseball team uses the Arkham High School field or the Commons field. The main athletic field, including the football field and bleachers, is a mile and more west of town.

An investigator who receives track or gymnastics training for a semester **increases by 1D6 percentiles** any one of the following skills: **Climb, Dodge, Jump,** or **Throw**, to a maximum of 50% {+1 rank to appropriate skill, to max. of 10 ranks}.

An investigator who receives swim training **increases his or her Swim skill by 1D6 percentiles**, to a maximum of 50% {+1 rank to Swim, to max. of 10 ranks}.

Similar programs for boxing (**increase Fist/Punch by 1D6**), fencing (**increase Saber, Rapier, or Foil by 1D6**), wrestling (**increase Grapple by 1D6**), shooting (**increase Rifle by 1D6**), and other skills of the keeper's choice exist, all trainable to a maximum of 50% {+1 rank to appropriate skills to max. of 10 ranks}.

Instruction may be individual or as a class member. Fees should vary, and be somewhat arbitrary.

DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

This healthily-endowed department is headed by Mr. Donald Kanum, the director. On the staff are football coach Flip Parkinson, basketball coach Adam Hopkins, gymnastics and fencing coach Henry Cartwright, and Douglas Arthur for track and field. As the seasons progress and one sport eclipses another, head coaches in one sport become assistant coaches in another.

DEPARTMENT OF FACILITIES AND GROUNDS

In a corner of the Field House is the maintenance division of the university, headed by Robert (Bob) Bradbury, 56, a former civil engineer. Bradbury is an easy-going, baldheaded man with a staff of nearly twenty, who clean, paint, clip, hammer, and oil the university's physical assets. Bradbury also manages the university's garage, entry 709, and the athletic field, entry 1004.

609

SCIENCE HALL

Miskatonic Campus

Constructed in 1859, then rebuilt in 1899, Science Hall stands three stories high, with hot and stuffy offices another floor higher, pushed into the garret. The first floor and basement are occupied by large lecture halls and the School of Biology. The Schools of the Physical and the Natural Sciences and the department of Mathematics share floors two and three, and they all share portions of Tyner Annex, together with the new School of Applied Sciences.

ASTOR DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS

So called after receiving a long series of contributions and endowments from Benjamin and Athena Astor.

Dr. Hiram Upham chairs the department, which also supports three associate professors, four graduate assistants, and a secretary, in a sumptuous style envied by every other faculty member on campus. The department is not large enough to be a school but, since its funding is independent, it has equivalent freedom and prestige.

Miskatonic University Directory

This directory lists entries in the "Guide to Arkham." Complete university listings would be much longer.

UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS, LANDMARKS, ETC.

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Tyner Science Lab 610
Copley Bell Tower 612
Dean Halsey Statue 613
Dormitory, East 619
Dormitory, West 618
Exhibit Museum 624
Faculty/Grad. Residence 616
Garage 709
Hoyt Admin. Building 625
Laundry 622
Liberal Arts Building 611
Library 620
LL&A Building 607
Locksley Hall 614
President's House 617
School of Medicine 621
Science Hall 609
St. Mary's Teaching Hospital 623
Upham Hall (Women) 615

ADMINISTRATION

Dr. Harvey Wainscott, President .. 625
Dr. David Edmund, Vice-President 625
Miss Ruth Ellen Whitby, Registrar 625
Dr. Chester Armwright, Dean, School of Medicine 621
Dr. W.E. Cameron, Dean, Physical Sciences 609
Dr. Conrad Miller, Dean, Biology .. 609
Dr. Lawrence Abbott, Dean, Applied Sciences 609
Dr. William Dyer, Dean, Natural Sciences 609
Dr. Peter Crownin, Dean, Language, Literature, Arts 607
Dr. Harvey Wilcox, Dean, History/Soc. Sciences 607
Dr. Henry Armitage, Director, University Library 620
Mr. William Llanfer, Asst. Director, University Library 620
Dr. Hiram Upham, Chairman, Astor Dept. of Mathematics 609
Dr. Waldron, Campus Physician ... 609
Mr. Donald Kanum, Director, Dept. of Physical Education 608
Mr. Robert Bradbury, Director, Dept. of Facilities & Grounds 608

SCHOOLS

School of Biology (609)

Dean Miller, Dr. Conrad
Angley, Dr. Robert
Lake, Dr. Percy
Warden, Dr. Alex
Peaslee, Dr. Wingate

School of Applied Science (609)

Dean Abbot, Dr. Lawrence
Ellery, Dr. Dewart
Hayes, Dr. Hamline
Pabodie, Dr. Frank H.
Woodbridge, Dr. Gammell

School of Languages, Literature, and the Arts (611)

Dean Crownin, Dr. Peter
Ames, Dr. Swanson
Eastman, Dr. P.G.
Goddard, Dr. Arthur
Kilbraith, Dr. George
Peabody, Dr. Alien
Rice, Dr. Warren
Rosen, Mr. David
Shalad, Dr. Moamar
Turner, Mrs. Alice
Whitman, Dr. Stanley
Wilmarth, Dr. Albert N.

School of Natural Sciences (609)

Dean Dyer, Dr. William
Billings, Dr. Morris

School of Physical Sciences (609)

Dean Cameron, Dr. W.E.
Atwood, Dr. Donald
Greeley, Dr. Archibald
Shear, Dr. Harold

School of History & Social Sciences (611)

Dean Wilcox, Dr. Harvey
Ashley, Dr. Ferdinand C.
Bethnell, Dr. Abram
Fen, Dr. Martin
Freeborn, Dr. Tyler M.
Morgan, Dr. Francis
Peaslee, Dr. Nathaniel
Westgate, Dr. Anthony

DEPARTMENTS

The following departments fall within various schools of the university.

Ancient History

Dr. Ferdinand C. Ashley 611

Anthropology

Dr. Abram Bethnell, Chr. 611
Dr. Tyler M. Freeborn 611

Archaeology

Dr. Francis Morgan, Chr. 611

Astronomy

Dr. Morris Billings, Chr. 609

Botany

Dr. Robert Angley 609

Chemistry

Dr. Harold Shear 609

Classical Languages

Dr. Warren Rice, Acting Chr. 611
Dr. Aaron Chase, Chr. 611

Economics & Sociometrics

Dr. A. Westgate, Chr. 611
Dr. Wingate Peaslee 611

Electrical Engineering

Dr. Hamlin Hayes 609

Engineering

Dr. Lawrence Abbott 609
Dr. Frank H. Pabodie 609
Dr. Gammell Woodbridge 609

English

Dr. Peter Crownin 611
Dr. P.G. Eastman, Chr. 611
Dr. Albert N. Wilmarth 611
Dr. Swanson Ames 611
Dr. Stanley Whitman 611

Fine Arts

Dr. Arthur Goddard, Chr. 611
David Rosen, Res. Artist 611
Mrs. Alice Turner, Director 611

Geology

Dr. William Dyer 609

History

Dr. Martin Fen 611
Dr. Ferdinand C. Ashley 611

Mathematics

Dr. Hiram Upham, Chr. 609

Metallurgy

Dr. Dewart Ellery 609

Modern Languages

Dr. Alien Peabody, Chr. 611

Oriental Studies

Dr. Moamar Shalad, Chr. 611

Philosophy

Dr. George Kilbraith 611

Physical Education

Donald Kanum, Director 608
Douglas Arthur 608
Henry Cartwright 608
Adam Hopkins 608
'Flip' Parkinson 608

Physics

Donald Atwood 609

Psychology

Dr. Alex Warden 609
Dr. Wingate Peaslee 609

The department is pleased to provide mathematical liaison with other departments, but its creative impulses curve toward topology and extradimensional explorations.

Upham teaches advanced mathematics and numbers among his students the brilliant Walter Gilman. Upham has noticed the young genius's recent nervous problems (mainly acquired since moving into the Witch House) and has suggested the young man take some time off to relax and recuperate.

SCHOOL OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES

Essentially the departments of chemistry and physics, aiming to give every undergraduate a sound education; upper division and graduate classes explode in many directions, from the implications of quantum theory to the synthesis of exciting new hydrocarbon compounds.

The Dean of the School of Physical Science is Dr. W. E. Cameron, 48. Dr. Archibald Greely, 62, takes special pleasure in guiding courses such as quantitative and qualitative analysis which are often geared to premed students. Dr. Harold Shear heads the Chemistry department.



Professor Atwood

Professor Donald Atwood, a physicist-turned-meteorologist who really should be in the School of Natural Sciences, has recently been chosen to participate in the upcoming Miskatonic expedition to the Antarctic. Wilmarth and Armitage persuade him to read portions of the *Necronomicon* before the expedition leaves.

SCHOOL OF BIOLOGY

In 1954, this large department transforms into the School of Life Sciences. Areas of emphasis include anatomy, general biology, some biochemistry, botany, zoology, animal behavior, and human psychology. The head of the school is Dr. Conrad Miller, 58 years old.

Among the staff is 31-year-old Professor Percy Lake who is slated for the forthcoming expedition to the Antarctic. Wilmarth and Armitage, trusting him, have, (or will) confide their fears to Lake. Lake, because of this, reads the *Necronomicon*.

The botanists operate a small greenhouse attached to the south side of the building. One, 29-year-old Professor Robert Angley, has raised eyebrows with his active opposition to the proposed reservoir project. Angley uses the arguments of altered ecologies and endangered species, although those concepts lack the supporting evidence available later in the century. He may take some of his students on a weekend field trip to the area of the Blasted Heath.

Assistant Professor Alex Warden presses radical proposals such as mass parapsychological screening, much to the faculty's amusement and aggravation. Warden, unknown to anyone, belongs to the Eye of Amara Society.



Professor Peaslee

Wingate Peaslee, son of economist Nathaniel Wingate Peaslee, was the only member of the elder Peaslee's family to not desert the man after his strange psychological attacks. His father's problems led young Wingate, in his early thirties, into psychology. Peaslee is scheduled to accompany the University expedition to Australia and, among other things is a skilled airplane pilot. He owns his own plane and keeps it stored in the hangar of Arkham Airfield.

Wingate Peaslee

STR 15	**CON** 16	**SIZ** 15	**INT** 17	**POW** 16
DEX 15	**APP** 15	**EDU** 19	**SAN** 79	**HP** 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+1D4
Grapple 55%, damage special

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 2%, Drive Automobile 60%, First Aid 55%, Library Use 75%, Occult 15%, Photography 65%, Pilot Aircraft 80%, Psychology 80%, Spot Hidden 55%.

{d20 STATS: page 217}

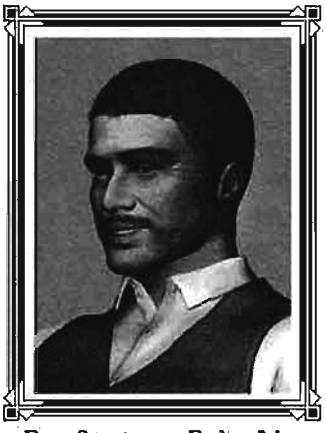
SCHOOL OF APPLIED SCIENCES

Headquartered in the new Charles Tyner Laboratory Annex, the Dean is Dr. Lawrence Abbott, an engineer by training. The school represents his ambitious dream of a science fully interactive with modern society.

Dominant among the disciplines are engineering, electrical engineering, civil engineering, and metallurgy. Metallurgist Dr. Dewart Ellery will test and fail to identify the metal in a statuette brought to him by mathematics student Walter Gilman. This mysterious piece eventually finds its way into the Miskatonic University Exhibit Museum.

In engineering, the rising star is Frank H. Pabodie, who is presently running final tests on a powerful new

drill of his own radical design. The drill will take geological core samples during the upcoming Antarctic expedition. He has also designed fuel-warming and quick-start devices for the airplanes to be used by the explorers. Pabodie, 32, is one of the members of this expedition contacted by Wilmarth and Armitage in regards to what might be found at the bottom of the world. Pabodie reads parts of the *Necronomicon* at their urging.

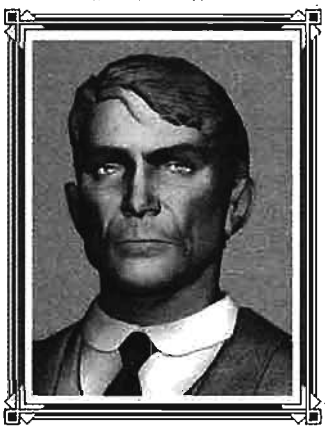

Professor Pabodie

Faculty-member Prof. Woodbridge, 36, has spent time with Robert Goddard, the liquid-fuel-rocket proponent. Woodbridge occasionally launches experimental rockets from a field south of town.

Electrical engineer Dr. Hamlin Hayes, a young man despite his thin white hair, is presently developing special storage batteries better resistant to the intense cold of the Antarctic.

SCHOOL OF NATURAL SCIENCES

An experimental grouping of disciplines like geology, paleogeology, paleontology, astronomy, ethnography, oceanography, and meteorology. Some, such as Geology, are full-fledged disciplines; others, like oceanography, are the merest shadows of what they will become. The head of the school is Dr. William Dyer, fifty years old, also the leader of the upcoming Antarctic expedition. He later leads the university expedition to western Australia. Dyer, who has had discussions with Wilmarth and Armitage, has read the *Necronomicon.*


Dr. Dyer

Dr. Morris Billings, 28, is the University's token astronomer, teaching two observational and two theoretical astronomical courses each semester, and helping out the Physical Sciences people with a course in ballistics. The department owns a well-mounted eight-inch reflector that is kept in the athletic field house, and Billings is keen to get a five-inch refractor for planetary and lunar observation. He founded and leads the Arkham Astronomical Society, featuring field trips as nature allows and occasional lectures. For every six months of active membership, an investigator may raise his or her **Astronomy** score by 1D6% percentiles, to a maximum of 50% {the keeper may allow the investigator to gain +1 rank in Knowledge (Astronomy) per six months of study, to a maximum of 10 ranks}.

CAMPUS PHYSICIAN

Dr. Cecil Waldron is 69 years old, originally from Boston. He runs the campus infirmary, a job suitable for a semi-retired man, and has an infirmary and office in the basement of Science Hall. Doc Waldron administers aspirin, and takes care of sprains, cuts, minor skin rashes, and other matters unsuitable for St. Mary's Hospital receiving (emergency) room.


Doc Waldron

He has twice treated Walter Gilman, taking note of the student's nervous behavior and recommending that the young man take a break from his studies.

Special skills: Medicine 75%; Pharmacy 65%; Tell Pointless Stories 45% {Heal +8, Knowledge (Pharmacology) +7, Knowledge (Folklore) +6}.

610

CHARLES TYNER SCIENCE ANNEX

Miskatonic campus

The building houses the School of Applied Sciences, along with advanced experimental labs for physics and chemistry. The science annex was constructed eight years ago and named after Miskatonic graduate Dr. Charles Tyner, who, working for a succession of large corporations, made significant discoveries.

An auxiliary powerhouse within the annex provides the large electrical loads called for by some experiments.

611

LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING

Miskatonic campus

Constructed in 1861, four stories high, this is the last year the old building houses the School of Languages, Literature, and the Arts. It will be renovated in 1929-1930, turned into new dormitory space renamed Herber Hall. With the Depression, it stands half-empty for many years.

SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES, LITERATURE, AND THE ARTS

The first floor is occupied by offices and classrooms dedicated to the massive English Department; other departments fit in on upper floors as they may. Dr. Peter Crownin, a former professor of English, is Dean of the School.

DEPARTMENT OF MODERN LANGUAGES

Chaired by Dr. Allen Peabody, an expert in Romance languages. Extensive coursework in French and German is available, with some classes in Spanish, Italian, and Russian. One-year introductions to tongues such as Japanese or Mandarin Chinese are sometimes offered.

DEPARTMENT OF CLASSICAL LANGUAGES

Offers courses in classical Greek, classical and medieval Latin, and an introduction to Hebrew or Aramaic on alternate semesters.

Professor Warren Rice, witness to Wilbur Whateley's death as well as the Dunwich Horror itself, is acting chairman while Dr. Aaron Chase recuperates from a heart attack. Rice is 48, has an iron-gray beard and hair, and is stockily built.

Special skill: Cthulhu Mythos 15% {Cthulhu Mythos +3}.

DEPARTMENT OF ORIENTAL STUDIES

A new department created by Miskatonic's young president, Dr. Wainscott, this tiny department actually concerns what we would now call the Middle East. The chairman, Dr. Shalad, is expert in Arabic, Persian, Urdu, and Sanskrit, and occasionally offers courses in Middle Eastern history, philosophy, art, and culture.



Dr. Shalad

Shalad is a taciturn, private man, fifty years old. He has acquired some Mythos knowledge and is familiar with the *Necronomicon* and its history, and has aided other faculty members in their study of that terrifying book. He has several times consulted the Miskatonic Library's copy. Dr. Armitage suspects the man's motives.

Dr. Shalad is presently teaching a special course in medieval metaphysics, with emphasis on the difficulties of translation from Arabic originals, that numbers Asenath Waite among its most interested students.

Moamar Shalad, Scholar

STR 12	**CON** 14	**SIZ** 13	**INT** 15	**POW** 15
DEX 14	**APP** 14	**EDU** 21	**SAN** 52	**HP** 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: First/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4
Saber 45%, damage 1D8+1D4

Skills: Anthropology 25%, Archaeology 20%, Astronomy 10%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, History 35%, Library Use 75%, Occult 15%.

Languages: Arabic 85%, Persian 70%, Sanskrit 60%, Urdu 45%.

{d20 STATS: page 217}

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

The aging Dr. Eastman is interim chairman; already there is talk of his retirement and the name of Albert N. Wilmarth, senior professor in the department, has been mentioned as his replacement.

Though there are a handful of historically-oriented literature classes at the graduate level, most readings are done in conjunction with the extensive composition classes which seek to enliven and perfect student expression and style. There are also some descriptive linguistics courses analyzing or codifying (depending on the instructor's bent) the grammar, structure, and transformations of English, and a solitary theoretical course seeks to discover the underlying principles of all language, taught by Dr. Stanley Whitman, 49.

The department also guides Miskatonic University Press and the publishing and printing of books is now a substantial activity. Dr. Swanson Ames, 51, oversees the work. Ames is also responsible for publication of the student newspaper, the Miskatonic University *Crier*. He

reads every line of copy, and wields a notoriously capricious blue pencil. He hates the student editor, Howard Penobscott.

ALBERT N. WILMARTH

His recent discoveries in Vermont have left him shaken. He has developed a close relationship with Dr. Armitage and the two of them spend a great deal of time together researching their separate experiences in Dunwich and Vermont. This diversion of Wilmarth's energies may undo his chance for the chairmanship.



Professor Wilmarth

Aside from his knowledge of language and letters, Wilmarth is also a learned New England historian and a member of the Arkham Historical Society. Harvard-educated, he was born and raised in Arkham and is presently master of the family home at 118 Saltonstall Street.

Albert N. Wilmarth, Scholar

STR 11	**CON** 11	**SIZ** 11	**INT** 17	**POW** 13
DEX 10	**APP** 13	**EDU** 19	**SAN** 51	**HP** 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: none

Skills: Credit Rating 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, Local History 50%, Library Use 75%, Psychology 35%.

Languages: French 65%, German 60%, Latin 40%, Classical Greek 45%.

{d20 STATS: page 217}

DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS

Headed by Dr. Arthur Goddard, the department has a few practice and theory courses, as well as classes in historical styles of European art and architecture modeled from Ruskin. Much of the department's efforts are devoted to the creation of cultural events for the university.

In music it fields an enthusiastic string quartet, a small orchestra, and several choruses and choirs. Much of this activity occurs without grant of academic credit.

ARTIST-IN-RESIDENCE

David Rosen, an academic but technically accomplished oil painter and sculptor executes university commissions as they arise. He has worked here most of the decade. In March and April of 1925, Rosen was beset by a series of powerful dreams concerning cyclopean structures, sunken cities, and the dreaming dead. His attempts to work off the dreams through painting and sculpture were to no avail; although he produced his most powerful works, the strain forced him to take a medical leave of absence. Since his return he has had no further problems.

UNIVERSITY MARCHING BAND

An unofficial volunteer group unconnected with and in fact despised by Fine Arts people because of their propensity for public drunkenness and rowdy behavior.

UNIVERSITY PLAYERS

Though there are no drama classes or other such trade school intrusions at the university, the department maintains a resident director of theater, Mrs. Alice Turner, whose task is to yearly present six worthy stage plays for the edification of the community, beginning in November of the year. Cast and crew are volunteers, and receive no academic credit for their work. All must be university students, faculty, staff, or their relatives.

Presentations must include "one play from the classical Greek theater, two works from the reign of Elizabeth, one stage play written by an American living or dead, one work written by a European living or dead, and one new play written by a member of the university community, which may be a farce."

PHILOSOPHY DEPARTMENT

A one-man affair, nearly out of touch with the rest of the universe: 61-year-old Dr. George Kilbraith teaches as if Henri Bergson was the only philosopher since Thomas Aquinas. Kilbraith also offers a hopelessly muddled class in formal logic.

SCHOOL OF HISTORY & THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

This school occupies portions of the Liberal Arts building. Its dean is Dr. Harvey Wilcox, a historian.

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

Dr. Martin Fen, 53, heads the department. He's an expert in European history since Napoleon. Though large in quantity of course, much of the department is given over to required courses in Commonwealth and United States history.

DEPARTMENT OF ANCIENT HISTORY

Though presently without a chairman, specialist Ferdinand C. Ashley, 36, is expected to accompany the upcoming expedition to Australia.

DEPARTMENT OF ANTHROPOLOGY

Despite chairman Abram Bethnell's extensive education and familiarity with the tewlve original volumes of *The Golden Bough* and the rather ingenuous works of Margaret Murray, he has not the slightest inkling that the Cthulhu Mythos exists.

The youngest member of the department is Professor Tyler M. Freeborn, scheduled to accompany the planned Miskatonic expedition to Australia.



Dr. Morgan

DEPARTMENT OF ARCHAEOLOGY

Archaeology is a young science and still too headline-hungry to have a good academic reputation. The youngish Dr. Francis Morgan is chairman and the only full-time member of the department; he dreams of establishing rigorous methods and standards for all archaeological digs, so that the past is not irrevocably lost.

Morgan was one of the three people who actually viewed the corpse of Wilbur Whateley. Soon after, he accompanied Prof. Rice and Dr. Armitage to the village of Dunwich, where he experienced the true Horror. He is athletic, skilled with firearms, and a veteran of expeditions to primitive locations. He is currently taking flying lessons at the Arkham Airfield and is a member of the Arkham Gun Club.

Francis Morgan, Scientist and Adventurer

STR 16	CON 16	SIZ 16	INT 17	POW 16
DEX 15	APP 14	EDU 20	SAN 69	HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+1D4
Head Butt 35%, damage 1D4+1D4
Kick 25%, damage 1D6+1D4
Grapple 75%, damage special
.45 Revolver 55%, damage 1D10+2
.30 Semi-Automatic Rifle 80%, damage 2D6+3
20-Gauge Pump Shotgun 75%, damage 2D6/1D6/1D3

Skills: Abenaki Artifacts 45%, Anthropology 15%, Archaeology 75%, Climb 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 14%, Dodge 45%, Drive Automobile 55%, Egyptology 60%, First Aid 45%, Hide 20%, Jump 40%, Listen 35%, Navigate 20%, Operate Heavy Machine 25%, Pilot Aircraft 45%, Ride 45%, Sneak 15%, Spot Hidden 65%, Swim 45%, Throw 45%, Track 10%, Treat Poison 15%.

Languages: Arabic 40%, Assyrian Cuneiform 35%, Egyptian Hieroglyphics 70%, Hebrew 35%, Swahili 65%, Spanish 45%.

{d20 STATS: page 217}

DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMICS AND SOCIOMETRICS

This department teaches economics as a theoretical science rather than a business course, but does emphasize as it can the friction of reality. Great reliance is placed upon governmental statistics and independently-developed information and methods. Harvey Cox has been active in gathering global statistics which might be used by investigators to trace world-wide patterns of large-scale Mythos activities.

Dr. Anthony Westgate is department chairman, but he still defers to Dr. Nathaniel Wingate Peaslee who, until 1908, was department head.

Peaslee, who resides at 590 (formerly 27) Crane St, is on indefinite medical leave from the University but still acts as an advisor and maintains an office in the building. His work is now devoted to wide-ranging research in a number of subjects.



Dr. Peaslee

In August of 1908, while teaching a class in political economy, Peaslee was stricken by a strange amnesia that lasted until 1913. He returned to work for a short time in 1914 but retired soon after, complaining of an inability to concentrate. During this time he was, of course, possessed by one of the Great Race of Yith who used Peaslee's body for research and to make travels across the globe.

Peaslee, through dreams, has come to recall some of this. Due to these dreams, and despite his medical history and advanced age of nearly sixty, he has asked to accompany a Miskatonic-backed expedition to Australia planned in the next few years.

Special skill: Cthulhu Mythos 6% {Cthulhu Mythos +1}.

612

COPLEY MEMORIAL BELL TOWER

Miskatonic campus

Standing eight stories high, this neo-Gothic stone tower was built in the memory of three sons who perished in the Civil War. The tower is the tallest structure in Arkham south of the river.

613

STATUE OF DEAN HALSEY

Miskatonic campus

Commissioned in 1906 and erected two years later, the grateful citizens of Arkham subscribed to and paid for this statue, honoring the beneficent doctor's contributions, and his final sacrifice during the plague of 1905. The statue is nine feet high and stands upon a carved Carrara marble pedestal seven feet tall, gazing benignly upon Church Street. A small garden surrounds it, complete with benches and pigeons.

614

LOCKSLEY HALL

Miskatonic campus

A graceful red-brick Georgian structure, built in 1779, it's the oldest building on campus. Along with the present 250-seat auditorium, Locksley Hall also contains offices and conference rooms.

615

DOROTHY UPMAN HALL

Miskatonic campus

Constructed in 1879, this is the women's dorm. Dorothy Grace Upham, near the end of her life in 1875, offered the trustees a notable bequest should women, for the first time, be admitted to Miskatonic University. Part of the monies accepted then went to build the edifice named after her.

Female scholars must live here until age 30, or with their families, or with their husbands. The building is neat, clean, and cheap.

616

FACULTY/GRADUATE RESIDENCE

Miskatonic campus

In 1910 the building was converted to its present use as a residence for bachelor faculty, graduate students, and visiting scholars. A porter controls access to the building twenty-four hours a day.

617

THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE

Miskatonic campus

A hideous neo-classic residence built in 1892. Wainscott has begun to mutter about building something better, but has no funds for the task. For more about Wainscott, see entry 625.

618

THE WEST DORMITORY

Miskatonic campus

The West Dorm was built in 1888 and while far from luxurious, it is heaven compared to nearby East Dorm — Hell East, as many say. It is occupied by upperclassmen and a few sophomores.

619

THE EAST DORMITORY

Miskatonic campus

Built in 1863, everyone calls it Hell East, because of noise, commotion, a faulty heating plant, drafty doors and windows, and inadequate plumbing. Freshman men must live here, unless living at home in Arkham.

620

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Miskatonic campus

The gem of the university, a repository for over 400,000 carefully chosen books and pamphlets. This three-story Gothic structure was built of native granite in 1878, replacing a smaller wooden building.

Although the marble halls are cold and drafty, the library is well lit by tall, arched windows that allow maximum light to penetrate an otherwise dreary structure.

The library is open 8 A.M. to 9 P.M., Monday–Friday; 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. on Saturday; 1–6 P.M. Sunday the reference room is open.

The mastiff chained near the front steps still stands guard at night, and Armitage has convinced the board of trustees that more security is needed. The university has asked Dick Ace to install an expensive electric burglar alarm system.



Dr. Armitage

The director of the library is, of course, Dr. Henry Armitage, A.M., Miskatonic; Ph.D., Princeton; Litt.D., Cambridge. Armitage is 73, white-bearded, and lives with his wife, Eleanor, in their home at 348 W High Street. He has directed the library since 1906 and knows its secrets better than anyone.

Although long its caretaker, Armitage did not realize the significance of the *Necronomicon* until after he met Wilbur Whateley, the strange young man from Dunwich. After Whateley was killed by the library's watchdog while attempting to steal the *Necronomicon*, Armitage was led to discover its secrets. Accompanied by Prof. Rice and Dr. Morgan, also of the university, he traveled to Dunwich and there met and, with the aid of strange magicks, defeated Wilbur Whateley's terrible twin.

The aged Armitage's health has been damaged by his experiences in Dunwich. He is presently under the close care of his physician and taking medication for a weakening heart.

Dr. Henry Armitage, age 65, Man of Letters

STR 11	CON 08	SIZ 12	INT 18	POW 16
DEX 10	APP 13	EDU 24	SAN 55	HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: none

Spells: Powder of Ibn Ghazi, Banish Son of Yog-Sothoth.

Magic Items: Armitage has a satchelful — four working Elder Signs, left to him by Laban Shrewsbury when the eccentric scholar vanished in 1915. In experiencing the Dunwich Horror, Armitage learns the value of the signs, and has one mounted on the inner vault door to the Restricted Collection.

Skills: Accounting 40%, Art (Literature) 75%, Cryptography 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 18%, History 65%, Library Use 95%, Occult 25%, Persuade 75%, Psychology 48%

Languages: English 99%, French 80%, German 70%, Greek 68%, Latin 75%.

{d20 STATS: page 217}

WILFRED LLANFER

Armitage's assistant director. He is professional and competent but knows nothing about the Cthulhu Mythos. Armitage may take him into his confidence.

GENERAL HOLDINGS

Bound periodicals and university records are stored in the basement. The library has near-complete collections of the Arkham *Gazette* and the Arkham *Advertiser* (and the latter's predecessors), though the disastrous Miskatonic flood of 1888 destroyed portions of this collection, including the Arkham *Gazette*, 1845–1858 and 1864-1868; the Arkham *Advertiser* for the years 1851–1863; the Arkham *Bulletin* 1823–1826; and the *Miskatonic Valley Gleaner* for the years 1830–1831. There are also bound volumes of the Aylesbury *Transcript* (1844–present), the Innsmouth *Courier* (1833–1846), and the Newburyport *Correspondent* (1839–present).

The major book holdings are contained on the upper floors of the building.

MYTHOS HOLDINGS IN THE LIBRARY

Armitage has shared his secrets with only a few but is actively pursuing knowledge about the Mythos. He has restricted access to the *Necronomicon* (as well as other books) and is concerned about the special course in medieval metaphysics presently being taught by Dr. Shalad. Having compared his experiences with those of Albert Wilmarth, he justifiably fears strangers who wish to see this book.

In the anthropology section is the complete original twelve-volume edition of Frazer's *The Golden Bough* and also *Witch-Cults in Western Europe*. Justin Geoffrey's *People of the Monolith* and Edward Derby's *Azathoth and Others* can be found with other American poets.

H. P. Lovecraft's Arkham

Miskatonic University Library, main building

The catalog lists *Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New England Canaan* but the copy has been misplaced and cannot be located. Wilmarth is trying to track it down and, if he finds it, will have Armitage place it in the upstairs vault and add it to the restricted list.

Other Mythos titles discovered by Armitage have been pulled from the shelves and are presently in the vault. He has systematically gleaned the library in search of these items and has placed most of them on the restricted list. "Restricted" means that Armitage must personally approve the reader who is to study or handle the listed book, and that the book must be read under the watchful eye of a trustworthy staff-member.

Prior to the Dunwich Horror the library already possessed one of the five known copies of the *Necronomicon* in Latin translation, as well as a fabulously rare original edition of the *Unaussprechlichen Kulten* and a slightly worn copy of the *Book of Eibon*. With permission of Whateley family heirs, Armitage took possession of Wilbur Whateley's library. It included a ragged John Dee translation of the *Necronomicon*, a copy of the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*, and the Latin *Liber Ivonis*, and a number of other volumes. Wilbur Whateley's diary, which Armitage once vowed to burn, is still in his possession and kept locked in his desk drawer, along with his decoding notes and translations. Although he continues to work on the translation of the diary, he allows no one to read his notes.

At a high price, Armitage has acquired a copy of the *Cultes des Goules* and is currently bargaining with a strange correspondent in France for a copy of *De Vermiis Mysteriis* (Armitage might need to send someone abroad to retrieve the book).

Also restricted are both of Dr. Laban Shrewsbury's books, *Cthulhu in the Necronomicon* and *An Investigation into the Myth Patterns of Latter-Day Primitives with Especial Reference to the R'lyeh Text* (+4% to Cthulhu Mythos knowledge {+1 to Cthulhu Mythos Skill}, 1D6 SAN to read). And the *Eltdown Shards*, a questionable translation of strange markings found on clay shards discovered in southern England, published in 1913, has also been restricted.

MATERIAL STILL UNRESTRICTED

Armitage has not identified some pamphlets and reports pertinent to the Mythos.

There is a copy of the very rare Eli Davenport monograph of 1839, a collection of old folk and Indian legends regarding the activities of the fungi in New England.

A transcript exists of a sermon preached in Dunwich in 1747 by the Rev. Abijah Hoadley. The pastor railed against the well-known rumblings in the ground, claiming them to be the work of the devil (Reverend Hoadley disappeared soon after delivering the sermon).

An 1882 report made by Miskatonic professors regarding the meteorite that fell on the Gardner farm that year draws no conclusions but lists alarming evidence.

In 1902 the University conducted a ground survey in the Dunwich area, attempting to explain the strange ground rumblings that have been heard in the area for centuries.

Recent and current copies of the *Journal of the American Psychological Society* contain articles written by Professor Peaslee of the Economics department, written in regard to his strange amnesia and the odd dreams that he subsequently suffered.

Finally, Armitage has forgotten the *Celaeno Fragments*, a manuscript deposited by Dr. Laban Shrewsbury shortly before his mysterious disappearance in September of 1915.

621

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

676 W College Street

This three-story structure, completed in 1910, sits adjacent to and connects with St. Mary's Teaching Hospital. Several wings have been added, and the structure now sprawls over most of the block. It is a short walk to intern quarters on Pickman Street.

Over the years the School of Medicine and the hospital have intertwined: for instance, the head of the medical school now serves double-duty as chief administrator for St. Mary's Hospital.

Facilities include pharmacy and pathology labs, an extensive medical library, and modern dissection/autopsy labs. The Essex County Coroner and Arkham's own medical examiner often make use of the autopsy room and morgue; they're the best this side of Boston.

Misfiled somewhere in the library are some early notes of student Herbert West. While not granting any Cthulhu Mythos knowledge, they may dearly cost the reader who learns about West's early experiments with animal segments and parts.

As most medical schools continue to be, the School of Medicine's philosophy of mental disorders is rigidly psychiatric and interested only in serious illnesses. Students train at Arkham Sanitarium.

DR. CHESTER ARMWRIGHT
DEAN OF THE SCHOOL

A graduate of Miskatonic University, 53 years old, he was acquainted with Herbert West in medical school, just after the turn of the century. Armwright is an avid hunter and a member of the Arkham Gun Club.

Dr. Chester Armwright, M.D.

STR 12	CON 14	SIZ 15	INT 17	POW 16
DEX 13	APP 15	EDU 24	SAN 88	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .45 Revolver 55%, damage 1D10+2
.30-06 Rifle 70%, damage 2D6+3
20-Gauge Pump Shotgun 75%, damage 2D6/1D6/1D3

Skills: Chemistry 35%, Credit Rating 75%, First Aid 80%, Latin 15%, Library Use 50%, Medicine 70%, Pharmacy 40%, Treat Poison 45%.

{d20 STATS: page 217}

622

LAUNDRY AND STEAM PLANT
611 W College Street

Industrial capacity; does linens, etc., for the university dorms, med school, and hospital. Some odd things, bundled in sheets, might turn up here. The steam plant supplies heat and emergency electricity for much of the university, especially the hospital.

623

ST. MARY'S TEACHING HOSPITAL
450 S West Street

This is Arkham's only hospital. It has 165 beds and operates a 24-hour receiving room. The School of Medicine provides all the residents and interns; doctors with private practices in the area are associated staff. A doctor who is expelled from hospital association has effectively had his Arkham career ended.

An establishment rock-ribbed in its Protestantism, the hospital changed its name at the behest of the last will and testament of Mrs. Mary Elliot Wharton, an Episcopalian, who left the trustees $150,000 for a new wing in 1892.

The campus physician is Doc Waldron; his infirmary and office are in the basement of Science Hall. See entry 609, subhead "Campus Physician."

624

UNIVERSITY EXHIBIT MUSEUM
687 W College Street

Constructed in 1902, this building is open to the public 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., Tuesday–Saturday. Among the exhibits is a large natural history section including a mounted "brontosaur" skeleton and many other, smaller fossils. A series of halls contain geological samples, stuffed animals, and dramatic dioramas concerning primitive man. (Fraternity legend holds that a date's interest in these latter, somewhat underclothed scenes betrays her enjoyment of other primitive behavior.)

Examples of Innsmouth jewelry can be found in the Folk Arts section. According to the story "Dreams in the Witch House," this year the museum also gains a small metal miniature of an Elder Thing, broken by Walter Gilman from the balcony railing of a prehuman city.

After the collapse of the Witch House in 1931, and aside from books and papers turned over to the library, the museum acquires an oddly-fashioned sacrificial bowl and knife, a small statue of an Elder Thing made from an odd blue stone, and the misshapen skeleton of Brown Jenkin.

625

HOYT ADMINISTRATION BUILDING
333 W College Street

This three-story structure, built in 1912, overlooks much of the campus. The first floor is used mostly for information, registration, and counseling (and contains the offices of the student newspaper) while the second floor holds the bulk of administering staff. The third floor contains the offices of the president, vice-president, and staff, and some class or conference rooms. The building is open 8 A.M. to noon, and 1–5 P.M., Monday–Friday.

A semester's tuition at Miskatonic costs $125 a semester. A dormitory room costs $91 a semester. Three meals daily at a dormitory cafeteria cost $87.25 per semester.

Miskatonic University has welcomed a certain number of women since 1879, and small numbers of church-sponsored students from China, Africa, and Polynesia, but 95% of the student body are white Anglo-Saxon Protestant males, usually linked with well-to-do, often local families.

The university takes seriously its *in loco parentis* duties, prescribing student hours and behavior in detail. Curfews at 10 P.M., strict segregation of the sexes, and enforcement of school traditions are normal to the time, but perhaps farfetched to those who must fend for themselves in looser eras. Students who fail to rise when their instructor enters the classroom may be expelled, for instance. When not in classroom or library, an unruly student may be confined to his or her room, and a system of resident assistants sees that this is done.

Faculty and staff must not be merely competent, but must be of sound morals and reputation. Those who become entangled in bizarre situations or become the subject of gossip may not last long at Miskatonic.

Though the university offers only twenty full-tuition scholarships each semester, various private charities and trusts also offer full or partial scholarships. Those winning them must still work for or otherwise pay for room, board, and pocket money. This is not an easy time in which to be poor. Fall semester runs from September to mid-January, with a three-week break in December. Spring semester begins either the fifth Monday of January or the first Monday of February and concludes the second Friday in June. A few tutorial classes or introductory classes required for graduation are offered during summer vacation, but never specialized upper-division or graduate-level instruction.

DR. HARVEY WAINSCOTT

Now 48 years old and formerly a dean at Dartmouth, Harvey Wainscott was hired three years ago by the trustees, and has presided over the ongoing reorganization of the university into its present schools and departments. He has made faculty enemies in doing this, though the trustees applaud his attempts to move the university to closer junction with the modern world. They pride themselves upon the extent and depth of their scientific curricula. There will not be, however, a department of business administration until 1948, when federal monies begin first to trickle and then to flood.



Dr. Wainscott

Wainscott has also stirred up the town by actively running for mayor of Arkham — a part-time job — against longtime incumbent Peabody. The close election will be held on November 6.

VICE-PRESIDENT DAVID EDMUND

Now 55 years old, he also was vice-president under Dr. Addleson, the previous president, and was disappointed to be denied promotion. An excellent administrator but an uninspiring leader, he functions admirably as the president's second-in-command. He is unenthusiastic about some of Wainscott's academic reforms.



Miss Whitby

MISS RUTH ELLEN WHITBY, REGISTRAR

Now just 37 years old and in the flower of her emotional and intellectual life, Miss Whitby is as competent, keen, and as prescient about university records as Dr. Armitage is about the contents of his beloved library.

THE MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY CRIER

Its enemies call it the *Sniveler*. The weekly student newspaper's managing editor is Howard Penobscott. He's a Henry Luce fan and an annoying young troublemaker. Skinny, habitually winking through his wire-rim glasses, Penobscott prefers editorializing to journalism, and glories in tweaking the school administration. Clashes with his faculty advisor and censor, Swanson Ames, are ongoing. Penobscott enjoys nothing more than slipping something controversial by Ames, an oblique and distracted man. Even the fair-minded President Wainscott finds it impossible to like Penobscott, though he admits that his young nemesis is ingenious.

626

HOTEL MISKATONIC

200 block of W College Street

Offering the finest and most expensive lodging in Arkham, it stands five stories tall and enjoys beautiful prospects across the Miskatonic campus. Rates begin at $5 a day for the worst room; one top-floor suite commands $50 a night during homecoming and commencement.

627

ARKHAM SPCA
111 W College Street

This new organization is dedicated to the prevention of cruelty to animals; it is well-funded by some of Arkham's most prosperous citizens. The president, 62-year-old Wilma Peabody (sister of the mayor), has filed suit against the students, who apparently sacrificed dogs and cats in some ritual. She has hired Edwin Cassidy to represent the Society, and hopes to get rulings which eventually will remove domestic animals from the status of absolute chattels and into a new class where death or injury may be promoted only for very restricted, specified causes.

628

HARRIET BOTSFORD HOTEL FOR WOMEN
122 W Pickman Street

Partially supported by a trust left by Harriet Botsford, this hotel provides large, well-furnished rooms for single working women at the bargain rate of $16 per month. Strict rules apply, however. Only lobby telephones are allowed. Men may enter only the front lobby (very nice, fireplace, piano). Overnight female guests must be registered and are limited to a one-week visit. The front door is locked at 9 P.M. and no admittances are made after that hour without special arrangement. Residents have no lobby keys; residents and visitors alike must be personally admitted by manager Abigail Flint. Any serious violation of the rules is grounds for eviction, and evictions are quick in Arkham.

NEIGHBORHOOD 7
French Hill

French Hill, surmounted by the dark spire of Bayfriar's Church, includes some of Arkham's oldest homes. Still populated predominantly by Irish, brick row houses, gambrel roofs, and occasional decayed Georgian houses of impressive proportions line the hill. Some houses perch here precariously, tilting crazily over the narrow streets. Many of the lanes and alleys are no more than flights of stairs that twist upward to end at dark doorways.

The more prosperous Irish live on the east side of the hill and down across East Street in newer, more expensive homes with small front and back yards. The north slope of the hill is populated by the poorest Irish, a few Poles, and many of Arkham's French-Canadians. The western slope is mostly poor Irish and a few Poles.

The Polish district, an area of clustered gambrel- and gable-roofed houses, is roughly the six blocks within College, Peabody, High, and Garrison, on the southwest foot of the hill.

701

WALGREEN'S DRUGS
SE corner of Garrison and Church.

Part of a national chain. Prescriptions, notions, cosmetics, film developing, etc.

702

CAMPUS BICYCLE SHOP
146 W Church Street

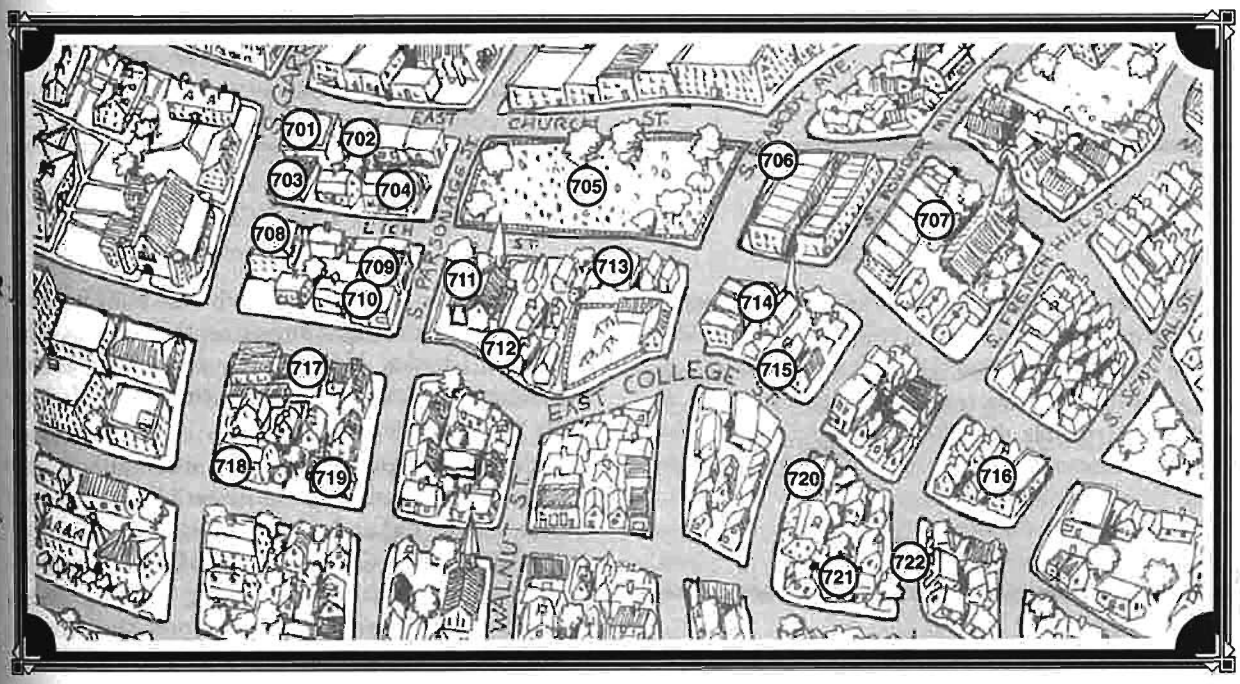
Buy a bike ($24), rent a bike (75 cents a day), or get one repaired. Stocks lots of tires, tubes, and patch kits.

703-A

ALMEN'S FLOWERS
259 S Garrison Street

Dr. Homer Winside, formerly of Miskatonic University, runs the shop. Winside was a professor at the university and participated in many expeditions to the tropics. He retired a few years ago and opened this shop. He is a botanical expert, specializing in plants poisonous, carnivorous, and otherwise exotic. Years ago he studied the Blasted Heath, with inconclusive findings.

Special skill: Botany 88% (Knowledge (Botany) +10).



French Hill

703-B

COLLEGE BARBERSHOP

259½ S Garrison Street

Offers good haircuts and nonstop gossip. Many university students and faculty go here.

704

MEHLER'S FUNERAL PARLOR

171 Lich Street

Mehler's clients are well-to-do. For an extra fee, the coffin is drawn to the cemetery by a pair of matched white Arabian mares rather than carried within a motorized hearse; few Arkhamites desire such ostentation. Cremation, though not advertised, is available, with storage available in Mehler's private mausoleum or in Mehler's crypt in Christchurch Cemetery.

705

OLD ARKHAM GRAVEYARD

250 E Church Street

A remnant from Arkham's founding, this cemetery contains some of the oldest graves in the town. Many seventeenth century headstones exist; the newest is dated 1743; some are weathered beyond legibility. Ghouls have plundered the place.

706

SOUTHSIDE BATHHOUSE

209 S Peabody Avenue

Though modern plumbing is slowly eroding this business, warm and comfortable baths are still at a premium in some parts of town. This establishment offers a chance to get clean for only 20 cents. Mornings are reserved for women; afternoons are for men. Open 7 A.M. to 7 P.M. Tuesday–Saturday.

707

BAYFRIAR'S CHURCH
540 E Church Street

This boarded-up, soot-darkened brick church, built in the mid-nineteenth century, sits ominously atop French Hill. It has been sealed for generations; no one seems to remember why. Among the rotting books lining a basement shelf is a copy of the *Cthaat Aquadingen.*

708

UNIVERSITY SPA
311 S Garrison Street

A student-oriented lunchroom with decent food. Lunch costs 35–45 cents. Open 6 A.M. to 3:30 P.M., Monday–Saturday.

709

MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY GARAGE
334 S Parsonage Street

A storage and repair facility for university vehicles, under the general direction of Bob Bradbury of Facilities and Grounds. For a dollar a week, the operators will store any private automobile. Herb Gordon is the part-time mechanic. Open 7:30 A.M. to 6 P.M. Closed Sundays.

Special skill: Automobile Repair 52% {Repair +7}.

710

LEWISTON HOUSE
181 E College Street

This small hotel rents modest, clean rooms for $1.75 a day. Cheaper rates are available by the week or month. Renters are carefully scrutinized; young men who keep irregular hours will be evicted.

711

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OF ARKHAM
214 Lich Street

Arkham's oldest surviving church was built in 1743; the towering steeple dominates the skyline. The Reverend Charles Noyes leads the congregation. Among its charities, the church funds a shelter on River Street for the poor.

In the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century the church was headed by the Reverend Ward Phillips, scholar, mystic, and author of *Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New England Canaan.* A copy of this work can be found in the church archives, along with bundles of Phillips' letters, sermons, and unpublished essays. Records of births, deaths, and marriages within the church are also here.

712

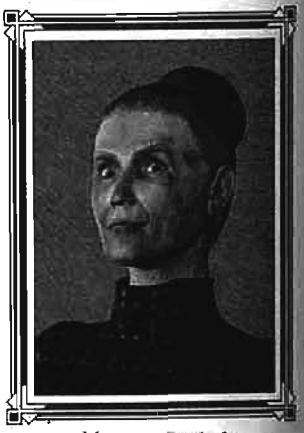
SCHOOL OF POSITIVE THINKING
297 E College Street

As given by Dr. Delbert Chanson ("why, a doctorate in Memoryology, my lad"), this six-month course of one night a week costs $50. It grants a **1D6 percentile increase either in Bargain or Persuade** (player's choice), to a maximum of 50% in that skill {grants +1 rank in Bluff or Diplomacy to a maximum of 10 ranks}.

713

SMITH'S BOARDING HOUSE
288 Lich Street

This well-regarded boarding house is operated by Mr. Phineas Smith and his wife, Harriet, both in their mid-fifties. A second floor room with board costs $49 per month. The Smiths are a stuffy



Mrs. Smith

pair and though the rooms are spacious and well-ventilated and the food is good, they are nosey about their boarders. A tenant late for dinner also finds that the meal has been promptly put away or disposed of; the Smiths never offer a snack. There are four other boarders, including Alain Couzon and Mr. Elisha Waite, the goldsmith.

ALAIN COUZON

A man about fourty years old, Couzon learned the art of hypnotism in Quebec. He makes a tiny income from hypnosis, treating people who wish to give up habits or lose abnormal fears, and occasionally teaching the skill to a paying pupil. He also writes freelance contributions for magazines, in English and in French.

For $200 in advance, Couzon will teach hypnosis over a period of six months. At the end of that time, the student possesses **Hypnosis 1D20+10 percentiles** to a maximum of 50%, but only if he or she has a POW of 14 or better. Those with lesser POWs waste their money and never pick up the skill {1D4+2 ranks in Hypnosis after 6 months, up to 10 ranks, WIS of 14 or better required}.

Special skills: Hypnosis 85%, French 75% {Hypnosis +9, Speak other Lang (French) +8}.

714

ST. MICHAEL'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

432 Lich Street

Founded in 1854 after purchase of an old Presbyterian church and consecrating it as St. Michael's. Father Paul Sheene presently presides over the flock.

He feels uneasy about accepting healthy cash donations from Danny O'Bannion, but his theology is up to the task of distinguishing man from money. Father Sheene used the money for a boys' athletic program to help keep some of the kids off the streets. A sentimental man, O'Bannion regularly confesses to Father Sheene but, a crooked man as well, he lies whenever convenient.

715

EBEN S. DRAPER PUBLIC SCHOOL

373 S Powder Mill Street

Grades 1–8 meet here from the first Monday in September till the last Friday of May.

716

SOUTHSIDE GYM

348 S Sentinel Street

A sweaty, smelly place frequented by amateur boxers and a handful of semi-professionals. The gym is owned by Luca Maruzzo, who's also the trainer.

For $20, he'll train a male investigator in boxing for six months, **increasing the Fist/Punch skill by 1D6 percentiles** to a maximum of 65% {if the Investigator has the feat slots available, and meets any prerequisites, he may learn any of the following: Power Attack, Dodge, Mobility, or Spring Attack}. Over that time, the student boxer has a 20% chance to get a decorative broken nose.

Maruzzo refuses to train females. In this place, they're just cause for whistles.

THE ROCKS

Made up of Italian-descent teenagers and named after their traditional weapon, they often congregate around the Southside Gym, for the moment regarded by both gangs as neutral territory.

The Rocks were once under the wing of Joe Potrello, but now operate without a patron. The Rocks hate the 'Finns as Irish interlopers, ironically unaware that two distinct waves of Irish immigrants have passed through Arkham already, the first more than sixty years earlier, long before broad Italian immigration.

They steal a little and cheat a little, but there's not much to buy in Arkham and no fence will trust kids. The Rocks meet in the afternoons, sauntering and swaggering as they go nowhere.

The Irish gang feels safer around French Hill, while the Italians favor the lower Southside east of Garrison and south of Pickman. For the Irish gang, see entry 513.

Street Punk: Typical Rock-Head

STR 11	**CON** 14	**SIZ** 10	**INT** 12	**POW** 11
DEX 14	**APP** 11	**EDU** 07	**SAN** 65	**HP** 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3
Throw Rock = Throw skill %, damage 1D4
Kick 30%, damage 1D6
Grapple 35%, damage special
Small Club 35%, damage 1D6
Small Knife 30%, damage 1D4

Skills: Climb 50%, Dodge 40%, Fast Talk 20%, Hide 30%, Lie Creatively 20%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 35%, Strut 40%, Throw 45%.
{d20 STATS: page 218}

717

KEENAN'S LAUNDRY
152 E College Street

Starch to order. Older gentlemen prefer this laundry's treatment of winged collars.

718

NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL OF BOOKKEEPING
103 E Pickman Street

The semester-long introductory course costs $40; upon completion, the investigator may add 1D6 percentiles to his or her Accounting skill. Additional courses may be taken, with the same rate and terms, to a maximum of 50% in Accounting {grants +1 rank in Knowledge (Accounting) per course up to 10 ranks}.

719

WITCH HOUSE
197 E Pickman Street

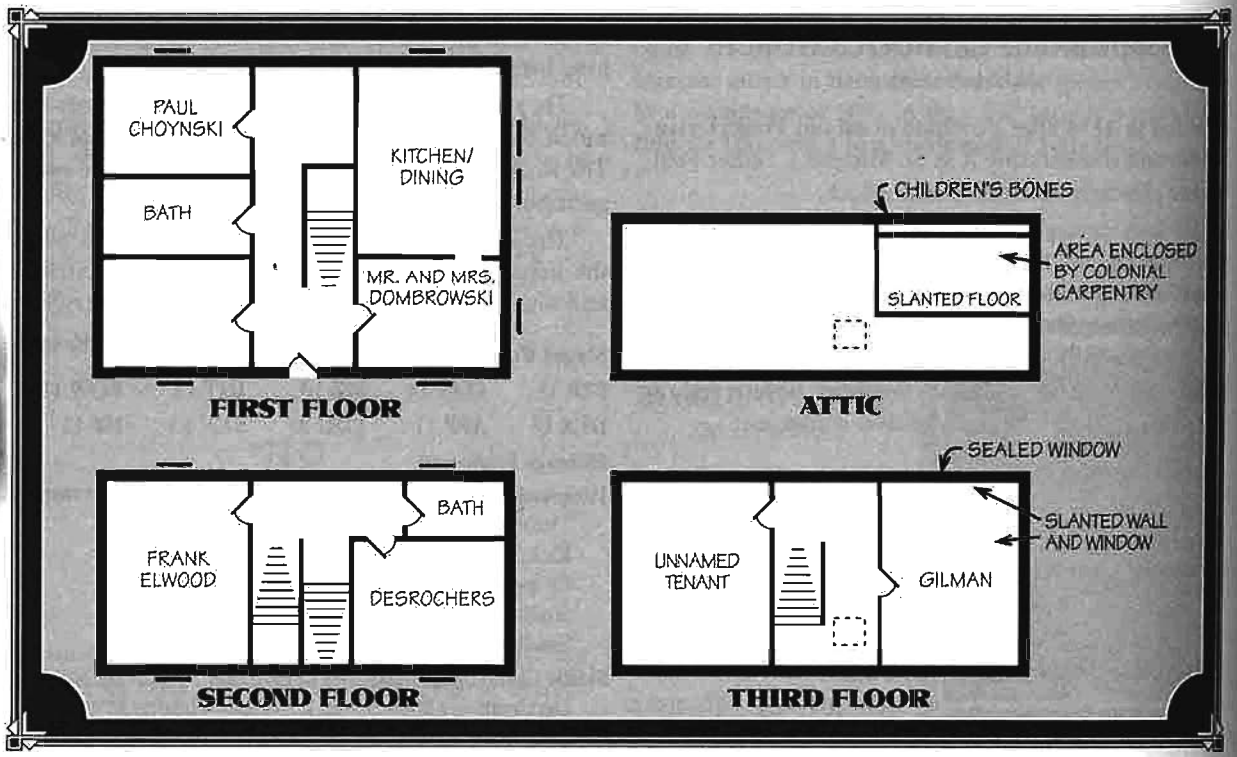
An unpopular rooming house, inhabited by the poor and by students Walter Gilman and Frank Elwood. The building is leased to Mr. and Mrs. Dombrowski who in turn rent rooms for $25 monthly and function as landlords.



Keziah Mason

Now nearly 235 years old, this structure may be the oldest building in Arkham. It was once occupied by Keziah Mason who, after being captured by Salem authorities, escaped their gaol and disappeared. Keziah had signed in blood the great *Book of Azathoth* possessed by the Black Man (one of

The Witch House



Nyarlathotep's many forms) and learned to travel through space and time.

Since then, Mason apparently has revisited at least twice annually the cramped, walled-in space above the third-floor attic room, and here conducted child sacrifices. A crevice between the outer and inner walls holds the innumerable bones of these victims. A violet glow is present when she occupies the secret space, and it can sometimes be detected around the outside window or even coming from under the door of Walter Gilman's room.

Walter Gilman, a brilliant mathematics student at the university, is aware of the hyperphysics that may have been used by the so-called witches of centuries ago. He is presently rooming in the Witch House and has, by choice, taken the third floor attic room — the one with the odd wall and ceiling — in the hope that he might learn what the old woman knew. He is beginning to experience a bizarre series of unsettling dreams.

Local rumors have for centuries persisted about Keziah Mason, accompanied by her familiar, Brown Jenkin, roaming the streets in search of sacrifices. These rumors are true. She conducts private rites on the Unvisited Island in the Miskatonic and, with other members of the Evil Coven, in the barren vale beyond Meadow Hill. Sighting Brown Jenkin at May Eve or Hallowmass portends the imminent kidnapping of a small child.

Although often referred to by the uneducated and superstitious as "the Witch-House", its sordid past is unremembered by most Arkhamites. Investigators applying for the available room next to Walter Gilman's are unlikely to recognize the place for what it is unless they are lifelong Arkham residents and can make a successful **Know roll of EDU x3** or less {Knowledge (Local), DC 15}. Research at the Arkham Historical Society (successful **Library Use** {Research roll, DC11}), brings its true history to light.



Walter Gilman

WALTER GILMAN

Gilman is a sensitive genius. His delvings into the *Necronomicon*, *Book of Eibon*, and the *Unaussprechlichen Kulten*, encourage his theories about hyper-physics but have also upset his emotional balance. He may remain in the house, or perhaps his friend Elwood persuades him to move out, leaving a room vacant for an unsuspecting investigator.

Walter Gilman, Mathematician

STR 13	CON 11	SIZ 14	INT 17	POW 14
DEX 12	APP 14	EDU 19	SAN 22	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: none

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 26%, Library Use 65%, Listen 90%, Mathematics 85%, Occult 35%.

{d20 STATS: page 218}

Frank Elwood, Student

STR 12	CON 12	SIZ 14	INT 15	POW 12
DEX 13	APP 10	EDU 17	SAN 77	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, 1D3+1D4

Skills: Library Use 35%, Mathematics 50%.

{d20 STATS: page 218}

Keziah Mason, Immortal Witch

STR 14	CON 15	SIZ 10	INT 21	POW 23
DEX 14	APP 08	EDU 25	SAN 0	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Butcher Knife 65%, damage 1D6+1D4

Spells: Contact Nyarlathotep*, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Enchant Pipes, Shrivelling, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods, Voorish Sign, Worms (*see "The Condemned"*)

She has a special grasp of Gates, and seems to be able to drag victims into other spaces/times against their will (fail a POW against POW roll on the Resistance Table).

** This special relationship is seemingly at will and without expenditure of magic points; the form contacted is that of the Black Man.*

Skills: Astronomy 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 81%, Estimate Gate 80%, Fast Talk 70%, Hide 65%, History 40%, Kidnap 65%, Occult 65%, Oratory 85%, Organize Cult 80%, Persuade 70% Pharmacy 70%, Psychology 50%, Sneak 30%, Treat Poison 70%.

SAN: first sight of her costs 1/1D2 Sanity points.

{d20 STATS: page 218}

Brown Jenkin, Rat Familiar

STR 04	CON 05	SIZ 03	INT 14	POW 12
DEX 18	EDU 03	SAN 0	MOV 09	HP 04

Damage Bonus: -1D6

Weapon: Bite 80%, damage 1D2

Skills: Gnaw 65%, Hide 85%, Listen 70%

SAN: costs 0/1D4 to see the first time.

{d20 STATS: page 218}

720

Y.M.C.A.

477 Powder Mill Street

This facility offers young men a locker and a cot to sleep on for 35 cents a night. There is no Y.W.C.A. in Arkham, though one could be founded.

721

ORNE'S GANGWAY

Next to 780 S French Hill Street

This narrow, dark alley leads to a small courtyard behind several buildings. Dirty, filthy with trash, it's unremarkable except that Keziah Mason and Brown Jenkin are frequently sighted here.

722

FRENCH HILL TRANSFORMER STATION

471 S French Hill Street

This place controls electrical service for the town south of the river and east of Garrison Street. Unmanned, it's dangerous, and enclosed by a high fence. Having entered, the investigator needs a successful Electrical Repair roll {Repair check (DC 20)} to shut off power and darken this part of town. An Electrical Repair roll result of 00 gives 8D6 electrical damage to the investigator {a result of 1 on this check inflicts 8d6 HP of electrical damage}.

NEIGHBORHOOD 8

Uptown

Most of this neighborhood is well-off, but Saltonstall and High Streets deserve the most attention. Perched terrace-like atop South Hill, overlooking campus and the river, these two brick streets are a full sixty feet wide and lined with fine shade trees. Mansions of Georgian/Federalist design, once mill-owner homes, line both sides of both streets from Boundary to Garrison. The houses are placed side by side, uniformly twelve feet back from the brick sidewalk. A small 'green easement' four feet wide lies between the sidewalk and the street.

There is little space between the houses, although a few sport small gardens on the side. Descendants of the original families still own a few homes; university folk now own many of the houses. A few more have been purchased by organizations. Some are boarding houses or apartments. No commercial buildings stand in this area.

Police patrols here are frequent; loitering, particularly after dark, is not permitted.

Houses along narrower Pickman Street are of an earlier, more modest vintage. Here are numerous two- and three-story gambrel-roofed houses, mostly of wood, and many have been divided into apartments. Some are hidden behind other houses, reachable only by narrow alleys.

Several older Georgian mansions stand out. Residents here include poorer faculty and older university students. These buildings are generally well maintained.

A few Georgian homes occur on Miskatonic and Washington Streets but much of this area was built up in the later nineteenth century, and consists of larger Victorians owned by middle-class property owners and professionals. Some old Arkham families thrive here.

Hill Street is unlit and little lived-on. Houses here are ancient, tottering affairs, sagging under moss-grown gambrel and gable roofs. Some stand vacant; most are without electricity, gas, or town water. The dirt street is underlain by timbers laid down lifetimes ago.

Old, disused farm buildings can be seen, half-fallen and overgrown; hidden among luxurious trees and high-standing grasses are long-abandoned gardens and the remains of old family plots. This area has yet to be incorporated. Residents get water from wells scattered along the street.

801

THE FRANKLIN PLACE

587 W Pickman Street

A first-floor room with board here is available for $95 a



Dante Helcimer

month, well worth the price. Mr. and Mrs. Franklin, in their late fifties, are a friendly couple and hired help keeps the place spotless. Their cook prepares breakfast and supper.

Among the four present boarders is Professor of Engineering Frank Pabodie.

Dante Helcimer, another boarder, is a 43-year-old scholar from France who has tracked down Mythos clues and oddities across the globe. Long before moving to Arkham, he visited Miskatonic's library to consult the *Necronomicon*. Helcimer may wish to consult it again, but Armitage is unlikely to remember him and, with the present state of affairs, may now suspect the man's intentions.

Helcimer owns copies of the *Book of Dzyan*, *Cultes des Goules*, and the *G'harne Fragments*. He is presently in semi-retirement, attempting to augment a Sanity too shaky for fieldwork.

Danté Helcimer, Mythos Scholar

STR 11	**CON** 12	**SIZ** 10	**INT** 13	**POW** 13
DEX 11	**APP** 13	**EDU** 15	**SAN** 19	**HP** 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Fist/Punch 52%, damage 1D3
Sword Cane 35%, damage 1D6
.32 Revolver 55%, damage 1D8

Spells: Contact Ghoul, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Elder Sign, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt.



Uptown

Skills: Climb 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 36%, Dodge 55%, English 70%, French 80%, Fast Talk 70%, First Aid 35%, Hide 30%, History 20%, Jump 45%, Library Use 50%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Occult 30%, Persuade 15%, Photography 40%, Pick Pocket 15%, Polo 20%, Psychoanalysis 20%, Psychology 25%, Ride Camel 15%, Ride Horse 45%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 50%.

{**d20 STATS:** page 219}

802

DANIEL SHAY PUBLIC SCHOOL

602 W High Street

Grades 1–8 meet here from the first Monday in September till the last Friday of May.

803

MISKATONIC CLUB

411 W High Street

This exclusive men's club owns its own Georgian mansion. It is always open to members, and a porter is always on duty. Amenities include a library, a billiards room, a commons room, a bar, and a small dining room. Three bedrooms are available. No women are allowed past the porter's booth. Membership is by invitation only. Initiation costs $300, as do annual dues. Drinks, food, and rooms are extra.

Members include the president of Arkham First Bank, Judge Randall, and financier/developer Robert Beckworth, owner of the Tower Professional Building and the Hotel Miskatonic. An investigator able to join this club immediately **raises his Credit Rating by 10 percentiles** {gains a +2 to any Diplomacy Checks made against Arkhamites} and becomes a friend of Judge Randall.

804

STEWART PORTMAN

299 W Pickman Street

A handsome, sophisticated dilettante, Portman possesses the finest collection of rare books in Arkham, including Tillinghast's. Many rare and first editions grace his shelves. He has a fine selection of illuminated manuscripts.

Unknown to most, Stewart, 43 and a lifelong bachelor, is a perverted brute. Should a female whom he desires visit Stewart, he drugs her (**POT 14**) {ingested, DC 16, 1d4 temporary Wisdom damage, then another Fort save to resist falling unconscious for 1d3 hours} and, as the chemicals take effect, has his way with her. As a cover story, he douses her clothes with whiskey.

Any female investigator who presses charges meets implacable bias from Judge Randall, who declares at length that no decent woman would ever visit a bachelor's home alone. Portman says blandly that she came to see his etchings, and that honor prevents him from saying more.



Stewart Portman

Since the Portman family is of long standing in Arkham, the victim's Credit Rating thereafter drops to zero against Arkhamites {social bonuses to charisma-based skills are completely negated against Arkhamites} and she is subject to many minor cruelties and injustices.

Portman has a special gallery of books locked in glass cases. This, the largest collection of pornography in Massachusetts, would scandalize the citizenry of Arkham; starting rumors about it would in some measure turn the town against the cad, but unfortunately not restore the reputation of the unfortunate victim.

Among the foul works is a copy of the *Revelations of Glaaki*. A **Spot Hidden** {Spot check (DC 18)} roll uncovers this volume among the hundreds of priapic homages crowding the shelves.

Also to be found here is a copy of the *Zekerboni*, written in a dialect of Italian. This Mythos tome was hand-transcribed in 1630 by Pietro Mora, a coven-leader, and now is probably the only copy. Its existence has not been reported since 1744. In 1631, Mora and most of his coven were arrested and executed by authorities for alleged complicity in the spread of plague. *Sanity loss 1D2/1D8+2; Cthulhu Mythos +12 percentiles; average 8 weeks to study and comprehend.* **Spells:** none, but keeper's choice of two spells if desired {DC 20; Cthulhu Mythos: +2 ranks}.

The binding, boards, and pages of the *Zekerboni* are treated with a contact poison absorbable through the skin; whoever handles the book must **resist a POT 10 poison**, which takes effect in about 30 minutes. At first, the reader's hands feel numb and cold, then the effect spreads. Failure to resist the poison leads to death within 12 hours {make a Fort save, Contact poison, DC 14, 1d4

Con drain initially, secondary damage costs the victim 1 point of Constitution per hour. Secondary Damage occurs every hour until subject has been successfully treated or dies}. Gloves negate the danger.

Portman knows about the poison but never tells anyone, seeing the poison as a delectable curiosity, and as righteous punishment of thieves.

Special skills: Book Lore 83%, Credit Rating 90%, Slip a Mickey Finn 93%, Ignore Guilt 88% {Wealth Feat (x4), Research +9, Knowledge (local) +10, Sleight of Hand +12, Bluff +10, Intimidate +12, Performance (Oratory) +8}.

805

TIMBLETON ARMS
111 W Pickman Street

This five-story building has luxury apartments to rent, starting at $83 a month. The price includes laundry, maid service, and a full-time doorman. The penthouse apartments go for $120 a month. Gangster Danny O'Bannion lives in one.

806

MAY LADIES BEAUTY SALON
122 W High Street

Patronized by Arkham's female gentry, it's the most expensive salon in town.

807

DANIEL UPTON, CONSULTING ARCHITECT
662 W Saltonstall Street

Upton is in his late forties, married, and the father of one son. This successful man's home is a showplace of Georgian architecture. Upton graduated from Harvard and belongs to the Arkham Historical Society. He is versed in New England architecture.

Upton is a close friend of the poet Edward Pickman Derby and has met Derby's bride, Asenath Waite. He is worried for Derby, who has told him some unnerving things. Upton possesses several small objects of strange geometric character given to him by Derby.

Special skills: New England Architecture 90%; Arkham History 65% {Craft (Architecture) +10, Knowledge (Architecture) +10, (Local History) +8}.

808

WHITECHAPEL NURSING HOME
602 W Saltonstall Street

This nursing home costs $100 monthly, including meals and medical care. In-home nursing care, 24 hours daily, costs $10 a day.

809

HORTON WILSON, M.D.
522 W Saltonstall Street

Now 74 years old, and semi-retired. Dr. Wilson was and is the personal physician of Professor Nathaniel Wingate Peaslee; he treated the man during and after his strange attack of amnesia in 1913. He may have learned things from Peaslee useful to investigators.

810

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
432 W Saltonstall Street

Open to women only, applicants must be 18 or older, demonstrate lineal descent from someone who directly aided in the cause of the American Revolutionary War, and be personally acceptable. Membership in a particular chapter is by invitation only. Arkham dues are $50 annually.

These blue bloods defend American culture against immigrants, anarchists, communists, and unionists. They are the core of Arkham's gentry. Membership by an investigator **raises her Credit Rating by 10 percentiles** {+2 to Diplomacy checks}.

811

CLARK'S RESIDENTIAL ACCOMMODATIONS

276 W Saltonstall Street

The ancestral home of Miss Elizabeth Clark, 49; she is the last of this branch of the Clarks. This is a splendid Georgian mansion. Renters help pay the property taxes, and rather more.

The house is the best boarding establishment in Arkham. Rooms are by the month only, and include two meals a day, breakfast at 7 A.M. and supper at 6:30 P.M. Miss Clark rents only to the select few with whom she can feel personal affinity, presently including a male professional and a female professional determined by the keeper, a businesswoman (Miss Hattie O'Brian, owner of Hattie's Boutique), and accountant Meyer Golditz. Mr. Golditz's link with organized crime is, of course, unknown to Miss Clark. She presently has one room available, with private bath, at $105 per month.

812

ALBERT N. WILMARTH

118 W Saltonstall Street

A fine Georgian mansion, the Wilmarth ancestral home is presently the residence of Dr. Albert N. Wilmarth, Professor of English at the University.

813

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

657 W Saltonstall Street

Founded in 1801, the old church was sold in 1854 and a new brick building opened that same year. Dr. Eben Sutton leads the congregation.

814

HAROLD SHEAR

680 W Miskatonic Avenue

A well-kept Georgian home, with severely precise grounds, it's home to this professor of chemistry at the University, and his family.

JONATHAN SHEAR

The son of Harold Shear, Jon is 12 years old and the pride of his parents. He is also a developing arsonist. Jonathan started a year ago by lighting small, controlled fires in the woods, sometimes roasting small woodland animals to enjoy what they would do. After a time he started to ignite the contents of garbage cans.

A week ago he siphoned gas out of his father's car, planning to incinerate a heap of packing cases behind Gleason's Department Store. Unknown to him a hobo slept within; the man leaped flaming and screaming into the river, never to surface. Jonathan committed a murder that night and is petrified that someone may find out it was him. Gradually his fears will subside, however, and he will strike again, each new fire more daring and crueler.

Jonathan Shear, Firebug

STR 09	**CON** 12	**SIZ** 10	**INT** 14	**POW** 11
DEX 13	**APP** 11	**EDU** 08	**SAN** 43	**HP** 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Fist/Punch 30%, damage 1D3
Kick 30%, damage 1D6

Skills: Act Like Favorite Movie Hero 40%, Climb 60%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 40%, Ignite Trash 60%, Sneak 40%, Throw 30%.

{d20 STATS: page 219}

815

MORTON HARTWELL, M.D.

507 W Miskatonic Avenue

He's Armitage's personal physician. He is nearly seventy, maintaining only a practice of long-time patients.

Special skill: Medicine 75%, Pharmacy 75% {Heal +9, Knowledge (Pharmacology) +8}

816

DR. AND MRS. HENRY ARMITAGE
417 W Miskatonic Avenue

This fine Edwardian home is property of the university library's director.

817

ARKHAM RESERVED CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
657 W Washington Street

When the old church burned in 1909, a new and grander one was built in a more prosperous part of town. A high steeple — that is, higher than any other church in town — was not part of the design and many contributors are still upset. Rev. Wharton Armbruster presides, imperturbable.

NEIGHBORHOOD 9

Lower Southside

Here are narrow, twisting lanes and crowded tenements. Some Irish and Poles live here, but from High Street south the area is mostly Italian.

The Southside is located on low marshy ground in a pocket between French Hill and South Hill. The air is muggy in the summer, cold and damp in the winter. Most of the wood buildings show signs of decay. A few single homes still exist. On Powder Mill Street, south of Saltonstall, stand several good examples of late eighteenth century wooden row houses.

Badly lit, always the subject of calls for reform but never changing, the neighborhood is overcrowded, noisy, and inhabited by some of Arkham's poorest citizens. Tiny shops, markets, and restaurants can be found here, often unmarked and known only to neighbors, pressed in between tenements and apartments.

901

ARKHAM HISTORICAL SOCIETY
537 S Garrison Street

The headquarters of this privately supported group are housed in a restored Georgian mansion set back from the street. The building is open to the public 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., Monday–Friday, at no charge.

Several downstairs rooms are decorated in colonial and federalist styles and numerous Arkham artifacts, such as the community's first pump handle, are on display. Paintings of famous past Arkhamites line the walls and include Bishops, Armitages, Whateleys, and others.



Mr. Peabody

The upstairs of the house contains the society's vast library and collected records. *Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New England Canaan* can be found on the shelves; obscure records, not found elsewhere, can sometimes be located here.

Stored in the basement, in musty boxes, are the missing issues of the Arkham *Bulletin* (1823–1826) and the *Miskatonic Valley Gleaner* (1830–1831). The society acquires new materials as they can be purchased or as granted in bequests by Arkham natives.

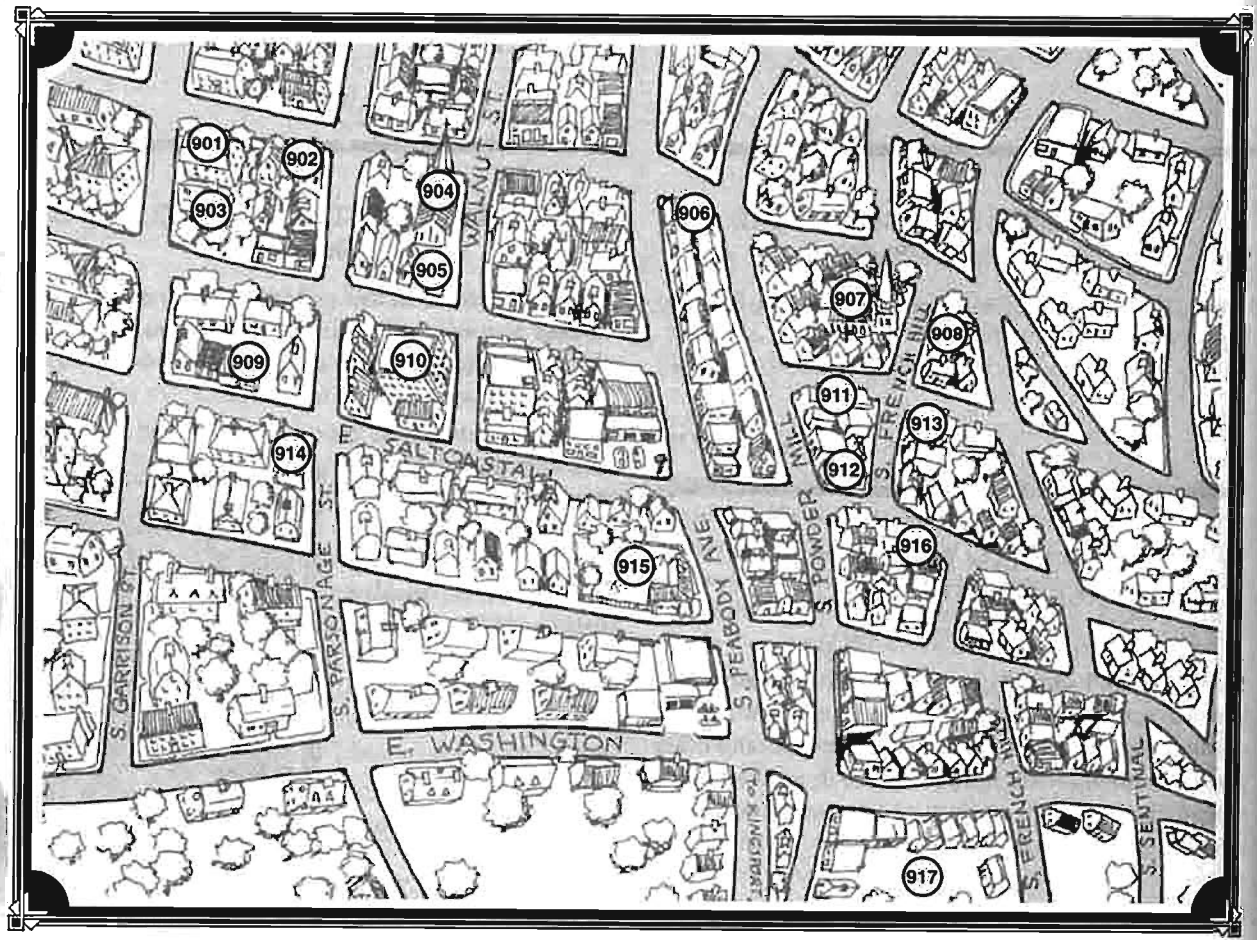
Mr. E. Lapham Peabody, 61, has been the Society's curator for over 30 years. He is expert in local genealogy. He has also a working knowledge of most of the church and town records, library holdings, historical societies, and graveyards found in the Miskatonic Valley region. While perhaps not knowing the cosmic proportions of the Mythos, he is certainly aware of Innsmouth and Dunwich, and the strange folk who reside there. Peabody is a valuable ally in research, one quite likely to be willing to help solve a complicated genealogical puzzle.

E. Lapham Peabody, Curator

STR 09	**CON** 07	**SIZ** 10	**INT** 17	**POW** 15
DEX 11	**APP** 15	**EDU** 28	**SAN** 63	**HP** 08

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: none



Lower Southside

Skills: Accounting 15%, Credit Rating 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Arkham Genealogy 88%, Local History 85%, Library Use 82%, Navigate 15%, Occult 15%, Persuade 25%, Photograph Documents 45%.

{d20 STATS: page 218}

An investigator can join the Arkham Historical Society for $20 a year, entitling him or her to access to Society buildings, records, and libraries. Belonging to the Society is considered a good thing in Arkham, though most men will think twice about donating a week's wages or more to do it. Investigators can rub elbows with most of the important Arkhamites at the annual Society meeting, usually held in April.

902

LARKIN INSTITUTE

766 E Pickman Street

A gigantic Victorian mansion converted to a private psychiatric hospital in 1919 by Dr. Parker Larkin, a skilled practitioner and author. Larkin's personal **Psychology skill is 82%** {Knowledge (Psychology) +10, Psychoanalysis +8}; the cure rate of the institute is 60%.

Hospitalization here costs $220 a month. Patients have private rooms. There are six beds. The two resident physicians working under Larkin are excellent.

A current patient of interest is Dr. Nathaniel Corey, who treated Dr. Amos Piper, formerly of the anthropology department at the university, after the latter stumbled upon the existence of the Great Race. The Yithians were attempting to possess Piper but Piper escaped Arkham and disappeared. Corey was left to pen a manuscript revealing all he knew before he himself was driven insane by the Great Race. After Corey's admittance to the Institute, his wife discovered the manuscript in his desk. She gave the manuscript to Dr. Larkin, who saw it at first as the ravings of a madman. Over time, however, Larkin came to believe that there was truth in the ravings of his patient. How much either man may now know about the Mythos is up to the keeper.

903

MISS ANDREW'S SOCIAL PARLOUR

709 E High Street

A place in which older Arkham women of genteel character can socialize, and play cards and mahjong. Miss Andrews, 62, also supplies small glasses of fruit or dandelion wine upon request.

904

ST. STANISLAUS CHURCH

522 Walnut Street

Established in 1878, this Catholic Church occupies a former Baptist church that could be bought cheaply. The congregation is mostly Polish.

Father Casimir Iwanicki: over the years Father Casimir has been told many stories about an old witch woman named Keziah Mason and a thing that accompanies her, Brown Jenkin. The witch woman has been accused of kidnapping numerous children over the years; lately, the 63 year-old priest has found reason to believe the stories, accumulating information equivalent to 45% knowledge of Keziah Mason's earthly manifestations, and of the evil coven.

Special skill: Cthulhu Mythos 7% {Cthulhu Mythos +1, Knowledge (Local Cults) +5}.

905

SZYMANSKI'S BOARDING HOUSE

574 Walnut Street

Widow Szymanski owns and operates this cramped, slightly dingy house. A second floor room is available for $75 a month. Rooms are kept clean; the food, while simple and inexpensive, is well prepared and tasty. Mrs. Szymanski speaks with a thick Polish accent and the majority of her boarders are Polish. Father Casimir is a frequent guest at her supper table.

DR. STANLEY MALKOWSKI

The kindly doctor has boarded here for ten years; he has a room on the first floor. Dr. Malkowski is a 59-year-old native of Poland who works mostly in Arkham's poorer neighborhoods. He performs services for free. Dr. Malkowski is protective of his community and may fail to report certain injuries to the police if not in the best interests of his patients. It is also rumored that he has on occasion performed abortions, a criminal offense.

Special skills: Medicine 75%, Pharmacy 25% {Heal +8, Knowledge (Pharmacology) +4}.

906

TARAN HALL

552 S Powder Mill Street

Taran Hall is a public banquet hall available for rent for $10 a day, $15 with chairs and tables. It can seat up to 250 people. If this hall is busy, investigators might try renting a hall from a church or school.

907

SACRED HEART CHURCH

554 S French Hill Street

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Catholic Church was established in 1891, leasing for a nominal sum a Unitarian building. Father Anthony Morency, 54, presides over a mostly Italian congregation.

At a recent meeting with ranking church officials, he received permission to seal over a portion of the catacombs and the crypts they contain. Unnerving burrowing sounds have been heard along the south wall: keeper's choice as to the origin of the sounds.



Jaspar Eleazar

908

ELEAZAR'S FUNERAL HOME

549 S French Hill Street

This place is owned by Jaspar Eleazar, an un-

scrupulous man who overcharges the poor whenever he can. He will, for a price, overlook certain oddities about corpses, and (for substantial fees) has twice embalmed corpses lacking death certificates.

An old rumor has him selling pauper corpses to the university for dissection.

909

EYE OF AMARA SOCIETY

131 E Saltonstall Street

Eye of Amara is a small, openly occult society making perfunctory gestures of respect to Christian belief to pacify the neighbors. Its members tend to be dilettantes, writers, artists, and other outlandish sorts who crave to harness the magicks that they intuitively believe exist.

Membership is by invitation only and costs $30, plus annual dues of $25. Members must attend a minimum of ten of the monthly meetings (some held on nights such as Hallowmass and May Eve) and a member can be expelled at any time by majority vote. Membership in other mystic societies, such as the Masons, is strictly forbidden.

An investigator who belongs to this society would be expected to tell of his Cthulhoid discoveries as they happened; withholding information is grounds for expulsion.

Meetings are mostly discussions. Few of the members believe enough in material magic to try to achieve anything except the same charismatic influence over others that their leader, Jason Gaspard, holds over them. Illegalities are rare; even alcohol is barred from the meetings.



Jason Gaspard

A benefit of membership is access to the society's occult library. It includes copies of *Liber Ivonis*, *Sussex Manuscript*, *Ponape Scriptures*, *Eltdown Shards*, *The Golden Bough*, and *The Witch-Cult in Western Europe*. For every year of membership, the investigator may increase his or her **Occult skill** by 1D6 percentiles.

Although most of the Society's twenty-odd members are employed, the leader of the group, Jason Gaspard, is not. Gaspard is an intense, charismatic figure who lives on the membership proceeds. Intriguingly, Gaspard has absorbed much of the Mythos, but has never learned a single spell.

Jason Gaspard, Occultist

STR 13	**CON** 14	**SIZ** 14	**INT** 17	**POW** 18
DEX 14	**APP** 13	**EDU** 15	**SAN** 40	**HP** 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Stiletto 45%, damage 1D4+1D4
Fencing Foil 55%, damage 1D6+1D4

Skills: Anthropology 25%, Archaeology 15%, Observational Astronomy 45%, Bargain 75%, Chemistry 15%, Credit Rating 3%, Cthulhu Mythos 45%, Fast Talk 85%, French 80%, History 10%, Latin 60%, Library Use 45%, Occult 75%, Persuade 60%, Pharmacy 15%, Psychology 65%, Spot Hidden 65%.

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910

SIMPSON APARTMENTS

648 Walnut Street

Small, drafty apartments in a poor neighborhood. For $30, a second-floor room is available, next door to Madame Dulagi, the astrologer.

MADAME DULAGI

For $1, she casts a horoscope. What the investigator learns is up to the keeper; hints about future adventures within the planned campaign are a good idea. The woman is less than five feet tall, at least seventy, and very wrinkled.

Special skills: Astrology 60%, Occult 25%, Polish 65%
{Knowledge (Astrology) +9, Knowledge (Occult) +4, Speak other Lang (Polish) +8}.

911

THE CLUB

620 S French Hill Street

Unione Italiano is on the window. A storefront fraternal organization for Italians only, this one sports Joe Potrello as a member. Here he drinks coffee and wine, plotting impossible revenges against O'Bannion and his gang. Numbers and race-betting operations, both rackets of the O'Bannion gang, operate here, and stolen items (though not items stolen from Italians) can be

bought here. The manager is Virgilio, who sports "Big Red" as a nickname. Rumor has it that O'Bannion backs the place, and takes the profits.

Joe (Giuseppe) Potrello

He's a sorry sight these days. His power is ruined, his influence is gone, and he has one loyal henchman left. Not even the Italian youth-gang, the Rocks, respects him.

He knows the O'Bannion mob has him marked for death. He also knows that police are on O'Bannion's payroll and fears that they might set him up (not true, Arkham's police are not yet that corrupt).

Potrello came to the United States in 1900 at the age of twelve, sent here by his widower father to live with relatives in Arkham. He grew up in Arkham's poorest Italian section, working in mills here and in nearby Bolton. By age eighteen he led a handful of toughs specializing in muggings and shopkeeper extortion. Dismissed from the Army after a few weeks when the Armistice was signed, Potrello established an ingenious illegal numbers game modeled on rackets popular in New York. The game turned a good profit. When Prohibition arrived, Potrello had the capital and contacts to locally distribute profitable booze from overseas.



Joe Potrello

Potrello comports himself modestly, and dresses in common working-class clothes. Most Italian-speakers know of him; many admire him. He is a good contributor to the Church, though professing a belief that his actions contradict. Those he has wronged know him as a stern opponent, and fear to speak to the police. The police fear him as a cool, shadowy figure who may someday become respectable enough that the Italians will elect him to the Town Council.

Joe Potrello, Gangster

STR 15	**CON** 12	**SIZ** 14	**INT** 15	**POW** 15
DEX 12	**APP** 12	**EDU** 09	**SAN** 35	**HP** 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 85%, damage 1D3+1D4
Head Butt 65%, damage 1D4+1D4
Kick 65%, damage 1D6+1D4
Grapple 75%, damage special
Stiletto 95%, damage 1D4+2+1D4
.38 Revolver 75%, damage 1D10

Skills: Dodge 45%, Fast Talk 75%, Listen 55%, Italian 45%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 85%.

[d20 STATS: page 219]

Lou Benito, Henchman

STR 14	**CON** 14	**SIZ** 14	**INT** 12	**POW** 11
DEX 15	**APP** 12	**EDU** 08	**SAN** 44	**HP** 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+1D4
Head Butt 55%, damage 1D4+1D4
Kick 45%, damage 1D6+1D4
Grapple 65%, damage special
Stiletto 85%, damage 1D4+2+1D4
.45 Revolver 75%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Dodge 75%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 70%, Listen 65%, Say Yes 88%, Sneak 75%.

[d20 STATS: page 219]

912

ANTON'S RESTAURANT

689 S Powder Mill Street

The best Italian food in Arkham. A modest, clean place; supper can be had for 50–65 cents. Anton's is frequented by some members of O'Bannion's gang as well as by Joe Potrello.

913

TENEMENT

615 S French Hill Street

By no means the only tenement on the block, this 1840s brownstone has a third floor walk-up available for $14 a month. The building is cramped, dirty, noisy, and the water and heat are unreliable. Windows are drafty and an investigator hears crying babies, fistfights in the streets, and children running up and down the halls. The next-door-neighbor is an occasional prostitute, Mona, who also performs petty theft when she can.

HAGAN WILSON, ARTIST

He lives above the vacant apartment. Wilson is 32, a deranged master of watercolors and pen and ink. Several years ago he seemed destined for fame and had several shows in Boston and New York.

But about that same time Wilson discovered, in issues of a pulp magazine called *Weird Tales*, the works

of a reclusive New England horror author. He became obsessed by the author's visions. Wilson's paintings took on a darker and more foreboding tone. He hinted to friends that he had done some other paintings that he dared show to no one.

From late February until early April of 1925 a series of shocking dreams left him, for a time, an inmate at Arkham Sanitarium. Upon release he burned his collection of strange stories along with many of his paintings, but he remained obsessed by the themes and to this day continues to produce Cthulhoid-styled canvasses —nightmare scenes released from his unconscious mind by the bizarre dreams.

His professional career is ruined but he continues to occupy his one-room drafty garret churning out piece after piece, foregoing food and sleep to satisfy his madness. He is a member of the Eye of Amara Society but is due to be expelled for unpaid dues.

Hagan Wilson, Artist

STR 11	**CON** 07	**SIZ** 12	**INT** 17	**POW** 15
DEX 15	**APP** 06	**EDU** 13	**SAN** 21	**HP** 09

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: none

Skills: Draw 88%, Cthulhu Mythos 22%, Occult 15%, Paintings 90%, Watercolors 83%.

{d20 STATS: page 219}

914

VETERINARIAN

184 E Saltonstall Street

Old Doc Pinter, 69, works out of his home. Bill Pinter has been Arkham's favorite vet for years and is familiar with livestock and pets. If need be, he performs his services free of charge.

Special skills: Diagnose Animal Disease 85%; Treat Animal Disease 90% {Animal Empathy +4, Handle Animal +5, Heal +6}.

915

HALSEY PUBLIC SCHOOL

391 E Miskatonic Avenue

Grades 1–8 meet here from the first Monday in September till the last Friday of May.

916

PETRUCCI'S BARBERSHOP

708 French Hill Street



This barbershop is often frequented by the Italian criminal element. Aldo Petrucci knows most of them but is loyal and would not speak a word of what he hears. Investigators nosing around here are immediately reported to Potrello as potential assassins from O'Bannion.

917

CHRISTCHURCH CEMETERY

South edge of town

Christchurch is the newest cemetery in Arkham; rich and poor find burial here. Despite the inevitable reference to Christchurch Episcopal, these plots are nondenominational. The Congregational church is handiest to this location.

The cemetery is surrounded by an eight-foot-high stone wall, topped with iron spikes. Entrance is through the main gate only, located at the foot of Peabody Avenue. The gate is open 7 A.M. to 6 P.M. daily. A watchman lives near the gate.

Climbing the wall is possible but requires a ladder, a successful Climb roll, or a lot of help. Once atop the wall the character will have to make a **DEX x5 roll** or less {Dex check, DC 8} to avoid injuring himself on the rusty iron spikes set in the top. These cause 1D3 points of damage plus a 10% chance of infection by tetanus if treatment is neglected.

BEYOND ALL NEIGHBORHOODS

The Outskirts

1001

BILLINGTON'S WOODS

Northwest of town

This dark looming forest, much of it untouched by axe or saw, has been in the Billington family since colonial times; the present owner is a member of the English branch of the family. No one has lived on the property since 1821.

With some effort, a carriageway can be traced leading off the Pike and through the woods to end at the house.

The house is remarkable for the four pilasters on the facade. The most interesting part of the house is the two-story study, where a huge circular window of "many-coloured glass" dominates the western wall. Tall, dust-coated bookshelves line the other walls.

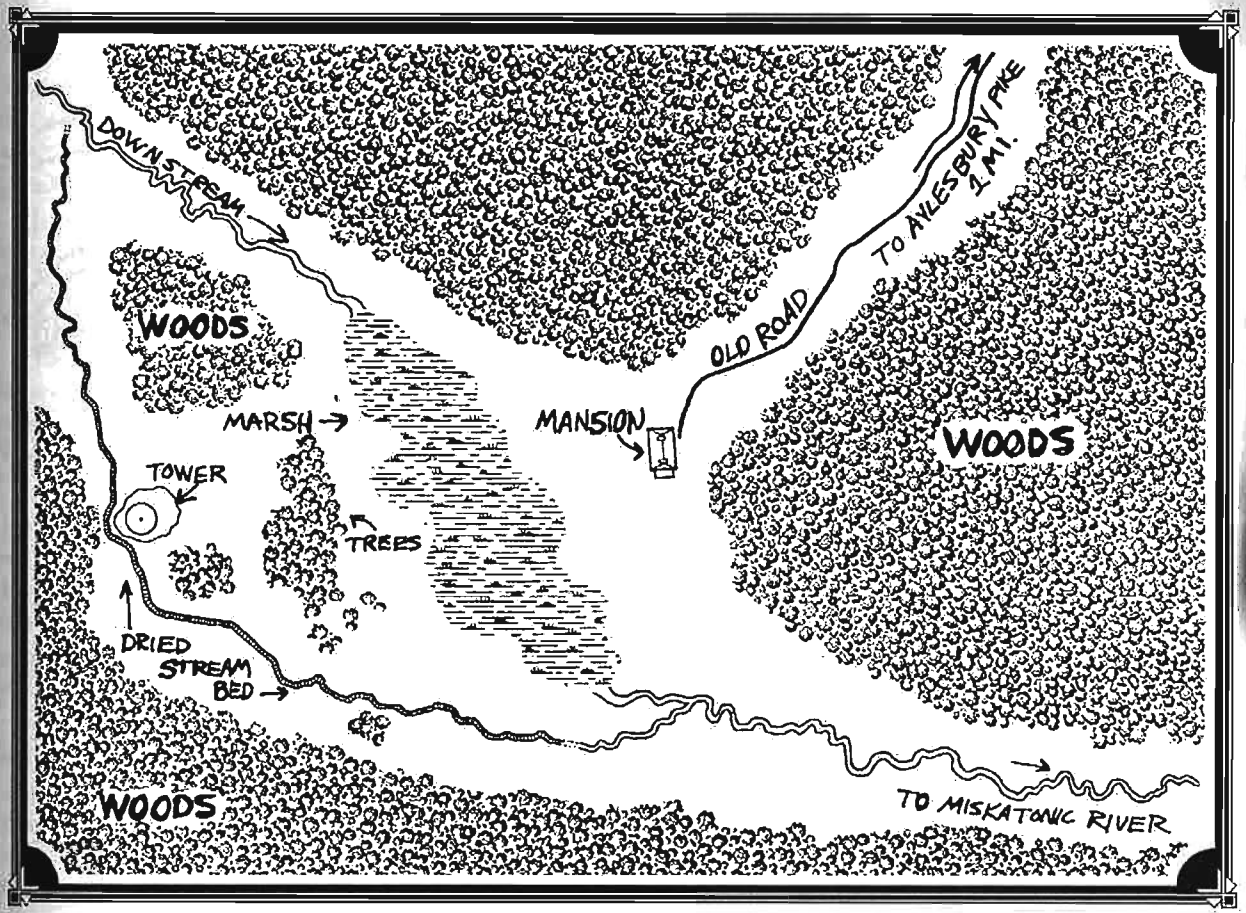
BOOKS IN THE STUDY

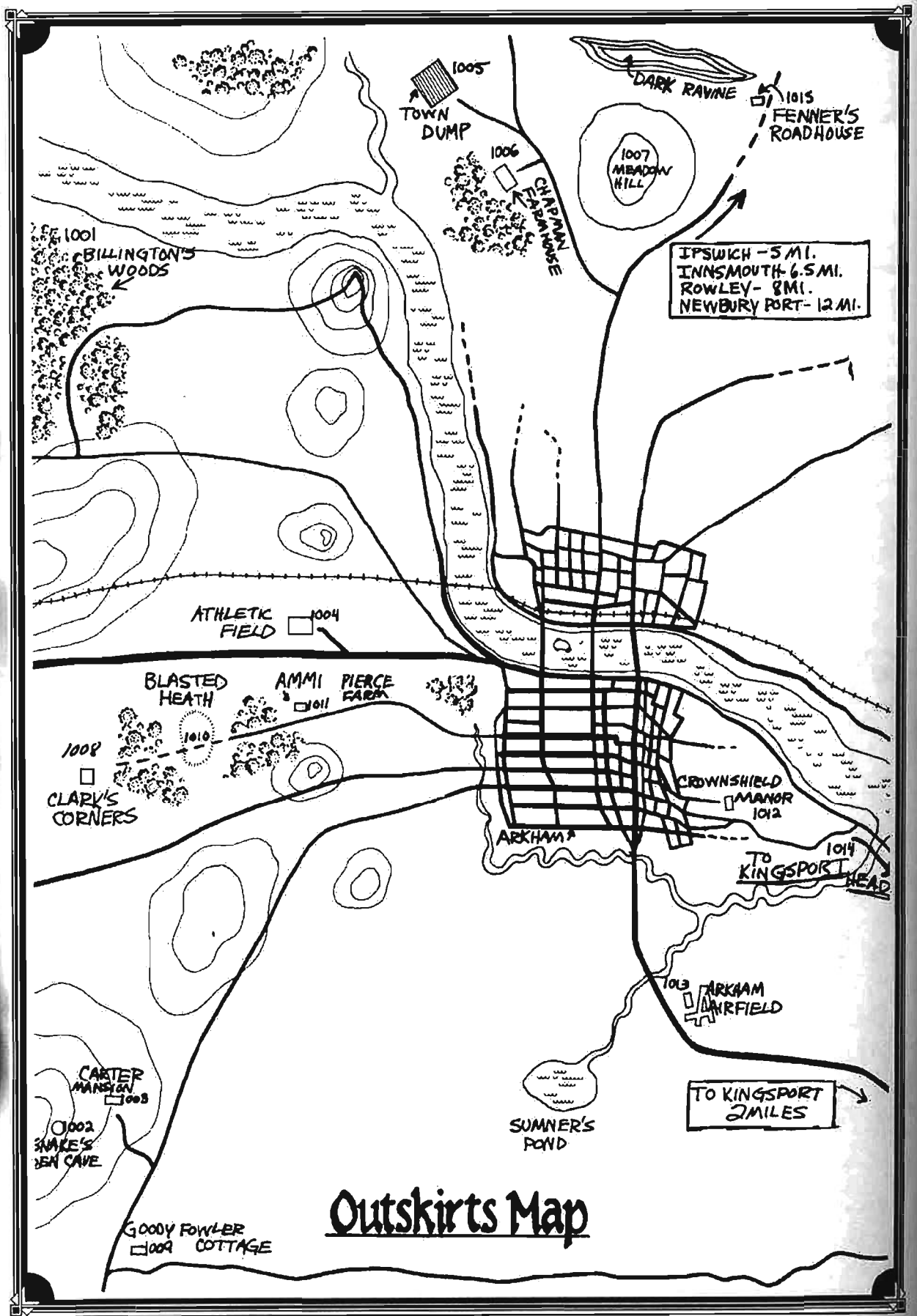
A search of the shelves turns up copies of the *Liber Ivonis*, *De Vermiis Mysteriis*, *Cultes des Goules*, and *Thaumaturgical Prodigies.*

A small holographic manuscript headed "Of Evil Sorceries done in New England of Daemons in no Humane Shape" is present, at the keeper's option. The essay is fragmentary; what's present concerns sorceries only in early New England. The author is unknown. With a successful English roll, *Sanity loss: 1/1D4; Cthulhu Mythos +2 percentiles; average 1 week to study and comprehend.* **Spells:** none {DC 15; Cthulhu Mythos +1; contains no spells}.

The most important book here is *Al-Azif—Ye Booke of ye Arab*, a translation or interpretation of part of the *Necronomicon*, written in crabbed and meandering provincial English in the sixteenth century. Within this book can be found a spell, Call the Lurker at the Threshold. With a successful **English roll**, *Sanity loss:*

Billington's Woods





Outskirts Map

1D3/1D6; Cthulhu Mythos +8 percentiles; average 4 weeks to study and comprehend. **Spell:** Call the Lurker at the Threshold. {DC 20; Cthulhu Mythos +2; contains one spell: Call the Lurker at the Threshold}.

THE CIRCULAR WINDOW

Concentric circles, split by rays emanating from the center to the perimeter, grow darker toward the center of the glass. The center is a single round pane of clear glass, like the pupil of an eye. This window looks westward, across trees and a small marsh, directly at a stone tower a few hundred yards away.

Gazing through this window for an extended time induces visions of hazy, nebulous Mythos scenes with a Sanity cost of 1/1D3 points for each exposure.

At night, if the tower is stared at through the window, the spirit of long-gone wizard Alijah Billington may attempt to possess the character at the window. To defeat the attack, the character must receive a successful resistance table roll pitting his or her **POW against Billington's POW 20** {a Will save, DC 25}.

If successful, Billington possesses the character for his own purposes. The possession is not strong, however; moving the possessed character from the house for 1D20 days breaks the subjugation.

THE STONE TOWER

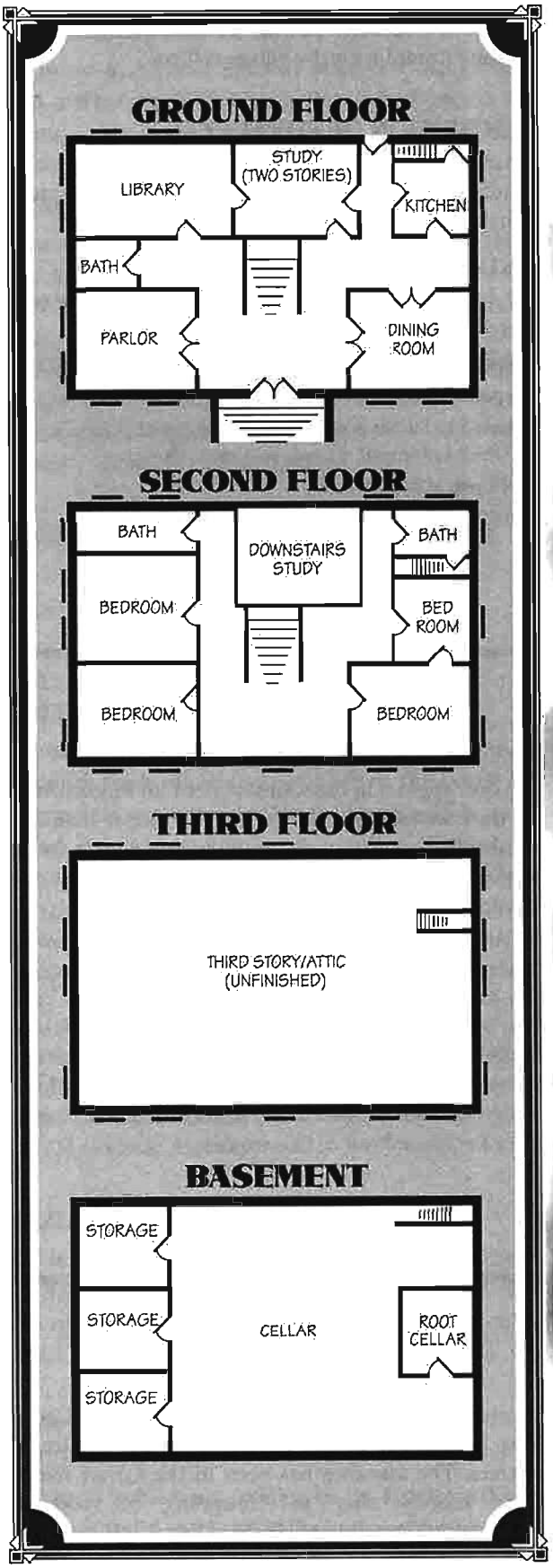
The tower seen from the window stands in a low spot on the property, atop a small island in the bed of a dead tributary stream. A circle of rough-shaped but carefully placed stones surround it.

It is built of stones fifteen inches thick. It stands twenty feet high, and is twelve feet in diameter at the base. A conical roof surmounts the tower. A single arched doorway in the base provides entry.

The interior is hollow. A narrow flight of crude stone steps curl up the interior wall. Chiseled into the wall along the stairway is a primitive but impressive bas-relief, a design that repeats itself all the way to the top.

At the end of the stairs is a small platform that one can crouch upon. An opening in the tower's roof, facing east toward the house, has been sealed off by a large block of limestone that bears some type of Elder Sign. If this stone is pried loose, the platform can be stood upon, placing the investigator's head above the peak of the roof and leaving most of him exposed.

With the stone removed, rites and incantations can be performed here. To call the Lurker at the Threshold, an incantation must be made thrice and certain diagrams drawn in sand while standing within the circle of stones. The Lurker manifests through the opening in the tower's roof and, filling the tower, pours out



Billington's Mansion

through the arched opening, demanding its sacrifice. Pointing toward a nearby village suffices.

DESCRIPTION OF THE LURKER

A dark formless mass, huge and slug-like but moving rapidly across and through the earth. It is not completely material. It is possibly an aspect of Yog-Sothoth.

The Lurker at the Threshold

STR 44	**CON** 44	**SIZ** 32	**INT** 20	**POW** 40
DEX 22	**Move** 14	**HP** 38		

Damage Bonus: +4D6.

Weapons: pseudopod 99%, damage 2D10

Armor: The Lurker is not completely material; weapons which can impale do only minimum damage.

SAN Cost: 1D10/4D10.

{**d20 STATS:** page 220}

1002

SNAKE'S DEN CAVE

Southwest of town

The cave appears in the south face of Elm Mountain, in the dark woods just north of the old Carter mansion. Local folk keep shy of the cave, fearing adders (as all poisonous snakes are known here) or worse, but Randolph Carter played here as a child.

At the rear of the cave is a fissure which, if an investigator can squeeze through (**SIZ 13 or less** {Medium size or less only}) leads to a rarely visited inner cave. This second cave contains a pylon of roughly shaped stone. On the back wall can be seen the faint traces of a carved arch and what looks like a gigantic hand. This is a Gate through which Carter, with the aid of a strange silver key, passed out of this world.

1003

THE OLD CARTER MANSION

Southwest of town

Located along the road from Boston, the old Carter place lies halfway up Elm Mountain on a knoll cleared of trees. The mansion has been in the Carter family since shortly after the founding of Arkham. Christopher Carter, great-uncle of Randolph, last lived in it. Christopher Carter died shortly after the turn of the century.

Neither maintained nor lived in, the roof has since collapsed into the rest of the house.

1004

UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC FIELD

West of town

This facility is located approximately 1.5 miles west of Arkham on the Aylesbury Pike. Here is a football field with stands, a nonregulation baseball diamond, and a quarter-mile cinder track. Anyone is free to use the area except during practices.

Some equipment and additional disassembled bleacher stands are stored in two large sheds at the edge of the property.

The Astronomy Department stores its eight-inch telescope here.

1005

TOWN DUMP

North of town

Most of Arkham's trash and garbage end up northwest of Meadow Hill, in a big excavated pit. At night the place is infested with raccoons, skunks, opossums, and an occasional black bear.

1006

CHAPMAN FARMHOUSE

North of town

An old farm near Meadow Hill, it was given up late last century and the fields left fallow. The family rented out the house. In 1904, Herbert West accidentally burned it to the ground, and with it his papers and equipment. The farm was then abandoned for two decades. In the last few years, the Arkham Gun Club has paid the arrears and uses a field a half-mile from the farmhouse for skeet shooting. The ground here is littered with the shards of countless clay pigeons.

1007

MEADOW HILL

North of town

This dark hill can be made out from high points in town. Beyond it is a dark vale wherein stands a single white stone, an uncarven monolith thought to be older than the Indians. In this valley nothing ever grows and the earth is barren and compacted.

The stone, long of evil reputation, is the meeting site of the Evil Coven headed by the witch, Keziah Mason. Every May Eve and Hallowmass the members of the cult meet here and conduct unholy rituals. Last May the Arkham police, along with Essex County deputies, raided the meeting and scattered it, arresting two mere fringe members. They were released when no criminal evidence could be found at the scene.

THE EVIL COVEN

Beyond mere criminality is a group secretly present in Arkham since the town's beginnings. Still headed by Keziah Mason (along with Nyarlathotep in the avatar of the Black Man), the coven's other members have changed over the generations.

If possible, a child is sacrificed at each meeting; some of the children who have disappeared from Arkham over the centuries were victims of this horrible cult. More often, though, young slaves were offered up beyond Meadow Hill or filthy urchins were seized or bought in the alleys of Boston, and fetched there to be murdered.

The members take care not to associate except on coven business. The number of central members is always thirteen, including Keziah, though their actual number varies. All have signed their names in the *Book of Azathoth*, in the presence of Nyarlathotep.

Members often cultivate a fringe follower or two to perform risky deeds like child stealing or poisoning. Other members prefer to commit their own evil deeds. Books and cult items are kept in a secret walled-off portion of the attic in Keziah Mason's house. The other (mortal) members keep no evidence in their homes.

This secret cult has no connection with the Miskatonic students currently charged with sacrificing animals, nor do other town personalities such as Asenath Waite have links with them, nor do folk who may practice white magic or the Old Religion of the Goddess. Central members follow.

JOE AMBROSE, CULT NAME JERGAT

He works at Arkham Worsted Mills as a maintenance man, and has a high Mechanical Repair. Ambrose is a single man, rooming at a boarding house on French Hill.

HAROLD BEEMIS, CULT NAME BALAZAR

A tramp, Beemis has wandered and slept in the Arkham area for the last eight years. He grudgingly does odd jobs, but prefers to beg or steal. His great personal power gives him friendly relations with most of Arkham's police. Beemis is about forty, dresses in ragged clothes, and is usually unshaven and smelly. He was already knowledgeable in Occult before coming to Arkham. He usually sleeps in Rivertown.

ROBERT CZYENCK, CULT NAME REGNEH

Czyenck is 41 years old, 6'4" tall, and weighs 275 pounds. He owns the Northside Market.

WILLIAM DANVERS JOHNSTON, CULT NAME AHMALA

Johnston is 54 years old and vice-president at Arkham National Bank. A central member of the coven for over twenty years, Mason keeps him second-in-command due to his intelligence and influence. He belongs to the Miskatonic Club, as well as a number of other civic organizations.

ABIGAIL LARUE, CULT NAME TAMA

A 71-year-old Creole woman who spent much of her life in New Orleans, she is steeped in voodoo traditions and has a high Occult skill. She works as a maid for the Neeley family, residing in the Neeleys' spacious home on west Miskatonic Avenue.

KEZIAH MASON, CULT NAME NAHAB

She is an original Arkham settler, alive today because of her mastery of Gates which allow her to pass through time and space at will. Mason is the undisputed leader of the coven. See entry 719 for her and her familiar's stats.

EDWIN WHITE PERKINS III, CULT NAME JABAL

Perkins is a dilettante residing in the family's Arkham manse. He is 34 years old. At the urging of the coven, he joined the Eye of Amara Society to learn how much they knew of the Mythos. His answer was "very little."

MARLA SLOCUM, CULT NAME SHANA

She works as a saleslady at Hattie's Boutique, and lives in a nice home with her unsuspecting husband, Darrell. She is 32 years old.

ELLEN WHIPPLE SMITH, CULT NAME CAMLAS

Mrs. Smith is 55 years old, a sweet-acting nurse at St. Mary's hospital and a lifelong resident of Arkham. She is a widow and a psychopathic killer. Deaths at the hospital regularly could be attributed to her once someone became suspicious.

DANIEL SWAIN, CULT NAME SUGGA

Swain is 41 years old, a teacher at Arkham High School. He is married and has two children.

JENNIFER TILSTROM, CULT NAME YULA

At 18, she is the youngest central member. The lascivious Swain recruited her; the coven inducts her during Beltane rites in 1928. She lives with her parents.

SHEILA TORSTEN, CULT NAME BELAG

Just 22 years old, she works at the campus branch of Taran's Bakery. She lives with her parents.

JAMES ALLEN WHITE, CULT NAME KATAL

He's a baby-faced lawyer at E. E. Saltonstall & Associates. White is 28 years old and married, without children.

The coven is ruthlessly protective. At any hint of discovery, they move swiftly and decisively to destroy their enemies. Careless investigators quickly wind up in Christchurch Cemetery. Every central member knows dangerous spells; the most accomplished ones are walking nightmares of magic.

Keziah becomes physically involved only in the direst circumstances. If she does appear, Nyarlathotep may accompany her should the keeper wish.

The following dates are sacred to the coven:

February 2 (Candlemas)

March 20 (vernal equinox)

May 1(Beltane)

June 21 (summer solstice)

August 1 (Lammas)

September 23 (autumnal equinox)

November 1 (Samhain)

December 22 (winter solstice)

Beltane and Samhain are celebrated on their eves, with a full gathering of the coven at the white stone in the vale beyond Meadow Hill; rites are celebrated and a child sacrifice usually offered. The other dates may or may not be observed individually, and involve no human sacrifices.

1008

CLARK'S CORNERS

West of town

This hamlet has existed for at least 150 years, and within the last 40 was the center of a thriving community. Potter's General Store was often visited by local farmers such as Ammi Pierce. However, the village was located along the old road running west out of Arkham and after the meteor fell on Nahum Gardener's farm, the road fell into disuse. Once a new road, running south around the Blasted Heath, came to be used, the village economy collapsed.

Now remaining are scattered, rotting buildings at an overgrown spot along the ghost of a road. Clark's Corners will be inundated by the planned reservoir.

1009

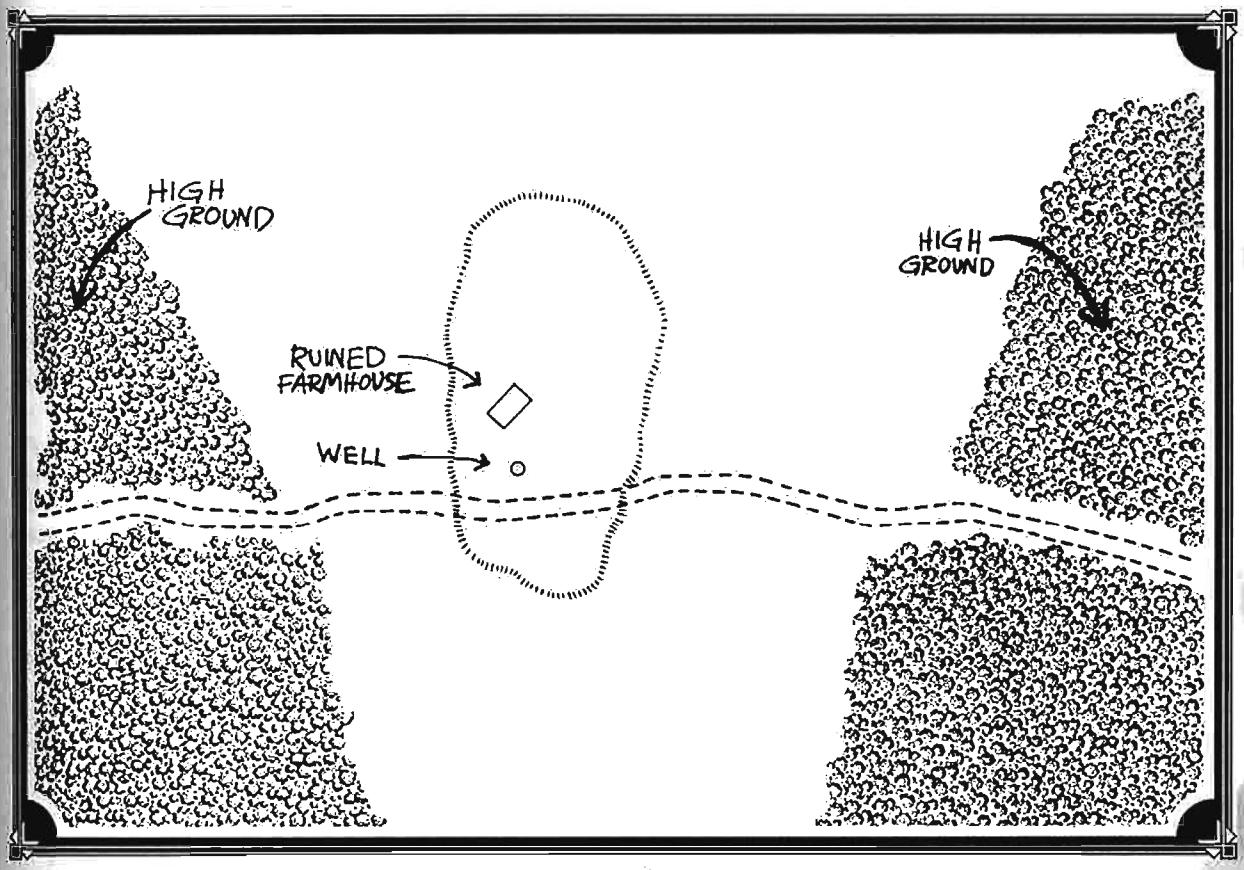
GOODY FOWLER COTTAGE

Southwest of town

This gray saltbox cottage has stood here since the early 1680s. It was the home of Goody Fowler, the reputed witch. Townsfolk swear that not a living soul has entered the house since 1704, when Goody was carried out by an angry mob and hanged.

Amazingly, the stories are true. Everything is as it was the day of Goody's murder more than 200 years before. A half-skein of yarn rests on the spindle; food dries in the cooking pot; a successful **Idea or Know roll** suggests that potent magicks eddy here still.

The grimoire: at the edge of the fireplace hearth, hidden beneath a loose stone, is Goody Fowler's grimoire. With a successful English roll, *Sanity loss: 1D3/1D6; Cthulhu Mythos +5 percentiles; average 13 weeks to study and comprehend.* **Spells:** Elder Sign, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror. {DC 15, Cthulhu Mythos: +1. Contains the following spells: Summon Hunting Horror, Bind Hunting Horror, Elder Sign}.



The Blasted Heath

There is a curse upon the grimoire, falling upon anyone who takes the book from its resting place. The remover **permanently loses one point of APP** (Charisma) for every day he or she possesses the book, growing older and more wicked looking. There is no way to avoid or reverse this curse, which continues in effect until the book is replaced or the Investigator has **APP 1** (zero Charisma), so horrid that his or her mere presence induces vomiting in viewers. A copy of the book takes three days to make successfully.

1010

THE BLASTED HEATH

West of town

A few miles from Arkham, the Blasted Heath is on the site of the former Nahum Gardner farm, bordering a now unused road.

In 1882, a strange meteorite landed on this property near the Gardners' well. Within the year, the family was going to ruin and the farm falling to pieces. The livestock soon died or ran off; crops swelled grotesquely and then died. Gardner's neighbors spoke of a strange glow round the farm at night and began to shun the place. After a while, only Ammi Pierce, one of Nahum's oldest neighbors, dared visit.

Professors from Miskatonic visited the farm soon after the meteor landed, but their test results made no sense. The meteor soon shrank away and disappeared; a year later the Gardners were all dead.

All vegetation died in a five-acre patch of ground centered on the farm's well, which crossed the old road at its southern extremity. Arkhamites soon abandoned this road, which ran on through Clark's Corners, and chose a new one to the south that avoided the area.

Within a few years, most of the old-timers had sold their farms, those closer to the Gardner farm being sooner to leave. A succession of French-Canadians, Italians, and Poles tried their hands, but none could stand up to the dark foreboding aura that seemed to poison the area for miles about. Eventually all the farms were deserted, except for that of Ammi Pierce. Clark's Corners ceased to exist.

A fine gray powder now covers acres of the original Gardner farm, and nothing has grown in the desolation for more than forty years. The ruins of the Gardner

farm buildings still can be made out. Reports concerning the meteorite and its effects must be filed somewhere at the university, but they seem to have been misplaced — perhaps by Armitage. The remaining eyewitness to the events is an old, nearly illiterate Yankee, Ammi Pierce. Pierce firmly believes that one of the strange entities from the meteor still lives in the well.

Plans are afoot to flood most of this area, including the Blasted Heath, to create a reservoir and a secure water supply for the town of Arkham.

COLOUR OUT OF SPACE

If unfamiliar with the species, keepers are urged to read Lovecraft's tale, "A Colour Out of Space", and, if possible, William A. Barton's "A Killer Out of Space" scenario in *Cthulhu Now*. The notes and statistics herewith derive from Barton's work.

A colour appears as a shifting, insubstantial patch of color of an unearthly hue — the being is truly composed of color, and is not a gas. If touched by a colour, an investigator feels as though enveloped by an unhealthy, slimy vapor.

Originally carried to Earth in a small cyst-like globule within the meteor which landed on the Gardner farm, a colour grows by feeding on living organisms. The first colour, by devouring the life force of the entire Gardner family along with most of their livestock, was able to mature to the point where it could leave the planet. This second colour has been left nothing for nourishment but scrub grass and the few small trees that once stood in the now-blighted area. It shuns the daylight, which dilutes its power, and keeps itself hidden in the well. If the proposed reservoir is constructed, the colour will have a greatly increased feeding area.

Though it is also vulnerable to certain spells and can be imprisoned by a strong magnetic field, a colour is uniquely vulnerable to an Elder Sign. If touched by an Elder Sign, there is a **percentage chance equal to the POW points invested in the Sign** that the colour is immediately destroyed {the colour must succeed in a Fort save, DC 15 or be destroyed}. Whether or not an Elder Sign destroys a colour, the Sign disintegrates when touched by a colour, and the colour is always forced to draw back for a short time.

A Colour Out of Space

STR 08	**SIZ** 15	**INT** 16	**POW** 15
DEX 21	**Move** 20/20 flying		**HP** none

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Feed 85%, damage 1D6 + characteristics loss
Mental Attack 100%, damage 1D6 MP + 1D6 SAN
Disintegrate 100%, automatic destruction
Grasp 85%, damage special

Armor: none, but no material attack, even flame or a magical weapon, harms it. It is vulnerable to magic attacks which destroy or consume POW, to the Elder Sign, or to strong magnetic fields: one sufficiently strong (keeper's estimate) can imprison it.

Spells: none

Skills: none

Sanity Loss: seeing a Colour costs 0\1D4; seeming a victim costs 1\1D8 SAN.

Feed: match the Colour's POW against the target's current magic points: for every 10 points by which the Colour exceeds in the matching, it drains 1 point each from the victim's STR, CON, POW, DEX, and APP, and in addition causes 1D6 hit points of damage. For each POW point drained, add one point to the Colour's POW and to its SIZ (and add 1D6 STR when POW reaches 20, 30, etc.).

If the Colour's POW is less than the target's, it cannot feed on that character.

While being fed upon, the victim's flesh becomes suffused with the strange colors of its attacker and he feels a strange sucking and a sensation of burning cold. After the attack, the victim appears withered and gray; in severe cases, the flesh is left cracked and wrinkled.

Mental Attack: this attack weakens the resistance of high-POW targets. For each day a character spends in the vicinity of the Colour's lair, he or she must successfully match INT against the Colour's POW on the resistance table or lose 1D6 magic points and 1D6 SAN . Magic points lost this way cannot be regained until the victim has left the area. Any victim wishing to leave the vicinity of the Colour's influence must receive a successful roll of INT x5 or less or be unable to leave; they'll passively resist efforts to make them move away. A character driven insane by the Colour may violently resist efforts toward relocation.

Disintegrate: It takes one minute and 1D6 magic points for the Colour to disintegrate a cubic foot of metal, a cubic yard of concrete, or several cubic yards of wood. The substances so disintegrated appear partially charred or melted but no heat is generated by the process.

Grasp: the Colour can solidify part of itself to use its STR (1D6 STR for its every 10 POW or fraction thereof). It can manipulate objects or grab a victim or victims to drag them into its lair.

{d20 STATS: page 220}

1011

AMMI PIERCE
West of town


Ammi Pierce

Often described as a queer old bird, Pierce lives on a ramshackle farm off the disused road that leads to the Blasted Heath. Pierce is 86, the only one who remembers (or is willing to talk about) the strange days after the meteorite came in June, 1882. He knew Nahum Gardner and his family well and witnessed their slow decline and destruction.


Asenath/Ephraim

lifelong Arkham resident. His wife, Asenath, hails from Innsmouth and carries in her the tainted Innsmouth blood.

She is a graduate of Kingsport's Hall School, and attends classes at Miskatonic University.

Derby would prefer to live in the Derby family house on W. Saltonstall Street, vacant since the recent death of his father, but Asenath prefers the Crowninshield manor, which they have just purchased with her money.

They keep three Innsmouth-born servants, the aged couple Moses and Abigail Sargent and a young, fishy smelling wench, Eunice Babson.

Asenath's body is inhabited by her father, Ephraim Waite, who murdered Asenath after forcing her mind into

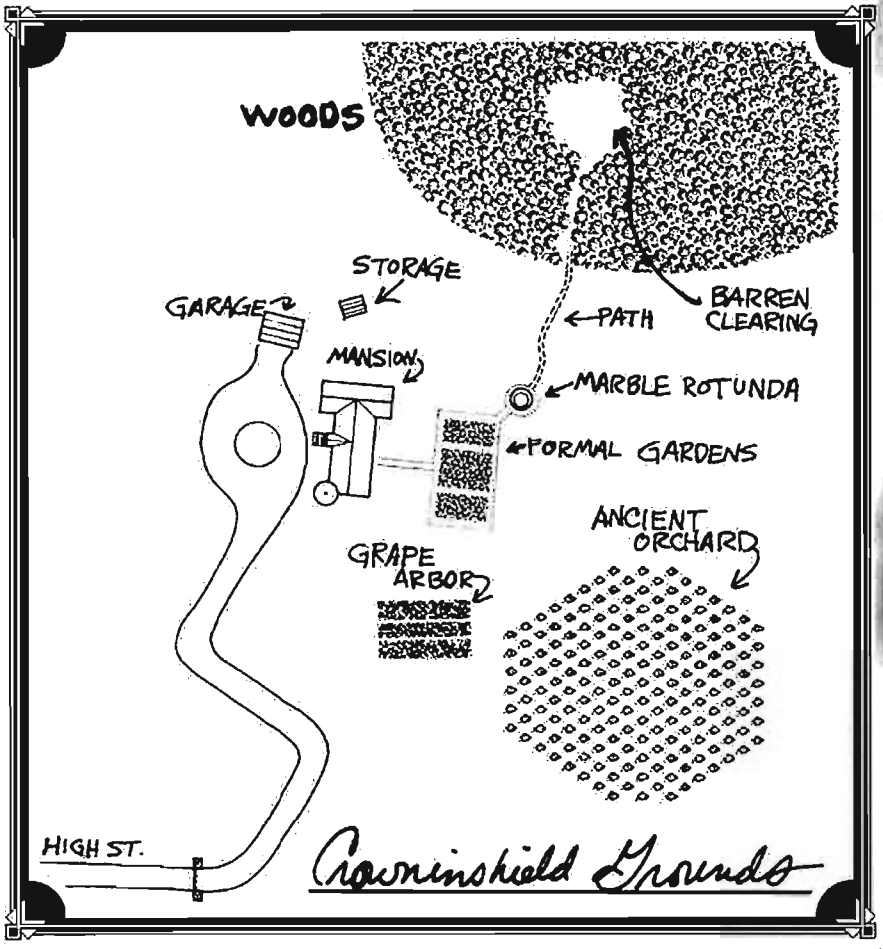
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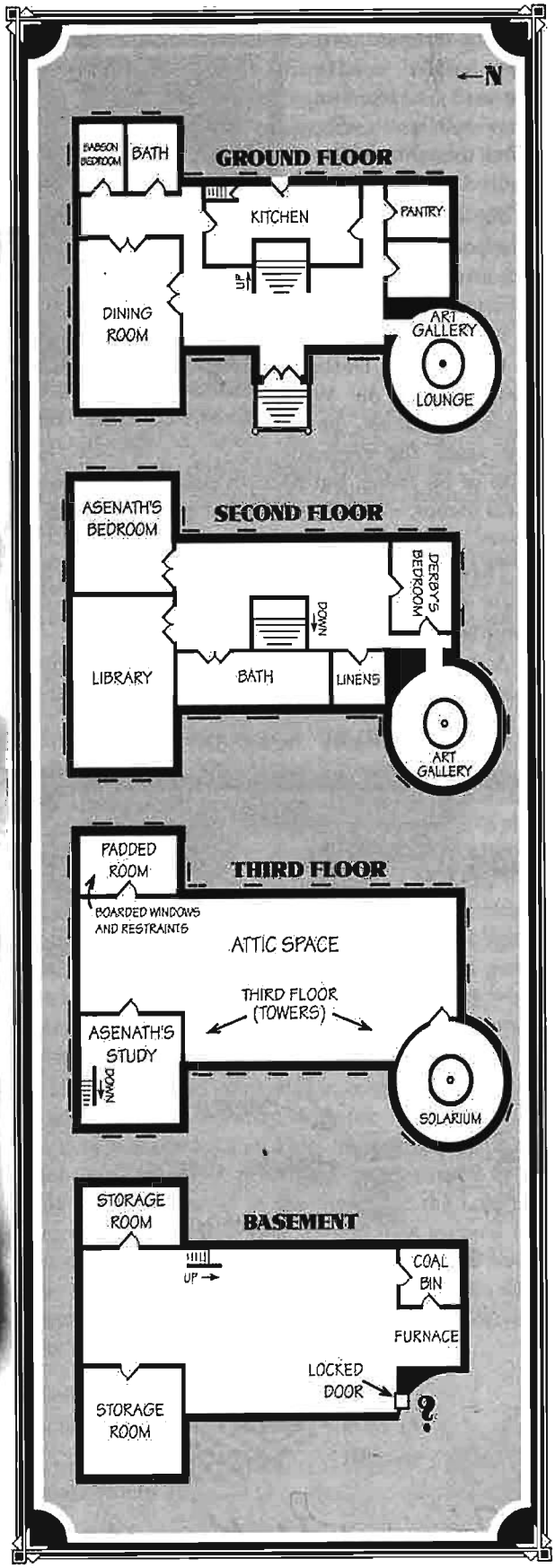
CROWNINSHIELD MANOR
Eastern end of High Street

This is presently the home of Edward Pickman Derby and his wife, Asenath Waite Derby. Edward, now in his late thirties, is the author of the poetry collection *Azathoth and Others*, a past student at Miskatonic University, and a


Edward Derby

Crowninshield Manor Grounds





Crowninshield Manor

his own aging carcass. Ephraim/Asenath prefers a male body and thinks Edward Derby's would do just fine. Ephraim is a member of a secret cult that meets in some underground place in Maine. His cult name is Kamog.

Ephraim/Asenath already effects temporary personality displacement, often using Edward's body to drive their powerful Packard up to Maine, to attend grotesque cult ceremonies. Derby has been left shaken and paranoid by these episodes and now rarely ventures from the house. Ephraim/Asenath intends a permanent transfer; he'll then kill Derby while trapped in the Asenath body. Derby suspects plots and may or may not have confided his suspicions to his friend, Daniel Upton, the architect.

Asenath and Derby have many occult and Mythos books. Mythos tomes include *Azathoth and Others*, *People of the Monolith*, *De Vermiis Mysteriis*, a Bridewell *Nameless Cults*, and the *Book of Dzyan*.

Edward Pickman Derby

STR 11	**CON** 10	**SIZ** 12	**INT** 16	**POW** 08
DEX 11	**APP** 11	**EDU** 16	**SAN** 15	**HP** 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: none

Skills: Credit Rating 75%; Cthulhu Mythos 33; Drive Automobile 32%; Library Use 65%; Occult 65%; Persuade 75%.

{**d20 STATS:** page 220}

Ephraim/Asenath Waite, Evil Sorcerer

STR 12	**CON** 14	**SIZ** 10	**INT** 18	**POW** 18
DEX 13	**APP** 13	**EDU** 23	**SAN** 0	**HP** 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3
Head Butt 50%, damage 1D4
Kick 65%, damage 1D6
Grapple 35%, damage special
Dagger 45%, damage 1D4+2

Spells: Curse of Azathoth, Mind Exchange, Mists of R'lyeh, Wither Limb, and any six Call and Contact spells.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 52%, Drive Automobile 10%; Fast Talk 80%, Occult 55%, Swim 85%.

{**d20 STATS:** page 220}

Moses Sargent, Servant of Darkness

STR 17	**CON** 16	**SIZ** 14	**INT** 14	**POW** 12
DEX 13	**APP** 09	**EDU** 08	**SAN** 0	**HP** 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 85%, damage 1D3+1D4
Head Butt 70%, damage 1D4+1D4
Kick 45%, damage 1D6+1D4
Grapple 75%, damage special
.38 Revolver 45%, damage 1D10

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 25%; Serve Basely 70%, Swim 95%.

{**d20 STATS:** page 220}

Abigail Sargent, Servant of Darkness

STR 15	CON 15	SIZ 12	INT 14	POW 13
DEX 13	APP 09	EDU 07	SAN 0	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+1D4
Scratch and Claw 65%, damage 1D2+1D4
Kick 55%, damage 1D6+1D4

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 19%, Swear 67%, Swim 95%.

{d20 STATS: page 220}

Eunice Babson, Saucy Servant of Darkness

STR 13	CON 13	SIZ 11	INT 11	POW 12
DEX 14	APP 13	EDU 08	SAN 0	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Dagger 45%, damage 1D4+2

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 19%; Swim 92%, Wink Lewdly 59%.

{d20 STATS: page 221}

Aircraft in the U.S.

In 1928, approximately 5000 new airplanes were built in the United States. Of these, nearly half were open cockpit biplanes, 85 were closed-cockpit monoplanes, and only 69 were closed-cockpit biplanes. A mere 60 craft of transport size were constructed in that year, and only five seaplanes.

While war surplus trainers could be had for as little as $300, newer sophisticated craft cost far more. For instance, Stanley Harrington owns a Travelair three-seater biplane produced in 1925 with the original 90 hp engine; it cost $3000 new. Fitted with the newer 200 hp Wright engine, the price would leap to $9000. The two versions cruise at speeds of 100 and 125 mph, with cruising ranges of 400 and 500 miles, respectively.

Airplanes at this time typically flew at speeds between 100 and 250 mph (a top speed record), with cruising ranges of 250–1000 miles.

Airplanes can be custom fitted with larger, more powerful engines and additional fuel tanks for extended cruising range. Such items add weight, lowering passenger/cargo capacity and changing flight characteristics.

1013

ARKHAM AIRFIELD

East of town

The new flying field is owned by ex-ace Stanley Harrington. A Boston native, Harrington downed six German aircraft in the war before being shot down himself. He survived the crash but severely burned his right leg; he was retired from the Army and sent home.

After spending a few years barnstorming, a second near-fatal crash convinced him to settle down, opening Arkham Airfield — a short dirt runway, a hangar with doors at either end, two planes, a small office beside the hangar, and a windsock.



Stanley Harrington

The planes are, respectively, a two-seat and a three-seat biplane. Harrington will rent one to a licensed pilot or to someone who has Pilot Aircraft of at least 30% (pilot licenses are quite new, provoked partially by barnstorming excesses in other states, a development of which Harrington disapproves).

Renting a plane requires a $50 deposit and Harrington's approval of the applicant's character. Hourly charges are $2 and $3, respectively, for the two-seater and the three-seater. Renters pay for gasoline and any damage. Day rates can be negotiated.

For $2 more an hour, and without the cash deposit, Harrington will do the flying. Stanley Harrington is a qualified flight instructor who will teach Pilot Aircraft to people he approves of, but they must have at least DEX 13. The price for three hours a week is $7.50, and the course lasts six months. At the end of that time the student knows 4D6+10% Pilot Aircraft. Additional lessons raise the student's ability by 1D6 percentiles every six months, to a maximum of 50, for $65 per six months {D20 option: 1d4+2 ranks in Pilot Airplane for first 6-month course; +1 rank for additional 6-month course; up to 10 ranks}.

Storage space for investigator planes, as well as skilled maintenance, can be negotiated.

Harrington charges 25 cents per take-off or landing.

Only Prof. Wingate Peaslee of the university currently rents hangar space. He keeps here a five-seat closed-cockpit high-winged monoplane of radical design, one which Harrington and his mechanic adore. A prototype of the Caproni 101 (without military fixings), this expensive tri-motor has Alfa Romeo engines, a maximum of 120mph speed, a ceiling of 20,000 feet, and an effective range of 600 miles.

STANLEY HARRINGTON

He turned thirty this year and, despite a severe limp he hasn't lost his sense of adventure. Carefully greased and hidden away in the hangar is a .30 machine gun of

World War vintage that can be fitted to either of his two planes, and 5000 rounds of ammunition to go with it.

Stanley Harrington, Adventurer

STR 15	**CON** 16	**SIZ** 14	**INT** 13	**POW** 15
DEX 16*	**APP** 15	**EDU** 11	**SAN** 75	**HP** 15

**If Harrington has to run, jump, or climb, treat as 8.*

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4
Grapple 65%, damage special
.45 Revolver 45%, damage 1D10+2
.30 Machine Gun 65%, damage 2D6+3 (burst fire)

Skills: Camouflage 15%, Drive Automobile 65%, Electrical Repair 45%, First Aid 35%, French 30%, Navigate 20%, Mechanical Repair 25%, Pilot Aircraft 83%, Spot Hidden 35%.

{d20 STATS: page 221}

BUCKY HEINGRAPPER

Harrington's mechanic is short, fat, and greasy. Bucky is never seen without a huge wad of chewing gum in his mouth. He's a little stupid, but is also a superb intuitive mechanic, the best in Arkham. Once the investigators learn this, they may ask Bucky for auto repairs.



Bucky Heingrapper

Special skills: Airplane Repair 87%, Automobile Repair 89% {Repair +12}.

1014

KINGSPORT HEAD

East of town

This high isolated headland, atop cliffs towering hundreds of feet above Kingsport, is more easily reached from Arkham than the town it overlooks. Soon to be constructed here is a powerful shortwave wireless station to be jointly owned and operated by Miskatonic University and the Arkham *Advertiser*.

The Strange High House in the Mist, also found on the Head, is on the southern tip, overlooking Kingsport hundreds of feet below. There are shuttered windows on the sides of the house but the only door faces out directly over the precipice of the head, into empty air. Only birds can reach it. The house is a mystical gate to the Dreamlands, a fact discoverable only by sleeping in the town of Kingsport.

1015

FENNER'S ROAD HOUSE

On the highway toward Newburyport

After Arkham's sedate speakeasy closes, those craving fast living drive out to Mel Fenner's, a large three-story house isolated in the country. Though Fenner's offers varied opportunities for sleazy behavior and is therefore a true alternative to Bolton, Fenner's main downstairs room is the only meeting place near Arkham which may be open after midnight; this grants the place a certain acceptance and cachet even among young women. Closing time depends mostly on how Fenner feels that night, and whether or not the right county deputy is on patrol.

Definitely closed Sundays. ◆◆



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Of Matters Entered in the "Guide to Arkham," Excluding the University.

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The Books of Uncle Silas

Wherein the investigators arrive in Arkham for one purpose, and find themselves staying on for a new reason altogether.

Dedicated to Kim,
1987–2002
You are sorely missed.

THIS SCENARIO IS WRITTEN FOR NEW PLAYERS of *Call of Cthulhu*. It assumes the players have little or no knowledge of H. P. Lovecraft or of the Cthulhu Mythos. If the players are experienced old hands, then the keeper should modify this scenario accordingly. Alternately, the players can roll up new novice characters for this adventure. Several loose ends are left in case the keeper wishes to expand upon or otherwise continue the adventure.

One of these is the abundance of Cthulhu Mythos tomes. The keeper should review their significance and quantity, and adjust to suit himself or herself the number of tomes Uncle Silas has to bring into play. That choice should be reflected in Uncle Silas' letter to his niece or nephew (***Silas Papers 5***).

No special knowledge or skills are required for the successful conclusion of this scenario, nor is this a race against time. Events move according to the pace of the players. If investigators require time to perform research, that time is available. But they should be discouraged from lounging around too long — there is a psychotic relative out there, one with an axe to grind.

This scenario is set in Arkham, Massachusetts, in the late 1920's. The particular date is left to the keeper. One player character must be an orphan approximately 33 years old; he or she receives a surprise inheritance from an unknown relative. This investigator soon learns that he or she is the last living member of an unusual family, and that in accepting the legacy has become the guardian — perhaps the last guardian — of forbidden knowledge. Can the player character carry out this daunting task, or will his or her sanity be corrupted?

Keeper Background

For hundreds of years a branch of the McCrindle family has possessed books of arcane knowledge and sorcery. These tomes were kept hidden from the world, and family legend has it that the magical knowledge within their pages could doom mankind. How these books came into the family's possession is not

known, nor is it remembered why the family resolved to become the protectors of what the books hold. Since the books were not destroyed, perhaps there is a special unresolved destiny for the books, as there has been for the McCrindles. None now knows whether the family legend is in most senses "true", but the books have been guarded by McCrindles since the sixteenth century.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, the McCrindles lived in Wisconsin. Owen McCrindle was the guardian of the books. His elder brother Darcus wanted the books for himself, and challenged Owen for their possession. Owen won but Darcus was vengeful, and late one night he slaughtered every family member he could find. Only Uncle Silas (Owen's brother) and one child (the player-character legatee) escaped.

The surviving child was secretly given to a foster family. Silas fled with the books, ending up in Arkham where he became a recluse until his death. Darcus was captured hours after the McCrindle massacre, and was sentenced for life in the Wisconsin State Hospital for the Criminally Insane.

Not long before this adventure starts, Darcus escapes the institution, and tracks Silas and the tomes to Arkham. Statistics and notes about him are found later.

◆ ◆ ◆

Silas was aging, cursed with ill health and increasing senility. Foolishly, he decided to take one of the books, *Monstres and Their Kynde*, to Jefferson Marsters, a Boston bibliophile and rare book dealer. The moldy volume had been falling apart for decades. McCrindle wanted suggestions for its preservation and repair. He was not getting any younger — all the books would be passed on soon, and he wanted things to be in proper order for the next guardian.

When he took the book from McCrindle, Marsters was stunned to find himself holding such a fabulous rarity, even if a moldy, rat-gnawed one. This version did not match the description of the volume stolen from the British Museum thirty years before, which was thought to be the only copy of *Monstres* in existence. On the spot, he offered a large sum for this holographic copy.

McCrindle demurred. Marsters pressed. McCrindle demurred more strongly, and began to realize that his inquiry had been a mistake in judgment. Marsters increased the offer, to no avail. As they argued, Marsters came to believe that McCrindle possessed other books of interest, perhaps many more of them. Reluctantly, he handed back the book and made a few suggestions for its cleaning and repair. When McCrindle departed, Marsters discreetly followed the old man to the rail station. They both took the Boston & Maine back to Arkham. There Marsters cautiously stalked the old man to his home on the Aylesbury Pike.

Marsters' soul was inflamed. Without hesitation, he rented a car, and lurked in it until his quarry strolled into town to the market. The coast clear. Marsters almost sprinted across the road to McCrindle's house.

The two-story home was shabby and in poor repair. Within minutes, Marsters was able to force the front door and tiptoe in. The rooms were unimaginably filthy. Because of the garbage and clutter, he needed more time to find the book than he imagined. When McCrindle returned home unexpectedly, there was a scuffle on the stairs, and the old man tumbled down and broke his neck. Panicked and utterly dismayed, Marsters fled without the book. McCrindle's body was found by the postman the next morning, who was delivering a Wisconsin newspaper Silas subscribed to, and who noticed that the front door was ajar.

Player Information

Play starts when the inheriting player character gets a telephone call from Peter Nichols, a lawyer with the Arkham legal firm of E. E. Saltonstall.

He informs the player character of the death of an uncle, Silas McCrindle. This person is unknown to the investigator, who until now has understood that he or she was an orphan. The player character is the sole beneficiary to Silas McCrindle's estate, Nichols says, and there is no mistake. The legatee should come to Arkham to sort out the details and pocket the inheritance. Nichols reminds the player character to bring some proof of identity, such as mail addressed to him or her, letters of reference from prominent citizens, or family photos of the people by whom the legatee was raised.

Nichols reaffirms that his research has been impeccable, and that there is no mistake. The player character is the inheritor. Nichols' firm will make travel arrangements against the value of the estate, if the inheritor wishes. London or Los Angeles, it doesn't matter from where the player character comes. A trip may take up to several weeks by ship from Britain to Boston — other player characters will have to pay their own fares — which amount to $120 or more first class for each. From Los Angeles by rail is about $30 plus meals; from Chicago it is about $11.

Arkham

Arkham is located in Essex County, Massachusetts, on the Miskatonic River a few miles from Massachusetts Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. Free thinkers who felt the area's existing religious communities too strict founded Arkham in the late seventeenth century. From its humble agricultural beginnings the town grew and prospered. During the

witch-hunts of the 1690s, Arkham was discovered to harbor several witches who were hunted down and executed. Over the next hundred years Arkham prospered with the construction of a seaport and a college — which in 1861 became Miskatonic University, a private university of high reputation.

As they chug into Arkham aboard the commuter train from Boston, the investigators notice the smoky factories that presently lend the town its major employment and revenue. Across the river they see the spires and rooftops of Miskatonic University, a few blocks away.

The characters arrive late in the day. The sky is overcast and it looks as though rain will pelt down soon. The offices of E. E. Saltonstall are quickly found by asking a porter or anyone passing by. The firm is within three blocks of the rail station, at 511 Gedney, near the corner of W Armitage Street.

Since night is coming on, the player characters need lodgings. The Tilden Arms at 179 W Armitage Street is less than a block from the Saltonstall offices; it offers clean and decent lodging for $2.25 per room per night. Down the street at Aunt Lucy's Diner (237 W Armitage), dinner is $1.25, breakfast is 45 cents (with coffee), and lunch is 50 cents (with coffee and pie). If Aunt Lucy's is closed, the Desolate Highway Café is two blocks further west, and usually open evenings till nine.

Silas Papers 1

(date)

This is the certified last will and testament of Silas M. McCrindle.

I, Silas McCrindle, being of sound body and mind, bequeath my entire estate, chattels, holdings, and cash accounts to my only surviving relative – my niece/nephew (<insert name here>).

(signed) Silas Michael McCrindle

(witnessed) Rowena Peters
E. E. Saltonstall & Assoc.

(witnessed) Dorsey Teal
E. E. Saltonstall & Assoc.

E. E. Saltonstall and Associates, Attorneys-at-Law

The offices are north of the Miskatonic River, not far from Independence Square and City Hall. The old red brick Georgian building was the Saltonstall family home a century ago. Then it was converted into the offices for the expanding firm. Gilt letters spelling out the firm's name arch across a lower window. A young twenty-something receptionist looks up from her typing when the player characters enter.

After the legatee identifies himself or herself, the receptionist informs Mr. Nichols through an intercom. Nichols shortly enters the reception area and after introductions ushers everyone down a hall and into his office. He is in his late thirties or early forties, a small weasel-faced man with beady eyes, a long thin nose, and pointy ears. After small talk and some coffee served, Nichols gets down to business. He examines the identification and references the legatee has brought, finds them all in order, and records their salient details. That done, he quickly reads the will.

Nichols adds, "There is an older house, about twelve acres of land, and household furnishings as part of the bequest. In all, cash and property are presently valued at about $22,000."

Nichols gives the new property owner the original of the will (***Silas Papers 1***). A couple of deeds must be transferred, and transfer payments to the County of Essex will be owed — to the amount of $25.00. These transfers and payments must be performed in Salem, but will not take long. Everything can be concluded tomorrow if the investigator chooses. Peter Nichols then gives the legatee the key to the house and volunteers to drive the group there if they desire. By now it is raining quite heavily.

Events in Arkham

Over the next week or so these are a few things the keeper may wish to throw in to add some intrigue and mystery to the daily routine of reading the small-town newspapers. The list is by no means complete, so the keeper is free to throw in more news reports and occurrences to astound, baffle, and mislead the players. Certain events are targeted specifically at the investigators and are presented first. If the keeper presents an event, he or she must be prepared to ad lib an outcome if the player characters decide to investigate.

Day One

Day one comprises the reading of the will and (perhaps) a cursory check of the house and its contents. Wherever the player characters sleep on this night, the following happens. A storm begins to brew at 8 P.M. and continues for most of the night, gaining in intensity around 3 A.M. About then the player characters are rudely left awake with a blinding flash and a god-almighty crack of thunder from directly over head. The wind has jarred open the storm shutters in a random character's room; they clatter and bang until refastened. As the character wrestles them closed again his player must succeed with a **D100 roll equal to or less than DEX x5** {Dex check, DC10} or otherwise the shutters are wrenched away, and the character is soaked with rain. If this happens, the character also needs a successful **Luck roll** {Reflex save, DC 15} or the shutter whips back upon itself only to strike his or her head, inflicting **1D3 damage.** You could also check to see if it is a knockout blow by **matching the damage against the investigator's current hit points** on the Resistance Table {Fort save, DC 10}. If knocked out, the character remains so until morning. Characters in Silas McCrindle's house wake to find the floors flooded with pools of water that dripped or poured through the leaky roof overnight.

Day Two

Sometime today somebody will tour the grounds around Uncle Silas' house, or just step outside it for some fresh air. Looking around, he or she receives a **Spot Hidden roll** {Spot check, DC 15}: there is a tramp lurking in the bushes. He is watching the house intently. If it seems that he has been spotted, or if attempts are made to attract his attention, or to apprehend him, he flees into the bushes. (This is the first appearance of Uncle Darcus.)

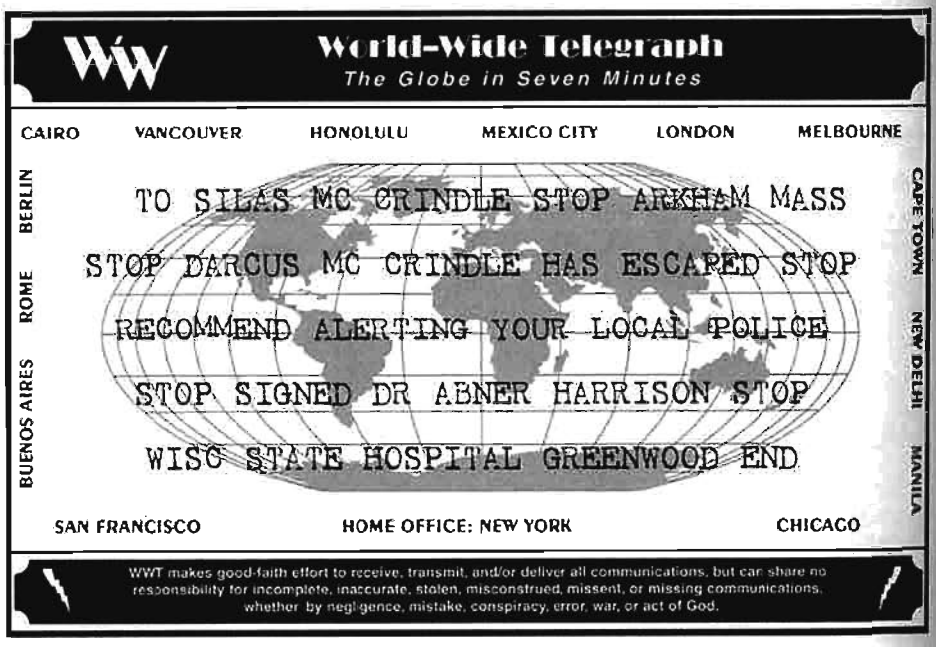
Darcus may later reappear to renew his vigil. For now he does nothing but watch and vanish if sighted. Those trying to follow his footprints lose his trail after thirty or forty yards, regardless of their **Track skills** {Wilderness Lore}.

Statistics for Uncle Darcus and notes concerning him occur after the following Arkham Events.

On this day the inheritor may conclude dealings with Peter Nichols, after which the relative may wish to know more about Uncle Silas and how he died. The character can also go to the local police station, make inquiries, and speak to the investigating officer and or the county coroner. The police are polite and helpful. They say that Silas McCrindle took a tumble at the top of the stairs and broke his neck in the fall. He died instantly. No evidence was found to suggest foul play. Successful **Psychology rolls** {Sense Motive, DC 14} determine that police and coroner alike are telling the truth as far as they know it.

The coroner's office or the Arkham police return Silas' personal effects: keys, a leather wallet containing 1D20 dollars and 1D100 cents, a watch, spectacles, an unopened carton of cigarettes, and a telegram (***Silas Papers 2***).

Nothing occurs on this night.



Silas Papers 2

Other Events

A Memorial Service: If the inheriting character wishes, a memorial service for Uncle Silas may be held in whatever church the investigator wants, at modest cost. Few had much connection with Silas, as the keeper can establish, but the four policemen and the ambulance driver who dealt with the body will all show up for the sandwiches, as will a representative from E. E. Saltonstall & Associates. The keeper may create other attendees, as desired. A short graveside service at Christchurch, a plot, an organist, and refreshments for fifty at Christchurch Episcopal Hall costs $76.32, plus casket.

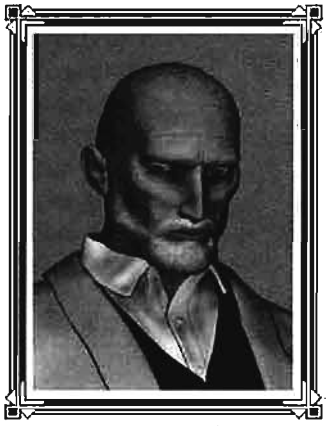
A successful **Spot Hidden** {Spot check, DC 10} notices someone lurking beside an ornamental hedge,

but by the time the character walks out to investigate, the dim figure is gone. Keepers, this is Uncle Darcus, seized for a moment by sentiment.

Sea Monster Washed Up: A strange three ton, twenty-legged, fur-matted creature has washed up on a sandbank near the mouth of the Miskatonic River. It was discovered by two local boys who had skipped school. The disgusting mass was trucked up to Arkham University for further study. Experts are baffled, as are sea-faring fishermen with decades of experience. The creature, which resembles a cross between a giant squid and a walrus, costs 1/1D2 Sanity points to see.

Sewer Workers Find Bloated Corpse: The body, which was unclothed and in an unidentifiable state, was apparently, shot and dumped in the Garrison Street sewer. The player characters can view the body at the County Coroner's office if any of them can offer a plausible reason for seeing it. If any player can make a successful **Cthulhu Mythos roll** {Cthulhu Mythos check, DC 15} he or she identifies the corpse of that of a hybrid deep one. With a successful **Medicine roll**, {Knowledge (Medicine), DC 13}, the character notices physical abnormalities consistent to an unusual degree. Due primarily to its advanced putrefaction, viewing the corpse costs 1/1D6 Sanity points.

Shafts of Light: At night, one's gaze is drawn to the moon and the strange shafts of light seemingly projecting from it. This unnatural phenomenon is unexplainable by science. Successful skill rolls for **Meteorology, Astronomy, Physics,** or **Optics** {appropriate Knowledge} yield no information.



Uncle Darcus

Thirty-Foot Serpent Seen in Miskatonic River: A newspaper report and accompanying photograph affirms that the thirty-foot snake was seen for approximately twelve minutes by scores of people on Arkham's West Street bridge. Then the serpent submerged and was not seen again. The player characters may be lucky enough to see this creature if they are in the vicinity at the time. Astonishingly, its markings identify it as an enormous python.

Grave Desecration: This event can happen when convenient. Darcus is suddenly riveted with fear. Might Silas have had the precious books buried with him? He sets off to have a look-see. It's unlikely that Darcus fills in the soil and replants the sod afterwards. Maybe a player character finds the grave in this state, but he's sure to be told by the groundskeeper. The police may be informed also. Viewing Silas, who has begun to decompose, costs 1/1D4 Sanity points.

Uncle Darcus

Uncle Darcus has one obsession: to recover the books, learn from them, and use their power for whatever end he desires. To achieve his aims he will destroy anything in his way. Just what or whom he targets is left to the keeper. Remember, the man is permanently insane. Use dramatic license and have as many varied events as you want. Here follow a few ideas.

- He watches Silas' house or follows a player character intently. When he's noticed, he mysteriously vanishes, leaving no trace.
- He breaks into the player characters' residence and goes through their belongings, stealing what he believes to be of value. He'll certainly take any books left lying around.
- He scrawls threats and other messages on the walls in chalk, blood, or lead paint.
- He kills a small animal (a rabbit or goose, for instance) and leaves it in the bed of a character. The shock and disgust in discovering this costs 1/1D3 Sanity points.
- He summons a star vampire.
- Armed with an axe or club, Darcus ambushes an unsuspecting player character. This may be an attempt to abduct the solitary character and force him to reveal where the books are. Perhaps an attempt to murder the character follows, or perhaps he or she will be imprisoned for a long time.

If a captive, the player character is taken to a woodland clearing not far from the Blasted Heath. Darcus found the shack, killed the owner, and then ate part of him. The remainder of the former owner is strung up in the smoke house to cure. On the dining table rests a shank of partially devoured human meat, "on the bone". A **Know roll** {Knowledge (Medicine), DC 10) identifies the cut as the femur and thigh. The sanity point loss for understanding all this is 1/1D4+1 SAN.

The character is bound and gagged, and secured to the pot-bellied stove so that escape is not possible. If the character refuses to answer his questions, Darcus soon thinks up new persuasions to force answers. Tortures may involve sanity point loss and physical wounds and injuries. The captive will be kept alive for several days. During this time the keeper should allow the abductee one or two chances of breaking free and escape, to return home and tell of

the experience. This may so enrage the player characters that they lay in wait for Darcus to return, for a final confrontation.

- If Darcus is constantly outwitted and becomes exasperated, he'll force a showdown himself. When he does, he'll try to even the odds a little first. He wants to lure player characters to their deaths before moving on to his nephew/niece — whom he'll torture mercilessly until he gets his precious books.
- Darcus won't last long if he melees against three or four investigators. If outnumbered he'll try to escape and try other tactics. He'll use his attack spell to good effect, especially if captured and held for later interrogation.

Darcus McCrindle, age 50,
Madman Pursuer of Knowledge.

STR 14	**CON** 10	**SIZ** 09	**INT** 14	**POW** 17
DEX 14	**APP** 10	**EDU** 19	**SAN** 0	**HP** 10

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3
Knife 65%, damage 1D4+2
Club 50%, damage 1D6
Kick 50%, damage 1D6
Head Butt 40%, damage 1D4

Spells: Create Elder Sign, Contact Yog-Sothoth, Contact Azathoth, Summon / Bind Star Vampire, Voorish Sign, and keeper's choice between Fist of Yog-Sothoth and Grasp of Cthulhu.

Skills: Anthropology 21%, Bargain 35%, Climb 55%, Conceal 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Dodge 35%, Fast Talk 55%, First Aid 80%, Hide 35%, Jump 35%, Law 15%, Library Use 35%, Listen 45%, Locksmith 27%, Medicine 75%, Persuade 49%, Psychology 34%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Languages: Arabic 02%, Amharic 03%, Classical Chinese 02%, Coptic 03%, English 92%, Latin 02%, Tamil 03%, Xhosa 02%.

{**d20 STATS:** page 221}

Uncle Silas' House

The house is located in a lightly wooded area, atop a hill at the edge of town, where the Aylesbury Pike starts toward Dunwich. The house needs cleaning and substantial repairs. The brickwork is cracking and crumbling. Windows are broken and boarded up. Discolorations reveal potential problems with water.

Inside, there is a full basement, but one mostly empty except for a furnace, a pile of coal, and some lumber and pipe. Stairs lead up.

On the ground floor there is a kitchen and stairs to the basement, a bath, a living room, and two other smaller rooms. Stairs opposite the front door lead upstairs to three uncomfortably damp bedrooms.

On the ground floor, mismatched carpets cover parts of the floor. Other places are bare, with nothing more than tufts of carpet, carpet tacks, and an occasional rat dropping. Flaking paint peels from the ceiling and paper hangs loose from the walls. Dirty, unwashed crockery is piled in the kitchen sink. Empty cans and used butcher wrap overflow a garbage can. Cupboards are crammed from floor to ceiling with jam jars filled with nuts, bolts, screws, keys — grimy keys for locks that no longer exist — shoelaces, and useful-seeming odd bolts and springs.

Several downstairs rooms are jammed with wardrobes, beds, tables, and chairs.

The attic is filled with rusty tools, empty paint cans, and several dead automobile batteries.

There is no telephone.

The single toilet is foul. A **D100 roll of CON x5 or less** {Fort save, DC15} is needed to stay in here for any prolonged time; on a **failed roll the character gags** and heaves from the overpowering stench. The linoleum is holed and torn, and shows the rotten floorboards beneath. The bathtub is filled with bricks and pieces of wood and the cobwebs show it hasn't been used in years. The window is coated with yellowish grime. A character can dash in to open the window and air out the room; requiring a successful **Resistance Table match against STR 8** {Str check, DC 8} to break the gooey hold. Dead flies cover the sill.

Beside the bath is a pile of newspapers perhaps intended as toilet paper. They are all issues of the Greenwood (Wisc.) *Gazette*, of recent date.

Cold pipes rattle, clank, and bang as the furnace in the basement forces hot water through them. At night, as the house shrinks from the day's warmth, the wooden joists eerily creak and groan.

The Estate Sale

Once the player-character owner has inspected the house from basement to roof, and knows what he or she wants to keep, sell, or throw away, the keeper should mention holding an estate sale, to turn usable but unwanted items into cash. The Arkham area is large enough to have a few people who are experienced in scheduling, cleaning up for, and holding such sales. Such household sales are usually held after a death in the family, or when (more rarely) a family moves to another part of the state or the nation.

In Arkham, everyone says that Elizabeth West is the best at these sales. She lives right in town. If the player character hires her, she and a few helpers expertly clean the house and haul off the garbage for $25. She'll advertise and conduct the sale as well for fifteen percent of the take. She has **INT 14 and Bargain 75%** {Int 14 (+2), Diplomacy +8} and she's as honest as the day is long.

Though 80% of the house's contents is junk, the remaining 20% comprises paintings, books, pans, crockery, silverware, a sideboard and other furniture, tools, pipe and lumber in the basement, and so forth. There is value in these goods, if cleaned, priced, and set out properly. Miss West also discovers and sets aside for the legatee a family Bible, photos, letters, and other family documents (see the subsection "Researching the Player Character's Past" a little further on in the adventure).

◆ *For purposes of the plot, the investigators do not notice the special books for what they are. For now they are simply set out with the other books. All will be sold on the morning of the sale to Jefferson Marsters, either by a player character or by Miss West herself.*

Over the course of the day, several hundred bargain-hunters drift in and look through what's available. Dickering (bargaining) is allowed. When it is late in the day, and obvious that nothing more is going to be sold, roll Elizabeth West's **Bargain 75%** {Diplomacy +8} or have the house's new owner **roll his or her Bargain** {Diplomacy} **skill.** A successful roll results in 2D100 +100 dollars worth of sales {DC 15 or better}, and an impale adds half again more to the take {DC 20 or better}. Otherwise it's just 1D6 +75 dollars.

For the first time in decades, the inside of the house is bare and relatively clean.

The Letter

The day after the sale, Peter Nichols parks in front of the house. He is full of apologies. "This is an embarrassing and most unprofessional error, but I have a letter" — (***Silas Papers 5***) — "that should have been delivered to you at the time of the reading of the will. Instead it was mistakenly placed in another client's file. We discovered it half an hour ago." Nichols hands over the unsealed letter and again apologizes before leaving to attend to other affairs.

◆ Keepers, scribble the recipient's name on the outside of the letter, and date it a appropriately before the present.

◆ If the keeper has determined to use fewer than four Cthulhu Mythos tomes in this adventure, then he or she should modify this letter.

Where Are The Books?

The player characters no doubt follow up on Silas' letter. Is it too late to find the books? Were they sold? The attic is bare, and there's nothing to find. A search of the remaining unsold books and a **Spot Hidden** {Spot check, DC 8} check confirm that the books are gone.

If the Player Character Ran the Estate Sale

If the players ran the sale themselves, one of them recalls that some books were sold. Unfortunately, it was very busy just then, and he or she has forgotten the details. With a successful **Idea roll** {Int check, DC 10} the player character remembers that the purchaser said he was a Boston book dealer who mentioned his love of books. He paid $41.41 for the armful.

If Elizabeth West Ran the Sale

A few phone calls quickly locates Elizabeth West. Yes, she clearly remembers selling some books. She sold them to her cousin, Jefferson Marsters, who runs a bookshop in Boston. If the player characters ask her to describe the books, she leaves the phone for a minute and returns with her receipts. Completely aboveboard, she details items and prices:

◆ Two American first edition novels by H. G. Wells (*Tono-Bungay* and *The War of the Worlds*) for $1.20.

◆ An autographed set of U. S. Grant's two volume *Memoirs* for 90 cents.

◆ A rat-gnawed old manuscript in green leather for $18. (She would have gone lower because of the rats, but Jefferson said that the book probably was valuable and insisted on paying top dollar.) (*Monstres & Their Kynde*)

◆ Six issues of *Neighbor Conklin's Arkham Almanac* in series 1923-1928 for 96 cents. Paperbound, but all in excellent condition.

◆ A first edition of Emerson's *Essays*, for $2.45.

◆ An old book full of kids' writing, for 20 cents. (*The Untitled Book*)

◆ A first edition of the *Rand McNally Atlas of the Great War* for $1.10.

◆ A textbook stamped by the Arkham Public Library, *Basic Alchemy*, for 10 cents.

For all the years since you were a child I have protected you from the truth. but the time has come that only the truth can protect you.

A generation ago, a tragedy occurred in our family. (Our family was the McCrindles of Greenwood, Wisconsin.) Your father Owen was an extraordinary person, and he was the rightful guardian of the books. His position did not go unchallenged, for his brother Darcus — an evil, spiteful man — wanted the books for himself.

Darcus had been corrupted by diseased teachings. In his relentless pursuit of power, he betrayed your father's trust, and murdered your family. He would have destroyed you as he did them, had I not been able to send you far away. I entrusted you to a foster family whom I knew would raise you as their own. But it wasn't you alone I had to protect — it was also the books. I took them and sought obscurity here in Arkham. Just another crazy old man wandering around the Miskatonic campus.

For hundreds of years our family has guarded this forbidden lore. The legend is that the books of arcane knowledge and power can be the undoing of mankind in the wrong hands. None of us but Darcus has ever dared study these volumes. I keep them hidden in the attic under an Indian throw rug with a collection of other old books. I beg that when you find them — do not read them. No one knows why the books were not destroyed — perhaps there is a special unresolved destiny for them, as there has been for our family. Although the books have the power to do great evil, they also have the key to destroying evil.

My Understanding of the Great Booke is a navy blue book, cloth-bound in grubby condition. Its title is stamped on the cover. The tome comprises several hundreds of pages.

Monstres & Their Kynde has its title stamped in small flaking gold letters on a green leather spine. The book has sustained significant wear. Mottled discolorations attest to water damage. Significant portions of the spine and pages are rat-gnawed. and the glue and binding have deteriorated enough so that the book's loose signatures are bundled together with string, like a parcel.

The Ethaat Aquadingen by Edwin Fisher (1783). This book was handwritten in an Elizabethan-style cursive. It's in an accountant's ledger. The book's title and author are inscribed on the flysheet inside the front cover.

The Untitled Book is a mystery. It too is handwritten, but in an unreadable language. Family tradition suggests that the tongue is unknown on earth. Its frenzied scrawls and half letters have always been a mystery. The book can be secured closed with a bronze clasp and lock. There is no key for the lock. Darcus said that he had found a way to read it, but he was a great liar as well as a murderer.

Now you are the guardian. Never reveal that you have these books. Our charge is simple: preserve the books. Our unknown enemy is by all the tales a formidable one who never rests and never relents. Be on constant guard. Be undismayed. From beyond the grave, I beg you that the burden of McCrindles be taken up, and carried forward.

Uncle Silas

P.S. Darcus is interred in the State Hospital for the Insane in Wisconsin. He would be about fifty now. Do not contact him. Should he ever escape, do not underestimate him. My best advice would be to hide the books and let him search as he will. If you contradict him, he turns murderous.

- A navy blue book in grubby condition called *My Understanding of the Great Booke*, for $4.50.
- A hand-written ledger in an old-style English cursive. The flysheet inside the front cover bears the book's title and author. Again Marsters insisted on paying top dollar for it. The expurgated *Cthaat Aquadingen* by Edwin Fisher, 1783, $12.

What To Do Now?

Two general areas of investigation present themselves. One concerns the new evidence that has opened up concerning the legatee character's unknown family. The other concerns the books mentioned by Uncle Silas and apparently sold to a Boston book dealer. Both areas are important and should be investigated, but either may be chosen first.

Researching the Player Character's Past

The investigators may perform genealogical research to discover more about the identity of their friend. This can be started by following evidence from Silas' letter — for example, "the McCrindles of Greenwood, Wisconsin" and the information on page 144. Information also might be found about Silas by going to Arkham's city hall, or about the McCrindle massacre by researching a library which collects out-of-state newspapers, such as the Boston Public or Harvard's Widener (one **Library Use roll** {Research check, DC 13} for each).

Genealogical research can take days or weeks depending on the information the researcher wants to find. For the McCrindles, it necessitates a trip to Wisconsin. If the player characters make the trip, the keeper should move the action there and continue as normal because Uncle Darcus will follow. Alternately the investigators can pay $20–$50 to a private investigator in Wisconsin to do the research for them and to send the results to Arkham by post or wire.

Information can also be gleaned by inspecting the personal effects which Elizabeth West (or the inheriting player character) carefully put aside in the course of the cleaning up the house — there is a photo album, a family bible, letters, deeds (what happened to the family farmland?), and so on.

Silas Papers 3 (see p. 144)

Massacre In Greenwood, Wisconsin

Five Slain by Madman

The people of Wisconsin were shocked today by news of a horrific massacre at the McCrindle family farm, near Greenwood in that state. Police were alerted but arrived too late to prevent the carnage. The five mutilated bodies of the well-known family spanned three generations. Late in the day of the murders, acting on information from a concerned citizen, police formally arrested a sixth family member, Darcus McCrindle, in connection with the brutal murders.

— Chicago Tribune

Silas Papers 4 (see p. 144)

Greenwood Assassin Arrested and Confined

Speedy Trial Likely

After lengthy interrogation, police today formally charged Darcus McCrindle as the sole perpetrator of what already is becoming known as Wisconsin's "McCrindle Massacre." The county prosecutor has promised a swift and just trial for Darcus McCrindle, commenting that "This crime is of such cruel barbarity that it is equaled only by the bloody Indian wars of our nation's youth."

Police reported late today that two more family members might have been murdered. Police believe that Darcus McCrindle also butchered Silas McCrindle and an infant or very young child, but before he attacked the family home. A search for their bodies has been started. If McCrindle is found *compos mentis*, your correspondent personally believes that the race between the hangman and the state asylum will be no race at all. A demon like McCrindle will surely hang.

— Chicago Tribune.

Background on the McCrindles

You needn't worry about presenting all of this information to the investigators, but if they put in enough time they *could* learn it, if the keeper wishes. Sources can include historical societies, libraries, federal censuses and document repositories, genealogical societies, and other antiquarian sources thought wise by the keeper.

- **History of the Family:** The McCrindles of Greenwood originally came from Kilmarnock, Scotland. They arrived in Massachusetts in 1786, apparently sponsored by a Simon Orne. They moved from Arkham to Wisconsin around 1830 and soon thereafter received title (illegally) from the federal government to extensive farmlands in the Wisconsin territory. From the 1850s into the 1870s, their railroad stocks paid off handsomely. The McCrindles were seen as a strangely intellectual family for the American frontier. They also were widely connected first with Whig and then Republican political interests.

- **Who Was Uncle Silas?** Silas was the youngest of three McCrindle brothers — the others being Darcus and Owen. Darcus was the eldest. The brothers were all born in Wisconsin. Their father and mother were Joshua and Penelope, respectively, also natives of Wisconsin.

- **Who Was Uncle Darcus?** Highly intelligent, well educated, but immensely jealous of his brother Owen. Darcus was the black sheep of the family early on, always getting into trouble. At 24 he bought a medical practice in Boston, but was soon shunned by Boston's doctors because of his unorthodox methods. He closed his offices after six months, and opened a charitable infirmary somewhere in Boston's back alleys, by report balancing off genuine medical service with abortions and surgical experiment. It was not long before he contracted tuberculosis, but the disease seems to have been cured soon after he joined the Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight. This was an organization within which men could openly discuss philosophy, politics, medical research, and other important matters in a congenial atmosphere, without accusation or recrimination. The group heartily accepted Darcus and he soon took up occult lore and unearthly realities. He swore upon demented gods and fantastic monsters, and began to roam the vastness of the universe. Darcus returned home for a few days to consult the family's books for himself. The massacre occurred within a week of his arrival.

- **Who Was My Father?** The middle of the three brothers and the last true guardian of the books. Publicly, Owen was forthright, upstanding, and logical. Privately he was also well known for his cleverness and his skillful bargaining. He foresaw the war in Europe, and had begun buying up new farmland in anticipation of the Old Northwest's consequent economic expansion.

- **What Happened in Wisconsin?** The exact date of the massacre is based upon the age of the investigator who inherits from Silas. The massacre occurred when that investigator was a child of three or four years old, as the keeper desires. The player character has no conscious memories of this episode.

For more information, see ***Silas Papers #3*** and ***Silas Papers #4***, nearby. The massacre was well reported by Milwaukee and Chicago newspapers; for a time the massacre was notorious. Anything the keeper can think of was probably also written by some reporter at the time.

In Wisconsin, the Greenwood police department may be of help. Detective Gerber was in an official capacity on the police force when Darcus McCrindle was apprehended. The testimony and trial are matters of public record in Wisconsin.

If looking at the photos, call for **Spot Hidden rolls** {Spot check, DC 10}. Observant player characters notice a familiar face, albeit a much younger one. The face belongs to a man they've seen watching the house — Darcus, according to the inked notations on the back of certain prints.

Tally of the Dead

Listed as among the dead were —

Owen McCrindle (player character's father)
Emily McCrindle (player character's mother)
Stewart McCrindle (player character's infant brother)
Penelope McCrindle (player character's grandmother)
Joshua McCrindle (player character's grandfather)
Silas McCrindle (player character's uncle; no body found)
_____ McCrindle (player character; no body found)

Darcus McCrindle was committed to the Wisconsin State Hospital for the Criminally Insane.

Jefferson Marsters

Elizabeth West gladly gives her cousin's Boston shop address. Failing that, every book dealer in Boston or Arkham knows or knows of Jefferson Marsters, and has a good idea of where he does business. The Boston telephone book lists a "Jefferson Marsters Rare Books," though not a home telephone. No secrecy is possible about Marster's business location, and there are only five or six significant rare book men to interview in Boston.

Marster's shop is in Boston's Beacon Hill neighborhood, just across the street from an old gray stone church and an even older cemetery that is somewhat overgrown. Time has so worn and stained the thin limestone markers that any uniformity has long been lost — one by one they tilt, lift, or have fallen over. As though in sympathy, the once-smooth green and gold paint on the window frames and sign — *Jefferson Marsters Rare Books* — has chipped and faded. The classic small square colonial windows are dirty and stained.

Inside, the dim shop is cavernous, but there is a smaller, cozier office at the back. On the way to the back, the player characters see dusty shelves stacked high with dusty books of all kinds. More are in heaps on the bare floorboards or protected in chipboard boxes. Some thousands of volumes are available in inventory.

The shop assistant has another customer, who becomes a little agitated when the investigators enter. The assistant takes something from beneath the counter wrapped in a brown paper bag. The customer pays and the bag is shoved into an inside pocket of his overcoat. He hurries out. A successful **Psychology roll** notices the customer's furtiveness; a successful **Idea roll** can suggest that he was buying pornography (use Sense Motive, DC 14 for both effects). A character who keeps up with Boston's affairs could identify the customer as Clifton Cartwright, a local alderman.

The assistant is in his fifties and with his white hair slicked back is still handsome in a roguish way. He is clean-shaven and wears thin gold-rimmed spectacles attached to a chain around his neck. The rest of his attire seems to fit with the overall appearance of the shop — brown and drab. He records the transaction, then turns to the player characters and asks how he can be of help to them.

Jefferson Marsters is not in. He seldom is. He's only here when meeting clients or conducting other business. The investigators quickly realize that though the assistant is easy-going and friendly, there is no chance he will divulge where Marsters lives. They can write or telephone to make an appointment with Marsters later in the week. The assistant will see that Marsters gets the message. Attempts to **Persuade, Bargain, or Fast Talk** {use of Diplomacy} just make the assistant suspicious, as will any bribes offered. "I'm sorry, he stepped out hours ago on errands. He might be back soon, or maybe not. If he isn't back by closing time," the assistant smiles, "I'll just lock up as normal and go home."



Mr. Marsters

Another Way In

The investigators might reasonably believe that by explaining to Marsters that the books were sold by mistake and returning his money, all can be set right. That will not prove to be the case, but they don't know that yet. When they no longer see sweet reason as a successful course of action, they might try the following.

Breaking into the shop is quite easy at night, although forcing the door will set off a burglar alarm, causing a nearby patrolman to arrive in 2D6 +3 minutes. Successfully finding and disarming the alarm can be accomplished with a **Spot Hidden roll** {Spot Check, DC 15} followed by an **Electrical or Mechanical Repair roll** {Disable Device, DC 16}. The small panes of glass offer another easy way in if they are broken (that's noisy, though) or scored and knocked free (that takes some

advanced thought and preparation). The back door is even better, because there's no street lamp in the alley, and the alarm there is faulty (unbeknownst to Marsters). The beat patrolman often stumbled over the many missing cobblestones back there, and now he doesn't go through the alley unless he must.

In the shop proper, it can take several hours of careful searching to realize that the shelves hold nothing pertinent to the investigators. The small office, however, holds the leather-bound book filled with the cipher-like language. It's in plain sight upon a worktable. The other books cannot be found. Other items that may be of interest are the receipts and account ledgers. The last numbered cash receipt was for a mint condition "Seduced on the Elevated Railway," circa 1880.

If anyone is interested in looking for cash he or she might look in the floor safe whose door is, surprisingly, open and ajar. The cash register drawer is there (with its petty cash still in it). It contains $16.35 in bills and coins.

Marsters At Home

Without compunction, and completely hiding any sorrow at the uncalled-for death of Silas McCrindle, Marsters bought the books he wanted at the estate sale, returned to Boston, and stopped by the shop to leave off his new acquisitions. He then had lunch, returned to the shop, picked up all but one of the books, and went home to pore over them — some might say to gloat over them.

There he decided to stay for the next few days, secluded in his library, seldom going out except for dinner. Although horrified at what he read in the books, he was also morbidly fascinated, and could not bear to stop reading, even though his eyes became red and sore.

His home, also in Beacon Hill, dates to the early nineteenth century. It has recently been fitted with up-to-date electricity, modern indoor plumbing, and a coal-fired hot-air furnace and ducts. The house is in excellent condition, although the interior is little different than that of his book shop — drab and dusty, and filled with books — there is plenty of comfortable furniture as well. Shelved walls are packed high with books of all kinds, and more are heaped along the walls or unpacked in boxes. Several bedrooms are devoted to books, as is the dining room and part of the parlor. The game room, however, is for billiards, a favorite with Marsters, and he has stocked it with two fine slate tables for those rare evenings when he entertains bookman friends. The dining room is for eating, although his dinner parties have become a rarity.

The Bibliophile

Jefferson Marsters loves books. He always has. They are his passion in life. He can remember the first book his parents had given him when he was a boy, Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. He still has that book, a little yellowed, but endlessly thumbed, read, memorized, and loved. From that single book his obsession grew. He began to collect books, first those by Verne and in various languages, but later by many authors, as his sophistication grew.

By his twelfth birthday he had nearly one hundred books in his collection, bought with money he earned from mowing grass, whitewashing fences, and other odd jobs. Those magnificent books, by word or by etching could impart knowledge or whisk you away to other times and places. By his twenty-first birthday, fortune certainly smiled upon him when he managed to purchase the original manuscript in French of Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. He now lovingly displays it within a glass-enclosed shelf in his home library. It was only natural that he became a librarian and eventually a book dealer.

Getting His Attention

Knocking on the door and ringing the bell draw no response. Jefferson Marsters sits transfixed in his library, reading the spidery cursive of *Monstres*, completely ignoring the player characters' efforts to catch his attention. If they persist and refuse to go away, Marsters, vexed at the noise, stuffs some cotton wool in his ears and resumes his reading.

Almost all the windows can be looked through, except for one small window to one side of the house. This is the window to Marsters' library. All doors are locked. There appears to be only one way to get in, and that's by breaking in. Because Marsters has plugged his ears, he is oblivious to what the player characters do. Do any of the player characters have a decent Locksmith skill?

Looking up from his book, Marsters will be astonished and furious at the intrusion. He herds the investigators back out into the hall and toward the foyer. Taking out his earplugs, he demands to know what they are doing in his house. Then he tells them that they must leave or he'll call the police, and he picks up his telephone and jiggles the connection for Central.

Marsters will not relinquish his new books for any price. Even though he is uncomfortably aware that he acquired the books at the cost of a life, he also knows that no one else knows that. (Anyone with a **Psychology**

check impale {Sense Motive, DC 18} senses only that Marsters is unsettled in some way.) He plays the honest outraged citizen to the hilt, and will not hesitate to bring charges against the player characters.

The Star Vampire

The heated argument continues, but no violence occurs.

Suddenly, the window at the back of the hall shatters inward with a pronounced ***crack!*** of sound. If a player succeeds with a **Know roll** {Spot check, DC 12}, his or her character noticed that window was a large stained glass portrait of St. George and the Dragon.

The force that broke and shattered the glass also whipped and billowed the flanking draperies. They slowly subside. A cloud of tiny fragments of glass, as fine as ice crystals, mists out over the stairs, falling with a faint musicality.

As the airborne halo of glass drifts to the floor, everyone looks around for confirmation or for an explanation. Stunned, Marsters whispers, "Now what?"

After some seconds more, something stranger happens. An emphatic taffeta-like rustling moves over the silence of the stairs. Some moments later yet, an unearthly tittering begins. It gets nearer and nearer. With a sudden breeze from the broken window, there now comes the faint scent of rotten meat.

The player characters have one game round to act independently.

An invisible force knocks the investigator nearest the demolished window half way across the hall. He or she is left face down on the floor, losing 1D4-1 hit points to the blow. After a few moments, Jefferson Marsters rises into the air without cause or visible aid, and dangles there absurdly and amazed. His squirms and squeals are heart-rending, but not pathetic enough to affect the situation.

There is a louder titter. Marsters begins to scream. A small fountain of blood sprays across the fine carpet. Marsters slumps. Parts of him visibly flatten as he is drained of blood. This continues for half a dozen game rounds, his blood dripping, his healthy skin turning gray, his haunting death-screams dwindling to croaks and rattles, then finally silence. His lifeless, blood-stained, gray-pink, desiccated carcass drops to the floor. Seeing the corpse, its sudden demise, and its ultimate condition costs 1/1D4+1 Sanity loss.

What Do the Player Characters Do?

As Marsters dies, a hideous airborne apparition begins to take shape. *"Red and dripping; an immensity of pulsing, moving jelly: a scarlet blob with myriad tentacular trunks that wave and quiver. There are suckers on the tips of the appendages, and these are opening and closing with*





ghoulish lust." Somehow suspended in the air itself, it holds Marsters as it feeds upon him. His remaining lifetime is measurable in seconds. Beholding this costs a further 1/1D10 Sanity points.

Some Possibilities

Assuming that Jefferson Marsters dies from the star vampire attack, that creature departs via the broken window, and soon vanishes into its home dimension, its task accomplished.

If the investigators act quickly, they have some chance of chasing off the thing. Normally it would be foolhardy to tackle such an entity without a plan and some heavy firepower, but Darcus has bound the thing to attack only Marsters, wanting to make sure of his death. If it loses ten or more hit points during the attack, it breaks off and retreats out the window, to return when fewer defenders are present, or when Darcus allows it to attack any annoying humans.

Anyone who is familiar with the Mythos may realize what the creature is. Those investigators receiving a successful **Occult** or **Cthulhu Mythos roll** {Knowledge (Occult) or Cthulhu Mythos check, DC 13} realize that stories of such attacks usually require the nearby presence of a mage or caster. If true, then perhaps the summoner of this monster might be one outside nearby. A **halved Spot Hidden check** {Spot check, DC 20} allows eagle-eyed investigators to spot Darcus across the road.

Let the players decide what to do, quickly. If they take too long, have the neighbors or police knock, by which time Darcus will have gone.

A Star Vampire

STR 26	**CON** 12	**SIZ** 26	**INT** 09	**POW** 10
DEX 15	**MOV** 6/9 flying		**HP** 19	

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Bite 80%, damage 1D6 STR blood drain/round
Taloned Tentacles 40%, damage 1D6+2D6

Armor: 4-point alien hide. Bullets do only half damage to the extra-terrene integument of the star vampire, but physical attacks such as knives and clubs do normal damage, including damage bonuses. While invisible, however, half the normal chances for such attacks to hit.

Spells: though magical attack is unusual, a D100 roll of INT x3 or less gives 1D3 spells of the keeper's choosing to the star vampire.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D10 Sanity points to see a star vampire or to experience its attack.

Notes: during combat, 1D4 tentacles can grasp a target at any one time, and once grabbed the victim may begin to be drained of blood. The victim can also be dragged to its mouth for a satisfyingly crunchy bite. Usually the victim is drained of blood in six rounds. Death is nigh for the victim, but while he or she lives, the victim may break

free from the vampire's clutch by successfully matching STR vs. STR on the Resistance Table.

Against the normally invisible star vampire, halve the chance to hit, even if it is tittering. After feeding, the vampire remains visible for six game rounds before becoming invisible again as it metabolizes the blood it drained during its attack into the transparent equivalent. While it can be seen, it can be physically attacked at the normal chance to hit.

{d20 STATS: p. 184 of the core rulesbook}

What Do the Neighbors Think?

The house is situated on a fairly busy street. Passersby are common. The player characters run the risk that disturbances in Marsters' home are noticed and called in by the neighbors, and quickly investigated by the police. To avoid detection and possible time spent explaining what happened to a suspicious policeman, the keeper should ask who in the party has the **lowest Luck** {lowest Wil save} attempt that roll {DC 12}. Success indicates that nothing was seen or heard. Failing the roll brings the police 2D6+4 rounds later.

By the next morning, the body has probably been found, and stories about the ghastly death appear in the Boston dailies.

Presuming that the player characters survive the fight and that no one calls the police, they are free to search the remainder of the house. As already described, the house is unremarkable. There is nothing here to interest the investigator — other than Marsters' personal library. The player characters will already have found the book or books they seek on his desk.

A search of the house turns up Verne's original manuscript in French for *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. A successful **Spot Hidden** {Spot check, DC 14} roll finds 2D100 dollars in a coffee can in the kitchen.

Does Anyone Enter the Cellar?

A door in the hall opens on the cellar stairs. Hanging just inside the door is a pull-chain that switches on a solitary light bulb at the bottom of the stairs. Creaky wooden stairs lead down. One step is loose and rotten. Any investigator of **SIZ 14 or greater needs a successful Luck roll** {Reflex save, DC 10} not to step on the riser and fall partially through. If the character does, he or she sustains **1D4 damage** as the rough splintered plank shaves skin and hair away from the shin and a long needle-like shard of wood pierces the side of the leg just below the knee. For the next three weeks the character suffers from a limp which reduces his or her maximum movement to MOV 6 {Speed limited to 20 ft. per round}.

The cellar itself contains little to concern the investigators. Boxes contain ornaments, tools and decorating supplies, old carpets, and so on. One feature does provoke their interest, though. At the far end, once the investigators wind their way round the maze of boxes and packing crates, they find a hole knocked through the back wall, one large enough to crawl through.

A sledgehammer and a pile of broken bricks testifies to someone's recent activity here. The room beyond is dark and requires illumination. The stone walls beyond appear to be carved but whatever they depicted has been long since obliterated. But from surviving remnants found here and there, it appears that the stone relief was modeled upon Aztec masonry work — a successful **Anthropology or Archaeology roll** {Knowledge (Anthropology) or Knowledge (Archaeology), DC 15} confirms this. A niche in the far wall contains the small, long since dead, emaciated corpse of a cat, wrapped in swaddling. Whatever the meaning of this, it is lost upon the player characters (though this is a great place for keeper creativity).

The Conclusion

This adventure ends in one of two ways: Darcus is killed or captured and handed over to the authorities, or he escapes with the books in his possession.

If Darcus escapes, he goes into hiding until he has read and absorbed the books. He will be much more powerful. When ready, he'll use the Mind Transfer or Consume Likeness spell to walk free. He will then be free to spread terror and fear wherever he goes. Now and then, the keeper can bring back Darcus for appearances in new scenarios.

Destroying the Books

In order to prevent these books from falling into the wrong hands, the players may want to destroy them. Being direct, the investigators can simply toss them on a fire. Being paper, they're sure to go up pretty easy — however, due to the magics and power instilled and imbued in them, they billow copious amounts of smoke, and explode in a fiery flash. Flames surge and plume out engulfing the surrounding area. Painful monstrous howls and twitters are distinctly heard, as are galloping horses. Within the rush and thunderous roar, unearthly ghostly images and apparitions appear and disappear in fire. The tongues of flame change from blues to greens, blacks and colors unseen on earth. Vaporous electrical energies twist and corkscrew into the skies with shrieking glee. Has something ghastly unwittingly been set free? Was that a wise decision? The Sanity loss for witnessing this is 1/1D4+1.

Anybody standing too close runs the risk of catching fire, or being temporarily possessed by a spectral entity, but these specifics are left to the keeper.

Sanity Point Rewards

- If Darcus escapes with the books: –1D6 Sanity points.
- For slaying the Star Vampire: +1D10 Sanity points.
- For each book regained for safe keeping: +1D3 Sanity points.
- For killing Darcus: +1D3 Sanity points.
- If the books are destroyed: +1D4 Sanity points each.
- For returning Darcus to the asylum: +1D4+2 Sanity points.

The Books of Uncle Silas

CTHAAT AQUADINGEN—*in English translation rendered by Edwin Fisher and dated 1783.* About 250 ledger-sized pages, bound within a soiled and undecorated dark-brown cover. This hand-written version is slightly different in content from the Middle English version held by the British Museum. "Aqua" is Latin for water, "dingen" German for things. The tome is a study of intelligent underwater life. It includes specific references to the undersea deep one cities near Ponape and Innsmouth, off the Alaskan coast, in Britain's North Sea, in the Indian Ocean, and in many other places worldwide. Father Dagon and Mother Hydra are described as the leaders of the deep ones. Human cults linked to those sea-creatures — particularly in the vicinity of Ponape — are studied as well. Great Cthulhu and his star-spawn are discussed in detail, as well as the human

Three Spells and an Incantation

Contact Deity/Azathoth

Opens (dangerous) communication with the boundless daemon sultan who dwells at the center of the universe. The spell creates a magical portal which transports the caster directly to the court of Azathoth. Each attempt requires 1 POW and 1D6 Sanity points. The chance for success equals half the caster's POW (round up) x5. On second and later tries, sacrifice the same amount and continue to decrease the Luck roll threshold to reflect the decreasing POW, but halve the Luck roll only on the first cast. The spell works best if cast in the dead of night under the clearest of skies, so that brilliant stars blanket the night sky. In cities, due to lights and airborne pollutants, the spell has a lessened chance of working, a reduction of at least 20 percentiles — or more as the keeper estimates.

Incorrectly performing this spell results in the instantaneous incineration of the caster. The successful sorcerer can bargain his or her desires, but Azathoth is likely still to obliterate the caster, unless he or she can appease and amuse the blind idiot god. Azathoth offers little in return for worship and never contacts the caster in return. The sanity loss for seeing Azathoth is 1D10/1D100. As part of the spell, the caster is required to play a pipe or flute for at least one hour before the spell becomes active. The music must have been taught to the caster by the outer god Tru'nembra.

Contact Deity/Yog-Sothoth

Opens communication with Yog-Sothoth. For each attempt, the caster sacrifices 1 POW and 1D6 Sanity points. The chance of success equals half POW (round up) x5. On second and later tries, sacrifice the same amount and continue to lower the Luck roll threshold to reflect the decreasing POW, but halve the Luck roll only on the first cast. The spell must be cast at a specially constructed stone tower at least ten yards high, in an open area. The sky must be cloudless.

Yog-Sothoth appears as the avatar Tawil at' Umr — a being not exactly permanent in outline, though transiently paralleling human form and half again as large. Mysteriously cloaked in swathes of heavy set cloth, its face is obscured by many a deep fold. No Sanity loss unless Tawil at' Umr removes its protective cloak, in which case 1D20/1D100 Sanity points is lost.

If in this guise, Yog-Sothoth contacts the caster at some later date. It will do so when he or she is alone. If Yog-Sothoth takes a dislike to the caster, the god will instantly destroy the sorcerer or transport him or her through time and space and place the caster in any dimensional reality Yog-Sothoth desires.

Summon/Bind Shoggoth

Grants the caster the ability to command the actions of a shoggoth for as long as the caster has enough magic points. The shoggoth must be visible to the caster. It costs 5 Sanity points to intone, and the caster's player must succeed in a POW vs. POW match against the shoggoth on the Resistance Table. Then the caster spends 5 magic points for 5 game rounds of effect.

The spell can be renewed instantaneously. The spell also can be cast in multiple, for the costs noted above, so that more than one shoggoth can be affected. The caster may move, leave the area, etc., while the spell is in effect, but if the shoggoth no longer can be seen, that spell may not be renewed.

Incantation of the Sixth Sathlatta

This incantation can be used in several ways, none of them requiring Sanity point or magic point sacrifices, but with potentially dire consequences for the caster. If inscribed upon a wafer of flour in its original Ptetholite characters and used in conjunction with the Hoy-Dhin chant found in the Necronomicon, it may be used to call the Black upon one's enemies. Saying it once before sleep will allow the character to contact Yibb-Tstll in dreams. If thirteen together say the incantation on any "first day" of a calendar year, Yibb-Tstll himself will be summoned.

cults that directly worship them. Sketchy information can be found about Tsathoggua and Shub-Niggurath, as well as the infamous "Drowners," Bugg-Shash, Yibb-Tstll, and the dreadful shoggoths. *Sanity loss 1D4/2D4; Anthropology +3, Cthulhu Mythos +6, Natural History +4, and Occult +7 percentiles; average 29 weeks to study and comprehend* {DC 23; Sanity loss 1D8 initial and 2D8 upon completion; Cthulhu Mythos +2}. **Spells:** Bring Forth the Great One (Call/Dismiss Bugg-Shash), Call the Drowner (Call/Dismiss Yibb-Sttll), Command the Fetid Iridescences (Summon/Bind Shoggoth), Dreams from God (Contact Deity/Cthulhu), Dreams of the Drowner (Contact Deity/Yibb-Tstll), The Sixth Sathlatta, Speak with Father Dagon (Contact Dagon), Speak with God-child (Contact Star-Spawn of Cthulhu), Speak with Mother Hydra (Contact Hydra), Speak with Sea Children (Contact Deep Ones).

MONSTRES AND THEIR KYNDE—*in English, author unknown, ca. sixteenth century.* This copy is bound in green leather, with the title stamped in gold leaf on the spine. Mottled discolorations attest to water damage. Significant portions of this copy have been rat-gnawed. With that, the glue and binding has deteriorated so much that the book's loose 300-odd pages must be tied together with string, like a parcel. Reading this copy is no easy task since the unnumbered pages are out of order and several dozen more pages are missing. It comprises a jumble of topics drawn from the *Necronomicon, Book of Eibon,* and a variety of other tomes. Many entities are discussed, including Cthulhu, Yog-Sothoth, and Lloigor, the twin of Zhar.

Additionally, 32 pages in another hand have been included in a pocket fashioned into the inside back cover. This additional text is mostly an anonymous paean to the Dragon-Kings, a line of cannibalistic warlords who ruled Britain in prehistoric times. Because of the incompleteness of the main text, the utility of this version is lessened. *Sanity loss 1D3/1D6; Cthulhu Mythos +5 percentiles; average 40 weeks to study and comprehend* {DC 22; Sanity loss 1d4 initial and 1d8 upon completion; Cthulhu Mythos +1 rank}. **Spells:** Command Faceless One (Summon/Bind Nightgaunt), Command Ice Demon (Summon/Bind Byakhee), Command Invisible Servant (Summon/Bind Star Vampire), Command Night Beast (Summon/Bind Hunting Horror), Command Star Walker (Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler), Enchant Altar, Enchant Blade, Enchant Pipes, (and keeper's choice of Consume Likeness or Mind Transfer).

MY UNDERSTANDING OF THE GREAT BOOKE—*in English by Joachim Kindler, printed in Buda, 1641.* Scholars believe that the original publication was extremely limited, perhaps no more than a dozen copies. In his comments, Kindler (thought a pseudonym) claims that the book draws upon notes he made while studying a Gothic translation of the *Necronomicon.* He swears the Gothic text was even more dangerous than the original Arabic, though he does not tell how he knows this. *Sanity loss 1D3/1D6+1; Cthulhu Mythos +5 percentiles; average 7 weeks to study and comprehend* {DC 18; Sanity loss 1d3 initial and 1d6 upon completion; Cthulhu Mythos +2 ranks}. **Spells:** none. This publication does refer to spells found in the *Necronomicon,* such as those for calling a pantheon of old gods to earth, the summoning of demons, and more.

THE UNTITLED BOOK—*language, author, and date unknown.* This plain leather-bound book of a hundred pages is a great mystery, for it is apparently hand-written in a language unknown on Earth. The frenzied scrawls and half letters cannot be translated, nor do they exhibit any recognizable pattern that would suggest a code or cipher. ◆◆

The Hills Rise Wild

Wherein high-minded investigators seek to devote themselves to science for a few days but unhappily find cruder passions intervening.

This adventure presumes a party of three or more investigators; fewer than that almost surely will die out-of-hand. Investigators might be experienced combatants, but more usefully they'll be students of human nature. While playing times vary, most keepers should expect the scenario to conclude in a single evening.

"The Hills Rise Wild" is recommended for a party of 3–5 investigators of modest experience (approximate level 4–6).

Keeper Information

In "The Hills Rise Wild," the investigators attempt to find the site where a bolide, a meteorite of significant size, is presumed to have landed. Their area of search is the back-country northwest of Dunwich, Mass. They find no physical evidence of it until the climax of the adventure.

The tale starts with a flash of light and a line of color as a fireball sweeps across the New England skies, seemingly coming to earth somewhere northwest of Arkham. An hour after midnight, few see it pass. An author, alone in his garret, notices it as he draws inspiration from the night sky; heartened by the sign, he begins afresh. A member of the Arkham Historical Society, bored by essays arguing at length the true year that the Witch House was built, looks out, thinks it a strange form of lightning, then returns to her manuscripts, bored by the night as well. Two students, courting in the midst of the university's botanical plantings, murmur love eternal by its brilliance but do not look up at all.

Dr. Henry Armitage, unable to sleep because of worries distinctly separate from matters astronomical, hears the soft hiss of its passage, spying the fireball as he strolls the dark streets near his home. The green-gold circle of fire glides overhead and disappears to the northwest beyond the hills, briefly dimming the brilliant fall sky. Given his state of mind, he is immune to its beauty; only its mystery seizes him. What now? He asks silently as the embers fade from the sky.

A man of quick wits, Armitage sketches the body's apparent path against a few bright fixed stars, then hurries up Garrison Street to the faculty/graduate residences on the university grounds. There he wakens a cursing porter who summons the sleepy Dr. Morris Billings, youthful head (and in fact, sole member) of Miskatonic's Department of Astronomy. Billings has a notorious enthusiasm for comets and meteorites. Notice of the astronomical event given and his intellectual duty done, Armitage walks back to his home and to his Eleanor, who sits patiently knitting.

And, of course, the investigators can see the fireball too, if the keeper wishes.

Working with colleagues at other universities in the region. Billings mounts a coordinated search of a wide swathe of eastern New England and southern Canada. If the investigators wish to participate in this adventure, they must volunteer to help the astronomers.

In their section of the supposed ellipse of impact, the investigators accidentally recruit a psychopathic killer as a helper. His is one of those "religions that work;" even his death does not discomfit the wooden idol that waits patiently in the bog beyond.

Though this scenario begins in a center of commerce, reason, and enlightenment, it relocates the investigators to lonely places, an out-of-the-way place, and a forgotten place; keepers should pay attention to tones and silences as the investigators penetrate the wilds beyond Dunwich.

Statistics for the Stone family and the idol are found at the end of this adventure.

Investigator Information

Fortunately for Dr. Billings, trustworthy sightings from amateur astronomer friends in Newburyport, Bolton, and other localities confirm the accuracy of Dr. Armitage's observation; combining and extrapolating their observations during a sleepless night gives him enough triangulation data to calculate a rough ellipse of the fireball's course. He does not know and cannot guess where along it the fireball fell, except that no reports of it have been received from points further north — Montpelier, the shores of Lake Champlain, or the metropolis of Montreal.

By 5 A.M., coffee cup in hand, Billings types out in best two-finger fashion a short feature story for the Arkham *Advertiser*, reprinted nearby (***Hills Papers 1***).

Later that morning, Arkham buzzes with talk of the amazing event. Though few actually saw it pass, claiming to having seen the bolide instantly grants such status that already dozens of conflicting tales construe monstrous fireballs flitting past in all directions of the compass.

FIREBALL OVER ARKHAM!

Interplanetary Visitor Startles Our Town

By Dr. Morris Billings,
Department of Astronomy, Miskatonic University

A rare spectacle visited Arkham last night at about 1:15 A.M. It was a fireball, a meteor large enough possibly to have burnt its way through our atmosphere and come to rest on earth. Observers as far away as Portland and Framingham reported seeing the flaming path.

Our visitor may have left evidence of itself! For how you can help to find it, read further in this article.

Those fortunate enough to have seen the event commented upon the subtle greens and golds of its fires. Some heard low whistlings or hissings; one man in Nashua heard explosions at some distance.

Bolides, commonly known as fireballs, usually break up when approaching the surface of our earth. Very rarely, a meteorite is large enough and fast enough to leave behind a large hole (or crater) when it strikes the earth.

A very large such formation is thought by some to exist near Winslow, Arizona. Residents may recall the great fireball of 1913, which was seen disintegrating along a path from Saskatchewan to the island of Bermuda.

Many meteors fall toward earth, but few survive the terrible jolts and frictions caused by colliding with our atmosphere. Those that do survive offer important scientific knowledge about our solar system, and perhaps about its history.

Fireball-Hunters Wanted

I am arranging a search for fragments of last night's fireball. To avoid duplication of effort, and to receive special instructions, interested citizens should contact me at the Department of Astronomy at Miskatonic University to receive their search assignments. We especially hope that owners of automobiles can volunteer.

Speed in finding remnants of the bolide is imperative, since each passing hour increases the chance of contamination from the natural elements. Volunteers will be told how to look for fragments, and assigned areas in which to search, in order to avoid duplication of effort.

Discovered meteorites will be placed on exhibit at the university, with full credit given to discoverers. I recently saw the collection of the Naturhistorischen Hofmusuem, in Vienna, Austria, and the effect is one which would make town and university proud.

Hills Papers 1

Most investigators should be glad of such a spectacular way to start an adventure, and should require little prodding.

If prodding is needed, word is out around town that the university is so keen to find the meteorite that a cash reward will be posted soon. (The rumor is false; only archaeologists risk the falsification of scientific evidence inherent in offering cash rewards.)

Or perhaps the investigators saw the great meteor fall and decide to mount their own search, disquieted (as was Dr. Armitage) by things new-dropped from the sky.

Experienced investigators loath to volunteer who nonetheless own automobiles might be wheedled into the trip by friends — or maybe by an attractive someone who longs to go fireballing in the wilderness.

Dr. Billings' Dream

Though the fall semester is only fairly started, Billings swivels the full force of his considerable energies toward recovering some portion of the bolide. Coincidentally, his recent doctoral thesis ("Solvent Extraction of Organic Compounds in Trans-Plutonian Carbonaceous Chondrites") laid out, in an appendix, a set of well-thought-out search procedures for just such an event. Last night's bolide represents not only a chance for new scientific data, but for Billings' advancement to spokesman for and organizer of other such hunts around the world — travels perhaps underwritten by the National Geographic Society or some other prestigious organization.

When the investigators arrive at Billings' office, a neatly lettered sign greets them:

> ***FIREBALL VOLUNTEERS***
>
> ***We're meeting at 3 P.M. in lecture hall S-111.***
>
> ***Everyone is needed; we have jobs for all.***
>
> ***No admittance once the training session starts.***

More than ninety people fill the boxy, mahogany-lined amphitheater. Conversations buzz with interest and expectation. Billings appears in a few minutes. He's a short, thin, nervous young man with wire-rimmed glasses; he wears a neat conservative suit cut in the latest Cambridge fashion. Straightening his tie, wondering in the back of his mind what his fellows at nearby universities are up to, he begins. Though his voice is comically high, his enthusiasm carries his listeners with him.

In a matter of minutes Billings explains to his listeners what a fireball is, why it is more likely that meteors fall after midnight, why the fireball's orbital characteristics seem to rule out origin in the well-known Draconid or Orionid meteor showers, why some observers saw the fireball wobble (sinuous motion in bolides seems to be caused by fragments falling away from the main body and thereby altering flight stability), and that fireballs are hard to find because their fires ordinarily are damped by thickening atmosphere 10–15 miles above the earth — only the very largest flame all the way to impact.



Dr. Billings

Dr. Billings holds aloft three sample meteorites, each little more than an inch across, showing the types (iron, stony iron, and stone). "Pick them up if you find them, and record your location so you can lead me to where a particular stone was found. I should add that often it's difficult to recognize a meteorite when you see it. One sure clue that a particular stone is a meteorite is a 'fusion crust,' a thin, black, glassy coating produced by the meteorite's fall through the atmosphere."

On a map of New England, he traces the apparent path of the bolide, and indicates an area south and west of Nashua, New Hampshire, as the most likely area of impact and, on the basis of who has access to automobiles, begins passing out geographic assignments. Each group, it turns out, must attempt to cover more than twenty square miles of ground.

"I know that rules out searches on foot," the astronomer states, "but the attempt must be made. Local information will narrow your searches — remember, if someone saw the fireball and there was no explosion, it probably didn't land anywhere near."

The investigators draw an area not far north of Dunwich. The adventure presumes that one or more investigators have automobiles, or can acquire one, either through diplomacy or by less legal means. Investigators with a good Credit Rating can borrow an auto for the trip. If one or more investigators has at least Astronomy or Physics of at least 25% {five ranks in Knowledge (Astronomy or Physics)}, Billings heartily welcomes the party and supplies mimeographs of his trajectory calculations, his residence phone number,

and asks sotto voce "How did I do?" nodding at the exiting crowd.

Having acquired a plot of their search area, and with the dream of contributing to the common body of science, the investigators can set out.

Let them make as elaborate or as simple plans as they wish, including all the equipment they can reasonably carry in their auto or truck. If they start preparations after Billings' briefing, they can't leave before dark, and probably wait for morning.

No adequate road maps exist which the investigators can take with them. Each county keeps the records of all surveys, so plot and division notes (if not maps) exist, but the forms are not reproducible unless a researcher is willing to sit down and spend several days drawing and joining them. A few companies offer touring maps, including good auto association maps, but the scales are large and the intention general—none show every lane and building in the manner of British Ordinance Survey maps of the period.

Smart investigators take along extra copies of today's *Advertiser*, to prove their story and to offer as minor gifts. The few country-dwellers who subscribe to newspapers do so by mail, and have not yet received news of the fireball; no rural telephone lines exist, except along inter-town trunk lines; radio station signals barely reach Dunwich, and not beyond.

Following his own instructions Billings busily coordinates the meteorite search, and declines to join the investigators or any other party of searchers. His reward comes later, when he publishes (he hopes) impeccable proof of lifeforms adrift in interplanetary space.

Three Days in the Hills

Here is a chance to describe Lovecraft country, in all its loneliness and eerie beauty. On the outskirts of Arkham the farms are well kept and even prosperous; as the investigators drive further, the slate roofs are replaced with warped shingles and sagging thatch, the stout white-washed walls become uneven rock or crude log, the proud neat farmhouses become ramshackle cottages and huts, the healthy herds dwindle to scattered flocks of unkempt beasts, and the well-tended fields give way to grasslands, brush, briar, and bramble. The road transforms into a pair of deep ruts, which must be traveled slowly and with many bounces and flounderings; bridges give way to stony fords and sandbanks of uncertain strength; perhaps rains and winds make the exploration more difficult.

They pass farmsteads abandoned before the Civil War, their owners long moved west, the stony fields now fallow. Here and there white granite foundation stones glint like rows of teeth. The whole countryside devolves as the investigators head toward and then pass by Dunwich.

The tone of those they question also changes. The first farmhouses at which they stop are full of cheerful people who offer them coffee and cake, and discuss the fireball hunt with great interest. But westward and northward the folk are more reserved, and further west and north, sullen. In the hills, the summits of which Lovecraft noted "are too rounded and symmetrical to give a sense of comfort and naturalness," bearing as they do "the queer circles of tall stone pillars with which most of them are crowned", the rustics are downright hostile and abruptly refuse to respond.

The keeper determines how many farmers, farmers' wives, farm hands, recluses, hermits, circuit-riders, and traveling salesmen the investigators query. Some residents fearfully refuse to speak of the strange event; others gleefully lie if they think it will bring them favor or send these well-to-do automobile owners on goose chases.

One taciturn fellow takes the investigators to an outlying barn, and throws open the heavy door to reveal in the darkness within a mewling newborn calf with two heads. He says that this was born last night, and that the investigators had best leave such things alone.

Two farmers actually saw the fireball pass and will talk about it, both reporting a dim finger of orange-red fire suddenly winking out into a smokey trail half way across the sky. "Ayep," one says, "and it made a thunderin' crack, like twenty cannon mebbe."

Night nears. The investigators can beg shelter with a farmer, who gives it grudgingly and who displays intense suspicion concerning the investigators' behavior towards his son (if most of the investigators are female) or daughter (if most of them are male). Keepers introduce traveling salesman jokes at their peril. If the investigators camp along a road, no one cares.

The Second Day

Now well within their search area, the party patiently takes every track and trail, knocking on every door. Again, the keeper determines the number and kind of encounters best suited for his or her group.

At some points limbs have fallen across the rarely used wagon tracks (a failed **Spot Hidden** {Spot check, DC 10}, makes a gullible investigator suspect they have been cut). The strain of travel has worn their automobile's clutch, making it difficult for the driver to shift up from first gear. A successful **Mechanical Repair** {Repair Check, DC 15}, fixes it in an hour, but in fixing it the investigator sees that the linkage is no longer reliable.

As the afternoon wears on, call for a **Track or Spot Hidden roll** {Spot Check, DC 15}. A success notices that

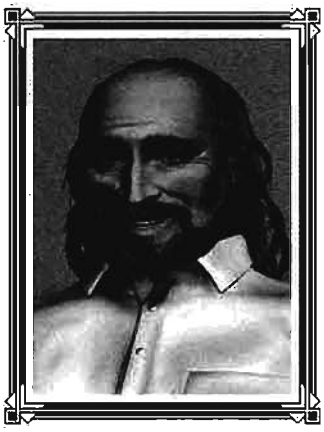
one road does not end where it seems to. Though not obvious at first glance, the grassy surface continues north, only lightly overgrown, skirting the bases of now-towering hills. If the investigators take the route, then in half a mile they come across a patch of cleared ground on which a well-maintained log cabin nestles, not far from the shadow of dark and brooding hills. A large, happy, healthy, bearded man strides out to greet them heartily.

If the rolls fail, the investigators take shelter in a crumbling ruin at that intersection of tracks; the wind whispers between the creaking boards and nightbirds cry with almost human alarm. In the morning, in better light, everyone notices the overgrown track and votes to take it, leading to the same result.

This is where our scenario really begins.

The Family Stone

The man introduces himself as Levi Stone. He extends a friendly paw to each male investigator and nods affably to the females. In his early thirties, Stone is bluff, hale, and hearty, a bearded, friendly, smiling bear. He radiates good humor. His attitude, after a day among surly and uncommunicative farmers and woodsmen, is astounding — like the sun bursting through the clouds on an overcast day, like cool drink to a parched throat.



Levi Stone



Hanna Stone



Zekle Stone

He asks what brings them to this neck of the woods. When they mention the fireball, he becomes quite excited. He heard a loud boom and then a hiss of something passing on the night of the fireball; he'd thought then that it was late in the year for a thunderstorm. Now that he knows what it might be, he immediately volunteers to help in the search — "The crops are all in and we live well from the bounty of our Lord." He invites them in to meet the family and to stay in his house while they search, requesting that the investigators wait outside a few moments while he lets Hannah and Zekle know.

In a few minutes, the cabin door opens and Levi beckons them in. The cabin is a one-room affair about twenty feet square, with spaces for cooking, eating, and for Zekle to sleep. A large cellar, for food storage, is enterable by a trapdoor and ladder from the cabin or by a second door from the outside. A narrow ladder leads steeply to the loft, where Levi and Hannah sleep.

An addition, a large woodshed filled with many cords of hardwood and a small shop, attaches to the wall holding the fireplace, and can be entered from the main cabin or from outside.

As the investigators enter, a pale woman of Levi's age stands by the stove, smiling tentatively. She is introduced as Levi's wife, Hannah. She quietly says hello. A boy of twelve sits at the table, carving a piece of wood; he is Zekle (short for Ezekiel), and Levi tousles his hair fondly. Zekle appraises the newcomers, quick eyes noting weapons or other intriguing gear.

Having decided that everyone knows everyone, Levi bellows for coffee and food, and the investigators start to enjoy the hospitality of the Stones.

The family is nearly self-subsistent. Levi and Zekle hunt for most of their meat. Hannah spends her time near the house; Zekle is mostly with Levi. Goats and cattle range around the house, giving milk and meat. A hog pen and small barn is not far away. Chickens provide eggs. There is a large vegetable garden. Some of the apple, pear, and cherry trees are old enough now to sustain decent yields. Hannah and Zekle fetch water daily from the nearby freshwater stream. Every few months Levi makes a trip to town with his pack mule, bartering or spending looted money for things such as kerosene, which he cannot grow or manufacture. When he travels, he leaves Zekle in charge of Hannah.

Zekle does not yet have the strength to farm and hunt, but he can feed the livestock and water the gardens, and will do so while Levi helps the investigators in their search.

The investigators can bed down in one of the warm, roomy comers of the cabin, or they may prefer to set up tents outside.

As they share a meal, the Stones are the picture of domestic harmony — Levi chattering in a cheerful blustery fashion, Hannah quietly serving dish after dish, and young Zekle sullenly carving away. Levi explains this as shyness, but in reality Zekle doesn't see much point in talking to dead people.

Uncomfortable Truths

This may be the most dangerous place the investigators have ever entered. Beaming Levi is a piranha, a smiling maniac. *Psychopath* is a word not big enough for his evil; it does not allow for his cunning, his malicious zest for the chase, his steady torturing hand, nor his subtle delectation in the slow kill.

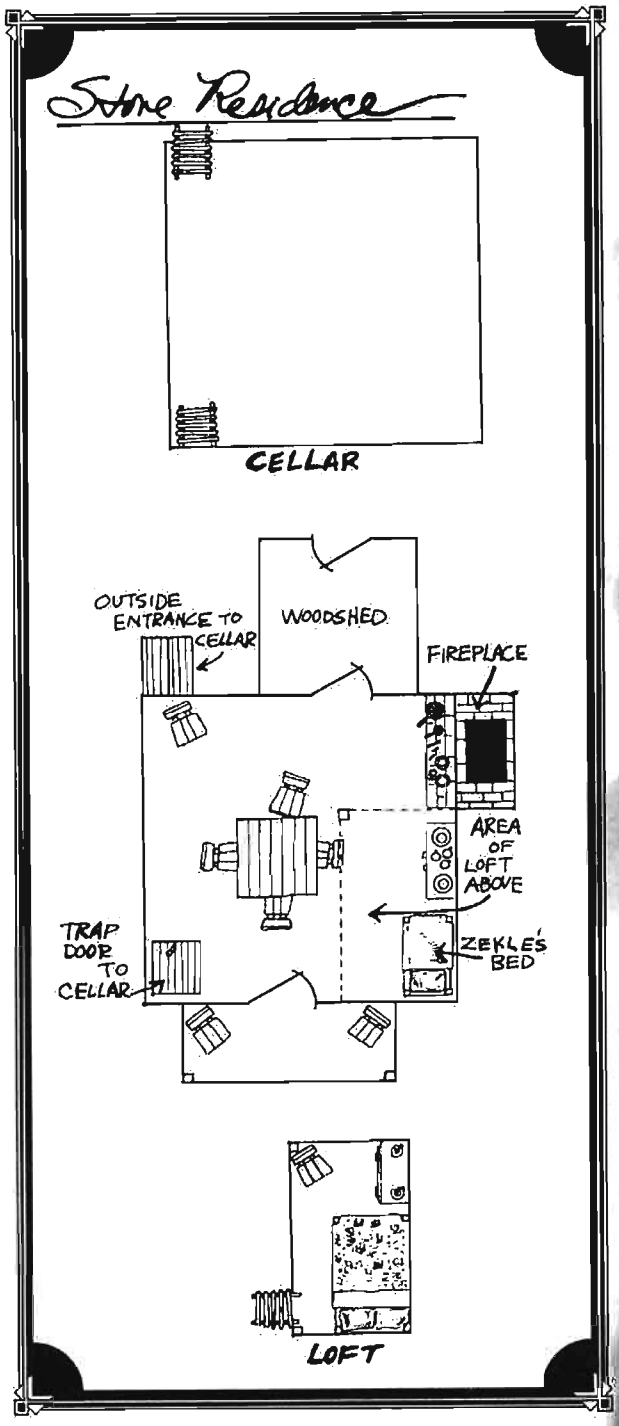
Hannah is victim, prisoner, and witness to all his crimes; Levi needs this audience. A wild card, Zekle is a boy with an unnatural upbringing who pubescently swings between worship of and numbing fear of his predator-father.

Levi was the youngest son in a family of brothers. His mother died at his birth. Sons of a lying, vindictive father, each brother preyed on the next; Levi, at the bottom of the heap, took everyone's abuse. But Levi grew up quick and big; when he began to revenge himself on his brothers, the fun was gone for them and it was time to for him to leave.

Hannah was the awkward middle daughter of a huge family, so quiet and withdrawn that she seemed like a servant even as a child. Tiring of buying her clothes, and knowing that unassertive Hannah would never snag a husband with money or prospects, her father cast about for any husband for her; he found Levi.

Ignorant, penniless, and guileless, Hannah acquiesced much as a dog or a sheep would. Levi felt chosen and was eager to establish his own clan. The newlyweds were given an old horse, an axe, a saw, some seed, a few chickens, and a rolling, ravine-laden patch of land in the hills. Both families ignored them thereafter. Levi pulled stumps and built a cabin; their first year they lived on acorns, bottom plants, small birds and game, and wild rice gathered in the bog.

Levi's descent was gradual. He was good to Hannah at the outset. But he soon felt the legacy of the Stones in his heart, and when things went wrong he swore at her and beat her. Cowed, cut off, and alone, Hannah came to agree that she caused their every misfortune, and that she often left him no choice but to punish her, and that Levi was kindly and magnanimous to her, even when she forced him to punish her. When Ezekiel came, Levi had a new subject to teach and to subdue. Levi dreamt of many sons; Hannah, perhaps in unconscious rebellion, miscarried seven times after Ezekiel. If he had the chance, Levi might try to replace her with a more fertile female.



Even though she had no place to go, Hannah tried to escape when the killings started. Levi fetched her home quickly and efficiently. The painful lessons she learned then stay with her. Now, an accomplice in many murders, she dares not betray her husband to any of their unfortunate guests.

The killings started when Levi met something in the woods. He had wounded a deer, and followed it into the bog, into a dark island of crooked trees. Crashing after it, he came face to face with an idol of jagged wood and

infinite evil. His quarry, the deer, lay at its base, dead at the sight of it.

It was older than the woods, older than the shaman who had hewn the foul image, and even more terrible than Levi's father; the hunter fell whimpering to his knees in an ecstasy of fear, while with a faint bubbling and hissing the coarse wood absorbed the deer's blood.

The idol began to come to him in dreams. Terrified, moved with a potent dark love, Levi visited it day after day. By and by, the wood of the thing became pale and dry, and the dreams became worse. Levi killed many animals for it. Then Levi met a tramp on the road who was hungry and looking for work. That night, for the first time in centuries, the statue drank its preference. The conquest filled Levi with a blind, wild power that sent him reeling with glory through the woods.

Now he lives to feed his wooden god. Any who comes his way accidentally or who can be lured in secret becomes the chosen chalice for Levi's blood religion. Once or twice a year is enough. The pattern is the same: he befriends, he disarms, he betrays, he strikes. Sometimes he arranges a disabling accident; sometimes a swift blow in the night suffices. The method of acquisition is unimportant, but the last bubbling gasp, the life blood, must be spilt directly onto the idol in the bog.

Hannah sees no way out. Victim by victim, feeling drains from her and she grows duller and less horrified. Zekle is attracted by the power of his father and repelled by the man's brutality. Neither have seen their father's master, the idol in the bog. Hannah would collapse in sheer catatonic terror at the sight of it, recognizing in its features black glimmers of her husband. Zekle would crave its power enough to slavishly devote himself to his father, or perhaps enough to kill Levi to gain all of the statue's regard for himself, beginning the cycle anew.

However it affects them, the Stones are open for new business.

The Third Day

Levi encourages the meteorite hunt while he studies his prey and decides how and when to make his move. He was not lying when he claimed to have heard thunder: the blast woke them all, and Levi thought then that it might have to do with his god. Now he knows that his god can call down stars, and he finds that gratifying. As he can, after he has sacrificed these messengers, he plans to find the stones they sought, and bring those pebbles for his idol's pleasure.

It is possible to comb the hills for weeks or months without retracing one's steps, as Levi knows well. He will steer them away from the dark grove where the idol waits; the bog is genuinely dangerous, and not to be traversed lightly.

Walking in a scattered line, stooping and rising, the searchers face a daunting task — miles of dark trees, jumbles of boulders, crags, and watercourses; steep cliffs with tumbling waterfalls; foul swampy patches; high outlooks; fields of bracken; deep black caves. They encounter undergrowth, conifers, hardwoods, thorns, slick mosses, bubbling streams, ferns, game trails, and rotten logs, but never a road or track or path.

They hope to see freshly broken limbs or churned ground, or even the remnants of a small fire caused when some fraction of the bolide came to earth.

The hills in their search area are all west of the house. Their allotted section will take several days to adequately examine. All the while Levi is chatting, helping them over difficult parts, splitting them up and telling them where to meet again (so as to cover more ground, but in reality to get them used to being apart), telling folk tales about the area, and otherwise being the perfect guide and host.

With a successful **Psychology roll** {Knowledge (Psychology) check, DC 10}, an investigator gains the impression of being watched. A rockslide high up a ravine may denote a watcher; a half-glimpsed shadow may be man or beast; a gutted animal may be the forgotten food of a predator, or a grim warning. Levi cannot fully enjoy his upcoming kills without handing out tiny warnings to prove his omnipotence and their inconsequence. Even a total psychopath leaves some trail. But Levi has not prompted every incident: others may be the investigators' imaginations; others yet may be the ghosts of the slain attempting warnings.

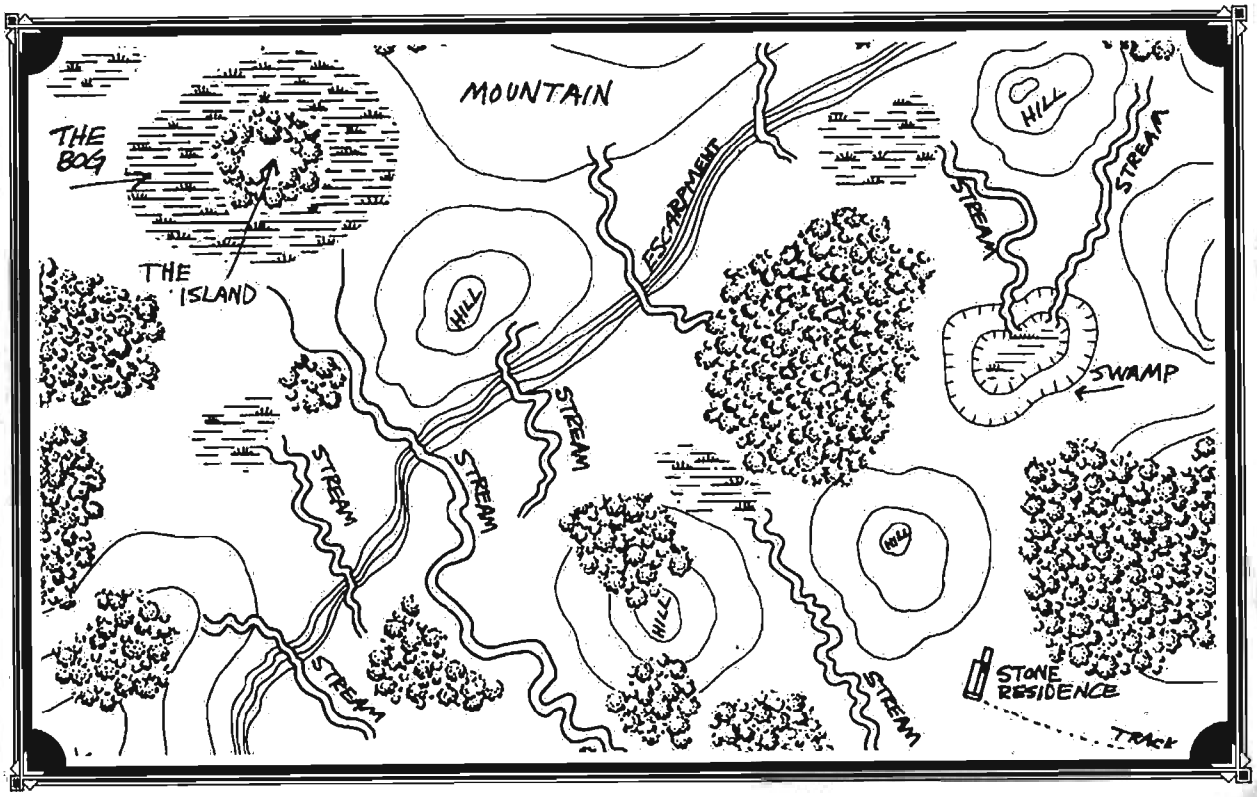
Subtle and manipulative keepers build on the friendship between Levi and the players. Cynical players may suppose that Levi is being played up as "the nice NPC who is there to show how the monster works and is then eaten." They may not guess that Levi is the monster.

Levi's Preparations

Initially, Levi wants the trust of the investigators. He knows who are suspicious of him and consciously courts those individuals, showing courtesies and making small thoughtful gestures. In revenge, of course, it is just they whom he intends to torture most viciously before sacrificing them.

He also wants the investigators accustomed to being alone with him. Perhaps he provokes arguments among the investigators by being overly gallant, by uncovering fallibilities, or by telling seemingly innocent tales about one to another. Perhaps he shows one (but not another) shortcuts around obstacles.

He walks them tirelessly up and down the hills all day (he is in great shape himself, and is always primed just before a kill), and investigators whose **SIZes are greater than their CONs** are worn down and weakened,



Area Around the Stone Residence

and flop into bed at the end of the day {make a Constitution check (DC 16) at the end of each day, failure causes the investigator to be fatigued, (-2 strength, and dexterity, can't run or charge), until they've had at least eight hours of rest}.

When he can, he attempts to incapacitate the strongest-seeming of the investigators, to give himself better odds.

Some suggested tactics follow.

- A rock tumbles down a cliff for **2D6 damage, halved if a Jump roll succeeds** {half damage with a successful reflex save, DC 10}.
- He causes an investigator to walk into a wolf trap for 1D8 damage (a successful **Spot Hidden** {Spot check, DC 12}, reveals it before it is too late) while he stoops to look at a worthless rock, to make himself look innocent.
- He instructs Hannah to spill scalding water on someone by tripping over an item an investigator has left lying around, boiling the target for 2D4 damage (a successful **Dodge roll** halves damage {reflex save, DC 15, for half damage}.
- He makes a great show of killing a timber rattler inside the cabin on the investigators' first day there ("They like it warm, you know") so that later he can secret one in a bed. That timber rattler has a **75% chance to hit;** hitting, it injects a large amount of **POT 10 poison** which takes quick effect {Fort save vs. poison, DC 15}.
- He leaves a sharp axe concealed blade-up by the kindling pile, camouflaged for someone to step on for 1D8 damage (a successful **Spot Hidden** notes it before disaster {Spot check, DC 18}).

As the accidents mount, Levi says, "Tisk, tisk. 'Tis almost as if this rock were tellin' us it don't want findin'."

Catching Him Out

The man is careful and cunning, and not to be caught out easily. Other than the perception that he is studying the investigators, a few clues exist.

Zekle, whose father seems so zestful, is incredibly withdrawn. A successful **Psychology roll** {Sense Motive, DC 20}, concerning Zekle suggests that he is overborne by his father, but fails to find a trace of compensating achievement, surliness, or deliberate misbehavior.

A successful **Psychology roll** {Sense Motive, DC 20}, for Hannah shows her curiously indifferent to her apparently wonderful husband. Is she sick? A successful **Medicine roll** {Heal check, DC 15}, indicates no symptoms. She is too withdrawn to have fear left to show; Levi's beaming public face is more dismaying to her

than his usual snarls, for it shows her how happy they might have been.

Hannah limps slightly. Her trailing skirts always cover her legs. If an investigator somehow manages to slightly lift her skirts, he or she sees that she has dirty bandages around her ankles, covering the manacle sores. Levi hobbles a random ankle when he is away or in a savage mood, chaining her to the iron cook-stove. She has 15 feet of quarter-inch towing chain to pull around in the cabin. The floorboards around the stove are scraped and scratched, detectable by a **Spot Hidden** {Spot check, DC 10} directed at the floor. Levi keeps chain, manacle, and lock wrapped in a greasy rag in the tool shed when not in use.

The outhouse is a flimsy wooden structure over a pit. When the pit is full, Levi simply digs another, picks up the whole toilet and places it over the new hole, and fills in the old one. It is near the house. However, with a successful **Idea roll** {Intelligence check, DC 12}, the investigators realize that no one ever sees Levi go off to the toilet. Odd.

Once a day, Levi visits the idol, prostrating himself before its terrible glare, muttering to it, singing to it in an odd cracked fashion. He marks the perimeter of the island with his body waste. Though he uses different excuses, he tends to disappear from the house at the same times, and he follows roughly the same route each time, so that a path of sorts can be detected with a successful **Track roll** {Search, DC 10}. Sometimes he is able to bring back a rabbit or grouse from a snare to show that he has been hunting.

The Island in the Bog

The bog lies beyond a hill. It's roughly circular, about three-eighths of a mile across, with a circular wooded island in its center. On casual glance, a geologist would say that this was a lake not too many centuries before. Having prepared a careful analysis, that geologist would come to the surprising conclusion that the entire lake was an impact crater formed since the latest glaciation. Two hours of survey and a successful **Geology roll** {Knowledge (Geology) check, DC 15}, brings an investigator to the same conclusion.

Toward the dawn or at sunset, the rippling cries of thousands of frogs can be heard. They stop when intruders near, an infallible alarm system.

Though slowly filling with mud and vegetable rot, hiding its past, the bog is still dangerous. Noxious gases bubble and pop, and even the firmer ground is slippery and uneven (If the investigators attempt to move faster than a normal walk they must make a successful **DEX x5** or fall {Reflex save, DC 10}. Incautious investigators who fail a **Spot Hidden** {Spot check, DC 10}, step into evil black muck that is deep enough to force a **Swim roll** {Swim check, DC 15}. While the mosquitoes are mostly finished for the year, the fat bloated leeches won't mind one more snack.

Levi has traps placed along the island approaches to his shrine, which he sets only when a likely candidate arrives at the cabin.

As the investigators approach the shrine (and depart, if applicable), each must receive a successful **Luck roll** {Reflex save, DC 15} or encounter either a snare or a bear trap. **Roll 1D6:** on 1-3 the trap is a dead-fall snare; on 4-6 the trap is a steel bear trap.

The dead-fall snare: whips the victim up from the ground and leaves him or her dangling in the air, feet up. The target can free himself or herself if (1) he or she has a Dexterity of 10 or more and (2) carries a knife. Alternately, the hapless investigator can attempt to break the rope by **overcoming the rope STR 20 with his or her own STR** {Strength check, DC 25 (includes a +2 penalty since investigator has limited leverage)}.

A bear trap: chomps for 1D10 damage and pins the victim with STR 15 force — successful opposition to this on the resistance table frees the victim, but the target gets only one try per hour. Two people can combine Strengths for this roll. This steel trap is chained to the ground and prohibits movement. {Disable Device, DC 20; or a strength check, DC 25}.

Having penetrated the line of traps (some of the investigators no doubt stained, smelly, bitten, and cold), they pass through a stand of dark trees with black gnarled stumps and twisted clawed branches. The dim foliage blots out much of the light and shields the inner clearing from view.

As the trees part toward the center of the island, the ground turns muddy; from it, only partly submerged, rise corpses and skeletons of Levi's previous victims—tossed aside, torn, decomposed, worm-riddled, skeletal. Here a bloated green leg protrudes, there a rib cage, over there is a freshly-rotting face with milky eyes. The cost to view Levi's garden is 1/1D8 SAN. Investigators who flee now are spared the sight of the idol beyond.

Levi's God

The western Abenaki Indians, in whose ancient lands Levi's shrine exists, said that the first humans were made out of stone by *Tabaldak* ("the Owner"). Tabaldak did not like the result, and destroyed his prototypes, then carving a second man and woman out of wood. These



he approved of, and let them go forth as the father and mother of Indians.

Among the shamans of the Abenaki, therefore, wood was a primal substance thought especially appropriate to man. The powerful *mahdawlinno* (shaman) of the Abenaki who carved and drummed Levi's god into existence chose his site of power well, a crater imbued with the stuff of stars. The image hacked from the great log was revealed with such insane inspiration and savagery that it perfectly captured the unclean essence of its subject. Coming out of his trance, the prehistoric seer comprehended what he had brought to the earth and tried to dismember it with his bare hands. He died in agony as the thing's first victim.

The face is of shocking foulness, a sneering visage of basest evil, a crude reproduction of an abominable dark god from beyond space and time. Over long centuries, the pine wood has darkened to an ebony blackness from the foul waters of the bog. Blood has long stained it. It waits patiently for the final droplets it craves. The vision inspired the deranged Levi Stone to homicide, and still inspires terror in the sane viewer: Sanity cost to see it is 1D3/1D10.

Complete statistics for the *goaskoi*, literally the "white pine man," are found at the end of this adventure.

The first successful physical attack which does more than 10 points of damage to the goaskoi causes the face to list severely and then sink into the mud, apparently gone for good. The investigators get no SAN for the deed.

Burning the face with oil or gasoline leaves only a charred, unrecognizable lump. Choking acrid smoke drives away the arsonists. They get no SAN for the deed. If anyone thinks to, it's possible to dig down into the mud and see that the wood base of what they burnt goes down, and down, and down.

Neither Hannah nor Zekle have ever seen the *goaskoi* though Hannah has heard Levi speak of the thing in the bog, which he calls Master.



Levi Attacks

Levi can be prompted to attack in three ways.

- While the search for the bolide occupies most of their attention, he manages to separate the investigators and attacks them individually.
- If he can see that some will not trust him, Levi attacks immediately, wielding a double-bladed axe in each hand like a berserk Viking.
- Zekle has seen his father at work, but Levi never has taken on such a large, possibly competent group: this time Levi may die. Zekle runs away rather than see the

playing-out of his terror or answered prayer. When Levi realizes what has happened, he assumes that if an investigator finds Zekle, the boy will talk. Levi organizes a search, splits up the investigators among different areas, and begins attacking individuals.

Meanwhile Zekle, thinking that the one place he was told never to go is the best place to hide, wades across the bog and stumbles into the lair of the goaskoi. He'll be found huddled in catatonic shock not far from the corpse-garden.

When Levi is ready to attack, he gathers up weapons and cords, and disappears into the woods. His vanity has never allowed him to purchase a gun, for that would somehow lessen his elemental power.

If he can, he stalks the investigators one by one. He'll first murder those most suspicious of him or, failing that, the weakest. As a keeper, it's important not to let the players know what hits them. Levi is a master of stealth.

If possible, literally separate your players by sending all but one out of the room you're playing in. Only let them communicate if their investigators are together. This may heighten the sense of menace.

For individual attacks, Levi strikes to knock out the investigators; use the **knock-out rule** (subdual damage) unless the investigator gives him too much trouble, in which case he will attempt to finish him off as fast as possible. Levi wants living sacrifices whose throats can be slit over the idol. Victorious, he binds and gags his victims, stashing them one by one to be claimed later.

He continues until he has them all, or until the survivors have banded together. In the latter case, he retreats to the island in the bog, to wait for them to come to him. He counts on the demoralizing effect of that terrible place to aid him, and may proffer hostages to get the other investigators to disarm. He'll willingly use Hannah as bait, and Zekle if he absolutely must (this act irrevocably turns his son against him).

If the keeper wishes, after each attack allow a random **Luck roll** to bring together two investigators.

When the investigators understand that they are being picked off one by one, survivors may gather at the cabin. Hannah knows what's going on. Her eyes are bright with terror. If a female investigator acts sympathetically and draws her out, or if male investigators receive successful **Fast Talk or Persuade rolls** (Diplomacy check, DC 18) she babbles her awful story, including the location and significance of the idol in the bog. She mentions that whatever Levi has found on the island gets its power from blood.

The First Fight

Notwithstanding his cunning, planning, brute strength, and raw muscle, Levi has never before been in this kind of fight. His sense of omnipotence, which keeps his confidence in such good stead, lets him be methodical now. If the remaining investigators panic and flee, he has a day of blood-vanity he'll remember forever. Once an investigator is down, Levi moves on to the next, not worrying whether or not the wound is fatal, rather hoping in fact that the victim stays alive until he can drag him or her to the island in the bog. But deep-biting double-bladed axes sometimes stick, and there is no one to guard Levi's back. Investigators who keep their heads probably get the best of him, almost certainly if they have guns.

Weaponless investigators find themselves in horrible melee. With weight of numbers and sheer desperation, and perhaps with the sudden help of Zekle, they may pull him down. He is a raging, roaring powerhouse of maddened meat; to stop him, they'll have to demolish him.

Whenever an investigator is melee combat with Levi, allow him or her to receive a **Luck roll**; failure has no effect (Spot check, DC 16). Success causes him or her to reach back and grasp a heavy rock, which can add to the investigator's attacks (a small bludgeoning weapon, 1D4 damage). At the keeper's option, or by means of a random die roll, one of these convenient rocks is a still-warm shiny black stone with a rippling surface, of good shape for striking with. This heavy stone is a small bludgeoning weapon, 1D4+2 damage, base chance as Fist/Punch. A meteoritic remnant of the fireball, this is the evidence that Billings craves. If the investigator survives the fight, allow an **Idea roll** (Intelligence check, DC 16) to examine the object should the player not make the connection. Only one meteorite exists.

Assuming that Levi finally falls, the change in him is astounding and in its own way horrifying. He drops, a great bloody mewling ruin, crawling toward the face—or where the face was, if already burnt or struck. It is obvious that Levi is dying; he should be dead now. Blubbering, he slides slowly across the slick, foul-smelling mud. The only way to stop him is to hack him apart, sever his head, or blow him apart with a shotgun.

The Second Fight

The goaskoi waits patiently for the blood it craves. It hopes for the killing of the killer, who has so far betrayed it by holding back himself. If he makes it to the goaskoi, the circle is closed and a new power unleashed.

If the investigators do stop him, and he doesn't make it to the statue before he dies, the goaskoi screams in frustration, then detonates deep underground. The blast

deafens everyone for a few minutes, and each survivor takes 1D4 damage from shock and incidental debris.

If Levi is allowed to complete his last crawl, he hugs the idol, and dies with a gurgle before its cruel gaze, his life blood the last elixir the thing needs. The statue drinks fully, grins hideously, and then stands up.

Slippery black yards of it unfurl as the waking nightmare stands, rising up and up, towering above the feeble trees. It stands thirty feet tall. As the mud drips off that dreadful form, it is apparent that the original carver put as much work into the body as the head. Sanity cost to see the full goaskoi is 1D6/1D20, but don't call for new SAN rolls except for those who come upon the thing now or later — the investigators have enough trouble as it is.

Any previous destruction of its face was a very limited victory. It still walks, except that, headless, it's only 25 feet tall.

The laughing monstrosity has no arms, but it does have legs which stamp mercilessly. The thing wades after the investigators, crunching and smashing and obliterating all in its path. Hannah, stupefied by the apparition, is lost unless someone thinks to grab her and start her running.

The goaskoi initially chases individual investigators, but soon wanders toward the cabin, perhaps drawn by the rising smoke from the chimney. Investigators who ran that way see this engine of destruction bear down a few minutes after they arrive.

Here they can grab kerosene (three gallons in the woodshed) and siphon gasoline from the car, and then set fire to the goaskoi — perhaps flinging it onto the thing, or leaving a puddle in its path and offering themselves as bait. Once the flames start, the thing burns readily. If they don't destroy it now, it wrecks the cabin, their car, anyone in its path, and then strolls eastward, toward Newburyport or Arkham.

Picking Up The Pieces

Investigators surviving the slaughter get 1D3 SAN for killing Levi. For capturing him and taking him to justice, each investigator gains 1D4+1 SAN.

In addition, award 1 SAN each to those who rescued Zekle and another SAN point for rescuing Hannah. Do not penalize SAN for failing to rescue them.

If the statue never walks, but the investigators destroy it anyway, they gain no Sanity increase at that time. However, the next time one of them reads a Mythos tome, he or she encounters a reference to Titans Potens, a medievalism for wooden or stone idols which (having been fed sufficient blood) come alive and stalk the land, destroying. With a successful **Idea roll** {INT check; DC 15}, to make the connection, grant each investigator 1D2 SAN for having forestalled such a hideous situation.

If the idol walks, the investigators gain 1D8+2 SAN each for stopping it. No mean feat, that.

If they don't stop the idol, and it clumps away towards greater destruction, charge each 1D10+2 SAN. The keeper must determine the course of the thing, and when, where and if it hits civilization.

If the investigators stop it after it has destroyed other lives and property, each gets only 1D6 SAN.

If one of them brings back the meteorite, it is the only fragment of the bolide ever to be found. Billings is somewhat dismayed if Levi's blood is on it, but he cheerfully accepts it anyway, noting that the blood can hardly have penetrated already to the center, which is where to look for any uncontaminated organic compounds. The finder gets his name on a card beside the exhibited portion of the meteorite, but no SAN. It is up to the keeper, of course, whether or not sanguineous penetration has occurred, and whether or not any interplanetary forces have been stirred into action because of it.

Statistics

LEVI STONE, Psychotic Murderer

STR 18	**CON** 18	**SIZ** 18	**INT** 15	**POW** 11
DEX 14	**APP** 13	**EDU** 07	**SAN** 0	**HP** 18

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D6
Kick 40%, damage 1D6+1D6
Grapple 45%, damage special
Club 40%, damage 1D6+1D6
Wood Axe 40%, damage 1D8+2+1D6

Skills: Camouflage 30%, Climb 45%, Dodge 35%, Fast Talk 60%, First Aid 40%, Hide 60%, Jump 50%, Listen 55%, Psychology 15%, Set Trap 70%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 70%, Throw 40%, Track 45%.

{**d20 STATS:** page 221}

HANNAH STONE, Victim

STR 10	**CON** 15	**SIZ** 11	**INT** 11	**POW** 10
DEX 12	**APP** 11	**EDU** 07	**SAN** 15	**HP** 13

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Kitchen Knife 30%, damage 1D6
Hatchet 50%, damage 1D6+1

Skills: Dodge 55%, First Aid 65%, Hide 45%, Listen 60%.

{**d20 STATS:** page 221}

ZEKLE STONE, Adolescent

STR 9	**CON** 9	**SIZ** 11	**INT** 13	**POW** 15
DEX 16	**APP** 12	**EDU** 05	**SAN** 20	**HP** 10

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Small Club 30%, damage 1D6
Wood Axe 30%, damage 1D8+2
Hatchet 45%, damage 1D6+1

Skills: Climb 65%, Dodge 60%, Hide 55%, Listen 40%, Set Trap 10%, Sneak 30%, Track 15%.

{**d20 STATS:** page 221}

THE GOASKOI, Levi's God

STR 40 **CON** 80 **SIZ** 40 **INT** 15 **POW** 20
DEX 10 **HP** 60 **Move** 6

Damage Bonus: +4D6

Weapons: Bite*45%, damage 2D6+2
Trample 45%, damage 4D6+4D6

Armor: 6 points; no weapon impales; magical attacks succeed unmodified.

SAN Cost: 2/1D8+2

**naturally it gets no Bite attack if headless.*

Goaskoi Description: after removing the bark, it was carved from a white pine log of about 35 feet in length and about three feet thick. Long immersion in the fetid bog darkened the wood to near-black. The carver covered most of the surface of the log with faint non-Euclidian patterns, some of which are now invisible to the naked eye.

The face has very large, madly-staring eyes and a large, partly-open mouth in which individual teeth 2-3 inches long can be seen. The neck and trunk are not distinguished, and there are no arms. A set of comparatively small, apparently ornamental male genitalia mark the apex of the legs. The legs themselves are about ten feet long, concluding in slightly-wider stumps for feet.

The goaskoi is clumsy in movement, given the disproportion of legs to body, the lack of arms, and the inflexibil-ity of its spine, but crosses open ground and shallower waters steadily and tirelessly.

Note: such humanoid constructs are common to many magical traditions; the high Sanity cost to see this one is due to the hyperdimensional vision which afflicted its creator.

The goaskoi takes normal damage from electrocution, fire, and acids, those and magical spells are the best ways to destroy it. Physical damage from guns, axes, saws, and so forth may finally divide the thing; cut apart, legs, trunk, etc., may independently twitch or stomp for several days or many weeks, and may act with purpose if the keeper desires.

{**d20 STATS:** page 222} ◆◆



The Condemned

Wherein a succession of confusing and, at first, seemingly disconnected horrors confront our heroes. They persevere to uncover a motive primal for humans and those un-human as well.

This adventure can be essayed by any number of investigators of moderate to extensive experience and, if that is possible, who possess unusually steady nerves. Though keepers may present "The Condemned" in a variety of ways, he or she may easily extend the proceedings to at least two play sessions, and possibly more.

Keeper Information

Friday night, during a thunderstorm, lightning shattered the stone bridge support entombing wizard Sermon Bishop. The splintered support dumped Bishop's feeble body into the river. Barely able to move after an imprisonment of 176 years, he long ago went completely insane. He drifted ashore a half-mile downstream, near where best-friends and Miskatonic students Henry Atwater and Richard Cardigan were encamped.

Crawling to their tent — just visible against the flares of the receding storm — Bishop performed a Mind Transfer with the sleeping Atwater to gain the man's strength and youth. He then murdered Cardigan with a shovel. Bishop buried Cardigan's body along with that of the nearly helpless and screaming Atwater in a sand bank. Atwater is still horribly alive, choking beneath the sand, trapped in Bishop's undying body, and being driven insane as the corpse of his best friend rots in his face.

Bishop woke Sunday morning and managed to find his way to town where police quickly took him to the hospital. While at St. Mary's, Bishop was briefly questioned but was unable to respond intelligently, only mumbling of "the bright flash of light." Last night Bishop finally regained his complete faculties. In continuing to ramble incoherently and feigning amnesia Bishop bides his time, waiting for a chance to escape.

He plans to systematically murder the seven Arkham descendants of the seven men who sealed him away in 1752.

The keeper runs Bishop as he wishes, choosing victims from the ranks of townsfolk and the investigators (who also may be descendants), varying attacks as he desires. Bishop is potent. Play him fairly but only give him full leash after the investigators fully comprehend what they're up against, or he'll wipe out every one.

The names of Bishop's original persecutors are on a list found at the Arkham Historical Society. The seven descendants are named and described in the section "Murder Scenes." If the keeper desires, one or more of these names can be altered to be the names of the investigators. Genealogical files in the Arkham Historical Society could reveal one or more investigators marked for Bishop's vengeance.

Bishop also plans to relocate the *Testament of Carnamagos*, which can quickly reestablish his former immortality in his new, attractive, well-functioning body.

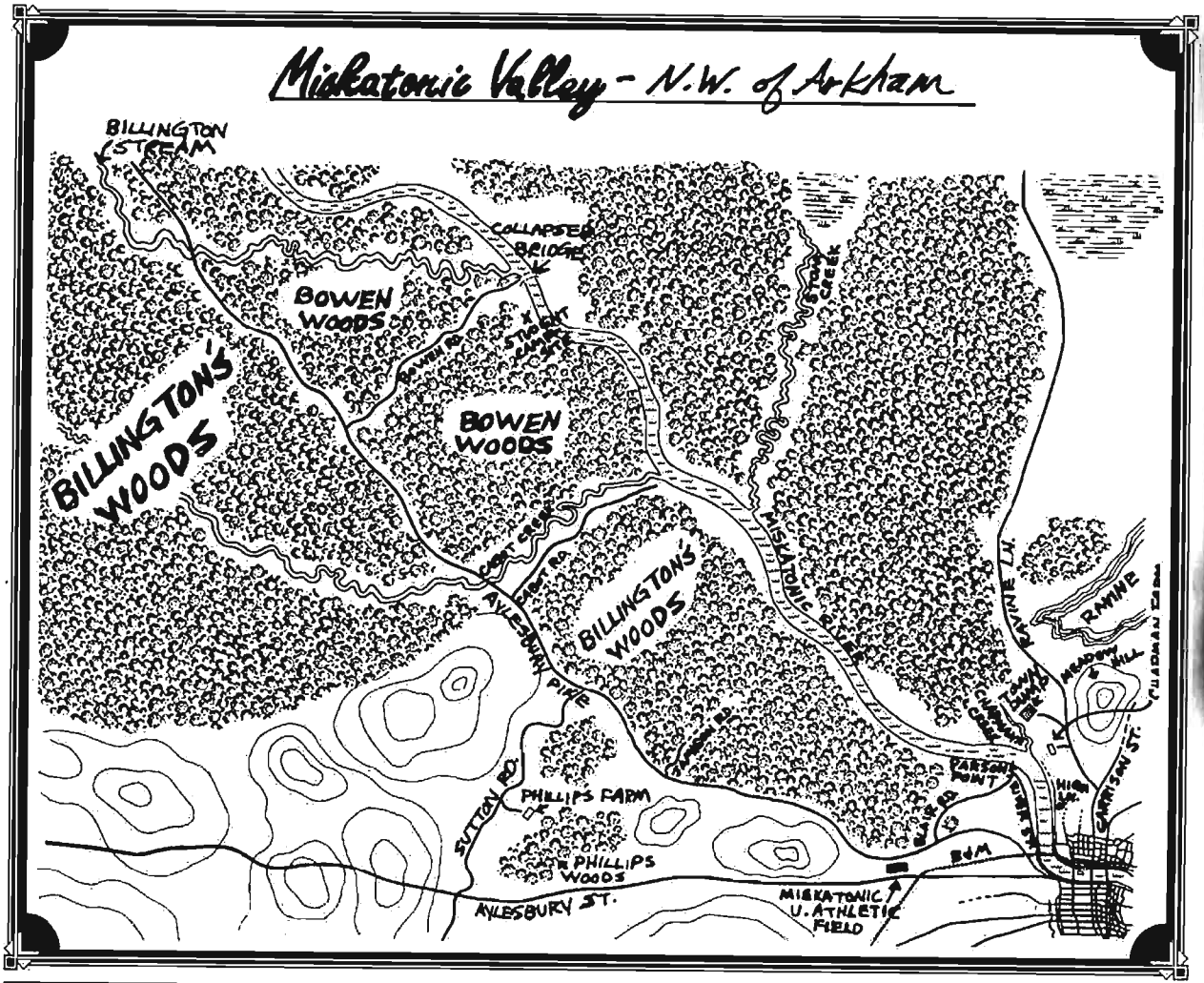
Investigator Information

Last Thursday morning, two good friends and fellow university botany students Richard Cardigan and Henry Atwater strolled west from Arkham to camp along the Miskatonic River. They expected to return on Saturday but failed to do so.

Early Sunday morning, Atwater was found wandering along west River Street, in a disturbed state of mind. Police took him to St. Mary's Hospital, where he was questioned and sedated.

Atwater's nearly incoherent ramblings led police to surmise that the campers had been struck by lightning on Friday evening while they slept.

That same morning the police traveled up the Miskatonic and located the students' campsite. No trace of Richard Cardigan was found but the police did discover, not far from the camp, a small shovel smeared with blood. No burn or scorch marks were found on the students' equipment nor were there other signs of a lightning strike apparent in the immediate area.



Hurried by a sudden downpour, the gear and plant specimens of the two were gathered up and brought back to Arkham. Additional clues that the equipment might have yielded were destroyed in moving them, and the ground has been too disturbed to now yield useful tracks.

Early Sunday afternoon the still-raving Atwater, having shown little shock or other physical symptoms, was transferred by ambulance to Arkham Sanitarium. The first stories of the tragedy appear today, in Monday's newspapers. Since his transfer to the sanitarium, no one has been allowed to see or to interview Henry Atwater.

Getting Started

Give the players ***Condemned Papers 1.*** Perhaps one or more investigators are friends of the students. Perhaps the investigators can be hired by the father of the still-missing student, Richard Cardigan. Herbert Cardigan is a wealthy Boston banker. Perhaps Atwater's friends hire them to protect Henry's name by resolving the affair. Perhaps the police informally ask the group for help. Perhaps the investigators altruistically want to help. Keepers will think of additional ways through which their investigators can enter this scenario.

Now the investigators conduct their own investigation, following whatever leads they can find. A good first possibility is to interview Atwater himself, hopefully soon. Another good choice is to visit the students' campsite. They might also choose to interview professors and schoolmates of the two students.

Sometime late Monday afternoon Bishop escapes the sanitarium and disappears, committing his first Arkham murder on Tuesday night.

Bishop's Movements

From the hospital, Bishop fled to his old house on Hill Street, in his time called Bad Water Road. Finding the place empty and abandoned, he quietly moved in. He gathered discarded newspapers and magazines along the way. Their stories were mostly meaningless to him, except that their style was bewilderingly staccato and their wordings unusually blunt. No mention of the Crown, Crown holdings, its agents, or even of its money is another puzzle.

He read with consuming interest an article about the Arkham Historical Society. There, on Tuesday morning, with the aid of E. Lapham Peabody, he tracked down the seven closest descendants of the seven men who entombed him. The request was interesting to Peabody, and he remembers Atwater clearly.

University Student Missing On Camping Trip

Richard Cardigan, a junior at Miskatonic University, remains missing today. Authorities report that he apparently was the victim of a camping accident.

Fellow camper and friend Henry Atwater was discovered early Sunday morning wandering the streets of west Arkham, suffering from amnesia, and is currently hospitalized.

The young men left for their trip from Arkham on Thursday, to return on Saturday.

Police located the campsite beside the river a half-mile northwest of Cabot Road, but found no trace of Richard Cardigan. A search for the missing student was abandoned for the day after a violent thunderstorm erupted. Police and volunteers plan to search again tomorrow.

More volunteers are welcome, and are requested to meet after day-break at the Cabot Road dead-end. Cabot road runs north off the Aylesbury Pike about three miles northwest of Arkham.

Atwater's Condition

Though physically well, Atwater suffers from amnesia and has been entered in Arkham State Sanitarium. Doctors foresee a full recovery.

Police hope he can soon add details to their knowledge, and help locate the missing Cardigan. They speculate that the youths may have been struck by lightning Friday evening, and fear that Cardigan may have been seriously or fatally injured.

—Arkham Gazette

Condemned Papers 1

That night Bishop committed his first murder, leaving the situation described in "Murder Scene One." The following day he used money stolen from his victim's house to purchase food from Benson's Market and a .38 revolver with bullets from the Arkham General Store. The latter's counterman remembers Atwater/Bishop even if not shown a photo, because of the straight-faced way the man said "I be wanting balls, flints, and a horn of powder besides," and was only with difficulty persuaded to substitute a box of 100 bullets.

Having acquired a pistol and determined its operation, Bishop's succeeding actions depend partially upon what the investigators do as the scenario unwinds.

Arkham Sanitarium

But while Monday afternoon lasts, the investigators still have a chance to interview Atwater. Dr. Hardstrom, head of the sanitarium, must grant his grudging permission.



Atwater Posessed by Bishop

Hardstrom fears that too much disturbance may overtax his patient, and sees no reason why the investigators can't wait till later in the week, when the poor fellow has grown stronger. He allows no interview unless the investigators receive a successful **Persuade roll** {Diplomacy check, DC 22}, or unless one is a practicing physician. He has contempt for psychoanalysis. Anyone attempting to sway his opinion by using their skill with Psychoanalysis suffers a permanent **halving of their effective Fast Talk and Persuade skill values** in future dealings with Dr. Hardstrom {–10 penalty to any charisma-based skills}.

If the roll fails, Hardstrom suggests they return that afternoon or evening. If the investigators return in the afternoon, they meet the patient. If they return in the evening, they learn that the student has escaped, somehow slipping out of the hospital unobserved.

If the investigators get to see the patient, Hardstrom explains that Atwater has remained incoherent, or very nearly so, since arriving yesterday afternoon. He also mentions that they have suspended sedation for a time to see if the man responds.

Detective Ray Stuckey has been talking to Atwater. The investigators must wait; when Stuckey passes through, they have an opportunity to make his acquaintance. Stuckey's statistics appear with the writeup of the Arkham Police Station (228).

Bishop, in Atwater's body, is in bed, his eyes closed as if asleep. He does not respond to questioning except to mumble and roll his head slightly from side to side. He speaks in disjointed fragments, "lightning" being the most recognizable word. He cannily refuses to utter any coherent story, but call for **English, History, or EDU x3 rolls** {an Intelligence check, DC 15}. Whoever succeeds notices an archaic burr to his words totally inconsistent with Henry Atwater's birth and education in modern Massachusetts.

On Monday evening Bishop (still wearing Atwater's body) escapes.

About Henry Atwater

The Miskatonic Library has copies of the last three university annuals, in each of which Atwater appears. The annuals include his photos, and the entries for clubs and organizations include membership lists. The university registrar can, with adequate reason or persuasion, exhibit his grade lists and admissions papers. Keepers who are interested can quickly provide friends, colleagues, and professors who know the man.

According to many sources, Atwater was a foundling who grew up in a Boston orphanage. A brilliant student, he was awarded the James Fitzhugh memorial scholarship upon high school graduation, and was accepted by Miskatonic University.

Like his friend Richard Cardigan, Atwater majored in botany. He also held a part-time job at a local florist's shop, Almen's Flowers.

The gist of the information makes it obvious that Henry Atwater is normal, well-liked, hard-working, and a credit to the community. His employer and professors have nothing but good things to say about the young man.

If any of the investigators think to ask, however, everyone who knows Atwater says that he has no accent at all.

Newspaper files

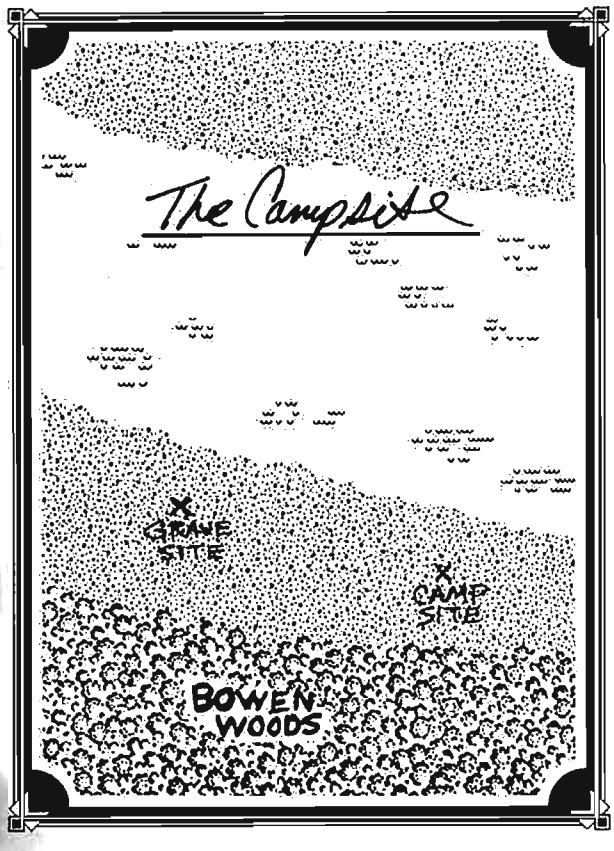
The *Gazette*, the *Advertiser*, and the *Crier* contain no stories about Henry Atwater, with a small exception: his name regularly appears in published lists of students with perfect academic scores for the semester.

The Campsite

The students' campsite was on the southern shore of the Miskatonic, and can be reached most easily from the end of Cabot Road, which branches northeast from the Aylesbury Pike about three miles out of Arkham. Follow the road until it reaches the river; from there a half-mile hike along an overgrown riverbank trail leads to the sandy strip where Atwater and Cardigan were camped.

If the investigators visit this area on Monday morning they find a half-dozen policemen and a handful of citizen volunteers searching the surrounding woods.

The police are not looking in the right place. Both Cardigan's corpse and the living Henry Atwater trapped



in the wizard's ruined body are buried in the sandbank. The police have given this open spot only cursory inspection, concentrating their efforts on the woods. The official search lasts another day, but every time it rains the searchers retreat to their cars and the investigators find themselves alone.

In the second hour of the investigators' presence, none can ignore the large number of crows congregating on the sandbank, pecking and squabbling noisily at something protruding from the sand — keeper's choice whether or not the official search party is around at the time.

If the investigators approach, the birds remain where they are, not abandoning their meal until the last second. With a thunderous rush they then all fly up at once, revealing in the sand a rotting and now partially-eaten corpse.

The corpse lies face down, exposed from the waist up. The exhausted Bishop dug his grave too close to the river, and the rising waters from the rains have partially uncovered his deed.

The birds have eaten portions of the corpse's left shoulder and left ear. Clouds of flies settle upon these wounds. The stench is pervasive, and the body has bloated. Seeing this costs 1/1D4+1 SAN, unless the investigator has formal medical training which has left him or her familiar with cadavers.

The corpse is that of Richard Cardigan, cruelly murdered by Sermon Bishop. Trapped beneath it and unseen as yet is the living Henry Atwater, his mind imprisoned in the blackened, ruined, undying body of Sermon Bishop.

Atwater will not be found unless Cardigan's body is uncovered or moved. Atwater's new body is too far gone for him to move it very much, but shifting Cardigan's corpse frees Atwater's left hand, with which he grabs at an investigator and screams insanely. This new shock costs everyone 1/1D6+2 SAN.

If the investigators back away from the living corpse even for a short distance, one of the greedy crows swoops down and plucks off one of Atwater's fingers, making off with its prize while the undying man shrieks even more hideously and the rest of the crows circle enviously just overhead. This incident costs an additional 0/1D3 SAN.

Atwater, locked in Bishop's body, is totally unrecognizable — gaunt, feeble, blackened from the lightning bolt, nearly bald, humpbacked, with only scraps of antique cloth clinging to him. Nonetheless, he is the best clue the investigators will find. Fortunately, nothing they can do will actually kill him, since he has inherited Bishop's immortality. At least have the young man screech out his name, "Henry — Henry Atwater!" before he collapses and his immobile body offers no more immediate threat.

Atwater is in constant pain and temporarily insane. It is possible, though, for the investigators to carry the emaciated body back to their transport, and thence to the receiving room at St. Mary's for emergency care.

Once sedated, Atwater may be able to answer a few questions — he was fully awake and a witness to Cardigan's murder, and the subsequent burial of himself and the corpse. Perhaps Bishop boasted of his plans for revenge while he was burying the two students in the sand, though Atwater may not remember this until an opportune moment. The key will be Bishop's name: once the investigators can identify who it is they confront, the mystery can be unraveled.

The young botanist's condition is so bad that he can understand and answer only occasionally, and then only a question or two at a time. Doctors may guard access to him, and police may deny access to this important witness to murder. The investigators, unless they have good relations with the police and the attending physician, should not be able to waltz into Atwater's room whenever they choose. Even after they gain reasonable access, several visits may be needed before the student can tell them all that Bishop talked of.

This Atwater shows no resemblance to the Henry Atwater pictured in the school annuals, nor do his friends recognize him. The Boston orphanage where he

grew up has footprint records of him as an infant; these prints do not match the whorls of his present feet.

His doctor says that the patient suffers from delusions (that he is Henry Atwater), shock, malnutrition, exposure, exhaustion, and a severely deformed spine. Since the body is still immortal, and will get stronger with good care, Atwater is likely to become stronger and clearer-headed in a few days. Strangely though, his spinal deformity disappears over the next few weeks and never returns.

Whether or not Atwater is ever restored to his rightful body, his life has changed irrevocably; perhaps an astute player adopts him as an investigator.

Once the investigators or the police understand that a body switch has occurred, publication of Atwater's picture immediately puts Bishop on the defensive, and he is unable to move except at night, and risks exposure with every encounter with another human being.

The Murders Begin

In keeping with his oath, Bishop plans to systematically murder the seven eldest living descendants of the seven men who buried him alive.

The first murder scene in particular contains specific clues the investigators need, but Bishop should commit all of the murders in their listed order. The timing of the murders is left to the keeper, who is also free to change the styles of the murders. The police will be in a tizzy as the murders progress, and their relations with the investigators should be monitored and used as the keeper needs.

Adjust Bishop's actions to the pace of investigator progress. Bishop may sometime engineer an attack against the investigators. Meanwhile, the investigators may be able to learn the identities of the intended victims, and mount guard, which can lead to a direct encounter with the mad wizard.

The murder sites are described as they appear after Bishop has made his visit. It is also possible that the investigators reach targets 2–7 before Bishop does, and so the two possibilities are distinguished in separate subheads.

Investigators may try to talk these victims into moving away for a time, an effective tactic for a while. The investigators can be persuasive enough, with separate, successive **Persuade rolls** {Diplomacy checks, DC 20}, as the minimum requirement.

Ultimately though, Bishop is insane and he merely decides to attack Arkhamites with similar names. Once he understands the genius of the telephone and the telephone directory, he has an easy time of it. The effect is the same: the investigators will not be able to move the whole town into Boston hotels.

If the investigators bog down, keepers should introduce additional clues into the murder scenes. Witnesses may see Atwater's body fleeing, or even have talked to a fellow recognizable as Atwater on the street before or after the killings. Bishop might shoot a witness, leaving him to die on the sidewalk, but the witness does not die. Even Bishop's intended victims might live just long enough to say a few last words. Enjoying the newspaper coverage. Bishop might even begin sending letters to the newspapers, the police, or the investigators, taunting them with hints about his next move. Someone might even catch Bishop stealing the morning *Advertiser* from the doorstep, the ensuing chase eventually cornering the wizard.

The Victims

1. Nina Williams Hope, age 81, house at 374 W. Curwen Street.
2. Jeffery Noyes, age 55, house at 115 E. Curwen Street.
3. Benson Crane, age 32, house at 132 E. High Street.
4. Humphrey White, age 47, apartment at 233 Parsonage Street.
5. Alexander Pierce, age 62, house at 648 Federal Street.
6. Retribution "Grampa" Phillips, age 100, house on Sutton Road off the Aylesbury Pike.
7. Enod Ames, age 44, house at 406 W. Miskatonic Avenue.

The First Murder

This killing takes place on Tuesday evening, the night after Bishop escapes from the hospital. The victim is 81-year-old Nina Williams Hope, the eldest living descendant of Ethan Williams. Mrs. Hope lives alone in a fine old house at 374 W. Curwen Street, between Jenkin and Brown.

After breaking in at 5 A.M. through the outside cellar door. Bishop bludgeoned her to death with a fireplace poker, which he left on the floor. He then carved the numeral '1' into her forehead.

He took some cash and jewels, and ransacked the library, searching for *The Testament of Camamagos.*

The maid, Georgia Smith, appeared at 6 A.M. as usual, to prepare bath and breakfast for her feeble employer. She positively identifies a picture of Atwater as the man who sprinted past her out the front door and turning south down Brown Street.

Later in the day, Mrs. Smith testifies that two of Mr. Hope's old suits have also disappeared.

The upstairs library is in a shambles, with books scattered everywhere. One hour of search adequately comprehends the room, and at the last the investigators come across Mrs. Hope's notebook in which she carefully lists every volume in her library through 1917. Most of the books are bound sets of encyclopedias or standard 19th century authors like Sir Walter Scott or Charles Dickens, and there is a considerable collection of volumes on the American Civil War, in which Mrs. Hope's husband served valiantly, as framed medals and a long letter from Secretary Stanton make clear. There are some older books, though, and one is freshly stained with blood where Bishop handled it and then tossed it aside.

It is a diary a century old, torn and mangled pages hanging out, tossed into a corner. An endpaper identifies it as "The Booke of Thoughts of Ethan Williams, for the Year of Our Lord 1814." As the investigators may

Condemned Papers 2

Ethan Williams' Booke of Thoughts, excerpt

November 16, 1814

Memories of Bishop plague me still. Though of our Band all are now dead before me, Bishop is but Sealed Away.

I have once more beheld Bowen Bridge and examined our craftsmanship thereto. The column stands strong and the sigil that we chiseled into the stone is intact and bright.

Still, I fear the years to come, for fear of Sermon Bishop's great curse upon our Seed and his venjance there against. And yet more I dread my soul's judgement before Heav'n, as Punishment for the contractilities I spoke to bind that wizard. Having taken his Camamagos Booke, it fell to me to call upon the Powers he favoured. Treating with such Powers has stained my heart, and left me fearing all matters quizzical, foreign, and dark. So much fearing, never did I dare read nor speak the Forbidden Words and to call upon the Name, though doing so likelied our oppressor's final death and true dissolution.

Condemned Papers 3

Thaumaturgical Prodigies, excerpt

Another man thought leagued with the devil was one Sermon Bishop, of Bad Water Road in Arkham, along with his fellow-wizard, Richard Russel. This Russel lived in Arkham as well, at the western end of what we know now as Main Street. The two were said to worship a demon which lived beneath the ground, and that they had pacted with the devil and could not die.

Among those alive today some remember Sermon Bishop, who was among Arkham's first settlers, and they swear that he never aged in all the long years he resided here. His wicked pact, they say, only left Bishop stooped and bent in consequence. Witnesses also tell of both men's evil doings in burial plots, attempting blasphemical resurrections.

Arkham citizens rose against him, and some say kidnapped and killed him, burying the body in the forest or sacking and weighting it down into the Miskatonic, in A.D. 1752. Russel fled, and was not heard from again.

come to understand, Williams was one of the seven men who entombed Bishop in 1752.

Reading the diary of Ethan Williams requires six hours and a successful English check (the antique English text is difficult enough to understand that it requires a successful **INT x3 roll** {Intelligence check, DC 12}). William's complete book of thoughts would have been invaluable, but only this last volume has been preserved as a curiosity, and the last entry (the one entry for this year of value to the investigators) was made the day of his death (***Condemned Papers 2***).

Listed in Mrs. Hope's catalog is a convenient copy of *Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New England Canaan*, written by the Reverend Ward Phillips of Arkham. Since it is a history of witchcraft in New England with emphasis upon the Miskatonic Valley area, investigators may want to look up Sermon Bishop in it (excerpted in ***Condemned Papers 3***). *Reading this second book: examination period of 1D4 weeks. Sanity loss 1D3/1D6; Cthulhu Mythos +4 percentiles; average 8 weeks to study and comprehend. Spells: none {DC 21, 1D3 sanity initially, and 1D6 SAN upon completion; contains no spells; increase Cthulhu Mythos by +2 ranks}.*

This new evidence gives investigators the important clues of (1) the name Sermon Bishop, (2) Bishop's probable year of entombment, (3) the name of the bridge in which he was entombed, (4) the Arkham street upon which he once lived, (5) the street upon which a partner in crime once lived, and (6) the name of a book which contains information inimical to Bishop.

Immediate points for investigator research follow.

Arkham Newspaper Files

Thoroughly searching the back issues of the three newspapers is a big job. The investigators would do better to bring the question to the Arkham Historical Society, where the identical information can be found in an hour — in five minutes, in fact, if they talk to Peabody. The search takes a week for all three newspapers, and none were published in Bishop's era.

The chance to locate the two stories is **one Luck roll daily, or automatic discovery on day five** {Search check, DC 20; one check at the end of each day, DC decreases by two after every failed check}. Together the two stories form ***Condemned Papers 4***.

The Ruined Bridge

The remains of the old bridge are found at the end of Bowen Road, running north from the Aylesbury Pike a little less than four miles west of Arkham. Bowen road is now an unused dirt track disappearing into a ragged forest of hardwoods and evergreens.

Bishop's Bridge Burns

The covered bridge that once crossed the Miskatonic four miles upriver is no more. In the last week's thunderstorms, the aging structure was struck by lightning which burned the roof and most of the decking and timbers

Thought to have been built around 1750, only the central stone support and the approaches now exist. The Sheriff has closed the road.

Originally Bowen's Bridge, after the prosperous farmer who built it, folks later began calling it Bishop's Bridge.

Locals say that the bridge has attracted lightning strikes. The structure had lately grown so decrepit that the County closed it to horses and wagons.

There is visible from the south side of the river a symbol decorating the stone of the still-standing central support, of unknown meaning and origin.

Little needed these days, the bridge probably will not be rebuilt.

EMINENT ARKHAMITES

A Continuing Series by E. Lapham Peabody

Sermon Bishop, Wizard

In the mid-18th century, Sermon Bishop was rumored a witch and thought to be responsible for misfortunes suffered by farmers west of Arkham. Other, darker words were whispered of him, but never aloud.

Elihu Phillips, a neighbor, frequently argued with Bishop. When Phillips' daughter was born with a twisted leg, the farmers were sure Bishop was responsible. One night, as Bishop returned from a visit to Dunwich, Phillips and six other men captured him and bound him, and hung with a magical sigil round his head.

Bishop, they said, had used a terrible book to treat with a great demon, dealings that left the wizard's body bent and crippled. In compensation, Bishop could not die.

Rendered helpless by the sigil, the seven carried Bishop north to the Miskatonic, and there cemented him into the hollow of a stone bridge support while the bridge was under construction. They marked the stone support with the same sign which bound Bishop, hoping thereby to imprison the wizard forever.

Although the wizard's seven enemies were among those the sheriff questioned, no one was ever charged.

The wooden roof and walls of the bridge fell into disrepair in the later 19th century. In 1901 a powerful lightning bolt struck and burned both spans, and the bridge was never rebuilt. Only the foundations and the central support remain, a few miles west of town. The sign, as folks indicate, is chiseled into the stone of the central support, and can be seen today, keeping us all safe from this wizard!

My particular thanks to Mrs. Nina Williams Hope of Arkham, who supplied information important to my tale.

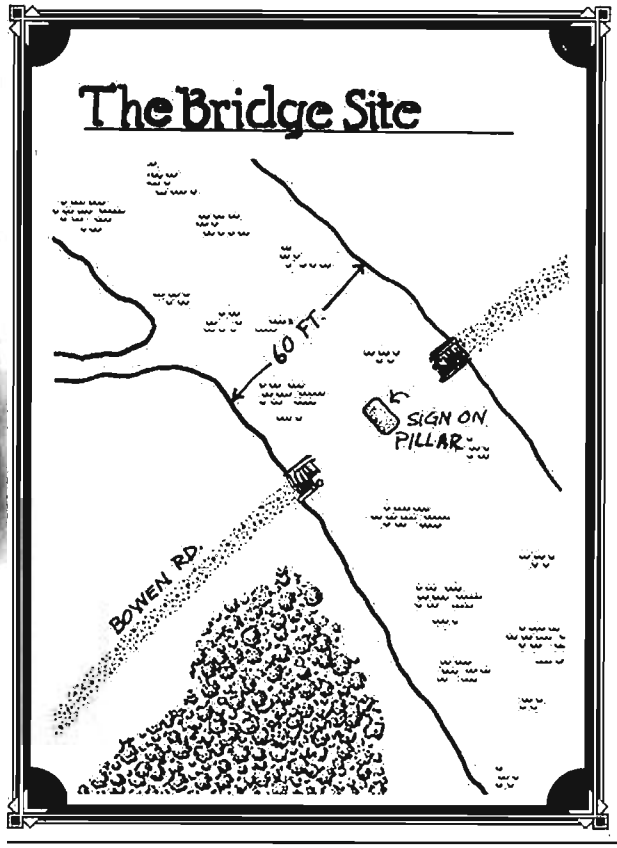
—*Arkham Advertiser*

Condemned Papers 4

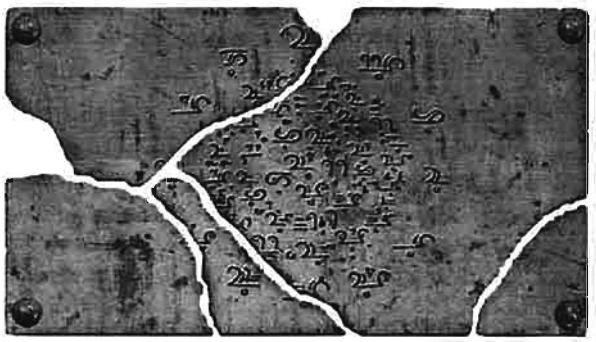
A little over a mile into the woods a faded "Danger — Road Ends Abruptly" sign is nailed to a tree, warning travelers of the hazard drop-off ahead. A light wooden barrier blocks the bridge approach.

If the driver or his front-seat passenger **makes a successful Spot Hidden roll** {Spot Check, DC 14}, to perceive the sign, the driver slows down before suddenly facing the barricade and the river beyond. Failure to spot the sign requires the driver attempt a **successful Drive Automobile roll** {Drive check, DC 16} or else the car smashes through the barrier and plunges into the river.

If the car plunges over the edge, occupants need **luck rolls of POW x5 or less to avoid 1D6 points damage.** A successful **DEX x5 roll is necessary to escape** any sinking automobile which is closed (has a roof); a DEX roll may be attempted every round by a trapped investigator, but with the second DEX roll attempted also demand that CON rolls be made to determine if the investigator sustains drowning damage (see the *Call of Cthulhu* core rulesbook) {1D6 points damage from the impact, reflex save (DC 12) for half damage; escape the sinking automobile with a successful Dex check (DC 10). Trapped investigators can retry the Dex check every round until they free themselves, but after a number of rounds equal to the trapped investigator's Constitution x2 the investigator begins to drown. (See drowning rule, Page 85 CoC rulebook)}.



A single **Swim roll** {Swim check, DC 18} brings the investigator to shore. Keepers who want to revivify drowned investigators can arrange to have them swept downstream after losing consciousness, and hang up on the same sandbar as Bishop did.



Sign of Barzai (re-assembled)

The Miskatonic is narrow at this point, no more than 100 feet across and fast moving. The remains of the bridge approach on this side juts out over the river nearly twelve feet above the water.

Little remains of the stone central pillar fifty feet away. A pair of binoculars or a telescope reveal dark scorch marks and traces of melted stone, indicative of a recent lightning strike. No sign or sigil can be seen — the stone has been blown away by the powerful bolt.

To swim to the center support requires a **successful Swim roll** {Swim check, DC 20}. The latest lightning strike was within a few days ago. More interestingly, the investigator finds that portions of the stone and concrete mix within the pillar had molded to the shape of a human body, now missing.

A small mudbank flanks the pillar. There the investigator finds more encasing fragments, as well as portions of the stone slab which bore the magical binding symbol. Three fractions of the slab are missing, and must be dived for in twenty feet of water. In the strong current recovery requires a **Swim roll and a Luck roll for each** {Swim check (DC 20) and a Spot check (DC 26) to locate each fragment}.

Should all the missing pieces be found, the investigators can reassemble the Sign of Barzai and accurately copy it.

Arkham Historical Society

The Society's headquarters are in a beautiful two-story Georgian mansion known as the Pingree-Baldwin House. The house was built in 1761 for Captain James Pingree, a successful ship-owner and trader. George Baldwin was a later boarder in the house, between the years 1806–1844,

and an amateur historian and journalist. His diaries and papers now reside in the Society's archives. The house was willed to the Society in 1906 by one of the Society's own co-founders, Mrs. Ethel Pingree.

The Pingree-Baldwin House is open to the public M–F, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. There is no admission fee.

In society records, among other clues, investigators may come upon a list of Bishop's persecutors. After the first murder, and with increasing likelihood, any **Idea roll** brings up the possibility that the names of the people being murdered are related to Bishop's entombers.

Investigators may save time and effort by enlisting Society staff in their search. This can be done either by force of **Credit Rating of 70%+** (Diplomacy, DC 16) — theirs or an important patron or associate who is an Arkham native — getting automatic help, or in conjunction with the police, who have the power to request and to automatically get full staff cooperation. Otherwise, the investigators are pretty much on their own. The staff can offer suggestions, but have their own projects and refuse to contribute more than basic assistance. They cannot be Fast Talked or Persuaded into headlong participation.

Arkham Historical Society Library Rules

1. Check all coats, bags, purses, and parcels upon entering the Library.

2. While visitors may remove books from the Reading Room shelves, visitors may not enter the Library archives. For retrieval, present the card file for the holding you desire to the librarian.

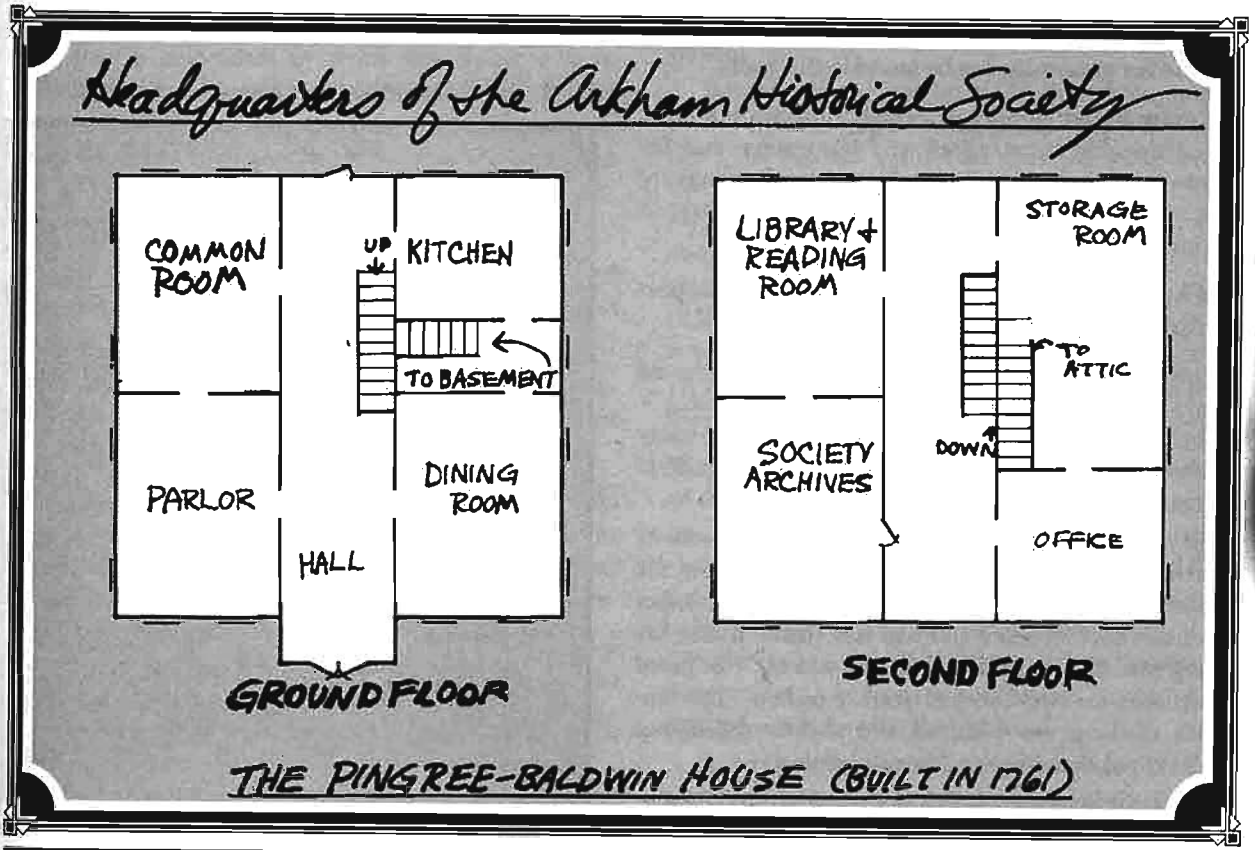
3. Never re-file books or other materials. Let us do that.

4. For the safety of rare publications, fountain pens may not be used in the library. Visitors may bring pencil only*.

5. The leaves of books from the Special Holdings list may not touched by visitors. Your librarian will gladly turn each page, as you require.

(However, Lester is proud to show off a book that contains marginal notes in ink made by Nathaniel Hawthorne.)

The Hall: stepping into the wide front hall, visitors meet the Society's receptionist, 41-year-old Janice Putnam, a ten-year employee of the society and a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She is friendly and very happy to answer questions about the first-floor exhibits. If the investigators look nervous or suspicious, she keeps a close watch on the group and follows them about the house.



This hallway is decorated with numerous portraits of past Arkhamites.

The Parlor: it's furnished, like the rest of the ground floor, with mid-eighteenth century antiques, many of them original to the house and part of the bequest of the late Mrs. Pingree. Several portraits of eminent Pingrees grace these walls, as do framed land grants, title deeds, and period maps. A glass display case holds such things as Arkham's first iron pump handle and a seventeenth-century girl's needlework sampler.

The Common Room: this room displays souvenirs from Arkham's South Seas trade days including carved tusks, scrimshawed nautical scenes, ornate chess sets, and inlaid wooden boxes. The society holds bi-weekly meetings here. Paintings of Arkham merchant ships and their captains are prominent.

The Kitchen: it was heavily remodeled and modernized in the late nineteenth century and is currently not open to the public. It is used mainly to store folding chairs and as access to the basement.

The Basement: here are stored many as yet uncatalogued items, including the missing issues of the Arkham *Bulletin* and *Miskatonic Valley Gleaner* which exist nowhere else.

The Dining Room: displays fine imported china, linens, and many pieces of locally crafted pewter and silverware, some bearing the stamp of Paul Revere. A portrait of Ethel Pingree, along with a small plaque commemorating her and her generosity, can be found in this room.

A Storage Room: closed to the public, it serves as an area for cataloguing items, repair and restoration, and for temporary storage. Files listing the society's holdings are kept in wooden cabinets along one wall. The stairway to the attic is located in this room.

The Attic: here are stored certain catalogued items, particularly fragile things such as china and glassware.

Office of the Curator: E. Lapham Peabody. If anyone thinks to ask him, and he agrees to, Peabody can uncover by himself most or all of the clues within society holdings. See the Arkham Historical Society entry (901) for more information about Mr. Peabody.

If shown a picture of Henry Atwater, Peabody remembers him immediately from Tuesday morning. He describes the young man's rapt interest in the genealogies of certain local families and will also mention that the young man had an archaic Scots-like accent, "Not heard hereabouts for two hundred years, I reckon." The student's clothing was rumpled and slightly soiled, but Peabody put that down to academic neglect.

Peabody helped the man locate materials, and the student seemed to eventually find all that he wanted; the curator has forgotten just what they were — genealogical records about a variety of Arkham families. If asked specifically, he confirms that the Williams family was one.

Peabody adds that young Atwater showed a surprising amount of knowledge about mid-eighteenth century Arkham, and that he even pointed out two errors in the records. Peabody has not seen the man since.

If the investigators ask Mr. Peabody about Sermon Bishop, he refers them to his article on Bishop (***Condemned Papers 4***).

The John Halden Library: this library contains over 1500 books pertaining to Arkham and the Miskatonic Valley area, as well as thousands of archived manuscripts, journals, maps, and other documents. The society charges 50 cents per visit to all but *bona fide* scholars, who are not charged. Members receive free, unlimited use of the library.

The librarian, a scowling 37 year old dark-haired and bearded Lester Ropes, sits at a desk in the reading room, facing the door. He is always bent over the desk, hard at work doing something. It is Lester who collects the library fees and who will explain the rules to first-time visitors.

The reading room of the Library contains tables and chairs situated near the large windows, and a number of large, mahogany, glass-doored bookcases. These cases contain almost exclusively books concerned with Arkham and the Miskatonic Valley. These books are professionally published, mostly in Boston and New York.

Condemned Papers 5

A History of the Arkham Township, excerpt

. . . Another such individual was the hunchback Sermon Bishop who, like earlier relatives, was accused of witchcraft. This man lived on the western outskirts of town, on Hill Street (then called Bad Water Road), and was thought a powerful wizard. Rumors of his activities gave rise to grave suspicions, and crop failures and dry cows were often blamed on him. Bishop disappeared one night while returning home from a visit to Dunwich and was never seen again. Rumors flew that the Devil had finally come and taken him away. The sheriff conducted what all agreed was a thorough investigation but no suspects were ever brought to trial. Though he likely was the victim of foul play, Bishop's body was never found.

A number of family histories and biographies were written and published by members of the various families involved. These private, non-commercial printings were usually small, rarely more than 150 copies, and were intended as heirlooms. Despite frequent inaccuracies and tedious attempts at humor, these books often contain data findable nowhere else.

Ignoring library-cataloging methods, the holdings are divided into major topics.

History: a thorough search of the large History section requires two days. A successful **Library Use roll** {Research check, DC 15} turns up ***Condemned Papers 5*** in the book, *A History of the Arkham Township and Its Neighbors*, in four volumes, 1903.

Biography: a thorough check of this section takes one day and yields nothing of interest.

Genealogy: mostly hand-written pages by Mr. Peabody, who has been researching Arkham family trees for forty years, filling folder after folder with information garnered from family Bibles, church records, cemeteries, and interviews. These folders can be of great use in tracking down the oldest living descendants of the marked seven, but it takes time to sort through the unassimilated data.

One day spent researching the genealogical files, coupled with a successful **Library Use roll** {Research check, DC 16} yields the random name of one of Bishop's future victims. If Mr. Peabody aids in the search, an investigator can trace a descendant in about four hours with no **Library Use roll** {Research check} required. Peabody also knows Retribution Phillips and can tell the investigators the location of his house on Sutton Road (even though the old man has no phone, the postmaster, police, etc., could also refer the investigators).

Architecture & Furnishings: this section can be perused in about half-day, but nothing pertaining to the case at hand is to be found.

Folkcraft: a half-day spent here teaches an investigator about quilting, woodcarving, etc., but nothing about Sermon Bishop.

Ships & Sailing: this section contains numerous books about New England sailing in general and Arkham in particular. Searching this section is worth a day's time but contains no clues.

Indians: 'native American' is a term adopted much later. This small section contains much information about the tribes who inhabited the area. It takes a half-day to survey this section; nothing of interest will be found.

Natural History: books here pertain to local geology and climate as well as to plants and animals. This section takes a half-day to check out and holds nothing of interest to the case.

New England Oddities: This small section takes a half-day to peruse. It contains books filled with stories about haunted houses, witchcraft, and other myths and legends pertaining to the Massachusetts north shore area. A search through this section reveals, with a successful **Library Use roll** {Research check, DC 15}, a short chapter in a book called *Strange Legends of New England*, by Wheeler Jenckes, 1916. This book can also be found on the shelves of the Miskatonic University library, but there it is coded under "Literary Works by Massachusetts Authors."

One story, "Miskatonic's Witch Bridge," draws the eye. The entry positively identifies the bridge as the one called Bishops' Bridge and is accompanied by a pair of photographs, one of which offers a full view of the bridge before it collapsed.

The article claims that in 1752 a local wizard was entombed in the central pillar of the bridge. The stone facing was then decorated with a magical sign supposedly keeping the wizard from returning from the dead. Before he died, the wizard placed a curse upon his persecutors and their descendants.

The second photo shows the center bridge support from the south side. The magical sign decorating the stone can just be seen. The photograph is taken from the riverbank, of course, and the reader requires the aid of a magnifying glass to make a good copy of the magic symbol.

Because of the weakness of the photo image, a chance exists to make a small mistake when copying the sign. The mistake cannot be detected until someone attempts to use the sign against Bishop. Then the player whose investigator actually copied the sign from the book must make a **Spot Hidden** {Spot check, DC 20} to see if his character's eyesight was sharp enough to catch all the details. If the roll fails. Bishop cackles at the useless, incorrectly made sign, and continues as he will.

A copy of *Thaumaturgical Prodigies* is available from the librarian upon request (see ***Condemned Papers 3***).

The Society Archives: this material is fully catalogued on file cards cabineted in the Reading Room. Prominent among the aging and valuable documents stored here are old church records, salvaged from closed and forgotten churches; drawings and paintings with no place to be hung, carefully wrapped and shelved in vertical racks; and old civil records (lawsuits, marriage licenses, deed transfers, etc.) and court proceedings, many of them dating from before the Revolution.

A large collection of custom records dates from when Arkham was a thriving port of entry, 1761 (still British customs) until 1808 when the port was officially

closed as a port of entry by the United States federal government.

A number of rare books (all undated) and personal diaries and journals also rest in the archives. Had the Society been in existence earlier, undoubtedly it would now hold all of Ethan Williams' diaries.

Finally, the archives hold a sizable collection of maps dating back to 1694.

Impress upon the investigators that not only are the archives large, but that the enthusiastic catalogers especially of the past decade have done their work well: little more than ten hours of work may bring to light three documents of great value to the investigators.

Testimony Regarding the Disappearance of Sermon Bishop: the lengthy document is mostly useless, dealing as it does in times, places, and accusations. With a successful **Library Use roll** {Research check, DC 10}, however, investigators notice that seven men offer most of the testimony. Their names are Peter Ames, Jeremiah Crane, Jebel Noyes, Elihu Phillips, James Pierce, Alien White, and Ethan Williams.

Location of Sermon Bishop's House: search of a plot map dated 1742 and badly stained, reveals with a successful **Spot Hidden roll** {Spot Check, DC 18}, a small plot of land on Bad Water Road south of Church Street, inscribed with the name *S. Bishop.* All the society staff know that the street is now called Hill Street.

Location of Richard Russel's Property: Sermon's co-conspirator, as named in *Thaumaturgical Prodigies,* can also be found on this map, but requires a successful **English roll** to decipher the script {Intelligence check, DC 12}.

If this second area is checked in person, however, the investigators find the block now filled with many houses of middle to late eighteenth century construction. Names of all the owners, past and present, of all the different houses in that general area must be checked against the land transfer records found in the society's archives and (for later activity) the county records held in Salem.

Identifying the right house as Russel's takes 15 hours and, in tracing its multiple sales, inheritances, and seizures, **three successful Library Use rolls** {Research checks, DC 12}.

The Second Murder

The victim this time is Jeffrey Noyes, at 115 E Curwen Street.

Before the Murder: Bishop enters the house just after midnight through an unlatched window; he slays the sleeping 55-year-old bachelor with a Maggot spell.

After the Murder: a milkman spots what's left of the man as he strolls by the first-floor bedroom window. When the investigators arrive, the house is filled with thousands of flies. A few maggots still drop from the partially-devoured corpse; seeing it costs 1/1D4+1 SAN. This incidentally ends the milkman's interest in glancing through customer windows.

A scrap of paper on the night table has the numeral 2 scrawled upon it. The library, just off the formal parlor, has been ransacked.

No other clues exist, with the possible exception of Atwater-Bishop's fingerprints.

The Third Murder

Benson Crane, 32-year-old descendant of Jeremiah Crane, is the victim. He lived at 132 E High Street.

Before the Murder: watching the victim through the window, Bishop sees him sit in an overstuffed chair about 9:30 P.M. While Crane's wife and baby are upstairs. Bishop casts his Death Spell {Death by Flames spell} at the man. His wife discovers the corpse about 45 minutes later.

After the Murder: Crane's charred and blistered corpse still sits in the now-blackened, smoky chair. A large numeral 3 has been drawn on the carpet, with ash from Crane's body. Crane's few books are scattered across the parlor floor.

The wife is at St. Mary's, under sedation. Other family members care for the baby.

That night a cab driver, Mike McNeely, sees a young man skulking near the north end of Hill Street. If shown a picture of Henry Atwater, he says positively "That's him!"

The Fourth Murder

The victim is 47-year-old Humphrey White, who lives in an apartment at 233 Parsonage. White's wife is out of town, attending to a sick aunt in Boston.

Before the Murder: Bishop talks his way into White's apartment, asking questions concerning a non-existent person in the building. Assured of privacy, he casts his Worms spell on him.

After the Murder: on the wall, drawn in crayon, is the numeral 4.

When the corpse, dead by means of suffocation, is examined by the investigators, a six-inch-long black roundworm crawls out of the victim's mouth and squirms across the floor (1/1D3 SAN loss). It is easily killed, but the investigators may want to capture it for examination. A successful **Zoology roll** {Knowledge (Zoology), DC 16} reveals that it resembles no known

roundworm. A successful **Biology roll** {Knowledge (Biology), DC 22} or a check with experts at Miskatonic identifies the worm as identical to a microorganism common to the digestive system of human beings, but enlarged several thousand times.

White apparently had no books. Several boxes have been pulled from a closet and emptied.

The Fifth Murder

Alexander Pierce, a descendant of Captain James Pierce, is 62 and lives at 648 Federal Street.

Before the Murder: a scholarly man and antiquarian. Pierce has a fine library. In a prominent position is a large book bound in green leather, with hinges and clasp carved from human bone, as a successful **Biology roll** {Knowledge (Biology), DC 15} shows. It is written in Greek, on parchment, in a dark brown ink now much faded. This is the *Testament of Carnamagos*, a Pierce family heirloom supposedly purchased by an ancestor in England (actually the book was stolen from Sermon Bishop. Ethan Williams gave it to James Pierce once Bishop had been sealed away, Williams declaring that he could not abide such evil in his house).

Bishop enters through the unlocked back door at about 2 A.M., binds and gags Pierce, then methodically dismembers his victim, striving with the Mesmerize spell {Hypnotism} to keep the man alive as long as possible, that he suffers the more. Intriguingly, Pierce family tradition warned against opening the twenty or so of the *Testament's* pages sealed together with wax.

The book contains the spells Create Sign of Barzai and Pact of Quachil Uttaus. The page in the *Testament* containing the diagram of the intricate sign is badly damaged and incomplete. To create a useful Sign, investigators must copy the symbol from "Strange Legends of New England" (found in the Arkham Historical Society library), or dive at Bishop's Bridge for the five fragments of the lightning-shattered sign.

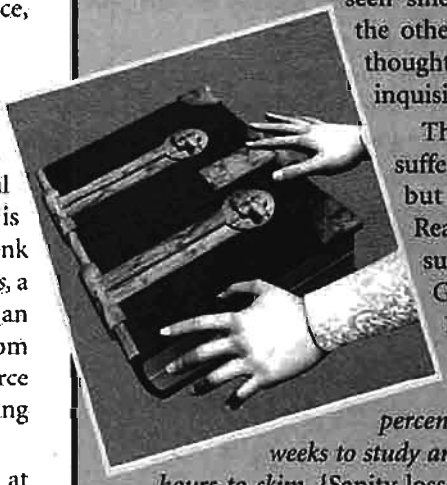
The pages that contain the Forbidden Words "Exklopios Quachil Uttaus" are sealed together with wax — Sermon Bishop's precaution. This wax must be removed in order for anyone to read the dozen-plus sealed pages.

If the words are uttered in the presence of Sermon Bishop or any contractor, Quachil Uttaus appears and takes that person known to him. If contacted with no contractor present, the Great Old One takes whoever has uttered the words. In both cases he leaves only a pile of ash.

To utter the Forbidden Words **costs 10 magic points and 1D6 SAN**, and the resulting **appearance of Quachil Uttaus costs 1D6/1D20 SAN** {10 Wisdom damage and

Testament of Carnamagos

As related by Clark Ashton Smith, the original manuscript of Carnamagos was discovered over a thousand years ago in an ancient Graeco-Bactrian tomb. Two copies in Greek were said to have been transcribed by an apostate monk using the blood of an incubus-spawned monstrosity. The original has not been seen since that time and the other known copy is thought destroyed by the inquisition.



This version has suffered water damage but is still legible. Reading it requires a successful Classical Greek roll {DC 15}. *Sanity loss 1D4/1D8; Cthulhu Mythos +8 percentiles; average 23 weeks to study and comprehend/30 hours to skim.* {Sanity loss: 1D3 initial, and 1D8 upon completion. Cthulhu Mythos: +2 ranks} **Spells:** Call Slithering Shadows (Summon/Bind Formless Spawn of Tsathoggua), Call Unseen Horror (S/B Star Vampire), Create Sign of Barzai, Pact of Quachil Uttaus, Touch of Quachil Uttaus (Wither Limb).

Reading the *Testament*, whether or not successfully, causes the character to age ten years and to permanently lose 1 CON. The room in which the book is read also ages ten years, furniture and other articles reflecting the change — accumulating dirt and spider webs, cloth and photos fading, flowers shriveling, etc.

The unsuccessful reader learns in general that a binding sign can be constructed, and that the being known as "The Treader of the Dust" exists. The Treader can be called using something called the "Forbidden Words" and can somehow destroy someone like Bishop.

If no investigator can read Greek, the book can be taken to a translator. Scholars should take care not to remove the wax from the sealed pages or read aloud the Forbidden Words. Should one do so, the translator becomes a pile of dust in front of the book. The room, and any notes made toward the translation, will appear to be at least ten years old.

1D6 SAN, the resulting appearance of Quachil Uttaus costs 1D6/1D20 San}.

Statistics for the Great Old One Quachil Uttaus are provided at the end of this scenario.

After the Murder: bits and pieces of Pierce are scattered and hidden about the house, and all cannot immediately be found, though all eventually are. Investigators stumbling on the scene **lose 1/1D4+1 San for viewing the carnage.**

Pierce's intestines have been artfully draped into a large numeral 5.

The large library is only partially ransacked — unless the investigators have foiled him. Bishop has at last found the book he's been looking for and it now resides in his underground lair.

Two New Mythos Spells

Create Sign of Barzai

Creates a emblem of stone, iron, or cloth whose touch or attachment renders inactive any human being of POW 21 or less. The target can think, perceive, and breathe normally, but cannot move, talk, or cast spells. The spell costs the caster 2 POW and 1D4 Sanity points per Sign to cast. The power of this spell lasts forever or until the emblem is destroyed.

The page in the *Testament* containing the diagram of the intricate sign is badly damaged and incomplete. To create a useful Sign, investigators must copy the symbol from *Strange Legends of New England* (found in the Arkham Historical Society library), or dive at Bishop's Bridge for the five fragments of the lightning-shattered sign.

Pact of Quachil Uttaus

This rare spell is found only in the *Testament of Carnamagos*. The "Forbidden Words" — *exklopios Quachil Uttaus* — from that text are deadly to read and the only way to summon Quachil Uttaus into our world (cost to see is 1D6/1D20 Sanity points). The pact is dangerous but powerful, as it protects the caster from all forms of death. It costs 1D50 magic points, 3 POW, 3 CON, and as his sign Quachil Uttaus deforms the contractee's spine. Once the pact is complete, the contractee neither ages naturally, nor can he or she be killed by any physical force nor by most magical means. However, if this spell is cast in the prsence of someone alreay pacted with Quachil Uttaus, the Treader of the Dust appears and takes that person already pacted and known to him, leaving behind only a pile of ash. If contacted via the Forbidden Words and with no contractee ready to pact, the Great Old One takes whoever read the words — unless the reader is willing to enter into the pact.

In the scenario, the pages that contain the Forbidden Words are sealed together with wax, Sermon Bishop's precaution. The was must be removed before anyone can read the sealed pages. It uttered in the presence of Sermon Bishop, Quachil Uttaus would take Bishop, leaving behind only a pile of his ash.

The Sixth Murder

Retribution Phillips, age 100 years, is the next victim. Grampa Phillips lives in a small seventeenth century house along Sutton Road off the Aylesbury Pike, where his forebears have dwelled for over 200 years.

Before the Murder: if the investigators visit Retribution before Bishop does, they find the friendly old man at home. He knows most of the Sermon Bishop story including the names of the seven persecutors, and who kept the book after the deed was done. He descends from Elihu Phillips, and is the great-grandson of Reverend Ward Phillips, author of *Thaumaturgical Prodigies*. A moldering copy of that book acts as a doorstop for Grampa's bedroom door. Grampa Phillips has a severe hearing impairment, giving him a 50% chance of not hearing or of mishearing queries and statements {-10 to all Listen checks}.

One quiet night Bishop hypnotizes Retribution and then skins him alive, the shock of which kills the man over an agonizing half-hour.

After the Murder: seeing Retribution's remains cost 1/1D6 SAN, even for doctors. A large number 6 is carved into the outside of the nail-studded-wood front door. If the investigators do not come, no one discovers the body for a week.

The Seventh Murder

Bishop's final victim, 44-year-old house painter and handyman Enod Ames, lives in a small house at 406 W Miskatonic.

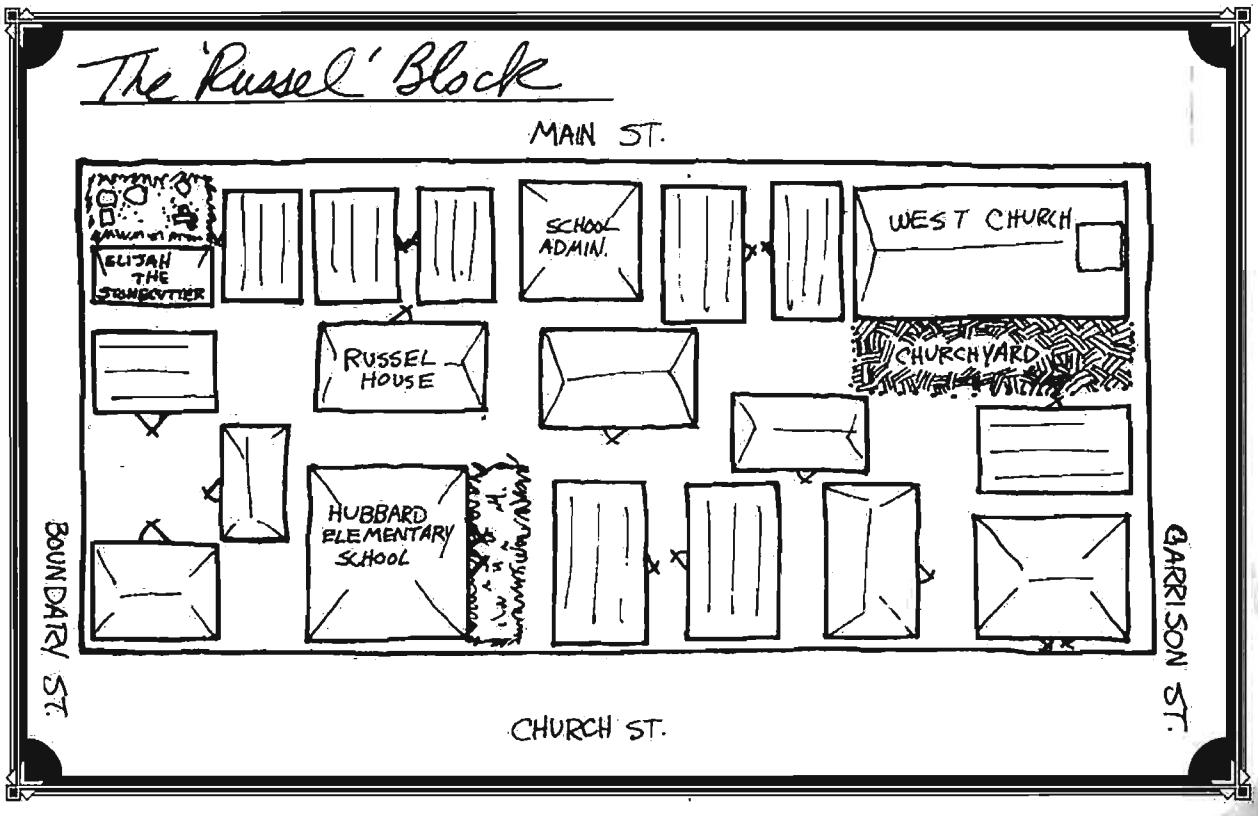
Before the Murder: Bishop silently breaks into the cellar and releases and ignites nearly 20 gallons of gasoline, which Ames unwisely keeps there. The ensuing blast singes Bishop, who is unaware of the explosive power of gasoline vapor, and sends him reeling down the street.

After the Murder: as the house explodes and burns, Bishop's numeral 7 can be seen painted on the sidewalk in front of the house. Several neighboring houses are damaged and several people injured.

Closing In

The Sermon Bishop House

Standing much as it was when built, the Bishop house is hidden from street view by another house, built around 1800. Investigators must look behind this house to find the Bishop place, located another twen-



ty feet back and obscured by overgrown trees and scrub. Again, the address is off Hill Street, near Church.

Abandoned for decades, the gable roof sags under accumulated layers of leaves and moss. The small, diamond-paned windows are mostly broken. The front door sags limply.

After his escape Bishop came here, and was relieved to find this house empty. Evidence of his new occupation is everywhere: opened cans of food, old newspapers, and a single-escaped .38 revolver cartridge attest to someone's presence.

Bishop will not be present when the investigators enter the house the first time; he is in the underground chambers below, remaining there for several hours. A wood panel next to the fireplace is a secret door, opened by pulling on a small iron ring set high within the fireplace.

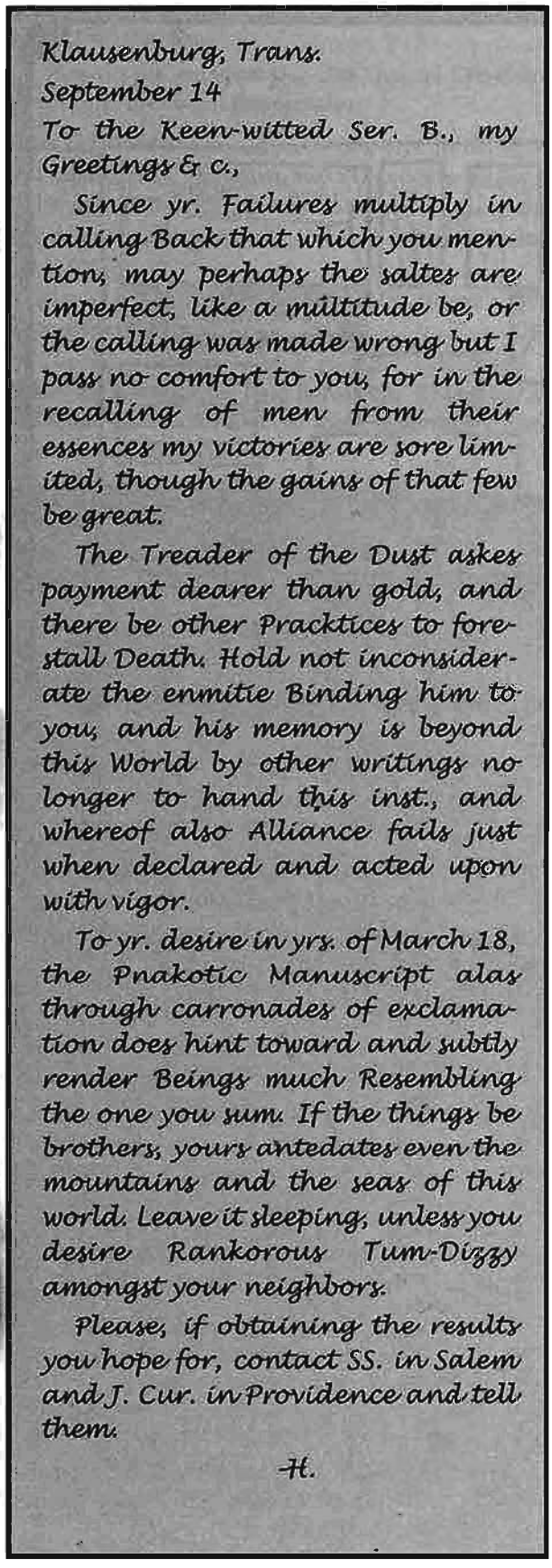
Tugging on the ring causes the door to pop open with a soft click, giving entrance to a narrow circular stairway made of brick and stone (see "Underground," below).

If the investigators stake the house out, they wait 1D4 hours before anything happens. Then they notice someone or some thing moving around on the first floor of the house — Bishop — although the investigators may wonder how he got into the house while they were watching it so carefully (he, of course, came up from underground through the secret doorway. It may take an **Idea roll** [Intelligence check, DC 10] for dull investigators to perceive the point).

If the investigators rush the house, Bishop ducks underground, closing the secret door behind him. Any investigator receiving a **DEX x3 or less roll** [Initiative checks against Bishop] gets to the house quickly enough to see the secret door close, though he or she does not see how to open the door. Now, however, an axe will do the job in 1D6+6 rounds.

Bishop races down the stairs and into the tunnel below, there he sets an ancient deadfall trap which may catch the two front investigators in the party when they enter the tunnel: if the lead investigator **fails a Luck roll, he or she takes 1D10+6 points damage** from the pre-planned cave-in, and the following investigator takes 1D6+3 points damage [the lead investigator failing, or not attempting, a Search check (DC 25) suffers 1D10+6 points crushing damage; Reflex save (DC18) for the following investigator for half damage]. The cave-in takes forty man-hours to clear.

If the investigators bring light into the circular stairs, they notice an ancient letter (***Condemned Papers 6***) crumpled into the back edge of a step. Reading the hasty scrawl requires a successful **English roll** [Intelligence check, DC 14].



Klausenburg, Trans.
September 14
To the Keen-witted Ser. B., my Greetings & c.,

Since yr. Failures multiply in calling Back that which you mention, may perhaps the saltes are imperfect, like a multitude be, or the calling was made wrong but I pass no comfort to you, for in the recalling of men from their essences my victories are sore limited, though the gains of that few be great.

The Treader of the Dust askes payment dearer than gold, and there be other Practices to forestall Death. Hold not inconsiderate the enmitie Binding him to you, and his memory is beyond this World by other writings no longer to hand this inst., and whereof also Alliance fails just when declared and acted upon with vigor.

To yr. desire in yrs. of March 18, the Pnakotic Manuscript alas through carronades of exclamation does hint toward and subtly render Beings much Resembling the one you sum. If the things be brothers, yours antedates even the mountains and the seas of this world. Leave it sleeping, unless you desire Rankorous Tum-Dizzy amongst your neighbors.

Please, if obtaining the results you hope for, contact SS. in Salem and J. Cur. in Providence and tell them.

-H.

Condemned Papers 6 (crumpled)

The Old Russel House

This old house stands on the south side of the 600 block of W Main Street, clustered among similar gambrel-roofed Georgian houses. The structure is the home of Mr. Richard Merton, age 48. Merton and his wife are the sole residents, unlikely to let strangers wander their home without good reason.

There is nothing of interest in the house save another entrance to Bishop's tunnel, an entrance made similarly with an iron ring high up the draft of the fireplace. The Mertons, who have lived here for 20 years, have no idea that the secret door exists.

If the investigators visit this house the day or later after Bishop collapses the tunnel, they find the Mertons murdered and their decaying corpses stashed in an upstairs bedroom. Bishop killed them in order to use this house as an entrance to his underground lair.

Underground

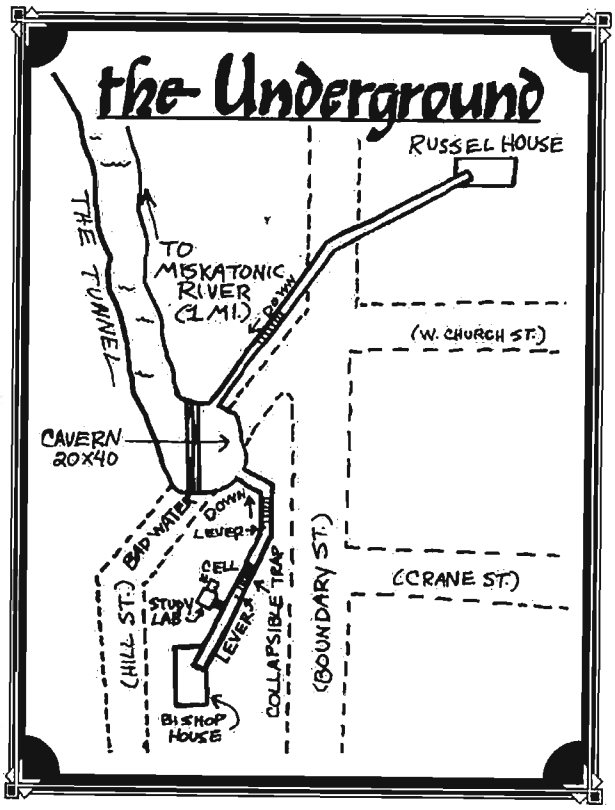
From whichever end the investigators enter Bishop's retreat, they do so by means of an identical unlit, pitch-black, circular brick stairway. Cold, damp air wafts up, stagnant but breathable. The stairs make four complete revolutions before reaching bottom, about forty feet down. After the third complete revolution, faint light is seen coming from below.

The tunnel is of construction similar to the staircase — red and orange brick with a vaulted ceiling seven feet high at the center. The tunnels are narrow, no more than four feet wide, lit by small copper sconces which burn dimly but unceasingly, without fuel.

THE STUDY: this chamber, made of brick, stone, and heavy timbers, is 22x25 feet and served as Bishop's and Russel's study and laboratory. Crumbling wooden furniture includes a large table and several chairs. Wooden bookshelves, now empty, line one wall. A barred archway leads to a small chamber where the wizards kept experiments. A large book bound in green leather with bones hinges and clasps may rest on the table. It is the *Testament of Carnamagos.* A note (***Condemned Papers 7***) on foolscap has fallen onto the floor beneath the table. Understanding the note requires a successful **English roll** {Intelligence check, DC 10} and several minutes to understand.

An investigator who has read or who can get access to the *Pnakotic Manuscripts* knows that the resident is therein identified as a shoggoth.

SMALL CHAMBER: this small room held the wizards' current experiments involving the resurrection of the dead. The barred door is securely locked; the key to it



long lost. The eight-foot-square chamber has a low ceiling and is so dark that its end cannot be seen without more illumination.

Inside, still horribly alive, is Bishop's and Russel's last experiment. Attempting to resurrect the body of a man from his essential salts, the two used an incorrect version of the spell and, in further miscalculation, mingled two salts. The monstrosity brought forth had no intelligence and, though it could die, regenerated its tissues while living.

The primary form resembles a normal man, but a second human form grows out of the first's shoulders and up from its back. The larger thing could do little but stumble and grope mindlessly, moaning softly, while the smaller, less complete body sprouting from its back wailed piteously.

Russel's musket ball pierced the skull of the larger monster, and it fell to the floor as though dead.

However, the bullet only paralyzed the main body. The smaller body still lives. Unable to move about, it has occupied itself for the last 175 years with eating the slowly regenerating flesh of its brother-thing.

If an investigator looks into the cell he sees the horribly-ugly smaller head just as it tears loose a piece of meat from the shoulder to which it is attached. Although seemingly blind, the living head notices the new light and, dropping the raw piece of meat from its mouth, begins to wail hideously. Price to witness this is 1/1D8+1 SAN.

The monstrosity has only 14 HP and, once dead, ceases to regenerate. Killing it **grants 1D4 SAN** as a mercy reward.

The Trap: this 20-foot stretch was built with a collapsible ceiling controlled by either of two levers set into slots in the wall at either end of the collapsing ceiling. Built specifically to foil pursuit, the first investigator caught in the area when Bishop pulls the lever suffers **1D10+6 points of damage** from the collapsing brick ceiling. The investigator right behind him suffers **1D6+3 points of damage.** Investigators can evade damage if the leading investigator receives a successful **Luck roll** {Reflex Save, DC 20} — then the centuries' old rope tripping the trap was long ago gnawed through by rats. The Trap still activates but the investigators can retreat to safety near the lab.

Excavation of the passage requires forty man-hours of work.

The Levers: the two iron levers, semi-concealed in vertical slots in the wall, can be pulled down, collapsing the ceiling in the marked area.

The Cavern: this large, natural limestone cavern is approximately 30x60 feet and was used by the two men

Ser. Bishop,

I fear your absence for manie days proves death at the hands of Phillips and his conivers. How they have defeated the Treader tokens a conundrum. I dare not guess, but their Powers must be great, and so I flee.

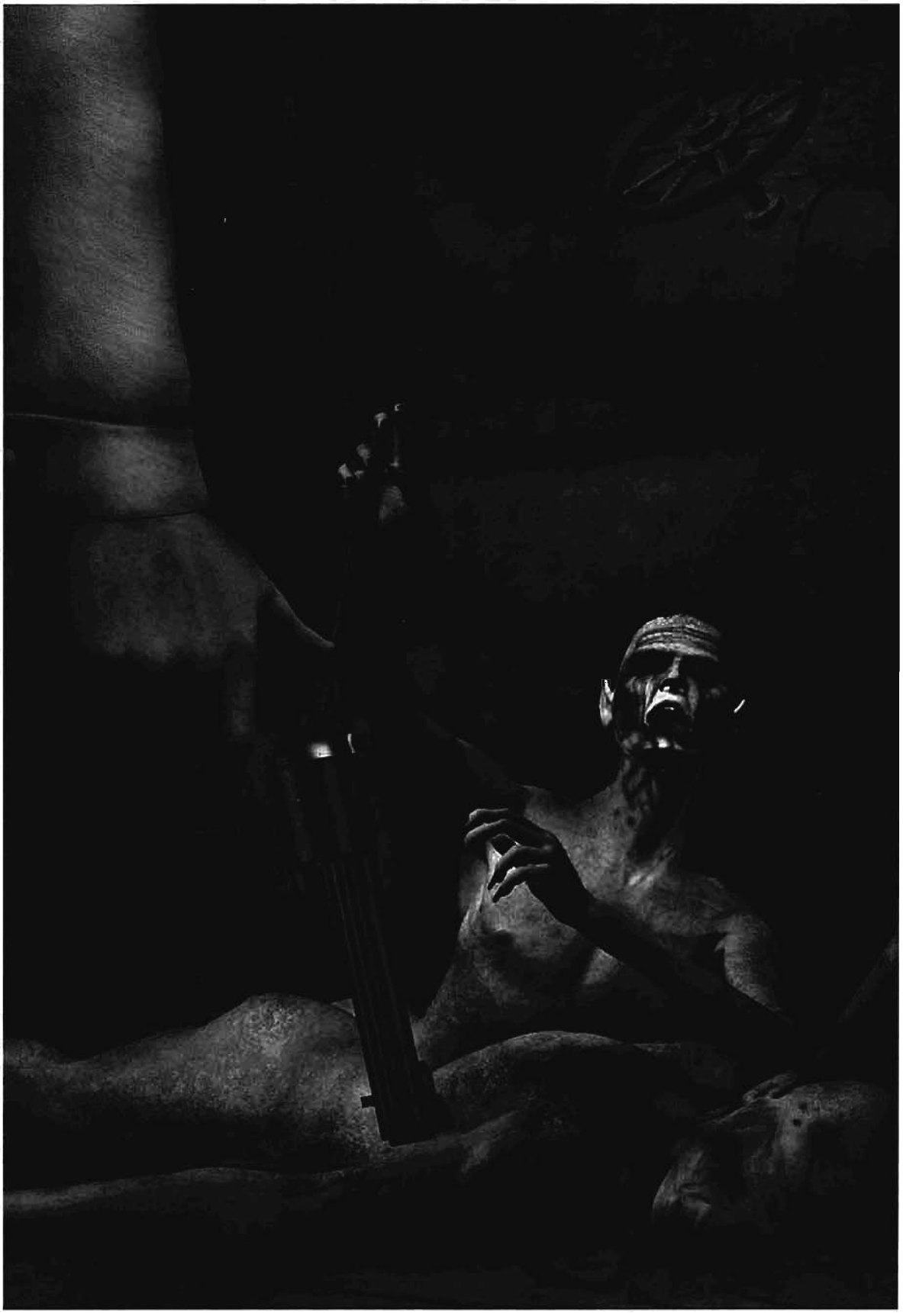
If you have been Delayed, and not Slain, my lettres to S.O. in Salem and J.C. of Providence notify my destination, so let not our correspondents fail to acquaint you of me, for they have their owne Reasons to speak riddles.

Bookes and papers of Value I take, lesser essays to our central Purpose have been carried to the river and given over to the Resident. The current Resurrection still lying in most parte. I kill't today with a horse pistol as too leaky to cart. I have also collaps'd the entrance at Parson's Pount.

I trust to continue our partnership unto Truths Ultimate, beyond night and day as we have bespoken.

Russel

Condemned Papers 7 (on foolscap)



in performing summonings and in smuggling certain items to their underground laboratory.

Remains of magical circles painted on the floor can still be seen. The cavern itself is smooth-walled and lacks stalactites and stalagmites. Dark water laps at the far end of the area, where broad stairs built of crumbling bricks lead down to the water's edge.

In examining the magical circles, the investigators kick or otherwise notice a dozen spent cartridges for a .38 revolver. Here Bishop fired his gun enough times to be certain of its operation.

The Tunnel

This flooded natural cave winds beneath the town for a mile before finally meeting the Miskatonic River near Parson's Point. It can be negotiated by small boat or by swimming, requiring **three successful Swim rolls** (Swim check, DC 10) to pass from end to end. The Miskatonic end is blocked by a cave-in engineered long ago by Russel. Since that time, the current has cut a narrow, twisting passage which is large enough to swim through if the investigator gains **two successful Swim rolls** (Swim check, DC 10); if either roll fails, the investigator must retreat for a later try.

The cave is the home of the Resident to which Russel's letter refers. Each swimmer or boat has a 10% chance to rouse the Resident's appetite.

The Resident: a dreaming shoggoth, one of a number specially trained in ages past to respond to certain telepathic calls after the species began to show signs of rebellion. Though this shoggoth sleeps, perhaps for millennia or eons more, it detects and responds to food and potential food. The shoggoth that sleeps in the depths of the tunnel awakens with the telepathic command *Tstllee–ee*. The Resident, once roused, proves as intractable as any other shoggoth and may devour the one who has called it. Find its statistics at the end of this adventure.

Parson's Point

Reach Parson's Point by taking River Street northwest from Arkham. Blair Road, off the Aylesbury Pike, also leads there. Parson's Point is a favorite picnic area with a fine prospect of the river and the gentle hills beyond. Holidays often find a hundred citizens here, enjoying the fresh air and sunshine, and frolicking in the river.

Investigators visiting Parson's Point specifically looking for the tunnel entrance locate it only with a successful **Geology or Spot Hidden roll** (so skillfully hidden that each searcher suffers a skill penalty of -10 percentiles) (Spot check, DC 25). The tunnel's hidden position, 200 yards downriver from the Point, is difficult to spot and to approach. Though the entrance is mostly blocked, **two successful Swim rolls** (Swim check, DC 14) locate and pass through a narrow entrance deep underwater.

Excavation of the entrance above water is a considerable project, 1D100+25 man-hours to clear.

Cornering Bishop

Although the investigators might kill or subdue Bishop in the streets, the tunnel is the likely site for the showdown. Bishop always retreats to this lair.

Cornered, Bishop may shoot at the investigators, but he is a bad shot. He has fired enough times underground that he is comfortable with the weapon, though. Not counting bullets he may have fired in defense or anger in other parts of this scenario, he currently carries

Two New Spells

Worms

Causes thousands of black, wriggling roundworms, each about six inches long, to generate within the victim's digestive system, and pour out all orifices, incidentally suffocating the victim to death. Successfully casting the spell requires a POW vs. POW match on the Resistance Table. This spell costs 6 magic points and 6 Sanity points to cast. The range of the spell is touch. The generation of additional worms lasts as long as the victim lives — use the CON roll approach of the Drowning rules to determine length of the fleeting remainder of life. Dismaying to watch and impossible to stop, witnesses lose 1D6 Sanity points each.

Maggots

Causes tens of thousands of common housefly eggs to form on the victim's skin. The spell costs 8 magic points and 6 Sanity points, and the effect lasts for 20 minutes. Range of the spell is touch. The spell is usable only against a sleeping, hypnotized, or otherwise unresisting target.

As the eggs quickly hatch, the fast-growing larvae consume the victim's skin and outer flesh, soon rendering the target unconscious from shock and loss of blood. The victim loses a hit point every five game rounds. Death follows. Prompt and successful First Aid, or simple tactics such as immersion in water or kerosene offer good chances to save the victim. Being coated with reappearing maggots costs the victim 1D6/1D10+3 Sanity points, however. This is usually enough to leave a target insane and likely unable to defend against the attack.

By the end of an hour, the maggots have turned into large bloated flies, leaving behind a fleshy lump, humanoid only on close inspection.

87 rounds — 12 fired in practice and one left behind on the floor of his old house.

Spell casting is his best tactic. One successful Shriveling, for instance, gives any group of investigators pause. If the police are involved, though, Bishop may be quickly overwhelmed by numbers. If Bishop hasn't been able to regain the *Testament of Carnamagos* and hence his immortality, he'll find it downright distracting to be shot. Investigators bearing the Sign of Barzai may seek to Grapple with Bishop, hoping in some way to restore Atwater's body to its rightful owner.



Bishop Posessed by Atwater

If Bishop has possessed the *Testament* for more than 72 hours, he has been able to renew his immortality, and is no longer bothered by bullets, shoggoths, and the like, though he finds their existence inconvenient now and then.

If Bishop becomes desperate, he may call upon the Resident telepathically, with the command *Tstllee–ee.* The shoggoth responds in 1D6 rounds, rising up from the still waters in a churning froth of bubbling protoplasm. Momentarily towering high above the wharf, it then crashes down upon the nearest human, attempting to wipe out everyone in the tunnels.

Allow everyone **Dodge rolls** to escape (Reflex save, DC 18). Bishop, if alive, attempts to shoot the investigators while trying to escape. The shoggoth pursues fleeing investigators to either set of stairs before returning to its place of dreams beneath the water.

Once immortal again Bishop can be destroyed only by uttering the Forbidden Words written in the *Testament of Carnamagos.* Bishop is then instantly transfixed by the shaft of gray light that precedes Quachil Uttaus' coming. Done quickly, Bishop has no time to focus upon and project the command that activates the Resident. Investigators who approach with book and Forbidden Words at the ready are likely to beat Bishop to the punch. If Bishop manages to call the Resident and then Quachil Uttaus appears, that Great Old One vaporizes the shoggoth with a wave of his wizened hand.

At the keeper's option, Quachil Uttaus may take the copy of the *Testament* with him when he slowly disappears, forestalling further trouble with immortal wizards.

Another Trap: Optional

Keepers whose investigators have been acting with unseemly haste and boastful incaution may wish to darken the scene with the following trap, left by Bishop to illustrate his power.

Hanging from the draft handle within the huge stone fireplace is a plain silver metal amulet on a chain. The amulet is set with a single, round, red stone.

Whoever touches the amulet is immediately jolted, as though by an electric shock. Knocked to the floor, he or she suffers 1D6 damage [electrical] and loses 1D4 points SAN. The investigator feels weakened and the hand and arm used to touch the amulet stiffens and numbs. Reduce his or her POW by 1D6 [1D6 Constitution damage]; the investigator automatically fails every Luck roll [Fort save] until the keeper grants a reprieve at some time in the future. The hit point loss [and ability damage] returns normally, as does the sensitivity of the numbed limb.

Once touched, the stone in the amulet turns to ash and crumbles away, leaving the item safe to touch, an ordinary silver trinket.

Further Horrors

At keeper's option, the investigator continues to lose POW [Con], one point daily, until death.

After a few days, the victim wakens pale and drawn, and his or her skin begins to gray. By the sixth day the character's skin flakes off, ash-like, and by the eighth day small appendages such as fingers can snap off accidentally. Reaching POW 2 [Con 0], the investigator can no longer move, and on the evening of the last day finally crumbles away, leaving only a pile of vaporous ash.

Conclusion

For destroying Bishop, award each investigator 1D20 SAN, and your sincere congratulations.

For Binding him and sealing him away again somewhere, award 1D10 Sanity points to each investigator.

If the investigators make a deal with Bishop which returns Atwater into his proper body, award each investigator an additional 1D3 SAN.

If the investigators have cooperated honestly and assiduously with the police, and their actions have been brave and meritorious, award each investigator 1D4 Credit Rating points. If they manage to bring Bishop to justice in his own body, increase the Credit Rating award to 1D6 each.

If Bishop is sentenced to death and does not die, and if the investigators then utter the Forbidden Words which claim him, allow no further Credit Rating increase but have Chief Nichols promise them that as long as he's chief, they'll have the cooperation of the Arkham police.

If the shoggoth was not called, yet the investigators are foolish enough to rouse it in its lair, they succeed only in driving the monster into the Miskatonic where

it creates havoc (tidal surge? tornado?), devours a few luckless bystanders, and disappears into the Atlantic Ocean. Since this disaster was due to their meddling, charge each investigator 1D6+1 SAN.

Statistics

Henry Atwater (in Bishop's Body)

STR 11*	CON 09*	SIZ 11*	INT 17	POW 15
DEX 11	APP 08	EDU 15	SAN 35	HP 10*

*now fixed onto Bishop's body by Quachil Uttaus, these numbers never decrease unless the Great Old One desires.

** never falls below 1; restores normally to 10 maximum.

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons: none

Skills: Bargain 20%, Botany 35%, Chemistry 10%, Climb 45%, Credit Rating 25%, Dodge 30%, Drive Automobile 25%, Fast Talk 10%, First Aid 35%, History 25%, Jump 35%, Latin 15%, Library Use 40%, Medicine 10%, Pharmacy 15%, Persuade 20%, Photography 20%, Psychology 25%, Spot Hidden 35%, Zoology 10%.

Note: though Atwater remains physically immortal in this condition, he is vulnerable to magic spells which attack INT, POW, DEX, or SAN. Should Atwater die from a magical attack, Bishop's physical body continues to exist.

{d20 STATS: page 222}

The Resident Shoggoth

STR 78	CON 50	SIZ 98	INT 08	POW 12
DEX 4	MOV 10	HP 74		

Damage Bonus +10D6

Weapon: Crush 80%*, damage 9D6

**while asleep; awake it has a 100% chance. Armor: fire and electrical weapons do half damage; all physical weapons do 1 point of damage. Shoggoths regenerate at the rate of 2 hit points per round.*

Sanity: 1D6/1 D20 to see.

{d20 STATS: see the core *Call of Cthulhu* rules book, page 181}

Sermon Bishop

Bishop has been insane for nearly 200 years. He is dedicated to vengeance against the descendants of those who entombed him. He even has fantasized disinterring the essential salts of every man who entombed him, and of resurrecting and torturing them over the many centuries to come.

Apart from vengeance, Bishop wants to return to his hyperdimensional researches and to reestablish contact with fellow wizards whom he assumes have also survived the long interval.

He craves the *Testament of Carnamagos*, which can grant him new immortality, and which also contains the words which threaten to extinguish him permanently.

As he terrorizes Arkham, Bishop avoids direct confrontations, preferring sneak attacks and devious tricks. While in Atwater's body, he is fully mortal.

Bishop, in Henry Atwater's body, is a young, vigorous scholar. A successful **Psychology roll** {Sense Motive, DC 16} may, at the keeper's option, detect madness glinting in his eyes.

As the scenario progresses, the influence of Bishop's pact with Quachil Uttaus manifests itself: over a period of days. Bishop's new spine twists and bends until he is a younger version of the man he was.

Sermon Bishop (in Atwater's body)

STR 13	CON 14	SIZ 12	INT 19	POW 20*
DEX 13	APP 8	EDU 16	SAN 0	HP 13

** now fixed by Quachil Uttaus, this number never decreases unless the Great Old One desires.*

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons: Dirk 35, damage 1D4+2
.38 Revolver 21, damage 1D10

Spells: Death Spell, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Maggots, Mesmerize, Mind Transfer, Pact of Quachil Uttaus, Shrivelling, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, and Worms.

Magic Item: death's head silver ring on right middle finger accumulates 1 MP daily as subtracted from the wearer's total, to his or her maximum of POW, then returns into wearer again to maximum of POW when a word known only to Bishop is spoken aloud. Keepers are strongly urged never to let the knowledge of the item pass to investigators; the keying word has never been written down.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 41%; Dodge 55%; Greek 80%: Hide 60%; Latin 90%; Occult 62%; Sneak 30%; Spot Hidden 55%; Swim 35%.

Note: though Bishop's spirit is fully defended, until he renews his immortality he is vulnerable in all other respects. If killed while in mortal state, the soft light of his spirit collects over his body, then gradually dims and dissipates. As events unfold in Arkham over the next months or years, Bishop's death and lingering spirit might be a good way to add a new wraith to the local landmarks.

{d20 STATS: page 222-223}

Quachil Uttaus

Quachil Uttaus, The Treader of the Dust, is unmentioned in Mythos tomes save the exceedingly rare



Testament of Carnamagos. Quachil Uttaus is interested in, attuned to, or possibly connected with time, death, and decay. It is unknown if he is worshiped by a cult.

Quachil Uttaus appears as an aged, desiccated mummy standing four and a half feet tall. His head is shriveled and hairless, barely supported by a thin, skeletal neck. Pipe-like arms supporting bony, clawed hands are frozen in a reaching, grasping position. Quachil Uttaus's two legs are drawn tightly together and are as immobile as its arms.

When The Treader of the Dust is called, a shaft of gray light appears from above focused on Quachil Uttaus' intended victim, be it a new contractor or the death-cheater Quachil Uttaus will destroy. There is no escape from this light. Quachil Uttaus then swiftly, silently descends on the shaft of light, reaching toward his victim. At Quachil Uttaus's approach, objects near him rapidly age, perhaps crumbling away as he passes.

Unless summoned to grant immortality, Quachil Uttaus' touch causes near-instant aging and death, leaving a pile of dust for a corpse. Quachil Uttaus then leaves the same way he came, often leaving small footprints from his two paralyzed feet in the remains of a victim.

Quachil Uttaus, Great Old One

STR 12 **CON** 20 **SIZ** 6 **INT** 19 **POW** 35

DEX 3 **HP** 13 **Move:** special

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapon: Touch, automatic success, damage is instantaneous death.

Armor: immune to all known magical attacks; upon attack weapons instantly age to dust and dissolution.

Spells: as the keeper wishes, including any which have to do with life, death, time, and aging.

SAN: seeing Quachil Uttaus costs 1D6/1 D20 SAN.

{d20 STATS: page 223}

Dead of Night

With apologies to Brian Lumley and David Drake, curious and tragic finds are made at the Checkley mansion, leading the investigators to trace the skeins of a long-hidden wrong.

This scenario is designed for three to four investigators of moderate experience. Sharp eyes are of more use than good weapons skills; cogitating upon the evidence will be the most useful.

Playing times vary, but most keepers should not expect "Dead Of Night" to afford more than two limited evenings of play, and may well be finished in one.

Keeper Information

Newspapers tell of the discovery of a human skeleton, bricked up in a basement wall of a partially demolished mansion. The investigators are hired by a local law firm of the keeper's choice, acting on behalf of a distant (unnamed) Checkley heir.

Eventually the investigators should identify the skeleton as belonging to an aged voodoo priestess and pin the murder on the deceased Jason Checkley. In the process, they may uncover the existence of the horrible undead cannibal children whom Checkley kept concealed in the mansion's basement.

A mysterious black man, a Dr. Marquis from New Orleans, hovers around the scene. His ultimate aim is to recover jewelry now in the possession of the police.

The Checkley mansion is located at 633 Noyes in East-town.

BACKGROUND TO THE TALE: in 1905, Jason Checkley lost his three children in the span of four short days when the terrible cholera epidemic struck Arkham. Already a widower, he was the last to carry the once-influential family name. The loss of his offspring left him devastated.

In desperation he contacted Marsella, the aged housekeeper of a friend, who reputedly could work magic. Marsella was originally from Haiti, and she promised bring his children back from the dead. . . for a fee.

Paying the money, Checkley borrowed the domestic from his friend and, after dismissing his own staff, had Marsella perform the terrible rites.

As promised, the children again lived — Rosemary, 15 and already womanly; Adam, a robust boy nearly 13; and blonde Jessica, 9. But the shambling, vacant-eyed things Marsella evoked were only the forms of his children. The things were speechless, though cunning, and hungering with huge and awful appetites.

Fleeing the small basement room where the rites had been performed, Checkley locked in the children-things and then, enraged, turned on the voodoo priestess and strangled her.

Panicked and horrified, he nonetheless acted quickly. He called his friend, Willard Crossman, Marsella's employer, and lied that, in a rage, he had killed the old woman after catching her looting his dead wife's jewelry box. Crossman had already come to distrust the old woman (his other servants whispered against her) and advised the distraught Checkley against calling the police. If her body were disposed of, no one would be the wiser and, really, no one would care.

The two of them spread the story that Marsella, having been caught stealing, had fled and had not been seen again. Neither man mentioned the murder again.

The next day Checkley placed the woman's body and her hideous magic items in a basement alcove, and bricked up the opening. He terminated his few remaining servants and began a lifelong quest to cure his children of their terrible condition.

Until his death a week ago, Jason Checkley searched fruitlessly every avenue of the occult and for a short time even operated a "psychic study and research center" sponsored by a generous sympathizer. He fed and cared for the mindless things kept hidden away in the basement, concealing the doorway to their room with a removable wooden panel.

At his death, he was near impoverishment and had already sold the family estate to the Beckworth Development Co. Almost before his body was cool the company moved in and, despite a tentative offer to purchase the manor by the Arkham Historical Society, its furnishings were auctioned off and its demolition begun. The wrecking crews were at work within days of his death.

Before the secret room could be found, the children-things, starved and maddened, clawed through the rotted brick of the basement wall and tunneled their way to freedom. Wandering in different directions, each managed to find a separate dark, silent lair. Existing on garbage and small animals, each now craves richer fare.

Investigator Information

The investigators already know of the skeleton's discovery; relevant data is adequately summarized in the nearby *Advertiser* article (***Dead Papers 1***). Within a day or two, a local attorney of the keeper's choice contacts the investigators, on behalf of a distant, unnamed Checkley heir who fantasizes that a hidden fortune or other treasure

Skeleton Found in Checkley Manor

Police Suspect Foul Play

By Roberta Henry

Demolition of the Checkley mansion was halted yesterday by the discovery of a skeleton hidden behind a brick wall in the basement.

The house, at 633 Noyes, once an Easttown landmark, had been nearly leveled when workmen broke through a basement wall and discovered the remains beyond.

Police removed a single skeleton and some personal effects, under the direction of Arkham Medical Examiner, Dr. Ephraim Sprague. Dr. Sprague has stated that he believes the skeleton to be that of an elderly woman, but no identification has been made.

Cloth fragments and jewelry were also found.

Additional bone fragments are rumored to have been located in the basement, stories which the police will neither confirm nor deny. A spokesman for Beckworth Development Co., which ordered the demolition, indicated that the company has suspended demolition pending completion of the official investigation.

The previous owner of the home, Jason Checkley, last descendant of the Arkham Checkleys, died last week at St. Mary's Hospital following a heart attack.

This reporter has learned that the Checkley fortune had dwindled, and that the mansion had been sold to Beckworth Development two years ago, for an undisclosed sum. According to Beckworth, the agreement allowed Checkley to live out his remaining years in the manor.

Police have questioned Willard Crossman, friend of and now executor of Jason Checkley's effects, in connection with the find. Crossman himself is presently hospitalized at St. Mary's Hospital, recuperating from a stroke. Doctors have refused requests for an interview.

— Arkham *Advertiser*

Dead Papers 1

may exist. The keeper's choice of reputable or sleazy attorney merely reveals how quickly or how likely the investigators are to gain the offered fee of fifty dollars per day, for the group.

All Arkhamites recognize the Checkleys as once among the local aristocracy, and know that Jason was the last of the line. A successful **Know roll** {Knowledge (Local), DC 5}, or casual conversation establishes that he was an eccentric man, a student of the occult, whose personal life concluded with the tragic loss of wife and children.

A second successful **Know roll** {Knowledge (Local), DC 10}, identifies Crossman as a local financier of considerable means, now retired.

Information on both men can be found in back issues of the local newspapers, starting with Checkley's obituary last week.

Getting Started

The investigators have been assigned to find out if personal property of Jason Checkley still exists in the rubble of Checkley Manor and, if it does, to learn whether or not it has cash value.

Willard Crossman, as executor, has already disposed of Jason Checkley's personal estate, as provided in Checkley's will. The investigators are to learn if any new discoveries could be legitimately claimed as unlisted portions of that estate, and hence subject to recovery by his heirs.

The investigators have a number of avenues to explore. They will certainly visit the remnants of the mansion, with or without the permission of the police and the Beckworth Development Co. The jewelry discovered in the basement may be of value, and may be claimed as personal property. Willard Crossman may have information of use to the heirs. Newspaper files may contain germane information. Each line of evidence occupies its own section, and each can be approached in any order.

Checkley Manor

The manor is no more; the Beckworth crews knocked down and hauled away the roof, floors, and walls of the crumbling building in a few days. Only the foundations are left, and those have been partially flattened; a portion of the basement area already has been filled. The basement is merely a long rectangle, filled with rubble at one end and with a roped-off alcove at the other end.

It is common knowledge that Beckworth plans to build a small apartment building. This never happens — Beckworth runs into financial troubles in the spring of 1929, and then dissolves a few months after the Crash.

Since discovery of the skeleton, a police officer has guarded the scene and will do so until the authorities decide nothing more can be learned there. The constable watches only during daylight hours, though; investigators who come early or later see only a few stakes and symbolic rope fence surrounding the alcove area. A tag on the rope requests politely that no one take anything from or interfere with police study of the site.

The constable amiably agrees that the investigators can wander the entire area, except for the roped-off alcove. There are no further clues in the alcove where the skeleton was found.

If the investigators decide to study any area apart from the alcove, call for a **Spot Hidden roll** {Spot check, DC 15}. With a success, they find in the dirt a claw or long, horny fingernail. A successful **Biology roll** (Knowledge (Biology) or Knowledge (Anatomy) check, DC 10} positively identifies the item as freshly from a human foot. **Physicians can attempt a Know roll** to make this identification {Doctors can attempt an Intelligence check, DC 12}.

A successful **Track roll** {Wilderness Lore check, DC 10} for this area identifies human footprints, unusual in that they are small (child-sized), barefoot, and that the heels of the feet have been planted first. Indentations seem to associate more of the same long, claw-like toenails with these tracks, but the evidence is uncertain. The tracks are relatively fresh.

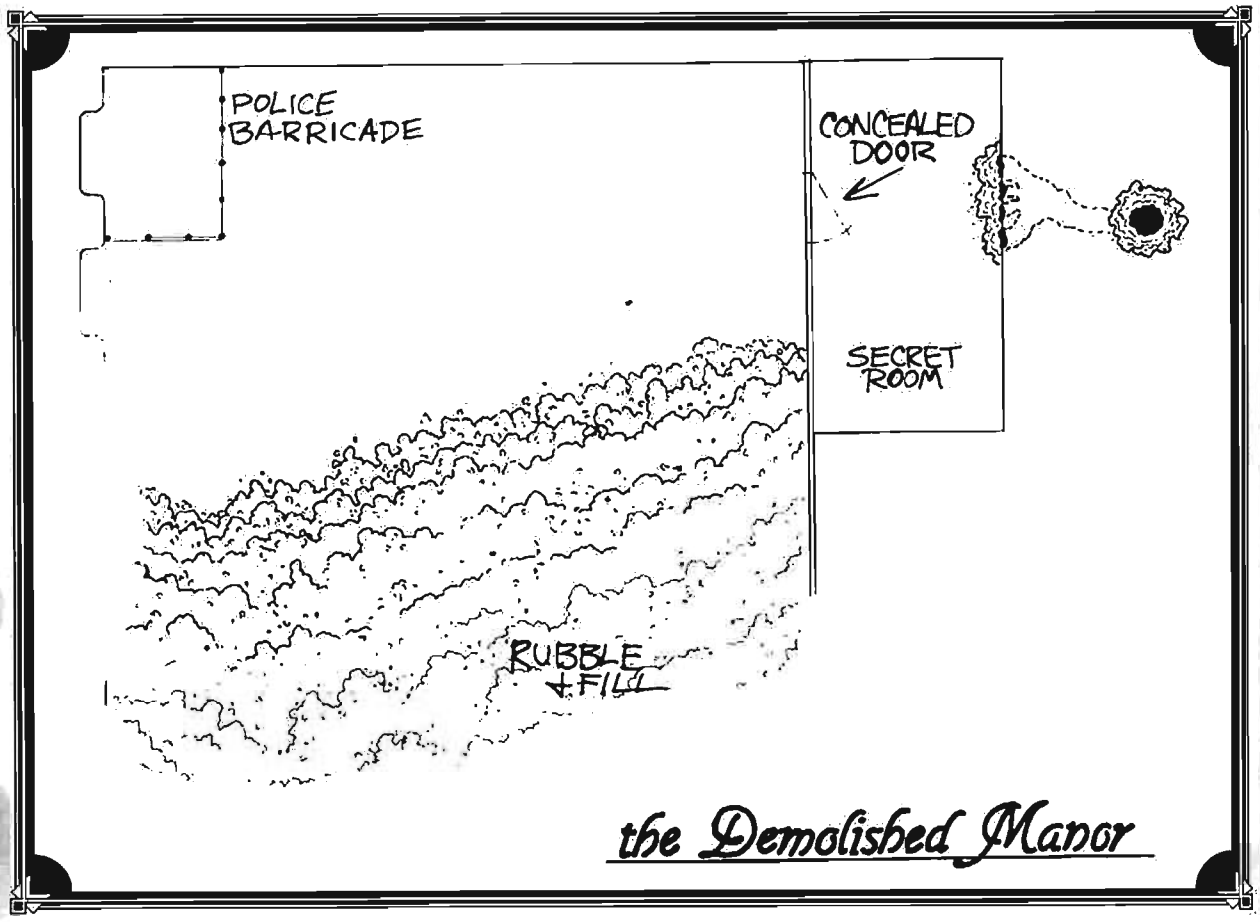
Following the footprints' direction of travel leads away from the basement area into rubble left by the demolition crew, and there vanishes. Followed backward, the tracks lead to a point near the end of the basement opposite to the alcove. The tracks suddenly end in a clump of earth.

Ask the players if their investigators want to dig into the earth.

If they agree, and not all will given such a bald proposition, allow them to poke around a bit then declare that earth has suddenly fallen, revealing the mouth of a narrow, hand-dug tunnel. The stench of human excrement comes from it.

If the investigators decide to excavate the tunnel, only investigators of **SIZ 11 or less** {Medium size or less} can negotiate it without spending several hours widening it.

Excavated or negotiated, the claustrophobic tunnel leads to a small, stomach-turning room as yet undiscovered beneath the rubble. A strong metal door opens to the basement from this room, but it is locked and the rubble beyond blocks it as well. If cleared, the investiga-



the Demolished Manor

tors see that on the basement side a removable wooden panel hid the door from view.

The floor of the secret room is covered with human waste. Deep gashes and claw marks mar the door and walls. Whatever was kept inside finally tore its way through the brick foundations and dug its way to the surface and freedom.

Faint traces of a large design in white enamel paint can also be seen on the floor. A successful **Occult roll** (Knowledge (Occult) or Spellcraft, DC 15) identifies it as a voodoo symbol related to necromancy. A successful **Spot Hidden** (Spot check, DC 10), exposes a small patch of blue gingham fabric, filthy and rotting, torn from some piece of clothing.

If the investigators fail to find the secret room, the authorities allow the demolition work to go forward two days later, and workmen almost immediately find it upon their return. The police are called in again, and the newspapers have the whole story (except for the matter of the long toe-claws) the next day. After the investigators first come to the site, visits after dark risk a 25% chance of encountering one of the undead children.

The Police

Arkham's finest have assigned 32-year-old Detective Mickey Harrigan to the case. He's also liaison with the County Coroner. Harrigan is a jaunty, friendly man with dark curly hair. He loves the game of rugby.

Almost immediately he decided that it wasn't much of a case. Inspection of the skeleton and of the mortar used in concealing the body confirms that death occurred twenty or more years before; a verdict of homicide will be presented at the inquest, based largely upon the concealment of the body and upon neck vertebrae crushed in a manner consistent with a blow or strangulation.

The deceased was a female of advanced age, judging by the worn teeth and calcium deposits on the bones. Also found in the alcove was jewelry, several complete sets of chicken bones, and bones which make up two additional human hands severed at the wrists.

Possible suspects have long ago scattered or are dead. An interview with Willard Crossman yielded no information, and Mrs. Estheridge (benefactress of record to the short-lived Checkley Institute) professed absolutely no knowledge of who could have committed such a deed.

Lacking new information, Harrigan is at a dead end, and already believes that this file will never be marked SOLVED.

If the investigators do not have good relations with the police, Harrigan discloses nothing, telling them to wait the few days until the inquest.

If the investigators think to ask about it, Harrigan quickly shows them the jewelry found with the skeleton, hoping that they may recognize it. If they stupidly ignore the jewelry clue, a picture of the finds appears in tomorrow's paper, as Harrigan tries for a lead.

A successful **Occult roll** {Knowledge (Occult), DC 15} indicates that the silver necklace is of a sort often worn by those connected with Haitian voodoo.

Though the newspaper photo does not include them, there also are two silver bracelets. Each is a band of silver links from which are suspended matching halves of a large silver medallion. The assembled medallion depicts a three-lobed eye wreathed by flames. Around the edge of the medallion humans and beasts commit various unnatural acts — the reason that the newspaper photos do not show the bracelets. A successful **Anthropology roll** {Knowledge (Anthropology), DC 14} reveals the medallion to have connection with the African god Ahtu. A successful **Cthulhu Mythos roll** {DC 10} indicates that Ahtu is one of the many forms of Nyarlathotep.

Harrigan cannot imagine that Checkley ever owned this sort of jewelry.

Newspaper files

Keepers should require at least **one hour per Library Use roll** {Research check, DC 15} to find the following items. The local papers have a number of stories (including those in ***Dead Papers 2***) and obituaries relating to the Checkleys.

On April 19, 1903, Mrs. Jason (Rose) Checkley died of a wasting illness.

On August 4-5, 1905, Adam (age 13), Rosemary (age 15), and Jessica Checkley (age 9) died. The year 1905 was a plague year and the obituaries then are numerous and brief — the large numbers of dead are obvious; a successful **Know or Idea roll** {Knowledge (Local) or Intelligence check, DC 10} recalls the cholera plague which devastated the town.

There is a recent obituary for Jason Checkley, dated a week ago. It is of no interest.

All obituaries indicate interment in the Checkley family mausoleum in Christchurch Cemetery.

By the way, the Brown Street address of the Institute for Psychic Research is now occupied by a firm attempting to perfect the new science of mass-mail advertising. There are no clues at that address.

A New School In Arkham

Director Jason Checkley today announced the opening of an institute dedicated to the study of spiritualist phenomena, the Checkley Institute for Psychic Research.

Housed on the second floor of 623 Brown Street, the center contains an 5000-volume library, study space, and a small lecture hall.

Guest rooms, as yet uncompleted, offer living quarters for visiting students and lecturers.

— *Arkham Advertiser*, Aug. 28, 1917

Psychic Institute Closes

The Checkley Institute for Psychic Research today closed its doors at 623 Brown Street.

Co-Directress Mrs. Andrew Estheridge castigated the increasingly atheistic temper of the times while announcing that some furnishings would be auctioned to pay pending Institute debts.

The founder of the Institute, Director Jason Checkley, will retain certain portions of the Institute library.

— *Arkham Advertiser*, Nov. 23, 1920

Dead Papers 2

Beckworth Development Company

Headquartered in the Tower Professional Building, the Beckworth offices are lushly prosperous, with fine rugs, elegant furniture, and wood-panelled offices.

Bob Beckworth, Jr. ("Little Bob") is in charge of the project. He's a slick haired, chubby man in his early 30s; he wears excellent Boston-tailored suits which diminish his standing to Arkhamites, since "that sort of swank doesn't go among decent, hard-working people."

If the investigators have already found the second secret room, he'll be interested in knowing about it, because police examination of it will further delay demolition. If the police do not know of the second room,

he'll smoothly offer a bribe to the investigators, to prevent further interference.

If the investigators ask permission to examine the site, he brusquely refuses, declaring that the executor of Checkley's personal property has already declared himself satisfied, that the police must be considered, and that possession of property as a consequence of murder is a matter to be adjudicated in court with any potential heirs. However, Beckworth Jr. can also be bribed: an offer of $50.00 gains the investigators full access to the site, provided the police allow it.

Beckworth can add that all of Checkley's personal effects, including his library, were disposed of by Willard Crossman, the executor. He does know that Ed Tillinghast (a bookseller on Gedney Street) purchased the library, and can direct the investigators to him.

Billinger's, on the 500 block of Garrison, ran the estate auction, and are handling the sale of Checkley's furniture.

He swears that Beckworth Development bought only the furniture, house, and grounds.

Willard Crossman, Executor

Crossman, now nearly seventy, was for most of their lives Jason Checkley's best friend. While his friend was born to money, Crossman started poor and made a decent fortune through his own efforts in insurance and commercial transactions.



Willard Crossman

Over the years, he's smoothed his ways and become socially adept, but rough demeanor and combativeness can show up any time. Nonetheless, the two were close.

Grayed and portly, Crossman is presently in St. Mary's Hospital, suffering a variety of serious complaints. Weak, aware that he is probably dying, Crossman still displays an active mind and an assertive nature. Against doctor's orders he continues to smoke eight to ten Havana cigars daily.

Crossman says that Checkley left to him a fine ebony and ivory letter opener as a token of friendship, but that the rest of his property not previously sold to Beckworth was disposed of to Billinger's (the auction house) or Tillinghast's (the bookseller), and that nothing else existed.

Asked about the body and the jewelry in the basement, his expression does not change. He knows nothing of it, he declares; Checkley was not the sort of man to commit murder. Very likely a servant performed the evil deed. It is unlikely that Crossman will ever sully his dead friend's reputation by revealing this secret.

He knows nothing of the second secret room. If told of it, a successful **Psychology roll** {Psychoanalysis check, DC 15} registers unusual surprise in his reaction: he imagined he knew everything about the situation, and now suddenly understands that he didn't. If the investigators can offer firm evidence of what actually was in that room, such as a drawing or photograph of one of its inhabitants, Crossman recognizes the child in horror, and tells them everything he knows.

If asked, he declares that he believes Mrs. Andrew (Mildred) Estheridge a charlatan, who used Checkley's personal tragedies as a way to get her hands on his money. Crossman is a complete materialist and holds no belief in the occult or an afterlife. Checkley had a natural interest in these matters after the death of his family; he and Checkley debated the issue a number of times.

With a successful **Credit Rating roll** {opposed Diplomacy check} Crossman says that Jason had money troubles for many years, though he was a proud man who refused aid even from his closest friends.

Miskatonic University Library

The investigators may wish to research voodoo in the Library. Four hours search combined with a successful **Library Use roll** {Research check, DC 12} turns up a book, *Voodoo Rites and Religions*, by A.M. Asher, published in 1902. It takes eight hours to read this book. It concerns zombies, voodoo rituals, possessions, and related topics. With a successful **English skill roll** to understand the awkward, densely written prose, the reader may **add 1D3 points to his or her Occult skill** at the end of the adventure {Intelligence check, DC 18, gains a temporary +1 bonus to Knowledge (Occult)}.

In a chapter titled "The Practitioners," investigators find a drawing labeled *voodoo necklace* that is amazingly similar to the one discovered beside the skeleton. A few pages further is a photo, dated 1892, showing New Orleans policemen with three heavily chained prisoners. The prisoners are black — two male, one female, arrested the caption notes, for murder and blasphemous ceremony.

The female prisoner is short, of advanced middle age. A successful **Spot Hidden** {Spot check, DC 10} shows that she wears the same bracelets and necklace found with the unidentified skeleton in Checkley's basement.

A paragraph in the facing text identifies the woman only as Marcella. Before the trio could be tried, Marcella

mysteriously escaped and was not recaptured. Her accomplices were found dead in their cells, of undetermined causes.

Mrs. Estheridge

Sixty-three, a widow and heiress to a mill-owner, she lives in the spacious family mansion at 288 W High St. She was a friend to Jason Checkley as well as a benefactress and the co-directress of the Institute. She strongly believes in spiritualism, and has a vigorous mind and a strong tongue.



Mrs. Estheridge

She will answer politely a limited number of investigator questions, but the investigators must make clear the direction of their inquiries; she answers nothing beyond their purview unless one or more receive successful **Credit Rating rolls** {opposed Diplomacy check}, or know her, or have mutual acquaintances or family in town.

Asked about additional items perhaps pertaining to his personal estate, Mrs. Estheridge states that several years ago Jason Checkley gave her a key to a safe-deposit box at the Arkham First National Bank (150 E Hyde). She also has a letter from Checkley permitting her or her agent to open the box upon his death. At first grieving for her dead friend and then learning that his executor was hospitalized, she has left the box unexamined. "We have always found Mr. Crossman," she says, "to be a man of callow mind, dulled by intransigent digestion of red meat." She knows not if Crossman is aware of this deposit box (he is not).

She knows Checkley kept a diary; she imagines clues might exist there of any other of his material holdings. She speculates that the bound diaries were probably sold with the rest of his library.

If the investigators gain her confidence, she broadens her topics. For instance, Jason felt profound loss at the death of his three children. She and Checkley attended many séances, but he never managed to contact the spirits of his children or wife. Mildred says he seemed convinced that they would never be successful, despite his evident belief in spiritualism as a whole.

Checkley himself was most interested in primitive magicks, in particular the raising of the dead. To Mildred's mind this focus on the ephemeral clay of life was another sign of the man's irrational grief.

Mrs. Estheridge poured quite a lot of her own money into the Institute venture, far more than the near-destitute Checkley ever could. Pertinent papers are still on file with the bankruptcy court in Salem, she believes. (A trip there confirms that the major financial risk in the venture was hers, and that she lost heavily.)

She knows nothing of the secrets in the manor basement. She thought it odd that he chose to live by himself in that big old house and she knows that he never entertained. She entered it only one time after his wife's death: it was dusty and cluttered, but not in any way unusual.

Mrs. Mildred Estheridge

STR 10	**CON** 10	**SIZ** 9	**INT** 17	**POW** 14
DEX 10	**APP** 11	**EDU** 19	**SAN** 45	**HP** 10

Damage Bonus +0

Skills: Anthropology 25%, Archaeology 10%, German 55%, Library Use 35%, Occult 75%.

{d20 STATS: page 223}

The Safe Deposit Box

Within the box are pages from Checkley's diary, and a testament. Combined, they form ***Dead Papers 3.***

Dead Papers 3A
(Checkley's Testament)

January 1, 1906

I, Jason Checkley, take full responsibility for the death of the negro servant called Marsella. Victimized by her in a terrible way, I lost control and strangled her with my own hands.

In my basement I have left three things, dangerous things that should be destroyed. Although they look human, they are not. Take no pity of them. The surest way of destroying them can be found on page 284 of a book called the "Nyhargo Codex". This book is contained in my library.

May God have mercy on my soul.

Jason Checkley

Aug 7, 1905: Marsella has agreed. I could ill afford the $500 she said she needed. She claims to know how to bring my beloved children back to me. The staff has been dismissed for the next few days and I have prepared the basement room as she instructs.

Aug 8, 1905: Most hideous of days! When I realized what she had done I lost my mind with rage. I closed my hands around her neck and wrung it like one of her chickens. When I regained my senses, she was dead. Thank god I can count on Willard's help.

Aug 9, 1905: The coffins were interred today in our mausoleum. Too many deaths these days for people to be interested. I must figure out what to do with them.

I've hidden Marsella's body, along with her tools.

Aug 10, 1905: Their appetites are tremendous. I feed them regularly but they show no signs of trying to communicate with me. I don't feel I can trust them.

Aug 11, 1905: I have chucked the servants and had them remove their belongings. While those three dwell in the basement. I must have absolute privacy. I also intend to panel that wall of the basement in order to hide the entrance to their chamber.

Aug 12, 1905: One attacked me today. It was Adam. As I picked up a food bowl, he rushed at me from behind. It was only by luck that I managed to fend him off and escape the room. I shall be forced to treat them like wild animals.

Aug 13, 1905: Perhaps the three are redeemable. The secret to their recovery may be hidden at hand. I will devote the rest of my life to saving them. From this day on I shall speak no more of them in this book.

Dead Papers 3B (Checkley's diary)

The Bookseller

The investigators may find here Jason Checkley's diary or more arcane tomes. Checkley's books, purchased as a single lot from executor Willard Crossman, still rest in packing crates in the basement of Edwin Tillinghast, Bookseller.

All these items now legally belong to Tillinghast; the investigators must convince him to let them examine all the books to locate what they desire. This may be the second time that they have asked to uncrate the volumes.

It takes one investigator a full eight hours to search the crates; since Checkley kept a diary for nearly forty years, the volumes are easy to notice once encountered; any other work requires a **Spot Hidden** {Spot check, DC 18} in the low-ceilinged, ill-lit basement.

If the diary is found, Tillinghast chuckles and asks $100 for the set — "irreplaceable historical records of turn-of-the-century life in the quaint New England town of Arkham, Massachussetts," he says. Even subject to negotiation (**Fast Talk or Persuade** {Bluff or Diplomacy}) he won't take less than ten dollars.

The 43-volume diary has short individual entries. Each book contains only about 65,000 words, and Checkley has a legible script: a book takes three hours to methodically read. The entire set therefore takes about 130 man-hours to inspect.

Most of it is mundane until the children die in 1905. Mysteriously the next several entries have been torn out, from August 7 through August 13, 1905. These missing pages constitute ***Dead Papers 3.***

After the missing pages, Checkley often refers to "the problem" or "my problem." He spends great time and energy trying to find a solution. See ***Dead Papers 4*** as an important example.

Later references regarding new events include the opening and closing of the Psychic Institute. He frequently mentions Mrs. Estheridge, always with respect.

The *Codex* and the *Chants* are in Tillinghast's basement, their spines and boards untitled. If the investigators have been looking for Checkley's diary, they've seen the books and passed them by already. A single investigator now only needs four



Edwin Tillinghast

hours and **two successful Spot Hidden rolls** (two Search checks, DC 20) to locate the volumes in the rubble, in that case. If the search is fresh, it takes one hour to locate the books.

If the investigators have not yet bought the diary, Tillinghast wants $45 for *The Nyhargo Codex* and $25 for the *Dhol Chants*. Tillinghast greedily doubles the prices if the investigators make a second trip to the shop.

My package arrived today from London. The two books I received were in even better shape than hoped for. I am ever grateful to Mildred for approving this expense. The two volumes will certainly improve the library, plus they appear to contain much information pertaining to my problem.

One, the Nyhargo Codex, translates carvings found on an ancient wall in central Africa. The accuracy of this translation has been a cause of merriment in academic circles, but too much relates to Haitian voodoo for it to be the imaginings of a crank. Unanswered questions surround the author's sudden death. It is said that he was the only one who knew the location of those dark and mysterious ruins.

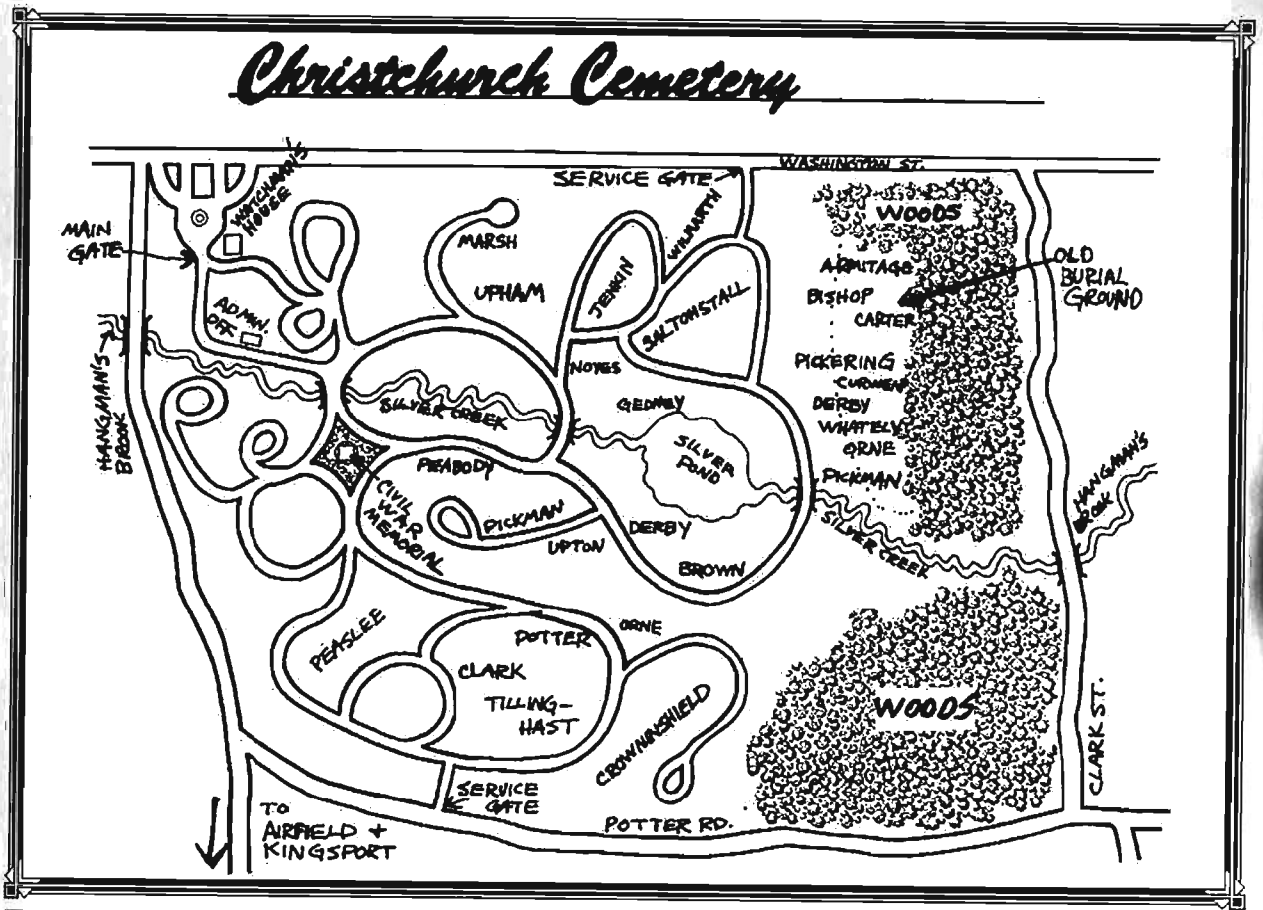
Then there is the Dhol Chants. It is fairly technical and I know little about music. Still, it may contain something of interest.

Dead Papers 4 (Checkley's Diary)

Christchurch Cemetery

Made of fine Vermont marble, the Checkley mausoleum is found in a secluded section of the cemetery. A heavy chain and lock secure the double doors.

If the investigators handle the lock and chain, the lock falls apart — someone has broken it and then carefully replaced it on the chain. Pulling the chain back, the investigators enter the mausoleum without difficulty.



Inside, interment chambers filled with centuries of Checkley sarcophagi line the walls three high. Each opening is sealed with a flat stone bearing the name of the tenant.

The marble is fixed with mortar. If the characters even glance at Jason Checkley's marker, they see that the sealing cement has been broken away. If the investigators open the chamber, they find the coffin broken into. If they open the coffin, they find the body of Jason Checkley minus his hands, which have been skillfully removed (lose 1/1D3+1 SAN). The hands were stolen by the mysterious Dr. Marquis.

The other crypts are intact. Opening any other crypt takes twenty minutes of noisy work with hammer and chisel. The coffins of Jason's three children are filled with sandbags, to approximate each child's weight.

Outside of the mausoleum, a successful **Track roll** {Wilderness Lore, DC 15} finds a set of Jessica's child-sized footprints. If the investigators successfully attempt **two successful Track rolls** {another Wilderness Lore check, DC 15}, the footprints can be followed back to Jessica's lair on the south side of the cemetery. There, with a successful **Luck roll** {Spot check, DC 12}, the investigator finds a rotten swatch of blue gingham cloth, a piece fallen from Jessica's rotting dress. This material is identical to that which might have been found in the mansion's second secret room.

Events

Events independent of investigator actions take place during this scenario. They are listed below. They introduce new locations and clues. Event 1 is simply a description, but the rest are in the form of player handouts. Although some events must occur in sequence (explained below), most can be used by the keeper when he or she sees fit.

The mysterious man from New Orleans, alias Dr. Marquis, is a voodoo priest come here to retrieve the bracelets found on Marsella's corpse. When rebuffed by the police he attempts a robbery which fails. Finally, he steals the hands from Jason Checkley's corpse and uses them to summon a *veerla* to steal the bracelets for him. The stricken police officer is an innocent victim, attacked by the veerla when it entered the police station. Events 1, 3, 7, and 8 are connected with Marquis, and must occur in that relative order.

The police know of these events before they appear in the newspapers. If the investigators have befriended Detective Harrigan, he telephones the group — they may investigate the sites sooner. Investigating sites involving the zombies can reveal tracks, swatches of cloth, or other clues the keeper wishes to introduce.

If the investigators interview the stricken police officer and receive a successful **Psychoanalysis roll**

Two Mythos Tomes

The Nyhargo Codex

This small book was written by a British amateur archaeologist after a safari across the Dark Continent (1879). During his travels, he claimed to have discovered monolithic ruins in the dense jungles of central Africa. On a return trip, Lord Waite made charcoal rubbings of strange inscriptions he discovered there in a vast underground chamber. On that ill-fated trip, every man in the party, with the exception of Waite himself, died before the journey concluded. Waite was later found wandering near the mouth of the Congo River, suffering from heat stroke, tropical illnesses, and numerous cuts and abrasions.

This book deals with the living dead in various forms, but focuses on the control and destruction of such entities. The book mentions "the Nyhargo code", a powerful spell that should be written on a wall in blue and green chalk, but that spell is never fully discussed or detailed.

The reader of this book may exhibit a personal tendancy toward necrophobia, the fear of dead things. *Sanity loss: 1d2/1D4; Cthulhu Mythos +3 percentiles, skill check in Occult; average 3 weeks to study and comprehend/6 hours to skim.* Spells: Black Binding, Call the Dead Walkers, Create Bad-Corpse Dust, Nyhargo Dirge. In this particular copy of the book, two spells have been entered as marginalia in ink, Call Zombie and Destroy Zombie.

The Dhol Chants

Written by Heinrich Zimmerman. Before the First World War, he studied the rich rhythmic complexities of West African music, professing to discover odd similarities to Caribbean music at the time of Columbus.

The spells are in the form of musical chants and, because of their micro-tonality, require either a human voice or an unfretted stringed instrument to be properly performed. A successful Art (Sing or Musical Instrument) roll must be made to sucessfully cast a spell {Performance (Song or String Instrument), DC 10}.

The book is written in German {Speak German, DC 16}. *Sanity loss: 1D6/2D6; Cthulhu Mythos +7 percentiles; average 20 weeks to study and comprehend/15 hours to skim.* **Spells:** Call/Dismiss Ahtu, Summon/Bind Veerla. {Sanity Loss: 1D2 initial, and 1D4 upon completion; Cthulhu Mythos: +1}.

{Psychoanalysis check, DC 20}, he becomes lucid long enough to describe his encounter with the veerla.

Investigating the hotel room after Dr. Marquis has fled provides little information, though the investigators lose 0/1D2 SAN if the hands are still there. (The medical examiner, Dr. Sprague, removes the hands as soon as the police finish their initial search for clues.)

The keeper should feel free to add more events, similar to those shown above, as he or she sees fit.

Other events relate to the activities of the Checkley zombies.

Event 1

The first event occurs at the police station before or after (keeper's choice) the investigators' first visit.

Spells from the Codex and the Chants

Call Zombie

Calls all zombies within a mile of the caster. The chant costs 2 magic points and 1D3 Sanity points.

After sunset, the caster inscribes a circle on the ground, then stands in the center and chants. The circle protects the caster or casters from the undead as long as they remain within. A circle holds no more than four people.

Like moths to a candle, the zombies are drawn to the circle, but then must stop at its edge, staring hungrily at those inside. The zombies must remain at the circle's edge until dawn, unable to escape from whatever attacks are made.

Learning this spell requires one day of study and a successful D100 roll of INT x5% or less.

Destroy Zombie

Kills one zombie for successful use. It costs 3 magic points and 1D4 Sanity points for each cast. A short chant is punctuated by breaking the neck of a bird, traditionally a white chicken. This causes the instant collapse and rapid decay of the zombie at which the dead bird is thrust. Each zombie requires another bird. The spell can be learned in two hours with a D100 roll of INT x5% or less, but the *Codex* version is translated confusingly, so that the student has a 50% chance of choosing the wrong and ineffectual version.

Call / Dismiss Ahtu

Ahtu is one of Nyarlathotep's 999 forms, worshiped mainly in central and southern Africa. Ahtu appears in the form of a black column of viscous matter, fifty feet in diameter, erupting from below ground.

A special amulet depicting a three-lobed eye wreathed by flames is necessary for the Calling. Normally, this amulet would be kept in two pieces so as to not accidentally arouse Ahtu. It is believed that Ahtu can be called only at certain special locations in Africa, though others may exist.

Summon/Bind Veerla

The *veerla* are thought of as spirits or creatures from somewhere outside earthly reality. They are immaterial, formless, and nearly invisible. Viewing one costs 0/1D4 Sanity points. A veerla is immune to all physical weapons and most magical effects. As servants, they are mainly used to retrieve objects or to attack enemies.

Learning this spell costs 2 POW, 1D6+2 Sanity points, and two months of concentrated study to understand the extra-dimensional concepts at its heart.

The spell causes a single veerla to come before the caster and agree to perform a particular task. The caster must spend 1D6+3 magic points and lose 1D6 SAN for each veerla summoned during the lengthy ceremony.

To Summon/Bind a veerla, the caster must inscribe a complex symbol in white on a dark surface, then crouch upon the symbol. One or more assistants may hand the caster small animals to be sacrificed and rattles to be shaken — this ritual is difficult to perform alone. The climax of the ceremony comes when two human hands, severed from a corpse less than a week old, must be held aloft by the caster. When the veerla appears, it takes hold of the left hand and pulls it out of the caster's grip, as though the severed hand could float in air.

The caster must be able to physically see or correctly visualize the target, and then mentally make his or her command. A veerla may be held in readiness by the caster up to 24 hours before the summoned veerla is lost.

A veerla attacks by attempting to possess its enemy, pitting its fixed POW of 22 against the POW of its intended victim. If the veerla wins the struggle, its target loses 1D8 Sanity Points, the entity continues to attack until the victim goes temporarily or permanently insane. The veerla takes possession of the target's body, usually to remain there until the victim's body is somehow destroyed. A veerla who loses a POW vs. POW struggle immediately flees and must be re-summoned before it makes another attack.

A corpse can automatically be possessed and animated by a veerla if directed to do so by the summoner.

A possessed victim behaves like a zombie, foraging afield and lacking any rational intelligence. Possession and animation may last for decades or centuries, until the possessed physical body loses all hit points, freeing the veerla.

Summon/Bind Veerla is one of several ways to create zombies.

A tall black man, wearing spectacles, appears one night to claim the remains and effects of the corpse found in the mansion basement. He identifies himself as Dr. Marquis, from New Orleans. There is some question about the papers he shows the police; they in any case must refuse his request at least until the inquest. He leaves an address where he can be contacted, but it is false.

The investigators learn of this incident if they are friendly with Detective Harrigan, in charge of the case.

Dead Papers 5 (event 2)

Ghost Spotted in Harper's Woods

Three people have recently reported seeing a ghost prowling Harper's woods, just north of town. All three sightings were made after midnight by lone drivers.

One, Brian Fosworth, an employee at Benson's Market, was so startled by the apparition that he nearly tumbled the market's delivery truck into Harpers Brook.

Stories have long been told of sacred Indian grounds within the woods.

In the past, "ghosts" often have been reported in the area, but usually a young boy with a sheet is discovered to be the culprit and the matter is put to rest.

Really now, young man, it's too early for Halloween pranks.

— Arkham *Gazette*

The Zombie Children

Jason Checkley's children have not changed since the day they were brought back from the dead.

They have not aged and their skin still holds the pallor of death. Adam and Rosemary were dead longer before resurrection: their skin is blotched and discolored, and, in Adam's case, the signs of bloat and decay can be detected. Little Jessica's skin is smooth and clear.

It is possible to destroy the children by physical means but magic is effective and safer.

When these corpse-children dug free of their prison, they wandered aimlessly in different directions.

Adam traveled north along highway 1A, eventually finding his way to Harper's Woods. He lairs in a dark culvert beneath the road.

Rosemary found refuge in a deserted waterfront warehouse in Arkham. She hides during daylight, secure in a second-floor hiding place.

Jessica stumbled south to Christchurch Cemetery, and now inhabits a crumbling tomb in the oldest part of the graveyard.

The keeper may play these child-monsters in whatever way seems most effective. They cannot run or speak, and their intelligence is narrowed to the acquisition of food, preferably fresh raw meat. They are cunning and single-minded.

Keepers should call for sanity checks only when the zombie children are seen close up. Sightings at a distance reveal nothing unusual but nudity, and do not require checks. Should an investigator encounter two or all three zombies, reduce possible Sanity loss for the second encounter, or do not call for it at all.

Hungry or cornered, the zombies always attack, choosing a single investigator and shambling directly at the target. It continues to bite and claw until destroyed. A zombie can be destroyed by persistent physical attack, but it may kill one or more mortals in the process.

Once in a zombie's clutches, investigator and monster roll and sway, making attacks by other investigators more difficult. If encounters in town demand gunfire, the shots attract a lot of attention. Using magic is the best way to eliminate the things.

Adam

Highway 1A follows Federal Street north out of town. Harper's Woods rises less than a mile further on, covering about forty hilly acres with dark, dense growth undisturbed for more than a hundred years.

In the heart of the woods an old stone bridge crosses Harper's Brook. A new two-foot-in-diameter culvert parallels the bridge's foundations at either end, handling waters which once threatened to undermine the fine old bridge. In daylight, Adam dwells within the north culvert; at night he forages through the woods.

Adam is the source of the ghost story that appeared in the newspaper. His pale, dead skin shows up well at night. The encounters were accidental; Adam gets enough food from the birds and animals he catches and eats. He is, however, interested in killing a human should the opportunity appear. Once winter begins, his interest in humans will increase.

Harper's Woods can be thoroughly explored by four investigators in two days. Call for one **Track roll** {Wilderness Lore check, DC 15} each day of exploration; allow the players to choose who gets the roll. A success finds Adam's footprints: these bear the same exaggerated toenails or claws as the tracks at the Checkley mansion.

Dead Papers 6

Event 3

Robbery Attempted at Police Station

An unidentified man last night forced his way past the duty sergeant and attempted to enter the property room at the rear of the Arkham police station.

Another officer entering the building tried to detain the man, but the culprit fled to the street. The malefactor is described as a Negro, slender, bald, and about six feet in height.

Chief Nichols asks citizens who see this man or who know of his whereabouts to contact the police immediately.

— Arkham *Advertiser*

Event 4

VANDALS DEFILE CEMETERY

Last night one or more persons unknown entered Christchurch Cemetery and unearthed a recently buried coffin. When discovered this morning, the coffin was fully exposed, the dirt heaped up around the outside of the grave.

The casket seals were damaged in several places but apparently frustrated the attempt to open the coffin.

Groundskeepers assure the public that the beloved in question has been safely and securely replaced in peace.

Police have no suspects. They noted that fraternity high jinks traditionally occur in the fall.

— Arkham *Gazette*

Event 5

TRANSIENT INJURED IN ATTACK

A man identified only as "Joe" was admitted early this morning to St. Mary's, suffering lacerations of the face and neck. At 3:57 A.M., police found the man running down River Street near Garrison, screaming for help. No pursuer was seen. He was quickly rushed to emergency treatment.

Joe claimed to have been attacked by a pale young girl who first tried to kiss him and then bit him on the throat.

The man could give no address. Police surmise that the indigent, while sleeping it off in an alley, was attacked by a wharf rat or stray dog.

— Arkham *Advertiser*

Event 6

Warehouse Murder

Laborers arriving on the job discovered a man's body near the Lucky Clover Cartage Co. early this morning.

The coroner indicates that the man was a victim of violence, placing probable cause of death either from shock or loss of blood. Though unconfirmed, wounds on the victim's face and throat were rumored to be so severe as to obscure most features.

Police investigation continues.

— Arkham *Advertiser*

Event 7

Mystery Incident at Police Station

Constable Robert E. Logan, a constable of exemplary record and of long service to Arkham s police, was found this morning at 5 A.M. in a semi-coherent state at the station.

Police also report that the property room had been entered, but they are unsure if anything is missing.

Constable Logan was on duty at the time. For the moment, police are treating the incident as an internal matter, but no one has anything but praise for Logan. Readers may recall that last year he valiantly rescued two foolish young men from the depths of the Miskatonic.

The stricken officer is presently in St. Marys Hospital undergoing tests.

— Arkham *Gazette*

Event 8

Atrocity at the Borden Arms

Police were summoned to the Borden Arms Hotel this morning when housemaid Ruby Rankowitz found vile and blasphemous remains in a third-floor room.

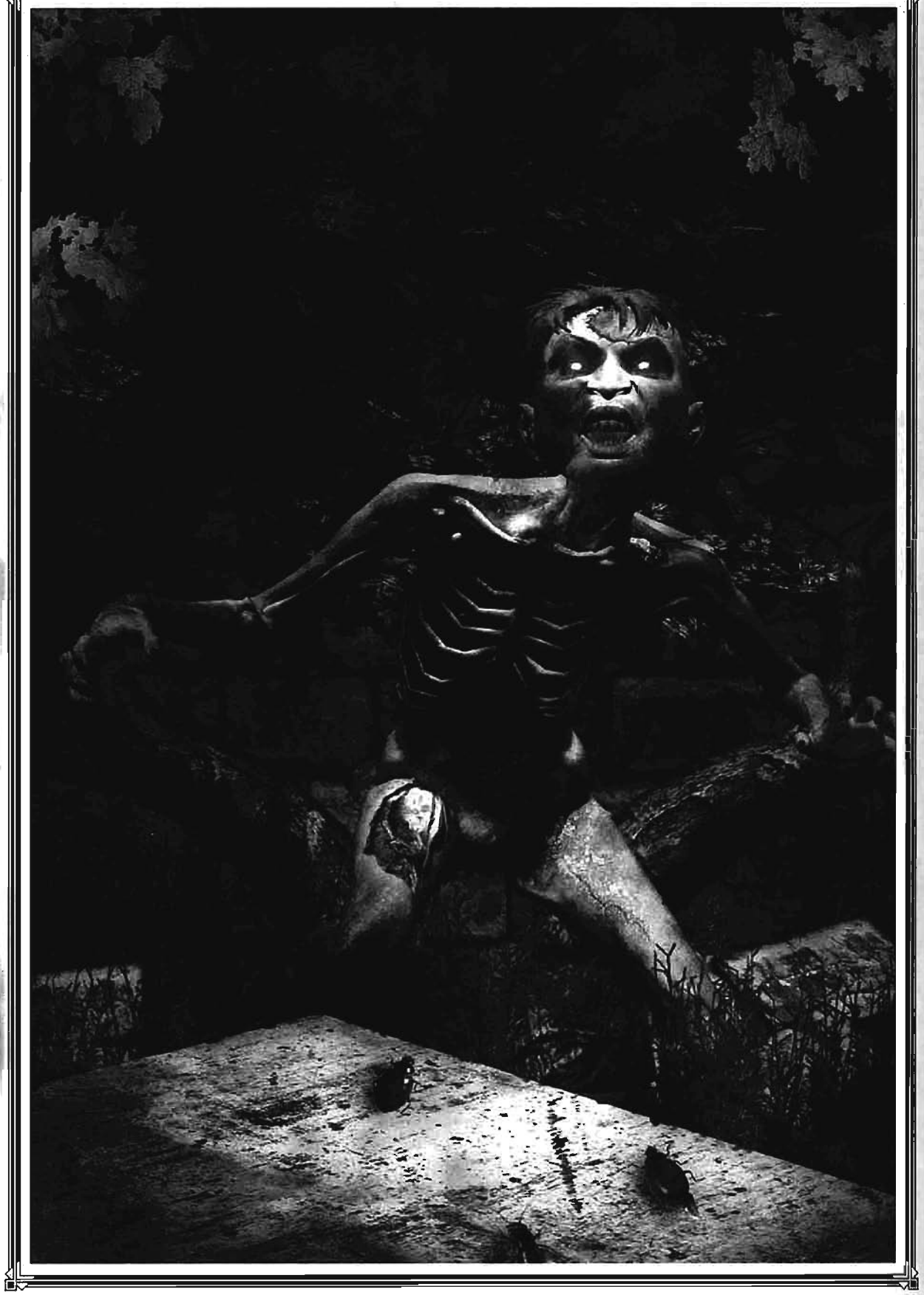
Shockingly, officers found a pair of severed human hands wrapped in a piece of cloth. Dr. Sprague indicated that the hands had been severed from an undetermined corpse about a week old.

Investigation was prompted by the remains of a dismembered goat strewn about the room; walls and ceiling were painted with undecipherable symbols.

Police believe the renter of the room, a Dr. Marquis, has fled Arkham.

The renter is described as a tall, distinguished-looking Negro. The man is said to speak with a French accent, and is apparently well-educated.

— Arkham *Advertiser*



Additionally, each day of search ask for **a Luck roll followed by a Spot Hidden roll** {Spot, DC 25}, the first investigator to succeed at both finds the locket, and chain, for each investigator. The first investigator to succeed in the check finds a late Victorian gold locket and broken chain. The outside of the locket is engraved "A. C." Inside are tiny blurred photos of a man and woman — with a successful **Know roll** {Intelligence check, DC 10}, an investigator recognizes the man as a much younger Jason Checkley.

If the investigators choose to stake out the woods at night, a 50% chance each night exists that Adam passes a stake-out. Additional observation points get **additional Spot Hidden or Listen rolls** {Spot or Listen checks, DC 12} to notice him. Sightings always occur at some distance. Adam may flee, hide, or hide to attack and eat pursuing investigators.

To pursue Adam, investigators need **1D3 successful Spot Hidden rolls** {1d3 Spot checks, DC 10 each} to keep him in sight. If a roll fails, they easily follow Adam's track the next morning (automatic success). Adam always flees to his culvert.

Should the investigators assault him or enter his lair (on hands and knees, as it is quite narrow) he always attacks.

ADAM, Age 13

STR 17 **CON** 18 **SIZ** 10 **DEX** 08 **POW** 01

Move 07 **HP** 14

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: Bite 85%, damage 1D4+1D4
Claw 75%, damage 1D4+1D4*

**having successfully bitten, Adam holds on with his teeth and uses both hands to Claw.*

Armor: none, but physical weapons do half damage; impaling physical weapons do only 1 point of damage to hit points, and all ofthers do half rolled damage.

Skills: Hide 55%, Stalk 60%.

Sanity Cost: 1/1D8 Sanity points to see a zombie.

Notes: *When hit points are brought to zero, the zombie disintegrates. As the keeper finds appropriate, many spells have no effect. Damage to zombies can be described as exploding heads, severed arms, holes through torsos, and so on, but the undead thing keeps on coming until HP reaches zero. Splattery results smearing investigator faces may call for additional Sanity losses.*

{d20 STATS: page 223}

He is five feet, five inches tall, and very strong. His body is the most decayed of the three; his face is sunken and blackened. During his existence in the woods, he has torn off two fingers. Some of his ribs can be seen where the flesh has been abraded away. Deep scratches that never bleed mar his body. His eyes show only the whites; his tongue has withered and dried to a stub; maggots and beetles prowl his dead flesh. No clothes are left to him.

Rosemary

Great brick warehouses, built in the early nineteenth century, stand mostly unused in Arkham. Some have not been entered by their owners since before the World War. Trash and abandoned automobiles choke the narrow alleys as well as River Street beyond. This is where Rosemary keeps herself; preying on rats, stray cats and dogs, drunks, and luckless transients.

All the vacant warehouse doors are chained and locked but hoboes frequently search out weak points to gain dry places to sleep. Gigantic wharf rats can be seen in and around the buildings.

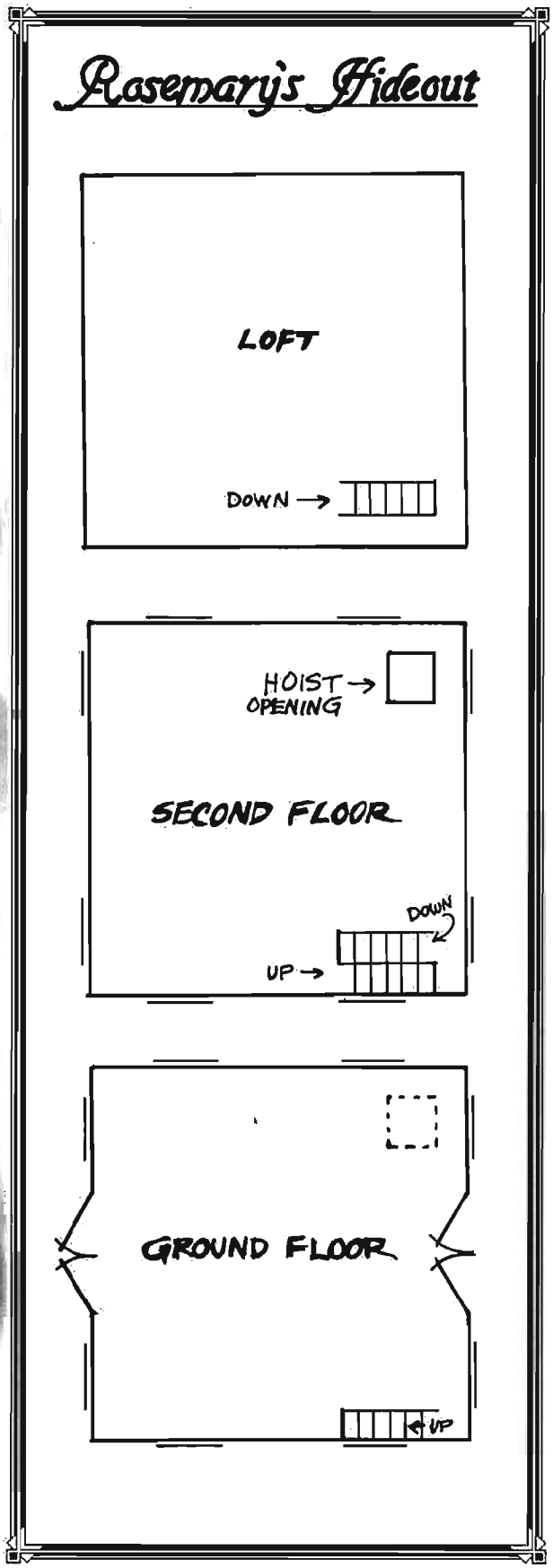
The plainest of doors and heavy shutters adorn these buildings and the interiors are similarly Spartan. Heavy wooden floors separate the levels. Hoists moved goods to and from the second and third floors. With the exception of the four buildings leased by Anderson's, Gleason's, and Lucky Clover, none have heat or electricity.

Vacant warehouses can be entered at little risk, but investigators will need to carefully identify, in the darkness, buildings leased by Anderson's Furniture and Gleason's Dept. Store. At night the rears of these dark and gloomy buildings are indistinguishable from long-vacant buildings, their rear doors chained and locked similarly. Small signs, on the Main Street side, identify them. These three buildings are protected by electric burglar alarms. Tampering with doors or shutters sets off loud bells that incidentally alert Ace Security, right across the street.

Lucky Clover Cartage represents a different problem. One to four employees are there nightly. They usually advertise their presence, leaving the door open, lights burning, talking loudly while playing cards — but investigators should be wary. These people, for good reason, are extremely suspicious of strangers creeping around their building, particularly at night. They certainly won't murder an investigator the first time he gets caught, but that investigator will be remembered. On the other hand, the gangsters are used to hoboes stumbling around in the dark and rarely check on every little sound.

Rosemary, Checkley's oldest daughter, was once the family beauty, and the delight of her parents. Now her pale sunken face and blank, staring white eyes make her unkempt black hair hideous.

She inhabits one of the decaying brick warehouses lining Arkham's riverfront. As with all the warehouses, the doors are chained and locked. However, the shutter sealing the eastern window on the south wall of this



warehouse is not barred and can easily be swung outward. This is Rosemary's entry point.

Tiring of rats, Rosemary now prefers vagrants and hobos. She has committed most of the Checkley zombies' violent crimes.

Other than drawing her out with magic, the investigators must stake out the area around her lair. Each observation site has an 80% chance of sighting her after midnight. Once spotted, she will attempt to hide and then ambush pursuing investigators. If her attack fails, she flees. Survivors easily follow her to her warehouse. There she again attempts to hide and ambush her pursuers.

She is five feet, three inches tall, and very strong. Her body is somewhat decayed, but those ravages cannot be seen at intermediate distance. She is physically intact. Deep scratches mar her belly and thighs. Her eyes show only the whites; her tongue has withered and dried to a stub; yellow and brown ribbon worms prowl her dead flesh and occasionally emerge unexpectedly. No clothes are left to her. On her right wrist is a gold bracelet bearing an inscription: ***Rosemary, our beloved daughter.***



Rosemary

ROSEMARY, Age 15

STR 16 **CON** 18 **SIZ** 10 **DEX** 06 **POW** 01
MOV 07 **HP** 14

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: Bite 80%, damage 1D4+1D4*
Claw 80%, damage 1D4+1D4
** having successfully bitten, Rosemary holds on with her teeth and uses both hands to Claw.*

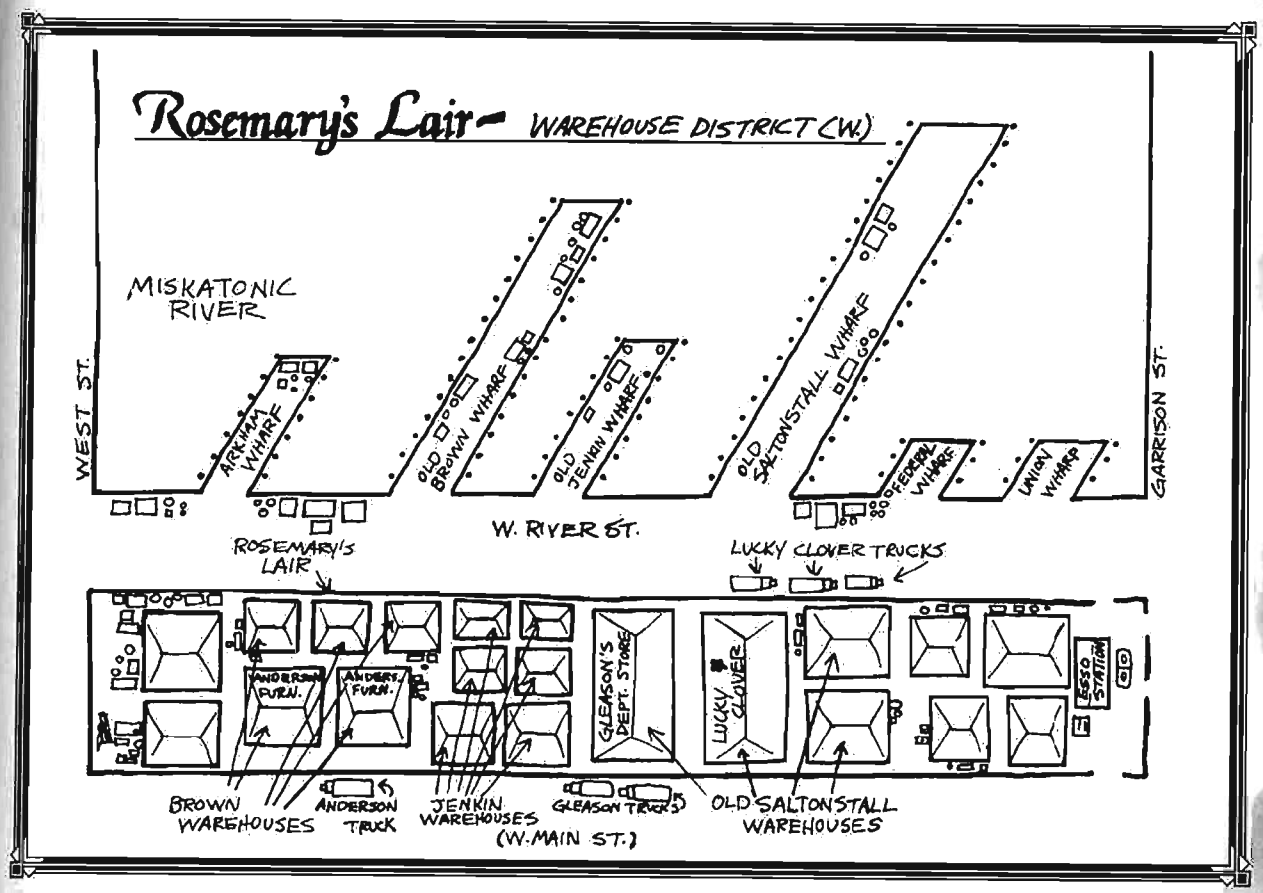
Armor: none, but physical weapons do half damage; impaling physical weapons do only 1 point of damage to hit points.

Skills: Hide 55%, Stalk 60%.

Sanity Cost: 1/1D8 Sanity to see.

Notes: *When hit points are brought to zero, the zombie disintegrates. As appropriate to the keeper, many spells have no effect. Damage to zombies can be described as exploding heads, severed arms, holes through torsos, and so on, but the undead thing keeps on coming until HP reaches zero. Splattery results smearing investigator faces may call for additional Sanity losses.*

{d20 STATS: page 223-224}



Jessica

Her lair is a overgrown old tomb located near the Old Burial Ground portion of Christchurch Cemetery. Headstones here date back to the late 18th century, long before Christchurch acquired the area. In the Carter family plot a small well-traveled trail leads into the woods. Twenty yards into the forest is a crumbling brick tomb with a corroding iron door, built into the side of the hill. Jessica can be seen entering this tomb early in the morning, and leaving at sunset. During daylight hours, this is her hiding place.



Jessica

Jessica's appetite is not as large as her brother's or sister's; squirrels and other small animals keep her filled. At least once she attempts to unearth a fresh corpse when she fails to catch moving food.

Staking out the graveyard yields a 35% chance to spot Jessica flitting from tombstone to tombstone; she can easily be pursued back to her lair. There she crouches in the dark, waiting to attack. The Jessica-thing often visits the Checkley mausoleum, sensing the relatively fresh corpse within. If an investigator states that he or she is watching that area, Jessica has an 85% chance of appearing.

A successful **Luck roll** {Spot check, DC 14} discloses a small swatch of blue gingham cloth in or near the Checkley mausoleum.

Jessica is four feet, eight inches tall, and very strong for her size. Her body is little decayed, not noticeable until face-to-face. Her left big toe is missing. Light scratches cover her back, buttocks, and legs. Her eyes show only the whites; her tongue has withered and dried to a stub; orange earthworms tunnel her flesh, emerging from her nostrils and ears. Rotting fragments of a blue gingham dress cover her neck and shoulders; no other garments clothe her.

JESSICA, Age 9

STR 12 **CON** 14 **SIZ** 08 **DEX** 06 **POW** 01

Move 07 **HP** 11

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Bite 60%, damage 1D4
Claw 50%, damage 1D4*
** having successfully bitten, Jessica holds on with her teeth and uses both hands to Claw.*



Armor: none, but physical weapons do half damage; impaling physical weapons do only 1 point of damage to hit points.

Skills: Hide 45%, Stalk 50%.

Sanity Cost: 1/1D8 Sanity points to see.

Notes: *When hit points are brought to zero, the zombie disintegrates. As appropriate to the keeper, many spells have no effect. Damage to zombies can be described as exploding heads, severed arms, holes through torsos, and so on, but the undead thing keeps on coming until CON reaches zero. Splattered results smearing investigator faces may call for additional Sanity losses.*

{d20 STATS: page 224}

Conclusion

The investigators must fail the intention of the assignment — no additional jewelry or treasures exist with which to enrich Checkley's heirs.

Whether or not those distant heirs pay for such valueless news is up to the keeper; the per-diem sum involved is likely to exceed $200. Collection should be difficult if the heirs do not live in Massachusetts, though the investigators may gain an ally for the future in the lawyer who hired them, who also goes unpaid.

Investigators who decide to hunt down Marquis involve the keeper in a new scenario, which he or she must design; delay the transition until the investigators receive positive word from out-of-town sources. Anne Rice's books frequently evoke a New Orleans gothic and decadent, offering powerful ideas and provocative detail. Investigators might also catch up to Marquis aboard a train or on ship. His importance, statistics, magical potency, and possible connection with the New Orleans Cthulhu cult must be determined by the keeper who accepts this challenge.

Responsible investigators may have made a useful friend in Detective Harrigan, and have probably encountered several important Arkhamites. If the keeper believes that investigator actions and results have been impressive overall, allow them +1D4 percentiles Credit Rating (but see below). If the keeper can distinguish by means of Credit Rating awards between worthy and ignoble deeds, take this opportunity, rewarding some investigators but not others.

Though blatant murder of children is not something Arkham wishes to promote, the coroner's examination of their bodies reveals profound and astonishing changes in their tissue chemistry, rendering sealed testimony that the unidentifiable children were inhuman, perhaps demonic. The inquest ends in thanking the investigators for having performed their Christian duty, and the police and legal system are satisfied.

Nonetheless, if involved in one or more inquests only through word of mouth, the investigators receive no Credit Rating increases. It's always better not to be talked about in a small town.

Destroying, (or capturing), one or more of the zombie-children is worth 1D6 Sanity each to those in the fights. Capturing the undead children brings the same reward, with the bonus of no inquest interfering with Credit Rating increases. ◆◆

Appendix

Appendix 1: d20 Investigator Backgrounds

An opportunity for steadfast investigators to discover new skills and interests

A character's background reveals the skills and experiences he or she gained in early life. Some backgrounds profoundly define the course of a character's existence while others are merely footnotes in his or her biography. Using these backgrounds allows a player to develop an investigator's history and improve the role-playing experience.

Backgrounds must be selected during character creation. Each background must be "bought" with the character's starting skill points; see list for skill point costs.

Investigators can only take two backgrounds, and no background can be taken more than once unless stated in the description.

The following includes a selection of backgrounds aimed at the core profession templates from the *Call of Cthulhu* d20 rule book. Gamemasters are encouraged to create unique backgrounds for their campaign using these as guides.

Adventurer

Skill Points: 6

A broad array of training situations has taught you the value of combative skills. You can select one of the following as a bonus feat: Blind Fighting, Endurance, Toughness, Track, or Weapon Proficiency.

Author

Skill Points: 6

An author spends his life wrapped in his latest book, or working on a new masterpiece. Successful authors survive off the sales of their books, sometimes for years. Authors receive royalties from their past books every evenly numbered level. This royalty money is equal to half of the author's starting money.

Cat Burglar

Skill Points: 6 (Criminal professions only)

You gain a +2 competence bonus to the following skills: Climb, Hide, Jump, Listen, and Move Silently.

Crime Scene Investigator

Skill Points: 8 (Detectives and Police only)

Trained to evaluate criminal behavior and clues, a CSI is a proverbial Sherlock Holmes. A CSI can attempt a Sense Motive check with a DC of 15 to get a "hunch" regarding his investigation (normally such a hunch has a DC of 20).

Investigators gain two of the following skills as class skills: Forensics, Gather Information, Knowledge (Psychology), Knowledge (Streetwise), Search, Sense Motive, Spot. The investigator gains a +3 competency bonus in the two skills selected.

Cult Survivor

Skill Points: 3

Even cultists have families and connections to the outside world. The rare character who is exposed to cult activity early in life, and escapes, is forever affected by the experience. Tending towards secrecy and withdrawn, cult survivors are often quiet thinkers, never fully explaining their thoughts or actions. Cult survivors may be escapees from Mythos cults or more "conventional" religious cults.

Cult survivors gain the following bonuses due to their unusual background: anyone attempting to use Sense Motive against a cult survivor suffers a –3 penalty to their check. Due to the secretive nature of cults the survivor also gains a +2 bonus to Innuendo.

Cult survivors suffer a minor penalty: all cult survivors have a –4 to their maximum sanity score. Even without a single rank of Cthulhu Mythos, a cult survivor has a maximum sanity score of 95.

Doctorate

Skill Points: 10, 8 for Professors and Doctors, must have an intelligence of 16+ and be over 26 years old.

You have earned a Ph.D., or a similar level of advanced expertise in an academic field. Your exhaustive training has granted you several bonuses.

Your advanced training entitles you to claim bonus class skills. You can select two cross-class skills to become bonus class skills for purposes of determining rank cost and maximum allowed ranks. Additionally you may select one specific Knowledge skill you possess. The maximum number of ranks you may invest in that skill equals your current maximum allowed ranks plus your character level. For example, a 5th level chemist with a doctorate in chemistry could have 13 ranks in Knowledge (Chemistry), instead of the normal eight.

Normally the maximum ranks you may purchase for a class skill equals your current level +3.

For every point of Intelligence modifier you possess you may, if you wish, subtract 1 year from the minimum age required to take this background.

Drifter

Skill Points: 2

The open road calls to you. You've wandered halfway around the world and the experience has fortified you against the dangers of nature. When subjected to starvation, thirst, or extreme heat or cold, drifters gain a +2 bonus to his or her Constitution check and Fortitude saving throw.

Free Spirit

Skill Points: 4

Born with a natural curiosity, and restless soul. A free spirit greets the wonders of the universe with open arms. Unfortunately the horrors of the universe are likely to rip off those arms. Free spirits gain the Psychic Feat Sensitive for free at first level.

Since the free spirit is so open and carefree, it's difficult for him or her to lie. Free spirits suffer a –1 penalty to the skills Bluff and Intimidate.

Note that a character can not take the Skeptic background and the Free Spirit background together.

Gifted Scientist

Skill Points: 10

Masters of the sciences and research, the Gifted Scientist gains a +1 aptitude bonus to all science-based Knowledge skills. Scientific knowledge skills include, but are not limited to: Anthropology, Archeology, Astronomy, Biology, Chemistry, Electronics, Engineering, Geology, Mathematics, Medicine, Meteorology, Physics, and Psychology.

Hacker

Skill Points: 10

Hackers travel through cyberspace exploring forgotten archives and crafting fiendishly original programs to satisfy the hacker's desires. When designing or breaking into a secured computer system a hacker can add his level to his Computer Use check.

Additionally, hackers can complete Computer Use checks faster than normal computer users. Reduce the time required to manipulate a system: hours become minutes, minutes become full rounds, full rounds become standard rounds, etc. However, even hackers can't break into a computer system in less than a standard action.

Iron Integrity

Skill Points: 5

Your reputation and integrity are beyond reproach. You could honestly tell a sheriff about the monster you've been running from without him thinking you were insane (at least not at first). You gain a +3 competence bonus to all Bluff, Diplomacy, and Gather Information checks against anyone who knows you, or has heard of your exploits.

However, if you're ever caught in a deception your reputation bonuses will be negated, and you will not regain your reputation until you've gained at least one level. The level of "penance" a lying character must undertake is up to the GM, but should be based on the severity of the deception.

Librarian

Skill Points: 4

You surround yourself with the indelible words of the past. Information can't hide from you. Whether in a computer database or encoded in an ancient scroll you can unearth the secret you seek. If a tome isn't available locally you have a network of associates around the world that either have it, or have knowledge of it. As long as a method of communication (phone, e-mail, snail-mail) and a decent amount of time is available, a librarian can attempt a character level check (a simple d20 roll using the character's level as the check modifier), to locate a reliable contact with knowledge of the subject you require. The DC is set by the keeper based on the rarity of the information.

Militia

Skill Points: 5

Militants throughout the ages have learned to wield the weapons of their age. Militia members gain the Weapon Proficiency feat for free.

Missionary

Skill Points: 8 (Priests and Clergy Only)

Missionaries travel to distant lands to convert native populations. A missionary can sometimes obtain shelter from the natives he or she has befriended. More importantly, a missionary can contact the patron church or sect for aid and support. As long as a missionary is working to spread the faith he or she will receive a stipend to continue the effort.

For even-numbered level the missionary receives a stipend equal to half his or her starting money. The missionary is expected to spend ALL of this money in the furtherance of the faith. Missionaries who misallocate funds will no doubt be reported to their superiors eventually.

Nobility

Skill Points: 10

Noble characters could be actual royalty or scions of a wealthy family. In either case they receive a regular stipend from their family. Every odd level, starting at

first level, a noble receives a sum equal to his starting money. This allowance can be spent in any manner the noble wishes. Keepers may allow noble characers to call on their families for more substantial amounts of money in rare circumstances, if their relevant family fortunes permit.

Pilot

Skill Points: 5

You can fly anything with wings, (and a few things without wings). Even if you've never trained with a particular type of vehicle your instinctive feel for aerial vehicles allows you to fly any aircraft as if you had one rank in that particular craft. The rank granted by the pilot background overlaps (does not stack) with skill ranks bought normally.

Private Investigator

Skill Points: 4

A successful investigator has to be able to follow his instincts and hunches. A P.I. can attempt a Sense Motive check with a DC of 15 to get a "hunch" regarding his investigation (normally a hunch has a DC of 20).

Professional Student

Skill Points: 4

Some students never leave school, either through shortage of intellect or because they simply prefer the academic lifestyle. Professional students usually have extensive social and/or administrative connections throughout their "home" university. There's a 5% chance per level that the professional student knows a particular instructor or administrator on a first name basis (usually with some colorful story to explain there association). There's a 10% chance per level that any given student will know the professional student by name and reputation. The professional student has an unusual effect on people: depending on his or her past actions the student gains either a +2 or –2 to any charisma based skill check against a colleague. If generally a joker or friendly person, he or she gains a +2 to checks. If a notorious scoundrel around campus, teachers might dislike him or her enough to warrant a –2 penalty to any skill check involving them. Ultimately this bonus is set by the keeper. The character just knows he or she causes a strong reaction in colleagues.

Raider

Skill Points: 6; 4 for Archeologists, and Criminals

The idea of recovering treasures of the past just to hand them over to a museum seems criminal to you — you'd much rather swipe the relic and sell it for a ludicrous price to some rich collector. Over the years you've established underworld contacts and black market dealers for almost any type of illegal goods. With a successful character level check (a simple d20 roll using the character's level as the check modifier), you can locate a buyer for any artifact or tome you happen the "find." The DC is based on the value, and legality, of the item you are trying to sell.

Religious Scholar

Skill Points: 8; 5 for Priests and Clergy

Every faith has its archivists, its lore keepers. Religious scholars study the ancient histories of their religion and anything or anyone connected to it. Years of study and training enlighten scholars to the inner secrets of their faith. A religious scholar adds his or her character level to any knowledge check related to that religion. Additionally a scholar can add half his or her level (round up) to any knowledge check concerning a related religion.

Religions are considered related if they originated from the same progenitor religion. Catholicism and Christianity are considered related, while Christianity and Buddhism are too dissimilar.

Salesman

Skill Points: 5

You truly have a silver tongue and a keen mind to guide it. Once per day youe investigator can perform an amazing act of salesmanship. Obviously this background isn't restricted only to actual salesmen — the ability to charm a target could be useful to a number of professions. With a short conversation, the investigator gains a temporary insight bonus to a single Charisma-based skill check against that target. The bonus is equal to half the investigator's level (round up), it applies to only one check and retries, if permitted, do not gain this bonus.

Scam Artist

Skill Points: 6

Grifting's in your blood — you can smell a deal and know when you're being hustled. Scam artists gain a +2 competence bonus to the following skills: Appraise, Forgery, Performance, and Sense Motive.

Skeptic

Skill Points: 5

Skeptics possess iron-clad belief in their vision of the universe. Anything that offends that vision is clearly wrong. When a skeptic is exposed to the horrors of the Mythos and is forced to make a Sanity check, the amount of Sanity lost is reduced by 1 point, to a minimum of one point (unless the sanity lost from the check was less than one point).

A character cannot take the Skeptic background and the Free Spirit background together.

Stage Magician

Skill Points: 5

Stage magicians are masters of deception and guile. Magicians gain a +3 aptitude bonus to Hypnosis and Sleight of Hand checks.

Student

Skill Points: 3

You've trained at either an established university or conducted an intensive apprenticeship to improve your academic skills. You gain a +1 aptitude bonus to four separate skills. These four skills should relate to each other. Characters with exceptional intelligence or intensive tutoring may attain this level of education privately, without the aid of an organized university.

Thug

Skill Points: 3

Thugs are talented intimidators and enforcers. A thug automatically gains Intimidate as a class skill, and receives a +2 competence bonus to that same skill.

Tribal

Skill Points: 5

A tribal character originated from a society with strong familial bonds. Several historical possibilities are: Native American Tribes, African tribes, Arctic Inuit tribes, etc. A tribal character gains a +2 insight bonus to any diplomacy checks involving another tribal society, this bonus rises to +4 when it involves the character's own tribe. In addition a tribal character can request assistance from his or her tribe. Typically free assistance is limited to a place to sleep, supplies, and one outsider per level of the tribal character.

More valuable help, (hiding you from enemies, the loan of a vehicle or weapon, etc.) would require a Diplomacy check.

Vigilante

Skill Points: 6

Sometimes the law can't deliver the justice promised (or expected). When that happens, a vigilante is born. Vigilantes need a keen sense for the motives and goals of their targets as well as the ability to hunt their quarry. Vigilantes gain a +2 bonus to Sense Motive in regards to any criminal they've studied (knowing the identity, crime, and background of the target is enough). In addition, even without the feat Track, a vigilante can track a target as long as the Wilderness Lore check DC is less than 20 (normally a character lacking the Track feat can't follow a trail with a DC over 10).

Appendix 2: d20 Cthulhu Townsfolk

Arkham is presented here as a place of intrigue, horror, and adventure. It is also an excellent "home base" for your *Call of Cthulhu* campaign. There are ample resources throughout the town, and Miskatonic University is an incubator for new investigators.

Personalities from the Guide to Arkham

The following characters were created using the Defense bonus variant rule. When a character has Speak Language for his or her native language, it's treated as a 13th core skill.

Bartholemew Appley, Dilettante (103)

3rd-Level Defense Option; 11 h.p.; Init -2; AC 10; Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +2, Ranged -1; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +1; Sz M; Str 13, Dex 7, Con 9, Int 15, Wis 11, Cha 9. San 14.

Languages: English, Latin (+4)

Skills: Balance +2, Bluff +4, Cthulhu Mythos +1, Diplomacy +3, Drive +4, Gather Information +3, Innuendo +4, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (Anthropology) +8, (History) +6, Performance (Sing) +1, Research +3, Ride +2, Speak other Language (Latin) +4, Tumble +2

Feats: Trustworthy, Persuasive, Wealth (x3)

Weapons: None

Dr. Laban Shrewsbury, Anthropologist and Linguist (104)

9th-Level Defense Option; 42 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +5, Ranged -5; SV Fort +8, Ref +4, Will +9; Sz M; Str 13, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 21, Wis 16, Cha 18. San 34.

Languages: English, French (+13), Latin (+17), German (+8), Chinese (+8), Russian (+6), Tcho-Tcho (+6), Serpent People (+6).

Skills: Bluff +10, Concentration +8, Craft (Cartography) +5, Cthulhu Mythos +9, Decipher Text +12, Demolitions +6, Diplomacy +15, Drive +3, Gather Information +12, Hide +4, Innuendo +6, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (Anthropology) +22, (Archeology) +10, (Astronomy) +12, (Botany) +6, (Chemistry) +6, (Geology) +8, (History) +14, (Occult) +16, (Psychology) +8, (Zoology) +6, Performance (Oratory) +5, Research +18, Sense Motive +12, Search +10, Spellcraft +14, Spot +7.

Feats: Innate Linguist, Research Frenzy, Skill Emphasis: (Research), Sharp-eyed, Wealth

Backgrounds: Doctorate (Anthropology).

Weapons: None

Spells: Brew Space-Mead, Perceive Text (new spell), Summon/Bind Byakhee.

Willard Peck, Gazette Reporter (108)

3rd-Level Defense Option; 16 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +1, Ranged +1; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +4; Sz M; Str 11, Dex 11, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 14. San 60.

Languages: English

Skills: Bluff +7, Diplomacy +8, Drive +2, Gather Information +10, Hide +2, Innuendo +6, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (Photography) +5, (Streetwise) +6, Listen +8, Performance (Oratory) +5, Read Lips +3, Research +5, Search +7, Sense Motive +8, Spot +9.

Feats: Alertness, Sharp-eyed, Trustworthy.

Backgrounds: Iron Integrity

Weapons: None

Sam the Doorman (113)

2nd-Level Offense Option; 18 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +6, Ranged +2; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +0; Sz M; Str 17, Dex 11, Con 18, Int 12, Wis 11, Cha 9. San 45.

Languages: English

Skills: Balance +2, Bluff +3, Climb +4, Drive +3, Innuendo +4, Intimidate +5, Jump +3, Listen +4, Ride +2, Search +4, Sense Motive +4, Spot +4, Swim +3, Tumble +3

Feats: Martial Artist (Boxing), WP Focus: Unarmed Strike

Backgrounds: Thug

Weapons: Club, Fists, Feet, Head Butt, Grapple.

Dan the Bartender (113)

2nd-Level Offense Option; 15 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +5, Ranged +3; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +0; Sz M; Str 16, Dex13, Con 17, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 11. San 55.

Languages: English

Skills: Appraise +2, Bluff +3, Craft (Mixed Drinks) +5, Gather Information +3, Hide +3, Innuendo +2, Knowledge (Local: Arkham) +4, (Streetwise) +5, Listen +4, Repair +3, Sense Motive +4, Sleight of Hand +2, Read Lips +2, Spot +2

Feats: Quick Draw (Shotgun), Weapon Proficiency: Shotgun

Weapons: Bottle, Shotgun (12 gauge, 2 barrel)

Larry (St. Looey) Freen (113)

3rd-Level Defense Option; 15 h.p.; Init +3; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +2, Ranged +4; SV Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +1; Sz M; Str 13, Dex 17, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 10. San 67.

Languages: English

Skills: Appraise +3, Bluff +8, Escape Artist +6, Gather Information +3, Hide +4, Innuendo +2, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (Grifting) +4, Knowledge (Streetwise) +3, Listen +4, Move Silently +6, Performance (Storytelling) +4, Search +4, Sense Motive +4, Sleight of Hand +14, Spot +5, Tumble +4

Feats: Nimble, Persuasive, Skill Emphasis (Sleight of Hand)

Weapons: None

Alex Hearne, Street Thug (Criminal) (129)

2nd-Level Offense Option; 12 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +4, Ranged +3; SV Fort +5, Ref +1, Will -1; Sz M; Str 15, Dex 12, Con 15, Int 9, Wis 9, Cha 8. San 37.

Languages: English

Skills: Bluff +2, Hide +7, Innuendo +2, Intimidate +3, Jump +5, Knowledge (streetwise) +1, Listen +3, Move Silently +6, Open Lock +2, Sense Motive +2, Spot +1, Tumble +2

Feats: Power Attack, Stealthy

Weapons: Prybar (Club), Knife.

Roberta Henry, Advertiser Reporter (130)

4th-Level Defense Option; 20 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +2, Ranged +4; SV Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +6; Sz M; Str 10, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 16, Wis 14, Cha 16. San 61.

Languages: English

Skills: Bluff +10, Climb +3, Craft (Writing) +9, Diplomacy +12, Drive +6, Gather Information +11, Hide +4, Innuendo +7, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (Photography) +4, Knowledge (Psychology) +5, Listen +7, Move Silently +3, Performance (Oratory) +6, Read Lips +4, Research +6, Sense Motive +8, Spot +9, Tumble +3

Feats: Persuasive, Sharp Eyed, Trustworthy.

Backgrounds: Salesman

Weapons: None

Ed Dunlap, Evil Agent for Interstellar Aliens (135)

7th-Level Offense Option; 48 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +7/+2, Ranged +8/+3; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +6, Sz M; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 17, Wis 13, Cha 15. San 0.

Languages: English, Arabic (+5), Greek (+4), Latin (+4).

Skills: Bluff +10, Cthulhu Mythos +8, Disguise +6, Diplomacy +14, Drive +5, Gather Information +11, Hide +4, Innuendo +5, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (Occult) +5, (Psychology) +5, Listen +7, Performance (Oratory) +5, Read Lips +4, Repair +9, Research +6, Search +7, Sense Motive +5, Spellcraft +4, Spot +6.

Feats: Point Blank Shot, Rapid Shot, Trustworthy, Weapon Proficiency (Pistols).

Weapons: .38 Revolver (shoulder holster), Combat Knife.

Kenneth Heath, Private Eye (205)

4th-Level Offense Option; 38 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +6, Ranged +7; SV Fort +4, Ref +7, Will +4; Sz M; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 18, Wis 14, Cha 14. San 68.

Languages: English

Skills: Bluff +8, Climb +5, Cthulhu Mythos +1, Disguise +3, Diplomacy +11, Drive +6, Gather Information +12, Heal +3, Innuendo +7, Intimidate +4, Jump +3, Knowledge (Ballistics) +5, (Chess) +4, (Criminology) +7, (Forensics) +9, (History) +6, (Law) +5, (Occult) +6, (Police Methods) +7, (Psychology) +10, (Streetwise) +6, Listen +9, Performance (Oratory) +5, Research +5, Search +8, Sense Motive +10, Spot +10, Tumble +4.

Feats: Alertness, Sharp-Eyed, Trustworthy, Weapon Proficiency (Pistols).

Backgrounds: Crime Scene Investigator (Psychology, and Forensics).

Weapons: .38 Revolver (shoulder holster), Blackjack*

**Blackjack only does subdual damage*

Luther Harden, Tough and Honest Cop (228)

8th-Level Offense Option; 49 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +8/+3, Ranged +7/+2; SV Fort +4, Ref +7, Will +5; Sz M; Str 14, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 13. San 60.

Languages: English

Skills: Bluff +12, Diplomacy +14, Drive +8, Gather Information +13, Heal +5, Innuendo +7, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (Criminology) +5, (Law) +6, (Police Methods) +10, (Psychology) +9, Listen +7, Move Silently +4, Research +5, Search +9, Sense Motive +9, Spot +10, Tumble +4.

Feats: Sharp-Eyed, Toughness, Trustworthy, Weapon Proficiency: (Pistols).

Background: Iron Integrity

Weapons: .38 Revolver (shoulder holster)

Mickey Harrigan, Good Cop (228)

6th-Level Offense Option; 49 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +8, Ranged +7; SV Fort +5, Ref +7, Will +4; Sz M; Str 16, Dex 14, Con 17, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 14. San 65.

Languages: English

Skills: Bluff +10, Climb +9, Diplomacy +14, Drive +5, Gather Information +12, Heal +3, Innuendo +7, Intimidate +5, Jump +8, Knowledge (Law) +4, (Police Methods) +6, (Psychology) +3, Listen +5, Move Silently +3, Research +4, Search +7, Sense Motive +7, Spot +7, Tumble +8, Use Rope +3.

Feats: Athletic, Point Blank Shot, Trustworthy, Weapon Proficiency (Pistols)

Backgrounds: Iron Integrity

Weapons: .38 Revolver (shoulder holster), Nightstick

Ray Stuckey, Cop-on-the-Take (228)

7th-Level Offense Option; 50 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +8/+3, Ranged +8/+3; SV Fort +7, Ref +4, Will +3; Sz M; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 10. San 45.

Languages: English

Skills: Bluff +10, Climb + 4, Diplomacy +6, Drive +5, Gather Information +10, Hide +5, Innuendo +7, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (Card Games) +4, (Law) +3, (Police Methods) +10, (Psychology) +4, Listen +7, Move Silently +4, Search +11, Sense Motive +9, Spot +8, Tumble +4.

Feats: Sharp-Eyed, Toughness, Track, Weapon Proficiency (Pistols).

Weapons: .38 Revolver (shoulder holster), Nightstick.

Typical Sergeant (228)

3rd-Level Offense Option; 16 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +6, Ranged +4; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +2; Sz M; Str 16, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 14. San 65.

Languages: English

Skills: Bluff +3, Climb +4, Diplomacy +7, Drive +3, Gather Information +10, Heal +2, Hide +3, Innuendo +4, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (Law) +2, (Police Methods) +4, Listen +6, Move Silently +3, Search +6, Sense Motive +4, Spot +5, Tumble +2

Feats: Run, Trustworthy, Weapon Proficiency (Pistols).

Weapons: .38 Revolver (shoulder holster), Nightstick.

Typical Patrolman (228)

1st-Level Offense Option; 8 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +3, Ranged +1; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +0; Sz M; Str 15, Dex 10, Con 15, Int 11, Wis 11, Cha 13. San 60.

Languages: English

Skills: Climb +3, Diplomacy +2, Drive +3, Gather Information +2, Heal +1, Hide +2, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (Law) +2, (Police Methods) +2, Listen +3, Move Silently +2, Search +4, Sense Motive +2, Spot +4, Tumble +2.

Feats: Run, Weapon Proficiency (Pistols).

Weapons: .38 Revolver (shoulder holster), Nightstick.

Pin Liou, Stranger in a Strange Land (238)

8th-Level Defense Option; 33 h.p.; Init +8; AC 14 (+4 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +4, Ranged +8; SV Fort +6, Ref +8, Will +5; Sz M; Str 10, Dex 18, Con 11, Int 20, Wis 17, Cha 17. San 55.

Languages: Mandarin Chinese, English (+12), Cantonese (+8), Japanese (+10), Korean (+9).

Skills: Astrology +12, Bluff +8, Concentration +10, Craft (Tattoo) +21, Cthulhu Mythos +3, Diplomacy +8, Gather Information +7, Heal +10, Hide +8, Hypnosis +12, Innuendo +9, Knowledge (Astrology) +9, (Chemistry) +10, (Gambling) +8, (Occult) +12, (Psychology) +8, Listen +9, Sense Motive +6, Search +7, Sleight of Hand +8, Spellcraft +8, Spot +8.

Feats: Improved Initiative, Martial Artist, Skill Emphasis (Tattoo), Weapon Finesse (Needles).

Backgrounds: Stage Magician

Weapons: Needles

Spells: Contact Deep Ones, Dread Curse of Azathoth

Beatrice Allen, Madwoman (301)

2nd-Level Offense Option; 10 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +5, Ranged +3; SV Fort +1, Ref +4, Will -4; Sz M; Str 16, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 3, Cha 1. San 0.

Languages: English

Skills: Hide +8, Listen +1, Move Silently +8, Spot +1

Feats: Run, Stealthy

Weapons: Hands

Spells: None

Sanity Loss: 1/1D4 (not Supernatural, her scarred face is a nightmarish visage.)

Melissa Thorne, Courtesan, Age 32 (304)

3rd-Level Defense Option; 14 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +2, Ranged +3; SV Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +3; Sz M; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 16, Wis 14, Cha 17. San 64.

Languages: English

Skills: Appraise +9, Bluff +5, Concentration +7, Diplomacy +9, Innuendo +8, Knowledge (Gambling) +4, (Psychology) +9, Performance (Fan Dance)+9, (Flirt)+9, (Seduce)+9, (Sing)+8, Sense Motive +8, Spot +4

Feats: Athletic, Endurance

Weapons: Hatpin

Spells: None

Goody Fowler's Ghost, Medium-Size Undead (Lesser Independent Race) (404)

5th-Level Offense Option; 45 h.p.; Init +4 (Improved Initiative); AC 10 when ethereal (+0 Dex), 14 when manifesting (+4 Cha); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +6; SV Fort N/A, Ref +1, Will +9 (Immune to anything requiring a Fort save); Sz M; Str 14, Dex 10, Con –, Int 14, Wis 17, Cha 19. San 0.

Damage: All her attacks are touch attacks that ignore armor, including natural armor (Dexterity and deflection bonuses still apply). 1D3+1 against ethereal targets, 1D3 CON drain vs. material targets.

Special Attacks: Manifestation, Corrupting Gaze, Corrupting Touch, Grasp of Cthulhu, Telekinesis (DC 18)

Special Qualities: Darkvision, incorporeal, undead, ghost immunities (immune to poison, mind-affecting spells, paralysis, stunning, disease, critical hits, subdual damage, ability drain or damage, or death from massive damage), rejuvenation (reforms at the peak of Hangman's Hill following Hallowmass or May eve after being destroyed).

Languages: English

Skills: Bluff +6, Hide +16, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (History) +10, (Occult) +7, Listen +19, Move Silently (automatic success), Psychic Focus +9, Search +17, Sense Motive +9, Spellcraft +8, Spot +19, Wilderness Lore +7

Feats: Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Sensitive

Weapons: None

Spells: None now, but in life she commanded powerful magicks.

CR: 7

Climate/Terrain: Hangman's Hill; Old Wooded Cemetery.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6

Danny O'Bannion, Local Kingpin (412)

7th-Level Offense Option; 45 h.p.; Init +2; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +8/+3, Ranged +7/+2; SV Fort +7, Ref +3, Will +3; Sz M; Str 15, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 16. San 21.

Languages: English, Italian (+4)

Skills: Appraise +10, Bluff +10, Diplomacy +10, Drive +4, Gather Information +8, Hide +5, Innuendo +8, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (Gambling) +5, (Psychology) +6, (Streetwise) +10, Listen +8, Move Silently +4, Sense Motive +7, Spot +9, Tumble +5.

Feats: Toughness, Wealth (x2), Weapon Proficiency (Pistols).

Weapons: .38 Automatic Pistol, Blackjack*.

* *Blackjack does only subdual damage*

Bobby Sills, Henchman (412)

5th-Level Offense Option; 30 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +6, Ranged +6; SV Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +2; Sz M; Str 14, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 15. San 22.

Languages: English

Skills: Balance +3, Bluff +8, Demolitions +3, Diplomacy +3, Drive +6, Hide +5, Innuendo +6, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (Gambling) +6, (Streetwise) +7, Listen +7, Move Silently +9, Open Lock +6, Operate Heavy Machinery +4, Sense Motive +8, Spot +6, Tumble +3, Use Rope +6

Feats: Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Weapon Proficiency (Pistols).

Weapons: .38 Snub-Nose Revolver, Knife, Blackjack*.

** Blackjack does only subdual damage*

Eddie Leery, Enforcer (412)

4th-Level Offense Option; 27 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +7, Ranged +4; SV Fort +7, Ref +2, Will +1; Sz M; Str 18, Dex 12, Con 17, Int 11, Wis 10, Cha 11. San 33.

Languages: English

Skills: Balance +6, Bluff +3, Drive +5, Hide +4, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (Streetwise) +4, Listen +3, Move Silently +5, Open Lock +4, Operate Heavy Machinery +2, Repair +3, Sense Motive +5, Spot +2, Tumble +5.

Feats: Point Blank Shot, Martial Artist (Brute Force), Weapon Proficiency (Pistols).

Weapons: .45 Revolver, Knife, Blackjack*

** Blackjack does only subdual damage*

Meyer Golditz, Accountant Who Knows Too Much (412)

3rd-Level Defense Option; 12 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +1, Ranged +1; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +3; Sz M; Str 10, Dex 11, Con 11, Int 16, Wis 11, Cha 10. San 14.

Languages: English

Skills: Appraise +9, Bluff +5, Diplomacy +5, Drive +4, Hide +5, Knowledge (Accounting) +12, (Psychology) +4, Listen +6, Move Silently +4, Research +6, Search +11, Sense Motive +8, Spot +6

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Knowledge(Accounting)), Sharp-Eyed, Wealth (stolen from O'Bannion)

Weapons: .32 Revolver.

Five Tough Muggs (412)

1st Level (Offense Option)

	#1	*#2*	*#3*	*#4*	*#5*
Strength:	14	13	16	13	12
Dexterity:	12	11	10	15	12
Constitution:	14	11	12	13	16
Intelligence:	10	9	12	12	11
Wisdom:	10	9	10	10	9
Charisma:	12	10	11	13	10
Sanity:	30	19	38	40	24
Hit Points:	8	6	7	7	12 (Toughness feat)

Base Attack Bonus: Melee +1, Ranged +1

Base Saves: Fort +2, Ref +0,Will +0

Skills: Bluff +3, Drive +4, Hide +4, Innuendo +3, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (Streetwise) +3, Move Silently +3, Spot +3, Tumble +3

Street Punk: Typical 'Finn-Boy (512)

2nd-Level Offense Option; 15 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +2, Ranged +4; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +0; Sz M; Str 11, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 11, Cha 11. San 65.

Languages: English

Skills: Balance +6, Bluff +5, Hide +6, Innuendo +3, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (Streetwise) +3, Move Silently +7, Sense Motive +3, Spot +5, Tumble +7.

Feats: Toughness, Weapon Proficiency: (Thrown Weapons)

Weapons: Thrown Rocks, Club, Pocket Knife.

Greg the Monster, Age 29 (513)

3rd-Level Offense Option; 16 h.p.; Init +1; AC 14 (+2 Dex, +2 Natural-immense size); Spd 20 ft.; Atk Melee +5, Ranged +4; SV Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +0; Sz M; Str 14, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 9, Wis 9, Cha 6. San 13.

Languages: English

Skills: Hide +7, Intimidate +3, Listen +5, Move Silently +6, Search +4, Spot +4, Tumble +6.

Feats: Great Fortitude, Martial Artist (Sumo style "crush" attack), Power Attack.

Weapons: Bare Fists

Wingate Peaslee (609)

5th-Level Defense Option; 32 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +4, Ranged +4; SV Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +9; Sz M; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 16, Int 17, Wis 14, Cha 16. San 79.

Languages: English

Skills: Concentration +4, Cthulhu Mythos +1, Diplomacy +7, Drive +3, Gather Information +7, Heal +7, Hypnosis +6, Knowledge (Biology) +5, (Occult) +6, (Photography) +4, (Psychology) +15, Listen +9, Pilot (Small Aircraft) +10, Psychoanalysis +13, Read Lips +5, Research +8, Sense Motive +11, Spot +7.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Pilot), Skill Emphasis (Psychology), Iron Will

Backgrounds: Doctorate (Psychology)

Weapons: None

Moamar Shalad, Scholar (611)

4th-Level Defense Option; 24 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +3, Ranged +4; SV Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +6; Sz M; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 16, Wis 15, Cha 14. San 52.

Languages: English, Arabic +14, Persian +10, Sanskrit +6, Urdu +6

Skills: Bluff +7, Craft (Writing) +5, Cthulhu Mythos +2, Decipher Text +7, Diplomacy +4, Gather Information +5, Knowledge (Anthropology) +5, (Archaeology) +9, (Astronomy) +5, (History) +7, (Occult) +6, (Philosophy) +6, Listen +6, Research +8, Spellcraft +6, Spot +4

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Arabic), Innate Linguist, Weapon Proficiency (Melee)

Backgrounds: Doctorate (Archeology)

Weapons: Saber

Albert N. Wilmarth, Scholar (611)

3rd-Level Defense Option; 12 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +1, Ranged +1; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +5; Sz M; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 17, Wis 14, Cha 13. San 51.

Languages: English, French +9, German +9, Latin +8, Classical Greek +8,

Skills: Craft (Writing) +5, Cthulhu Mythos +2, Diplomacy +4, Drive +2, Gather Information +4, Knowledge (History) +12, (Local: Arkham) +7, (Psychology) +7, (Occult) +6, Psychoanalysis +4, Research +6, Listen +5, Spot +5

Feats: Education: Innate Linguist, Skill Emphasis (History), Wealth

Backgrounds: Doctorate (History)

Weapons: None

Francis Morgan, Scientist and Adventurer (611)

7th-Level Offense Option; 46 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +9/+4, Ranged +8/+3; SV Fort +5, Ref +7, Will +5; Sz M; Str 16, Dex 15, Con 16, Int 17, Wis 16, Cha 14. San 69.

Languages: English, Arabic +5, Assyrian Cuneiform +4, Egyptian Hieroglyphics +10, Hebrew +6, Swahili +4, Spanish +5

Skills: Climb +6, Cthulhu Mythos +3, Craft (Cartography) +4, Diplomacy +5, Drive +5, Gather Information +6, Heal +5, Hide +4, Knowledge (Abenaki Artifacts) +6, (Anthropology) +10, (Archaeology) +16, (Egyptology) +10, (Geography) +5, (History) +9, Jump +6, Listen +6, Move Silently +4, Operate Heavy Machinery +4, Pilot +3, Ride +4, Spot +10, Search +9, Sense Motive +6, Swim +5.

Feats: Athletic, Skill Emphasis (Anthropology), Weapon Proficiency (Pistol), Weapon Proficiency (Rifle), Weapon Proficiency (Shotgun)

Background: Adventurer, Doctorate (Archeology)

Weapons: .45 Revolver, .30 Semi-Automatic Rifle, 20-Gauge Pump Shotgun

Dr. Henry Armitage, Man of Letters, and Archetypal Investigator (620)

7th-Level Defense Option; 17 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +6/+1, Ranged +6/+1; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +10; Sz M; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 8, Int 21, Wis 16, Cha 13. San 50.

Languages: English, Arabic +11, French +10, German +7, Greek +7, Latin +10

Skills: Appraise +11, Bluff +13, Cthulhu Mythos +23, Concentration +8, Diplomacy +9, Gather Information +12, Innuendo +8, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (Anthropology) +16, (Comparative Religions) +11, (Geography) +7, (History) +16, (Literature) +16, (Local) +7, (Occult) +8, (Philosophy) +11, Listen +7, Research +19, Spot +10, Search +9, Sense Motive +12

Feats: Innate Linguist, Iron Will, Persuasive, Research Frenzy, Sharpeyed, Skill Emphasis (Research)

Backgrounds: Doctorate (Literature), Librarian

Weapons: None

Dr. Chester Armwright, M.D. (621)

5th-Level Defense Option; 26 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +3, Ranged +3; SV Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +7; Sz M; Str 12, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 17, Wis 16, Cha 16. San 88.

Languages: English, Latin +6

Skills: Appraise +6, Concentration +10, Diplomacy +5, Gather Information +6, Heal +14, Knowledge (Chemistry) +10, (History) +4, (Local: Arkham) +6, (Medicine) +14, (Pharmacology) +10, Listen +6, Performance: (Storytelling) +4, Psychoanalysis +5, Research +10, Spot +9, Search +8

Feats: Skill Emphasis: (Heal), Surgeon, Wealth, Weapon Proficiency (Rifle)

Background: Doctorate (Medicine)

Weapons: .45 Revolver, .30-06 Rifle, 20-Gauge Pump Shotgun.

Street Punk: Typical Rock-Head (716)

2nd-Level Offense Option; 12 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +2, Ranged +4; SV Fort +4, Ref +2,Will +0; Sz M; Str 11, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 11, Cha 11. San 65.

Languages: English, Italian +3

Skills: Balance +5, Bluff +4, Climb +5, Hide +5, Innuendo +4, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (Streetwise) +3, Move Silently +4, Sense Motive +2, Sleight of Hand +7, Spot +5

Feats: Weapon Proficiency (Thrown), Weapon Proficiency (Melee)

Weapons: Club, Pocket Knife, Small Rocks.

Walter Gilman, Mathematician (719)

2nd-Level Defense Option; 10 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +2, Ranged +2; SV Fort +0, Ref +4, Will +5; Sz M; Str 13, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 17, Wis 14, Cha 14. San 22.

Languages: English, Arabic +5, German +4

Skills: Concentration +4, Cthulhu Mythos +5, Diplomacy +6, Knowledge (Local) +5, (Architecture) +6, (Mathematics) +11, (Occult) +6, (Physics)+10, Listen +5, Psychic Focus +3, Research +7, Spellcraft +4, Spot +5.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Mathematics), Sensitive

Backgrounds: Gifted Scientist, Student

Weapons: None.

Frank Elwood, Student (719)

1st-Level Defense Option; 7 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +1, Ranged +1; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +3; Sz M; Str 12, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 10. San 77.

Languages: English

Skills: Concentration +4, Diplomacy +4, Drive +3, Gather Information +5, Heal +3, Knowledge (History) +6, (Local: Arkham) +5, (Mathematics) +6, (Occult) +4, Listen +5, Research +5, Sense Motive +4, Swim +2

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Mathematics), Trustworthy

Backgrounds: Student

Weapons: None.

Keziah Mason, Immortal Cult Leader (719)

12th-Level Cult Sorceress (Offense Option); 60 h.p.; Init +6 (Improved Initiative); AC 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +11/+6, Ranged +11/+6; SV Fort +6, Ref +6,Will +14, Sz M; Str 14, Dex 14, Con 15, Int 23, Wis 18, Cha 8. San 0.

Languages: English

Skills: Appraise +8, Bluff +10, Cthulhu Mythos +28, Concentration +17, Diplomacy +4, Gather Information +4, Heal +8, Hide +8, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (Astronomy) +16, (Geometry) +18, (History) +12, (Local) +9, (Occult) +18, (Pharmacology) +8, (Psychology) +8, Listen +9, Move Silently +6, Performance (Oratory) +7, Psychic Focus +10, Research +9, Rope Use +6, Spellcraft +21, Spot +12, Search +10, Sense Motive +10

Feats: Alertness, Combat Casting, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Skill Emphasis: (Spellcraft)

Psychic Feats: Mind Probe, Mind Reading, Remote Viewing*, Sensitive, Telepathy

** Keziah Mason can automatically view any room in the Witch House (197 E Pickman Street) with this power.*

Backgrounds: Doctorate (Occult)

Weapons: None

Spells: Contact Nyarlathotep**, Create Gate, Create Scrying Window, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Enchant Pipes, Shriveling, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods, Voorish Sign

***This special relationship is seemingly at will and without any drain of ability points; the form contacted is that of the Black Man.*

Unique Sorceress Abilities: Adept Psychic, Madman's Intuition, Enhanced Pineal Gland, Geometric Gateway***

She has a special grasp of Gates, and seems to be able to drag victims into other spaces/times against their will. Victims must succeed at a Will Save (DC 25) or be drawn into the gate.

**** Geometric Gateway: Keziah's advanced geometric knowledge lets her pull victims through the gates she creates. Victims must make a Will Save, (DC 21), or be forcibly dragged through the gate to Keziah's location.*

SAN: first sight of her costs 1/1D2 Sanity points.

Brown Jenkin, Rat Familiar (719)

Tiny Magical Beast; 4 h.p.; Init +8 (+4 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative); AC 16 (+2 size, +4 Dex); Spd 40 ft., climb 40 ft.; Atk Melee +7; SV Fort +2, Ref +6,Will +1, Sz T; Str 4, Dex 18, Con 6, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 5. San 14.

Special Attacks: Jaw lock

Special Qualities: Scent (can detect foes within 30 ft. by smell alone), low-light vision, darkvision 60 ft.

Skills: Balance +12, Climb +12, Escape Artist +12, Hide +12, Listen +7, Move Silently +11, Spellcraft +5.

Feats: Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse (bite)

Weapons: Bite (1 damage)

Jaw Lock: once Brown Jenkin has successfully attacked, he automatically deals 1 point of damage each round as he swallows dollops of flesh along with fresh blood. Trearing him loose causes an additional 1d3 points of damage.

Spells: Bring Pestilence, Consume Likeness, Nightmare, Power Drain.

Sanity Loss: 0/1d6

Dante Helcimer, Mythos Scholar (801)

6th-Level Defense Option; 29 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +3, Ranged +3; SV Fort +3, Ref +7, Will +7; Sz M; Str 11, Dex 11, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 13. San 19.

Languages: French, English +6

Skills: Bluff +3, Cthulhu Mythos +9, Concentration +4, Decipher Text +6, Diplomacy +9, Gather Information +10, Heal +3, Hide +2, Jump +2, Knowledge (Cryptology) +5, (History) +10, (Occult) +10, (Photography) +4, (Psychology) +6, Listen +6, Move Silently +4, Repair +4, Research +8, Ride +3, Spellcraft +7, Spot +4, Search +7, Sense Motive +7, Tumble +3

Feats: Cryptic Mind, Lightning Reflexes, Sharp-eyed, Trustworthy

Backgrounds: Doctorate (Occult)

Weapons: Sword Cane, .32 Revolver

Spells: Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Elder Sign, Contact Ghoul.

Jonathan Shear, Firebug (814)

1st-Level Offense Option; 5 h.p.; Init +5; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +0, Ranged +2; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will 0; Sz M; Str 9, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 11, Cha 11. San 43.

Languages: English

Skills: Bluff +4, Climb +3, Demolitions (Incendiaries) +5, Diplomacy +2, Disable Device +5, Hide +5, Knowledge (Combustibles) +6, Listen +4, Move Silently +5 Performance (Temper Tantrum) +4, Spot +4, Sense Motive +4

Feats: Cautious, Improved Initiative

Weapons: None.

E. Lapham Peabody, Curator (901)

3rd-Level Defense Option; 8 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +0, Ranged +1; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +6; Sz M; Str 9, Dex 11, Con 7, Int 17, Wis 15, Cha 15. San 63.

Languages: English

Skills: Bluff +3, Craft (Cartography) +5, Cthulhu Mythos +4, Concentration +4, Decipher Text +7, Diplomacy +6, Forgery +4, Gather Information +8, Innuendo +3, Knowledge (Accounting) +4, (Genealogy) +10, (History) +9, (Local: Arkham) +12, (Occult) +5, (Photography) +4, Listen +3, Research +8, Sense Motive +2, Swim +1

Feats: Skill Emphasis (History), Skill Emphasis (Local), Wealth

Backgrounds: Doctorate (History), Librarian

Weapons: None.

Jason Gaspard, Occultist (909)

5th-Level Offense Option; 22 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +3, Ranged +4; SV Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +6; Sz M; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 17, Wis 15, Cha 18. San 40.

Languages: English, French +7, Latin +6

Skills: Bluff +14, Cthulhu Mythos +7, Concentration +4, Demolitions +4, Diplomacy +12, Gather Information +10, Hide +3, Innuendo +5, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (Anthropology) +5, (Astrology) +6, (Astronomy) +10, (History) +6, (Occult) +11, (Psychology) +6, Performance (Oratory) +8, Research +7, Sense Motive +6, Sleight of Hand +5, Spellcraft +11, Spot +6

Feats: Mesmerism, Persuasive, Trustworthy, Skill Emphasis (Bluff)

Weapons: Stiletto, Fencing Foil.

Joe Potrello, Gangster (911)

6th-Level Offense Option; 29 h.p.; Init +5; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +7, Ranged +6; SV Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +3; Sz M; Str 15, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 15, Wis 15, Cha 15. San 35.

Languages: Italian, English +8

Skills: Bluff +9, Diplomacy +6, Drive +4, Gather Information +9, Hide +6, Innuendo +6, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (Gambling) +10, (Streetwise) +8, Listen +6, Move Silently +5, Performance (Oratory) +6, Sense Motive +8, Spot +7, Tumble +5

Feats: Alertness, Skill Emphasis (Gambling), Wealth, Weapon Proficiency (Pistols).

Weapons: Stiletto, .38 Revolver.

Lou Benito, Henchman (911)

4th-Level Offense Option; 24 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +5, Ranged +5; SV Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +1; Sz M; Str 14, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 11, Cha 12. San 44.

Languages: English, Italian +8

Skills: Hide +9, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (Streetwise) +8, Listen +8, Move Silently +9, Spot +9, Tumble +8

Feats: Alertness, Skill Emphasis (Intimidate), Weapon Proficiency (Pistols)

Backgrounds: Thug

Weapons: Stiletto, .45 Revolver.

Hagan Wilson, Artist (913)

3rd-Level Defense Option; 7 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +1, Ranged +3; SV Fort -1, Ref +5, Will +4; Sz M; Str 11, Dex 15, Con 7, Int 17, Wis 12, Cha 15. San 21.

Languages: English

Skills: Concentration +4, Cthulhu Mythos +4, Craft (Drawings) +12, (Watercolors) +12, Forgery +9, Innuendo +7, Knowledge (Occult) +5, Listen +6, Move Silently +3, Psychic Focus +4, Search +6, Spot +7

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Drawing), Skill Emphasis (Watercolors), Sensitive, Second Sight

Backgrounds: Free Spirit

Weapons: None.

The Lurker at the Threshold (1001)

Large Outsider; 5d8 +17 (37 h.p.); Init +6 (Dex); 15 (-1 Size, +6 Dex); 40ft (can move through any substance at full speed); Atk Melee +22 Pseudopod (2D10 +17); SV Fort +20, Ref +9, Will +10; Sz M; Str 44, Dex 22, Con 44, Int 20, Wis 36, Cha 40.

Face/Reach: 5 ft/5 ft/10 ft

Special Qualities: Darkvision, Blindsight, Immunities (critical hits, coup de grace, death from massive damage, poison), Damage Reduction 10, Resistance to piercing damage (20).

Skills: Climb +20, Hide +30

Feats: Power Attack, Weapon Focus (Pseudopod)

Challenge Rating: 5

Sanity Loss: 1D10/4D10.

A dark formless mass, huge and slug-like but moving rapidly across and through the earth. It is not completely material. It is thought to be a form of Yog-Sothoth.

Colour Out of Space (1010)

Medium-Sized Outsider (Greater Independent Race); 10d8 (45 h.p.); Init +4 (Dex); AC 14 (+4 Dex); Spd Fly 75 ft. (perfect); Atk Melee +14/+9 touch attack (envelop 1d6+ability drain); SV Fort –, Ref +11, Will –; Sz M; Str 18, Dex 18, Con –, Int 12, Wis –, Cha –.

Face/Reach: 5 ft/5 ft/5 ft

Special Attacks: Ability drain, disintigrate, spell-like abilities

Special Qualities: Incorporeal, vulnerable to ability-draining spells (as long as the ability is not Con, Wis, or Cha), imprisoned by magnetism, temporarily dispelled by the Elder Sign

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos +5, Hide +17, Knowledge (Any four) +14, Listen +17, Move Silently +17, Spot +17

Feats: Dodge, Stealthy, Alertness

Challenge Rating: 10

Climate/Terrain: The colours come from regions of deep space where other dimensions co-exist with our own. When brought to our world by a space traveler, a meteor, or piece of falling space debris, they seek out cool, damp areas (such as old wells or abandoned culverts) in which to lair.

Advancement: None, but consult the *Call of Cthulhu* core rulesbook for notes on the larva.

Sanity Loss: 0/1d4 to seee a colour, 0/1d8 to see one of its victims (1d3/1d10 if he or she is a friend or loved one).

Edward Pickman Derby (1012)

2nd-Level Defense Option; 9 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +1, Ranged +1; SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +2; Sz M; Str 11, Dex 11, Con 10, Int 16, Wis 8, Cha 11. San 15.

Languages: English

Skills: Craft (Poetry) + 11, Cthulhu Mythos +4, Diplomacy +4, Drive +5, Hide +5, Innuendo +5, Knowledge (Occult) +8, Performance (Oratory) +4, Research +8, Sense Motive +5

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Poetry), Wealth

Weapons: None

Ephraim/Asenath Waite, Evil Sorcerer (1012)

10th-Level Defense Option; 40 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +0, Ranged +2; SV Fort +9, Ref +6, Will +11; Sz M; Str 12, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 20, Wis 18, Cha 16. San 0.

Languages: English, Latin (+8)

Skills: Astrology +11, Bluff +12, Concentration +13, Cthulhu Mythos +20, Decipher Text +18, Diplomacy +12, Drive +3, Gather Information +8, Hypnosis +18, Innuendo +10, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (Anthropology) +5, (Archeology) +9, (History) +12, (Occult) +15, Research +18, Sense Motive +12, Search +12, Spellcraft +16, Spot +7, Swim +14

Feats: Mesmerism, Persuasive, Research Frenzy, Sharp-eyed, Wealth

Backgrounds: Doctorate, Professional Student

Weapons: Dagger

Spells: Dread Curse of Azathoth, Mind Transfer, Obscuring Mists, Wither Limb, and any six Call and Contact spells

Moses Sargent, Servant of Darkness (1012)

5th-Level Defense Option; 28 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +5, Ranged +3; SV Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +3; Sz M; Str 17, Dex 13, Con 16, Int 14, Wis 15, Cha 10. San 0.

Languages: English

Skills: Climb +7, Cthulhu Mythos +5, Diplomacy +5, Drive +8, Hide +9, Innuendo +6, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (Etiquette) +8, (Occult) +4, Listen +7, Move Silently +8, Repair +5, Search +6, Spot +10, Swim +10, Use Rope +2

Feats: Alertness, Endurance, Stealthy

Weapons: .38 Revolver

Abigail Sargent, Servant of Darkness (1012)

4th-Level Defense Option; 22 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +4, Ranged +3; SV Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +6; Sz M; Str 15, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 14, Wis 15, Cha 9. San 0.

Languages: English

Skills: Climb +4, Cthulhu Mythos +5, Diplomacy +6, Drive +3, Hide +7, Innuendo +7, Intimidate +1, Knowledge (Profanities) +6, (Occult) +3, Listen +7, Move Silently +8, Search +6, Spot +10, Swim +6

Feats: Alertness, Sharp-Eyed, Stealthy

Weapons: None.

Eunice Babson, Saucy Servant of Darkness

2nd-Level Offense Option; 12 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +4, Ranged +3; SV Fort +1, Ref +5, Will +4; Sz M; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 13. San 0.

Languages: English

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos +3, Diplomacy +4, Drive +3, Hide +7, Innuendo +6, Knowledge (Occult) +2, Listen +8, Move Silently +9, Performance (Lewd Seduction) +5, Search +7, Spot +7, Swim +6

Feats: Alertness, Sharp-Eyed, Stealthy

Weapons: Dagger.

Stanley Harrington, Adventurer (1013)

6th-Level Offense Option; 32 h.p.; Init +3; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +7, Ranged +8; SV Fort +5, Ref +8, Will +4; Sz M; Str 15, Dex 16*, Con 16, Int 13, Wis 15, Cha 15. San 75.

Languages: English, French +2

Skills: Bluff +6, Craft (Cartography) +6, Diplomacy +5, Drive +7, Gather Information +6, Heal +3, Listen +6, Pilot (Small Aircraft) +12, Repair +9, Sense Motive +3, Spot +6, Tumble +10, Use Rope +4

Feats: Barnstormer, Fly-By Attack (As per Creature Feats, Page 156 of Core Rulebook III), Skill Emphasis (Pilot), Skill Emphasis (Tumble), Weapon Proficiency (Machine Guns)

Backgrounds: Adventurer, Pilot

Weapons: .45 Revolver, .30 Machine Gun

**If Harrington has to run, jump, or climb, treat Dex as 8 due to his limp.*

The Books of Uncle Silas

Darcus McCrindle, age 50, Madman Pursuer of Knowledge (Antiquarian)

3rd-Level Offense Option; 13 h.p.; Init -2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +5, Ranged +5; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +6, Sz M; Str 14, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 17, Cha 10. San 0.

Languages: English

Skills: Appraise +4, Climb +6, Cthulhu Mythos +3, Forgery +3, Gather Information +3, Heal +8, Hide +4, Intimidate +1, Jump +1, Knowledge (Anthropology) +4, Knowledge (History) +3, Knowledge (Law) +3, Knowledge (Medicine) +6, Listen +1, Move Silently +6, Open Lock +1, Research +4, Sense Motive +2, Sleight of Hand +2, Speak Arabic +3, Speak Classical Chinese +1, Speak Coptic +1, Speak Latin +1, Spot +2.

Feats: Dodge, Skill Emphasis (Hide), Weapon Proficiency (Melee).

Spells: Contact Deity/Azathoth, Contact Deity/Yog-Sothoth, Elder Sign, Summon/Bind Star Vampire, Voorish Sign, and gamemaster's choice between Fist of Yog-Sothoth and Grasp of Cthulhu.

The Hills Rise Wild

LEVI STONE, Psychotic Murderer

5th-Level Offense Option; 42 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +8, Ranged +6; SV Fort +8, Ref +3, Will +1; Sz M; Str 18, Dex 14, Con 18, Int 15, Wis 11, Cha 13. San 0.

Languages: English

Skills: Bluff +7, Climb +10, Disguise +3, Heal +2, Hide +7, Intimidate +9, Jump +5, Listen +6, Move Silently +8, Sense Motive +3, Spot +6, Swim +9, Tumble +5, Use Rope +4, Wilderness Lore +8

Feats: Endurance, Run, Track, Weapon Proficiency (Melee)

Backgrounds: Thug, Militia

Weapons: Knife, Wood Axe

HANNAH STONE

2nd-Level Defense Option; 12 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +1, Ranged +2; SV Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +0; Sz M; Str 10, Dex 12, Con 15, Int 11, Wis 10, Cha 11. San 15.

Languages: English

Skills: Concentration +3, Craft (Cooking) +5, (Sewing) +5, Handle Animal +3, Heal +5, Hide +5, Listen +6, Move Silently +6, Spot +5, Wilderness Lore +5

Feats: Alertness, Dodge

Weapons: kitchen knife, hatchet

ZEKLE STONE, Adolescent

2nd-Level Offense Option; 8 h.p.; Init +3; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +0, Ranged +4; SV Fort +2, Ref +6, Will +2; Sz M; Str 9, Dex 16, Con 9, Int 13, Wis 15, Cha 12. San 20.

Languages: English

Skills: Bluff +2, Climb +4, Craft (Wood Carving) +6, Hide +7, Jump +4, Listen +6, Move Silently +5, Search +4, Sense Motive +5, Spot +6, Swim +3, Tumble +4, Use Rope +4, Wilderness Lore +6

Feats: Alertness, Sharp Eyed, Weapon Proficiency (Melee)

Backgrounds: Militia

Weapons: Club, Wood Axe, Knife, Hatchet

THE GOASKOI, Levi's God

Huge Construct; 18d10 (90 h.p.); Init +0 (Dex); AC 10 (-2 size, +2 Natural); Spd 25 ft.; Atk Bite* +15 Melee, Trample +15 melee; SV Fort +10, Ref +5, Will +10; Sz M; Str 40, Dex 10, Con –, Int 15, Wis 20, Cha –.

* *No bite attack if headless*

Damage: Bite* 2d8+15, Trample 2d10+15

* *No bite attack if headless*

Special Attacks: Trample

Special Qualities: Darkvision, Damage Reduction 6/+1, Construct Immunities

Skills: Intimidate +16, Psychic Focus +14, Sense Motive +12, Spot +8

Feats: Power Attack, Sensitive, Telepathy

CR: 10

Climate/Terrain: Forested Swamp

Advancement: None

Sanity Loss: 2/1D8+2

Following the removal of the bark, the goaskoi was carved from a white pine log of about 35 feet in length and about three feet thick. Long immersion in the fetid bog darkened the wood to near black. The carver covered most of the surface of the log with faint non-Euclidian patterns, some of which are now invisible to the naked eye.

The face has very large, madly staring eyes and a large, partly open mouth in which individual teeth 2-3 inches long can be seen. The neck and trunk are not distinguished, and there are no arms. A set of comparatively small, apparently ornamental male genitalia mark the apex of the legs. The legs themselves are about ten feet long, concluding in slightly wider stumps for feet.

Similar humanoid constructs are common to many magical traditions; the high Sanity cost to see this one is due to the hyperdimensional vision, which afflicted its creator.

Combat

The goaskoi is clumsy in movement, given the disproportion of legs to body, the lack of arms, and the inflexibility of its spine, but crosses open ground and shallower waters steadily and tirelessly.

The goaskoi takes normal damage from electricity, fire, and acid; these and magical spells are the best ways to destroy it. Physical damage from guns, axes, saws, and so forth may finally divide the thing. If cut apart, the legs, trunk, etc., may independently twitch or stomp for several days or many weeks, and may act with purpose if the keeper desires.

Trample (Ex): As an attack action the Goaskoi can Trample Medium sized (or smaller), creatures for 2d6+15 points of damage. It is not required to stop when it enters its' victims' threatened area.

A Trampled opponent can attempt a free attack in response, but this attack incurs a –4 penalty. If the target forgoes this free attack it can instead attempt a Reflex saving throw (DC 20) for half damage.

Construct Immunities: The Goaskoi is immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, disease, and death effects, critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, and death from massive damage.

The Condemned

Henry Atwater (in Bishop's Body)

3rd-Level Defense Option; 13 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +1, Ranged +1; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +2; Sz M; Str 11, Dex 11, Con 9, Int 17, Wis 15, Cha 9. San 35.

Languages: English, Latin +6

Skills: Bluff +2, Climb +2, Concentration +1, Diplomacy +7, Drive +4, Gather Information +4, Heal +7, Jump +2, Knowledge (Biology) +6, (Botany) +13, (Chemistry) +5, (History) +4, (Psychology) +4, Research +8, Spot +6, Search +7, Sense Motive +4

Feats: Sharp Eyed, Skill Emphasis: (Botany), Trustworthy

Backgrounds: Student

Weapons: None

Henry Atwater no longer ages naturally nor can he be killed by physical force. He no longer has a maximum age, and cannot die from starvation, or thirst, and gains the supernatural ability Fast Healing 5. However, Atwater's creature type is now treated as "Outsider" for determining magical effects.

The Resident Shoggoth

Use the shoggoth in the *Call of Cthulhu* core book, page 181.

Sermon Bishop(in Atwater's body)

14th-Level Offense Option; 42 h.p.; Init +5 (+4 Improved Initiative); AC 11 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +12/+7/+2, Ranged +12/+7/+2; SV Fort +6, Ref +5, Will +14; Sz M; Str 13, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 19, Wis 20, Cha 10. San 0.

Languages: Old English, Latin +12, Greek +8

Skills: Bluff +8, Concentration +8, Cthulhu Mythos +8, Decipher Text +12, Diplomacy +14, Disguise +4, Gather Information +10, Heal +8, Hide +4, Hypnosis +12, Innuendo +6, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (Chemistry) +16, (Genealogy) +5, (History) +10, (Dimensional Theory) +12, (Occult) +18, (Psychology) +5, Listen +5, Move Silently +6, Research +14, Sense Motive +8, Search +6, Spellcraft +14, Spot +6, Swim +2

Feats: Combat Casting, Improved Initiative, Mesmerism, Research Frenzy, Skill Emphasis (Occult), Weapon Proficiency (Pistol)

Backgrounds: Vigilante

Weapons: Dirk, .38 Revolver

Spells: Death by Flames, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Maggots, Hypnotism, Mind Transfer, Pact of Quachil Uttaus, Shriveling, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, and Worms.

Magic Item: death's head silver ring on right middle finger accumulates 1 hit point daily (subtracted from the wearer's total) to his or her maximum hit points, then returns these points to the wearer again (to maximum hit points) when a word known only to Bishop is spoken aloud.

Keepers are strongly urged never to let the knowledge of the item pass to investigators; the keying word has never been written down.

Note: though Bishop spirit is fully defended, until he renews his immortality he is vulnerable in all other respects. If killed in mortal state, the soft light of his protected spirit collects over his body, then gradually dims and dissipates. As events unfold in Arkham over the next months or years, Bishop's death and lingering spirit might be a good way to add a new wraith to the local landmarks.

Quachil Uttaus, Great Old One

Medium-size Great Old One (Lesser Deity) (Death)
Hit Dice: 24d12+120 (279 h.p.); Initiative: +0 (-4 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative); AC 19 (+8 natural, +5 Divine, -4 Dex); Speed 40 ft.; Attacks: +25/+20/+15/+10/+5; SV Fort +18, Ref +9, Will +25; Sz M; Str 12, Dex 3, Con 20, Int 19, Wis 35, Cha 11.

Domains: Time, Death, Destruction

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Attack: Instill terror (Will save, DC 20 to resist) victim freezes for 1d4 rounds. Unlimited use of Dessicating Touch, automatic success, damage 1d100 Con (instantaneous aging and death).

Special Qualities: Divine qualities; darkvision; undead immunities; immune to all known magical attacks; upon successful attack weapons instantly age to dust and dissolution.

Skills: Hide +28, Innuendo +18, Intimidate +22, Knowledge (Undead) +23, Listen +9, Move Silently +35, Sense Motive +33, Spot +28

Feats: Alertness, Improved Initiative, Stealthy, Toughness

Spells: as the keeper wishes, including any which have to do with life, death, time, and aging.

Sanity loss: seeing Quachil Uttaus costs 1D6/1D20 San.

Worship: no known cult worship.

Dead of Night

Mrs. Mildred Estheridge

3rd-Level Defense Option; 12 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +1, Ranged +1; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +5; Sz M; Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 17, Wis 14, Cha 11. San 45.

Languages: English, German

Skills: Bluff +3, Diplomacy +6, Drive Car +2, Gather Information +6, Innuendo +8, Knowledge (Archaeology) +5, Knowledge (Anthropology) +7, Knowledge (Arkham History) +9, Knowledge (Occult) +11, Research +6

Feats: Persuasive, Skill Emphasis (Knowledge (Occult), Trustworthy

Weapons: none.

ADAM, Age 13

Medium Zombie 2d12+3 (22 h.p.); Init -1 (Dex); AC 11 (-1 Dex, +2 natural); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +4 Slam (1d6+3); SV Fort +0, Ref -1, Will +3; Sz M; Str 17, Dex 8, Con –, Int –, Wis 11, Cha 1. San 0.

Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Feats: Toughness

Sanity Cost: 1/1D8 SAN.

Notes: partial actions only. As the keeper finds appropriate, many spells have no effect. Damage to zombies can be described as exploding heads, severed arms, holes through torsos, and so on, but the undead thing keeps on coming until hit points reach zero. Splattery results smearing investigator faces may call for additional Sanity losses.

He is five feet, five inches tall, and very strong. His body is the most decayed of the three; his face is sunken and blackened. During his existence in the woods, he has torn off two fingers. Some of his ribs can be seen where the flesh has been abraded away. Deep scratches that never bleed mar his body. His eyes show only the whites; his tongue has withered and dried to a stub; maggots and beetles prowl his dead flesh. No clothes are left to him.

ROSEMARY, Age 15

Medium Zombie 2d12+3 (14 h.p.); Init -2 (Dex); AC 10 (-2 Dex, +2 natural); Spd 30 ft.; Atk Melee +3 Slam (1d6+3); SV Fort +0, Ref -2, Will +3; Sz M; Str 16, Dex 6, Con –, Int –, Wis 11, Cha 1. San 0.

Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Feats: Toughness.

Sanity Cost: 1/1D8 SAN.

Notes: partial actions only. As the keeper finds appropriate, many spells have no effect. Damage to zombies can be described as exploding heads, severed arms, holes through torsos, and so on, but the undead thing keeps on coming until hit points reach zero. Splattery results smearing investigator faces may call for additional Sanity losses.

She is five feet, three inches tall, and very strong. Her body is somewhat decayed, but those ravages cannot be seen at a distance. She is physically intact. Deep scratches mar her belly and thighs. Her eyes show only the whites; her tongue has withered and dried to a stub; yellow and brown ribbon worms prowl her dead flesh and occasionally emerge unexpectedly. No clothes are left to her. On her right wrist is a gold bracelet bearing an inscription: ***Rosemary, our beloved daughter.***

JESSICA, Age 9

Small Zombie 1d12+3 (12 h.p.); Init -2 (Dex); AC 10 (+1 Size, -2 Dex, +1 natural); Spd 20 ft.; Atk Melee +2 Slam (1d4+1); SV Fort +0, Ref -2, Will +3; Sz M; Str 12, Dex 6, Con –, Int –, Wis 11, Cha 1. San 0.

Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Feats: Toughness.

Sanity Cost: 1/1D8 SAN.

Notes: partial actions only. As the keeper finds appropriate, many spells have no effect. Damage to zombies can be described as exploding heads, severed arms, holes through torsos, and so on, but the undead thing keeps on coming until hit points reach zero. Splattery results smearing investigator faces may call for additional Sanity losses.

Jessica is four feet, eight inches tall and very strong for her size. Her body is little decayed, not noticible until face-to-face. Her left big toe is missing. Light scratches cover har back, buttocks, and legs. Her eyes show only the whites; her tongue has withered and dried to a stub; orange earthworms tunnel her flesh, emerging from her nostrils and ears. Rotting fragments of a blue gingham dress cover her back and shoulders; no other garments clothe her. ◆◆



Appendix

Appendix 3: Spells, Feats, & Skills

Call Quachil Uttaus

Components: V, S, F

Cost: 20 Wisdom damage, and 1D10 Sanity

Casting Time: 1D100 Minutes

Range: Close (25 ft +5 ft./ 2 levels)

Target: The Great Old One Quachil Uttaus

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None

This spell functions identically to the Call Deity spell in the core book. Quachil Uttaus has no known special requirements for his summoning.

Perceive Text

Components: V, S

Cost: 1 Wis damage

Casting Time: 1 full round

Range: Personal

Target: Caster

Duration: 1 hour/level (D)

Allows the caster to read writing in the dark, or to read while blind. The caster must know how to interpret the symbols to begin with; this spell doesn't teach languages. The writing appears plainly before the caster, the words graven in space. An ordinary hand motion turns the page or rolls out the scroll.

The spell temporarily drains 1 wisdom point per 6 hours or fraction thereof of reading, and the caster must be touching the desired book or other unit of writing. To read a new book requires a new Perceive Text to be cast, and the spell can be recast until the casters wisdom points are exhausted.

Learning Perceive Text costs 1 Sanity point, however casting this spell drains no sanity points.

Sign of Barzai

[Mind-Affecting]

Components: V, S, F

Cost: 2 Wisdom drain, and 1d4 Sanity points

Casting Time: 2d4 full rounds

Range: Touch

Target: One Talisman

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: Will Negates

Creates a talisman that must be attached to a being, immobilizing the being if it fails its will save. The target can think, perceive, and breathe normally, but cannot initiate movement or cast spells. Winged creatures, and swimmers in contact with the sign can't move and will fall, or drown.

Learning the Sign of Barzai takes eight hours, and a Spellcraft check against DC 16.

Pact of Quachil Uttaus

Components: V, S, M

Cost: 30 Wisdom damage, 3 Con drain, and 1D10 Sanity

Casting Time: 1D100 minutes

Range: Personal

Target: You

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None

This ritual transforms the signatory into an immortal outsider, immune to all forms of death. The caster must contact Quachil Uttaus, (See Call Quachil Uttaus Spell), and bind the Great Old One to a pact. As his sign Quachil Uttaus usually deforms the contractor's spine.

Once the pact is completed, the contractor neither ages naturally nor can be killed by any force physical nor most magical forces. The contractor's body no longer has a maximum age, no longer dies from starvation, or thirst, and gains the ability Fast Healing 5. The contractor's creature type becomes "Outsider" for determining magical effects.

Usually accompanying the spell are the Forbidden Words "*Exklopios Quachil Uttaus*". If the words are uttered in the presence of any contractor, Quachil Uttaus appears and takes that person known to him. If contacted with no contractor present, the Great Old One takes whoever has uttered the words. In both cases he leaves only a pile of ash. Speaking the Forbidden Words costs 10 Wisdom damage and 1D6 San, and the resulting appearance of Quachil Uttaus costs 1D6/1D20 San.

Worms

Components: V, S, M

Cost: 6 Wis damage, and 1D6 Sanity

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Close (25 ft +5 ft./ 2 levels)

Target: One Living Creature

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: Fort (partial)

This spell causes thousands of black, wriggling roundworms, each about six inches long, to enlarge from within the victim's digestive system and pour out all orifices, incidentally suffocating the target. If the target makes his fort save he manages to expel enough of the worms to survive, but still takes 3D6 damage from internal bleeding, and shock.

Disgusting to watch and impossible to stop, witnesses lose 1D6 San each.

Maggots

Components: V, S

Cost: 8 Wis damage, and 1d4 Sanity

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Close (25 ft +5 ft./ 2 levels)

Target: One Living Creature

Duration: 2D6 Minutes

Saving Throw: None, (See Text)

Causes tens of thousands of common housefly eggs to form on the victim's skin. It can be used only against a sleeping, hypnotized, or otherwise unresisting target.

As the eggs quickly hatch, the fast-growing larvae consume the victim's skin and outer flesh, inflicting 1D4 hit points of damage per round, and rendering the target unconscious from shock and blood loss unless the target makes a successful Fortitude save. Prompt and successful First Aid and simple tactics such as emersion in water or kerosene have a good chance of saving the target. Unfortunately, being coated with reappearing maggots costs the victim 12 San, often enough to leave a target insane and unable to defend against such an attack. The horror of witnessing this spell costs bystanders 1D6 San each.

By the end of the spells duration the maggots have turned into large bloated flies, leaving behind a lump, recognizably humanoid only on close inspection.

Contact Zombie

Components: V, S

Cost: 2 Wis damage, and 1d3 Sanity

Casting Time: 1D4 +5 full rounds

Range: 50 Miles/Level, (no line of sight required).

Target: 1 hit die worth of Zombies/ Level

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None

Calls all zombies within range of the caster. After sunset, the caster inscribes a circle on the ground, stands in the center and chants. The circle protects the caster or casters from the undead as long as they remain within. A circle holds no more than four people.

The zombies approach the circle and then stop at its edge, staring hungrily at those inside. The zombies must remain at the circle's edge until dawn, unable to escape from attacks.

Destroy Zombie

Components: V, S, M

Cost: 5 Wisdom damage, and 1D4 Sanity

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Close (25 ft +5 ft./ 2 levels)

Target: One Corporeal Undead
Duration: Instantaneous
Saving Throw: Fort negates

This spell destroys one zombie per casting. The short chant is punctuated by breaking the neck of a live bird. This causes the instant collapse and rapid decay of the zombie at which the dead bird is thrust. Each zombie requires a new bird.

Call Athu

Components: V, S, F
Cost: 20 Wisdom damage, and 1D10 Sanity
Casting Time: 1D100 Minutes
Range: Close (25 ft +5 ft./2 levels)
Target: Athu, Mask of Nyarlathotep, Messenger of the Outer Gods
Duration: Instantaneous
Saving Throw: None

Ahtu is one of Nyarlathotep's 999 forms, worshiped mainly in central and southern Africa. Ahtu appears in the form of a black column of viscous matter, 50 feet in diameter, erupting from below ground.

A special amulet depicting a three lobed eye wreathed by flames is necessary for the calling. Normally, this amulet should be kept in two pieces so as to not accidentally arouse Ahtu. It is believed that Ahtu can be called only at certain special locations in Africa, although others may exist.

Summon/Bind Veerla

Components: V, S, F
Cost: 4 Wisdom damage, and 1D3 Sanity
Casting Time: 1 full round
Range: Close (25 ft +5 ft./2 levels)
Target: One summoned Veerla (spirit)
Duration: Special
Saving Throw: Will negates

The Summoning and Binding spells to compel Veerla are based on the rules for Summon/Bind Creature in the Call of Cthulhu core book. Use that spell except as noted below.

The veerla (or v'lera) are thought of as spirits or as creatures from somewhere outside. They are nearly immaterial and immune to all weapons and most magic.

As servants, they are mainly used to retrieve objects or to attack enemies. The spell causes a single veeria to come before the caster and perform a particular task.

To Summon/Bind a veerla, the caster must inscribe a complex symbol in white on a dark surface, and then crouch upon it. One or more assistants may hand the caster small animals to be sacrificed and rattles to be shaken; this is a ritual difficult to perform alone. The climax of the ceremony comes when two human hands, severed from a corpse less than a week old, must held aloft by the caster: when the veerla appears, it takes hold of the left hand and pulls it out of the caster's grip, as though the severed hand could float in air.

The caster must be able to physically see or correctly visualize his target, and then make his or her command mentally. A veerla may be held in readiness by the caster for up to 24 hours before the summoned veerla is lost.

A veerla attacks by attempting to possess its enemy, forcing its intended victim to make a will save, DC 18, to resist the assault of the alien spirit. If the veerla wins the struggle, its target loses 1D8 San. The entity continues to attack until the victim goes temporarily or permanently insane. The veerla takes possession of its body, usually remaining there until the victim's body is somehow destroyed.

A corpse can be automatically possessed and animated by a veerla if directed to do so by the one who summoned it. Possession and animation may last for decades or centuries, until the possessed physical body loses all hit points, freeing the veerla.

A possessed victim behaves like a zombie, foraging afield and lacking any rational intelligence.

Seeing a summoned veerla (which is formless and barely visible) costs the viewer 0/1D4 San.

Summon/Bind Veerla is one of several ways to create zombies.

Call of Cthulhu Spells for D&D

Call Quachil Uttaus: Conjuration [Evil], Clr 9, Components 5,000 XP

Perceive Text: Divination, Sor/Wiz 1

Sign of Barzai: Enchantment [Mind-Affecting], Sor/Wiz 4, Components 1,000 XP

Pact of Quachil Uttaus: Transmutation, Sor/Wiz 9, Components 15,000 XP

Worms: Transmutation, Sor/Wiz 4

Maggots: Conjuration, Sor/Wiz 3

Contact Zombie: Conjuration [Calling], Sor/Wiz 6

Destroy Zombie: Necromancy, Sor/Wiz 5

Call Athu: Conjuration [Evil], Clr 9, Components 5,000 XP

Summon/Bind Veerla: Conjuration [Calling], Sor/Wiz 7

NEW FOR d20 CTHULHU

feats

Contortionist [General]

You can twist, and curl your body into unnatural shapes.

Prerequisite: Dex 15+

Benefit: Contortionists gain a +3 aptitude bonus to all Escape Artist checks, and can "Belly Crawl" at a rapid rate. As long as the contortionist isn't hindered, (handcuffs, barbed wire, caltrops, etc), he can move at his normal movement rate while effectively prone. However, even a contortionist can't run or double move while prone.

Animal Magnetism [General]

You have a naturally magnetic personality.

Prerequisite: Chr 15+

Benefit: You gain a +2 aptitude bonus to all Diplomacy, and Psychoanalysis checks.

Barnstormer

Your piloting skills are legendary.

Prerequisite: 5+ ranks in Pilot Skill, and Tumble

Benefit: You can attempt a tumble check while airborne to perform aerial acrobatics, stunts and to increase your vessels combat abilities. Barnstormers can attempt the following:

- *Reduce damage to your aircraft during crash landings with a successful Tumble check as per the Tumble rules.*
- *Fly Defensively, thus gaining a +3 dodge bonus to there planes AC.*
- *Full Defense, Gains the plane a +6 dodge bonus to AC.*

Special: Pilots with the Dodge or Expertise feats can apply the bonuses granted by these feats to their planes while in combat.

Cryptic Mind [General]

You can crack codes and ciphers with ease; in fact your thought processes are nearly indecipherable.

Prerequisite: Int 16+

Benefit: You gain a +2 insight bonus to all Decipher Text, and Computer Use checks. If a Psychic, or Sorcerer attempts to read, or probe your mind, the DC is increased by +1 due to your enigmatic mental processes.

Special: In pre-computer campaigns apply the bonus to Knowledge: (Cryptology), instead of computer use

Innate Linguist [General]

Character has an innate sense for linguistic structure, and language roots.

Prerequisite: Int 15+, must have at least 4 ranks in any language other than your native tongue.

Benefit: You gain a +1 insight bonus to all Speak Other Language checks.

Special: This bonus applies to all Speak Other Languages skills you possess. This Feat stacks with Skill Emphasis: Speak Other Language (Specific). It does not stack with itself.

Mesmerism [General]

You have a spellbinding personality.

Prerequisite: Chr 12+

Benefit: You gain a +2 inherent bonus to all Diplomacy, and Hypnosis checks.

Research Frenzy [General]

Your immense willpower fortifies your endurance while studying.

Prerequisite: Base will save +3 or more, Skill Emphasis: (Research)

Benefit: You don't require as much rest as normal while studying or researching. Your willpower alone keeps you awake and alert longer than average people. This reduces the time required to study mythos tomes, and learn spells by one half.

Thus if studying the "Cultes De Ghoules" would normally take 4 weeks, the researcher can attempt to compress the study time into a frenzied 2 weeks. Remember, the investigator can't perform any actions other than studying during this entire time period.

At the beginning of the examination period the investigator must make a successful will save (DC 10), to avoid falling asleep. Every night the DC increases by one, so on the seventh night of study the investigator must make a will save against DC 16, (DC 10 + 6 extra days). If the researcher falls asleep for any length of time, (more than an hour), prior to completing the examination period he must make a successful Intelligence check, DC 15, or start over from the beginning.

Sleep deprivation has an unfortunate side effect on humans; every night the investigator forgoes sleep they must make a will save, DC equal to the will save required to avoid sleep, or temporarily lose a point of charisma due to their fraying nerves and exhaustion. If the investigators Cha drops to 0 they lose all interest in the outside world, they retreat totally into there studies. If their friends don't force them to stop and rest they will eventually die of starvation. The charisma damaged by this over-exertion recovers as normal for ability damage once the frenzy is ended.

Once the research frenzy is over, (either successfully or otherwise), the Investigator must get complete bed rest for no less than 8 hours for every day spent in the frenzy. The investigator is able to share what he learned from his studies but can't exert himself in any way.

Normal: Researchers must spend no less than 8 hours out of every 24 sleeping to maintain concentration. This is especially important while studying mythos materials since most supernatural items influence the subconscious more than the conscious mind.

Synergy: Characters with the Endurance Feat can apply its bonus to their will save to ward off sleep, and to resist the loss of charisma.

Surgeon [General]

You are trained to perform intricate surgical procedures.

Prerequisite: Wis 13+, 5+ ranks in Heal

Benefit: You gain a +2 competence bonus to heal checks. In addition to your skilled healing, you have the ability to revive patients even though they would normally be considered dead.

The Surgeon must make a Heal check, the results indicate the number of rounds after the patient reaches –10 hp that he can still be revived. The Healer must then make a second heal check to attempt to stabilize the subject.

The deterioration of the body increases the stabilization DC, every round after the patient reaches –10 hp the DC increases by 1. Thus, one round after "death" the DC rises to 16; the next round it becomes 17, and so on. Depending on the first Heal check, the surgeon might have multiple chances to attempt the stabilization check, however, each time he fails it becomes progressively harder to resuscitate.

Surgery requires several minutes at least. Saving a life might take only moments, but completing the operation requires one minute per round the patient was under –10 hit points. Time spent this way doesn't affect the required heal checks, but might affect game play if the group is under a time constraint. Normally Surgery can't be performed

during combat, (see Combat Surgeon).

Patients brought back from the maw of death are Helpless for one hour following surgery. After that they are considered Disabled and they begin recovering normally. (See CoC Core rulebook, page 69).

Note: Healer must have a first aid kit as a minimum requirement for using this ability. A first aid kit (see equipment chapter) give a +2 circumstance bonus on heal checks. The tools and resources of a complete operating room grant the healer a +4 circumstance bonus on heal checks.

Example: *Ned is injured during a battle; his allies bring him to the nearest clinic. Dr. Lucas receives Ned as he finally succumbs to his injuries and dies. The doctor immediately makes a heal check to determine his injuries, and chances of recovery; he rolls an 11, for a total of 29 (11 + (Ranks +9) (Wis +3) + (Surgeon +2) + (Hospital +4) = 29). Thus the doctor has 29 rounds, (nearly three minutes), after Ned's heart stops to successfully revive him.*

Special: Victims who die from massive damage, (Decapitation, Crushed, Disintegrated, etc.), usually can't be saved by surgery. GMs should decide this on a case-by-case basis. Healers can't perform surgery on themselves.

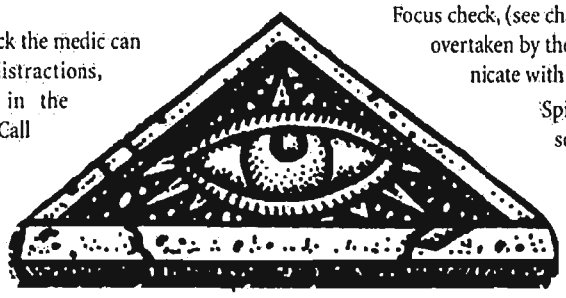
Combat Surgeon [General]

You are trained to perform surgical procedures in dangerous, or distracting situations, with substandard equipment.

Prerequisite: Wis 13+, 5+ Ranks in Heal, Surgeon.

Benefit: Your healing skills are focused towards battlefield operations. You can attempt to stabilize a dying character as a free action, and are able to concentrate on your patients care despite nearby battles.

With a successful Concentration check the medic can conduct surgery even with major distractions, including being personally injured in the process. Example DC's are listed in the Call of Cthulhu core rulebook on page 26.



Combat Surgeons can improvise tools and equipment for more complex surgical procedures. Characters with the Combat Surgeon feat are considered to always possess the basic tools of a first aid kit. Therefore they always gain the +2 circumstance bonus to heal checks that a first aid kit offers, (this doesn't stack with the benefit from a real kit). Combat Surgeons can perform surgery with nothing but a pocketknife, or similar edged instrument.

Example: *Dr. Lucas discovers his friend's battered body; the good doctor quickly diagnoses the injury, and with his trusty pocket knife in hand he begins to operate to save his friends life. While he's working, a battle erupts in the hallway. He ignores the conflict until an explosion peppers him with shrapnel, inflicting 6 hp of damage to him, (His body provided cover for his "fortunate" patient). He must make an immediate concentration check DC 21. If he fails he must begin the operation again, in other words, he must repeat his stabilization check on his patient.*

Normal: Surgery can't be performed during combat.

Psychic feats

Empathy

You are sensitive to the emotions and impulses of those around you.

Prerequisite: Cha 15+, Sensitive.

Benefit: The psychic can sense the emotions of anyone near to her, (within 5 ft per level). When using Sense motive to detect lies the Psychic can use her psychic focus check instead of her sense motive check if the psychic focus check is higher.

Special: Characters with both the Telepathy, and Empathy feats can project their emotions instead of thoughts. This empathic projection resembles telepathy, but the psychic is attempting to influence the targets reactions based on the emotions projected into their mind. Love, Hate, and Fear are the easiest to project. Use the table given for Telepathy to determine the DC.

Action: This gift requires a full round action to use.

Cost: 1d4 Sanity points and one point of temporary wisdom damage for each successful use, one sanity for each failed attempt.

Medium

Your mind is sensitive to the spirits of the dead. Through meditation you can bridge the worlds long enough for a spirit to possess you and communicate a short message.

Prerequisite: Cha 15+, Sensitive, Psychometry.

Benefit: If you can touch a personal belonging of a deceased person for one minute or more you can attempt to communicate with the spirit of the deceased. The Medium must succeed at a Psychic Focus check, (see chart). If successful the Mediums body is overtaken by the spirit and any witnesses can communicate with the spirit.

Spirits can communicate verbally, or sometimes by writing messages. The medium can maintain the link a number of rounds equal to the average of his Charisma, and his Constitution.

During the session the Medium himself is completely submerged by the spirit, he awakens exhausted, and with no memory on the session. Fortunately for the medium this means that using this gift costs little sanity, however, sometimes the message or actions of the possessed medium can force the witnesses to make sanity checks.

The link is fragile, if the medium takes any damage during the attempt the link is broken and the medium is stunned for 2d6 rounds. Also, violently breaking the connection offends the spirit imposing the penalty for failing to contact the spirit in question. If the Medium fails to contact the spirit in question he may try again once he's regained his lost wisdom, multiple attempts cumulatively increase the penalties.

Action: This gift requires a full round action to use.

Cost: 1d2 Sanity points and 1 point of temporary wisdom damage, San loss to the witnesses is at GM's discretion.

Circumstances	*DC*
Base	15
Session is conducted in subject's home	-2
Medium is touching the spirit's corpse	-3
Medium is related to spirit	-4
Dead for 0-1 years	0
Dead for 2-10 years	+1
Dead for 11-100 years	+3
Dead for 100-1000 years	+7
Dead for 1000+ years	+15
Previously failed attempt to contact spirit	+5*

**(Failed attempts are cumulative)*

Channeling

You can contact the spirits beyond this world, allowing them to speak through you.

Prerequisite: Cha 15+, Sensitive, Biofeedback Trance.

Benefit: While in a trance, you can "open the door" and allow otherworldly spirits to speak through you. Sometimes this comes in the form of actual words and sentences that the spirit forces you to speak or write down (automatic writing), while at other times, it is simply feelings, impressions, or disjointed phrases or facts that come unbidden into your mind. You have no control over what they will or will not say.

Spirits can be spirits of the dead, spirits from some otherworldly dimension, or something different entirely. The Gamemaster decides the nature of the spirit and how the spirit communicates through the channeller. At the GM's discretion, you can attempt a Psychic Focus check (DC 20) to request a specific spirit to channel.

Action: Full-round action to enter the trance; free action to leave it.

Cost: 1d4 Sanity points and 1 point of temporary Wisdom damage for each successful use; 1 Sanity point for each failed attempt.

NEW FOR d20 CTHULHU

New Skills

Astrology (Int, Trained Only)

Throughout history people have looked to the stars for answers to questions beyond mortal ken, some learned sages have learned to predict the future by reading the signs, and portents in the stars. A character with this skill understands the cycles and observances to obtain clues regarding the future.

Check: To use this skill, the astrologer must know the exact date, and know astrological details of the person to be "charted". Then the Astrologer can attempt to discern limited clues to the subject's future. The GM makes the skill check in secret; if the check fails, the GM can tell him that the signs were inconclusive, or make up a false answer for a spectacular failure (rolling a natural 1 for example). If the astrologer succeeds, the GM can give the character a vague clue based on his future plans for the campaign. Such an omen is usually good, bad, or inconclusive, although an answer of "I see a hazy danger" or "proceed with caution" is acceptable as well. Meaningful signs aren't guaranteed; if a character ignores a dire warning in the stars, they might succeed in their task anyway. A sign is nothing more than the DM's best guess about a course of action.

Preparing an astrological chart requires an hour or more. Special tools or supplies, such as astrology books, star charts, etc, may be necessary. Some superstitious or primitive cultures may place a great deal of weight on signs and portents, a skilled seer would be held in high regard by these people.

The secrets revealed by the stars are always at the GMs discretion. Following are some short descriptions of potential revelations:

Inconsequential facts: The seer learns limited details that the PCs already know.

Known Secret: Seer learns details of the charted PCs secrets.

Limited Secret: The astrological chart reveals limited clues to the immediate future.

True Secret: Reflected in the stars is some important combination of events related to the charted character.

Cosmic Truth: The unfortunate astrologer has stumbled onto a secret men were not meant to know. Some colossal revelation is imparted by the stars. This secret is so damning that anyone who reads the chart, or notes made by the astrologer loses 0/1D2 San. Most sane astrologers would hesitate to share the details of the astrology chart with the subject.

Secret	*DC*
Inconsequential facts	5
Known Secret	10
Limited Secret	15
True Secret	20
Cosmic Truth	30

Retry: No.

Decipher Text (Int; Trained Only),

The character can decipher codes, and ciphers or translate a text written in an archaic form of a language he already understands.

Check: The base DC is 20 for the simplest messages, 25 for standard texts, and 30 or higher for intricate, exotic, or very old writing. If the check succeeds, the character understands the general content of a piece of writing, reading about one single page of text (or its equivalent) in 1 hour. If the check fails, the GM makes a wisdom check (DC 5) for the character to see if he or she avoids drawing a false conclusion about the text. (Success means that the character does not draw a false conclusion; failure means that the character does.)

The GM secretly makes both the skill check and (if necessary) the Wisdom check so the character can't tell whether the conclusion the character draws is true or false.

In modern campaigns Decipher Text can be increase Computer Use skills regarding hacking, and cracking security programs. Decipher Text can also be used to augment computer use checks by adding better security and coding to programs.

Retry: No.

Synergy: Five or more ranks in Decipher Text give hackers a +2 synergy bonus towards computer Use when either creating, or breaking security systems. If the Code-breaker has access to a Library or other research materials, i.e. other sources related to the text, he gains a +2 circumstance bonus to his decipher text check. A specially designed computer to aid the cryptologist grants a variable bonus, (+4 to +10), to the check.

Hypnosis (Cha, Trained Only)

A trained hypnotist can guide a relaxed subject into a special trance to better access the subject's subconscious mind.

Check: To successfully hypnotize someone, the target must be willing and physically close to the hypnotist. Normally hypnosis is useful only with a single individual at a time.

The hypnotist must make a successful check versus the subjects Will save, if the initial Hypnosis check succeeds, the hypnotist can hypnotize the particular target whenever the target agrees without a second check.

Hypnosis can be used in several ways:

Psychoanalysis Synergy: If the Hypnotist can successfully hypnotize a subject, he gains a +5 to his or her Psychoanalysis skill when treating that patient thereafter.

Post-Hypnotic Suggestion: causes the target to perform a single particular action without apparent volition. The target will not accept a suggestion contrary to his or her normal behavior and desires.

Memory Aid: fragmented or buried memories can sometimes be dredged up through hypnosis. Someone who went temporarily insane from the sight of something moving in the bottom of a dark well will probably not remember what he saw. Hypnosis can bring these memories to light, but also (in cases where Sanity was lost) cost the individual additional San through reliving the incident. The GM must set the DC for individual memories, or events that the hypnotist wishes to recall.

Pain Control: hypnosis can ease or temporarily erase the symptom of pain in a patient, but the pain itself makes the target more difficult to hypnotize. The patient must make a successful concentration check (DC 15+damage dealt), to pay enough attention to the hypnotist.

Morale bonus: A trained hypnotist can temporarily "buffer" his patient's minds with hypnotic suggestion. This grants the subject a temporary +2 morale bonus to his Will saves. This bonus lasts for one hour following hypnosis.

Retry: Generally retries don't work. Once the hypnotist has failed with a particular subject the subject subconsciously resists further attempts. Under special circumstances a GM may allow a second attempt with a +2 to the DC.

Special: A character with 5 or more ranks in Psychic Focus gets a +2 insight bonus to hypnosis checks.

Keepers should choose whether or not investigators are allowed to gain this skill in their games. ◆◆

Player Handouts

(date)

This is the certified last will and testament of Silas M. McCrindle.

I, Silas McCrindle, being of sound body and mind, bequeath my entire estate, chattels, holdings, and cash accounts to my only surviving relative – my niece/nephew (<insert name here>).

(signed) Silas Michael McCrindle

(witnessed) Rowena Peters
E. E. Saltonstall & Assoc.

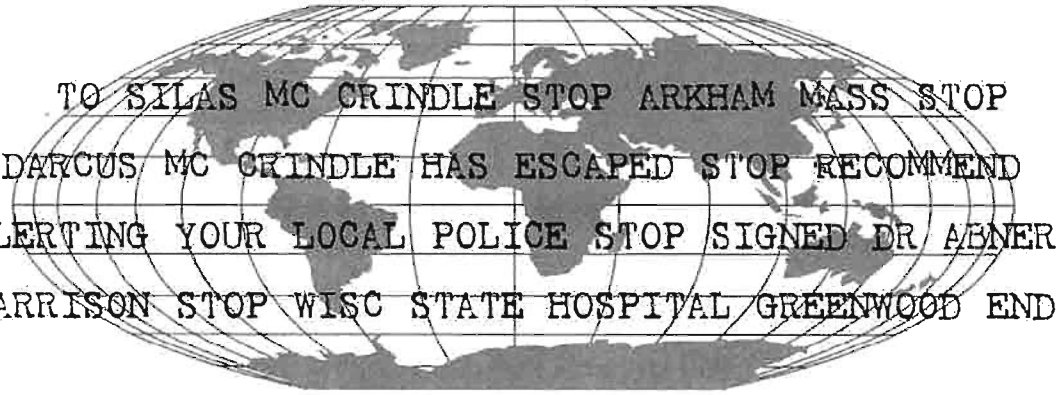
(witnessed) Dorsey Teal
E. E. Saltonstall & Assoc.

Silas Papers 1 (p. 137)

World-Wide Telegraph
The Globe in Seven Minutes

CAIRO VANCOUVER HONOLULU MEXICO CITY LONDON MELBOURNE

BERLIN ROME BUENOS AIRES



CAPE TOWN NEW DELHI MANILA

SAN FRANCISCO HOME OFFICE: NEW YORK CHICAGO

WWT makes good-faith effort to receive, transmit, and/or deliver all communications, but can share no responsibility for incomplete, inaccurate, stolen, misconstrued, missent, or missing communications, whether by negligence, mistake, conspiracy, error, war, or act of God.

Silas Papers 2 (p. 138)

Massacre In Greenwood, Wisconsin

Five Slain by Madman

The people of Wisconsin were shocked today by news of a horrific massacre at the McCrindle family farm, near Greenwood in that state. Police were alerted but arrived too late to prevent the carnage. The five mutilated bodies of the well-known family spanned three generations. Late in the day of the murders, acting on information from a concerned citizen, police formally arrested a sixth family member, Darcus McCrindle, in connection with the brutal murders.

— *Chicago Tribune*

Silas Papers 3 (p. 143)

Silas Papers 4 (p. 143)

Greenwood Assassin Arrested and Confined

Speedy Trial Likely

After lengthy interrogation, police today formally charged Darcus McCrindle as the sole perpetrator of what already is becoming known as Wisconsin's "McCrindle Massacre." The county prosecutor has promised a swift and just trial for Darcus McCrindle, commenting that "This crime is of such cruel barbarity that it is equaled only by the bloody Indian wars of our nation's youth."

Police reported late today that two more family members might have been murdered. Police believe that Darcus McCrindle also butchered Silas McCrindle and an infant or very young child, but before he attacked the family home. A search for their bodies has been started. If McCrindle is found *compos mentis*, your correspondent personally believes that the race between the hangman and the state asylum will be no race at all. A demon like McCrindle will surely hang.

— *Chicago Tribune.*

For all the years since you were a child I have protected you from the truth, but the time has come that only the truth can protect you.

A generation ago, a tragedy occurred in our family. (Our family was the McCrindles of Greenwood, Wisconsin.) Your father Owen was an extraordinary person, and he was the rightful guardian of the books. His position did not go unchallenged, for his brother Darcus — an evil, spiteful man — wanted the books for himself.

Darcus had been corrupted by diseased teachings. In his relentless pursuit of power, he betrayed your father's trust, and murdered your family. He would have destroyed you as he did them, had I not been able to send you far away. I entrusted you to a foster family whom I knew would raise you as their own. But it wasn't you alone I had to protect — it was also the books. I took them and sought obscurity here in Arkham. Just another crazy old man wandering around the Miskatonic campus.

For hundreds of years our family has guarded this forbidden lore. The legend is that the books of arcane knowledge and power can be the undoing of mankind in the wrong hands. None of us but Darcus has ever dared study these volumes. I keep them hidden in the attic under an Indian throw rug with a collection of other old books. I beg that when you find them — do not read them. No one knows why the books were not destroyed — perhaps there is a special unresolved destiny for them, as there has been for our family. Although the books have the power to do great evil, they also have the key to destroying evil.

My Understanding of the Great Booke is a navy blue book, cloth-bound in grubby condition. Its title is stamped on the cover. The tome comprises several hundreds of pages.

Monstres & Their Kynde has its title stamped in small flaking gold letters on a green leather spine. The book has sustained significant wear. Mottled discolorations attest to water damage. Significant portions of the spine and pages are rat-gnawed, and the glue and binding have deteriorated enough so that the book's loose signatures are bundled together with string, like a parcel.

The Cthaat Aquadingen by Edwin Fisher (1783). This book was handwritten in an Elizabethan-style cursive. It's in an accountant's ledger. The book's title and author are inscribed on the flysheet inside the front cover.

The Untitled Book is a mystery. It too is handwritten, but in an unreadable language. Family tradition suggests that the tongue is unknown on earth. Its frenzied scrawls and half letters have always been a mystery. The book can be secured closed with a bronze clasp and lock. There is no key for the lock. Darcus said that he had found a way to read it, but he was a great liar as well as a murderer.

Now you are the guardian. Never reveal that you have these books. Our charge is simple: preserve the books. Our unknown enemy is by all the tales a formidable one who never rests and never relents. Be on constant guard. Be undismayed. From beyond the grave, I beg you that the burden of McCrindles be taken up, and carried forward.

Uncle Silas

P.S. Darcus is interred in the State Hospital for the Insane in Wisconsin. He would be about fifty now. Do not contact him. Should he ever escape, do not underestimate him. My best advice would be to hide the books and let him search as he will. If you contradict him, he turns murderous.

FIREBALL OVER ARKHAM!

Interplanetary Visitor Startles Our Town

By Dr. Morris Billings,
Department of Astronomy, Miskatonic University

A rare spectacle visited Arkham last night at about 1:15 A.M. It was a fireball, a meteor large enough possibly to have burnt its way through our atmosphere and come to rest on earth. Observers as far away as Portland and Framingham reported seeing the flaming path.

Our visitor may have left evidence of itself! For how you can help to find it, read further in this article.

Those fortunate enough to have seen the event commented upon the subtle greens and golds of its fires. Some heard low whistlings or hissings; one man in Nashua heard explosions at some distance.

Bolides, commonly known as fireballs, usually break up when approaching the surface of our earth. Very rarely, a meteorite is large enough and fast enough to leave behind a large hole (or crater) when it strikes the earth.

A very large such formation is thought by some to exist near Winslow, Arizona. Residents may recall the great fireball of 1913, which was seen disintegrating along a path from Saskatchewan to the island of Bermuda.

Many meteors fall toward earth, but few survive the terrible jolts and frictions caused by colliding with our atmosphere. Those that do survive offer important scientific knowledge about our solar system, and perhaps about its history.

Fireball-Hunters Wanted

I am arranging a search for fragments of last night's fireball. To avoid duplication of effort, and to receive special instructions, interested citizens should contact me at the Department of Astronomy at Miskatonic University to receive their search assignments. We especially hope that owners of automobiles can volunteer.

Speed in finding remnants of the bolide is imperative, since each passing hour increases the chance of contamination from the natural elements. Volunteers will be told how to look for fragments, and assigned areas in which to search, in order to avoid duplication of effort.

Discovered meteorites will be placed on exhibit at the university, with full credit given to discoverers. I recently saw the collection of the Naturhistorischen Hofmusuem, in Vienna, Austria, and the effect is one which would make town and university proud.

Hills Papers 1 (p. 153)

Condemned Papers 1 (p. 168)

University Student Missing On Camping Trip

Richard Cardigan, a junior at Miskatonic University, remains missing today. Authorities report that he apparently was the victim of a camping accident.

Fellow camper and friend Henry Atwater was discovered early Sunday morning wandering the streets of west Arkham, suffering from amnesia, and is currently hospitalized.

The young men left for their trip from Arkham on Thursday, to return on Saturday.

Police located the campsite beside the river a half-mile northwest of Cabot Road, but found no trace of Richard Cardigan. A search for the missing student was abandoned for the day after a violent thunderstorm erupted. Police and volunteers plan to search again tomorrow.

More volunteers are welcome, and are requested to meet after day-break at the Cabot Road dead-end. Cabot road runs north off the Aylesbury Pike about three miles northwest of Arkham.

Atwater's Condition

Though physically well, Atwater suffers from amnesia and has been entered in Arkham State Sanitarium. Doctors foresee a full recovery.

Police hope he can soon add details to their knowledge, and help locate the missing Cardigan. They speculate that the youths may have been struck by lightning Friday evening, and fear that Cardigan may have been seriously or fatally injured.

—Arkham Gazette

Ethan Williams' Booke of Thoughts, excerpt

November 16, 1814

Memories of Bishop plague me still. Though of our Band all are now dead before me, Bishop is but Sealed Away.

I have once more beheld Bowen Bridge and examined our craftsmanship thereto. The column stands strong and the sigil that we chiseled into the stone is intact and bright.

Still, I fear the years to come, for fear of Sermon Bishop's great curse upon our Seed and his venjance there against. And yet more I dread my soul's judgement before Heav'n, as Punishment for the contractilities I spoke to bind that wizard. Having taken his Carnamagos Booke, it fell to me to call upon the Powers he favoured. Treating with such Powers has stained my heart, and left me fearing all matters quizzical, foreign, and dark. So much fearing, never did I dare read nor speak the Forbidden Words and to call upon the Name, though doing so likelied our oppressor's final death and true dissolution.

Condemned Papers 2 (p. 172)

Thaumaturgical Prodigies, excerpt

Another man thought leagued with the devil was one Sermon Bishop, of Bad Water Road in Arkham, along with his fellow-wizard, Richard Russel. This Russel lived in Arkham as well, at the western end of what we know now as Main Street. The two were said to worship a demon which lived beneath the ground, and that they had pacted with the devil and could not die.

Among those alive today some remember Sermon Bishop, who was among Arkham's first settlers, and they swear that he never aged in all the long years he resided here. His wicked pact, they say, only left Bishop stooped and bent in consequence. Witnesses also tell of both men's evil doings in burial plots, attempting blasphemical resurrections.

Arkham citizens rose against him, and some say kidnapped and killed him, burying the body in the forest or sacking and weighting it down into the Miskatonic, in A.D. 1752. Russel fled, and was not heard from again.

Condemned Papers 3 (p. 172)

Bishop's Bridge Burns

The covered bridge that once crossed the Miskatonic four miles upriver is no more. In the last week's thunderstorms, the aging structure was struck by lightning which burned the roof and most of the decking and timbers

Thought to have been built around 1750, only the central stone support and the approaches now exist. The Sheriff has closed the road.

Originally Bowen's Bridge, after the prosperous farmer who built it, folks later began calling it Bishop's Bridge.

Locals say that the bridge has attracted lightning strikes. The structure had lately grown so decrepit that the County closed it to horses and wagons.

There is visible from the south side of the river a symbol decorating the stone of the still-standing central support, of unknown meaning and origin.

Little needed these days, the bridge probably will not be rebuilt.

EMINENT ARKHAMITES

A Continuing Series by E. Lapham Peabody

Sermon Bishop, Wizard

In the mid-18th century, Sermon Bishop was rumored a witch and thought to be responsible for misfortunes suffered by farmers west of Arkham. Other, darker words were whispered of him, but never aloud.

Elihu Phillips, a neighbor, frequently argued with Bishop. When Phillips' daughter was born with a twisted leg, the farmers were sure Bishop was responsible. One night, as Bishop returned from a visit to Dunwich, Phillips and six other men captured him and bound him, and hung with a magical sigil round his head.

Bishop, they said, had used a terrible book to treat with a great demon, dealings that left the wizard's body bent and crippled. In compensation, Bishop could not die.

Rendered helpless by the sigil, the seven carried Bishop north to the Miskatonic, and there cemented him into the hollow of a stone bridge support while the bridge was under construction. They marked the stone support with the same sign which bound Bishop, hoping thereby to imprison the wizard forever.

Although the wizard's seven enemies were among those the sheriff questioned, no one was ever charged.

The wooden roof and walls of the bridge fell into disrepair in the later 19th century. In 1901 a powerful lightning bolt struck and burned both spans, and the bridge was never rebuilt. Only the foundations and the central support remain, a few miles west of town. The sign, as folks indicate, is chiseled into the stone of the central support, and can be seen today, keeping us all safe from this wizard!

My particular thanks to Mrs. Nina Williams Hope of Arkham, who supplied information important to my tale.

—*Arkham Advertiser*

Condemned Papers 4 (p. 173)

Condemned Papers 5 (p. 176)

A History of the Arkham Township, excerpt

. . . Another such individual was the hunchback Sermon Bishop who, like earlier relatives, was accused of witchcraft. This man lived on the western outskirts of town, on Hill Street (then called Bad Water Road), and was thought a powerful wizard. Rumors of his activities gave rise to grave suspicions, and crop failures and dry cows were often blamed on him. Bishop disappeared one night while returning home from a visit to Dunwich and was never seen again. Rumors flew that the Devil had finally come and taken him away. The sheriff conducted what all agreed was a thorough investigation but no suspects were ever brought to trial. Though he likely was the victim of foul play, Bishop's body was never found.

Ser. Bishop.

I fear your absense for manie days proves death at the hands of Phillips and his conniVers. How they haVe defeated the Treader tokens a conundrum I dare not guess. but their Powers must be great. and so I flee.

If you haVe been Delayed. and not Slain. my lettres to S.O. in Salem and J.C. of Providence notify my destination. so let not our correspondents fail to acquaint you of me. for they haVe their owne Reasons to speak riddles.

Bookes and papers of Value I take. lesser essays to our central Purpose haVe been carried to the river and guen over to the Resident. The current Resurrection still lying in most parte. I killit today with a horse pistol as too heaVy to cart. I haVe also collaps'd the entrance at Parson's Point.

I trust to continue our partnership into Truths Ultimate, beyond night and day as we haVe bespoken.

Russel

Condemned Papers 7 (p. 183)

Klausenburg, Trans.
September 14

To the Keen-witted Ser. B., my Greetings & c.,

Since yr. Failures multiply in calling Back that which you mention, may perhaps the saltes are imperfect, like a multitude be, or the calling was made wrong but I pass no comfort to you, for in the recalling of men from their essences my victories are sore limited, though the gains of that few be great.

The Treader of the Dust askes payment dearer than gold, and there be other Practices to forestall Death. Hold not inconsiderate the enmitie Binding him to you, and his memory is beyond this World by other writings no longer to hand this inst., and whereof also Alliance fails just when declared and acted upon with vigor.

To yr. desire in yrs. of March 18, the Pnakotic Manuscript alas through carronades of exclamation does hint toward and subtly render Beings much Resembling the one you sum. If the things be brothers, yours antedates even the mountains and the seas of this world. Leave it sleeping, unless you desire Rankorous Tum-Dizzy amongst your neighbors.

Please, if obtaining the results you hope for, contact SS. in Salem and J. Cur. in Providence and tell them.

-H.

Event 2

Ghost Spotted in Harper's Woods

Three people have recently reported seeing a ghost prowling Harper's woods, just north of town. All three sightings were made after midnight by lone drivers.

One, Brian Fosworth, an employee at Benson's Market, was so startled by the apparition that he nearly tumbled the market's delivery truck into Harpers Brook.

Stories have long been told of sacred Indian grounds within the woods.

In the past, "ghosts" often have been reported in the area, but usually a young boy with a sheet is discovered to be the culprit and the matter is put to rest.

Really now, young man, it's too early for Halloween pranks'

-Arkham Gazette

Dead Papers 5 (p. 200)

Skeleton Found in Checkley Manor

Police Suspect Foul Play

By Roberta Henry

Demolition of the Checkley mansion was halted yesterday by the discovery of a skeleton hidden behind a brick wall in the basement.

The house, at 633 Noyes, once an Easttown landmark, had been nearly leveled when workmen broke through a basement wall and discovered the remains beyond.

Police removed a single skeleton and some personal effects, under the direction of Arkham Medical Examiner, Dr. Ephraim Sprague. Dr. Sprague has stated that he believes the skeleton to be that of an elderly woman, but no identification has been made.

Cloth fragments and jewelry were also found.

Additional bone fragments are rumored to have been located in the basement, stories which the police will neither confirm nor deny. A spokesman for Beckworth Development Co., which ordered the demolition, indicated that the company has suspended demolition, pending completion of the official investigation.

The previous owner of the home, Jason Checkley, last descendant of the Arkham Checkleys, died last week at St. Mary's Hospital following a heart attack.

This reporter has learned that the Checkley fortune had dwindled, and that the mansion had been sold to Beckworth Development two years ago, for an undisclosed sum. According to Beckworth, the agreement allowed Checkley to live out his remaining years in the manor.

Police have questioned Willard Crossman, friend of and now executor of Jason Checkley's effects, in connection with the find. Crossman himself is presently hospitalized at St. Mary's Hospital, recuperating from a stroke. Doctors have refused requests for an interview.

—*Arkham Advertiser*

Dead Papers 1 (p. 190)

A New School In Arkham

Director Jason Checkley today announced the opening of an institute dedicated to the study of spiritualist phenomena, the Checkley Institute for Psychic Research.

Housed on the second floor of 623 Brown Street, the center contains an 5000-volume library, study space, and a small lecture hall.

Guest rooms, as yet uncompleted, offer living quarters for visiting students and lecturers.

— *Arkham Advertiser*, Aug. 28, 1917

Psychic Institute Closes

The Checkley Institute for Psychic Research today closed its doors at 623 Brown Street.

Co-Directress Mrs. Andrew Estheridge castigated the increasingly atheistic temper of the times while announcing that some furnishings would be auctioned to pay pending Institute debts.

The founder of the Institute, Director Jason Checkley, will retain certain portions of the Institute library.

— *Arkham Advertiser*, Nov. 23, 1920

Dead Papers 2 (p. 193)

January 1, 1906

I, Jason Checkley, take full responsibility for the death of the negro servant called Marsella. Victimized by her in a terrible way, I lost control and strangled her with my own hands.

In my basement I have left three things, dangerous things that should be destroyed. Although they look human, they are not. Take no pity of them. The surest way of destroying them can be found on page 284 of a book called the "Nyhargo Codex". This book is contained in my library.

May God have mercy on my soul,

Jason Checkley

Dead Papers 3A (Checkley's Testament, p. 195)

Aug 7, 1905: Marsella has agreed. I could ill afford the $500 she said she needed. She claims to know how to bring my beloved children back to me. The staff has been dismissed for the next few days and I have prepared the basement room as she instructs.

Aug 8, 1905: Most hideous of days! When I realized what she had done I lost my mind with rage. I closed my hands around her neck and wrung it like one of her chickens. When I regained my senses, she was dead. Thank god I can count on Willard's help.

Aug 9, 1905: The coffins were interred today in our mausoleum. Too many deaths these days for people to be interested. I must figure out what to do with them.

I've hidden Marsella's body, along with her tools.

Aug 10, 1905: Their appetites are tremendous. I feed them regularly but they show no signs of trying to communicate with me. I don't feel I can trust them.

Aug 11, 1905: I have chucked the servants and had them remove their belongings. While those three dwell in the basement, I must have absolute privacy. I also intend to panel that wall of the basement in order to hide the entrance to their chamber.

Aug 12, 1905: One attacked me today. It was Adam. As I picked up a food bowl, he rushed at me from behind. It was only by luck that I managed to fend him off and escape the room. I shall be forced to treat them like wild animals.

Aug 13, 1905: Perhaps the three are redeemable. The secret to their recovery may be hidden at hand. I will devote the rest of my life to saving them. From this day on I shall speak no more of them in this book.

Dead Papers 3B (Checkley's diary, p. 196)

My package arrived today from London. The two books I received were in even better shape than hoped for. I am ever grateful to Mildred for approving this expense. The two volumes will certainly improve the library, plus they appear to contain much information pertaining to my problem.

One, the Nyhargo Codex, translates carvings found on an ancient wall in central Africa. The accuracy of this translation has been a cause of merriment in academic circles, but too much relates to Haitian voodoo for it to be the imaginings of a crank. Unanswered questions surround the author's sudden death. It is said that he was the only one who knew the location of those dark and mysterious ruins.

Then there is the Dhol Chants. It is fairly technical and I know little about music. Still, it may contain something of interest.

Dead Papers 6 (p. 201)

Event 3

Robbery Attempted at Police Station

An unidentified man last night forced his way past the duty sergeant and attempted to enter the property room at the rear of the Arkham police station.

Another officer entering the building tried to detain the man, but the culprit fled to the street. The malefactor is described as a Negro, slender, bald, and about six feet in height.

Chief Nichols asks citizens who see this man or who know of his whereabouts to contact the police immediately.

— Arkham *Advertiser*

Event 4

VANDALS DEFILE CEMETERY

Last night one or more persons unknown entered Christchurch Cemetery and unearthed a recently buried coffin. When discovered this morning, the coffin was fully exposed, the dirt heaped up around the outside of the grave.

The casket seals were damaged in several places but apparently frustrated the attempt to open the coffin.

Groundskeepers assure the public that the beloved in question has been safely and securely replaced in peace.

Police have no suspects. They noted that fraternity hijinks traditionally occur in the fall.

— Arkham *Gazette*

Event 5

TRANSIENT INJURED IN ATTACK

A man identified only as "Joe" was admitted early this morning to St. Mary's, suffering lacerations of the face and neck. At 3:57 A.M., police found the man running down River Street near Garrison, screaming for help. No pursuer was seen. He was quickly rushed to emergency treatment.

Joe claimed to have been attacked by a pale young girl who first tried to kiss him and then bit him on the throat.

The man could give no address. Police surmise that the indigent, while sleeping it off in an alley, was attacked by a wharf rat or stray dog.

— Arkham *Advertiser*

Event 6

Warehouse Murder

Laborers arriving on the job discovered a man's body near the Lucky Clover Cartage Co. early this morning.

The coroner indicates that the man was a victim of violence, placing probable cause of death either from shock or loss of blood. Though unconfirmed, wounds on the victim's face and throat were rumored to be so severe as to obscure most features.

Police investigation continues.

— Arkham *Advertiser*

Event 7

Mystery Incident at Police Station

Constable Robert E. Logan, a constable of exemplary record and of long service to Arkham s police, was found this morning at 5 A.M. in a semi-coherent state at the station.

Police also report that the property room had been entered, but they are unsure if anything is missing.

Constable Logan was on duty at the time. For the moment, police are treating the incident as an internal matter, but no one has anything but praise for Logan. Readers may recall that last year he valiantly rescued two foolish young men from the depths of the Miskatonic.

The stricken officer is presently in St. Marys Hospital undergoing tests.

— Arkham *Gazette*

Event 8

Atrocity at the Borden Arms

Police were summoned to the Borden Arms Hotel this morning when housemaid Ruby Rankowitz found vile and blasphemous remains in a third-floor room.

Shockingly, officers found a pair of severed human hands wrapped in a piece of cloth. Dr. Sprague indicated that the hands had been severed from an undetermined corpse about a week old.

Investigation was prompted by the remains of a dismembered goat strewn about the room; walls and ceiling were painted with undecipherable symbols.

Police believe the renter of the room, a Dr. Marquis, has fled Arkham.

The renter is described as a tall, distinguished-looking Negro. The man is said to speak with a French accent, and is apparently well-educated.

— Arkham *Advertiser*

Arkham By Night



"Act as of nothing is wrong."

Online Roleplaying amidst H.P. Lovecraft's Cthulhu Mythos

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"All Rumors Are True!"

Chaosium Gazette

2003 Edition, Vol. 5

Recent Releases

d20 Cthulhu GM Screen

#8801 $19.95 ISBN 1-56882-159-X

CORE ITEM FOR PLAYERS AND KEEPERS — This essential supplement for the d20 edition of Call of Cthulhu contains the most important tables & rules synopses to make d20 Cthulhu game sessions easier & more enjoyable for the KEEPER. Includes the 32 page adventure "The Lost temple of Yig", character sheets, NPC records, Monster Sheets, conversion notes between d20 Call of Cthulhu and the Classic Basic Roleplaying Call of Cthulhu, and more. Official d20 Call of Cthulhu errata. Includes the Vanguard Club, a prestigious exploration society.

The D20 Cthulhu GM Screen is fully compatible with the d20 version of CALL OF CTHULHU published by Wizard's of the Coast, produced under license from Chaosium Inc.

Features:

- Sturdy three-fold screen will stand up to years of use.
- A complete 32 page d20 Call of Cthulhu adventure by Aaron Rosenberg.
- Based upon the writings of H.P. Lovecraft and his circle of Cthulhu Mythos writers.
- Fully compatible with the d20 Call of Cthulhu published by Wizard's of the Coast produced under license from Chaosium Inc.
- Official guidelines for converting Chaosium's Classic Call of Cthulhu adventures and sourcebooks to d20 Call of Cthulhu—so d20 keepers can use previously printed adventures and sourcebooks for their d20 Cthulhu campaigns.
- The only d20 GM screen published for Call of Cthulhu d20.

The Book of Eibon

#6026 $17.95 ISBN 1-56882-129-8

Tales of lore tell of the *Book of Eibon*, a tome so ancient that it was originally written in the Hyperborean language of Tsath-Yo, long before Atlantis was born from the sea. It goes by dozens of names and predates even the *Necronomicon* and *Unaussprechlichen Kulten*. Now, Chaosium reveals the true secrets of the *Book of Eibon* for the first time.

The contents of the *Book of Eibon* are primarily the work of Clark Ashton Smith, one of the most famous authors of *Weird Tales* and the inventor of the *Book of Eibon*, as well as Lin Carter, esteemed fantasy and horror editor Robert Price, Richard Tierney, Joseph Pulver, and a number of other authors have helped complete the text, resulting in a tome that reveals all the secrets of the Cthulhu Mythos, from the history of the first alien races to come to Earth, to the histories of the Elder Magi of Hyperborea, and the story of Eibon's life and death.

H. P. Lovecraft's Dunwich

#8802 $25.95 ISBN 1-56882-164-6

Dunwich is a small village located along the Miskatonic, upriver from Arkham. Until 1806, Dunwich was a thriving community, boasting many mills and the powerful Whateley family.

Those among the Whateleys came to know dark secrets about the world, and they fell into the worship of unwholesome creatures from other times and places. Retreating to the hills and forests surrounding the town, they betrayed their uncorrupted kin.

Prosperity fled, and a dark despair seized the people. What remains is a skeleton town, mills closed, its citizens without hope or future. However, secrets of the Mythos survive, to be discovered by brave and enterprising investigators.

H.P. Lovecraft's DUNWICH begins with "The Dunwich Horror," Lovecraft's masterful tale of life in the town and its surrounds. It expands upon the story with extensive information about the town: pertinent buildings, useful people, and important locations are described in detail. A 17x22" map depicts the area for miles around, and two scenarios are included. All statistics and gameplay notes for d20 Cthulhu are also provided.

The Necronomicon, 2nd edition

#6034 $19.95 ISBN 1-56882-162-X

EXPANDED AND CORRECTED—Although skeptics claim that the *Necronomicon* is a fantastic tome created by H. P. Lovecraft, true seekers into the esoteric mysteries of the world know the truth: the *Necronomicon* is the blasphemous tome of forbidden knowledge written by the mad Arab, Abdul Alhazred. Even today, after attempts over the centuries to destroy any and all copies in any language, some few copies still exist, secreted away.

Within this book you will find stories about the *Necronomicon*, different versions of the *Necronomicon*, and two essays on this blasphemous tome. Nearly 600 pages.

Keeper's Companion II

#2395 $23.95 ISBN 1-56882-186-7

A CORE BOOK FOR KEEPERS, VOL. 2—New to Call of Cthulhu? A battle-scarred veteran of many campaigns? Here are essential background articles useful to most keepers.

"The History Behind Prohibition" - A lengthy article bringing anti-alcohol advocates, law enforcement, gangsters, rum-runners, and consumers into focus. Lots of good stories.

"The Keeper's Master List of Call of Cthulhu Scenarios" - Lists are alphabetical by the following topics: scenario era; creature / maniacs / great old ones; legendary heroes and villains; cults / sects / secret societies; Mythos tomes; fictitious locations; and Mythos books from publishers other than Chaosium.

"Iron: a Survey of Civilian Small Arms Used in the 1890's, 1920's, and the Present". Practicalities of firearms; common malfunctions; new skills Handloading and Gunsmithing. Firearms considered are likely to be encountered or thought specially useful by investigators. Insightful discussions of nine specific rifles, five shotguns, ten handguns, a sniper rifle, and the Thompson submachine gun. Hot load damage values for most weapons, along with comparative ratings for noise, maintenance, powder, reloading per round, more, plus standard stats.

"Medical Examiner's Report" discusses the unusual corpse recovered by the Essex County Sheriff's Department, as does "Dr. Lippincot's Diary" from another point of view. Also a short article on deep one / human reproduction.

Brian Sammon's "Mythos Collector" submits write-ups for the *Book of Iod, Chronike von Nath, Confessions of the Mad Monk Clinthanus, Letters of Nestar, The Nyhargo Codex, Soul of Chaos, Testament of Carnamago, The Tunneler Below, Visions From Yaddith, Von denen Verdammten*, as well as for more than a dozen new spells.

And More: "Mythos ex Machina" gathers about forty examples of alien technology from Cthulhu supplements. Gordon Olmstead-Dean outlines the odd connections between H. P. Lovecraft and the Satanists HPL never knew, in "LaVey, Satanism, and the Big Squid". Indexed.

COMING SOON FOR CALL OF CTHULHU

H.P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands
#2394 $34.95 ISBN 1-56882-157-3

We all dream. For some, dreams can become reality. H.P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands provides everything needed for Call of Cthulhu investigators to travel down the seven hundred steps, through the Gates of Deeper Slumber, and into the realm of dreams. Includes a travelogue of the dreamlands, a huge gazetteer, dreamlands character creation rules, over thirty prominent NPC's, over 60 monsters who dwell within the dreamlands, descriptions of the dreamlands gods and their cults, six adventures to help jump start a dreamlands campaign, and a new full-color fold out map of the Dreamlands by Andy Hopp. 256 pages; Hardcover.

H. P. Lovecraft's Miskatonic University™
#2389 $39.95 ISBN 1-56882-140-9

A 1920's HARDBACK GUIDE—A sourcebook detailing the campus, courses, students and personnel of one of the world's most prestigious institutions of deeper learning. Filled with data on various University departments and professors, this book weaves the details drawn from Lovecraft's Mythos tales with the Call of Cthulhu game background to create an indispensible sourcebook.

Secrets of San Francisco
#2378 $16.95 ISBN 1-56882-136-0

For some, San Francisco is the Paris of the West, where immigrants and outcasts reinvent themselves to make a cosmopolitan haven for refugees of every nation—and all their gods. For others, it is the golden gateway to the inscrutable Orient, and the unwitting heir to many of its darkest mysteries. For those who know where to look, The City is a house of doorways, leading to secrets beneath the Earth and sea, and outside time and space.

This book will give you all the background essential for a 1920's Bay Area campaign, including history, maps, research venues, scenario hooks, and the outlandish urban legends that make San Francisco unique among all the cities of the world.

Secrets of Japan
#2392 $36.95 ISBN 1-56882-156-5

MODERN-DAY EXPLORATION OF THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN—As we start the twenty-first century few corners of the world remain unexplored and unilluminated by the lamp of reason in this scientific age. The fewer places there are to hide, the more bewildering and shocking the experience when we suddenly face cosmic terror.

In this meticulously-researched sourcebook you will find a comprehensive portrayal of the culture, history, and people of Japan presented in a Lovecraftian setting. SECRETS FOF JAPAN presents a new world of possibilities for keepers and investigators wishing to take their adventures East.

COMING SOON FOR CALL OF CTHULHU FICTION

Encyclopedia Cthulhiana
#6022 $16.95 ISBN 1-56882-119-0

The Cthulhu Mythos was created by H.P. Lovecraft (1890-1937), a Providence author considered by many to be the finest American horror story writer of the twentieth century. Lovecraft's tales are a blend of fantasy, science fiction, and horror, with the latter being especially prominent. His tales describe a pantheon of powerful beings known as the Great Old Ones.

Since Lovecraft's time the Cthulhu Mythos has grown exponentially, until it has become increasingly difficult to keep track of, even for devoted fans. Many writers have contributed to it, including Robert E. Howard, Robert Bloch, Brian Lumley, and Stephen King. This book is the first major attempt in many years to provide a comprehensive guide to H.P. Lovecraft's Cthulhu Mythos.

This second edition of *Encyclopedia Cthulhiana* has been extensively revised and contains over a hundred and fifty additional pages and scores of new entries. New features includes thumbnail illustrations of the most impor-

tant signs and symbols and a timeline of the Cthulhu Mythos spanning billions of years. Many entries have been revised to reflect our latest understanding of the Mythos, and the infamous *Necronomicon* appendix has been greatly expanded. Also present for the first time is "A Brief History of the Cthulhu Mythos", which examines the evolution of the genre from the 1920's to today.

Disciples of Cthulhu II

#6033 $13.95 ISBN 1-56882-143-3

Bad things tend happen to people who go where they are not wanted, or who over-stay their welcome once they reach their destination. This book contains thirteen new personal explorations of the Cthulhu Mythos. As its title suggests, this is a companion volume to Edward P. Berglund's earlier classic Mythos collection, *The Disciples of Cthulhu*. Both books are published by Chaosium, but their contents are entirely different. All of the stories in Cthulhu II are original and have never been published before. All the stories record the dire fates of people whose destinies intertwine with the Mythos.

The White People & Other Tales

#6035 $14.95 ISBN 1-56882-147-6

THE BEST WEIRD TALES OF ARTHUR MACHEN, VOL 2.—Born in Wales in 1863, Machen was a London journalist for much of his life. Among his fiction, he may be best known for the allusive, haunting title story of this book, "The White People", which H. P. Lovecraft thought to be the second greatest horror story ever written (after Blackwood's "The Willows"). This wide ranging collection also includes the crystalline novelette "A Fragment of Life", the "Angel of Mons" (a story so coolly reported that it was imagined true by millions in the grim initial days of the Great War), and "The Great Return", telling of the stately visions which graced the Welsh village of Llantristant for a time. Four more tales and the poetical "Ornaments in Jade" are all finely told. This is the second of three Machen volumes edited by S. T. Joshi and published by Chaosium; the first volume is *The Three Impostors*. 312 pages.

RECOMMENDED TITLES

CALL OF CTHULHU

Adventures in Arkham Country

#2342 $19.95 ISBN 1-56882-004-6

FIVE ADVENTURES IN LOCVECRAFT COUNTRY—There is, in the state of Massachusetts, a valley along a river called the Miskatonic. It is shunned by its neighbors, for it's cities are the focus of many dark legends. Dream-filled Kingsport, decadent Dunwich, Falcon Point, witch Haunted Arkham, and ruined Innsmouth are all spoken of only in whispers lest one be overheard. Few realize that the whispered legends of the Miskatonic Valley hide truths more sinister yet.

Within this book you will find five adventures running the length of the Miskatonic Valley. Investigators can visit Arkham, Bolton, Dunwich, Falcon Point, Kingsport, and even the Dreamlands. Ancient temples, degenerate deep ones, strange disappearances, and a murderous sorcerer are just some of the perils travelers in Arkham Country will face.

This supplement is part of our Lovecraft Country series of gamebooks, which features background and adventures in Lovecraft's Miskatonic Valley. Other books in the series include *H. P. Lovecraft's Arkham, Escape from Innsmouth (#2371), Dead Reckonings (#2373)*, and *Before The Fall (#2377)*.

Escape From Innsmouth, Second Edition

#2371 $22.95 ISBN 1-56882-115-8

FIVE INTERWOVEN ADVENTURES, FOR EXPERIENCED PLAYERS—Innsmouth was once a prosperous trading town located on the north coast of Massachusetts. Early in the 19th century her great sailing ships traveled the world in search of trade and treasure. A series of mishaps brought the town to the brink of financial ruin, but it was saved when Captain Obed Marsh discovered a secret source of gold among the islands of the South Pacific. Some whisper that old Obed Marsh made a pact with the devil. The truth is much more sinister.

Escape from Innsmouth details Lovecraft's New England town of Innsmouth. A comprehensive atlas of the town is supplemented with complete statistics for numerous townspeople.

Unseen Masters

#2384 $23.95 ISBN 1-56882-120-4

AWARD-WINNING MODERN-DAY ADVENTURE—Three mini-campaigns set in modern New York State lead investigators through serial murder investigations, madness, and into the middle of an ancient conflict between bitter rivals. Along the way investigators will be aided by mysterious allies, face the Cult of the Sacred Light and the Black Brotherhood, and confront immortal horrors beyond time and space. These three scenarios can be combined to form a modern NY state campaign.

Unseen Masters won both the the ***Mary Seeman Award***, given by the University of Toronto for outstanding achievement in Psychiatry and the Humanities; and the ***Origins Award*** for Best Roleplaying Adventure.



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THOUGHT OF THE DAY:
"Waste not, want not"

Arkham Advertiser

"Since 1832, Arkham's finest newspaper"

WEATHER:
Crisp and clear all day. Chance of rain tomorrow.

VOL. XCVI...No. 34 560 ARKHAM, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1928 TWO CENTS



BENITO MUSSOLINI

POPE PIUS XI TO MEET WITH MUSSOLINI

ROME (INS) – A spokesman at the Vatican announced Thursday a tentative agreement between the Roman Catholic Church and the Kingdom of Italy.

Although details have not been released, it is believed that Italy will be recognized as a kingdom independent of and separate from the Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Church will maintain separate sovereignty in Vatican City.

Furthermore, it is thought that the Pope will agree to intervene in foreign affairs only as head of the Church, not as the head of a sovereign state.

Pope Pius XI has since 1922 worked to construct a new Christendom based on world peace. His well-known motto is "the peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ". An accomplished scholar, Pius XI founded the Pontifical Institute of Christian Archaeology in 1925, as well as many other research establishments and institutes of higher learning.

MAYORAL ELECTION MOCK BALLOT RESULTS

With election-time less than five weeks away, the Telenews' mock ballot shows a virtual tie in the mayoral race between incumbent John Peabody and Miskatonic University President Dr. Harvey Wainscott.

Some two hundred cinemagoers handed back ballots at the Telenews last week: 87 voted for Peabody, 83 voted for Wainscott, and a scattering voted for other parties.

Dr. Wainscott declared he was "heartened by such free and enthusiastic support." Mayor Peabody, retaining his jovial confidence, observed that those who attend faddish talking features like *The Terror* do not form the core of his voting support, predicting a landslide vote in his favor.

This year's election has been hotly contested, firmly dividing the Town. Mayor Peabody, seeking his sixth straight two-year term in the often-honorary position, has been severely challenged by Dr. Wainscott.

see Ballot, on page 4

ANGRY EXCHANGES AT TOWN COUNCIL MEETING

Memorable Words from the Reverend Mr. Bishop

By Roberta Henry

ATTEMPTS TO BILL the University for it calls upon Town police and fire services created another uproar at the weekly Council meeting last night.

The issue badly splits the Council. five energetically oppose even the theoretical possibility of Town charging University for any public service.

Four council members and Mayor Peabody see in Miskatonic's currently large endowments the necessary funds to avoid a noticeable rate increase. They have created a controversial formula showing how much money the Town would save for University police and fire calls.

The University's Vice-President Dr. David Edmund, who represented the school at the meeting, got no chance to speak. A loud and extended argument broke out across the table between Mr. George Spaulding of the Uptown Ward and Mrs. Emily Henderson, East-town representative, prompting numerous calls-to-order and two unscheduled and lengthy recesses.

The issue was finally tabled and discussion re-scheduled for the next Council meeting.

Other Council Business

The Arkham Cab Co. asked to be allowed to provide the Town with 24-hour taxi service. Present taxi service is limited to the hours of 5 A.M.–12 midnight six days a week, and from 7 A.M.–5 P.M. on Sunday. Speaking for the company, Attorney Bertram Chambers declared that Sunday service has been well-received and trouble-free since going into effect a year ago.

The increase in visitors to the city, many connected with the University or the hospital, was also cited as a reason for expansion to around-the-clock business.

The Reverend Mr. Bishop, rector of Christchurch Episcopal, spoke eloquently against the expansion of Sunday service, siding with our forefathers who held that any distraction from the contemplation of God on the Sabbath "was a disservice to men and a sin against the Almighty."

The council agreed to take the cab company proposal under consideration.

HOMECOMING THIS SATURDAY

BADGERS PREDICT VICTORY

THE UNIVERSITY plays its annual Homecoming football game this Saturday afternoon against the Dartmouth Big Green.

Miskatonic's Badgers hope to put themselves on the winning track with the inspiring presence of so many friends and benefactors of that fount of knowledge.

Thousands of alumni, their families, and friends of the University have begun to arrive for the big game and other weekend festivities.

Head Coach Dr. Elihu ("flip") Parkinson predicts the Badgers will retain possession of the Carter Jug, symbol of the school's long and amicable rivalry with the hearty men from Vermont.

The annual Homecoming Parade occurs Friday evening, starting at 6 P.M. in the town square.

Drivers are requested to exercise patience while team, band, and supporters pass. It takes only a few minutes, and it's all in good fun. Well-wisher automobiles, trucks, and wagons are welcome to join in at the rear of the procession. The staff at St. Mary's earnestly asks that auto horns be silent near the hospital.

As they have since the Great War, the celebrants shall follow Armitage Street west to Garrison, then turn south to cross the river, pausing to cast wreathes commemorating alumni who are no longer with us. Leaving Garrison, they turn west on Church Street to halt on the campus, in the Quad.

There a large bonfire and rally are planned, followed by the annual Sweethearts' Serenade, in which competing campus fraternities dedicate new choral arrangements to the fairer sex of the Miskatonic University family.

ADMIRAL BYRD'S CAMP ESTABLISHED



ROBERT E. BYRD

THE BYRD EXPEDITION to Antarctica has established itself at its base camp on the polar continent.

The camp, at latitude 78°30', is named by Byrd "Little America". There the men methodically prepare for a variety of efforts, most importantly for the air journey to the South Pole.

Dispatched at an estimated cost of $400,000, the Byrd expedition is conducting explorations, surveys, and scientific experiments, and testingtechniques for survival in the numbing cold of the icy continent- a cold reputedly worse even than that of the treacherous Arctic wastes of the north in which so many valiant men have perished.

Much of the expedition has been underwritten by philanthropists Edsel Ford and John D. Rockefeller Jr.

Admiral Byrd, it will be remembered, was the first man to fly over the North Pole. Two years ago, with Byrd navigating and with floyd Bennett at the controls, he reached the North Pole in an aircraft named the Josephine Ford. The harrowing flight lasted 16 hours.

Byrd later aided Charles Lindbergh in planning his historic trans-Atlantic solo flight.

Miskatonic University professors and staff, presently preparing their own Antarctic explorations, are closely monitoring the progress of Admiral Byrd and his stalwart crew, and send their deepest respects to these heroes.

INJUNCTION STALLS COUNTY RESERVOIR PLAN

THE STATE Supreme Court of Massachusetts yesterday upheld the decision of the lower court and reinstated an injunction against construction of a reservoir to be located a few miles west of Arkham.

Judge Harris, presiding over the court, announced the 4–3 decision.

The injunction was first filed last August by Robert Angley of the University Botany Dept.

Professor Angley claims that several species of rare wildflowers exist in the area to be flooded and that these rare species cannot be found anywhere else.

Commonwealth engineering officials termed the injunction meaningless, pointing out that only surveys and planning are scheduled to be performed before August of next year and that the present injunction lasts only until next July.

Town Reaction

Mayor Peabody and the selectmen were unanimous in their condemnation of Professor Angley's action and, by implication, of the interference of the state courts in "a matter purely local in its import," as declared Mayor Peabody.

Mayor Peabody's rival candidate, Miskatonic University President Dr. Harvey Wainscott, did not condemn the injunction outright, but he did note that though "botanists have surveyed much of the Commonwealth, I am unaware of any fully systematic botanical study of New England as a whole, which must lend dubious proof to Prof. Angley's protestations."

Arkham and Essex County authorities privately down-played the importance of the court decision. A prominent local citizen, actively concerned in the reservoir's planning, laughed upon hearing the news, then stated "Arkham shall not go thirsty for the sake of a few posies", and most echoed his sentiments. One went so far as to say that "if a small grass fire will help the Town to pure water, then so be it."

see Injunction, on page 4

UNIVERSITY NAMED IN SUIT

Protracted Court fight expected

A SUIT FILED yesterday in Aylesbury charges Miskatonic University and University staff with the misappropriation of letters, books, journals, and other unnamed valuables from the estate of the late Wilbur Whateley of Dunwich.

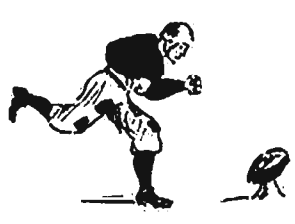
Plaintiff Seth Whateley, also of Dunwich, claims the items as inheritance due him upon the death by accident of one Wilbur Whateley, August 3rd of this year, during a visit to Arkham.

Wilbur Whateley was the only son of Seth Whateley's second cousin, Noah Whateley, who had died several years previously.

According to the University's attorney, E.E. Saltonstall, permission to retain the materials in question was granted by surviving members of the Whateley family who claimed nearest kinship to the deceased.

Attorney Saltonstall indicated that the University possesses legal documents transferring ownership to the University library.

Inaccuracies in Dunwich-area vital statistics may complicate the litigation. He also stated that records in the Aylesbury Historical Society show that Seth Whateley cannot be the sole claimant.



GO BADGERS!!



EDITORIALS

The Ipswich Nuisance

Several citizens complain of ill treatment at the hands of County Deputy Malcolm Dwyer of Ipswich. Their separate stories bear striking resemblances.

While traveling on Highway 1A at safe speeds, three Arkham motorists were overtaken by Deputy Dwyer, at the wheel of a black Ford sedan. The Deputy pulled closely behind the motorists each time, as though urging them to drive faster. When they obliged by increasing speed, Dwyer then sounded his gong and pulled over his neatly trapped victim.

The resulting citations listed careless driving, excessive speed, and personal endangerment, and required immediate payment (or detention) before the Ipswich Justice of the Peace, the Honorable Bartholomew Merritt. The average cost of this charade was nearly thirteen dollars, several days' wages even for folks who make good money.

Though our Ipswich cousins have lately been in some fiscal straits, one cannot question Judge Merritt's honor—the fault is squarely before Deputy Dwyer, whose oath to uphold and defend the citizens of Essex County has clearly been bent toward opportunism and piratical intent. Indeed, so far as we can ascertain, Deputy Dwyer has sought to protect his job and stifle controversy in Ipswich by carefully choosing only out-of-town vehicles as his targets.

The Advertiser abhors such practice and calls for Deputy Dwyer to halt his callous and deceitful activities. Our police need to conduct themselves properly and to set examples for all citizens to follow; the constabulary occupy a special position of trust in a democracy, and when one goes wrong-even in small matters-he tramples upon the principles that made this nation great.

We cannot refrain from adding a humorous note: yesterday Deputy Dwyer backed out of his driveway only to discover that all of his tires had gone flat. He is presently offering $50 for the name of the person who spread a pound of carpet nails across his driveway. *The Advertiser* wishes him well, but hopes he takes the lesson to heart: when a man decides to step beyond the law, no one is safe, not even himself.

—Harvey Gedney, Publisher

Peabody's Pence

My worthy counterpart down the street at the *Gazette,* Mr. Michael Crane, would lead us to believe that supporting our Mayor of the past ten years, the Honorable John Peabody—a man to whom a well-timed back-slap ranks as the ultimate civic accomplishment—must be conducive to the growth and well-being of the Arkham we know and love.

Do not believe it!

That Mr. Crane and Mayor Peabody are old friends, classmates at Arkham High School, members of the same league champion football team, partners in a failed business enterprise, and members in the luxurious Miskatonic Club are matters of common knowledge; we can only wish that all of our Town could enjoy such association. Yet even friendship must yield to the needs of the community, as Editor Crane has often said.

In his own right, Mayor Peabody has been content with the status of his high office, and with the comradely fellowship which that office brings. Arkham needs leadership, not sloth.

The Mayor's latest scheme, to charge the University for police, fire, and other Town services is a shameful embarrassment to clear-thinking voters. Not only does this avaricious calculation threaten the education of our best and most prominent students-the cornerstones of our future prosperity-but it mocks the Town's just pride in the advancement of reason and civilization which our world-famous University represents. Shall we support culture only so long as it fetches a cash return? There is more to life than easy money!

Further, to penalize the University for its success is a blow against Americanism, no less a craven Bolshevikism than the hideous Federal Income Tax with which successful citizens must contend. Moreover, Peabody's scheme is an ignorant one which ignores the many direct benefits which the University bestows upon us: a thriving market for real estate rentals, student body daily purchases amounting to several thousands of dollars, cultural delights and facilities for us all, a rare level of intellectual discourse, a placid green island of learning stabilizing the bustle of our lives.

Unprejudiced eyes recognize that our beloved Town prospers in partnership with the University. As in any successful marriage, one partner does not withhold the benefits of association from the other, but finds that his or her life flowers as their mutuality grows. Alas, Mayor Peabody wishes to retard the University's growth and to unmercifully exploit its carefully-husbanded resources, like a lazy spouse who covets only luxury and sloth.

The dark days of the Middle Ages ended when peoples and nations threw off the golden yoke of Rome. Now the Mayor wishes to impose a tax, Peabody's Pence, to confound the light of understanding.

Vote against Peabody's Pence! Vote no against Peabody! Vote yes for Miskatonic University President Dr. Harvey Wainscott, a man you can trust!

— Harvey Gedney, Publisher

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Special interest or general topic coverage; weekly service; local, regional, national, or international coverage, as you desire.

Bradbury and Abbot Noyes, at your service.
520 Jenkin

Letters To The Editor

Why Not Be Clean?

EDITOR—I remember when folks were not so thoughtless that they threw things away on the street. Outside the Telenews the other night, I noticed candy boxes, gum wrappers, cigar bands, cigarette ends, and other waste which it would be impolite to list. I picked up the evidence, of course, and gave it to the girl in the ticket booth. Could the Telenews please remind its patrons to deposit trash inside, not outside?

—Bert Skinner

Safety and Sightliness

EDITOR—For two meetings in a row I've tried and failed to query our efficient selectmen and Mayor about the crumbling docks on the south side of the river around the Peabody Avenue bridge.

These docks have long been unused, and have now fallen into states of repair so feeble that one structure is a positive danger to every schoolboy in Arkham and should be condemned immediately.

These docks are not in a nice part of town, and I know that most folks don't look at the tenements as they go past, but lots of people live there, and children always wander.

Instead, our representatives wrangle about keeping factories and homes apart. Common sense ought to solve both questions in short order, but there seems to be a shortage of such goods.

—Melvin Mowry Endicott

Winterfest

EDITOR—The reconstituted Winterfest Committee wishes to make known to the Town of Arkham and its surrounds that the annual Winterfest celebration begins Friday, Feb. 1, 1929.

Additionally, young women of the area who wish to compete for the title of Winterfest Winter Queen that weekend are reminded to make their interest known to the Committee several weeks before the evening of the competition. While the Committee has exercised remarkable patience, the women and men organizers and judges cannot deal with the cascade of anxious entrants who fielded themselves at the last minute this past winter.

Therefore the final date for Winter Queen entrants is Jan.31. No exceptions, girls!

This year's Queen reigns over the events, gets her picture in both newspapers, retains her crown as a keepsake, and wins several exciting prizes.

—Hattie O'Brian

UNIVERSITY SHOP

224½ W Church Street
Bob and Jerry Updike

Fine Clothing, Shoes, Notions, and Souvenirs

"Everything the College Man Requires"

We have just received a large shipment of fine Dunhill blazers and boaters, the same sort made by appointment to His Majesty the King of England and Monarch of the British Empire



Sep. 8 – MU vs. MU alumni annual scrimmage
Sep. 15 – MU at Brown (W, 12-6)
Sep. 22 – MU at Princeton (L, 13-9)
Sep. 29 – MU at Harvard (L, 18-2)
Oct. 6 – Dartmouth at MU (homecoming)
Oct. 13 – no game this week
Oct. 20 – Yale at MU
Oct. 27 – MU at Pennsylvania
Nov. 3 – Cornell at MU
Nov. 10 – Columbia at MU

"Back the Mighty Men of Arkham"

'Frat Trial' Postponed

By Roberta Henry

THE TRIAL OF THREE Miskatonic University students accused of killing domestic animals as part of a fraternity stunt has, for a second time, been postponed.

Judge Dexter of the Essex County criminal court today granted the defendants a second postponement in order to receive new evidence which, Newburyport Attorney Markly Abbotsford contends, will prove their innocence.

In passing this reporter, however, Judge Dexter was heard to declare loudly that his patience in this case was exhausted, and that he had "determined that no further requests should delay the swift execution of simple Christian justice." He later refused to confirm or to deny those words.

The court placed a seal on the case in the interest of fairness, stating that the names of the students will not be released until public proceedings begin.

The unnamed parties are accused of cruelty to animals in the purchasing several domestic animals for the intent of slaughter in the course of allegedly bizarre and vulgar ceremonies on the island near the West Street Bridge, thereby violating a plethora of animal ordinances and witchcraft statutes, some in effect since the late 17th century.

Those familiar with the case expressed sadness that two sons of notable Town families have been implicated, but declined all direct comment, citing the court order.

Construction of LL & A Building on Schedule

UNIVERSITY officials announced that construction of the new School of Language, Literature & The Arts is on schedule.

Readers will recall that the plans to erect this structure were a source of enormous controversy, as opponents of the University declared its remorseless engulfing of nearby homes a disgrace and a threat to the constitution of the Town.

This is the first University classroom building to be build from scratch beyond the bounds of the original University campus, bounded by Church, Pickman, West, and Garrison Streets.

Barring a sudden change in the weather, foreman Ed Willoughby said, the roof should be completed in time to carry on interior finishing through the winter.

The building is scheduled to be ready for the beginning of the Fall, 1929, semester.



Amelia Earhart to Speak at University

AVIATRIX Amelia Earhart speaks at Miskatonic University on the evening of November 21, 7:30 P.M. , in the Founder's Room of Locksley Hall.

The famed female flyer, the first woman to fly non-stop across the Atlantic Ocean, will speak on the role of aviation in the future and of women's role in aviation.

Admission to the lecture costs 50 cents. A reception for faculty and invited guests only precedes the event.

Reporter Loses Case

IN THE LATEST EPISODE of Essex County Deputy Malcolm Dwyer versus the citizens of Essex County, Justice of the Peace Bartholomew Merritt ruled against Miss Roberta Henry, *Advertiser* reporter, in the handling of her automobile.

Charged several days ago with reckless and wrongful speed while within the town limits, Miss Henry appeared in Ipswich court to proclaim her innocence.

In a heated exchange with Essex County Deputy Malcolm Dwyer, who is coming to be called "the Ipswich nuisance", Miss Henry accused the former of forcing her to drive faster than the town allows, to the endangerment of herself and others.

Deputy Dwyer denied her accusations, noting that Miss Henry did in fact agree that her speed reached 23 miles per hour within the Ipswich town limits, stating that women are often foolishly unstable, and expressing his personal regrets that any woman was ever licensed to drive in the Commonwealth.

Justice Merritt, having listened at length to Miss Henry's arguments, noted that she had failed to provide witnesses, evidence, or logic in her support, and that common law therefore led him to rule against "even such a fine young woman as she" and to require her to pay $11 in fines.

Harvey Gedney, Publisher of the *Advertiser,* testified on her behalf.

Recently several other citizens have stated that Deputy Dwyer maneuvered to induce them to violate Ipswich's motor vehicle ordinances, and then arrested them when they did so. The accusations have so far broken down in court, leaving Justice Merritt no choice but to find for Ipswich and Deputy Dwyer.



NIGHT LIGHTS

By Dr. Morris Billings

SAD TO SAY, last week's excursion to Meadow Hill by Arkham's Astronomical Society was a disappointment. Clouds rolled in from the northwest almost as soon as the telescopes were set up and aligned.

Tim Walters, of Walters' Optics, was there with his superb four-inch refractor, capable of splitting any number of double-stars.

He also brought an instrument of unique German design, intended to provide a wide panorama of the night sky. Several other telescopes assured plenty of viewing time for everyone.

Unfortunately, the weather was not to cooperate. As rain threatened, we packed up and motored back to Town.

Next week promises the delicacy of a New Moon, a wonderful time of the month to study craters and rills, as well as an important stellar occultation.

The Moon, Sun, and planets move swiftly in comparison to the stars, and often pass in front of (occult) the brighter stars. Such exact events help our knowledge of the heavens' movement and also provide information about planetary diameters and atmospheres. Precision instruments are necessary if useful information is to be obtained, since very fine measurements must be made.

About the Astronomical Society

When the weather seems agreeable, the Society leaves via an auto caravan a half-hour before sundown from the front of Science Hall (at the corner of West St. at Church).

Active Society members enjoy lectures, special star-gazing expeditions, guidance in telescope-making, and occasional field trips to Boston and other near-by localities. Please call me or visit my office in Science Hall at the University for more information. All who enjoy the wonders of nature are cordially invited.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

HOUSES FOR SALE

COTTAGE, 3 rooms. Good condition. $1700. 217 Noyes. Knock for owner.

5 BEDROOMS, full bath, mahogany panels and doors, large kitchen, Micondry furnace, full basement and half attic, 1.5 acres, out Aylesbury just this side of the football field. Needs a little work. $2200. Manton & Manton, agents, 380 W Armitage, Suite 2B. Telephone 3827.

APARTMENTS TO LET

CLEAN 3-room apartments, $65 monthly. Chelsea House Apts., 267 E Church. By interview only; no phone questions, please.

FINE FURNISHINGS. The Timbleton Arms offers Arkham's best apartments, spacious and well-appointed 3-4 room units. Steam heat, doorman, maid service available. $83 and up, monthly. Call manager at 2888, weekday mornings only.

SIMPSON APARTMENTS-$30 a month. Some with kitchenettes. No hot plates. Deposit required. 648 Walnut Street.

THREE-ROOM apartments $60 a month. Guardian Bldg. 622 Brown.

APARTMENT AVAILABLE-$14 a month. 615 S French Hill.

$45 MONTHLY, rooms and some apartments available. Includes weekly linen service. 611 Gedney.

ROOM AND BOARD

CLARK'S RESIDENTIAL accommodations. $105 monthly includes two meals daily. References required; by interview only. 276 W Saltonstall.

THE FRANKLIN PLACE, room and board. Professional cook; laundry service available. Steam heat when you want it. One room is empty, renting for $95 per month. Businessman or scholar preferred. No students. 587 W Pickman Street.

GOOD FOOD, warm and clean. Szymanski's Boarding house, 574 Walnut. $75 a month.

GOOD ROOM & Board at the Harding House, $75 a month. Day rates available. No smokers. Ask for Bill Harding at 561 Brown Street.

RELIABLE BOARDER wanted at the Smith House, room & board-288 Lich Street. One room available, $49 per month.

$25 A MONTH for room & board. Mrs. Dombrowski, 197 E Pickman Street. Telephone 2337.

ROOMS TO LET

SLEEPING COTS-YMCA. Clean bedding, $.35 a night. Morning call 7:30 A.M. and curfew at 9 P.M. 477 Powder Mill Street.

TRAVELERS WELCOME at the Tilden Arms Hotel-Rooms $2.25 a night and up. Next to the B&M depot. 179 W Armitage Street. Telephone 9111.

ROOMS TO LET (cont.)

UNDER A DOLLAR at the Borden Arms Hotel, -yes, sir, $.90 a night is all it costs. Telephone 5439. 488 W High Lane.

WEEKLY, MONTHLY rates available at the Lewiston House Hotel-$1.75 per day. 181 E College Street. Telephone 7560.

SERVICES

CUSTOM GLASSWORK, mirrors, repairs. Gunther Schmidt, 137 N Sentinel. Telephone 1445.

END BAD HABITS, improve memory-Hypnosis is the key to a new life. For an appointment, contact Alain Couzon, 288 Lich. Telephone 7229 for an appointment.

FLYING LESSONS, aircraft rentals-Arkham Airfield, along the road to Kingsport, ask for Stan Harrington. Telephone 9222.

FULL NURSING CARE at Whitechapel Nursing Home, 602 Saltonstall. Professional staff. Ask for Mr. Bunker concerning new patients.

GUNS REPAIRED and reworked. firearms bought and sold. Antique weapons a specialty. Parrington's Gun Shop, 417 W Main.

IMPROVE YOURSELF-learn bookkeeping at the New England School of Bookkeeping and get a better job. Classes start soon. Information at 103 Pickman St., or telephone 1819.

SERVICES (cont.)

KNOW YOUR FUTURE! Madame Dulagi, 648 Walnut, Apt. 210, knows the way.

LEARN TO DANCE! Popularity and happiness await. Arthur Murray's School of Dance, 333 W Main. Telephone 8101.

PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR-Police-trained, respectful, discreet. References gladly supplied. Kenneth Heath, 136 E Curwen, telephone 6565.

RENT A BICYCLE!-only 75 cents a day at the Campus Bicycle Shop, 146 W Church.

SPIRITUALIST-by appointment only. Telephone Mr. Wvinch at 1451.

THINK POSITIVELY-Gain Money and Respect. Dr. Chanson's School of Positive Thinking, 297 E College.

SITUATIONS

APPRENTICE WANTED. Must be respectful and hard-working. See Caleb Markham, 206 E Main.

CASUAL LABOR JOBS available. Contact Ritter Shepley at the fleetwood Diner before 7:30 A.M. weekdays.

FILE CLERK. E.E. Saltonstall, & Assoc. Contact Miss Rodney in person before 9 A.M. $29 weekly, references required.

HELP WANTED-strong, neat young man to carry out and deliver groceries. Must be able to drive.

SITUATIONS (cont.)

Contact Jasper Benson at Benson's Market, 276 E Main.

FOR SALE

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, custom stonework. Elijah Hooper, 113 S Boundary, at your service.

NEW & USED AUTOS. Ballard's Auto Lot, corner of Peabody and High Lane.

SHERIFF'S AUCTION of the furnishings and effects of Jermyn Horton Bladesdell, deceased. 916 High Lane. View items starting at 8:30 A.M. Auction begins at 10 A.M.

FINANCIAL

FEDERAL BOND AGENCY. Recognized throughout New England. Prompt bail service. 589 1/2 Marsh. Telephone 7891.

IMMEDIATE CASH! Turn your valuables into gold at Diamond Credit Agency, 682 Marsh.

WE MAKE LOANS and we're discreet. Come see us at Arkham Loan Agency, 621 N Garrison. Convenient side entrance.

WANTED

WE REPRESENT clients for properties in and around Arkham. Low commissions help avoid property entanglements and get you skilled negotiators. Manton & Manton, 350 W Armitage, Suite 2B. Telephone 3827.

WANTED (cont.)

PERSONALS

WHATELY LEGATEES-please contact Murphy and MacDonnell, Attorneys-At-Law, 8 Peiglander Lane, Boston, concerning a matter greatly in your interests.

ALBERT J. LIDDEASON-Anyone knowing of this man or his whereabouts is urged to contact Miss Marjorie St. John, secretary to the firm of Jordan, Blackthorne, & Assoc., 12 Park Avenue, New York City. Phone BL-4480.

EDGAR S.-the Moon is setting.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY HENRY from Ellen.

LOST-Man's brown hat sized 7 1/8 outside the Commercial House. Address in hat band. Reward. Phone 1447.

REWARD-Wristwatch left in the men's lounge at Commercial House. Sentimental value. Phone Ed at 1121.

THANK YOU ST. JUDE for your heavenly protection in our hour of need.

CREDITS LOST-This newspaper. Malcolm Wolter.

Manton & Manton Real Estate

We're natives of Arkham, with combined real property and estate management experience of more than 35 years. We know the value of a dollar; we'll represent your interests to the very best of our abilities. Mildred Marshall is our secy.



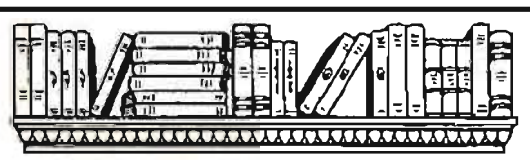
Tower Professional Building, 350 W Armitage Street, Suite 2B, Telephone 3827

Crawford's

RESTAURANT

Good food and plenty of it. Fancy if you want it.
Arkham's best restaurant.
Treat the wife to dinner at our place.

Dudley and Clara Crawford
NE corner, Garrison and Armitage.
5-8:30 P.M., Tuesday through Saturday.



RARE

Books & Maps

OLD AND FINE BOOKS PURCHASED.

Estimates on libraries gladly made in your home. Nominal fee for in-shop estimates and valuations. I often travel. No consignments.

588 Gedney Street, Edwin Tillinghast, prop., Telephone 4126.

EMINENT ARKHAMITES

An Ongoing Series by E. Lapham Peabody.

Dr. Herbert West

WEST WAS A BRILLIANT PHYSICIAN, a graduate of the famed School of Medicine at Miskatonic University. He gained recognition early in his student career for his dedicated studies concerning the definition of death and its possible reversal, though his theories were controversial and remain unproven.

Several of his professors from the time are still alive, and they uniformly testify to his genius, although one gentleman who must remain unnamed also recalls that student West was "an impatient and acerbic young man without the least regard or respect for concepts and theories other than his own."

Yet this young man was capable of deep feeling and personal sacrifice. When his studies were cut short by the terrible typhoid epidemic of 1905, his selfless service saved many lives.

No one who survived those terrible times, when loved ones were seized suddenly and carried away within a few hours, will ever forget Dr. West's heroism. My mother had then volunteered as a nurse, as had many of the best women of the town, and often spoke of the young man's great energy and fortitude, visiting, prescribing, consoling without end, going without sleep for days at a time.

Now of course we believe that typhoid, that peculiarly horrible and degrading disease, cannot strike again, though we may be perhaps too comfortable in our belief. Those who oppose the planned reservoir do so partly because they fear that the impounded water may someday act as a forcing-station for a new epidemic.

Be that as it may, young West survived the threat of typhoid-while fighting it at close quarters. Graduating and beginning his professional career, the new Dr. West spurned a potentially lucrative urban practice in favor of selfless efforts among the poor in nearby Bolton. Sister Mary Esther, who has long worked among Bolton's poor, recalls Dr. West as a sarcastic atheist who often poked fun at her belief. "Nonetheless," she remarked recently, "Dr. West was a good man who never refused treatment when a poor person lacked money. Were half of us who profess Christianity so good in Christian deed as was Dr. West, we should all live in a better world."

At the outbreak of the World War, Dr. West was among the first in this area to volunteer, and went to France to serve in a field hospital. While there, a German artillery shell struck his surgery, severely wounding him. His wounds made headlines here, for all remembered his valiant heart.

Returning to America, Dr. West opened an office in Boston, becoming widely known and respected before his sudden and unexplained disappearance in 1922.

His will, still in probate, supposedly provides a sizeable bequest to the University's School of Medicine. In death as in life Dr. Herbert West is a credit to the community, and many remember him with respect and affection.

ENGAGEMENT

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD WHIPPLE PHELPS announce the engagement of their daughter, Lucy Phelps, to Mr. Ambrose Turner of Boston.

The wedding will be held in February, at Christchurch Episcopal in Arkham, to be followed by a large reception hosted by the parents of the bride.

Mr. Turner is a graduate of Harvard and is presently employed by a Boston law firm.

A BABY GIRL

A DAUGHTER WAS BORN Wednesday to Mr. and Mrs. Corey Derby Haskett, their second child. She is named Melissa Susanna and will be christened next Thursday morning at Christchurch Episcopal.

The Advertiser offers congratulations to the proud parents.

HALL SCHOOL ENROLLEE

CHARLES MARSH, son of Mr. and Mrs. Perkins Marsh, a family well-known in our community, has been entered in the Hall School, the excellent preparatory school in Kingsport.

Charles is the grandson of Jedediah Marsh, founder of Marsh & Associates, of this Town.

D.A.R. BANQUET

THE ANNUAL D.A.R. fall banquet will be held next Saturday evening. All members are invited to attend. Mr. Alexander Pickering, descendant of Revolutionary War hero Colonel Timothy Pickering, is the speaker, and he has a lively reputation. He will address the importance of Americanizing foreign immigrants.

BOYS' ATHLETIC FIELD EXPANSION AT ST. MICHAEL'S

FATHER PAUL SHEENE, priest at St. Michael's Catholic Church here in Arkham, announced plans to enlarge the boys' playground. Opened last year, the playground has provided a wholesome and moral gathering place for Irish youngsters, and local businessmen and civic leaders have praised Father Paul's efforts in this regard.

At a morning breakfast held yesterday at St. Michael's, Father Paul and other leaders of the church honored local businessman Daniel O'Bannion, president of Lucky Clover Cartage Co., who donated most of the funds which constructed the original grounds.

Mr. O'Bannion took the opportunity to donate an additional $200 for erection of a basketball hoop, for fencing a portion of the yard, and for maintenance of the facility.

Magazines Think Hoover in Lead

LETTERS TO *COLLIERS, American Mercury*, and six other national magazines continue to indicate the election of Herbert Hoover of California by a wide margin over Gov. Smith of New York. Although voters in the Bay State and Rhode Island are apparently split, the Democratic candidate shows weakly in the heart of the nation including Iowa, Michigan, and Nebraska. Sentiment in New York may also be swinging toward the Republican nominee.

These same testimonies of support show a close race between the Republican Frank G. Allen and General Charles H. Cole, the Democrat, in the Massachusetts gubernatorial election.

An Unhappy Accident

THE UNIVERSITY'S eight-inch reflector lost collimation after being accidentally dropped last week by members of the varsity football team. The Department of Astronomy has requested funds from the University and private sources for construction of an protective observatory of modest scale.

Last week's damage to our main instrument, although correctable, demonstrates our peril in leaving fine optics at the mercies of fate

Wireless Station to be Constructed

THE UNIVERSITY and the *Advertiser* yesterday awarded a joint contract to the Edwards Construction Co. to build a wireless radio transmitter facility on Kingsport Head.

"This facility shall connect the Advertiser directly with the rest of the world and enable us to bring you the latest news almost as it happens," stated *Advertiser* Editor-Publisher Harvey Gedney.

The powerful radio facility will also be the world's party-line between the University and its upcoming expedition to Antarctica. Dr. Hamlin Hayes, head of the University's Department of Electrical Engineering, will supervise the design and construction of the modern "short-wave" station.

Civil Suit Proceeds

ALBERT CUNNINGHAM, from whose store the animals-reportedly two puppies, a macaw, a piglet, and six tropical fish-were purchased, vowed not to withdraw his suit against the trio.

He confirmed rumors that he has been offered a large out-of-court settlement. "But a man-o-war couldn't keep me from going after those young rascals," Cunningham said.

The recently-formed Arkham Society for the Protection of Animals has caused their attorney, Mr. Edwin Cassidy, to file an amicus curiae brief in support of Mr. Cunningham's position.

Ballot

Only once before, in 1898, has a University official run for the office. In that year Dr. Alan Halsey, then Dean of the Miskatonic Medical School, made an unsuccessful bid for the post.

Unhappily, some Telenews ballots were rudely descriptive, according to Asst. Manager Harold Diddlebock, and he said that ending the tradition of the mock ballot might be in the best interests of management and employees. "Folks are less polite than they used to be," he averred. "Some of the comments I got just plain made me blink."

Injunction

Surveys, measurements, planning, the process of bid, and the legal formalities toward physical construction of the reservoir continue.

Rumor At The University

Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumor at the University suggests that Dr. Angley is actually concerned about botanical sports which he discovered near the old crossroads of Clark's Corners.

Angley, it was whispered, believed he could garner little support to preserve what the public would perceive as ugly diseased weeds, however curious they might be to science, and so he seized upon the rare wildflowers as a ploy.

Asked about the rumors, Dr. Angley had no comment other than to reiterate that his interests were purely scientific, "unlike many whose concerns are to convert unprofitable abandoned land into tidy sums-in-hand by means of connivance for high payment during condemnation proceedings."

Shrewsbury Auction Postponed

In a last minute move by attorney E.E. Saltonstall the grand home of Dr. Laban Shrewsbury, located on W Curwen Street has been pulled from the auction block.

The rambling Queen Anne mansion, former home of long-missing scholar and author Dr. Laban Shrewsbury, has stood empty since 1915 when the noted intellectual disappeared while strolling alone west of Arkham.

As provided in Dr. Shrewsbury's will, the property has been maintained for the last thirteen years with funds from an account at Arkham first Bank, administered by E.E. Saltonstall, & Associates. When the funds were exhausted on Sept. 15, relatives of the long-missing professor quickly arranged to sell the house and belongings.

But before the court could make transfer title, an as-yet unknown donor deposited substantial new funds in the account.

Dr. Shrewsbury, who spent several years teaching at both Harvard and the University of Wisconsin, was a noted anthropologist who observed and analyzed primitive myths and rituals.

His two books, *An Investigation into the Myth-Patterns of Latter-Day Primitives with Especial Reference to the R'lyeh Text* and *Cthulhu in the Necronomicon* , while never enjoying full acceptance among his peers, were nonetheless hailed by some scholars, among them Sir James George Frazer, author of *The Golden Bough*. Sir James once commented that Shrewsbury's work "has gone far beyond anything I have yet touched upon".

At the time of his mysterious disappearance, Dr. Shrewsbury was believed to be working on another important book.

HARDWICKE'S STAMPS & COINS

I buy and sell rare stamps and coins, mint sets, medals and trophies, and other tangible rarities. Stop in, or state your desires by letter. Yes, I carry stamp albums of several designs, and an excellent brand of stamp hinges.

561 Jenkin Street, Arkham. Morton Hardwicke, owner.

Carl Denham's Latest Jungle Epic

The Lion-Men of Tombasa

The Greatest White Hunter of them all reveals the timeless mysteries of darkest Africa — also travelogue, *The Congo River.* Two newsreels every night, and changed every week. Saturday matinee: *Red River Rustlers* and *The Haunted Mansion.*

Telenews Cinema. 552 N Garrison Street.



Book Ends

By Francis Taylor

In regards to the recent controversy concerning the banning of the book *Lady Chatterley's Lover* by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, many readers have been kind enough to write in and express their opinion regarding the decision.

Nearly all commentators agreed that the limits of common decency must be maintained. Although a few claim that rights inherent to the federal Constitution preclude the banning of any book, our founding fathers had no intention to protect the lurid ravings of one such as David Henry Lawrence.

While on a visit to New York, I was able to peruse a smuggled copy of this novel and can state unequivocally that the work is pure trash. Once the public clamor has died down, it will quickly slip into the obscurity it quite rightly deserves.

No Clues Concerning Missing Author

On a different note, Woonsocket Press of Rhode Island last week announced the planned republication of *A War Come Near,* the first and best known novel by Arkham-born author Randolph Carter.

The novel was based on Carter's experiences in the French Foreign Legion during the World War. He wrote it during his recovery from wounds received at Belloy-en-Sarterre. It was first published in 1919, and the work was widely admired.

Although Carter followed this first book with additional novels and short story collections, he never received wide recognition. His later works were fantastical dream-like tales disappointing to readers and reviewers. Met with indifference, Carter eventually ceased to publish.

Although born and raised in Arkham, he has spent most of his adult life in Boston, becoming involved in mysterious historical researches that took him as far south as florida.

The author was reported missing on October 8, when his automobile was found parked near the foot of Elm Mountain. near the site of the old Carter mansion.

Woonsocket Press says that the enigmatic Carter signed their contract in August, and that his disappearance will in no way delay publication, planned for early 1929.

No Clues Concerning Missing Author

Chief of Police Asa Nichols stated today that no further clues regarding the disappearance of Arkham-born author Randolph Carter have been discovered.

Although the case will remain open, Chief Nichols said that all possible angles have been exhausted, and asked that anyone with any knowledge of Carter's whereabouts step forward.

Nichols seemed to imply that the reclusive and sometimes eccentric author might be staying in Boston, although visits and messages at his flat have failed to illuminate the mystery.

Carter's abandoned automobile was discovered October 8th at the foot of Elm Mountain, site of the Carter ancestral home and last occupied by Christopher Carter, Randolph's great-uncle.

Randolph Carter's best known book was *A War Come Near,* based on his Great War experiences, published in 1919.

FUNERAL NOTICES

CZEKLOV, Peter - At St. Mary's Hospital in Arkham, Oct. 3, 1928; wife Rosa Czeklov; daughter Rota Wharton of Salem; daughter Gina Svlatsov of Bolton; daughter Bettina Miro of Arkham; sons Arno Czeklov and Richard Czeklov of Arkham; brother Geksmond Czeklov of Boston; friend of many Arkhamites; of immigrant stock who fled the great repressions of 1849; becoming in his youth an expert machinist and in his majority a man well-regarded for philanthropic acts; a Mason; aged 74.

Memorial services from the chapel of ELEAZAR'S FUNERAL HOME, 549 S French Hill Street, 2:30 p.m., Friday. Memorials are accepted for the Miskatonic University

GIANELLI, Roberto - Passed away at home following a fever, Oct. 2, 1928; beloved son of Guiseppe and ElenaGianelli; dear brother of Vincenzo, Catarina, Maria, and Francesco Gianelli; age 7. Services from the chapel of ELEAZAR'S FUNERAL HOME , 549 S French Hill Street, 1 p.m. Sunday.

HARRIS, Emily Dunham - Passed away at her home following a long illness, Oct 3, 1928; age 69; wife of the late Philip Dunham; mother of Ruby Gammell and Elizabeth Harris; grandmother of Herbert, Hezekiah, and Harriet Gammell; sister of Roy and Lester Harris and the late Sophia Orne.

Friends are invited to attend the funeral service Saturday at 11:30 a.m. from the chapel of MEHLER'S FUNERAL PARLOR, 171 Lich Street, Arkham.

MARSH, Jeremiah - Lost at sea, September 22, 1928; son of Joshua and Ida May Marsh; brother of Becknell Marsh, Matthew Dana Marsh, and Catherine Marsh Mackey; uncle of nine nieces and nephews; friend of Jacob Asker and Timothy Walters; Senior President of his Arkham High School class; fullback of the Arkham Rugby Team; age 33.

Friends may call on Friday after 1 p.m. and are invited to attend the funeral service Saturday at 8:30 a.m. from the chapel of WHITECHAPEL MORTUARY , 581 W Church Street, Arkham. Then to the Garrison Street Bridge, for Blossoms Upon the Waters.

OBITUARY

Thurber, Atchison Howard

Howard Atchison Thurber passed away on October 7, in his sleep, at St. Mary's Hospital. A civic-minded man beloved to many, he participated in designing, planning, or overseeing most of the major public works in Arkham and the surrounding area for the past half-century.

He was an active member of the Rotary Club and a thirty-second degree Mason.

A public service is planned for next Tuesday, in which many Town notables are expected to participate.

Born to Marion Powell Thurber and Grace Howard Thurber in 1859, Atchison Thurber was raised in Arkham and graduated from the James Ledmore Preparatory School in 1876. A student of engineering, Thurber continued his education first at Prifceton and then later at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston where he received his degree in 1881.

Moving to New York, Mr. Thurber met and married Abigail Pierce who gave to him two daughters, Maryanne, born in 1883, and Abigail, born two years later in 1885. A son, Powell, born in 1886, died in infancy.

After the death of their son, Mr. and Mrs. Thurber returned to Arkham and settled in their house on W Derby Street. Shortly after Mr. Thurber's return to Arkham, the horrible flood of 1888 occurred, forcing citizens from their homes for three days and more until the swirling waters receded.

Largely due to the efforts of Mr. Thurber, hired jointly by Town and University, the concrete dikes in place today were then installed, preventing any recurrence of that disastrous flood.

The year 1903 saw the marriage of both his daughters, Maryanne to Sir Arthur Helmsley of England and young Abigail to Richard Johnson of Hanover, Indiana. In 1905 Mr. Thurber's wife, Abigail, fell victim to the cholera visitation which ravaged Arkham and the Miskatonic Valley.

Mr. Thurber continued as an associate professor in Miskatonic University's engineering department until 1915, when he suffered the loss of his daughter Maryanne and her family aboard the ill-fated *Lusitania.* Declining health thereafter eventually forced his retirement.

Mr. Thurber's remaining days were spent quietly. He occasionally advised the Town or University about major works, most recently about the reservoir proposed west of Arkham.

He is survived by his daughter, Abigail Johnson of Indiana, and by seven grand-children.

A last will and testament, made known to the University some years ago, provides for a large donation to be made to the University library in the name of his wife, Abigail.

Players to Present Arkham-Derived Farce

Alijah and Ward, or Two Peas in a Theological Pod , a farce in three acts written by Miskatonic University senior August Delworth, will be presented this winter by the University Players.

Mrs. Alice Turner, director of the student theater group, announced the production of the play last week.

Based on genuine historical event, the story concerns the activities of a Rev. Ward Phillips who, near the turn of the nineteenth century, instigated a witch hunt that threatened to split the town in half.

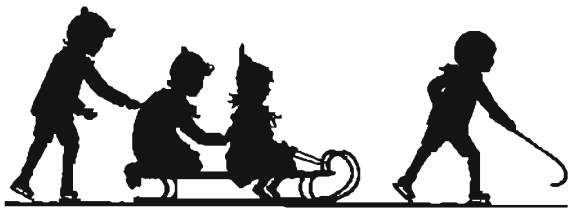
At odds with Phillips was one Alijah Billington, accused by Phillips of "making deals with the devil!". Billington, although quite innocent of the charges, was nonetheless adamant regarding what he called "the snooping about by Phillips and his cronies".

Later Phillips repented and attempted to destroy all copies of his book Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New England Canaan, in which he accused and villified Billington.

The role of Quamis, Billington's Indian compatriot, has been awarded to longtime University player Anthony Alewife. Quamis' song "Tiptoe Through the Tower (Why is it So Dark in Here?)" is said to be one of the show's highlights. The remaining parts are still to be cast.

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ARKHAM

MASSACHUSETTS

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AND G. DIZEREGA

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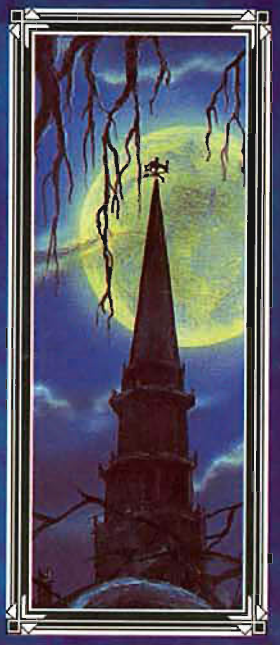
MISKATONIC RIVER

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

N
W E
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R.I.P.

H. P. Lovecraft's ARKHAM



"Behind everything crouched the brooding, festering horror of the ancient town . . . the changeless, legend-haunted city of Arkham, with its clustering gambrel roofs that sway and sag over attics where witches hid from the King's men in the dark, olden days of the Province.

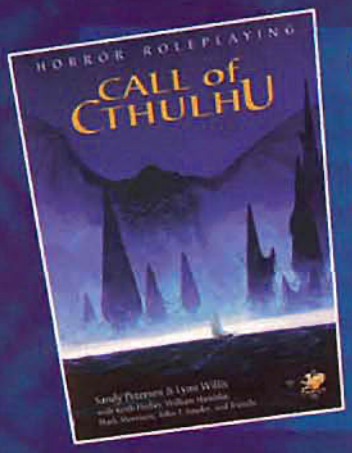
"It was always a very bad time in Arkham . . . ."

—H. P. Lovecraft

Arkham is a small town along the Massachusetts coast—the setting favored by author Howard Phillips Lovecraft in his tales of monstrous horror.

All in all a quiet place, Arkham is best-known as the home of Miskatonic University, an excellent school becoming known for its esoteric and disturbing volumes residing in its library's Restricted Collection. These tomes form the foundation of all current efforts to thwart the dire desires of the Cthulhu Mythos.

H.P. Lovecraft's ARKHAM contains extensive background information about this haunted New England town—written to be used by serious investigators as a base from which to further explore the mysteries of the Cthulhu Mythos. Pertinent buildings, useful people, and important locations are described in depth. A 17x22" players' map of Arkham is bound into the back, and four thrilling adventures complete the package.



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ONE WORLD, TWO SYSTEMS

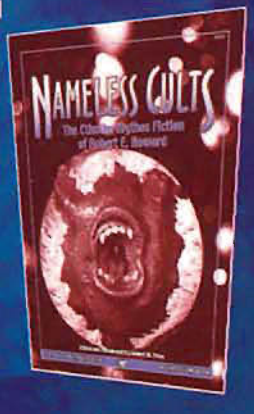
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Other recent releases include *The Book of Eibon*, *Nameless Cults*, and *Song of Cthulhu*. New titles to look forward to: *Disciples of Cthulhu II*, *The Tsathoggua Cycle*, and our second Arthur Machen volume *The White People and Other Tales*.



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