DELTA GREEN

TARGETS OF OPPORTUNITY

A CALL OF CTHULHU SOURCEBOOK OF MODERN HORROR AND CONSPIRACY FROM PAGAN PUBLISHING

"Not of flesh nor blood nor bone, they are the very darkness that we fear."

written by

WARREN BANKS
DENNIS DETWILLER
ADAM SCOTT GLANCY
KENNETH HITE
SHANE IVEY
GREG STOLZE

illustrated by

TODD SHERRER

http://www.uaf.edu/students.allen-argasta-1

Allen Argasta's Blog

ADVENTURES IN ALASKA!

Black Cod Island

POSTED BY ALLEN ARGASTA | AUGUST 3 | 0 Comments

To start my cultural study I took the early ferry to Prince of Wales Island. Then I took another water taxi to Edna Bay, along with a few tourists. We had to wait a while for the taxi from Black Cod Island, but it finally came. When we got to the island Joe Kátl met us and we saw lots of tribe members performing dances of welcome. The tour was a lot of fun, and Joe introduced me to the Guúsuu family, who'd be my hosts for the next three weeks. They seemed really nice.

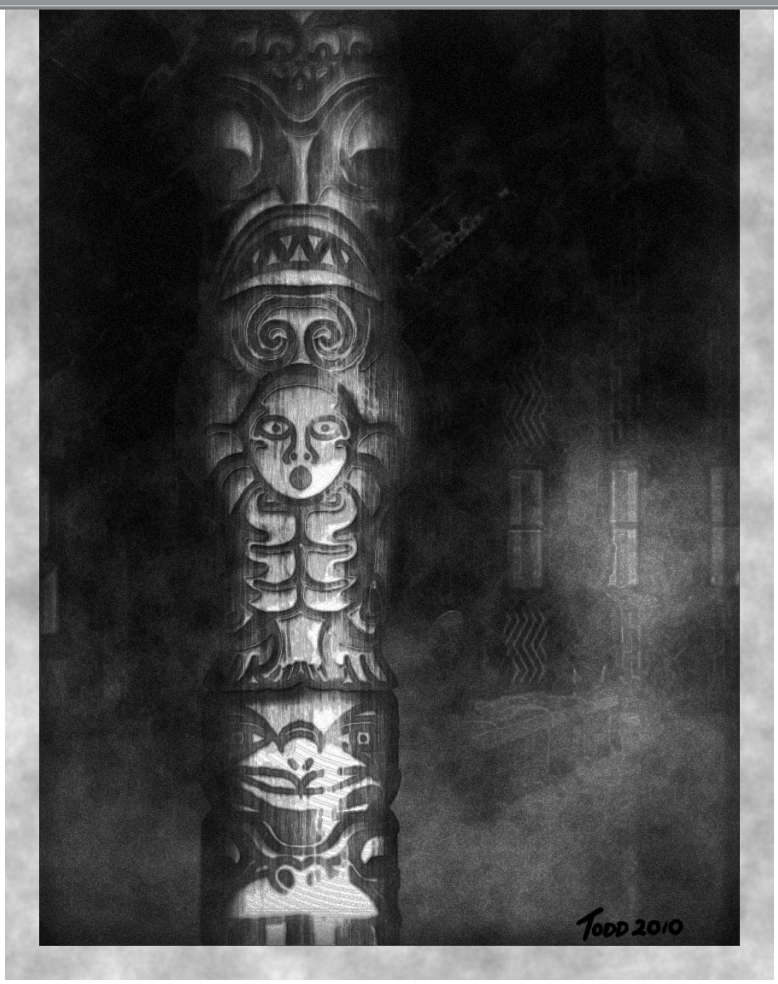
ABOUT ME

PHOTOS OF ALASKA

ARCHIVE

- ▶ JANUARY
- ▶ FEBRUARY
- ▶ MARCH
- ▶ APRIL
- ▶ MAY
- ▶ JUNE
- ▶ JULY
- ▼ AUGUST
  - BLACK COD ISLAND

http://www.uaf.edu/students.allen-argasta-1



Inside the Lodge House.

DELTA GREEN

TARGETS OF OPPORTUNITY

A *Call of Cthulhu* Sourcebook of Modern Horror and Conspiracy

WRITTEN BY WARREN BANKS, DENNIS DETWILLER, ADAM SCOTT GLANCY, KENNETH HITE, SHANE IVEY AND GREG STOLZE WITH ADAM CROSSINGHAM AND GRAEME PRICE **ILLUSTRATED BY** TODD SHEARER **GRAPHIC DESIGN BY** DANIEL SOLIS **EDITED BY** SHANE IVEY, ADAM CROSSINGHAM, ADAM SCOTT GLANCY AND JAMES KNEVITT **RESEARCH ASSISTANCE BY** DANIEL HARMS **PLAYTESTING BY** CHRISTOPHER SMITH ADAIR, WILLIAM BARGO, TIM BETZ, MATT COWGER, DAVID FARNELL, ALLAN GOODALL, JASON GRAHAM, GRAHAM KINNIBURGH, CARL-NICLAS ODENBRING, ROBERT J. PARKER, ROSS PAYTON, KEITH POTTER, JEAN ROLFE AND PAUL TUCKER **PROOFREADING BY** MARTIN ANDERSSON, DANIEL BOISVERT, CHRIS BUTLER, GREGORY CLARK, MICHAEL CONARD, DARRYLL DOUCETTE, RODOLPHE DUHIL, VIKTOR EIKMAN, JOSEPH EROS, ALAN FRIESEN, MARSHALL GATTEN, FELIX GIRKE, CHRISTOPHER GUNNING, KAIRAM HAMDAN, JAMES HAUGHTON, SILVIO HERRERA, JONATHAN HSU, JAMES KING, BRET KRAMER, ROBERT LINT, CÔME MARTIN, GARY MEI, HAMID PEIGAHI, GREGORY PARSONS, GRAEME PRICE, JOHN SINGLETON, JAMES THOMAS, GIL TREVIZO AND FLORIAN WENDEL

Delta Green: Targets of Opportunity is published by Pagan Publishing for the *Call of Cthulhu* roleplaying game in arrangement with The Delta Green Partnership. This is a work of fiction. Any similarity with actual people or events, past or present, is purely coincidental and unintentional except for those people and events described in historical context. *Call of Cthulhu* is Chaosium, Inc.'s trademarked game of horror and wonder, and is used with their kind permission. The intellectual property known as "Delta Green" is © and ™ The Delta Green Partnership and is used by permission. "Black Cod Island" © 2010 Dennis Detwiller. "The Disciples of the Worm" and "The DeMonte Clan" © 2010 Adam Scott Glancy. "M-EPIC" © 2010 Warren Banks. "The Cult of Transcendence" © 2010 Greg Stolze and Kenneth Hite. "Combat Options," "Stress Disorders" and "Background Options" © 2010 Shane Ivey. "DNA Analysis" © 2010 Graeme Price. "Running Delta Green" © 2010 Dennis Detwiller and Shane Ivey. Illustrations © 2010 Todd Shearer. "New Spells from 'Walker In the Wastes'" © 1993 John H. Crowe III. Except for purposes of review, no portions of this work may be reproduced by any means without the permission of the relevant copyright holders with the exception of those pages marked "This page may be reproduced for personal use only." All rights reserved worldwide by the copyright holders. Δ Produced by Arc Dream Publishing for Pagan Publishing under license from Chaosium, Inc. Δ Contact Pagan Publishing at 5536 25th Ave. N.E., Seattle, WA 98105. 206.528.7665 [vox] 206.529.0199 [fax] paganbiz@aol.com WWW.TCCORP.COM Δ Visit Delta Green on the web at WWW.DELTA-GREEN.COM

Life is time, they teach us growing up / The seconds ticking killed us all / A million years before the Fall

LICENSED BY CHAOSIUM, INC. Δ ISBN 1-887797-31-9 Δ PAG2108

Dedicated to Mark W. McFadden

Navy man, philosopher, martial artist, hacker, Lizard King, Delta Green Friendly

Kilroy was here

Introduction

Shane Ivey

How exactly will the world end?

Oh, not the physical world, that meaningless rock hurtling about the void, due to be swallowed up by the sun in its course—but the world of humanity, all the achievements and conflicts that define us?

Those who use the techniques of the Great Race of Yith to journey to other times report human civilizations thriving thousands of years in the future. The followers of Mordiggian tell of humanity worshipping the charnel god beneath a sun swollen red with age. If those stories are true, humanity, in some form, has a long road ahead of it.

And yet Great Cthulhu and his spawn lurk in the depths, one inopportune earthquake away from thrusting their dreams into the unprepared minds of mankind.

Will we end slowly, with human civilizations rising and falling, growing unrecognizable, until an eventual extinction a million years away? Or are we merely waiting for the Old Ones to inevitably rise and raven for delight among a world that thinks it has outgrown cosmic dread?

Or does it even matter?

Seen from the limited perspective of our four-dimensional lives, the Apocalypse isn't an event to anticipate or avoid; it's simply how we best come to terms with the fragility of our existence. We're an eyeblink in the span of a universe, a universe that's only a momentary spasm of energies. Every scientific advance drives home the transience of our existence. Decay spreads over the tottering cities of men. When will the world end? It's ending now. It's been ending all along.

Delta Green doesn't fight to save the world, not in any grand or ultimate sense. It pursues its enemies—deadly, secretive enemies who in their greed, lust, rage or despair embrace insanity and death—only to keep the end at bay a little longer.

But even that pursuit can seem hopeless. After all, Delta Green knows too well the challenge of trying to drive an enemy from the shadows. It knows the intractability of foes who work underground and have the courage to kill and die for the cause. That kind of courage can make a meager enemy powerful. For ten years the most reviled terrorist in the world has eluded capture. With no supernatural powers on his side, only the devotion of fanatics, he has thwarted all the resources of the most powerful nation that the world has ever known.

How much more challenging, then, for an underground conspiracy, with no official resources, to hunt enemies who thrive in the dark? It's always too easy to lose the trail. The best the hunter can do is wait and watch for a chance to strike its quarry. And sometimes it's hard to tell who is the hunter and who is the prey.

In this volume you'll find predators that were old before the first schemes of Delta Green.

M-EPIC is a sanctioned government agency that has learned to adapt to supernatural threats with supernatural methods. It might prove to be a valuable ally for Delta Green—or an enemy that could undo it completely.

Others are unquestionably threats. The DeMonte Clan, the Disciples of the Worm, and the Black Cod are devious but isolated; the Cult of Transcendence has grown vast over centuries, with tendrils of madness creeping throughout the foundations of Western society. All are signs and agents of the End Times.

The Apocalypse ticks on, year by year, gnawing away at the things we all cherish in common. Cultists and investigators, terrorists and pacifists, anarchists and police, artists and laborers, priests and cynics, all are equal victims when fate is bent on devouring humanity itself.

We continue to honor the men and women of Delta Green because they understand. Understanding, they get up every day and continue the fight. They risk everything they have, everything they know and love and need, to keep our world from ending—however it will end—for just one moment more.

With eyes clear, they make themselves targets of opportunity for enemies of all mankind.

Contents

Introduction 2

Black Cod Island 4

The Haida People 6
Black Cod Island 10
Black Cod Island and the Outside World 15
The Truth 17
The Children of the Fish-Wife 21
Suspicions Aroused and Silenced 22
The Lodge House 27
The Deep Ones 30
Investigations of Black Cod Island 39
Those In the Know 42

The Disciples of the Worm 50

What the Literature Can Tell an Investigator 52
What Delta Green Knows 52
The Life Cycle of the Worms 54
The True History of the Disciples of the Worms 55
The Disciples of the Worm Today 63
Sisyphus, Mythos Style 63
PharMethuselah, Inc. 67
End Games and Double Crosses 70
Important Individuals: The Disciples of the Worm 71

The DeMonte Clan 84

Cultes des Goules 86
Tainted Roots of a Twisted Tree 86
Enter Delta Green 97
Armageddon in the Crescent City 104
Important Individuals: The DeMonte Clan 111

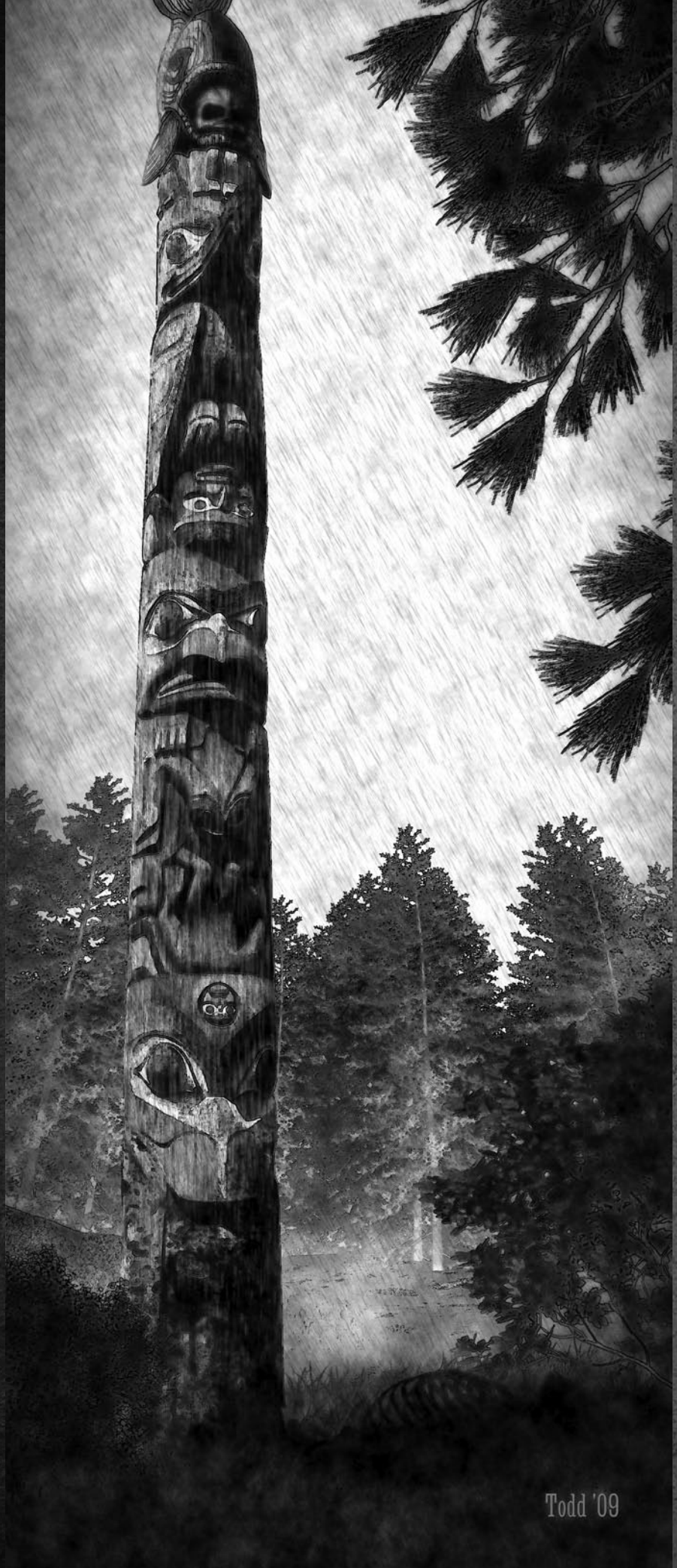
M-EPIC 124

Origins and First Contact 126
World War One and the RCMP 127
World War Two and Detachment M 129
The Cold War 129
A Broader Picture 131
M-INFO 134
Continued Operations 137
Going Underground 138
M-EPIC Today 139
The Environmental Policy Impact Commission 139
M-EPIC and the Major Players 146
Important Individuals: M-EPIC Staff 149
Important Individuals: M-EPIC Adversaries 159
Agencies: Canada 162

The Cult of Transcendence 164

Looking Up At Those Who Look Beyond 166
On The Verge of Transcendence: The Masters, The House, The Bishops 176
Interlude: The Donnerkvist Dossier 210
The See of Hate 215
The See of Flesh 224
The See of Fear 236
The See of Greed 247
Stimulus: Response 259
Afterword 286

Appendix A: Combat Options 288
Appendix B: Stress Disorders 294
Appendix C: Background Options 300
Appendix D: Forensic DNA Analysis 308
Appendix E: Running Delta Green 312
Rules Cheat Sheet 317
Index 319


Todd '09

Black Cod Island

Dennis Detwiller
with Shane Ivey and Graeme Price

In 1928, a Federal raid on the quiet Massachusetts fishing town of Innsmouth exposed previously unknown depths of horror to a select few in the American government. Innsmouth revealed that everything humanity had wrought in twenty shallow centuries meant nothing in the face of inhuman energies from beyond. This secret hovered at the periphery of organized government, too horrible to fit into the limited world-view of the time, and too unwieldy to manage. For years it existed only in secret files, bland photographs of impossible creatures and matter-of-fact Marine Corps reports of the "Innsmouth Uprising." The truth sank like a stone into the basement filing rooms of various agencies, covered up and forgotten—as best as such things could be.

At the time, mankind was encircling the globe in ever expanding networks of information. The few remaining blank edges of the world map were slowly being explored and recorded. No one was interested in an anomaly that could not be explained by rational minds; they wanted Einsteinian science and carefully catalogued species, not the inexplicable madness represented by Innsmouth.

With Innsmouth crushed, it would be more than a decade before attention was drawn back to the mysteries presented there. When Delta Green was given official sanction in 1942 as a department of the Office of Strategic Services, the war against the unknown truly began. America was considered, by those very select few in the know, clear of such tainted communities.

Innsmouth, they were certain, represented the darkest heart of infection that its otherworldly creatures had wrought in our country. Now, with the town a decaying ruin, its only survivors held in medical custody, a thousand alien trinkets lined up, photographed and filed, and a million leads closed, Innsmouth represented a perfect, healed wound. Those in charge were certain that as far as America went, the worst was over. The war against evil would continue elsewhere in darker regions of the world. America was clean.

They were wrong.

Innsmouth was not the first infection by any stretch of the imagination. It was not even close.

The first North American settlement to hold congress with the creatures from beneath the ocean, the monsters that humanity calls the Deep Ones, arrived from the sea nearly 100 years before Columbus landed on the continent. This community still exists today, though it has moved several times in its long existence. It finally settled 160 years ago on a small island off Prince of Wales Island, 80 miles northwest of Ketchikan, Alaska. To the locals these people are known as the Black Cod, distant descendants of the Haida Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands of British Columbia. To outsiders, they are considered a peaceful, insular, quiet community who have not had any outside conflict with others in their recorded history on the island. Within their own ranks, they are known as the Children of the Fish-Wife.

The Haida People

The Haida Nation is an unusually strong, powerful and resilient native North American culture. It survived many attempts at assimilation, from the point of its "discovery" by the European powers in 1776 to its "fall" in the 1860s, when 90 percent of its population was wiped out by smallpox. Before that point, they were one of the few native cultures to hold their own against the incursion of modern technology and who fought bitterly to defend their land, people and goods.

The Haida's ancestral home is the chain of islands in what is today modern British Columbia, known as the Queen Charlotte Islands. The Haida refer to these islands as the Haida Gwaii ("The Land of the People"). When this area was discovered by the Europeans, it soon became a focus for trade, fur-trapping and land-grabbing. Unlike other native cultures however, the Haida

were neither taken aback by the Europeans' behavior nor fearful of it. They had been waging continuous war between themselves and with other tribes for centuries. The Europeans represented one more enemy to be overcome, nothing more.

For example, when the Haida were fired upon in 1795 by a British ship, due to violence erupting between the crew and natives, the ship found itself suddenly and severely damaged when the Haida fired back with a cannon stolen from another vessel. This was highly unusual behavior from the normally garrulous and friendly inhabitants of the continent, and it certainly put a crimp in any imperialistic plans the European powers might have had in the area.

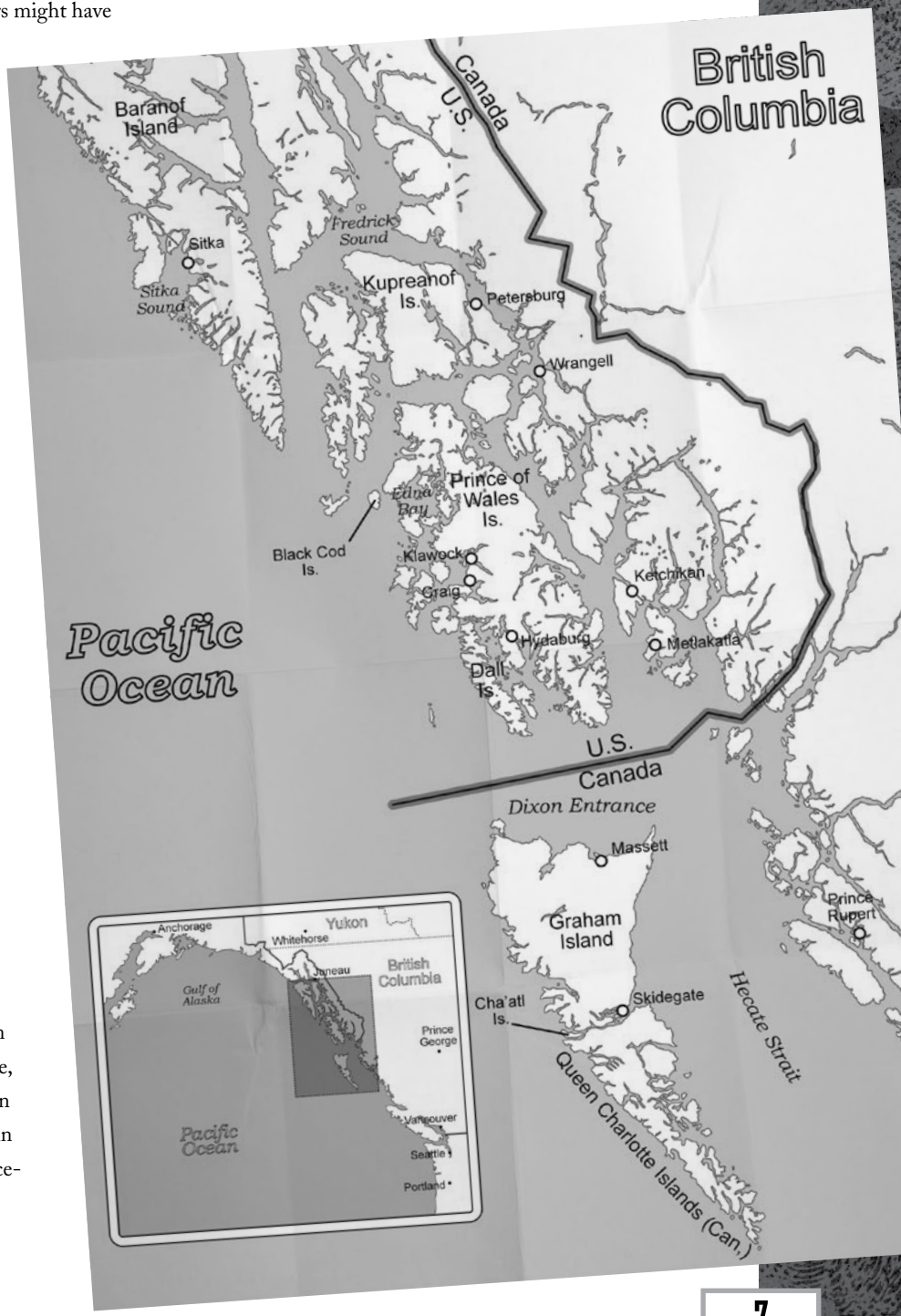
During a 50-year period, the Haida effectively waged war on the European ships in the area, adapting European methods to prevent the "whites" from gaining the upper hand. For their martial prowess, maritime raiding, and extensive slave trading they were known as the "Vikings of the Pacific Northwest." They also did something not usually found in North American tribes—they built extensive coastal fortifications, which fascinated and intimidated the Europeans and prevented naval assaults on their villages. They even seized and ransomed some half-dozen European ships. Finally, the wiser European nations began to trade with the villages of the Haida as a sovereign power. For approximately 20 years the Haida enjoyed a golden age in which they were feared, respected and rich, holding much of the Queen Charlotte Islands and many smaller outposts in the area.

Their destruction came, as it did with many North American cultures, from European disease. They lacked a natural immunity to smallpox and the disease ripped into their population, devastating it in a few short decades. Their population dropped from almost twenty thousand at its height to only five hundred individuals scattered throughout the northwest.

From there, their history follows the pattern of many Native American peoples. Their culture, language and influence diminished, as the European forces in the area gained a foothold and grew in power. Eventually, only the barest outline of a once-influential culture remained.

The First Split

The near-destruction of the Haida people by disease was not the first time the culture was ripped apart by conflict and cultural turmoil. Long before the whites arrived they had spent centuries warring against one another, as well as with neighboring cultures. In 1381 the Haida villages of Kaisun, Skidegate and Cumshewa joined forces in an unprecedented attack on the small island town of Cha'atl.



It was long known by shamans and various tribe-leaders that the population of Cha'atl had been consumed in their worship of the Devil-Fish, but in the late 1370s they realized this worship had taken a darker turn. Warriors from Cha'atl began attacking war canoes in the Skidegate Strait—doing so by rising from the water itself with no canoes of their own. For four years, night attacks on the neighboring villages led to the capture and death of dozens of powerful Haida shamans at the hands of the Cha'atl. Finally, a potlatch (ceremonial feast) was held between the powerful villages of central Haida Gwaii. Together they would destroy the evil influence of the Devil-Fish forever.

The Devil-Fish was considered a creature of ill luck, clever, dangerous and powerful. Technically speaking, Devil-Fish in the Xaat Kíl—the language of the Haida—is a word for octopus, but to the Haida it is a supernatural creature with great influence over the lives of men.

The three clans descended on Cha'atl in a raid that decimated both the attackers and the villagers. Only a handful of the 116 warriors (a huge army by Haida standards) who entered the village survived. There were no survivors in the village of Cha'atl. What the shamans of the Kaisun, Skidegate and Cumshewa warbands found in Cha'atl was worse than any could imagine. The people of Cha'atl had been tainted by the supernatural influence of the Devil-Fish to a degree never seen before. They found half-breeds, creatures part-man and part-Devil-Fish. They put down several attacks by Cha'atl warriors who rose from the sea without canoes. Finally, they burned the village to the ground and the strongest clan, the Raven clan, built a new village on the site, fortified against further attack by the Devil-Fish people thought to still be residing in the sea. For twenty years they fought off attempts by the Devil-Fish people to retake what was once theirs. Finally, with the death of the shaman of the Cha'atl—Tláahl-daa ("Ten-Strike")—the Raven clan declared victory over the Devil-Fish people.

What they did not know was this: Skíl ("Black Cod"), the matriarch of the Gaagáay Chíin jáa (Children of the Fish-Wife), had escaped into the sea and had moved north with a portion of her brood. For 170 years, Skíl and her people existed under the ocean as their dark Devil-Fish ancestors had, waiting for a time when it would be safe to return to the surface and corrupt the human villages which dotted the coastline. But the Haida were powerful, and only grew in their ability to defend themselves, both spiritually and physically, from the influence of the Devil-Fish.

By 1555, the Gaagáay Chíin jáa instead found a new home in the remote regions far north of the Queen Charlotte Islands, around Prince of Wales Island, near what would become modern-day Ketchikan, Alaska. They settled on a barrier island at the furthest point out of what would become Edna Bay. There, they once again began their worship of their master, the Devil-Fish, beneath the open sky.

And there they remained unmolested until the 1740s, when Russian trading vessels began arriving in the area in numbers. The ancient evil which had survived near-extermination at the hands of the Haida learned to trade peacefully with the powerful foreigners, gaining their good favor and a reputation as trustworthy, quiet, people. This reputation persists to the modern day, and the Xaatgáav Skíl (Black Cod people), as they are known, are thought to be as harmless and friendly as any culture in the area. They are seen, in fact, as a kind of Native American version of the Quakers, averse to violence, conflict or dispute.

Their methods may have changed, but their motivations have not. Their acts of secret violence in worship of their dark god have continued unabated for nearly 500 years.

The Differences

The Black Cod people are not, in any sense of the word, human, and should not be confused as members of the Haida nation. They are an abomination, a cancer which grew from a supernatural influence overtaking and replacing a portion of the once-human population. The remaining "pure" Haida are free from any such supernatural taint, and if confronted with proof of the Black Cod's dark origins they would recognize them instantly as descendants of the Fish-Wife.

Just as a normal New England fisherman has no relationship to one of the tainted Marsh family members from Innsmouth, the Haida are entirely distinct from the Black Cod.

The Second Split

By the time of the destruction of the Haida culture by disease and the growing influence of European cultures, only five hundred or so true Haida remained in the Queen Charlotte Islands. But about 50 years before, a large group of Haida had moved north, looking for an area to settle away from the influence of the whites.

These groups settled on the southern portions of the Prince of Wales Island, in what is today southern Alaska. This move allowed the establishment of a thriving community of Haida separate from the Queen Charlotte Islands. They would suffer the same fate as their southern cousins, but their remoteness gave them some advantages. It wasn't until the later 1800s that white influences began to truly corrupt and destroy their way of life.

These Haida would find themselves in American territory, and after decades of disease, death and theft of land by the government, they would settle into a familiar Native American situation—poverty, a dwindling cultural heritage, and a bleak future.

Modern Haida

Following the blight of smallpox between 1862 and 1910, the once-strong structure of Haida culture collapsed. Towns disintegrated as Haida moved from traditional living to the towns and cities of the European descendants.

Large portions of the remaining Haida moved to Vancouver Island and to enclaves on the Queen Charlotte Islands such as Skidegate and Massett. Today, Skidegate and Old Massett are the only "true" Haida villages left, with three to four hundred people who continue the old Haida traditions, and even sometimes use the ancient Haida language. This disintegration marked the end of the once great Haida culture, and only today, in the modern era, are attempts at preservation being made.

The Fish-Wife Legend

The Haida culture has a strong tradition of storytelling, and many of their stories are spiritual allegories or fables about the Raven or Eagle. However, the Fish-Wife legend is special; it is a mutation of the facts of the Cha'atl raid that occurred in early Haida history. The story is a tradition of the Raven clan, but is told throughout the Haida. It is one of the most important, persistent tales handed down through the ages.

In this popular tale, a powerful shaman is hunting the Devil-Fish—the Devil-Fish is considered a creature of ill-omen, responsible for bad luck and poor fishing. The Shaman hunts him to improve fishing for his tribe. Arriving near where the Devil-Fish was spotted at low tide, the Shaman crosses on to the rocks to find it. There, the Devil-Fish grabs him and drags him down into the depths of the sea. The Shaman's family, thinking him dead, paddles off.

Beneath the sea, the Shaman discovers the creature which seized him is a female Devil-Fish (who, under the sea, appears human), and in her father's kingdom beneath the ocean, the two marry (some versions indicate this was against the will of the Shaman, while in others he agrees to it). They live in the land of the Devil-Fish people as husband and wife, and the Fish-Wife gives the Shaman three children, part man and part Devil-Fish.

After many, many years, the Shaman becomes homesick and begs to return to the surface. Several versions of the story indicate that the Shaman flees in secret, others that he is tasked by the King of the Devil-Fish to return to the Haida world and spread worship of the Devil-Fish.

The Fish-Wife leaves with the Shaman, going to the surface in human guise. There, at the Shaman's village, the Shaman is reunited with his human wife and family. Celebrations are held, and the Shaman is happy.

Finally, the Fish-Wife begins to pine for the sea. One day, she falls between the cracks of the floor in the Shaman's house and returns to the ocean. Not long afterward, the Shaman becomes a Devil-Fish and returns to the ocean as well.

The Fish-Wife legend has an anchor in truth—far more than is usual for an ancient fable. Strangely enough, the people of Black Cod Island claim not to know this story; it is not one of their publicly presented fables. To them, it is history, and a secret one at that.

Black Cod Island

Black Cod Island, Alaska, 99950, population 1,331, is a large island just outside Davidson Inlet, near Edna Bay. It is the traditional home of the Black Cod people, widely believed to be descendants of the Haida Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands (though, due to some cultural differences, certain anthropologists disagree).

It is a Native American holding, owned in perpetuity by the Black Cod people of the Haida Indian tribe as awarded in a 1951 act of the U.S. Congress. The island's inhabitants are Native American, and barring a few white individuals who occasionally come to the island, the population is composed entirely of natives who can trace their lineage back more than 500 years on that single landmass.

The island is approximately 11,000 acres of rich forested land—17 square miles—rising to a height of 1,150 feet at Kámal Peak in its center. The population builds most of its structures on the Davidson Inlet side of the island (facing Prince of Wales Island), due to the strong winds that buffet the Pacific Ocean side. Many small houses dot the interior of the island, invisible from the air, supported by small utility roads cut by hand through the forest.

The island has its own hospital, school, and power plant. It has no hotel. It has a large shipping/boat hub on the southern tip of the island which supports its shipping fleet of 61 boats. This hub also services local ships needing repair or refitting. Fuel is delivered from Ketchikan once a week.

Most homes on the island have power, telephone service and hot and cold running water—the cost of which is subsidized by the tribal council. Various public works projects, paid for by Indian money gained through their shipping fleet, are under way to improve the island. Two large paved roads with lights are under construction, which would split the island into quarters. They are scheduled for completion soon, but cross-island roads remain a work in progress, with many of them unpaved or incomplete.

The rate of literacy on the island is very high, and the health of its people is a priority of the council. The construction of the hospital in 1994 is the hallmark of that commitment. Black Cod Island is often seen as an ideal Indian development in Alaska, and is referred to numerous times by the Bureau of Indian Affairs as the epitome of Alaskan Native American-controlled land.

Despite this fact, few except the locals pay much attention to Black Cod Island. It's an out-of-the-way location. Small groups of tourists visit two or three times a week in the summer months. Other visitors are forbidden without prior permission of the Black Cod Tribal Council.

Mail is delivered twice weekly by water taxi from Edna Bay and is distributed from the lodge house at Black Cod Bay. Four times a month a large cold-shipment freighter enters the bay and takes on the supply of netted fish from the Black Cod shipping fleet. These fish are delivered under contract to Ketchikan Seafood Incorporated and are responsible for most of the Black Cod people's wealth.

Local industry mainly consists of fishing and limited tourism. The Black Cod are known in the area as friendly, sober-minded, religious people with no fight in them. They are occasionally believed to be a little too insular for local tastes, but in the last 20 years the tribal council has been taking steps to open Black Cod Island to the world.

Today the communities in the area have nothing really negative to say about the Black Cod, except that they seem to be extremely adept at catching fish out of season, and for that matter in numbers not regularly found in the area.

To most, Black Cod Island is just another Indian community, an out-of-the-way, last-minute outpost and refueling station for those heading out into the Pacific Ocean.

Climate

Technically speaking, Black Cod Island (as well as the area surrounding it) is temperate rainforest. It is covered in wetland, huge open areas of conifer trees, rich with wildlife and natural beauty. Much of the area is unoccupied, and large tracts are untouched by human interference.

The island endures roughly 218 days of precipitation a year, totaling an average of 72 inches of rain per year—nearly triple the national average. The temperature ranges anywhere from 24°F to 28°F in the winter, and 56°F to 78°F in the summer. Snowfall is

moderate in this most southern portion of Alaska, totaling less than 18 inches a year, well below the national average.

Exposure for long periods in the wilderness can, depending on the season, cause shock, frostbite and worse. The area is ravaged by black flies and spotted with deadfalls and other hazards. Sighting from the air by rescue craft is difficult due to the thick forest canopy. At first glance, the land looks extremely hospitable (and it is, for those skilled in woodcraft), but it is unforgiving and will kill even the most eager amateur without hesitation.

Those lost in the wilderness with no access to normal shelter or fire-making capabilities must make a Know or Survival roll every evening or suffer 1D6 Hit Points of exposure damage. Those with modern amenities (tents, lighters, etc.) must still feed themselves, something not particularly easy in the wilderness. Without access to normal foodstuffs, a Know roll is required to recover some semblance of food, such as berries, moss, and fish, taking most of the day to accomplish. Luckily, fresh water is extremely abundant. Failure costs 1D4 Hit Points of damage every two days without food.

It is quite possible for a person to march out of a settlement and simply vanish. Such an event is more common than most believe, with Ketchikan alone reporting nearly a hundred such cases a year. Most of this can be chalked up to the fragility of the human body and the harshness of the environment, but some—a select few, you might say—meet their end in a much more horrible fashion.

Let's Go For a Swim

The waters surrounding Black Cod Island average temperatures from 55°F in the summer to 30°F in the winter. All year round it is classified as a Cold Water Body and requires special equipment for humans to survive even limited exposures. Swimming on a beach at the height of summer is no problem—you can always get out of the water and warm up. What happens in the same water out at sea where you can't get out, even in summer?

Nothing good.

Being suddenly flung into seas of 50°F or colder is an immediate shock so severe it can cause cardiac arrest in certain individuals. The base rate of survival in a cold water body is a character's CON score in minutes. Wearing a cold-water-rated wet suit doubles that time.

Once a character hits the water, have the player make a CON×5 roll. Success means the character is alert and alive, above water (at least for the time being).

Failure indicates that despite being on the surface of the water the character has inhaled water in the first, involuntary gasp for air (suffering drowning damage of 1D6). If the player failed this initial roll, the character must make another CON×4 roll or a successful Swim roll. Failure indicates more inhaled water and another round of drowning damage of 1D6 HP. This continues until the unfortunate either suffers death by drowning or finally makes a Swim or CON roll. Reduce the CON multiplier by 1 for subsequent CON roll attempts.

Those above water and alert in cold water without survival gear will not be in such good shape for long. The cold water leeches body heat from the body's core at an amazing rate. At approximately 30°F, survival time is measured in minutes.

Paradoxically, swimming is about the worst thing you can do in this situation—it increases blood flow to the extremities, which cools the body 50 percent faster than floating. Each Swim roll attempt (whether successful or not) reduces the player's CON score by 1, lowering the character's survival time by a minute each time it is used (but, of course, don't tell the player this).

All skill rolls that require careful thought (Math, Explosives, etc.) or hand-eye-coordination (Knot Tying, Shooting) are *halved* while submerged in cold water.

Hypothermia occurs at the end of the "survival period." At that time, the player must make a halved Luck roll. Success indicates the character's body has activated the mammalian diving reflex—a defensive reflex where the body pumps blood only to the brain and lungs, and slows the metabolism to a nearly imperceptible rate (only a successful Medicine roll indicates that the character is alive at all). This reflex can allow a person to survive an apparent drowning in cold water; he or she can be resuscitated with a successful First Aid or Medicine roll up to 30 minutes after "drowning".

If this Luck roll is failed, the character passes out and slips beneath the water, once again causing drowning damage at the rate of 1D6 HP per round until death.

Cell Phones and GPS

There are no cellular towers on Black Cod Island. Cellular One and Alaska Communications Systems have towers near the largest villages on Prince of Wales Island, and with an antenna booster a phone can get service in Edna Bay, but not as far out as Black Cod Island.

The Global Positioning System works just fine in the area, as it does in just about every part of the world, so investigators should have no problem tracking each others' GPS devices as long as they're above ground and above water.

If a GPS device winds up deep under water, of course, it disappears from tracking.

Underwater Action

If you want to shoot something underwater, good luck. Treat each foot of water between you and the target as five armor points against ordinary firearm attacks and ten against shotgun shells. The high density of water—roughly 1000 times that of air at sea level—makes firing a hand-held weapon underwater traumatic to the shooter, too: the attacker takes 1D3-1 HP damage per gunshot. With all that water in the barrel, action and magazine, add +10% to the firearm's malfunction number.

A speargun uses the Rifle skill at *half* ability. It takes 10 rounds to reel in a spent spear and one round to reload. Of course, there are no spearguns to be found anywhere near Black Cod Island—it's not exactly a scuba hotspot—so the investigators would have to somehow have one imported (or bring one with them). A speargun is about the size of a modern rifle.

A powerhead or bangstick—a pole loaded with a bullet or shotgun shell at the tip—uses the Club or Fist/Punch skill and does damage based on its ammunition; 12-gauge (damage 4D6) is popular among Agents. It takes two rounds to reload. Bangsticks, mainly in large pistol calibers, are somewhat popular with fishermen for quickly killing large fish, although using one violates state fishing regulations. Agents could find bangsticks in Ketchikan.

As an interesting hybrid, powerhead spears tipped with .357 magnum rounds are sometimes fired from spearguns.

Note that powerheads can be deadly even with "blank" cartridges, because the muzzle blast, triggered on contact, sends high-pressure explosive gas into the flesh of the target. A powerhead loaded with a blank does half damage and cannot impale.

Stabbing weapons are effective as usual, but anything that requires swinging force, such as a club or an axe, does no damage. Of investigators' unarmed attack skills, only Grapple does damage underwater.

Weapon	Base Chance	Damage	Base Range	Attacks/Round	Mag	HPs	Cost	Malf
Speargun	Rifle%/2	1D10	20 feet	1/10	1	10	$140	00
Bangstick (12-gauge)	Club or Fist/Punch%	4D6	Touch	1/31	1	5	$100	00
Powerhead Spear	Rifle%/2	1D8+1D4	20 feet	1/10	1	10	$100	00

Prepared!

Some agents like to cover their bases; with a little foot-work, everything needed to keep warm, well fed and dry can be bought at any local camping goods store. The following kit should run somewhere in the range of $2,900 to $4,000.

Footwear: Neoprene booties or rubber boots to keep feet warm and dry. River sandals and Gore-Tex socks

Hiking Boots: New waterproof boots will undoubtedly cause blistering—smart agents will break them in before they need them (failure to do so reduces appropriate skill rolls—such as running, climbing etc.— by a quarter)

Gloves: Neoprene or insulated rubber gloves

Rain gear: Gore-Tex jacket, pants and overcoat

Clothing: Long sleeve synthetic top, synthetic hiking pants, three pairs of synthetic socks, wool hat, fleece gloves, sunglasses

Backpack: 30,000 cubic centimeters

Water Bottle: Fireproof steel canteen

Sleeping Bag: Water-proof synthetic sleeping bag rated to 30°F

Equipment: Gas stove, headlamp with solar charger

Personal Effects: Toiletries, high UVA-resistant sun screen, insect repellant, camera, binoculars

Getting Around

Getting to Black Cod Island usually means an Alaska Airlines flight from Seattle or Juneau to the single-runway Ketchikan International Airport on Gravina Island. There's a seven-minute ferry ride from the airport to Ketchikan proper.

There are usually three or four cruise ships docked at Ketchikan, if the Agents care to take a more luxurious approach.

Airplanes heading to Prince of Wales Island land at the Klawock Airport, a single strip of asphalt with a parking lot. There are seaplane bases in nine towns, including Craig. Craig, population 1,500, is the largest community on Prince of Wales Island, a strip of a couple of hundred buildings and a few streets on a narrow peninsula with isolated houses scattered around.

No standard seaplane routes run to Black Cod Island or to its nearest neighbor, Edna Bay.

Water taxi routes run between Ketchikan and Prince of Wales Island. Other routes run to Edna Bay, and from Edna Bay to Black Cod Island.

Nearby Settlements

The area around Black Cod Island is relatively remote. Even the largest nearby settlement (Ketchikan, Alaska) totals less than fourteen thousand residents. Access to specialized equipment, supplies or personnel is always slow in coming to the outer areas near Black Cod Island.

Ferries run on the inner water areas of Prince of Wales Island, from Ketchikan to Wrangell and Petersburg, but none comes to Black Cod Island; the closest they get is Edna Bay. Transport to the outer areas is achieved by heavy ship or floatplane. Floatplane services can be hired for as little as $1,000 a day in the area, and the business—which usually caters to fishermen or hunters—is competitive. The further out you go, however, the higher the prices.

Ketchikan, Alaska

166 miles by water from Black Cod Island, 80 miles by air. Ketchikan, Alaska, is large by Alaskan standards, with nearly fourteen thousand souls all told. It is the only town in the area with an international airport—albeit a small one—and it is the most likely place any investigation of Black Cod Island will begin. The Ketchikan General Hospital has twenty-five beds for in-patient care and another twenty-nine beds for long-term care, with a staff of nearly 30 physicians including specialists in emergency medicine, pediatrics, OB/GYN, radiology and imaging, internal medicine, and (at Ketchikan's Southeast Surgical Clinic) general surgery.

It has the most amenities, supplies as well as communications with the outside world that the Agents are likely to find. Despite its odd small-town feel, there is little difference in Ketchikan from most small towns in the contiguous United States. Nearly any service can be found here: floatplanes, heavy mining equipment, weapons and more.

Prince of Wales Island

Prince of Wales Island is mostly thick green forest punctuated by hills and a handful of tiny settlements. The largest community is Craig, on the west coast, with fifteen hundred residents. There is one paved airstrip at Klawock, seven miles from Craig. It takes about 40 minutes to drive across the island from east to west.

Several of the towns have lodges, hostels, hotels, or U.S. Forest Service recreational cabins, readily available in the fall and winter.

Emergency medical care on the island is provided at the Alicia Roberts Medical Center in Klawock, which is staffed by doctors and nurses year-round (five physicians in all, mostly family medicine with one trained in emergency medicine, plus two physicians' assistants and one dentist). Routine care is available by appointment at clinics in Craig and in the Thorne Bay city hall. Landline calls to 911 are handled in Craig and Klawock by the Craig City Police. In most other areas, including cellphone 911 calls, they are answered by Alaska State Troopers, who usually forward the call to police in Craig or Klawock for handling.

Edna Bay, Alaska

20 miles by water from Black Cod Island. This tiny outpost on Kosciusko Island, founded by loggers in the 1950s, is home to forty-seven people—all white except for two mixed-race families—and serves as a mail hub and mid-way station from Ketchikan to the outer island areas, including Black Cod Island. It is accessible by water and by air. Boats can be hired from here or rented to go to the outer islands. There are two floatplanes for rent here, and due to the rather isolated nature of the area and the scarcity of pilots, prices can soar to nearly $2,500 a day. Round-trip airfare between Ketchikan and Edna Bay is about $260.

This outpost maintains satellite and short-wave radio communication with the mainland. Edna Bay gets limited cellular phone service from a tower on Prince of Wales Island.

Edna Bay is visited by U.S. Postal Service floatplanes from Ketchikan twice a week. For medical care, residents go to Craig, 30 minutes away by water and another 30 to 45 minutes by road. It's quicker by floatplane if one is on hand, but usually it's faster to go by boat and car than to wait for a floatplane to come.

The Edna Bay postmaster, Emily Serber, boards her water taxi twice a week to deliver mail, shipments and sometimes canned goods to the Black Cod people. This is the "last stop" in the civilized world before Black Cod Island itself.

Serber can tell the Agents that the only other way to get to Black Cod Island is to call the tribe's public affairs office ahead of time and schedule a visit. A Black Cod-operated boat will pick them up in Edna Bay. Black Cod's police chief turns away any boater who tries to land without prior permission.

Wrangell, Alaska

80 miles by water from Black Cod Island, 44 miles by air. This outpost is one of the oldest non-native settlements in Alaska, dating back to the Russians in 1811. It totals nearly 2,250 inhabitants and is relatively vibrant for the locale, relying on fishing and shipping as its primary income. It even has a mid-sized airport which receives jet flights from Alaska Airlines.

This town is hub to dozens of for-rent floatplane services, with prices starting at $1,500 a day.

Law Enforcement

There are very few police officers in the region around Black Cod Island. Even the largest nearby settlement, Ketchikan, employs a staff of only 32 police officers for a city of 14,000. Wrangell, the only town with a police force near enough to Black Cod Island to even attempt jurisdictional interference, has only 16 full-time police. The Craig Police Department has a dozen officers, who conduct both patrols and investigations. The last time a Craig officer died in the line of duty was 1966.

The Alaska State Troopers, headquartered in Anchorage, have 240 troopers covering the entire state. The Southeast Detachment is based in Ketchikan and includes small posts in Haines, Juneau, Petersburg and (nearest Black Cod Island) Klawock.

Black Cod Island itself has a native police force, composed of Black Cod tribe members (who are, of course, Deep One hybrids). Nearly any incident on or near the island will fall under the jurisdiction of the Black Cod police, a situation which could prove fatal to any interlopers who raise a stink in the area. Those unlucky enough to end up on the island alone or in a small group who air such grievances will be extremely sorry (see "Suspicions Aroused and Silenced," page 22).

Convincing local police to intervene on Black Cod Island is a difficult proposition at best. Only direct evidence of wrongdoing (such as a video recording, a few bodies with strong evidence of Black Cod involvement, or an eyewitness) can possibly influence the local authorities to act. Few want to be tangled up in a Bureau of Indian Affairs investigation—almost a certainty if outside police attempt to act on Black Cod property—and fewer still even care what's going on out there, as long as it's not going on in their town. The scale of the conspiracy actually protects the Islanders from discovery. The truth is simply too monstrous to be believed.

Federal Law Enforcement

Only 80 FBI agents and support personnel are assigned to the state of Alaska. Most of those work out of the Anchorage Division Office, a thousand miles from Black Cod Island.

The Anchorage Division Office building houses the Alaska State Troopers' Statewide Law Enforcement Information Center and the Safe Streets Task Force, which targets gangs and youth crime and includes Anchorage Police Department officers. The Anchorage Division Office also houses the Joint Terrorism Task Force, which includes the Anchorage Police Department, the Alaska State Troopers, the U.S. Marshals Service, the U.S. Coast Guard, the Immigration and Naturalization Service, the U.S. Customs Service, the U.S. Attorney's Office and the U.S. Air Force Office of Special Investigations.

The FBI has Resident Agencies in Fairbanks and Juneau. The Fairbanks Resident Agency has three FBI agents and one clerk in an office in the Federal Building. The nearest federal law enforcement office is the FBI Resident Agency Field Office in Juneau, 200 miles northwest of Ketchikan, which has two agents and a clerk.

Of course, Black Cod Island is tribal land, where the FBI has very specific and limited jurisdiction. The Bureau of Indian Affairs—headquartered in Juneau with offices in Fairbanks and Anchorage—is more specifically responsible for ensuring that the peace is kept on Black Cod Island, but Black Cod Island boasts a remarkably low crime rate and requires little oversight.

The truth is that the tribe's political pull ensures that the FBI and BIA avoid it if at all possible. The Agents will not get official sanction to visit the island except in circumstances so extreme that refusing them will risk worse political fallout than offending the tribe's friendly politicians.

Gun Laws in Alaska

Alaska is one of the most permissive states when it comes to gun ownership and use. Nearly any type of firearm can be purchased over the counter by anyone over 21 years of age who appears sober and of sound mind. Some stores require a background check, and others simply go through the motions, having the individual swear an oath and sign a writ indicating they have not committed a violent crime in the past 10 years.

The likelihood of such a check decreases with the distance from civilized areas. In the outer areas of the state (like Wrangell or Edna Bay), one can simply walk into a supply store and buy a wall full of weaponry with little or no questions except "cash or charge?"

Federal agents and law enforcement officials can simply walk in, flash a badge, make the purchase, and avoid all the red tape.

The state of Alaska issues permits for concealed weapons, but does not require the possession of a permit in order to carry a concealed weapon. This odd rule comes to the forefront only when applying for a permit in a state other than Alaska, in order to get the new state to recognize the registrar's prior permit in Alaska. Otherwise, these permits are hardly ever sought.

There are a few situations where weapons are restricted or their use/identification requires compliance from the carrier:

1) Officers must be alerted if an individual is carrying a concealed weapon.
2) Weapons are not permitted on school buses, school property, and at school sporting events or in courthouses or federal, state, or local governmental buildings.

3) A loaded firearm may not be possessed by patrons of a location that serves alcohol. (The owner and employees of such establishments are exempt from this restriction.)

Automatic weapons are restricted by federal law, but modification kits are widely sold (particularly in remote areas) which allow semi-automatic weapons to be easily converted into fully automatic weapons.

Also, due to the huge amount of military personnel and equipment in Alaska (totaling nearly sixteen thousand individuals), there are black markets where Agents might be able to purchase heavier weaponry. Due to many Agents' ties to the federal government, however, dealing in illicit weaponry for any reason is a very serious proposition.

The general attitude towards guns in Alaska can be summed up as: people carry guns; mind your own business; don't carry a gun while drunk. The further you are from a large settlement, the more likely firearms will be seen. It is not unusual at all, for instance, to see male civilians just outside of Ketchikan wearing guns on their hips on an average day.

Agents should be very careful when they draw down on anyone in Alaska, because it's more likely than not that either the target or other people in the area are packing. If there is any confusion as to the Agents' intent, a gun battle might erupt.

Black Cod Island and the Outside World

To politicians in Alaska and Washington, D.C., Black Cod Island is the perfect Native American success story. No one is in any kind of a rush to prove that story wrong.

The Black Cod tribe was one of two hundred villages to incorporate under the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act (ANCSA) and receive compensation from the U.S. government. It has a small stake in the Sealaska Corporation, which was created out of the settlement and which works in timber, fishing, and land management across the state, but they are not particularly active Sealaska shareholders. Instead, the tribe has always succeeded on the strength of its own industry. It maintains an active and very prosperous fishing fleet, brings in a modest but steady tourism trade, and rarely taps the resources of the state or federal governments.

Black Cod representatives maintain ties with Alaska politicians at all levels: the state's single U.S. representative, based in Fort Yukon; its two U.S. senators; and especially the nearest state representative, based in Ketchikan, and the nearest state senator, based in Sitka. Black Cod Island contributes generously to the campaigns of politicians of every political stripe. Conservative politicians hold the tribe up as an example of native industry done right; to liberals it is the pride of the ANCSA.

So far, Black Cod Island has not attempted to exert much political pull. It mostly focuses its attention on local judges and law enforcement, maintaining its privacy and independence. But if it needs to fend off government interference or an unwanted FBI investigation, it can draw indignant local politicians down upon the heads of the Delta Green Agents and their superiors, placing great pressure on them to produce hard evidence quickly or to stop their harassment of a proud and successful native people.

Among most of its neighbors, Black Cod Island has a reputation as a thriving native community, peaceful, simple, hard-working and safe. But if you speak to the right people—usually fishermen who are down on their luck, loggers who've been fired, men and women looking for someone to blame for their troubles—rumors hint at something wrong underneath the façade. They suggest corruption and criminal conspiracies. All of this is very vague and heavily informed by resentment of Black Cod's apparent prosperity—to be doing that well they *must* have politicians on the take. A lot of it smells like conspiracy theory and racist urban legend.

If Agents press for details, they may be pointed to fisherman Mark Lee, who is obsessed with Black Cod Island (page 48).

To the Haida tribes, the Black Cod are known as the Deikeenaa ("The Far Out to Sea People"). They have a long history of avoiding contact with other tribes, except for buying cheap trinkets for their own souvenir shop.

The Haida tribes do *not* know the true history of the Black Cod, but their elders remember tales of the Devil-Fish people, passed down to fewer and fewer of their people with every generation. If the Agents talk seriously about half-men, half-fish people, one or two elders may become very grave, wondering if they have really been living near their ancestral enemy all this time. But most of the Haida simply laugh it off.

Visiting

Since 1989, Cha'atl Gáwtall ("New Cha'atl"), a small replica of a Haida village, has been open in the summer months for local tours brought in by boat from Edna Bay. Each tour must be pre-arranged with Black Cod Island. A $22 ticket buys a panoply of rituals, meetings, a net-weaving class, and a visit to the Lodge

House and its gift shop. The tourism business is relatively brisk when a cruise ship is in port at Ketchikan, and is touted far and wide in local papers, travel brochures and on the Internet.

Stepping off the ferry from Edna Bay, visitors to New Cha'atl see a small, bustling town built around a small, quaint Haida lodge house. There is a small hospital not far from the dock, staffed by members of the tribe who are trained at nearby universities. New Cha'atl has no hotel, so all tours end early and all visitors are on the ferry back to Edna Bay by mid-afternoon.

They are welcomed by Joe Kátl, spokesman for Black Cod Island, and two smiling tribesmembers for each visitor, adorned in black, white and red Haida ceremonial costumes. Their hosts remain with each visitor at all times. Even during bathroom breaks a visitor's two guides wait, smiling, not far from the door.

A visitor with an Anthropology or Archaeology skill at 50% or more who makes a successful roll realizes that the prominent totems found on all Haida ceremonial buildings and totem poles, the Eagle or the Raven (depending on the Haida tribe), are absent here. If asked, Joe Kátl says that the people of Black Cod Island are a third branch, not as well-known as the Eagle and the Raven but still thriving and proud on their little island home.

Kátl says Black Cod Island maintains a thriving trade in seafood with Ketchikan Seafood, Inc. In addition, the tribe are minor shareholders in Sealaska Corporation, also headquartered in Ketchikan. Sealaska owns extensive land holdings throughout the region, including parts of Prince of Wales Island.

In the village, two dozen locals imitate the Haida way of life, with slight modifications to reflect the Black Cod's reverence of the sea, which they feel they cannot cover up. At Cha'atl Gáwtall tourists get to see craftsmen at work on fake wood sculptures, dancers performing faked ceremonies and songs, and storytellers lying about the origins of the Black Cod people. The Black Cod grow up learning this false version of their history alongside the truth.

Any Agent with an Archaeology or Anthropology skill greater than 50% can roll to notice oddities in the presentation. If this roll is successful, they get the distinct feeling that they have read verbatim this story of the Black Cod origin in some text book.

(Visitors who record audio of the lectures and play them for an anthropology expert later get the same response. Naturally, the locals smilingly insist that the visitors stop if they see them recording anything.)

Other clues exist. Items for sale in the local gift shop—colorful wooden masks, wraps with distinctive Haida patterns, cedar boxes, smooth stone carvings of frogs, of octopi, of fish and humans merged strangely together—are Haida in origin, but are bought in bulk from the Haida Gwaii Museum at Qay'llnagaay on Queen Charlotte Island. Sometimes they still bear the sticker indicating their place of origin. Nothing about this action is illegal in any way, only a bit dishonest.

Despite all that, Black Cod Island seems to be the antithesis of weird. It's peaceful, successful, and quaint. It appears to be exactly what the United States government wishes every Native American community could be.

Tourists are carefully accounted for and are watched at all times by tribe members while the tour is under way. A count is made when the tourists leave the boat and again when they return. If any are "lost" along the way, the whole island will rouse into a search. Joe Kátl looks gravely concerned. It's easy for outsiders to get lost on Black Cod Island, he says.

So far, it has never come to that.

The Black Cod people are neither foolish nor unobservant. Their intelligence makes any ruse extremely difficult, particularly one as simple as abandoning an official tour to poke about unaccompanied. Such actions will be noticed.

If the Agents go to Black Cod Island on their own, flashing badges as federal government officers, Police Chief K'amahl, Joe Kátl and Martin Kíldaaw show up quickly to limit the intrusion. This has happened only a few times. Where threats of lawsuits and political backlash failed, subtle use of the Dominate spell has always been enough to persuade the interlopers' leader to depart after a cursory visit. A 1989 controversy with the CDC (see page 19) was the last instance. If the Agents can't be dissuaded, they'll soon get angry, potentially career-ending calls from the FBI Resident Agency Office in Juneau and then from the FBI Special Agent in Charge in Anchorage.

Sample Haida Names

It's common to combine a Haida name with a more "Anglo" first name or surname, as you see in Black Cod characters like Joe Kátl and Martin Kíldaaw. These are Haida names from historical records that you can adapt for your games.

MALE NAMES

tsu-Xoog-eesh
goo-nuX-nusti
K'ooxsee
Gooxh naawu
Tak'wjaa
Naasshaakh

FEMALE NAMES

Gaan Tlaa
Toolsaaxh
Kaayikaxhaa
Skajeek
K'ashaawat
Kaaxhoox'adukaa

The Truth

The Black Cod legend (at least the one told by the non-Black Cod Haida) is that nearly 500 years ago, the Black Cod arrived in war canoes after a journey from a distant island which was once their home. Why they left their former home is not known. The legend says they followed the Núu fish to their new home. (Research indicates this is a Haida word for "octopus," one of many words that means, literally, "tentacled fish.") In this new place they settled and, due to the richness of the land and the bounty of the sea, the need for classical Haida warfare faded and was replaced with a culture based on worship of the ocean and her elements.

The actual truth is something more sinister. In 1555, the Children of the Fish-Wife, fleeing the purge by the Haida people of their degenerate worship of the Devil-Fish, came to Black Cod Island looking for sanctuary. For many years, fearful of the neighboring tribes making war on them in their weakened state, they observed their rites and rituals quietly on the ocean-facing shore of Black Cod Island. None of the local tribes knew of the Black Cod's strangeness, and after a few attempts at trade and even war (which seemed to always end badly for the attacking tribe) they were left on their own.

By 1650 things grew more dangerous. The Black Cod, confident in their holdings, began to prey on the local tribes. Learning from the backlash on Haida Gwaii, they did so in secret. Lone hunters from the Tlingit were snatched and sacrificed to draw forth from the ocean the creature the Black Cod worshipped—a god who refused to answer their calls. For 100 years these rituals occurred unmolested and undetected. Nearly two hundred and fifty victims perished in the worship before first contact with whites occurred.

In 1740 the first Russian fleet arrived near Ketchikan, and Black Cod Island was one of the first places they landed in what would become southern Alaska. Ever vigilant and clever, the Black Cod became gracious hosts to the Russians. While other tribes were standoffish, the Black Cod alone received the Russians with open arms. They knew the white men held power, technology and riches, which, in the right hands, could serve the Devil-Fish. In short order a powerful Russian trading concern, the Shelikhov-Golikov Company, declared the Black Cod their allies and, using the tribe as a resource, mapped and exploited the resources in the area mercilessly.

This was a grand time for the Black Cod people. They could steal dozens of Haida without any possible repercussion. While white diseases decimated the Aleut and Tlingit peoples, it had no effect on the inhuman Black Cod. Their population multiplied, their rites grew ever bolder, and their enemies perished.

In 1787, for the first time the Black Cod's devoted rituals drew from the depths of the Pacific Ocean a herald of the creature they worshipped. He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses took up residence

in the deeps offshore of the seaward side of Black Cod Island, and from that point was called once every two months on the new moon to be worshipped by the Black Cod with ritual sacrifice.

By the time America gained possession of Alaska in the 1860s, the Black Cod were the only tribe in the area that had not been decimated by disease, slavery, or violence. They were strong, rich and self-sufficient. While the other tribes suffered, the Black Cod continued their debased worship, but they never lost sight of the reason they had been banished to Black Cod Island. The lesson of the Cha'atl massacre remained clear in their minds.

Little changed when American trading companies took over from the Russians; the Black Cod people were guides, translators and allies of the whites. In 1951 the Tlingit/Haida treaty granted various areas of southern Alaska to native populations. Black Cod Island was one of those reservations, granted in perpetuity to the Black Cod people.

Through to the modern era, the Black Cod have remained a success in the area. Some believe this to be because of their separation from the mainland, a strange genetic heritage which rendered them immune to the "Indian diseases" or simply good luck; in short, no one except the Black Cod themselves know for certain why they were spared the horrors which ravaged Native American cultures.

Ichthyosis, or Something Worse?

To an investigator who makes a Medicine roll or questions an expert about it, the bulging eyes and scaly skin of a deep one hybrid look a lot like ichthyosis, a rare disorder. It is usually genetic, although an even rarer non-genetic form can stem from systemic disease such as certain cancers, leprosy, AIDS, tuberculosis and typhoid fever. Ichthyosis presents scaly and discolored patches of skin and in some cases swollen eyes. Ichthyosis is exacerbated by dry air, cold temperatures and alcohol consumption. There's no cure and no known way to prevent it; treatment primarily involves skin conditioners and exfoliation to hydrate the skin and relieve irritation.

What's In a Name?

The black cod that the Black Cod people are named after is actually the North Pacific sablefish, in particular *Anoplopoma fimbria,* sometimes called "black cod" or "butterfish" in the U.S. and Canada. Its flesh is flaky and sweet and is highly popular in Japan. Many of the fish's traits are similar to the Black Cod people: it is an opportunistic feeder, preys on its fellow fish, is extremely long-lived, and can survive at great depths, down to 9,000 feet.

Appearances Are Deceiving

The Black Cod of modern Alaska are small, unassuming people with dark skin and hair, and a few odd genetic traits that separate them from the local tribes. They have a look about them which the locals might call "bug-eye," protruding eyes which give them an ever-surprised look. Bugging the eyes out has become a local white short-hand for Black Cod people. They tend to be barrel-chested, have short necks, long arms and a preponderance of skin conditions such as eczema and acne. As such, they are easily differentiated from the local Indian population.

A normal member of the Black Cod people seems about as harmless as they come. In fact, it is easy to assume there is something mentally wrong with them at first glance. To most whites unfamiliar with the Black Cod people, they appear mildly retarded. This is a dangerous misapprehension.

Their harmlessness is an illusion. They are extremely strong, even supernaturally strong, though they don't often demonstrate this. They are physically resilient, resisting damage well, and can obviously swim and hold their breath for inhuman periods of time.

Even worse, they are zealots. Though they hide this fact, they will gladly perish protecting the secrets of Black Cod Island. In short, they can be smiling a foolish grin seconds before burying a knife in the unsuspecting agent's back. They have no problem lying, killing, cheating, stealing and worse to protect the worship of the Devil-Fish.

Industry

The primary industry of the Black Cod people is, of course, fishing. The natives pull in huge numbers of the black cod for which the island and tribe are named. This is unusual in that waters around Edna Bay are considered "played out" by most local fishing concerns, which instead focus much further out to sea for their catches.

When fishing in Edna Bay became spotty in the late 1950s only the Black Cod people seemed to have luck drawing in large pulls of fish from the waters off their island. Today, they still maintain that their "worship of the sea" grants them their fishing bounty. This is seen by most locals as just another Indian tale, while most ichthyologists claim that the waters off the Pacific side of Black Cod Island are most likely a breeding ground for the black cod. In any case, the Black Cod people have exclusive rights to the waters where this explosion in the fish population is to be found, much to the consternation of local fishermen.

The Black Cod people sell exclusively to Ketchikan Seafood, Inc., a privately-owned company operating out of Ketchikan, Alaska. This company has no illicit connection to the Black Cod's

darker activities, and instead is pleased as punch to sell the huge catches of fish the Indians seem to be able to recover in any season. The Black Cod people are Ketchikan Seafood's cash cow, and the company will go to great lengths to protect a relationship that is worth, annually, in excess of $12 million in revenue. For details, see "Arthur Illescu, CEO of Ketchikan Seafood, Inc." on page 42.

A smaller, secondary industry has sprung up in the last 15 years: tourism. Conceived by Joe Kátl, a Black Cod elder, in 1989, it was thought that opening to tourists the "Black Cod way of life," or at least a facsimile thereof, would lessen local suspicion following the deaths of several Black Cod natives.

The old village of Cha'atl Gáwtall ("New Cha'atl") is open in the summer season to a local tour run by the village elders. These tours are carefully controlled by the Black Cod from the moment the tourist enters one of the tour boats—operated exclusively by Black Cod tribe members—at Edna Bay.

The purpose of the tourism, to prove that the Black Cod have nothing to hide, has for a large part worked as planned. They were once seen as a peaceful but secretive people; now they are seen as a garrulous, outgoing people eager to share their culture. In truth, all a tourist ever sees is lifted directly from an anthropology textbook.

The Census

The national census of 2000 proved that the Black Cod people were the most prolific Native American population in America, producing an inordinate amount of offspring considering their base population, age ranges and geographic location. This fact, seen as a boon for the local office of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, accidentally became public knowledge in the area. The joke goes, "What else have they got to do out there?"

Agents could learn a lot from the census records; however, census data remains sealed for 75 years.

If contacted, the local census taker—Emily Serber, the Edna Bay postmaster—will report she found the Black Cod a cooperative and orderly people, who lined up to be counted without any fuss and filled out the paperwork diligently. Serber will be nervous if contacted by federal agents, thinking her leak of the Black Cod population boom has triggered some sort of investigation, which she fears could cost her job. She won't lie, but at the same time she will not take responsibility for the leak.

Congenital Defects

It has been well known for nearly 100 years that the Black Cod people suffer from various congenital defects. Most locals chalked it up to a small population producing odd genetic combinations. Medical records in Craig and Ketchikan indicate two hundred stillbirths and spontaneous abortions in the 10 years leading up to 1994 (the year the Black Cod hospital was opened), as well as two dozen deaths due to congenital defects. The real number, which the Black Cod do their best to hide, is much, much higher.

The most interesting disease found in the Black Cod population is a peculiar heart defect called Idiopathic Ventricular Fibrosis Syndrome (IVFS), which seems to appear only in adult males in the Black Cod population. This disease has, much to the chagrin of the Black Cod people, opened their population to investigation by the Centers for Disease Control (CDC).

The Black Cod now control the output of medical information from their island, since the death of a member handled by the Edna Bay coroner brought the CDC to the island in 1989. This also led elder Joe Kátl to launch the tourism "counter-offensive." The unwanted attention encouraged the elders to utilize bribes, blackmail and worse to influence local government so the tribe could assume local control of medical treatment, death and birth certificates and more.

Under the cover of the boom in their local population, the tribe established both a small hospital on the island as well as an office of the coroner. Since its establishment in 1994, the hospital has covered up all but the most mundane deaths in the area, and

Census Access

Delta Green agents pulling some strings might be able to gain access to photocopies of the 2000 Census data from Black Cod Island. Such a coup should be difficult to come by, and should require serious footwork, backscratching and/or bribery.

The data, at first glance, seems mundane, despite the huge boost in population (from five hundred and fifty souls to thirteen hundred in 10 years). Closer examination reveals more. For one thing, many of the handwriting samples appear the same. Any skilled forensic document examiner—for most Agents, a combined Law and Psychology roll will suffice—will confirm that indeed, almost all the thirteen hundred documents seem to have been filled in by less than a dozen individuals, each filling out different data on hundreds of sheets at a time. If this forensic document examiner is also a skilled graphologist or makes a Psychology roll, he or she might also note that all the subjects' lettering indicates a heightened emotional state and aggressiveness.

Of course, due to the sealed nature of these documents, none of this can be brought up in a court of law. Even obtaining the documents is a dangerous proposition, as it requires complicity from other federal employees in an atmosphere of fear, distrust and the hovering threat of terrorism. On a failed LUCK roll the Agents are contacted for questioning by FBI agents—most likely Special Agent David Whelman of the Juneau office—about the theft or illegal copying of "government documents." (See "Special Agent David Whelman, FBI," on page 42.)

has gone to lengths to hide any abnormalities which might arouse government interest in their people.

Despite this new level of control, the island is often visited by Dr. Marcus Gaver and Dr. Paula Petrovich from the CDC, who are actively investigating IVFS. So far, their work has been limited to two bodies recovered in the late 1980s. No new case of IVFS has been reported to them since then. Fearing the discovery of the inhuman nature of the newer members of the Black Cod people, the Children of the Fish-Wife have actively disposed of such bodies and hidden their deaths from the outside world.

Idiopathic Ventricular Fibrosis Syndrome

This disease seems to afflict only adult males of Haida Indian descent in an isolated population of individuals on Black Cod Island, Edna Bay, Alaska. It has never been reported anywhere else. In the last 40 years, five deaths have been caused by the disease, though no new case has been reported in 20 years.

The disease causes a new split in the heart muscle after birth. The ventricles of the heart are split as many as a half-dozen times by new web-like cartilage walls. No one understands the process or the cause of the disease; but many are interested in it for possible therapeutic uses in treating heart disease, such as tissue regeneration. The two hearts recovered from cadavers in 1989 and 1986 are still at the University of Alaska Southeast (located in Ketchikan) and are fascinating studies in cardiovascular anomaly. Anyone with medical training examining the preserved organ will be hard pressed to explain how such a person could continue to function with such a malformation. The reports indicate that the growth must have taken at least a year or more in each case, during which the victim reported no ill effects.

So far, no one has been discovered living with the disease, although the CDC have been vigilant for sufferers all these years. The Black Cod are known as a private people who are hesitant to go to the doctor even under the direst of circumstances.

In truth, IVFS is simply the early stages of the transformation process from human hybrid into full Deep One. Sometimes this process goes wrong, killing the individual suddenly as one of the myriad shifts in physiology happens too soon, or too late.

Other, more pronounced deformities and fatalities occur often in the Black Cod population but are hidden from the authorities. Since the construction of local medical facilities on Black Cod Island in 1994, locals can vanish without a trace from all records when they become a liability. Some return to the sea, others die or are too hideous for human eyes to bear.

The Elders are extremely careful with late and early-stage hybrids—all anyone from the outside world ever sees are those in which the taint is not too pronounced. These locals, the 1,331 listed on the record, hide nearly seven hundred more from prying human eyes in secret areas of the island, on land and in the ocean.

Case 1 (1986)

The change had begun some weeks or months earlier, but the Black Cod tribesman was unaware of it when he traveled to the mainland. On the mainland he collapsed and was taken to the hospital with shortness of breath and chest pains. The tribesman died of cardiac failure shortly after arrival at the hospital. X-rays showed a strange mass in the chest, which interested the coroner enough to authorize an autopsy.

The major defect detected was a curiously enlarged heart with internal fibrotic masses. Defects in other organs were less obvious, so interest was focused on the heart and a couple of telephone calls to specialists were made.

At this point, the Black Cod people (represented by Martin Kíldaaw) became aware of the death and the autopsy, which was performed without permission of the next of kin by an over-zealous coroner. Kíldaaw protested, demanding return of the body for the proper ceremonies by the tribe.

The trouble for the Black Cod people was that knowledge of the diseased heart had entered the public domain. The genie was out of the bottle. Trying to get the heart back, while legally possible, would probably create too much fuss and draw attention to the Black Cod. A deal was reached for compensation to the tribesman's family. His body was returned for cremation without further examination, but the heart was retained for study by the medical authorities.

Case 2 (1989)

Again, a tribesman in the very early stages of the change was visiting the mainland, but this time he got into a barroom brawl and was stabbed to death. The local coroner was fully within the law in ordering an autopsy this time—investigation of death by violence doesn't normally require permission of next of kin—although the tribe filed a formal protest after the event. The medical examiners were surprised that the man, an apparently asymptomatic individual, showed the same heart defects as seen three years earlier. They were less extensive but clearly of the same kind. Again, the body was returned but the organ was kept for investigation.

Outcome

The combination of these two events worked in the favor of the Black Cod people. It put them in a strong bargaining position: they have something that the outside world is interested in (evidence of a rare genetic disease), but the incidents also gave them an excuse to shun the medical community. Outsiders took the tissue samples without permission, an ethical issue that causes outrage in most communities. (Interested Keepers should research the U.K.'s Alder Hey pathology scandal in Liverpool for an example.) The Black Cod tribe was quick to seize their advantage, wresting out of the CDC the construction of a hospital on Black Cod Island itself.

CDC researchers suspect that there are many more cases of IFVS, but can't prove it due to lack of access. They believe this is due to a combination of tribal custom and bad blood from their earlier perceived misdeeds. In fact they have been outmaneuvered expertly by the people of Black Cod Island.

The Children of the Fish-Wife

The Children of the Fish-Wife, or Gaagáay Chíin jáa—as the Black Cod people call themselves in secret—represent something much, much worse than the immature taint found in Innsmouth, which flourished for less than 100 years before being completely crushed by the 1928 Federal raid. The Children of the Fish-Wife have been intermingling their offspring with the Deep Ones for nearly 700 years, leading to a full integration of Deep One culture, magic and power into their "human" population.

This integration has a few advantages. For one, the "taint," as it is sometimes called, is a much more rapid process. When a Child of the Fish-Wife is "called back to the sea" the process takes from one week to a few months, never longer. While the Innsmouth hybrids sometimes suffered years of genetic shift and deformation, the Children of the Fish-Wife remain "human" for decades, even centuries, before transforming into a full Deep One in a short period of time and returning to the sea. This process is painful, and occasionally fatal (leading to Idiopathic Ventricular Fibrosis Syndrome), but is much more efficient than any ever found in Innsmouth.

Intermingling human genetics with Deep Ones and sixth, eighth and tenth-generation mature hybrids has yielded a stronger, more resilient Deep One hybrid. The Children of the Fish-Wife are stronger, smarter and faster than any hybrid ever found in Innsmouth. They may not look it, but each hybrid—man, woman or child—is more than a match for any human. These genetic mixes have also led to exceptional intelligence. Nearly everyone on the island is capable of incredible feats of language, math and science, far beyond the human norm. Of course, this is not apparent to anyone not going out of their way to discover it (and it is a dangerous fact to search for!).

The Children of the Fish-Wife who have returned to the sea have established a Deep One outpost 22 miles off the Pacific shore of Black Cod Island. This settlement, called Al'hu Ai in the Deep One tongue, is only 120 years old. Built around the resting place of the giant Deep One "He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses," this site houses more than seven hundred Deep Ones, all once land dwellers on Black Cod Island. It represents a last refuge for those on the island, in case of discovery or attack, and can muster a Deep One army to support the hybrids on Black Cod Island in case of emergency.

Access to Deep One riches and magic has ensured the success of the Children of the Fish-Wife. Gold recovered from beneath the ocean has been melted down and used for bribes (one such bribe secured them the island in the 1951 Tlingit/Haida treaty). Magic has been used to kidnap sacrificial victims and to silence enemies of the Gaagáay Chíin jáa, as well as to manipulate the fish stocks in the area, ensuring a suspicion-free income in the modern era.

In short, the Children of the Fish-Wife have a well-defended nest of secrets which may cost the lives of many Agents and Friendlies before being truly revealed, let alone destroyed. Even a full-frontal assault on their island by all that modern human technology can muster (short of a nuclear blast) will be hard pressed to defeat them in a face-to-face confrontation.

Suspicions Aroused and Silenced

There are two Black Cod Islands—the true island and its genuine inhabitants, and the fictional island and the inhabitants that are known to the outside world.

To the world outside, the island is an ideal native community, open, free and well-to-do. In actuality, the island is a den of lies. Hundreds if not thousands of murders have been committed there. Children have been ritualistically slaughtered, people from the mainland kidnapped and sacrificed to the darkness from the sea, women and men ripped to pieces and literally eaten alive. Every depravity of humanity has been set upon, expanded and made a thousand times worse by the seemingly simple and innocent natives of the island. And they do all this not only willingly, but with the eagerness of zealots.

Three things have kept knowledge of this darkness from spreading.

The geographic isolation of the island has worked in favor of the Black Cod people for centuries. The island is a distant outpost on the edge of civilization in southern Alaska. Past it to the west is nothing but small marshy islands populated with birds and wildlife. The Black Cod have done their best to both encourage and monitor this isolation. In the modern era, a very real feeling of "disconnect" led the Elders to start their tourism program, to keep the humans of nearby towns from feeling that the Black Cod were trying to hide anything. Today, this "pressure valve" of tourism in the summer months makes the island seem transparent and simple, when it is anything but.

Wealth is another method that the Black Cod have employed, ever since the Russians arrived in the 1740s. Due to their access to the depths of the ocean, the Black Cod have gathered an impressive collection of valuable metals from sunken ships and downed airplanes, including nearly a half-ton of gold ingots stamped with the Shelikhov-Golikov Company mark (worth at least $16 million by current standards). In addition, their fishing concern generates millions annually, giving the tribe the ability to buy off anyone. They've successfully bribed everyone from local police officers up to Dillon S. Myer, President Truman's Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Of course things were far more "fast and loose" back then, before Alaska was incorporated into the Union.

Finally, the superhuman nature of the Black Cod people has made it easy for them to remove the threat of discovery. Unlike conventional illegal enterprises, the Black Cod have access to magic. Very few outsiders see the true threat until it is too late.

The Elders

The Black Cod people have a tribal structure similar to small Indian communities across the US. There is a council of Elders—the equivalents of selectmen—that form policies, manage the budget and plan future public works.

On Black Cod Island, there is only the illusion of the democratic process. The reality is strictly Darwinian. The Elders are the most powerful and influential Deep One hybrids. No one questions the hierarchy; it is as it always has been—the powerful rule the weaker, with occasional power struggles momentarily disrupting the structure.

On Black Cod Island, the current council of Elders has remained untouched for 27 years, since Joe Kátl deposed John Dagang in 1981 in a violent turn of events involving whiskey and a pistol. To the hybrids, with their inhuman biology, this last

"switch" was very recent. For humans, 30 years is half a lifetime. The Black Cod have a different perspective.

Changes like that are rare. Often the most fervent or powerful young hybrids are called to the sea, or are killed and consumed during religious rituals. The Elders carefully watch the progress of such strong individuals, and often guide them to such fates—but not before breeding their traits back into the population.

The Elders sit at the lodge house once a week to organize, discuss and plan for the community at large. In these meetings they speak a dialect of the Haida tongue, making eavesdropping all but impossible without some sort of anthropological expert.

Old Mary Nang Juuhlan-Jaa, the Widow

Known locally as "the Widow," this ancient woman can be seen about town, usually crouched in a chair observing the scene through a heavily-lined face that looks like it's seen a hundred winters. In fact, it has seen many more. Old Mary is 245 years old, the oldest hybrid on the island who has not returned to the sea or heard the call.

She appears frail and small, and is always dressed in the same black cassock that covers all but her face and right hand. But she is far from frail. Her body, which was wracked with various genetic changes about the time John Adams was President of the United States, is far along the spectrum to pure Deep One. Beneath her cassock, her body is a scaled and abscess-covered monstrosity capable of great feats of strength.

These changes, however, suddenly ceased just as she thought she was ready to return to the sea, leaving her face, neck, right leg and right hand unchanged. For a time, her "condition" was seen as a stigma. Failing to change and return to the sea is highly unusual for the Black Cod. Because of these "malfunctions," her children were murdered by the tribe and her husband returned to the sea, granting her the name Nang Juuhlan-Jaa, "the Widow."

As her contemporaries either perished or returned to the sea, her influence among the younger Black Cod grew. For the past 100 years or so she has gained influence, and she has been on the Council of Elders for decades. Today she is the voice of "old time religion" on the Council. She opposes opening the island to outsiders and is a constant thorn in Joe Kátl's side. Her outspokenness might have had her done away with long ago but for her prodigious strength and powerful magic, which make her among the most feared inhabitants of Black Cod Island.

Even more significant, she has attended *every* ritual for He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses since the entity was first summoned to the island in 1787, and she is somehow held in special favor with the entity. Only she dares approach to submit to it without fear of being eaten, raped or completely destroyed. In the depths of her ruined alien mind, she longs for the day when He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses will either impregnate or destroy her; so she can be one with her god. Because of this, above all other reasons, Old Mary is considered blessed, and therefore untouchable. No one on the island, not even Joe Kátl, will make a move against her.

OLD MARY "NANG JUUHLAN-JAA" ["the Widow"]
Eldest Elder, age 245

STR 19	**CON 13**	**SIZ 8**	**INT 18**	**POW 19**
DEX 9	**APP 4**	**EDU 6**	**SAN 0**	**HP 11**

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Attacks

Claw 75%, damage 1D6+db

Skills

Astronomy 50%	Cthulhu Mythos 80%	Dodge 63%
Hide 78%	History 90%	Jump 60%
Listen 85%	Natural History 99%	Navigate 90%
Occult 99%	Persuade 80%	Sneak 75%
Spot Hidden 75%	Swim 99%	

Spells

Alter Weather	Attract Fish	Augur
Breath of the Deep	Charm Animal	Cloud Memory
Command Octopus	Command Squid	Command Shark
Contact Cthulhu	Contact Deep One	
Contact He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses		
Contact Star-Spawn of Cthulhu		Create Gate
Create Mist of Releh	Curse of Darkness	Dominate
Enthrall Victim	Find Gate	Heal
Implant Fear	Raise Night Fog	Wave of Oblivion

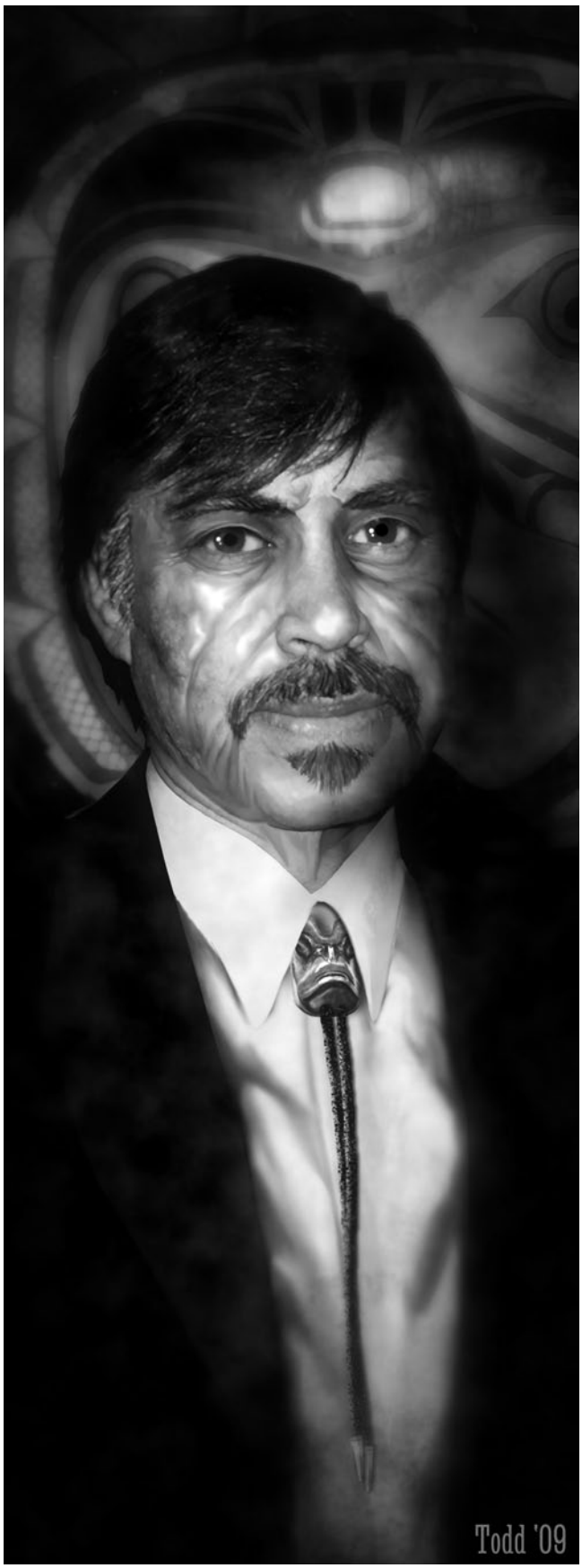
Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 for seeing her unveiled.

Physical Description

Small and seemingly frail, a shawl-wrapped, white-haired, ancient Haida woman hunched in a rocking chair, constantly staring out at New Cha'atl from behind a grimy window. Beneath her shawl and wizened eyes lurk horror and strength.

Joe Kátl, Spokesperson for the Black Cod

Born in 1899, this relatively young and up-and-coming islander has risen to a position of prominence on Black Cod through



his cool charm. Kátl is small and squat like most islanders, and rather homely, but there is something in his attitude that makes him naturally personable even among humans, something not commonly found among the Black Cod people. As such, he has found himself in contact with the outside world for many years, acting as liaison for Black Cod business interests on the mainland.

Since joining the Council, Kátl has pushed for the tribe to police its public image in the way it might police the island, with a meticulous inhuman attention to the details of what the public thinks of them. Kátl's successful push for the summer tourism program on Black Cod Island has changed the locals' perception of the Island from an isolated community to a valued, open neighbor. Though much of this program is a masquerade, its success is hard to dispute. It has granted the Black Cod some breathing room as far as foreign intervention in local affairs, and has demonstrated to nearby law enforcement that Black Cod Island is a clean, orderly place.

Kátl is also the public hand of the council, stepping outside the boundaries of Black Cod to deliver messages, remove threats or bribe individuals to keep the Black Cod's secrets. This role has an official title: Tribal Spokesman. Kátl is the face that talks to the game wardens to keep fishermen out of tribe-owned waters, he is the face that talks to the press during legal disputes, and he is the last face you will see if you cross the Black Cod people: a smiling, scaly, squat face with dead eyes and too many teeth.

Kátl keeps apartments in Wrangell and Ketchikan and can often be found trolling such towns with a half-dozen "young" Black Cod goons in tow. In these towns Kátl maintains "pads," decked out apartments filled with lavish audio/video equipment and amenities. He has his hands in local politics, flinging Black Cod money around for special favors. He has a dozen or so police officers in four different counties on a hush-money payroll to look the other way when the Black Cod turn up in some untoward legal situation. He is a well-known fixture at nearly every white holiday on the mainland—parades, the Fourth of July, local baseball games. He is the face of the isolated Indians who "live out on that island." He is well known, and to those who don't know him intimately he is well liked.

His weakness is women. That is, human women. Kátl spends tens of thousands of dollars on whores from all over Alaska, even flying some in for his pleasure. So far this has remained outside the view of the Council, but his luck is rapidly dwindling. Eventually, he will impregnate one of these Xaat'aa (humans) and produce something monstrous.

He is, as Old Mary would say, "too young to know better."

JOE KÁTL, Elder; Public Face of the Black Cod, age 111

STR 16 CON 14 SIZ 10 INT 18 POW 17

DEX 12 APP 6 EDU 20 SAN 0 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Attacks

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

Skills

Art (Public Relations) 95%	Bargain 80%	Computer Use 48%
Conceal 57%	Credit Rating 77%	Fast Talk 95%
History 50%	Law 49%	Listen 56%
Occult 75%	Persuade 78%	Psychology 79%
Spot Hidden 62%	Swim 70%	

Spells

Attract Fish	Charm Animal	Cloud Memory
Command Shark	Contact Deep One	
Contact He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses		Create Mist of Releh
Dominate	Enthrall Victim	

Sanity Loss: None.

Physical Description

A short, broad, homely, middle-aged Haida man in a nicely tailored suit. He sports a constant smile, a firm handshake, a steady patter of conversation and soulless black eyes.

Martin Kíldaaw, Black Cod Legal Counsel

Martin Kíldaaw is one of the first experiments with the outside world that the Black Cod people consciously chose to create. In 1978 Kíldaaw was accepted to Stanford Law School and studied there until 1981, excelling with everything put in front of him. He passed the California and Alaska Bar exams with ease in 1982 and 1983, respectively. Kíldaaw was groomed from an early age to become an interface between humans and the Black Cod people, a tool trained to use the humans' laws against them and prevent encroachment on the island. Despite this role, Kíldaaw lacks any of the easy charm found in Joe Kátl. He is a facilitator and executor, not a leader.

Kíldaaw is a relentless attorney who works tirelessly to protect the Black Cod's interests from encroachment. Over the last 30 years he has won fourteen legal disputes, ranging from wrongful death to fraud, crushing the opposing council with his encyclopedic (indeed, inhuman) recollection of facts and figures and a near-Dictaphone ear for conversation. Kíldaaw is a bit of a legend in local legal circles, and is widely feared in litigation. A summons or suit from Kíldaaw is the legal equivalent of being handed your hat. No one will willingly enter into a suit against him without *extremely* compelling evidence that the facts and the law are against Kíldaaw's position. And sometimes, even that isn't enough.

Kíldaaw is reverential towards the Elders and serves on the Council in an advisory capacity, bowing in all things to Old Mary and Joe Kátl. He has no urge to move beyond his place, and is eager only to return to the sea. The change, he feels, is almost upon him. As this progresses, his legal drive has begun to dwindle.

Today he seems distracted, distant and a little too intense. Interacting with him for any length of time is decidedly uncomfortable for anyone with a Psychology skill of 50% or greater. When one is pressed to describe the feeling, it might be best compared to speaking to a deranged, religious schizophrenic who is somehow still completely coherent.

MARTIN KÍLDAAW, Elder; Black Cod Legal Counsel, age 60

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 12 INT 18 POW 16

DEX 10 APP 9 EDU 23 SAN 0 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Attacks

Hunting knife 50%, damage 1D4+2+db

Skills

Bargain 90%	Computer Use 68%	Conceal 50%
Credit Rating 90%	Fast Talk 96%	History 70%
Law 90%	Listen 50%	Occult 55%
Persuade 92%	Psychology 85%	Spot Hidden 65%
Swim 65%		

Spells

Attract Fish	Charm Animal	Cloud Memory
Command Shark	Contact Deep One	

Sanity Loss: None.

Physical Description

A nondescript, middle-aged Haida man with steely hair, a very nice sharkskin suit, and a busy cell phone.

Police Chief Mark K'amahl, Head of the Tribal Police

A Council member since 1986, K'amahl is a no-nonsense, by-the-book enforcer for the Council's will. His relationship with the law is completely schizophrenic. He is capable of reciting the law chapter and verse while simultaneously violating it. He is a zealot of no small measure, ready to commit any atrocity in the service

of He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses. K'amahl's entire life (which is entering its sixty-fifth year, though he appears no older than thirty) is dedicated to the inhuman God of the Black Cod people. And he takes pleasure in every manner of atrocity serving that dedication. Rape, murder and cannibalism are not horrors, they are privileges.

K'amahl is independent of Kátl and Old Mary, secure in his own beliefs and unafraid of crossing Council members to do what he *knows* is correct. His religious beliefs make it impossible to believe himself wrong. He is certain that all his thoughts and motivations, even the most frivolous and bizarre, are the product of He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses.

K'amahl leads a group of two-dozen "regulators," non-deputized muscle who police the island armed with pump shotguns, walkie-talkies and mirrorshades. They defer to K'amahl in all things, fearful of his random, unreadable nature, and will not act out of turn without the right amount of provocation (such as being shot at!).

K'amahl dreams of the day when a significant incursion occurs on the island. His men have been drilled over and over again on how to hound, hunt, capture and if necessary kill any interlopers. On the new moon following that blessed day, K'amahl is eager to bring such intruders before the darkness that is his god, where they will be consumed and/or worse—and he will watch, smiling.

TYPICAL "REGULATOR," Hybrid Thug, age 20-50

STR 15 CON 12 SIZ 16 INT 13 POW 12

DEX 10 APP 9 EDU 11 SAN 0 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Attacks

Hunting knife 50%, damage 1D4+2+db
9mm pistol 40%, damage 1D10
12-gauge shotgun 55%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

Skills

Climb 50%	Conceal 50%	Drive Auto 50%
Fast Talk 40%	Hide 50%	Law 25%
Listen 50%	Navigate 60%	Sneak 50%
Spot Hidden 40%	Swim 60%	Track 40%

Spells

Attract Fish Contact Deep One

Sanity Loss: None.

Physical Description

Tall, thick-bodied, with dark, alert eyes almost always hidden behind sunglasses.

POLICE CHIEF MARK K'AMAHL, Elder, Criminal Cop, age 65

STR 19 CON 15 SIZ 18 INT 15 POW 15

DEX 12 APP 8 EDU 14 SAN 0 HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Attacks

Hunting knife 50%, damage 1D4+2+db
Grapple 70%, damage special
Colt Python .357 magnum revolver 50%, damage 1D8+1D6
.30-06 hunting rifle 60%, damage 2D6+4
10-gauge shotgun 55%, damage 4D6+2

Skills

Climb 60%	Conceal 70%	Drive Auto 60%
Fast Talk 55%	First Aid 50%	Hide 50%
Law 67%	Listen 60%	Navigate 75%
Occult 40%	Persuade 55%	Psychology 55%
Sneak 60%	Spot Hidden 65%	Swim 65%
Track 70%		

Spells

Attract Fish	Charm Animal	Contact Deep One
Dominate		

Sanity Loss: None.

Physical Description

An immensely broad, stooping Haida man with thick hands and rolling slab-like muscles. He wears dark sunglasses, a Stetson hat, and blue jeans with a star pinned on a tan barn coat.

Jennifer Guúsuu, Unwed Mother

Guúsuu is not an Elder; she is a young woman of the Black Cod who was made pregnant by the outsider Allen Argasta (see "Allen Argasta, Grad Student" on page 43), who lived with her family for a few weeks last summer. She is in the last term of her pregnancy and is being cared for by locals, awaiting her "husband's" return.

Guúsuu is certain that Argasta will return before the child is born and she maintains a vigil for him. Despite her breach of etiquette in linking herself to an outsider, the Black Cod people look fondly on offspring with fresh blood—especially European blood. It is hoped this injection of new genes might give some new advantages that will allow the Black Cod to better interact with the mainland.

Guúsuu, however, is a bit deranged. She visited the mainland several times to visit Argasta after his visit to Black Cod Island. Argasta is her "love" and she will do anything for him—even betray her own people. What oddities might arise from such a social arrangement remain up to the Keeper to devise.

JENNIFER GUÚSUU, Yearning Mother-to-Be, age 19

STR 7 **CON 12** **SIZ 11** **INT 12** **POW 9**

DEX 10 **APP 13** **EDU 9** **SAN 0** **HP 12**

Damage Bonus: none

Attacks: none above base skill

Skills

Bargain 40% Conceal 45% Fast Talk 45%
Persuade 35% Swim 50%.

Spells

Charm Animal Contact Deep One

Sanity Loss: None.

Physical Description

An oddly enthusiastic, very pregnant young Haida woman with long black hair.

The Lodge House

The original Lodge House on Black Cod Island accidentally burned down in 1851, and was rebuilt the same year almost on the ruins of the original. The new Lodge House is a large building constructed of western red cedar, measuring 60 by 50 feet and built in the classical Haida manner. It is called, between tribe-members, the "Fish House."

It is not part of the public tour, being located in an out-of-the-way area of the island near the western shore. A small, fake version of the Lodge House is used in the tour at New Cha'atl. No one on the tour ever comes near the real Lodge House.

Finding the real Lodge House is possible—particularly when it is occupied—by following the thick black smoke belched from its fire hole. A winding path from a main road meanders down to the shore, and in a clearing with a view of the ocean nearly a quarter mile distant the Lodge stands.

Those with an Archaeology or Anthropology skill of 50% or greater can make a roll to notice an oddity. The classic Raven totem found on *all* Haida structures is nowhere to be found on the Lodge House. Inside the Lodge House, totems mark the four corners of the room as well as adorning the "backbone" of the building. These faces are quite obviously the faces of fish. The main image, near the back of the fire pit of the building is of a huge, open-mouthed, fish-faced creature with its eyes turned to the sky. It is stained with ancient fire-marks and looks quite old. This is the original totem of the Black Cod, recovered from the old Lodge House before the fire consumed it. The rest of the building seems old, but not nearly as old as the totem. This is the image of He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses, and in tribal functions it is the focus of ceremonial activities.

The walls are adorned with carvings of sea creatures interacting with humans. The images are relatively similar to one another: fish-like creatures give humans boxes and other gifts in a sort of potlatch. Anyone with significant Archaeology skill (60% or greater) recognizes these carvings as resembling oddities that have turned up in cultural studies (such as the Mayan, Ponape tribes and the Celts) in various papers.

If outsiders are discovered near or in the Lodge House, the Black Cod will kill them without a thought.

Ceremony

The true, darker ceremonies occur mostly on the Pacific-facing side of Black Cod Island. There, every two months on the nights of the new moon, the Black Cod call their god—He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses—to accept their worship and sacrifice. These "sacrifices" mostly take the form of horrific sexual rituals where He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses, the Progenitor, breeds with tribe members, often killing and consuming them in a fit of lust. Such deaths are considered blessed events and are seen as indications that the victims' family-members will soon hear the "call." Those who happen to survive such a mating by the Progenitor are expected to spread his "seed" throughout the community before the inevitable—and now awakened—genetic call draws them back to the ocean.

Intentional human sacrifices are rare, but when they do occur (usually less than twice a year), the victim is invariably a tourist of some sort, someone snatched from a hunting trip, misplaced in a walk in the woods, or snatched from the open rainforests which blanket the region. Since deaths from exposure are common, and often no remains are found for as much as a decade or more, these disappearances are not considered at all unusual and have never aroused local suspicion.

These rituals include nearly every member of the tribe, both public and hidden. They gather at dusk and proceed to the beach in a huge winding group of worshippers. They wear ceremonial clothing that's similar to Haida dress, and carry no conventional weaponry. This is one of the few times on the island that the

hidden, horrifically transformed individuals can be seen in the open. These hybrids, in the midst of their final transmogrification, lead the ceremonies. Their holy status makes them the only beings capable of communicating with He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses.

The ceremony varies in length, lasting as long as ten hours or as little as two. An appearance by He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses is by no means guaranteed, and often the ritual occurs with no answer from the ocean. When their god does not arrive, the Black Cod continue their abasement and worship with their own deranged rituals based on sex and death. When their god does arrive—often hours after the rituals begin—the crowd goes silent and lays prostrate on the ground, facing the ocean.

Any Agent witnessing the entirety of such a ritual loses 1D6 SAN from the horrific events that unfold before their eyes. And that's before He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses arrives.

Crime

There is effectively no crime on Black Cod Island. As in most Native American communities, there is one pervasive problem—alcohol. Even Black Cod hybrids suffer from a propensity towards alcoholism, and as such there are usually one or two in the lock-up at any given time. These individuals are usually held until they sober up and then are released with no charges.

The Black Cod community polices its own very effectively. Those who fall too far into the bottle are "taken care of" by the locals. They either become the victims of a sacrifice or are disposed of through old-fashioned murder. There is a very real urge to drive the genetic trait of alcoholism out of the community forever, and those who stray from sobriety too far will be dealt with harshly. This is a well-known fact on Black Cod Island. As such, there are few real alcohol-related crimes; only public drunkenness.

Other crimes do occur, but as usual they are linked to young people. Small thefts, some fighting, and other less important crimes do occasionally rise up in the community, but this is most effectively policed by the families involved. In such cases, the police chief or his 'regulators' are called in only as an absolute last resort. More often than not, this is unnecessary.

The small-town crimes that usually afflict such villages are not found in any significant numbers on Black Cod Island. This fact is easily discovered, as it is one of the most significant public-relations coups of the Island, and is touted far and wide throughout the community of local law enforcement.

Magic

The Black Cod people have access to Deep One magic and have used it for centuries to silence wayward tribe members, trouble-makers and enemies. In ancient times before their flight from Haida Gwaii, the Black Cod used their magic in ambushes and battles to fight the other tribes of the Haida to a standstill. They were brazen in the use of these abilities and openly flaunted the supernatural nature of their superiority. They have since recognized this as a mistake. It was their open use of sorcery more than any other factor that united the other tribes against them and forced them to flee Haida Gwaii.

Today, the Black Cod are extremely selective in the exploitation of hypergeometric principles. Unless the threat is very dire, the

Black Cod will not employ magic, preferring bribery over any other method.

If magic is to be used on an outsider, the Elders must agree on a course of action before any steps are taken. When these methods are used, the resulting deaths are so sudden and bizarre that no outsiders recognize the Black Cod's involvement. At least, that's how it's worked so far.

Since the 1930s, the Black Cod have largely restricted their magic use to spying and capturing wayward individuals for sacrifice. When the occasional assassination has occurred (and it has), such methods as Breath of the Deep and the Grasp of Cthulhu have proven more than effective. These murders appear to be accidents—a car swept off a wet road into a ditch, or a lone traveler accidentally drowning on a hike.

In more recent times, the Black Cod have found they do not need to employ magic frequently, as money works just as well to quiet those who might get a whiff of what's going on behind the scenes. Their nearly limitless access to valuable metals from the depths of the ocean has made the tribe extremely wealthy, although they do not publicly flaunt this wealth. Their wealth and their willingness to spread it around quietly when the moment is right have served the Black Cod people well since the late 19th century.

Before any magical action is taken they go out of their way to locate, identify and study those they are considering for "removal." They work out all the possible repercussions of the action. Federal agents will be given a wide berth unless death is deemed an absolute necessity. In the 1950s things were a little looser, but these days bribing an agent is not an option the Black Cod will consider.

On the island, however, things are significantly different. The Black Cod openly use magic—especially in times of distress—to remove any threat that encroaches on their sanctuary. Once an outsider sees the use of magic on the island, they will be pursued until they are dead.

The Hidden Taint

There are nearly seven hundred members of the tribe hidden on (or near) Black Cod Island who do not officially exist. They are either too hideous or too old to be accounted for on any official census. Some were "killed" on paper when their time came. Others were too inhuman to ever be listed, and as such have lived their long, unnatural lives wholly outside of human culture.

Nearly half of these invisible residents exist under the ocean in the nearby Deep One enclave of Al'hu Ai. The rest are ensconced off the beaten track all over the island. Twenty individual lodge-houses, separated from the "civilized" areas of Black Cod by unrefined wilderness, hold dozens of these individuals living in small communities. Hidden paths wind through out-of-the-way areas to each lodge. These communities are usually centered on a family of hybrids or individuals with shared ancestry of some sort.

Each of the secret lodge-houses is protected by state-of-the-art detection equipment—motion sensors and hidden cameras, monitored from the Black Cod police station at all hours—powered by diesel generators with plenty of fuel. Any infiltration or assault on one of these hidden lodge-houses will quickly arouse the ire of the entire island.

Hybrids undergoing transformation deliver food and supplies to these lodges, where the hidden pray, commune with He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses, and slowly transform into a suitable form with which to "return to the sea."

To the less hideous hybrids of Black Cod, these secret individuals are seen as religious icons, equivalent to saints or enlightened teachers. They are left to their own devices but viciously protected. Only during the phases of worship do they emerge to interact with the rest of the population of Black Cod Island. They are the priests and priestesses who lead the ceremonies on the Pacific side of Black Cod when He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses is drawn from the sea.

Agents who somehow gain access to the mundane areas of the island will find nothing out of sorts there. Only those who make it a point to poke around extensively have the possibility of uncovering any evidence of a much greater population on the island than is listed. Of course, discovering these unaccounted-for people by poking around the island is one good way to get on the Black Cod's hit list; or to end up as one of its victims.

The Call (Hlgayáa)

When a resident of Black Cod Island begins his or her final transformation, this is known as the Hlgayáa, "The Call." This is viewed as an exceptionally auspicious event, and is celebrated by family members of the victim like a birthday or a going-away party. After a ceremony celebrating the victim's "call to the sea," the individual is escorted to one of the network of secret lodge houses, to await the time when they can successfully move underwater indefinitely. This can sometimes take days, weeks or even years.

This has been occurring on Black Cod Island for hundreds of years, and is completely mundane to those who live there; its closest analog in human culture is akin to the death or retirement of a local. All hear about it, all celebrate it or mourn it, and then move on. In short, it is an everyday occurrence with no negative impact on the community.

When a "known" resident of the island is called back to the sea, their "death" is arranged by the tribe-controlled hospital. Death by old age or accident is arranged on paper to effectively

erase the individual from the public eye. Being separated from the mainland both physically and governmentally, this is an easy task to accomplish. Since the Black Cod make much of cremating their dead—a fact known far and wide thanks to the University of Fairbanks study and local tours—the lack of a corpse is never noticed.

So far, no one from the outside world has noticed this process in action.

The Deep Ones

The Deep Ones, are an ancient, non-human culture inhabiting Earth's oceans. It is unclear if the Deep Ones are an alien species or are native to Earth. They interbreed with humanity and they have infiltrated and corrupted many human communities, but their memory stretches far into the past, far beyond the dimmest recollections of human civilization.

Unbeknownst to many scholars, the Deep Ones are divided into two classes: Greater and Lesser Deep Ones. Lesser Deep Ones are the creatures most often encountered by humans, thick-bodied, froglike, loping creatures. Greater Deep Ones are completely inhuman. They have no biological likeness to any of Earth's animals, though like the Lesser Deep Ones they could be compared to amphibian life. Deep One physiology does not seem to be fixed in a way that is clearly understood by human science. One Greater Deep One might have chitinous prehensile crab-like limbs circling its mouth, while another might have one arm, four eyes or two separate mouths.

The consistent facts seem to be these:

Their bodies are covered head to toe with large fanlike scales, as well as bony spikes of varying colors. Compared to an average human, they are large, often roughly the size of an African Gorilla. Their eyes are huge and globe-shaped, able to see in the dark of the oceans' depths. Their mouths are huge open gashes filled with tiny, razor-like teeth, incapable of human-type speech.

They have gill-slits which allow them to breathe salt water (but not fresh). Their native environment is the ocean, and they are almost completely aquatic, only able to venture onto land for short periods of time. Their bodies are built for the deep ocean, with self-regulating gas-bladders that expand and collapse to allow a shift from the shallows to the depths. (Mutation in these bladders may have made venturing onto land possible.)

Deep Ones of all kinds are at least as intelligent as an average human, and many are far more intelligent than the greatest of human minds. Their understanding of the sciences which humanity calls magic is extensive, and seems to be genetic in nature, passed on from generation to generation through their odd, forcible form of procreation.

Deep Ones consider humanity, for all its own advances, nothing more than a primitive prey-species. When a Greater Deep One is confronted by humans, it is typically more than a match for them; or at the very least, it can very quickly escape back to the sea.

Their lifespan is effectively infinite, and their upward size limit is dependent wholly on feeding. The most ancient Greater Deep Ones are huge, some approaching the size of an elephant. However, since Deep Ones tend to feed on one another, many are sacrificed by a strong few so that they might grow in power and size. This very effectively keeps the Greater Deep One population in check.

Greater Deep Ones reproduce through asexual means, in a manner unlike anything else on Earth. Each Greater Deep One has a stinger that injects a parasitic genetic element which alters the host to incorporate as much of the injector's genetic material as possible. Often, this disease rewrites vast sections of the target's genetic code, slowly mutating the victim's body over days, months or weeks until they express Deep One genetic traits.

When Greater Deep One mates with another Greater Deep One, this alteration often affects the target's mind more than anything else. When Greater Deep One mates with human, the alteration is both physical and mental, leading to Deep One-human hybrids and the Lesser Deep Ones. Through this means the Deep Ones have bred with nearly every type of advanced aquatic life, leading to odd hybrids throughout Earth's oceans.

For at least the last 100,000 years they have preyed on humans as breeding stock, sacrificial victims and food. Humanity has very effectively satisfied these Greater Deep One needs and has dramatically reduced the frequency of Deep One-on-Deep One violence. (Though that violence still remains far more common than would be acceptable in human cultures.) Most Greater Deep Ones now prey almost exclusively on humanity for sacrificial needs, when once they preyed on their own species or other ocean-going creatures.

It should be noted that in the context of the immortal populace of the Deep Ones, the frequency of their contact with

new human communities—which may be as low as once every 300 years—is quite high. As far as the Deep Ones' inhuman biological clocks are concerned, the current pace of intermingling with human populations is the equivalent of a breeding frenzy. To us, in our less temporally enlightened standpoint, it seems almost glacial in nature.

No one knows where the Deep Ones originated. It seems clear they have existed on Earth for far longer than humanity, and possibly longer than mammalian life altogether. In fact, the Deep Ones are the single oldest still-active civilization on Earth.

GREATER DEEP ONES, Lesser Servitor Race

char.	rolls	averages
STR	4D6+12	26
CON	4D6	14
SIZ	2D6+12	19
INT	2D6+9	16
POW	4D6	14
DEX	3D6	10-11

Move 9/10 swimming

HP 17

Av. Damage Bonus: +2D6

Weapons
Claw or Bite 50%, damage 1D6 + db
Impregnation 100% damage 1D4 (possible only when the victim is helpless)

Armor: 3-point skin and scales

Spells: Typically 1D4 spells

Sanity Loss: 1/1D8 to see a Greater Deep One

Lesser Deep Ones

In humanity, the Deep Ones have found an ideal species to impregnate. Human genetics and Deep One genetics have mixed in a "perfect storm" leading to a highly fecund sub-species which can reproduce far more often than Greater Deep Ones. Humans impregnated by the Greater Deep One Reproductive Element become Lesser Deep Ones.

Lesser Deep Ones are the "classic" Deep Ones as portrayed in H.P. Lovecraft's "The Shadow Over Innsmouth." They vary from partially human to nearly completely inhuman—and still, the worst Lesser Deep One is far more tolerable and human-like than any Greater Deep One.

An average Lesser Deep One is human sized, and is shaped vaguely like a man (though they tend to be more pot-bellied and awkward looking). Their musculature, skin, bones and sensory organs have undergone drastic alterations by the Deep One

Reproductive Element (see below). Their skin texture has shifted from pores to scales, which range from super-fine scales to heavy and thick armored scales on their backs and areas which formerly possessed hair. Their coloring is usually grayish-green, with white or yellow bellies.

Their arms are longer than those of an average human, and their musculature has been extensively improved, allowing inhuman feats of strength. The spaces between their fingers are connected with thick, semi-transparent webbing. These muscular changes have also affected their legs, causing them to favor the ball of the foot as a balance surface. Their feet are webbed like their hands, and in the water, their legs allow fast movement, with swimming speeds in excess of 15 miles per hour. The lengthening of the arms and alteration of the legs also allows them to move on land at least as fast as the average human by loping about on all fours, something which becomes easier and easier as the taint takes hold.

Their head is their most inhuman feature. Their skulls have undergone drastic alterations. Eye sockets have grown and shifted to the sides of the skull. The eyes have grown in size, and eyelids have become transparent and have found another use as a nictitating membrane. The lower jaw has shrunk and become more "trap-door" like. Teeth have multiplied in number and grown sharp. Worse still, their necks have swollen in size and bulk to allow space for fluttering gill slits.

These beings are, like many crossbred creatures, the best of both worlds, although of course the results vary from subject to subject. Most enjoy immortality and, as the transformation passes through its final stages, the ability to exist indefinitely under the waves.

This transformation is dependent on the proportion of Greater Deep One genes in the hybrid's genetic makeup, as well as the capability of the hybrid's human system to adapt to the changes. Each successive generation improves the Greater Deep One "taint" on the hybrid's genetics. The older the genetic integration and crossbreeding, the better and more effective the transformation.

The Black Cod people, above and below the water, represent one of the oldest existing continuous communities of Lesser Deep Ones, with a breeding history going back nearly 700 years. By comparison, the hybrids produced with the Innsmouth taint existed for barely 90 years before being extinguished.

The Black Cod people are the pinnacle of hybridism, nearly perfect Lesser Deep Ones. They exist on land for a period, and return to the sea after a fairly short and dramatic "transformation." They are relatively untouched by the afflictions which plague many juvenile Lesser Deep One communities, which suffer birth defects, high infant mortality, deformities and sometimes the late onset of fatal genetic diseases.

Interaction Between Greater and Lesser Deep Ones

Lesser Deep Ones are in all ways subservient to the Greater Deep Ones. They hold them in reverence just as the Greater Deep Ones revere Progenitor Deep Ones such as Dagon, Hydra, and He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses. Interaction between the two castes of Deep One culture is naturally limited to periods of shared worship, or hybrid travel to Greater Deep One settlements. Greater Deep Ones rarely surface for long periods of time.

All Lesser Deep One settlements on the surface have a Greater Deep One originator, the first Deep One breeder who impregnated a few humans in the first stage of infiltration. These infected individuals in turn spread the originator's genetic material throughout the community by normal, human sexual means. Only a few Greater Deep One "impregnations," measured perhaps in the dozens, are necessary to start the chain of infection—then the hybrids carry out the rest of the work. In fact, Deep One procreation among humans and human hybrids operates somewhat like the spread of a sexually transmitted disease.

Once such an infiltration is begun, it is not long before the entire community is either integrated into Deep One culture or exterminated in a fit of self-destruction. Many human communities have been impregnated and have turned on themselves, with the untainted destroying the tainted in a fit of what seems to outsiders to be random hysterical violence.

The Deep One Reproductive Element

While the genetic material underlying Deep One reproduction shares some aspects common to viruses, it is perhaps best described as a "mobile genetic element."

This genetic element is unusual in many ways. If isolated and publicized it will immediately gain the attention of the biomedical community, not to mention Deep One-related communities and cults and the few covert agencies that have had extensive experience with the Deep Ones in the past (such as Majestic-12). Openly approaching the academic community with samples of the Deep One Reproductive Element is an extremely dangerous move on the part of any Agent or Friendly of Delta Green. A suggestion to A-Cell to do so will be met with a resounding and immediate "NO."

The Deep One Reproductive Element was first isolated by man at the YY-II facility in New Mexico by a team of scientists in

Pregnant! Human-Deep One Interbreeding

Impregnation is a Deep One tactic used to great efficacy in corrupting their enemies. When they can, they attempt to infect lone individuals with the Deep One Reproductive Element in lieu of killing them.

Greater Deep One Infection

Being impregnated by a Greater Deep One is a horrific possibility for any creature of any sex. All Greater Deep Ones would be considered—in the dim human sense of Deep One biology—male. Each male's stinger is capable of injecting huge amounts of genetic material containing the Deep One Reproductive Element into a target. Once this is done, it is only a matter of time before the Reproductive Element asserts itself.

Interestingly, this does not lead to classical pregnancy as mammals understand it. Instead, the element simply rewrites the target's genetic code. A Greater Deep One impregnating a human (via stinger attack) injects a concentrated form of the Reproductive Element, along with other components that facilitate its spread through the victim's body. The human victim must attempt a CON x 1 roll. If it succeeds, the victim begins to change, eventually transforming into a Lesser Deep One over several months—exactly how long is up to the Keeper. If the CON x 1 roll fails, the hapless victim undergoes a slow physical and mental deterioration as he or she agonizingly mutates into a form not compatible with survival. The Deep Ones always attempt to keep such an infected victim a prisoner during the transformation.

Being assaulted and impregnated by a Greater Deep One is, to say the least, a traumatic experience. In addition to suffering the standard Sanity loss from encountering a Greater Deep One, the subject must make another Sanity roll or lose an additional 1D8 SAN from the horrific attack itself. The stinger inflicts 1D4 HP damage. The transformation itself, once it begins, incurs a SAN loss of 1/1D6 per month.

The types of mutation that follow such impregnation include:

- Lack of the flinch or blink reflex.
- Hardened skin.
- Dramatic bone reconstruction.
- Organ rearrangement.
- Organ addition.
- Gill slits.
- Eye growth.
- Increased musculature.
- Tolerance to pressure and temperature changes well outside the human norm.
- Ability to hold breath for extended periods.
- Traumatic and recurring dreams.
- Webbed hands and feet.
- Rejection of human cultural norms.
- Outright insanity.

Lesser Deep One Infection

Lesser Deep Ones, including Deep One hybrids who have not yet transformed, reproduce with humans in the more traditional manner. Having sex with a Deep One can either be a completely mundane event (with a hybrid who appears human) or a horrific one (with a hybrid who's a bit more evolved). In either case, the Sanity loss once the significance of the event is realized is 1D4 SAN. The Sanity loss applies whenever the target realizes the truth, whether that's the moment the encounter occurs or years later.

Lesser Deep Ones and hybrids carry the Deep One Reproductive Element much like a sexually transmitted disease, and spread the taint most efficiently via pregnancy.

The offspring of a coupling between a male Lesser Deep One or hybrid and a female human is a hybrid, which may or may not subsequently undergo the change into a Lesser Deep One in adulthood (this is left to the Keeper's discretion).

A successful mating between a male Lesser Deep One or hybrid and a female Lesser Deep One or hybrid results in offspring with a much better chance of developing successfully and more rapidly into a Lesser Deep One. There is a very, very slim chance that this offspring might even transform into a Greater Deep One if it survives long enough.

Homosexual intercourse between a Lesser Deep One or hybrid and a human of either sex (or nonvaginal sex between a male Lesser Deep One or hybrid and a female human) does not usually result in effective transmission of the Deep One Reproductive Element, as it cannot result in pregnancy.

However, any unprotected sex between a human and a Deep One or hybrid carries a slight risk of transmitting the Deep One Reproductive Element to the human partner. The human must attempt a Luck roll. If the roll is a fumble (00), the victim must attempt a CON x 5 roll. If that roll fails, the Element is transmitted to the human. The eventual result is the same as infection by a Greater Deep One, but it takes years to develop rather than months—again, exactly how long it takes is up to the Keeper.

These events are rare and difficult to trace, and a tainted human victim often suffers psychological consequences prior to overt physical changes. The infection incurs a Sanity loss of 0/1D3 per month until the more severe transformations and Sanity loss (found under "Greater Deep One Infection") begin. Typically, the victim shows a number of the following symptoms in the months or years before the full symptoms begin to manifest.

- Bulging eyes.
- Eczema and skin rash.
- Pale, stretched skin on the neck.
- Odd weight loss (a thinning of the arms and legs and bulging of the torso).
- Ability to hold breath for minutes.
- Tolerance to temperature changes well outside the human norm.
- Webbed hands.
- Recurring dreams.
- Personality changes and psychological problems.
- Unusually persistent questioning of human cultural norms.

the employ of Majestic-12 in the late 1970s. Due to the extreme secrecy of the project, this information is buried beneath miles of Top Secret red tape. More has been learned and then forgotten about it than any one agency knows.

The Element shares aspects of retrovirus and retrotransposon groups, and has some characteristics of unusual RNA molecules such as ribozymes and viroids. In actuality it is much, much odder than any of these.

The Deep One Reproductive Element is a complex and highly structured RNA strand with catalytic activities that attaches to the DNA of the host. It causes both the alteration of existing genetic traits and the activation, through promoter regions, of non-expressing genetic traits. In other words, it rewrites the target's genetic structure in dramatic ways. Many of these changes are already in the target's DNA, but some are created by the RNA strand.

So far, this is not that unusual. But the Element takes it several steps further. The Element initially inserts itself onto host chromosomes, and when copied acquires short pieces of host genome sequence that allow it to insert itself again in a different position determined by the new host-derived genetic material. The RNA structure is complex and multi-staged, capable of many stepped insertions, allowing it to infect, re-infect, and re-infect again, causing multiple rewrites to the genetic structure of the target.

This "Chinese puzzle box" aspect of the Element is wholly unique, and that discovery alone is worthy of a Nobel Prize. Of course, those stupid enough to bring it to the attention of the public will soon find themselves blackmailed, victims of an assisted lone suicide, disgraced and removed from any position of authority, or undeniably proven a fraud in the public eye. This secret has remained hidden for 80 years since the "official" discovery of the Deep Ones; it will remain so for as long as conspiracies exist to suppress it.

It is possible to create—given many years, billions of dollars, and enough personnel—therapies that might halt or slow infection with the Element. Such treatments would rely upon developing a gene therapy to block the first stages of infection by the Element, preventing all consecutive changes from taking place and making Agents immune to further infection. But a conventional vaccine will likely be impossible. Of course, the horrors of getting infected inflict a different kind of damage altogether.

The Innsmouth Taint

The infection of Innsmouth, Massachusetts by the Deep Ones was a textbook case of an attempted integration with a surface culture. Though the "taint" did not take as well as in other areas (such as Ponape and Black Cod Island's Children of the Fish-Wife) it did successfully find a foothold and infected nearly the entire town.

For 88 years this integration grew in complexity. Eventually it was an open secret among the non-hybrid inhabitants that the town was in league with the creatures who lived off Devil's Reef. Obed Marsh and his compatriots brought much of the town over to the degenerate worship of the Deep Ones through the Esoteric Order of Dagon—a bastardized mix of Christianity and the Cthulhu Mythos—as well as the promise of immortality. For many, these promises proved fruitful. For others, the price of transformation was too high.

In 1846 the first "plague" struck, killing off half the population of the town. This plague was simply the misfiring of genetics in the population infected by the Deep One Reproductive Element. These individuals died horrible deaths as the Element twisted their forms and biology, moving them away from human but no closer to Deep One. Throughout the history of Innsmouth there have been reports of genetic deformities, disease and monstrosities which were once human—these incidents represent the poor assimilation of the Deep One Reproductive Element into Innsmouth genetic stock. Over the decades the disease made greater and greater genetic inroads in the population.

With the federal raid in the winter of 1928, and the government seizure of nearly two hundred townsfolk for study, the U.S. government thought it had gained a strong grasp of the situation: the town was communing with an underwater culture, crossbreeding with them to produce horrific entities known as the Deep Ones. The government men believed they had in their possession examples of the creatures which had founded the ancient city in the depths near Devil's Reef. They believed that the torpedo attack on the underwater city had decimated it.

They were wrong.

The raid on Innsmouth failed to capture or kill even a single Greater Deep One.

The first few infections in Innsmouth were indeed from Greater Deep Ones (though who was the first human "vessel" for the Deep One Reproductive Element remains unknown). Their human victims themselves infected the town, creating a self-sustaining blight that moved from parent to child, gaining more and more ground in altering their genes as time went on. By the early 1840s, Greater Deep Ones only rose to the shallows off Innsmouth for rituals, and never strayed far from the sea.

Although Delta Green has had various contacts with the Deep Ones over the decades, and prominent Delta Green leaders such as Agent Darren have studied the Deep Ones obsessively, they

have very rarely encountered a Greater Deep One. And when they have encountered one and overcome it, its corpse was in no shape to be properly identified.

Instead, nearly all human contact with the Deep Ones has been through the much more common Lesser Deep One, the mostly-human hybrids or the more fully transformed creatures of the sea. This is a very conscious choice on the part of the Deep Ones. Hybrids are expendable tools to influence the surface world, spread Deep One seed, and bring tribute. Very few Greater Deep Ones ever venture onto land. Fewer still interact with humans.

The absolutely inhuman nature of the Greater Deep Ones may come as a very disturbing surprise to any who think they have clear knowledge of the situation. When you expect something horrific but at least vaguely human to shamble from the sea and you get . . . something else . . . it can prove fatal.

Deep One Culture

There is no extended Deep One culture as humans understand the word. Instead there are thousands of individual Deep One settlements spread throughout the world's oceans, organized in rough clans. Each is autonomous and run by a singularly powerful Deep One, a Progenitor like He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses and Father Dagon. Even these clans cannot be said to be "cities" as humans might describe them. Much of their organization, science and culture is beyond human understanding. What can be gleaned is listed below. But first, to understand Deep Ones one must understand their history.

Ancient Deep Ones long ago reached a stalemate in a relentless war to feed, grow and become more powerful. Through cannibalism and warfare, these ultra-powerful examples of their race (of which Father Dagon, Mother Hydra and He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses are living examples) managed to reduce their population to nearly nothing. This epoch of Deep One pre-history, long before the history of humanity, rendered their species almost extinct. The remaining Deep Ones—each incredibly large and powerful—spread throughout the Earth's oceans in a roughly even distribution pattern. For millennia these individuals occasionally met and fought. Finally, with the rise of modern humanity, the Deep Ones found new prey.

When the first ancient humans were affected by the dream-call of Cthulhu, the Deep Ones found themselves drawn to human worshippers of that dread lord. Here, with humanity, they bred, leading to the Lesser Deep Ones, a smaller, more human-

DNA Testing and the Deep Ones

Elsewhere in this book we have a detailed look at the science of DNA testing as it applies to Delta Green. Astute Keepers may be wondering what would happen if those pesky Agents get their hands on blood, semen or other biological specimens from a Deep One or hybrid suspect and get it tested in a laboratory.

The lab would most likely use STR analysis and attempt to match the results to the CODIS database (see page 311). This will result in some confusion. The resulting DNA profile will be very, very strange. Perhaps six or seven loci out of the thirteen tested would appear within the normal human range. Others may be completely absent. Yet others may show unknown alleles. (For example, where at one locus there may normally be a range of five to eight STRs, the Deep One profile could show 300 STRs). The lab would doubtless try and repeat the STR analysis on the same specimen, only to get the same anomalous result.

Running this against the CODIS database wouldn't get any meaningful information back (but see below), and the lab report would state that the sample contains some human DNA but was degraded or contaminated with non-human DNA.

This might not deter some Agents, especially if they have a suspect in mind. They may obtain another sample from the Deep One suspect and submit it to the lab for testing and comparison. It would have some identical loci (those that were normal in the first sample), but would show an odd pattern, slightly different from the first profile. This is because additional changes to the suspect's genome (mediated by the Deep One Reproductive Element) will have taken place in the time between the two samples. A third sample taken a day or two later would show yet another similar-but-different result.

This would be very troublesome to anyone with a scientific background (such as forensic scientists), because DNA profiles do not change over the lifetime of normal people.

Canny forensic scientists may then decide to do additional tests. RFLP testing would give equally odd results. Mitochondrial DNA analysis would show that the samples are identical (mitochondrial DNA is unaffected by the Reproductive Element), indicating that the samples are related in the maternal line. Sending the samples off for more detailed testing (perhaps whole genome sequencing in a Friendly academic lab) would give yet more confusing information, and would require exposing the sample to strangers outside Delta Green, which would open a whole new can of worms, placing both the Agents and the unwitting Friendlies in peril.

Forensic DNA profiling cannot be used to secure a legal conviction of a Deep One hybrid, but it can be useful for tipping off Agents that the DNA is from something very strange and not quite human.

Of course, it can have other repercussions. It's possible that Majestic-12 personnel periodically monitor the CODIS database for hits that may indicate the presence of the Deep One Reproductive Element, having first encountered it in the 1970s in the YY-II facility. The consequences of Majestic-12 personnel detecting the Agents' research, and the subsequent response, are for individual Keepers to decide.

shaped sort of Deep One with a mixture of human and Deep One genes. The Deep One "culture" spread to human hybrids through Deep One language and, thanks to the Deep One Reproductive Element, through genetic memory. These hybrid creatures proved to be both fecund and resilient. They could exist on land for much longer than the ancient Deep Ones. In short, the Lesser Deep Ones proved to be the boost the Deep Ones needed to flourish again.

Each new population lived on the shorelines and in the shallows of areas near the resting place of its Progenitor, the ancient Deep One who had founded the colony. These hybrids worshipped, fed and spread the Progenitor's seed as far and wide as possible among the humans of the surface.

Deep One culture has remained this way for all of recorded human history.

Deep Ones are neither overly social nor overly cooperative, even with members of their own clan. Killing and consuming smaller Deep Ones is culturally acceptable. Horrific actions which would be considered absolute madness by humans are the norm among Deep Ones. There is a social order, but no untainted human could ever come to grips with it. The Deep One culture, such as it is, should remain a mystery to any investigating it. Their actions should never, ever be predictable.

Humanity's love for order and organization is not shared by the Deep Ones. Power, strength and fecundity are the only measure of any worth in Deep One "culture." Humans are considered breeding stock and food. They mean little else besides. They are seen as a farmer might see livestock—livestock with which he could occasionally breed.

Since the "cows" have recently developed methods to intrude upon the Deep Ones' natural abode—submarines, sonar, deep-sea habitats—the Deep One countenance has shifted slightly. In the past, communication with possible breeding stock invading their territory would be initiated. Today, humans who penetrate Deep One territory under water are simply killed outright. Only if killing the humans seems particularly risky will they be left alive, and in that case the Greater Deep Ones will forcibly breed with them, infecting them with the Reproductive Element.

Deep One motivation does not coincide with human concepts of civilization. They want only to maintain their own settlements, expand their influence on land by cross-breeding with humanity, and destroy or assimilate other intruding Deep One colonies through war or forcible breeding. There is no central plan. No Deep One organization permeates the globe, and they have no conception of conquering human civilization. They have no need for it. To the Deep Ones there is only food, reproduction and worship.

Deep One Origins

There is no clear "origin" known to Deep One culture. The time before the Progenitors is dimly recalled in genetic memories and holds no clear information. The earliest memories shared by the most ancient Deep Ones are of a huge city of non-Euclidean angles plunging into the ocean.

Most Deep Ones believe they are the offspring of servants of Great Cthulhu that were brought to this world with him. They believe that when Cthulhu fell into his slumber aeons ago and left these servants masterless, they fought, bred and eventually became the Progenitors. Others believe that Deep Ones are Earth-native creatures changed by the Great Old Ones into a servant race. Still others believe that Deep Ones arose naturally on Earth and were co-opted by Cthulhu and his ilk as slaves.

There are as many origin stories for the Deep Ones as there are for humanity.

Deep One Science

Deep One science—what humans know as magic—is so ancient and ingrained that they find no "learning" necessary. Knowledge is passed down like any genetic trait, meaning certain Deep Ones possess unique knowledge that can be passed down only through reproduction. Deep One science is completely alien to humanity, and is almost wholly genetic, learned by the Progenitors in the ancient times through the dream-call of Cthulhu.

Deep Ones are adept at what some call hypergeometric principles, and by human standards they are powerful spellcasters. To them, science is magic and vice-versa. But this does not clearly describe how the Deep Ones view magic. They use these abilities like man uses speed, strength, agility, or any inherent biological trait. It is a genetic tool like any other.

Deep Ones consider human "technology" a step above a stone hammer. This does not mean they don't understand it or that Lesser Deep Ones won't use it when necessary, particularly when they are attempting to "blend" in with human cultures on the surface. Human technology is quite familiar to them. Their immense minds have grasped the total scope of human development. The current direction of human technology is considered a "safe" dead-end for them to pursue, and it is not thought that any development in the next 200 years or so will truly threaten the Deep Ones.

Right now, human technology is considered a minor nuisance that only occasionally and accidentally has a real impact on Deep One "society." When the time comes that man can become a major nuisance—in a century or two—the Deep Ones will take steps to curtail such development.

Deep One Settlements

Most Deep One settlements are a series of caves and large coral-like structures centered on the resting place of that "city's" Progenitor. Some settlements have no Progenitor, but are outposts either formed by hybrids traveling among humans or by outcasts. Even these outposts perform rituals in the hopes of drawing unaffiliated Progenitors to them.

The largest of these settlements houses perhaps five thousand Deep Ones. This represents the Deep One equivalent of a mega-city like Tokyo or New York. The average is less than one thousand.

Almost all settlements are at the deepest points of the continental shelves in the so-called "submarine canyons," crevasses in the continental shelf that plunge down sometimes as much as a mile. Within the relative safety of these canyons, the Deep Ones can act without fear of discovery or attack by humans—something which has only recently become a possibility. Often huge coral columns are cultivated to cross the canyon walls like skyscrapers turned on their side, dotted with hundreds of caves where the Deep Ones reside. (This is perhaps where the saying "many-columned Y'ha-nthlei" comes from.)

Lesser Deep Ones—hybrids from the surface—often journey to these settlements, either to stay when their transformation is complete or to pay obeisance to their god.

Deep One Language

The true language of the Greater Deep Ones is unspeakable by humans. It is a high-pitched squealing which sounds something like a dolphin punctuated by guttural barks that sound more like a seal. (Naval analysts have hours of classified tapes of such sounds, roughly labeled as "unknown animal sounds.")

A language or animal sound expert will have a hard time identifying it as relating to humans, dolphins or seals. In truth it is unclassifiable, but is very, very interesting. Any Agent with a skill the Keeper deems significant who listens to a recording of such speech will be certain that it is a language and that the person speaking it most likely suffers from some sort of deformity.

Mutations of their language have been adapted to human speech by the Lesser Deep Ones in antiquity, becoming integrated into the Aklo tongue. Such sayings as "Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn" ("In his house at R'lyeh dead Cthulhu lies dreaming") are a result of this bastardized human patois of original Deep One speech. This imitation of Deep One speech is used wholly by Lesser Deep Ones, and is not possible for Greater Deep Ones to reproduce precisely, though it is possible for Lesser Deep Ones to understand Greater Deep One speech and vice versa.

The Deep One written language is identical to the so-called "R'lyeh glyphs" found on the odd statuette recovered by Inspector Legrasse in 1907. It is believed the Deep Ones unconsciously developed their language from the dream-call of Cthulhu.

Written language for a race that can transpose knowledge from generation to generation through genetics is, of course, simply ornamental. Deep Ones rarely use these glyphs for anything other than art or worship.

Deep One Art

The Deep Ones are known as workers of gold (and other relatively soft metals) as well as being artisans capable of exquisite sculptures in bone, rock and other materials. Their pieces all have a similar look to them, alien, wholly unique in human history and immediately identifiable to those in the know.

Once that look is learned, it may be diluted or integrated into the human culture which produced it. It is a red flag that instantly stands out. This look can be found in ancient human cultures from Central and South America, various South Sea Islands, China, the British Isles, and Scandinavia. No doubt it exists in many, many more.

The Deep Ones create jewelry composed of carved bone, crowns of stone, pearls and gold, and other, more complex ceremonial pieces such as wands, scepters and necklaces. Worked metal of a harder sort than gold is a coveted treasure in Greater Deep One culture, as it is one of the rare substances the Greater Deep Ones cannot create for themselves beneath the ocean.

It remains unclear if Deep One art is simply a development created after the Deep Ones began intermingling with humanity, or if it pre-dates this event. Since the Deep Ones use gold, pearls and other treasures to ply allies, seduce powerful humans or purchase the silence of nearby troublemakers, but rarely carry such items themselves, the indications are that this is simply another method by which the Deep Ones ease their infiltration of human society.

He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses

He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses is a "Progenitor" Deep One, akin to Father Dagon and Mother Hydra. This creature is the source of the Deep Ones of Black Cod Island, and its history stretches back uncounted years—thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands or more. None can say. It certainly will never matter to investigators.

Weighing nearly 5.5 tons, and standing 17 feet 6 inches tall, He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses is the stuff of nightmares. It wears a rough necklace of human corpses in various states of decay, torsos and limbs tied around its huge neck by sinew, rope and worse. The creature itself is difficult to look at. Its huge, liquid eyes hide an odious intelligence, and its enormous ape-like arms end in vast webbed hands. It is covered head to toe in blue-black and purple scales, each ending in a chitinous spike. It wears no clothing beyond its necklace of bodies.

It is the patron deity of the Black Cod, their own personal god. All the Black Cod's worship, sacrifice and faith are invested in this singular creature. With it ride the hopes of their true, hidden culture. Its death would be a near-fatal blow for the Black Cod people.

Despite its elevation to object of worship, it is nothing more than an extremely old, powerful Deep One. As such, it is mortal, and is vulnerable to the higher end of human weaponry. Small caliber firearms are useless against it, but heavy weapons can injure it quite effectively. However, most Agents seeing this thing—despite previous exposure to Deep Ones—are likely to be knocked senseless by such an onslaught of terror that properly employing any weapon is likely to be a problem.

As far as Agents are concerned, this being is the worst the sea has to offer; it should never be described simply as a Deep One. Seeing He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses rise from the black surf amid the ululations of frenzied hybrids and Deep Ones—bloated and green-black, its scales covered in slime and spikes, with rotting human limbs festooned about its throat like growths—any agent with a Cthulhu Mythos skill but who fails a Cthulhu Mythos roll could mistake this being for Great Cthulhu itself.

This creature is not a classic horror movie monster. It is ageless and carries a thousand years of wisdom in its alien mind. It is quite familiar with all that humans have created in the previous century. It understands firearms, explosives and modern technology. It knows about missiles and radar. It has quicker raw intelligence than any living human. It will not simply "Godzilla" out when confronted by an organized attack.

Confronted with enemies, its first action is likely to be the Siren's Song spell, a hypnotic keening which draws all eyewitnesses who cannot withstand its power helplessly forward to their deaths. It has other spells that it can cast quickly and instinctively, with the practice of millennia, to exert control over mere humans.

If it cannot instantly overwhelm and destroy its attackers, it will retreat, regroup, or feign death until it can put all the humans in their place. Again, its magical power will make it very difficult to kill: Flesh Ward can protect it from powerful weapons while it submerges and then Creates a Window beneath the waves to return to its lair.

Its worshippers will fight to the death to defend it from any affront. Anyone interrupting the sacrifice ceremony—the only

place this creature is likely to be seen above the waves—will find themselves facing nearly a thousand inhuman followers, many of them powerful in magic, in addition to their god. Few will survive such an encounter without becoming another ornament around the neck of He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses.

He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses

STR 54 CON 51 SIZ 58 INT 21 POW 32

DEX 20 Move 10 HP 55

Damage Bonus: +6D6

Weapon: Claw 80%, 1D6 + 6D6 damage

Armor: 6-point skin and scales.

Spells

Alter Weather	Attract Fish	Augur
Breath of the Deep	Charm Animal	Command Shark
Contact Deep One	Contact Cthulhu	Contact Hybrid*
Contact Star-Spawn of Cthulhu		Create Gate
Create Mist of Releh	Create Window	Curse of Darkness
Dominate	Dread Curse of Azathoth	Enthrall Victim
Find Gate	Flesh Ward	Grasp of Cthulhu
Mental Suggestion	Raise Night Fog	Sense Life
Siren's Song	Summon/Bind Child of Yig	
Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler		
Summon/Bind Fire Vampire	View Gate	Wave of Oblivion

* Contact Hybrid is similar to Contact Human, but it applies to a Deep One hybrid.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D10 to see He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses.

Investigations of Black Cod Island

Various government agencies, university groups and financial institutions have found themselves interested in the Black Cod people over the decades. Very, very few have learned of the supernatural realities behind Black Cod Island's illusion of harmlessness. Instead, most are investigating medical oddities (Idiopathic Ventricular Fibrosis Syndrome), side effects of the Black Cod's worship (the Edna Bay Seismic Survey), or Black Cod culture (the University of Fairbanks Cultural Study). Only one group, the Greater Edna Bay Insurance Company, is looking for wrongdoing on the part of the Black Cod—even the GEBI certainly doesn't believe anything supernatural is going on.

By the time any of these various investigations notice anything that indicates the true nature of the Black Cod people, it is likely the Black Cod will have noticed them and targeted them for elimination.

The Centers for Disease Control Study 11619: Congenital Defects in Native American Peoples

The CDC became interested in the Black Cod people when the second odd death due to heart malformation was reported in 1989. This disease, which would be known as Idiopathic Ventricular Fibrosis Syndrome (IVFS), led a small team from the CDC to investigate the genetic malformation.

Doctors Marcus Gaver and Paula Petrovich live and work in Ketchikan at the University of Alaska Southeast (UAS), and have been recruited by the CDC to wait for another case of IVFS to turn up on the island. Each has examined numerous Black Cod Islanders (all selected carefully by the council) for malformations. So far they have found none. They have written a joint paper on the two sample hearts that they have in storage at UAS, as well as an examination of odd genetic signatures in the Black Cod Islanders' "junk DNA" (non-expressed genetic traits indicative of the Deep One taint). So far, neither of them suspects anything out of the ordinary on Black Cod Island. To them it is just another example of what 500 years of inbreeding can do to an isolated island population.

The Edna Bay Seismic Survey

Since 1955, a small seismograph installed at Edna Bay has been tracking an anomaly first reported by the U.S. Navy in 1946. Once a year, an intern from the U.S. Geological Survey (USGS) has the bad-luck job of flying out to Edna Bay to collect the data. So far, this data has been dumped into a file at the Seattle, Washington, office of the USGS. It was looked at briefly in 1962 and classified "unknown animal and/or seismic activity—non-mechanical" by a naval analyst. Since then, the monitoring and collection has gone on like clockwork, with no purpose. The people in Edna Bay are so used to it that they've forgotten about it. If asked about it, all in town know it exists but don't know its purpose. This data is not classified, and should be easy to access once an Agent reminds the USGS that such a monitoring record exists. (This will also lead the USGS to stop the project in the next fiscal year, since it was on autopilot for decades for no apparent reason.)

What the project tracks is much stranger. The odd seismic event seems to occur at near-fixed intervals in the area just off Davidson Inlet. The seismograph tracks a moving target causing large impacts under the ocean in the inlet once every two months, near the new moon. Any investigator with skill in seismographic analysis realize it is some sort of animal movement; though one would be hard pressed to imagine what kind of animal might cause such a fuss on the seismograph. It does not walk as much as "bounce," covering large distances without any sign of impact, and then suddenly hitting bottom with enough force to register as a small undersea earthquake.

In actuality, this is the Progenitor Deep One, He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses, moving to and from the Deep One colony off shore, on occasions when he prefers walking to swimming, to the Pacific side of Black Cod Island to accept sacrifices.

Clever agents who can locate a second seismograph in the area (there are dozens placed all over by the USGS) and correlate the data can locate the Deep One colony of Al'hu Ai, 22 miles off Black Cod Island, with extreme accuracy. This might come in handy if an all-out attack on the creatures is planned.

The Greater Edna Bay Insurance Company

The Greater Edna Bay Insurance Company (GEBI) is based in Ketchikan, Alaska, with four offices in the nearby townships of Wrangell, Thorne Bay, Hydaburg and Kasaan. This company insures nearly all boat traffic in the area. The Black Cod, however, not only operate without insurance within the perimeters of their Black Cod "reserve" (since it is sovereign Indian land), they also refuse to insure their boats in U.S. waters in any way, claiming that it is a religious issue. This has led to multiple conflicts between the GEBI and the Black Cod legal counsel, Martin Kíldaaw. The latest grievance filed from the GEBI has forced the Black Cod's hand. They are now embroiled in a two-year legal case to overturn the local law (at least for Native Americans) which requires insurance on water vehicles. The case is expected to drag on for another year or more.

Due to the potential revenue to be gained from insuring the Black Cod shipping fleet (somewhere in the range of $5 million to $7 million yearly), the GEBI has assigned one full-time investigator to the case to leave no stone unturned. Thomas Quint is a career insurance investigator with the GEBI with local ties (he grew up in Wrangell). His mandate is to find a loophole to overturn the Kíldaaw countersuit and force the Black Cod fleet to insure itself.

Quint has correlated hundreds of bits of data and has noticed a few oddities. For one, shipping accidents off the Pacific coast of Black Cod seem to happen more frequently than elsewhere—but not to Black Cod ships, and only during fixed times of the month. Secondly, there has not been a single recorded fishing accident, injury or loss on Black Cod of a Black Cod tribesman as far back as local records go. (But local records are scant; the Black Cod prefer not to give insurance companies reason to look into their affairs.) Third, the three known recent cases of locals poaching in Black Cod waters each ended with the deaths of the crew due to drowning or accident.

Quint is not one to look for supernatural explanations. He has known of the Black Cod all of his life, and he thinks of them as local bumpkins—people who have become rich and greedy, refusing to follow the rules. However, he's beginning to suspect a criminal conspiracy against local fishing perpetrated by the Black Cod people.

Quint is reaching the end of his investigation; all that remains is some snooping around on Black Cod Island itself, to look for proof of a criminal enterprise. Quint might make an interesting ally for Delta Green—or, at least, an open "missing person" case which points to Black Cod Island.

The University of Alaska Fairbanks Cultural Study

In 1989, with permission of the Black Cod council, the University of Alaska Fairbanks began a study of the Black Cod people to document their art, culture language and way of life. Since then, graduate students from the Department of Anthropology have visited fifteen times to record as much of the Black Cod way of life as possible.

There are 29 former students out there who participated in Culture Studies on Black Cod Island. With only one exception, their stories are boringly tame. All of them were greeted cordially by the Black Cod People, who they found to be unfailingly friendly and invariably distant. None of them came away feeling like they had really gotten a deep sense of the Black Cod culture. None of them became emotionally close to any locals, despite staying with local families.

There are two former students who aren't available for interviews. One of them drowned in a boat accident when leaving Black Cod Island in 1993. The other disappeared six months after her return from the island in 2000. A third, Allen Argasta, does everything he can to avoid being questioned about his experiences there. Argasta lives in Fairbanks, and is detailed on page 43.

In truth, this is part of the Black Cod "counteroffensive" following the odd deaths on the island from Idiopathic Ventricular Fibrosis Syndrome. Joe Kátl, spokesman for Black Cod Island, suggested the program to the then-head of the UAF Department of Anthropology.

Typically, two or three grad students come to Black Cod Island and stay for a month with one of the most human-seeming families, far from any of the secret lodges. They are warned to not go off exploring on their own or to violate the "trust" of the Black Cod people. They invariably depart exactly on time, before the next great tribal worship ceremony. The Council carefully prepares ceremonies and demonstrations of "traditional" techniques and select bits of language for study.

Twenty years of research has compiled the illusion of a Haida-like culture, and it is generally accepted that the Black Cod are some sort of Haida offshoot. The oddities in their language and culture (particularly their worship of the sea) have been noted as an interesting feature of the people, nothing more.

Only Allen Argasta, one of the latest grad students to visit and stay for a short time on Black Cod Island, knows anything of the terrible truth. Argasta's tryst with Jennifer Guúsuu, a local, has led to a child on the way—and a secret exposure of the horrors perpetrated by the tribe.

Those In the Know

A very select few suspect something is amiss on Black Cod Island. Those that do, almost exclusively believe in mundane (if criminal) explanations of what the residents are up to. The sole exception is Allen Argasta, a grad student from the University of Fairbanks who saw all manner of horrible things on the island and escaped.

The rest are a standard array of people on the fringes of the Black Cod community who have some tangible connection to the Black Cod, the Island or the fishing industry.

Arthur Illescu, CEO of Ketchikan Seafood, Inc.

Arthur Illescu, CEO of Ketchikan Seafood, Inc., has slowly found himself embroiled in a web of lies, blackmail and illicit money at the hands of Joe Kátl, spokesman of Black Cod Island. What began with bribes of small amounts of unreported gold to gain selective favors slowly evolved into more illegal activities, and finally into a series of sexual encounters which created an extensive library of blackmail material.

Illescu, who once saw the Black Cod as naïve natives that his company could bilk for tens of millions of dollars, instead found those "backwoods" people to be quite adept at bureaucratic thievery and manipulation. He had formed a relationship with them because he hoped to steer it towards obscene profits based on the rich fishing around Black Cod Island. Instead, his plan was hijacked by nonstop parties, bonuses, and "perks" provided as gifts by the Black Cod. Like most blackmail, it accelerated over time until it was too late to simply walk away.

Joe Kátl, an amicable Black Cod spokesman with contacts on the mainland and steady access to drugs, prostitutes and worse, has embroiled Illescu in several scandals that could explode at any moment. The Black Cod Council has been quite explicit in their arrangement. The Council requests something, and Illescu jumps—or else. Kátl has shown Illescu videotapes of Illescu snorting cocaine and having sex with prostitutes in an imaginative array of circumstances. And Illescu, a church-going man married for 15 years with three children, is terrified of what would happen if this became public knowledge. So far, the relationship has been exploited to give Black Cod's catches priority in shipping and sales—their catches are moved and sold first. But who knows what else they might require of Illescu in the future.

To the outside world—including the members of Ketchikan Seafood, Inc.—the relationship between Illescu and the Black Cod is a human-interest story: local millionaire works hand-in-hand with native population for the greater good. But the cracks in this lie are beginning to show.

However much Illescu has grown to hate the Black Cod (in secret, of course), he does not suspect anything supernatural; just human greed. Illescu is tired, scared, and far too protective of his family to expose this secret without some incredible incentive. If he's confronted with any of the blackmail material, however, he'll come clean to the Agents, hoping to bring Joe Kátl down with him.

ARTHUR ILLESCU, Owned by the Black Cod, age 54

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 15 INT 13 POW 11

DEX 13 APP 10 EDU 15 SAN 50 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Education: Business school

Occupation: Businessman

Attacks: None above base.

Skills

Accounting 50%	Bargain 45%	Business 50%
Credit Rating 75%	Drug Use 45%	Fast Talk 45%
Illicit Sexual Activities 45%	Look Composed Under Pressure 40%	
Persuade 55%	Psychology 45%	

Skills

English (own) 99%

Physical Description

Arthur Illescu is a prosperous-looking man in his mid fifties. Bald and prone to wearing dark, oversized glasses, Illescu is easy to spot in a crowd, with his expensive suits and bright, denture-white smile. Still, there are signs of worry on his face, lines and wrinkles which have deepened in the last few years. Confronted with the truth of his corruption and the evil of the Black Cod, Illescu will transform into a terrified, over-eager servant to any who have a way out of the jungle of lies he has found himself trapped in.

Special Agent David Whelman, FBI

Whelman is the by-the-book senior agent of the FBI's Juneau Resident Agency Field Office, which consists of him, one other

special agent, and one clerk who serves as secretary. Whelman will be brought in on any federal case stirred up by Delta Green in the area. Juneau is not exactly a hotbed of federal crimes—most FBI investigations are about drugs, with a rare foray into public corruption, sex trafficking, child pornography or armed robbery—so Whelman is eager to find a case he can "chew on," something which might get him noticed, and finally, transferred out of his backwater assignment. Whelman is not interested in the Black Cod people. He is aware of their reputation, both above and below-board. At worst, he believes there might be some criminal enterprise there. However, such investigations need to be instigated by the Brueau of Indian Affairs. Whelman will not overstep his bounds.

His involvement instead comes only when the Agents overstep *their* bounds—by flashing their badges one too many times, trying to push a point with someone who knows when to push back, or getting caught performing some obviously illegal activity. Local inquiries with the federal authorities into the Agents' activities around Black Cod Island will find their way to Whelman's desk. If the Agents are found to be exploiting their government positions (if they have any), Whelman will not hesitate in reporting them. In short, he is a giant pain in the ass. Once alerted to even the smallest amount of wrongdoing on the part of a government employee, he will hound them relentlessly until he comes away with a conviction or absolute proof that the Agent in question is innocent.

Trying to bring Whelman in on the conspiracy is an extremely bad idea. Whelman will play along, hoping to discover how deep the Agents' criminal "fraternity" goes, and then expose it to the FBI and Justice Department. This exposure will lead to closed hearings on Capitol Hill and a witch-hunt in many federal organizations, depending on what information about Delta Green Whelman manages to uncover. Whelman's entry to Delta Green could very well be a nail in its coffin, depending on what covert organizations the Keeper chooses to involve—as well as an opportunity to introduce a new and rich direction for the campaign.

SPECIAL AGENT DAVID WHELMAN, Ambitious Pain in the Ass, age 36

STR 14	**CON 14**	**SIZ 12**	**INT 13**	**POW 12**
DEX 14	**APP 11**	**EDU 18**	**SAN 60**	**HP 13**

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Education: J.D., Indiana University School of Law–Indianapolis

Occupation: FBI Special Agent

Attacks

.40 S&W Glock 22 55%, damage 1D10
Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+db
Grapple 50%, damage special

Armor: Light Kevlar vest, 6 points (kept in the trunk of his car)

Skills

Accounting 45%	Computer Use 35%	Drive Auto 55%
Fast Talk 40%	Handgun 55%	Law 55%
Listen 60%	Martial Arts 15%	Psychology 40%
Spot Hidden 60%	Won't Let It Drop 75%	

Skills

English (own) 90%

Physical Description

David Whelman is shaped like a fireplug. He's not fat, just solid, and his face on a taller broader man might have made him handsome. Instead he just looks strange, like the pieces of several people were popped together for some unknown purpose. His face is chiseled, with deep-set gray eyes. His hair, which is impeccably kept, is dirty blond, cut down the middle with a part of surgical precision. He doesn't smile often, and when he does, it is not a good thing. It usually means one thing: he's found what he was looking for.

Allen Argasta, Grad Student

Allen Argasta is unique. He has been exposed to the inhuman aspects of the Black Cod people and has lived. Even more strangely, the Black Cod people welcomed him as one of their own, and then let him go.

A few months back, Argasta lived for one month on Black Cod Island with the University of Fairbanks Cultural Study. He lived with a relatively normal-seeming family on the island and they tried to keep a close watch on him, but he started a short relationship with their daughter, Black Cod native Jennifer Guúsuu. After he left Black Cod Island they saw each other on the mainland several times.

When Guúsuu discovered she was pregnant, she called Argasta back to the island to discuss her condition. Argasta expected to work out some sort of arrangement about the child, or to pay for an abortion. Instead, he was forcibly exposed to the inhuman nature of the Black Cod. Argasta was forced to take part in a ritual involving the monstrous He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses: marriage to Jennifer Guúsuu and impregnation by the Progenitor. His mind snapped, and he spent the following week locked in a cabin on the island, completely manic.

According to Black Cod beliefs, Argasta is now a member of the tribe.

He recalls only nightmarish glimpses of what occurred on the beach. What is left is an inhuman sense of dread, a hovering doom which has completely consumed his peace of mind. Argasta now knows that the world is haunted by real monsters, and he is part of it. Everything before the night on that beach is like a fairy tale. What's left of his life is a waiting game.

When he calmed and recovered his senses, Argasta was released. He was told he could return at any time to see his wife and his child. If he should cause trouble for the Black Cod, they would find him and end his life as well as the lives of Jennifer and their baby. Argasta—terrified of all he had seen, but also driven by some bizarre sense of propriety—feared for the life of his unborn child.

Argasta dropped out of school with only six months left on his degree and moved into a small walkup in Fairbanks. He is now living off his remaining college money. He is wracked with guilt, nightmares and panic attacks. Anyone who speaks to him or inspects his apartment—filled with notepads full of deranged poetry, scribbled drawings of webbed hands and feet and weird diagrams—and makes a Psychology roll comes to the fast conclusion that he's suffering from paranoid schizophrenia.

Argasta is tortured by the fact that his child is due any day now. The growing urge to return to the island is consuming his thoughts more and more. He waits by the telephone, dreading the call that will draw him back to Black Cod Island.

The root of his terror is this: the island, for all its horrors, is beginning to feel like home.

ALLEN ARGASTA, Tortured Father-to-Be, age 26

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 16 INT 15 POW 12

DEX 10 APP 11 EDU 17 SAN 23 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Education: B.A. in Sociocultural Anthropology, University of Alaska Anchorage; graduate school at University of Alaska Fairbanks

Occupation: Unemployed Ex-Graduate Student

Attacks: None above base.

Skills

Academic Standing 55%	Anthropology 60%	Archaeology 50%
Art (Drawing) 25%	Art (Poetry) 15%	Cthulhu Mythos 10%
Folklore 60%	History 50%	Library Use 70%

Skills

English (own) 99%	Haida 15%

Physical Description

Allen Argasta was once a good-looking young man with broad shoulders and a swimmer's build, perfect teeth and curly brown hair. He never had any trouble bringing in the ladies. Now he is gaunt and sickly-looking, as if he had been locked in a basement for six months, surviving on scraps. His eyes are sunken and glassy, and his teeth have faded to a dull yellow. It is obvious there is something seriously wrong with him, even at a distance. In his encounter with He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses, Argasta was infected with the Deep One Reproductive Element. His recent deterioration is only the beginning.

Mental State

Apparently, paranoid schizophrenia. Really, though, he's simply becoming aware of the reality of his situation.

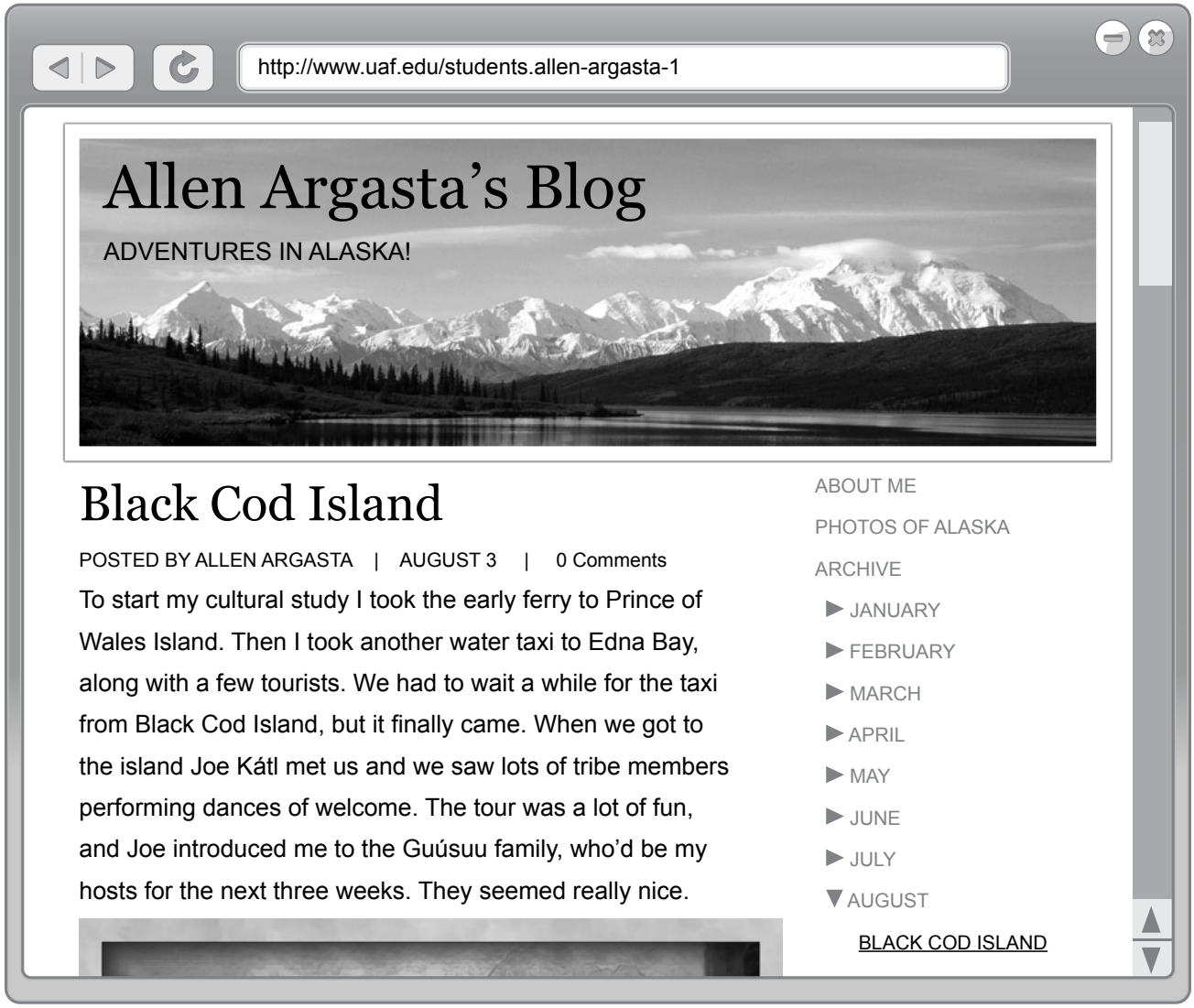
Allen Argasta's Blog

Allen Argasta kept a blog that he abandoned suddenly during his stay on Black Cod Island. He updated it once or twice a week and often included photos. He seemed to be curious, enthusiastic, and genuinely fascinated with the region. Every other blog entry seems to feature something about the iron-gray sea, whether it's a simple seascape under the misty sun, a whale breaching the surface, or the view from a water taxi with spray streaming. It showed photos of the remote Pacific Northwest, all towering pines and redwoods, thick grass, steep slopes, stony black beaches, colorful totem poles, whitecapped gray seas and thick fog. One of the photos shows a brown bear in the middle of a forest road.

One blog entry is labeled "Black Cod Island," and includes links to a photo gallery.

Argasta says he took the earliest ferry to Prince of Wales Island, then took a mid-morning water taxi from Edna Bay to Black Cod Island. He had made arrangements for the stay through the university, and even though he was alone, a welcoming committee was there to greet him, several men and women in ceremonial native garb singing and dancing. His escort was Joe Kátl, the island's friendly public affairs representative, who showed him around the small village and into the lodge, where he described Haida culture going back hundreds of years.

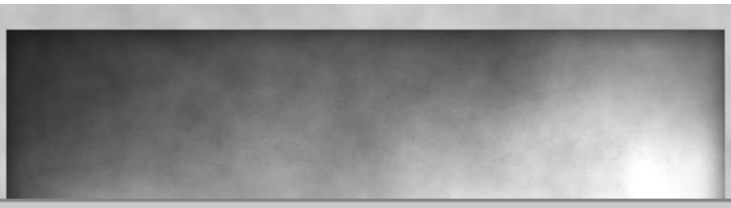
Kátl introduced him to the Guúsuu family, who were to be his hosts on Black Cod Island. The blog post ends by saying they seem friendly.



http://www.uaf.edu/students.allen-argasta-1

Cha'atl Gáwtall.

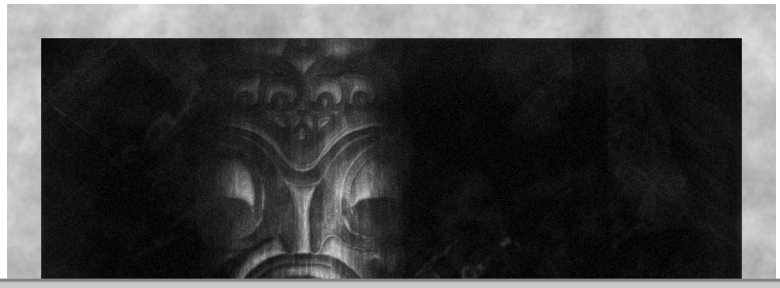
The Black Cod welcoming committee!

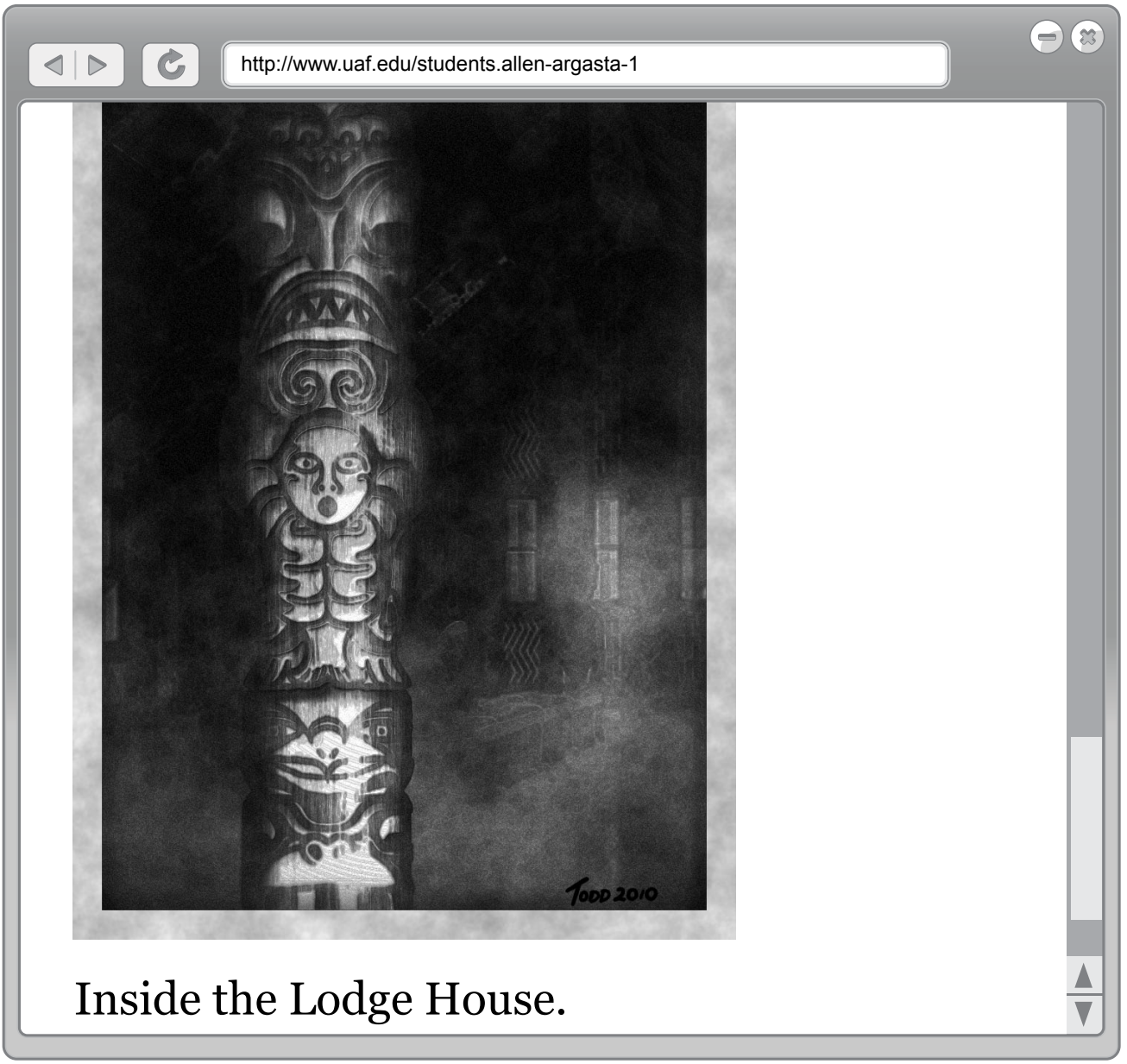


http://www.uaf.edu/students.allen-argasta-1

Leaving Prince of Wales Island behind.

A Black Cod fishing boat.





Inside the Lodge House.

Mark Lee, Local Fisherman

Mark Lee is a local fishing captain whose history with the Black Cod goes back to the time when he was a teenager. Now 46, Lee has discovered a lot about Black Cod Island and its natives that just don't add up.

Lee's ship, the *Dorian*, is based out of Wrangell, Alaska. It crews ten and sails out of port for months at a time chasing the cod and other fish 60 or 80 miles from shore. In doing so, the *Dorian* often passes Black Cod Island. It always remains well outside Black Cod sovereign waters, but still, there have been incidents.

Unlike many others in the area, Lee neither likes nor tolerates the Black Cod. He doesn't speak to them when their paths cross. He doesn't ever land there, and he stays well away from Black Cod fishing zones. He has no solid evidence, but he's learned to fear them.

The crew of the *Dorian* knows of their captain's obsessions, and his odd predilection is both a local joke and rich piece of gossip. If any agent begins looking for someone who doesn't trust the Black Cod, it won't be long before Lee's name comes up. Many in Wrangell think Lee has taken after his father's eccentric ways—and, to a certain degree, he has.

Lee's earliest exposure to the oddities of Black Cod were with his father nearly 30 years before, when he worked with his father's crew. Back then, the local thoughts on the Black Cod amounted to this: they were just Indians and they never raised any fuss. Many

local fishermen sailed without fear into the shallows surrounding the Island and plundered the rich fishing. Lee's father was one of them.

Once, while sailing off the Pacific coast of Black Cod Island, Lee and his father spied what appeared to be dozens—if not hundreds—of people in the water. At first it looked like survivors of a sinking, but before they could get binoculars to look closer, the heads vanished beneath the water. Others on the crew thought it was an optical illusion, but Mark and his father were convinced of what they'd seen. This incident has stayed with Mark for decades, and still haunts the edges of his mind; what were those people doing so far out to sea in the fall, in water barely above freezing?

In 1978, Lee's father, Garret, returned home from a fishing trip drunk and rambling. The crew had seen something, he claimed, something the size of a house rising up from the shallows near Black Cod. This something walked like a man, and had glowing eyes. The old man repeated this story continuously, as if speaking could purge his mind of it.

No one else in the crew would speak of it. Garret Lee never took to the waters again.

Shortly after the 1978 incident, a rash of sinkings struck the local fishing community. Three ships—the *Damocles*, *Rush* and *Panoply*—were lost with all hands between 1978 and 1982, just off the Pacific side of Black Cod Island. Garret Lee claimed it was his enormous manlike creature that had sunk the ships. And while Mark Lee had trouble believing such a story even from his father, many in the lost ship's crews were former crewmates of his father. Mark found reports of either mechanical failure or poor judgment on the part of the crews dubious at best. Though he didn't know why, Lee was certain the Black Cod people had something to do with the sinkings. Soon, Mark's father was the only survivor of his last fishing trip.

The end came later for Garret Lee. What he had seen ended his career and, within a decade, ended his life. Garret took to drinking and refused to leave the house. He died of cirrhosis in 1989 and was buried without a fuss.

In the last 26 years, Lee's belief that the Black Cod people are unnaturally haunting the waters around their islands has grown, not diminished. Lee, never a friend to learning or books, has taken to researching the Black Cod people. He has discovered the oddities that mark their culture: the imperfect history that purports them to be an offshoot of the Haida Indians without any real evidence, and their odd worship of the sea. Lee's home is packed with handwritten notebooks filled with misspelled ideas about the Black Cod people. One notebook includes a list of sinkings, sightings and oddities that are somehow connected to the island. Any agent getting their hand on this notebook would find it very interesting indeed.

Lee could make a good Friendly. He is tight-lipped and has neither lost his bearings nor gone overboard in his investigations. If confronted with the absolute fact that the creature his father sighted is real, he will make it his mission to destroy it. Few in the area know the inlets and channels so well, and Lee could be an invaluable asset to any Delta Green raid on the island.

MARK LEE, Troubled Trawlerman, age 46

STR 14 CON 16 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 13
DEX 13 APP 12 EDU 10 SAN 63 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Education: High school

Occupation: Fisherman

Attacks

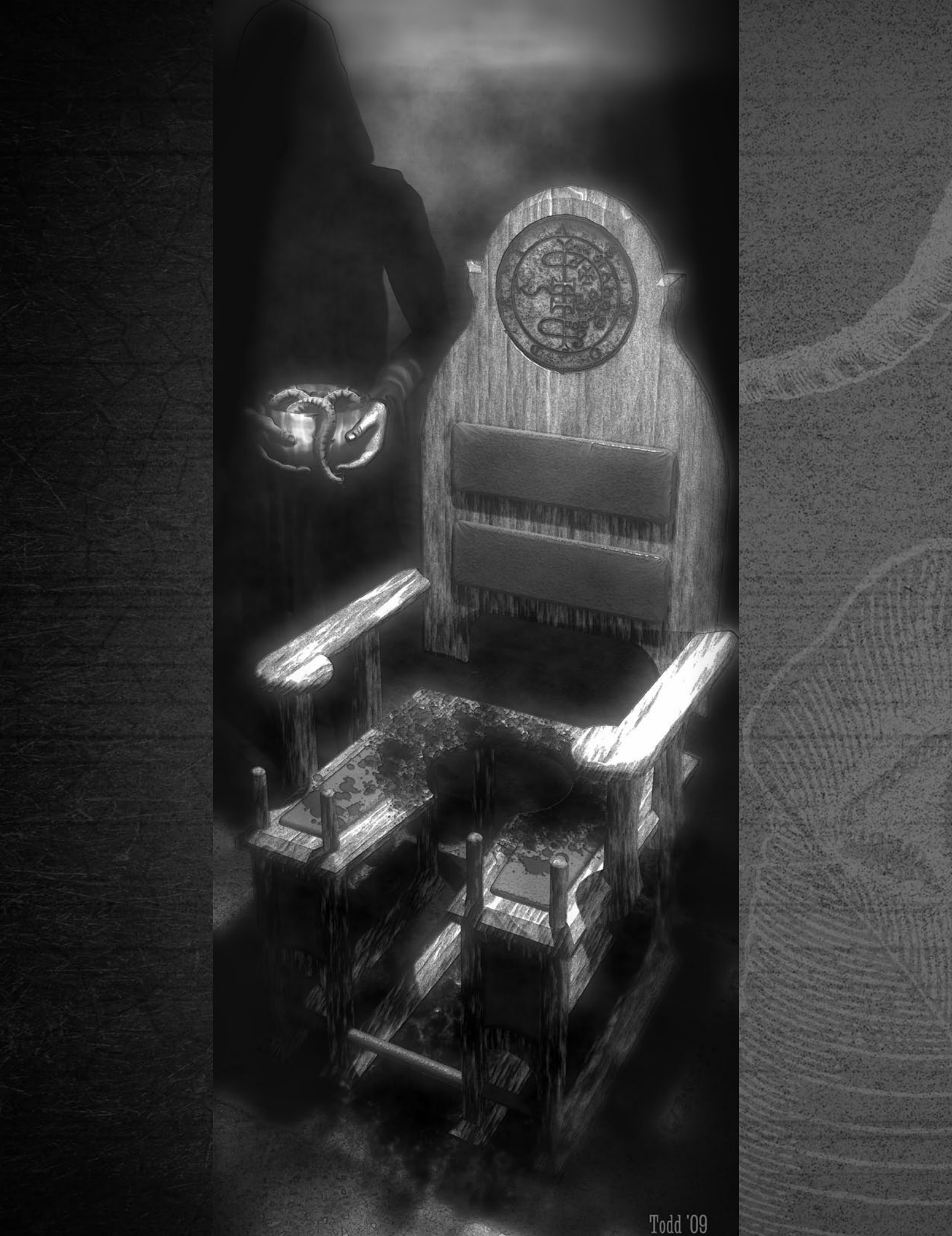
Signal Pistol 45%, damage 1D10 + 1D3 burn
Gutting knife 50%, damage 1D6+db
Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+db
Grapple 65%, damage special
Boat hook 55%, damage 1D8+db as club/staff; 1D3+db or Grapple with hook

Skills

Bargain 40% Mechanical Repair 55%
Natural History (marine) 60%
Navigate (sea/air) 55% Operate Heavy Machinery 45%
Pilot Ship 55% Shiphandling 35% Spot Hidden 60%
Swim 60%

Physical Description

Mark Lee looks like a fisherman. His skin is deeply tanned, dark and cracked with salt and wind, and his face is filled with a thick handlebar moustache. His long black hair (often unwashed) is tucked up under a perpetual Peninsula Oilers baseball cap, and he is consistently dressed in all-weather insulated overalls. Lee looks like a bruiser. He doesn't suffer insults or implications that he is stupid lightly, and has spent more than one night cooling his temper in the local lockup.


Todd '09

Disciples of the Worm

Adam Scott Glancy

There are few things more terrifying to the rational mind than the anticipation of death. Once the safety and security of belief in an afterlife or reincarnation has been abandoned, there remains only the expectation of utter and total oblivion. For as long as mankind has walked the earth, there have been those among our ranks who have tried to cheat death. Some have merely tried to extend their natural lives as long as possible through exercise, moderation of vices and modest regimes of additives designed to give them more of what they need to stay healthy. Others have taken more radical approaches, delving into the realms of alchemy, sorcery and even demonology to stave off the inevitable. Others have gone still further. Others have chosen to abandon their humanity utterly, shedding it along with all its limitations in order to become more than they were before. Some have made pacts with vile intelligences, long thought to be gods, demons or worse.

The Disciples of the Worm have found another path to immortality. Like so many of the desperate and terrified seekers after eternal life that have come before them, they have discovered, all too late, that the price they have paid for their immortality is a trap. The endless and unspeakable acts they must commit to extend their existences are, in fact, a prison, as inescapable as death.

What the Literature Can Tell an Investigator

The oldest references to the Disciples of the Worm come from Ludvig Prinn's *De Vermis Mysteriis*, or 'The Mysteries of the Worm.' The old Flemish wizard claims he studied with a group he called the "Children of the Worm" while he was traveling in Syria in the 13th century. He described them as a cult of Saracen sorcerers who gained immortality by permitting demons to possess them. Although invited to join the cult, Prinn opted not to, hinting that there was some kind of unspeakable sodomy involved with the possession process.

The mid-19th century German occultist Friedrich von Junzt claimed, in his book *Unaussprechlichen Kulten*, to have discovered the same 'Children of the Worm' operating in the Vietnamese then-capital of Hue as opium dealers. Strangely, von Junzt asserted that the cult's leaders were the very same Saracens that Prinn had encountered some six centuries before in Damascus. He described these 'Children' as glassy-eyed opium fiends who spent nearly every waking hour sucking on opium pipes. Von Junzt marveled at their ability to consume such vast quantities of opium without falling into incoherent stupors. Von Junzt never got close to the Children of the Worm. He gathered his information through interviewing opium addicts, French traders, rival opium runners and occasionally through clandestine surveillance. Von Junzt learned that the Children's massive appetite for opium had something to do with the painful side effects of the demonic possession that granted them immortality.

This is the last time and place that the Disciples of the Worm are mentioned in the usual literature of the occult, even if the authors got the name wrong. But while this is the end of their paper trail, this is not the end of the Disciples of the Worm.

What Delta Green Knows

On February 12, 1985 the bloody aftermath of a drug deal gone bad attracted the attention of Delta Green. It should be noted that this was nearly a decade before Delta Green's reorganization into a cell-structure based conspiracy. During this period Delta Green was little more than an informal network of men who had previously worked for Delta Green when it was still a funded and authorized Defense Department agency. As a result, responses to preternatural phenomena depended wholly on the personal connections of the Delta Green member who encountered them.

In this particular case, an unidentified man was killed in King County, Washington while stealing a hijacked shipment of medical morphine from a Jamaican 'Posse.' The "John Doe" armed robber and his companions apparently came to buy the morphine, but the deal fell through and a gun battle ensued. The three Jamaicans were shot dead along with the unidentified robber, and the morphine stolen again by the robber's companions. The robber, designated John Doe #49, was left behind when the arrival of local law enforcement forced his companions to make a quick escape.

During the autopsy of John Doe #49, King County Assistant Medical Examiner Joan Hardiman discovered an extremely large, unidentified tapeworm-like organism inside his upper intestine. The worm, severely damaged by gunfire, was quite dead. It measured one meter in length and approximately 20 centimeters in circumference. Dissection of the worm showed it to be hermaphroditic and able to reproduce at will, although the sex organs of the one recovered were somehow undeveloped. The worm was still an immature form. Introduction of the organism into its host appeared to have been through the subject's anus.

Assistant M.E. Hardiman was as close to being a Delta Green 'Friendly' as was possible for that era. She had encountered paranormal and preternatural phenomena before and knew people she could talk to about such matters without being dismissed as a fool or a crank. One of these people was a Special Agent at the Seattle DEA office named Avery Mitchell. He was also a member of Delta Green. After showing Mitchell what she'd found inside John Doe #49, he asked her to delay her report to the Seattle Homicide Division while he contacted some "specialists." Once

she agreed to wait a day, he immediately called other members of Delta Green. But before the Delta Green agents arrived on February 13th, Assistant M.E. Hardiman was kidnapped right out of the medical examiner's office. There were signs of a struggle, her office was ransacked, and the autopsy report, the photos, the cadaver of John Doe #49 and the worm were stolen. When word reached Mitchell of the kidnapping he directed two Delta Green agents to Hardiman's home. There they found a pair of men ransacking the house. Forced to defend themselves, the two agents killed the intruders in a short gun battle. A back-up audio tape of the autopsy of John Doe #49 was recovered from the dead intruders.

The two dead men were autopsied under extreme biohazard conditions by a contact of Delta Green who worked for USAMRIID, Dr. Lucas Godley. A living worm was recovered from each corpse. The worms' hosts were not identified. Much like John Doe #49, the cadavers were white males, apparently no older than thirty years of age. Strangely, neither corpse had any scars. Not a one. They lacked even callouses on the soles of their feet. It was as if their skin was brand new. They did, however, have signs of extremely poor dental care and even chronic malnutrition.

While the Delta Green team was attempting to ascertain the identities of the two hosts, Asst. M.E. Hardiman reappeared. She called the Seattle P.D. from a pay-phone at a rest stop south of the Olympic National Forest. She was screaming and crying hysterically about how "they" put something inside her and that she had to "get it out." She then screamed "My God! I can feel it moving!" and dropped the receiver. The call was traced, but by the time police and emergency services had arrived on the scene, Asst. M.E. Hardiman had smashed out the glass of the phone booth she was in and used the broken glass to disembowel herself in an attempt to kill the worm inside her. In that task she succeeded, but she also mortally wounded herself. She died of shock and blood loss shortly after the emergency medical technicians arrived. Before she died, her last words were "their mother's in the pool . . . their mother's in the pool." The dead worm was recovered from the local authorities and secured by Delta Green.

Judging from the bruised and cut condition of Hardiman's bare feet, she had gotten to where she was found by running through wooded terrain. The team made a quick survey of the local area and found an abandoned health spa located within two miles of the payphone Hardiman had used. The spa had an Olympic-sized swimming pool. The Delta Green team immediately put together a SWAT team made up of local law enforcement and led it against the abandoned spa, but the occupants had hastily abandoned the complex less than an hour earlier. Based on the personal effects found and the number of rooms, it was estimated that as many as 40 people had lived in the health spa for many years. The team found seven vehicles parked on the property, and a 30' sailboat moored at an adjacent dock. No vehicle tracks could be found leaving the grounds. Tracker dogs were brought in, but the scent trails detected led into the drained swimming pool inside the health spa. Suspecting a secret passage, jackhammers were employed to excavate the swimming pool. No secret passage was found. The earth beneath the pool was solid. However, it did not go unnoticed by the Delta Green team that one of the tile walls of the drained pool was etched with a drawing of a sort of doorway, surrounded by unidentified symbols.

The old spa also contained a central ceremonial chamber, decorated with murals and sculptures depicting the activities of this organization. The central chamber was crowned by something that looked like a gynecological examination table, except that it was designed so that whoever lay upon it had to lie on their stomach. The table incorporated leather restraints to prevent the movement of any subject occupying the contraption. Most disturbing though was an unpleasant looking tapered chute or gutter, angled downwards toward the table, terminating between the exam table's leg restraints.

While no canonical writings defining the group or its goals were found, the Delta Green team did discover numerous personal writings of the various members which had not been completely burned during the cult's evacuation. The membership referred to their organization as "The Disciples of the Worm." There were multiple references made to something called "the Worm Mother," and to "the mysteries of the worm." Photographs and personal effects recovered by the agents dated from no more recently than 1934.

Even property records failed to produce any pursuable leads. The old spa was owned by a crooked real estate agent who was paid generously to keep up with the property taxes. By the time Delta Green identified him he had vanished, leaving behind only the hidden stash of money he'd been paid by his unknown masters.

With no rational leads to follow, local law enforcement left the matter as a series of unsolved homicides and kidnappings. The Delta Green team confiscated all the physical evidence of the worms that hadn't been stolen by the cultists. The EMTs who actually saw the creature in M.E. Hardiman's guts were unwilling to repeat their testimony once they knew there was no physical evidence to back up their incredulous tales.

Delta Green, however, continued its analysis of the worms' biology and the place of these creatures in occult lore.

The Life Cycle of the Worms

The worms are not parasites. Rather, they are symbionts. They do indeed provide a benefit to the hosts they inhabit, albeit at an extremely high cost. As long as the worm inhabits its host, the host will not age a single day and will exhibit extraordinary powers of healing and resistance to shock and trauma.

The worm prefers to inhabit the upper gastro-intestinal tract of its hosts, most often in the small intestine. Once it latches on using the barbed hooks along its length and surrounding its mouth, the worm consumes about four thousand calories a day from the nutrients in the host's digestive tract. This requires the host to consume about twice the normal caloric intake just to maintain their body weight. Consequently, many hosts are quite thin. Since the worm is roughly the size of an adult hagfish and covered with hooks, its presence in the host is about as comfortable as having a belly full of hot buckshot. Because of the terrible pain, hosts require vast quantities of pain-killers in order to be able to function in the most minimal of ways. Hosts quickly become narcotic addicts under these conditions.

The general consensus of Delta Green's experts was that the worm's waste excretions are some kind of anagathic; a compound that arrests the aging process. They weren't able to isolate the active elements in the lab. Neither, presumably, had the Disciples of the Worm, otherwise they'd just be brewing this elixir rather than undergoing the agonizing and humiliating horrors of becoming and remaining a host.

One of the most appalling features of the host-symbiont relationship is how the worm is introduced into the host. According to the data Delta Green gathered, the full-grown adult worm is introduced directly into the host's GI tract through the only available orifice, the anus. Ludvig Prinn did call the act of possession "an unspeakable act of sodomy," after all.

Since the worms are hermaphroditic, they can reproduce spontaneously. According to intelligence gleaned from the cult materials recovered on the Olympic Peninsula, if a host doesn't eat a steady diet of hormone-suppressing herbs and perform a certain daily ritual—"Quiet the Worm"; see page 75—the worm starts reproducing and the host swells up like a balloon as more and more worms begin to grow inside them. Very soon the unfortunate host is unable to do anything except eat, scream, and birth out more worms. Among the Disciples of the Worm, these hosts become the queen, or Worm Mother, the one worm in the cult allowed to breed. A constant supply of new worms is critical for the cult. Individual worms don't live much more than a couple of years, so in order to keep from aging, the Disciples have to replace the old worms when they die. The hosts are therefore forced to endure the reintroduction of a new worm into their body as often as once a year.

During the course of the Delta Green operation in 1985, two dead worms and two live examples were recovered for study. One intact worm was introduced into a bovine host, but the animal's violent reaction to the implantation resulted in the animal's death. The symbiont was recovered alive and intact and a second implantation was tried. The second bovine host was heavily sedated and accepted the symbiont. It suffered from massive weight loss, which required forced feeding to prevent starvation, but the host ultimately expired because of the worms' unforeseen reproductive cycle. Other animal hosts were found for the worms that birthed out of the second bovine host. The second generation of symbionts allowed Delta Green to learn that not only did the worm's presence arrest natural aging, it also created immunity to disease, toxins, trauma, shock and even provided exceptionally fast healing for the host. After a few days of infestation—a crucial few days for the worm's excretions build up in the human system—the only sure way to kill a host quickly was with massive trauma to the brain. A bullet between the eyes, decapitation or a skull-pulping blow would do the trick.

The Delta Green team studied these organisms for over a year, but ultimately chose not to breed more of the creatures. Many members of Delta Green were afraid that if they began breeding these creatures for study there might be some temptation to try and isolate the anagathic properties of the worms. Such a temptation might lead to other, more dubious, compromises of ethics. If they were studying these creatures for any other purpose than destroying them, then they might as well be working for Majestic-12, an organization infamous for its placing scientific curiosity ahead of moral or ethical considerations. Although some Delta Green researchers voiced the opinion that the specimen of the parasites should be preserved for study, they were all destroyed.

Delta Green also learned those things about the Disciples of the Worm that are available in the English translation of *Unaussprechlichen Kulten,* titled *Nameless Cults*, which called them the *Children* of the Worm rather than the *Disciples* of the Worm. Von Junzt's material convinced Delta Green that if they want to find the Disciples of the Worm they should look close to where narcotics are cultivated, processed and transshipped. Despite this, Delta Green has no leads on where the remaining Disciples of the Worm are today. Their most dedicated investigator of the Disciples was cut out of the Delta Green loop years ago for his instability. He may cooperate with individual Agents, but he won't have a thing to do with Delta Green itself. See "Avery Mitchell," page 82.

The True History of the Disciples of the Worm

The history of the Disciples of the Worm is truly the history of one man's quest for immortality. His name was Ibrahim ibn Ali, a Syrian alchemist born in the city of Baghdad in the year 951 A.D. Born of a good merchant family, and trained as a physician, Ibrahim joined the translation society and library known as the House of Wisdom. There he gained such a reputation that it earned him a position with Muhammad al-Jayyani, the court physician of the Caliph of the Abbassid Caliphate. The Caliph, At-Ta'i, faced with his own imminent mortality, was a patron of the alchemical arts. His fear of death caused him to heap vast quantities of gold upon Muhammad al-Jayyani to aid the old alchemist in his quest for the Philosopher's Stone, the legendary key to the transmutation of metals and the creation of the elixir of life. Part of Muhammad al-Jayyani's quest was sending out his young protégés to follow up stories of extreme longevity or seek out other alchemists and try to learn their secrets. They always returned empty handed, if they ever returned at all.

It was in the year 983 A.D. when Ibrahim ibn Ali was sent east along the 'Silk Road' towards China to investigate stories of an order of monks whose members were believed to be hundreds of years old. Ibrahim found the lamasery in the old city of Khotan on the edge of the Taklamakan Desert in Chinese Turkestan, the modern province of Xinjiang. The lamasery was run by an order of Buddhist monks which was said to be a thousand years old. Their current lama was reputed to have been born in the year 617 A.D., despite his physical age of seventy-five. When Ibrahim attempted to become the lama's student he was told that the lama was not available to take on new students because he was traveling on the Higher Plane. No one could say when the lama would return. Sometimes he left only for a few months, sometimes he was gone for decades. Exhausted from his year-long journey from Baghdad, Ibrahim was not about to turn around and return home empty handed. He sought quarters with the monks to study while he awaited the lama's return.

Ibrahim quickly learned that the Lama was not the only monk to regularly travel on the Higher Plane. Such journeys were common among the initiated. Despite being told this, he strongly suspected that there was no lama and that the story of his immortality was just that: a story. However, through stealth, guile and a suitably large bribe, Ibrahim was able to observe an initiated monk enter the Higher Plane. The man's disappearance into thin air startled Ibrahim, but not as much as the realization that the disappearance was not a conjurer's trick. More inquiries revealed that many of the monks did transcend the plane seeking knowledge and enlightenment, but that the Higher Plane was not without its dangers. There were demons who moved in the Higher Plane, preying upon each other and all those who intrude on their realm. The monks warned that no one entered the Higher Plane without the protection of powerful spells, charms, wards or an especially strong "karma." Most novices who entered the Higher Plane did not return. However, Ibrahim also learned that the Higher Plane was the key to great longevity.

Regardless, Ibrahim was determined to unravel the mystery of the lama's apparent immortality. Through a prolonged campaign of careful and systematic corruption, Ibrahim gained the confidence of one of the initiated monks, one Pi Sung. Pi Sung accepted gifts and monies from Ibrahim until he was so compromised that he found that Ibrahim no longer offered him bribes, but instead controlled him with the ever-present threat of revealing the monk's less-than-pious double dealing. Through this leverage Ibrahim forced Pi Sung to allow him access to the monastery's library, and to observe many of the monks' rituals in secret. In this way Ibrahim learned how the Monks created "portals" through which they passed into the Higher Plane. Ibrahim was determined to see this Higher Plane for himself.

Such a plan was not without its flaws, for the monk Pi Sung was desperate to free himself from Ibrahim, so he too conceived a plan. He would show Ibrahim how to enter the "Higher Plane," but ensure that the wards and talismans he took with him for protection did not work. The result was that Ibrahim's first journey into the Higher Plane lasted for 12 years in the material world.

When Ibrahim entered the Higher Plane his movements in the first few minutes were enough to attract the attention of one of that plane's natives. Hideously, this creature was not looking to feed; it was looking to breed. The shock of seeing the creature rendered Ibrahim temporarily catatonic and he was unable to escape to the safety of our plane. Instead the creature carried Ibrahim far away to its lair and there forced one of its larval young into his intestine. Regaining his senses, he managed to escape, but found himself lost on the Higher Plane. By sheer luck he discovered that by holding perfectly still he could avoid the notice of the Higher Plane's natives. It therefore took him three days on the Higher Plane to return to his starting point coterminous

with the lamasery in Khotan. Half-mad, starving, dehydrated, and close to death, he returned to our world, three days older, but twelve years into the future.

Ibrahim's first thought was to find and kill the man who had done this to him. However, the treacherous monk Pi Sung was long since dead, having been expelled from the monastery a few years after Ibrahim's disappearance for unrelated matters of personal dishonesty. The monks were shocked by Ibrahim's reappearance. He had been thought dead and his Arab companions had long since attempted to return to Baghdad (although there is no record of whether they made it home). Nevertheless, the monks tended his injuries and attempted to mend his broken body.

Ibrahim, however, had not returned alone. His guts boiled with the wriggling spawn of the thing that seized and violated him. The agony reduced him to a screaming animal. Subdued and tied to a cot, it became obvious to the monks that Ibrahim had returned with a passenger. The worm inside him had begun to reproduce, and much to the horror of the monks, Ibrahim birthed out several dozen of its offspring, which the monks promptly killed. The most experienced Higher Plane travelers of the lamasery consulted their scrolls and were able to find a combination of magical and narcotic elixirs that brought the demonic possession under control. The pain was limited and the reproductive cycle was slowed, but could not be stopped. Ibrahim would live, but was crippled by both the pain and the narcotics used to control it.

Despite being able to create a kind of equilibrium, the monks were unable to force the 'demons' from inside Ibrahim. They were unaware of the effect that the worms were having on his recuperative powers, and so were unwilling to try to remove them using the primitive surgery of the day. For several weeks the monks fought to expel the demons possessing Ibrahim, using drugs, rituals and prayers. Although Ibrahim expelled dozens and dozens of worms, there were always more, no matter how many were removed. Eventually the humiliation and self-loathing of his condition became too much for Ibrahim. He became determined to kill himself and end his mental and physical suffering. When he slashed his wrists, his wounds closed themselves too quickly for him to bleed to death. His attempt to cut his throat ended with his blood clotting too fast and his injuries healing completely within days, leaving no scars. Leaping from the roof of the lamasery resulted in dozens of broken bones and damaged internal organs, all of which healed within a week. It was then that Ibrahim began to suspect that his demons were preserving his life.

At first the monks of the lamasery treated Ibrahim as an unfortunate that needed their care. Then they regarded him as an interesting specimen to be studied. But ultimately they came to see him as a prisoner to be contained. He was locked in a cell, warded with sigils and spells to prevent him from re-entering the Higher Plane and escaping. Meanwhile a debate raged among the monks as to what to do with their 'guest.' Some believed that if they could not expel the demons, then they should kill Ibrahim. Others believed that if the demons could not be exorcised, then Ibrahim should remain incarcerated until he died of old age. A smaller minority thought that Ibrahim should remain incarcerated and studied in the hope that the mystery of his unnatural healing might be discovered.

Into the Higher Dimension

What Ibrahim and the uninitiated monks failed to realize was that the longevity of Higher Plane travelers was more a matter of perspective than actual reality.

This Higher Plane is one of many higher dimensions that can be accessed through the use of specialized gates; it bears many similarities to the "astral" plane accessed by the Tillinghast Resonator and Project RAINBOW (see *Delta Green: Eyes Only.)* The passage of time in this Higher Plane is far slower than in our three-dimensional world. The rate of passage is something close to one minute in the Higher Plane to every full day in our world. At that rate, a day on the Higher Plane would be the equivalent of four years. This dimension may be related to the one where Keziah Mason spent so much time in the Lovecraft story "Dreams in the Witch House." Like Mason, the lama of the monastery was not living a longer life following his immersion in the Higher Plane; he was living a normal life with the rest of the world speeding by on fast-forward. The effect is more akin to a one-way fast-forward trip through time than anything like immortality.

Furthermore, those in the other dimension didn't just perceive time moving more quickly back on our home plane, but space was similarly compacted. Moving through the Higher Plane was the equivalent of moving a thousand times faster. A meter of movement could reposition a man a kilometer away, and a day's movement could relocate him halfway around the world. Although this did not necessarily make travel faster, it was certainly cheaper without the need for supplies or caravans or ships. Journeying through this other dimension is faster (especially in a world before mechanical conveyances like planes, trains and automobiles) and cheaper, but it is not safer. The other dimension swarms with vast numbers of hostile and alien life forms that will eagerly devour any intruders in their realm.

Just entering the higher dimension requires a SAN roll and the loss of 1/1d6 SAN. Each hour spent in this dimension, even without encountering any of the horrors that call it home, requires another SAN check and the loss of 0/1d6 SAN. Travelers in the Higher Plane can get used to entering and staying in the dimension, much the same way they can get used to other SAN losses (violence, gore, even Mythos monsters and supernatural horror). Nevertheless, entering the dimension will always cost the minimum one SAN point. Ultimately, that could steadily erode the sanity of a dimensional traveler.

The environment of the higher dimension can be only partially perceived by human senses, which operate in three dimensions. If any Investigators should end up in the Higher Plane, the Keeper should describe the environment as a cross between a psychedelic acid trip and exploring a coral reef in an alien sea. With a successful POWx1 roll, travelers can look down through the dimensions into our world and choose where they want to re-enter our dimension.

In order to enter or exit the Higher Plane, a gate must already exist or be created (see New Spells on page 74). Gates can be created both in our world or while inside the Higher Plane.

Other spells work normally in the Higher Plane as well.

As time passed, Ibrahim found himself the focus of a growing rift between the monks. After his first decade in captivity, it became apparent to both Ibrahim and his captors that he was no longer aging. Once again the debate raged, and again the decision was made to spare his life. Ibrahim's demonic possession could be the key to life eternal and near-invulnerability to disease and injury. The majority of the monks were simply unwilling to turn their backs on this fountain of youth. Combined with their ability to move through the Higher Plane, this fountain of youth could multiply the monks' power a thousand-fold. Even so, there were dissenters.

Ibrahim's sanity eroded away under the constant battle between the pain of successive worms, the numbing of the drugs, and the intensely foul experience of expelling worms from his digestive tract. Despite these horrors, or perhaps because of it, Ibrahim's mind reached a kind of insane balance. He did not rant. He did not rave. But somehow in his madness he came to understand something about his "passengers," as he had taken to thinking of the worms inside him. So long as the drugs and incantations interrupted the worms' reproductive cycle, they would not be able to mature and grow into the thing that had raped Ibrahim on the Higher Plane. Nevertheless, these embryonic worms could also breed, reproducing at will and ensuring a constant supply of 'replacements.' He knew instinctively that the worms were the source of his immortality and near invulnerability. And he knew that his immortality was a treasure that men would kill anyone and sacrifice anything for.

Ibrahim was also well aware of his precarious situation at the lamasery. Even though greed ruled the majority of the monks' judgment, Ibrahim knew that the dissenters might decide to take it upon themselves to kill him at any time. It then fell to him to begin to make allies among some of the monks who were most desirous of obtaining this fountain of youth. The old, "wiser," and higher-ranking monks were facing their mortality more immediately than the younger, lower-ranking monks. Ibrahim did his best to play up the fears of the older monks, implying that the younger monks were questioning the wisdom of the older monks' decision to keep Ibrahim alive. Ibrahim even convinced several monks that he could assist them if they would just share with him the information they had gathered on his situation. Through these contacts Ibrahim was able to tap into the lamasery's library of occult and mythos knowledge. He learned much.

Desperate to justify their decision to preserve Ibrahim, the lamasery's leadership sent monks around the world through the Higher Plane in search of sources of knowledge that could unravel Ibrahim's peculiar situation. Fear of dissent among the ranks began to isolate the lamasery's leadership from the rank and file. Ibrahim did his best to agitate the situation, not quite knowing where it would lead, but he was sure that if the situation became chaotic, his opportunity for escape would be greater.

The situation came to a head in the year 1014 A.D. when a revolt broke out at the lamasery. The younger monks were tired of braving the Higher Plane and scouring the earth for knowledge to unlock the secret of eternal life locked away inside Ibrahim. Taken by surprise, the lamasery's leadership was thrown back on its heels. In the chaos of blood and fire that engulfed the lamasery, Ibrahim was nearly killed, but his demon-born powers of recovery saved him from the assassins' blades. Nevertheless, the damage was done. The lamasery was in ruins. Nearly all the monks had died in the conflict, and the wards holding Ibrahim from slipping into the Higher Plane were broken. However, he did not make good his escape immediately. Picking his way through the lamasery, Ibrahim found mortally injured monks and introduced fresh worms into them. Men wounded unto death miraculously recovered. Men who had previously been his jailers now shared his burden of pain and immortality. These men became the core of what would be the Disciples of the Worm.

The Disciples in the Wilderness

Ibrahim and his newly formed Disciples of the Worm used the Higher Plane to remove themselves from Khotan back across Asia to the Syrian city of Damascus. Their physical condition required that they stay close to a convenient source of narcotics. Proximity to Beqaa Valley meant that the Disciples were always close to a supply of opium and hashish, but Damascus was simply too well policed by devout Muslims for a cabal of sorcerers like the Disciples of the Worm to survive for long without being discovered. Instead, the Disciples took up residence in an abandoned Byzantine-era fortress outside Damascus in the Anti-Lebanon Mountains west of the city, owning and cultivating their own poppy fields in the Beqaa Valley. What refined opium they didn't smoke themselves, they sold in the markets of Damascus.

It was during their time in Syria that the infamous Flemish sorcerer Ludvig Prinn came to study at their citadel between the years 1271 and 1286 A.D. Prinn was interested in the Disciples' occult knowledge, not their method of unnaturally prolonging their lives. Prinn had already found his own "Philosopher's Stone" before coming east. After collecting the material he would later use to write his *Saracenic Rituals* chapter of *De Vermis Mysteriis*, Prinn returned to Europe. He did not share what he knew of immortality with the Disciples. Perhaps if he had shared that secret they would have freed themselves from their "demons" and adopted his method. The Disciples were not slaves to their worms and would have expelled them if only they could discern their mechanism for extending lives and healing wounds.

The Disciples stayed in the Beqaa Valley for the better part of four centuries, until the second Mongol invasion of Syria under Timur, also known as Tamerlane. In 1400, Damascus was besieged and subjected to a sack that rivaled the Mongols' earlier sack of Baghdad in 1258. In order to avoid having their skulls join the "tower of heads" the Mongol invaders built, the Disciples fled their citadel via their mastery of the Higher Plane gate.

The Disciples fled east to Afghanistan, moving into the mountains of the Hindu Kush, west of Kabul. There, a new citadel had been prepared to ensure that they would have a safe place to escape to in the event of discovery by the local civil-religious authorities. It served just as well for getting them out of the way of the Mongols. From this new citadel the Disciples again cultivated their own opium and studied the black arts. It didn't take them long to realize that their opium fields were a lot farther from their markets, unlike the Beqaa Valley and Damascus.

It was at this time that the Disciples chose to expand their use of the Higher Plane. Originally the gates into the Higher Plane were used only in dire circumstances. After all, the Higher Plane is filled with hostile life forms that are inimical to life from our dimension. Moving through the Higher Plane is always dangerous, even with the appropriate charms and wards. While the Disciples had some idea of the trans-dimensional geography linking our dimension and the other plane, their knowledge was far from complete. Much of the lamasery's collected knowledge had been lost in the rebellion and fire, so the Disciples took it upon themselves to begin an exploration of the Higher Plane, intent on mapping the dimension and its correlating points in our world.

The Disciples Follow the Opium East

Over the next four hundred years the Disciples survived the fall of the Timurid Empire and the rise and decline of the Mughal and

Durrani (or Afghan) Empires. As the Durrani Empire began to fragment in the late 18th century, the political situation around the Disciples' citadel became unstable. Once again, the Disciples had planned ahead. They moved themselves to the state of the Trinh Lords through a gate into the Higher Plane.

The Trinh Lords' state corresponds to the northernmost areas of Tonkin, the modern state of Vietnam. The Trinh Lords' state was chosen because its fortunes were on the rise and they were close to the Federation of Lan Xang, which corresponds to modern day Laos. Once again the Disciples insinuated themselves close to the source of opium, but not inside the state of Lan Xang, which was struggling under waves of Siamese, Burmese and even Trinh invaders. It turned out that the Disciples chose well. The Trinh Lords continued their military, economic and political successes until the late 18th century when the Trinh were rocked by an internal power struggle and an invasion by the Manchu Empire. The Disciples were unwilling to move away from their opium supply, so they relocated to the ancient Vietnamese city of Hue. When the dust settled in 1802, the Nguyen Dynasty was in control of the country, but had achieved this victory with French military assistance. This was the thin edge of the wedge of European imperialism in the region.

It was during the 1830s that the German occultist Friedrich von Junzt visited South-East Asia and the city of Hue. There he became aware of the existence of the Disciples and investigated their organization and membership. Von Junzt slipped out of the country before the Disciples became aware of his activities. The Disciples were never aware that von Junzt was investigating them, and did not learn of the existence of the book *Unaussprechlichen Kulten* until the early 1900s.

As the British East India Company tightened its control over the opium trade in South-East Asia, the Disciples began to feel the pressure. By 1862, the Vietnamese Emperor Tu Đuc was forced by treaty to cede three provinces to the French. By 1863, the French had established a Protectorate over the state of Cambodia. As the French began pressing to directly annex areas of Vietnam, the Disciples decided to make another move. Using the Higher Plane gates, they began scouting for a new home, eventually settling on the British colony of Singapore. Much of the decision to move there was influenced by the Disciples' leader Ibrahim, who still viewed the French as their medieval ancestors, the Franks. He thought of the British as less of a threat compared to the French, who were a continuous irritant to Islam during the era of the Crusades. This misperception would lead to the Disciples finding a comfortable home in the British colony for the next eight decades.

Founded in 1819 by Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, Singapore grew to be an extremely valuable trading port, dominating the sea traffic between the Indian and Pacific Ocean through the Straits of Malacca. Singapore quickly grew to be the crossroads of all of maritime Asia. With the massive amounts of East India Company opium flowing from Burma through Singapore to China, all perfectly legally, there was no shortage of the drug for the Disciples.

The Disciples arrived in Singapore in 1866. When the Can Vuang rebellion against French colonial rule erupted in Vietnam in 1886, there were some that hoped they could return to the mainland. However, the rebellion lasted until 1895 and ended in total defeat for the Royalist cause. After three decades of insinuating themselves into the Singapore opium trade, the Disciples were too well established to return to Vietnam.

In between their dimensional explorations and opium smoking, the Disciples of the Worm spent their time engaged in esoteric occult research. The central focus of this research was the same thing that the monks in the lamasery in Khotan were interested in: finding a way to live forever without having to become the host of the worms. To that end the Disciples engaged in long, complex and expensive alchemical experiments in order to isolate the worm's anagathic properties and improve the narcotics and fertility suppressing drugs that kept the worms from reproducing until the host is turned into a "Worm Mother." (See page 64 for description.)

In order to finance this occult research the Disciples first engaged in opium cultivation, production, refinement and distribution. The move to Singapore meant that the Disciples were no longer directly in control of the poppy fields that had been the source of their wealth and their own supply of narcotics. The relocation meant having to change the way they operated. Instead of being rural opium warlords, they would have to become urban opium merchants. They adapted well, financing trading companies to act as fronts and provide sources of income. Commerce, like all other activities for the Disciples, moved at a snail's pace. Their opium intake and days spent in the Higher Plane simply did not allow them sufficient time or energy in the mundane world to devote to business activities. When they owned and cultivated poppies for opium, time moved with the speed of the changing seasons. In the fast paced wheeling and dealing along the Singapore docks, the Disciples would have been at a terrible disadvantage. However, they more than made up for these deficiencies through their use of magic.

By the 1890s, under pressure from British missionaries, the British Parliament was beginning to turn against the opium trade. The United Kingdom ultimately outlawed the opium trade inside the British Empire in 1913. The Disciples could see the change

coming. The Disciples' front companies were dissolved and reincorporated as legitimate trading houses, but behind the façade, the smuggling continued, and not just the smuggling of opium.

The Disciples found Singapore to be ideally located for their purposes, even beyond their expectations. Singapore was a crossroads of the world, a cosmopolitan city of Europeans, Chinese, Indians, Malays, and even Arabs. As such, the Disciples found themselves easily able to communicate with other occult societies that hugged the shores of the Indian and Pacific oceans. Few secret societies dedicated to the acquisition of occult knowledge freely correspond with each other, but the Disciples found themselves well-positioned to do so when the opportunity presented itself. Contacts were made among the hybrid Deep One colonies of the Pacific Rim. Ambassadors were received from the Cult of Cthulhu in China and the Priests of Ghatanothoa from Micronesia. Information was exchanged, items of occult power bargained for; one cult's garbage is another cult's treasure after all. The Disciples had to spend some time dodging the British colonial constabulary during Sir Cecil Clementi Smith's 1889 crackdown on Chinese secret societies, the Tongs and Triads, but the Disciples kept a low profile.

All of this trade was conducted using the Disciples' command of the gates into and out of the Higher Plane. While not terribly fast by the standards of the new century, the gates through the Higher Plane were incredibly secure against interception by the conventional authorities. Anything could be smuggled anywhere in the world, and it was impossible to intercept. Only after the smugglers left the Higher Plane could the authorities affect the operations, and since the gates could be easily created, the disciples never had to use the same gate twice.

The Disciples pursued their esoteric studies in relative peace until December 8, 1941 when the Japanese invaded British Malaya. The Disciples fled Singapore before the city fell to the Japanese in February of 1942. The Japanese fleet blockading the city proved to be no barrier to their Higher Plane travel. They made their way to Australia, settling in Sydney. In early 1942, a Japanese invasion of Australia still seemed likely, so the Disciples made plans to remove themselves from the Pacific theater entirely. During the next year, the Disciples managed to keep themselves stocked with narcotics by buying and stealing military grade medical opiates on the black market. However, the Australian constabulary took thefts of military stores extremely seriously and the Disciples knew that thieving was a sure way to end up in the hands of the authorities. So by 1943, the Disciples made their way to Mexico, the one source of opium cultivation that was securely outside the Asian or European theatres of World War Two.

The Disciples settled into the area around the western coastal province of Sinaloa and kept themselves well-stocked with opium through their contacts among Mexican opium cultivators. They quickly insinuated themselves as smugglers, demonstrating their ability to transport Mexican 'Black Tar' heroin to any market the smugglers cared to sell in. The Disciples were under no serious pressure in Mexico, but operations in the U.S. were restricted by the existence of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics.

The Federal Bureau of Narcotics began as the Narcotics Unit of the Treasury Department's Prohibition Unit. It was tiny compared to the Alcohol Enforcement Unit. Nevertheless, this Narcotics Unit did not suffer from the corruption or lack of public support that was endemic with the Alcohol Unit. The Federal Bureau of Narcotics eventually became the most professional and successful federal law enforcement organ in the U.S. prior to the reorganization of the FBI by director J. Edgar Hoover. FBN agents had long heard rumors about a group of mystical Asian smugglers, mostly Arab and Chinese, operating out of Mexico, but they were never able to confirm the group's existence. By the time that the FBN became the Drug Enforcement Administration, those rumors were considered little more than legends that the old-timers told to spook new agents.

Throughout the post-war years the Disciples were able to lie low and cultivate contacts among Mexico's criminal organizations. There were never more than a few score Disciples, so their heroin needs were not so enormous that they would need a massive organization to keep them supplied and flush with cash. However, with the cocaine boom of the 1980s, the Disciples soon found themselves operating in a field of endeavor awash with cash and blood.

The Disciples and the Cocaine Boom

In the early 1980s the North American drug trade boomed to undreamed-of levels, and the Disciples found their talents for smuggling in great demand. Total drug seizures by US law enforcement grew to 1,343,702 pounds of illegal drugs in 1989 alone. The most charitable estimates figured that seizures only accounted for between ten and fifteen percent of the total drug imports. While the Colombian drug traffickers fought it out with the Cuban gangs of Florida for control of the cocaine trade, the Mexican cartels never lost control of their territory. Mexican cartels may have risen and fallen, but they were always Mexican.

The Disciples found themselves employed by several competing Mexican cartels, but managed to maintain their neutrality and their security. It was well understood by the Mexican cartels that the Disciples would brook no attempt to monopolize their services, nor would they countenance any attempt by a cartel to control them. While the Disciples certainly had powerful and secret magics with which to punish transgressors, their real power came from how valued they were by the cartels. Few of the cartel leaders wanted to take a chance that they might kill the golden goose by fighting over it. Any cartel that tried to control the Disciples soon found themselves under attack by every other cartel, plus the Disciples. The cartels were also quick to take ghastly revenge on anyone foolish enough to bother the Disciples. While the Disciples might not be able to take their revenge directly on any gang of upstarts who took it upon themselves to cause trouble, the Disciples could easily take their revenge against the heads of the cartels who failed to protect them. This has only happened a few times. Nevertheless, such incidents were utterly sufficient to make the point that if anyone bothered the Disciples, they would make it everyone's problem.

Despite these business connections, no one inside the Mexican cartels knew the Disciples as anything other than *Los Brujos*, or The Warlocks. The name was first applied because of the way the Disciples could make cocaine shipments cross borders "as if by magic." Later, when the Disciples made people that annoyed them disappear, the name took on a darker meaning. Even as their legend grew *Los Brujos* were usually thought to be little more than a scary story that Mexican people-smugglers told each other over *cervezas* and cocaine, after they'd worked up enough courage to even broach the subject. Certainly that's what the DEA and the Mexican Federal Judicial Police (the '*Federales*') believed. The stories of sorcerers who could walk through walls and summon demons was simply too incredible to be believed, at least until the 1989 incident in Matamoros, Mexico. There a self-deluded con man and occult poser named Adolfo Constanzo was discovered to be running a cult practicing a bastardized form of Mexican folk magic, incorporating elements of Santeria, Palo Mayombe and Aztec ritual. The cult of wannabe sorcerers was kidnapping and killing people in acts of human sacrifice in order to magically protect their drug trafficking operations. When the Federales uncovered this cult, they arrested or killed all its members, including Constanzo. At that point, most law enforcement on both sides of the border believed that they had uncovered the source of the rumors about *Los Brujos*. Rumors picked up after 1989 were simply seen as recycled stories about Constanzo and his gang.

Adolfo de Jesus Constanzo

The story of Adolfo de Jesus Constanzo is true. From 1984 to 1989, Constanzo operated in northern Mexico as a kind of occult godfather. His influence was exercised through a combination of threats (both occult and mundane), corruption and even spiritual leadership. Constanzo dispensed fortune telling and spells ensuring good fortune and prosperity to a wide range of clients, including a number of Mexican politicians. He also intimidated enemies and ensured the loyalty of his followers through his alleged supernatural powers. His followers were loyal enough that they kidnapped as many as twenty victims which he (or his lovers acting as his acolytes) sacrificed at a specially consecrated barn on a ranch outside Matamoros. In 1989, he ordered his followers to procure an especially powerful ingredient for sacrifice, an Anglo. His followers, disguised as police, kidnapped and sacrificed Mark Kilroy, a vacationing American medical student. The only thing sadder than the gory history of Constanzo's group is the fact that it took the death of an American to get the Mexican *Federales* involved in the situation. Once they were on the case, however, the entire gang was swept up very quickly. Constanzo was traced to his hideout in Mexico City through a phone call to a local TV station. It seems the *Federales* consulted another Mexican practitioner of folk magic and asked how best to undermine Constanzo. The brujo suggested publicly burning Constanzo's "temple" on television. That act prompted Constanzo to call the TV station to rant about this inexcusable violation. The destruction of Constanzo's temple also prompted a number of screaming fights among the remaining cultists, which attracted the attention of neighbors who called the police. Even then, Constanzo might have passed attention, but he chose to fire at the arriving officers with an Uzi submachine gun, prompting a siege. Officially, the *Federales* claim that Constanzo died when he ordered cult member Alvaro de Leon Valdez to shoot him and his lover Martin Quintana Rodriguez rather than allow them to be taken by the police. According to Sheriff's Lieutenant George Gavito of Brownsville, Texas, Constanzo's body showed multiple gunshot wounds from multiple weapon calibers. So it may be that the *Federales* were not interested in giving Constanzo his day in court. Such *Federales* might make interesting albeit heavy-handed Delta Green Friendlies.

The Mexican Drug War

The Mexican drug cartels have grown exponentially in financial and military power since the 1980s. This was spurred by a change in their status from drug traffickers to drug distributors. When Mexico first began being used as a transshipment point for South American drugs, the Mexican cartels got paid in cash. Eventually they started charging a percentage of each load, taking drugs instead of cash, and distributing the drugs themselves. This resulted in more money for the Mexicans and fewer cash expenses for the Columbian and Bolivian producers. Following the 1989 arrest of Mexican drug baron Felix Gallardo, his organization, the Guadalajara Cartel, broke up into two competing groups: the Tijuana Cartel and the Sinaloa Cartel. They were not alone. There are two other major cartels (the Gulf Cartel and the Juarez Cartel) and many smaller cartels. Competition was brutal and there was no shortage of gun-battles between gangs and Mexican law enforcement during the next decade. However, the high level of corruption ensured that the Mexican government rarely took substantive steps against the cartels. Even the death of police officers rarely brought the kind of response that it would in the United States.

By the late 1990s, the leaders of the Gulf Cartel, operating out of Matamoros, began recruiting former members of the Mexican special forces to form paramilitary units to attack their rivals. The first such unit, *Los Zetas,* was formed around a core of deserters from Mexico's *Grupo Aeromóvil de Fuerzas Especiales*. The threat of *Los Zetas* caused a slight lull in the violence, but it was not to last.

In 2003, the Mexican Drug Wars resumed in earnest as the Sinaloa Cartel took advantage of the arrest and extradition of Gulf Cartel leader Osiel Cardendas to move into their territory in south west Texas. The Sinaloa Cartel formed its own paramilitary unit, *Los Negros. Los Negros* and *Los Zetas* turned the contested border town of Nuevo Laredo into a literal war zone, with hundreds of people being killed each year. With the use of grenade launchers and anti-tank rockets in street battles, the war had grown to the point where it was actually threatening Mexico's national security. Even the introduction of Mexican army troops could not bring the situation in hand. As the conflict grew, the Sinaloa and Gulf Cartels began looking for allies. The Sinaloa Cartel formed the so-called *la Federación*, an alliance with multiple smaller cartels, and the Gulf Cartel formed an alliance with the Tijuana Cartel against *la Federación*.

By 2006, with the arrest and extradition of Gulf Cartel leaders to the United States, and the increased reliance of the Gulf Cartel on the military muscle of *Los Zetas*, it was beginning to look as if *Los Zetas* was running the Gulf Cartel, and not the other way around. Today, *Los Zetas* acts with so much independence that they are now considered an independent cartel allied with the Gulf Cartel, rather than a part of the cartel. At present, there is no end in sight to Mexico's Drug War. No cartel, or even the government, is able to achieve a decisive victory. The main result has been a pile of dead bodies and a rise in the price of cocaine and a drop in its purity.

The Disciples of the Worm Today

Despite how they might have appeared to Delta Green back in 1985, the Disciples were not a gang of reclusive sorcerers who ripped off drug dealers for their stash. It was not the Disciples of the Worm who started that shootout in Seattle. It was an attempted rip-off by an ambitious (and not terribly smart) employee of one of the Disciples' customers. In fact, behind the scenes, the Disciples returned the entire load of heroin to the Tijuana Cartel, along with the money, to show their continued good faith. The Disciples do not wish to damage their reputation or their client list. They did not call on the Tijuana Cartel to clean up the mess, since there was a chance that the cartel might have discovered the existence of the worms. The Disciples prefer not to test how indispensable they truly are to their criminal partners. However, the incident forced them to relocate their Pacific Northwest Higher Plane gate to a more obscure location further east, in a decommissioned logging camp in the Cascade Mountains. The Disciples have hundreds of these gates scattered around the world. They often close them down after using them for only a few months.

The main headquarters of the Disciples of the Worm is a massive antique hacienda in the Sierra Madre Occidental Mountains in the state of Sinaloa, just a few kilometers from the Sea of Cortez. The Hacienda is surrounded by a perimeter of heavily armed security provided by *Los Negros*, a paramilitary security force created by the Sinaloa Cartel. Radios, SUVs, body armor, and a plethora of small arms are in evidence. Light support weapons can even be brought to bear, ranging from light machine guns and grenade launchers to mortars and anti-tank missiles. The security perimeter never comes within 500 meters of the Hacienda. They are under strict orders not to approach the compound, no matter what they see or hear. Considering the strange things these men have seen and heard, particularly on the nights of the solstice and equinox, there is little chance that they would ever violate those orders. It is not uncommon for the Disciples' experiments in medieval metaphysics and hypergeometry to result in terrifying and unnatural lights and unidentifiable sounds.

In the twenty years since the Disciples of the Worm fled the Pacific Northwest, the cult has not changed much. They remain smugglers who transport only the most valuable of cargos. They can move anything or anyone anywhere. When moving narcotic drugs they charge their clients a small percentage of the loads for their own use. When they move other kinds of contraband, they work for cash. Their services are slightly slower than air and sea transport, and they move much smaller loads than many other smuggling operations, but they never lose a load, are never intercepted by law enforcement, and always fulfill their contracts. The key to their success has been their mastery of the use of gates and traveling in the Higher Plane. And while they still smuggle drugs, as they did in the 1980s, today there are other, even more profitable forms of contraband that can be moved around the world. Everything from human cargo to prohibited weapon technologies can be moved around the world by the Disciples of the Worm.

Sisyphus, Mythos Style

They say that the definition of insanity is to repeat the same action over and over, always expecting a different result. Just in case voluntarily becoming hosts for painful and repulsive parasites wasn't the definition of insanity, the Disciples also meet this other definition. The reason for this is that for the better part of a thousand years, Ibrahim ibn Ali and the Disciples have been trying to find a way to gain the benefits of being a host without paying any of the costs. For ten centuries they have studied and experimented. They have spent vastly to acquire medical and scientific knowledge. Over and over they have tried to unlock the secret of immortality that is locked in the worms, and over and over again they have failed. Ibrahim and the other Disciples do not have perfect recall of their memories. As the centuries have passed, their memories have faded and distorted. For the first centuries the Disciples actually repeated many of their experiments simply because they forgot that they had performed the experiment decades before. It wasn't until after they fled the Beqaa Valley that they instituted a program of careful documentation of their work.

With such careful documentation, the records of a thousand years can take up a lot of space and weigh tons. As the project continued year after year, the Disciples' record keeping progressed from scrolls to books to filing cabinets bursting with records. On

two occasions the records were partially damaged by fire, wiping out centuries of work, only to be repeated again with the same failed results. Even when the records are consulted, often old unsuccessful experiments are missed and repeated with the same results. One of the drawbacks of their immortality is that the Disciples are slow to see the benefit of change. Otherwise they might have started computerizing their records decades ago, creating a searchable database from which to cross analyze their work.

Somewhere in this maze of time, the Disciples' goal of freeing themselves from their parasites while retaining their immortality has gotten misplaced. While it is still one of the cult's stated goals, their research has reached a dead end. More often, instead of trying to find a way to live without the worms, the Disciples spend their research trying to find ways to make being a host less uncomfortable. Efforts to selectively breed the worms in an attempt to create smaller, less painful, longer lived creatures, or even versions that take less nutrition from the host have led to failure. Most of these peripheral experiments have also led to dead ends. Better narcotics have been created which allow the Disciples to think and work more clearly than while under the influence of natural opium. If they continue on this treadmill, they will likely remain worm hosts for the rest of eternity.

The Worms — Lesser Independent Race

The worms are actually larval forms of a larger extra-dimensional entity, the Limbo Stalker. They most closely resemble a terrestrial hagfish, covered with armored and horn-covered chitinous plates. Despite being larvae, these creatures are able to reproduce asexually before they reach their mature form. As larvae, the worms require a suitable host in which to mature. In their native dimension, their hosts would be any number of immense creatures that float through the ether. In these hosts they are no more troublesome than ticks or fleas. Here, in our dimension, these larvae rarely reach maturity because they usually kill their host. By reproducing asexually, and practically at will, they starve the host to death by over-taxing its ability to take in nutrients. However, their presence will not rupture the host's G.I. tract and cause death, because the worms' excretions provide the hosts with the ability to survive the traumatic injury caused by their presence. Instead of death, the result of too many worms in one host is the abomination known to the Disciples as "The Worm Mother."

A skilled surgeon could remove a worm from a host without killing the host or the worm. It would take Surgery skill of at least 60% to attempt this. The most difficult problem would be trying to remove a worm that is fighting back. Killing the worm prior to removal would be best, and could be accomplished so long as endoscopic or real time imaging technology is used to locating it inside the host prior to termination. Because the worms' alien physiology, the use of toxins will be futile. On the plus side, any host will be protected from any poisons used because their system will be saturated with the worm's excretions and any damage done is quickly undone.

The use of a saline solution with a concentration equal to salt water will kill the worm and allow it to be removed with minimal invasive procedures. Similarly, a host could drink large amount of salt water (or even have their upper gastro-intestinal tract irrigated with salt water). While this will leave the host with toxic levels of salt in their system, the host will have sufficient residue of the worm excretion in their system to protect against kidney failure. The Disciples know this, but they know that simply killing the worm would destroy their immortality.

The Worm Mother — Lesser Independent Race

Despite the implied feminine characteristic, a Worm "Mother" can be of either sex before its transformation. After the horrible changes that take place, matters of gender hardly make any difference. With the worms inside a host able to breed at will, the host swells up to grotesque size, nearly bursting from the number of worms inhabiting its innards. Normally this would lead to a ghastly and horrible death. Instead, because of the worms' ability to heal their hosts, the Worm Mother's skin is stretched and their organs shoved around inside to make room for the obscenely reorganized and expanded gastro-intestinal tract. The Worm Mother will not expand under its load of worms indefinitely. The more developed worms are expelled from the gastro-intestinal tract in what can often seem like a constant stream of wriggling horrors. Their pale, distended skin is stretched over a body that has very little meat or fat left on it, both bloated and emaciated at the same time.

While the host did start off as human, the agony the host is experiencing effectively reduces their INT to zero. Even through the pain, the host is compelled to eat vast quantities of food to feed the parasites. At some point in the transformation, the Worm Mother loses the use of its arms and legs, unable to haul its bulk more than a few feet across the ground. Feeding becomes something it cannot do on its own. It must be fed by hand, a process that the Disciples of the Worm constantly assist with. Disciples are always careful to keep their fingers clear of the Worm Mother's mouth.

Often, the Disciples keep their Worm Mothers in shallow swimming pools so that the buoyancy of the water can relieve some of the stress on their distorted bodies. The Disciples usually create a Worm Mother by kidnapping and infesting unfortunates who will not be missed, but sometimes Disciples who have failed the cult tremendously are forced to become Worm Mothers by having their narcotics and worm-fertility-suppressing drugs withdrawn.

THE WORMS, Loathsome Infestors

char.	rolls	averages
STR	1D3	2
CON	2D6	7
SIZ	1D3	2
INT	1D2	1
POW	1D6	4
DEX	4D6	14

Move 4/9 swimming

HP 5

Average Damage Bonus –1D6

Weapons

Bite 25%, 1D3 damage. If the attack is successful, then the worm has latched on and now does 1D2 points each round thereafter of "worrying" damage as the worm continues to chew at its victim.

Horned ridges: This attack only becomes pertinent if someone attempts to grapple or grab the creature. Without thick leather gloves (1 point armor), anyone holding the wriggling worm will take 1 point of damage per round.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D2 for seeing a worm. 1/1D6 for seeing a worm either emerge from or inhabiting a human host.

WORM MOTHER, Host to Horrors

char.	rolls	averages
STR	3D6	10-11
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	6D6+6	27
INT	N/A	
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	1D6	3-4

Move 1/3 swimming

HP 19

Average Damage Bonus: +1D6

Armor

While the Worm Mother as no armor, it does have incredible powers of regeneration. Each combat round the Worm Mother regenerates 1D6 hit points of damage dealt to it. Damage done to the head doing at least 10 points of damage will kill it instantly. With so many worms inhabiting it, it is unlikely that all the parasites could be killed short of using some kind of area effect weapon, like a flame thrower, high explosives or exposure to a high voltage electrical charge.

Attacks

Bite 10%, damage 1D4.

Crush 25%, damage 1D6+db.

Worm Spit 25%, damage special: if a worm actually hits the target, the worm makes a bite attack.

Sanity Loss: 1D6/1D10 to see a Worm Mother.

THE LIMBO STALKER, Extradimensional Parasite

char.	rolls	averages
STR	3D6+18	28-29
CON	3D6+18	28-29
SIZ	8D6	28
INT	N/A	
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6+6	16-17

Move 10 (swimming in home dimension only)

HP 28

Average Damage Bonus: +3D6

Weapons

Tentacles 40%, as grapple attack. Once the victim is grappled and subdued, it can be drawn up to the creature's oral orifice.

Swallow 80%, damage special. The Limbo Stalker can attempt to swallow only after successfully grappling and subduing its victim. Swallowing is a misnomer insofar as the creature does not have a throat. Instead it extends its stomach through its oral orifice and envelops its prey. After being swallowed the victims takes 1D6 damage per combat round until dead. The victim can be rescued from the stomach if they either cut their way out (doing at least 20% of monster's hit points in damage) or if the creature is slain and the

victim's companions cut them out. Keepers should keep in mind that weapons passing through the stalker could easily pass through a swallowed victim and do damage.

Ovipositor 60%, damage special. This can only be used after a successful grappling attack that subdues its victim. The Limbo Stalker then uses the ovipositor to insert a larval worm into the victim. With terrestrial higher life forms, this means inserting the worm into the victim's gastrointestinal tract. As there are only two ways into the G.I. tract, there shouldn't be a lot of mystery about why the attack does 1D4 damage in a particularly humiliating and unpleasant manner.

Sanity Loss: 1D4/1D8 for seeing a Limbo Stalker. Having a larva inserted costs an additional 1D6/1D10.

AVERAGE DISCIPLE OF THE WORM, Infested Immortal

char.	rolls	averages
STR	2D6+3	10
CON	2D6+3	10
SIZ	2D6+3	10
INT	2D6+12	19
POW	3D6+1D4	13
DEX	3D6	10-11
APP	3D6	10-11
EDU	3D6+9	19-20

Move 8

HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills

As humans, the Disciples have a wide and eclectic range of skills. Because of their great ages and their inability to obtain education in universities, they lack access to many modern skills. Their knowledge of sciences tends to be many decades out of date. They have worked for centuries to expand their knowledge, but they are nearly completely self-taught.

Languages

Disciples tend to have a command of a number of modern and ancient languages. Today, most Disciples speak English and Spanish, as well as the antiquated language from the area they originally came from. Many speak Pashtun, Malay, Mandarin, Cantonese and Vietnamese, as those were the languages from the areas that the Disciples formerly occupied. They read many ancient languages, including some not recognized by modern epigraphers, such as Muvian Naacal, Hyperborean Tsath-Yo and Aklo.

Weapons

The Disciples can use any weapon designed for human use. Skill levels vary from individual to individual. Many Disciples are untrained in modern weapon skills.

Armor

None, but a Disciple who is host to a live worm is immune to the rules regarding shock and unconsciousness. The host also heals 1D6 hit points per round. They continue to regenerate as long as the worm is alive. A Disciple reduced to zero hit points by a single attack, or who takes 10 points of damage from a single attack to the head, is killed. If the Disciple is hit in the abdomen, there is a 30% chance that the worm is hit and will take the same damage. If the worm is killed, the Disciple will not regenerate damage and can be killed normally, and is once again subject to the rules regarding shock and unconsciousness.

Spells

Ascend to Higher Plane Find Gate Quiet the Worm
View Gate

Most Disciples know a number of other spells equal to INT.

Sanity Loss: If a Disciple is revealed to be the host for a horrible oversized worm, it costs 0/1D6 SAN. When a Disciple's ability to resist trauma and heal at unbelievable speeds is revealed, it costs the witness 0/1D2 SAN.

Limbo Stalker — Greater Independent Race

The Limbo Stalker cannot exist in our dimension, as our gravity would simply crush it. It also cannot exist in the earth's oceans, as the sea is too alkaline and would affect the creature as if it were dipped in acid. It can only be encountered in its home dimension.

The Stalker looks much like a floating Portuguese Man-o-War, or perhaps some exotic variety of cephalopod with unusually long arms. As it passes through its home dimension it attempts to attach itself to the hide of some of the more colossal creatures that inhabit that realm. There it inserts its larval young into the massive hosts. If they do not continuously spread their larval young, the worms will actually reproduce inside the Limbo Stalker and begin feeding on the parent. While clinging to the sides of the hosts, the Limbo Stalker uses its tentacles to extract other parasites from the host and eats them, thus clearing the way for its own larval young.

Disciples of the Worm

Most Disciples of the Worm are of Arab, Afghan, Chinese, Malay, or Vietnamese background. There are a few North American members today, recruited in the last sixty years. The oldest Disciples are also the shortest. They were born in a time when poor nutrition kept most humans not much taller than 5'6". Most appear very thin and undernourished. Their skin, however, shows no sign of scar tissue due to the healing properties of the worms. The only thing the Worms cannot heal are teeth. The roots stay healthy, but the actual enamel of the teeth wears away or is stained after centuries of use. Since the invention of modern dentistry and the creation of dentures, the Disciples have their lost teeth replaced with dentures. There are no more than forty or so Disciples at any given time.

PharMethuselah, Inc.

Unknown to Delta Green, not every symbiont was destroyed following the 1986 case. Dr. Lucas Godley and Dr. Adam Barrowman, two of the independent experts that Joseph Camp called in to consult on the symbionts, decided that to destroy all the specimens would be an inexcusable crime against science. By manipulating the records of how many new symbionts had been created during their experiments, they were able to preserve three examples. The two men took their specimens, isolated them in a lab and set up a breeding program using farm animal hosts to ensure that there would always be a supply of the symbionts to experiment on.

For the next four years these two researchers probed the mysteries of these alien creatures, even while continuing their careers as medical examiners and their part time work for Delta Green. Their goal was to find a way to harness the symbionts' excretions to arrest the aging process. Unfortunately, their experiments to isolate the anagathic elements from the rest of the organism proved fruitless. Whatever elements were part of the worms excretions, they seemed utterly inert, or in some cases toxic, when used without the presence of the symbiont in the host. Dr. Godley ultimately gave up his research, deciding that the promise of immortality was nothing more than the bait in an elaborate trap designed to convince hosts to accept their symbionts. He tried to convince his partner, Dr. Barrowman, to give up the work.

Dr. Barrowman was no fool. He knew that if he refused to give up the work, Dr. Godley would simply go to their colleagues in Delta Green and report that Dr. Barrowman was conducting experiments with alien life forms. Dr. Barrowman's experiences with Delta Green came from its "cowboy" era: those years between the end of Delta Green's official charter and the beginning of the reorganized cell structured conspiracy. Based on those experiences, Dr. Barrowman figured that Delta Green would kill him and burn his lab to the ground, effectively salting the earth that is his work. So when he was confronted, he acquiesced to Dr. Godley's request to give up the research, but secretly took steps to continue his work.

To that end, Dr. Barrowman preserved a couple of breeding samples of the symbionts and saved his notes on computer disks. He continued to work for Delta Green, even through the reorganization, serving in the capacity of a Delta Green "Friendly" who could be counted on to provide expertise on matters medical, forensic and biological.

Dr. Barrowman did have two major breakthroughs. First, he learned that the anagathic only worked to heal damage and arrest aging if the host was in a great deal of pain. Apparently the anagathic effects only work when combined with the host's adrenaline and endorphins. He also discovered that the symbionts' excretions did not act as an anagathic for humans when the symbiont was cultured in non-human hosts. In fact, symbionts cultured in a bovine host would not be able to produce an anagathic viable for simians. A symbiont in a simian host could not produce an anagathic viable for use in an avian. The analysis seemed to indicate that the only way to produce anagathics viable for humans would be by implanting a symbiont in a human host. Whatever the symbionts take from their host, it is more than simply nutrients. They must absorb something of the host's DNA and tailor themselves to match their host. Each symbiont is genetically linked to its host. Or at least, its host's genotype.

Dr. Barrowman created a system whereby symbionts hosted in chimpanzees were (for lack of a better word) "milked" of their anagathic excretion. The excretion was then fed to other chimpanzees with the effect that the chimps demonstrated unnatural disease resistance, ultra-fast healing, and resistance to trauma and shock. Of course, none of this worked if the injured chimp was not in a great deal of pain. This rendered the symbionts' anagathic potential as essentially useless for long-term use. What good did it do to live longer if every day was a struggle against pain? Nevertheless, Dr. Barrowman could still see some applications as a battlefield drug to keep wounded soldiers alive long enough to reach field hospitals, or perhaps as a way to accelerate post-surgical recovery.

Dr. Barrowman kept his research quiet and low key until 1998, when he heard that Dr. Godley had passed away. With the only person who knew of his research now dead, Dr. Barrowman felt safe enough to bring his work to the attention of someone with the money to back his work. The need for enormous amounts of funding was critical for one particular reason: the experiments now needed to proceed to a human testing phase.

Dr. Barrowman approached several carefully selected biotech firms just before the end of the century. He faced a great deal of skepticism because of the nature of his research. Naturally he made no mention of alien life forms or ancient cults, merely that he was working on life extension therapies. Mentioning the "fountain of youth" to a biotech firm is a good way to be immediately shown the door, no matter what your credentials are. Dr. Barrowman

didn't have the requisite seven or eight Nobel Prizes to be taken seriously on a subject as ridiculous as immortality. Even when someone read his proposals or reviewed his data, the material was too easily dismissed as fraudulent.

Normal channels for funding simply were not going to work. Even if he took a potential financier to his lab and pointed out a chimpanzee, what could he show them? The subjects were emaciated and either drugged into a stupor or beating their fists bloody against the bars. While those bloody fists healed within a day, the only way to comprehend the life extension of the test subjects is to observe them over time. Not the sort of thing that can be easily demonstrated to a financial backer.

Dr. Barrowman began looking for less traditional backers. In order to get the kind of money he needed he was going to have to find a backer with the requisite financial resources and a predisposition to belief in, or hope for, immortality. What that really meant was searching among the rich and dying. What he needed was someone of extreme financial means and an impending expiration, either from advanced age or some deteriorating health condition that could not be treated by modern medicine. This being the "Information Age," Dr. Barrowman set to work combing the Internet for news stories that might lead him to potential investors. He found several who fit the bill: rich, dying and desperate.

PharMethuselah was created out of contributions from these patrons. It was incorporated in the Cayman Islands and financed using a baffling array of trusts and front companies. Enormous effort was taken to hide where the money was coming from. This was because what PharMethuselah was about to engage in was nothing less than savage medical atrocities.

The company has two physical locations, one permanent, the other temporary. Their permanent site is their research facility based in Kuala Lumpur, the capital of Malaysia. The research facility, while relatively benign, is still a covert operation. It operates openly, but is licensed as an animal testing laboratory called the Medical Applications Research Center (MARC). The test subjects are animals, mostly higher primates like Rhesus monkeys or chimpanzees. Instead of conducting a wide range of animal testing, the staff, recruited from around the world, work only on how to divide the healing powers of the worms from the ghastly demands they put on their hosts. The lab maintains a large population of live worms on site, and at any given time several animals have been allowed to become massive incubators for new

Compound 82

Compound 82 is little more than a purified and diluted form of the worm's excretions. Extracted from hosts, the human waste and intestinal effluvia are removed from the worm's excretions and it is diluted in a saline solution. Then it is introduced into the patient via an I.V. drip. Before dilution the excretion appears to be a thick, sky blue liquid the consistency of honey. Once diluted, it has the consistency of water, but retains its blue tint.

Compound 82 is not as effective as being a direct host for the worms. For one thing, it cannot arrest the aging process. It can, however, heal nearly any injury caused by bacteria, viruses or even prions. It will not eliminate the pathogen from the patient's system; they will need antibiotics or other drugs for that. With more intense treatments, anything short of a missing limb can be repaired. Even severely damaged organs can be regrown. Nerve damage can be overcome, with cripples able to walk again and Alzheimer patients able to recover their senses.

One drawback of Compound 82 supercharging the immune system is that it will cause the patient to reject any transplanted organs. Transplant patients have to take a regime of immunosuppressant drugs to prevent their bodies from rejecting transplanted organs. Using Compound 82 would put such a patient's life in extreme peril of organ failure.

In game terms, recipients of Compound 82 can heal 3D4 hit points per week of treatment. They can also recover permanently lost attributes like STR, CON, DEX, APP and INT at the rate of 1D4 points a week. It cannot raise the attributes higher than their original stats. Of course, Compound 82 will not work unless the subject is also in great pain. The patient's ability to perceive this pain can be masked with drugs or even avoided entirely through a medically induced coma. Those requiring repeated treatments could eventually develop physical addictions to painkillers. Compound 82 can do nothing to relieve the symptoms of withdrawal. It can only repair damage and super-charge the body's immune system. It does not treat root causes.

For example, if a subject were exposed to plutonium poisoning and had radioactive particulate in his system, Compound 82 would repair the damage but would not flush out the plutonium. If the plutonium remained in the subject, he would just start dying again after Compound 82 was done repairing the damage done by the radiation. Similarly, a bullet wound could heal over and the infection be eliminated, only to have the subject suffer from lead or other heavy metal poisoning if the bullet fragments are never removed and begin to be dissolved by the body.

Compound 82 also cannot correct a genetic condition. If the patient has a condition like Wilson's Disease, where they suffer from excess absorption of copper, which leads to liver failure, Compound 82 will repair the damage to the liver, but will not remove the accumulated copper poisoning the organ. Furthermore, the patient will continue to suffer from Wilson's Disease and will require treatment for it the rest of their life.

worms. The facility is well guarded by legitimate Malaysian private security firms, monitored by state of the art video surveillance, and protected by biometric locks and walls surmounted by broken glass and concertina wire. MARC keeps a low profile in the hopes of avoiding the attention of groups like People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals or the Animal Liberation Front. While PharMethuselah has more latitude conducting their experiments outside US borders, it is not inconceivable that some American animal rights fanatics might team up with some Malaysian anti-globalists and stage a protest or even engage in vandalism in order to make some headlines. And headlines are something PharMethuselah can ill afford.

The other facility, 'The Farm,' is a temporary one. Since 2001, PharMethuselah has built and destroyed two such farms: One in Charles Taylor's Liberia, the other in Jean-Bertrand Aristide's Haiti. PharMethuselah selected these countries because their governments were callous kleptocracies whose officials were willing to turn a blind eye to anything, so long as the price was right. Such regimes, however, are notoriously unstable. As the political situations degenerated into open rebellion and warfare, PharMethuselah burnt the old facilities to the ground, evacuated the staff and rebuilt elsewhere.

The current Farm is located in northeastern Democratic Republic of the Congo, in Tshopo Province. It is surrounded by miles of steaming jungle, with only an airfield to connect it with the outside world. Here, the carefully chosen staff maintains a captive population of heavily restrained, anesthetized and lobotomized human hosts, penned in like veal calves. From this semi-human wreckage the elixir of the worms is harvested. From the outside, the compound appears to be little more than a fenced collection of wooden buildings with rusting, corrugated tin roofs. Harvesting the worm excretion before it is absorbed leaves the hosts without the ability to heal physical injury. They continue to age and their bodies are under considerable strain as they have essentially been turned into an organic feeding system to nourish their symbionts. The lobotomized hosts rarely live more than a few months. Meanwhile the worms' excretion is refined at MARC in Kuala Lumpur and marketed to PharMethuselah's rich but dying patrons as "Compound 82."

By receiving repeated treatments of Compound 82, these clients' diseases and conditions are beaten back for another few weeks. However, since they have not become hosts themselves, they are not receiving the age-extending benefits. Compound 82 merely heals damage to the body. Meanwhile the Farm's captive hosts are simply "milked" of the worm excretion until they expire. The hosts are found, screened and selected through a non-profit charitable front called "Fresh Start." This charity was set up by PharMethuselah as a subsidized program to relieve heroin addiction in the Third World. It operates across Asia, South America and Africa. When addicts apply for assistance, they go through a careful screening process, ostensibly to determine such factors as financial need, length and degree of addiction, and even the extent of family social support that can be expected in trying to guide the addict out of their addiction. The workers at Fresh Start have no idea the real use these questions are put to. The answers determine which of the addicts will not be missed if they should happen to disappear. It's a brilliant cover. Everyone expects addicts to disappear, especially the people working at Fresh Start.

The collected data is reviewed by a computer and narrowed to a short list of potentials. Using the data provided by the addict, PharMethuselah operators then contact local criminals, usually experts in kidnapping or human trafficking, and arrange for the addict's disappearance. The addict is then transported to the Farm by air, where they are lobotomized and then plugged into the ghastly mechanisms that restrain, anesthetize, feed and monitor them for the rest of their short and horrible lives. These hosts will never leave the Farm, except through the chimney of the facility's crematorium.

The staff of the Farm has been carefully selected for their greed and total lack of human empathy. Having staffed this house of horrors with the kind of men who can engage in such nightmares on a daily basis, PharMethuselah has set up a situation where other horrors can be perpetrated. Female addicts who appeal to the Farm's staff do not end up as hosts. They end up raped and murdered as the staff's appetites dictate. Most are still lobotomized, but occasionally a staff member prefers a more engaged victim and will pass on lobotomizing them. This is a serious breach in the facility's security that could lead to an escape. Of course, surviving a trek through the jungle is very unlikely. PharMethuselah's agents have made a special arrangement with the commander of a local Hutu militia to protect the Farm and to return any runaways. Even if a prisoner escaped the jungle and the bloodthirsty paramilitary killers, it is unlikely that the local authorities would take the escaped addict seriously.

End Games and Double Crosses

There are a number of options for Delta Green involvement with both the Disciples of the Worm and PharMethuselah. Delta Green is aware of the Disciples and is on the lookout for them. Any signs of occult activity linked to drug trafficking will get more than a cursory look from Delta Green Agents and Friendlies. Certainly one of those leads could put Delta Green back on the Disciples' trail. Of course, operating in Mexico is going to be extremely difficult. While Delta Green Agents may be employees of the United States government, south of the border they are just civilians. Unless special diplomatic arrangements have been made, they will receive no deference from Mexican officials. Delta Green's illegal status is going to make that sort of liaison with local law enforcement impossible unless the Delta Green Agents can infiltrate a legitimate international law enforcement operation.

There is also a potential for a conflict between the Disciples of the Worm and PharMethuselah. The Disciples will be both angry and jealous that someone else is attempting to crack the puzzle of the creatures' anagathic properties. Initially, the Disciples will dismiss the possibility that some modern scientist could make any progress when success has eluded the Disciples for centuries. Once they discover how far the research has progressed, they will do their level best to destroy the lab and steal or destroy any data.

Once PharMethuselah has been attacked, the company will want to try to track down who did this to them in order to regain any stolen data and prevent any future attacks on their facilities or personnel. While they could hire private security contractors to do the work, such men might balk at the supernatural or preternatural aspects of the case. Since PharMethuselah's CEO, Dr. Adam Barrowman, is a former Delta Green Friendly, he will be interested in seeing if he can get any of his old buddies to help him. Having been out of the game for nearly twenty years, Dr. Barrowman will have no idea of the changes that have taken place inside Delta Green. He doesn't know about the new cell and command structure. He thinks he can manipulate the old boy network, or even buy their assistance with PharMethuselah's deep financial resources. What he doesn't realize is how few of the old boys are left, or that few of the new boys are trusting enough to be manipulated or bought. Furthermore, some of the old boys might remember the operation that Dr. Barrowman worked on, especially if they have access to the case files that Agents Adam and Alphonse had been organizing.

If a Delta Green team is sent in to investigate the attack and data theft, it will be an uncomfortable relationship. Delta Green will want to probe deeper into what PharMethuselah has been doing; while the company will be trying to maintain Delta Green's cooperation, they will also be trying to conceal the existence of the Farm. Even if the Delta Green team doesn't succeed in discovering PharMethuselah's crimes, it's likely that A Cell will order them to eliminate all examples of the symbionts, destroy all the research data, and kill every member of the PharMethuselah team who worked on isolating the anagathic. This could certainly lead to some hard choices as PharMethuselah has literally found a cure for cancer and are hot on the trail of the fountain of youth. Many Agents will have friends or family who could benefit from this research. Do the Agents really want to bring all that to an end in a hail of bullets?

Important Individuals: The Disciples of the Worm

Ibrahim ibn Ali

Born over a thousand years ago, Ibrahim ibn Ali is a man lost in time. As the centuries have passed, he has found his existence limited by his capacity to remember. The first century was easy enough, but now there are dozens of decades that are little more than opium addled blurs. He now obsessively documents his existence, as well as his experiments with the worms. His chronicle literally fills rooms. Nevertheless, this is a futile act. There is simply too much information to effectively reference, and he rarely has the time to do so, what with his experiments, his daily documentation and his constant intake of food. Other Disciples of the Worm are assigned the task of combing his diaries for clues to new experiments.

Ibrahim exists as he has for centuries, isolated in the center of his cult, studying, experimenting, documenting: forever chasing his philosopher's stone. He is barely aware of the passage of time outside his quarters at the Hacienda. He hardly takes note of changes in technology, politics or even people. After a thousand years, it all blurs together for Ibrahim. In order not to have to deal with change, Ibrahim keeps his environment as unchanging as possible. The interior of the Hacienda doesn't so much resemble the grand estate of a Mexican lord as it does the interior of a sultan's palace out of the *Arabian Nights*. He can speak a fabulous number of tongues, but writes his diaries in archaic Arabic.

Even Ibrahim's passion has been dulled by the centuries. He has very little in the way of strong emotions. Even his single-minded pursuit of the secrets of immortality is executed without great enthusiasm. But this lack of affect disguises a ruthless intelligence. When disposing of enemies, Ibrahim will not be interested in excruciating tortures or symbolic punishments. He kills with no more emotion than brushing lint from his clothing . . . not that he's very likely to do that either. Matters of personal hygiene are meaningless to Ibrahim.

Ibrahim knows many spells related to the Great Old Ones and Outer Gods, but does not hold any of these entities as sacred. The only thing he worships is his continued existence. He has treated with some of these entities in the past in order to gain knowledge, spells or power, but experience has taught him that ultimately these entities always seek to make slaves of those who contact them. Nevertheless, since arriving in Mexico he has paid much obeisance to Yig, in order to better utilize the Serpent Person magic he has learned.

Ibrahim ibn Ali

Founder and leader of the Disciples of the Worm, age 1,050 (apparently 34)

Race: Arab

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 7 INT 19 POW 21

DEX 13 APP 13 EDU 27 SAN 0 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills

Agriculture (Opium Cultivation) 57%		Art (Poetry) 49%
Alchemy 98%	Bargain 79%	Chemistry 57%
Cthulhu Mythos 64%	Fast Talk 48%	Listen 34%
Mathematics 56%	Medicine 42%	
Navigate Higher Plane 99%	Occult 95%	Persuade 72%
Pharmacy 71%	Psychology 31%	Spot Hidden 29%

Languages

Aklo 69%	Classical Arabic 99%	Classical Greek 99%
English 47%	French 40%	Latin 99%
Malay 72%	Mandarin Chinese 99%	Mongolian 75%
Muvian Naacal 61%	Pashtun 99%	Spanish 30%
Vietnamese 80%		

Attacks

Scimitar 45%, damage 1D8+db

Armor

None, but he is immune to the shock and unconsciousness rules. He heals 1D6 hit points per combat round as long as his symbiont is alive. If he takes more than 10 hit points of damage to his head, or is reduced to zero hit points by a single attack, he is killed. If hit in the abdomen, there is a 30% chance that the worm is hit and takes the same damage. If the worm is killed, Ibrahim will not regenerate damage and can be killed normally, and is once again subject to the rules regarding shock and unconsciousness.

Spells

Appear Human	Ascend to Higher Plane	Brew Carotid Toxin
Brew Domination Serum	Brew Liao Drug	Brew Elixir Vitae
Call Cyaegha	Command Serpent	Call/Dismiss Cthugha
Call/Dismiss Nyogtha	Consume Likeness	Contact Cthonian
Contact Deity/Cthulhu	Contact Deep One	
Contact Deity/Nyarlathotep	Contact Deity/Yig	
Contact Deity/Zoth-Ommog	Contact Father Dagon	Contact Ghoul
Contact Hound of Tindalos	Contact Mother Hydra	Contact Sand Dweller
Contact Yugg	Create Talisman of the Higher Plane	
Curse of the Stone	Dominate	
Dread Curse of Azathoth	Elder Sign	
The Eye of Light and Darkness		Fang of Yig
Find Gate	Find Serpent Folk	Grasp of Cthulhu
Hibernate	Quicken	Quiet the Worm
Send Sacred Snake of Yig	Shrivelling	
Summon/Bind Byakhee	Summon/Bind Fire Vampire	
Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods		Venomous Glance
View Gate	Voorish Sign	Wave of Oblivion

Magic Items: Talisman of the Higher Plane (see boxed text)

Sanity Loss: If he is revealed to be the host for a horrible oversized worm, it costs 0/1D6 SAN. When his ability to resist trauma and heal at unbelievable speeds is revealed, it costs the witness 0/1D2 SAN.

Physical Description

Ibrahim ibn Ali stands about 5'6" and barely weighs in at 106 pounds. He would have been average height for the year 900 A.D. Today, he is quite small and slight. He is gaunt to the point of appearing on death's door. Due to his long acquaintance with opium, his personal hygiene is quite poor. It can be months between baths, cutting his hair, trimming his beard or nails. Fortunately being a symbiont host means that he doesn't suffer from all the ailments that such slothfulness would normally produce. When his beard becomes too matted with food, or his hair too tangled, he simply cuts it off. Keepers should deduct up to 6 points of APP when it's been a while since he's bathed. Toothless, Ibrahim has a large collection of antique dentures, most carved from ivory. These dentures make him appear far older than his physical age.

New Skill: Navigate Higher Plane (00% or equal to Cthulhu Mythos)

The Higher Plane accessed by the Disciples of the Worm is a realm of creatures existing in more than our three dimensions. That means that human senses are not fully able to comprehend the environment. It takes specialized experience and skill to be able to navigate safely through the Higher Plane without falling prey to the hostile life forms or other environmental dangers therein. It is left to the sadistic imaginations of individual Keepers to determine what these environmental dangers might be, although one shudders to think what could happen in an environment where up sometimes means down and objects that seem close enough to touch are actually miles away. A successful roll means that the Higher Plane traveler does not have to stop and navigate by "looking down" into our dimension. They can move directly and quickly to any known exit gate or to locations on the Higher Plane that correspond to the desired exit points in our dimension. While it is possible to navigate by constantly checking and rechecking one's position relative to our dimension, the less time one spends on the Higher Plane the better.

New Mythos Item: Talisman of the Higher Plane

A Talisman of the Higher Plane hides the bearer from the sight of the natives of the Higher Plane. The Disciples wear a small brass disk on a leather thong around their necks. The disk is inscribed with Muvian Naacal glyphs, surrounding a stylized representation of a wriggling worm. The image of the worm also closely resembles a stylized flame or perhaps the blade of a kris, a kind of Malaysian dagger. Other talismans appear as raised brass plates attached to the sides of vehicles that are intended to pass into the Higher Plane. The shape of the disk and the symbols inscribed are an important part of the spell and so cannot be changed.

Mythos Tomes of the Disciples of the Worm

IBRAHIM'S CHRONICLE—in Classical Arabic, by Ibrahim Ibn Ali. The Chronicle is a diary that begins around 1400 A.D. and has been continued to the present day by the ostensibly immortal sorcerer Ibrahim ibn Ali. Originally begun as a method of documenting the experiments conducted to isolate the worms' life-saving properties, over the centuries the Chronicle became a diary and a grimoire. It also includes his annotations on the experiment notes of other Disciples.

The Chronicle literally weighs tons and takes up nearly an entire wing of the Hacienda. As mentioned before, the records started out as scrolls, but as technology progressed they were hand written into bound books. On two occasions the records were partially damaged by fire, wiping out centuries of work. The oldest surviving records have been transcribed from the scrolls and into bound books, all organized chronologically, with Ibrahim and other Disciples attempting to fill in the lost work. There is also an enormous index of the chronicle, organized by subject matter so the Disciples can easily consult what is essentially a library.

Sanity loss 1D10/2D10; Cthulhu Mythos +17 percentiles; average 12 years to read and comprehend (624 weeks)/skimming is impossible.

Spells

Appear Human	Ascend to Higher Plane	Brew Carotid Toxin
Brew Domination Serum		Brew Liao Drug
Brew Elixir Vitae	Call Cyaegha	Command Serpent
Call/Dismiss Cthugha	Call/Dismiss Nyogtha	
Consume Likeness	Contact Cthonian	Contact Deep One
Contact Deity/Cthulhu	Contact Deity/Nyarlathotep	
Contact Deity/Yig	Contact Deity/Zoth-Ommog	Contact Father Dagon
Contact Ghoul	Contact Hound of Tindalos	
Contact Mother Hydra	Contact Sand Dweller	Contact Yugg
Create Talisman of the Higher Plane		
Curse of the Stone	Dominate	
Dread Curse of Azathoth	Elder Sign	
The Eye of Light and Darkness		Fang of Yig
Find Gate	Find Serpent Folk	Grasp of Cthulhu
Hibernate	Quicken	Quiet the Worm
Send Sacred Snake of Yig	Shrivelling	
Summon/Bind Byakhee	Summon/Bind Fire Vampire	
Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods		
Venomous Glance	View Gate	Voorish Sign
Wave of Oblivion		

Grants skill checks in Aklo, Alchemy, Arabic, Astronomy, Botany, Hyperborean Tsath-Yo, Mathematics, Muvian Naacal, Navigate Higher Plane, Pharmacy, and Zoology.

KITAB AL AZIF (FRAGMENT)—Classical Arabic, by Abdul Al-Hazred, 730 A.D. Sanity loss 1D6/2D6; Cthulhu Mythos +9 percentiles, average 54 weeks to study and comprehend/100 hours to skim. This is an original copy of the fabled Necronomicon. The Disciples acquired it in Syria around 1000 A.D., but the scrolls were severely damaged by a fire in the Disciples' Afghan citadel in 1523 A.D. Most of the spells were lost, but not before they were transcribed into Ibrahim's Chronicle, which was also severely damaged in the same fire. What remains is incomplete, and requires a great deal of work to study or skim, both because of the missing scrolls and damage to those that remain.

Spells

Call/Dismiss Cthugha	Call/Dismiss Nyogtha	Contact Sand Dweller
Dominate	Dread Curse of Azathoth	Shrivelling
Summon/Bind Fire Vampire		
Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods		Voorish Sign

THE SEVEN CRYPTICAL BOOKS OF HSAN (INCOMPLETE)— Classical Chinese, Sanity Loss 1D3/1D6; Cthulhu Mythos +6 percentiles; average 30 weeks to study and comprehend/60 hours to skim. The Disciples acquired this text during their time in Singapore. It includes the following spells:

Brew Liao Drug	Contact Cthonian
Contact Deity/Nyarlathotep	Contact Ghoul
Contact Hound of Tindalos	The Eye of Light and Darkness
Summon/Bind Byakhee	

THE R'LYEH TEXT—Classical Chinese, Sanity loss 1D8/2D8; Cthulhu Mythos +15 percentiles; average 54 weeks to study and comprehend/108 hours to skim. The Disciples acquired this text during their time in Singapore.

Spells

Call Cyaegha	Contact Deity/Cthulhu	Contact Deep One
Contact Father Dagon	Contact Mother Hydra	Curse of the Stone
Grasp of Cthulhu	Wave of Oblivion	

THE TESTAMENT OF THE WIZARD SSSSUSTCHZAAL—Aklo on gold triangular plates, written about 20,000 years ago, during the later days of the second Serpent Person empire. Sanity loss 1D4/1D8; Cthulhu Mythos +6 percentiles, average 15 weeks to study and comprehend/30 hours to skim. The plates were buried with a Serpent Person wizard who attempted to hibernate through the war between humans and Serpent People. However, his hibernation tomb malfunctioned and he died. Centuries later his tomb was rediscovered in the western deserts of China, but no one was able to successfully excavate it because he laced the tomb with dozens of biological and chemical traps to keep the humans away from him while he slept. Ultimately a Chinese alchemist named Siu-hou Tsui opened the tomb and recovered the gold plates. The plates are a very comprehensive grimoire of Serpent Person magic. The Disciples acquired them because they were believed to contain the secret of eternal life. They do, but it only works on reptiles.

Spells

Appear Human	Brew Carotid Toxin	
Brew Domination Serum	Brew Elixir Vitae	Command Serpent
Consume Likeness	Contact Deity/Yig	Fang of Yig
Find Serpent Folk	Hibernate	Quicken
Send Sacred Snake of Yig	Venomous Glance	

Grants skill checks in Alchemy, Astronomy, Botany, Mathematics, Pharmacy, and Zoology.

THE TABLETS OF ANCIENT MU—Muvian Naacal hieroglyphs carved on black jade tablets, various authors, circa 180,000 years old. Sanity loss 1D6/2D6; Cthulhu Mythos +7 percentiles, average 44 weeks to study and comprehend/40 hours to skim. There are dozens and dozens of these tablets collected from all over south-east Asia and the Pacific. It is an overstatement to say that no two tablets are from the same work, but only just barely. The tablets contain fragments of rituals and spells used by the priests of the various cults of the lost continent of Mu. By cross-referencing the material on the tablets, the following spells can be reconstructed: Contact Deity/Cthulhu, Contact Yugg, Contact Deity/Zoth-Ommog.

New Spells

APPEAR HUMAN: This is a common Serpent Person magic, but may be known by other races as well. The spell allows anthropomorphic creatures of man-sized or smaller to appear outwardly human. This magic works only on the caster, and cannot be cast on others. The spell costs 5 magic points and generates an APP of 3D6; each additional magic point grants an additional 1D3 APP. Casting time is a number of rounds equal to the magic points put into the spell, and the illusion lasts for a number of hours equal to the caster's POW. Each casting also costs 1 point of Sanity.

Each caster has a unique human appearance, of the same sex as the caster where applicable; a given caster has the same human form each time the spell is cast. Any variations of the caster's APP (achieved through different levels of MP expenditure) are reflected by age and handsomeness: the higher the APP of a given form, the younger and more attractive that form is. A caster can thus appear to the same person young and handsome one day, and aged and ugly the next.

The spell has drawbacks as well. Once the spell is cast, the Keeper rolls 1D100 and if the result is greater than the caster's remaining magic points x 5 there is some small tell-tale flaw in the illusion: a Mi-Go may have a buzzy voice, a Serpent Person may speak with a lisp, a Deep One may exhibit signs of the Innsmouth look, etc. Also, if injured the caster must roll his current magic points x 5 or less, or the illusion falls and the caster's true form is revealed—and witnesses must roll for Sanity loss when the creature's true nature is revealed. Appear Human cannot be used to make one human look like another. It is only usable by non-humans. Finally, most creatures avoid generating too high an APP (20 or more) as such beauty is beyond earthly bounds; extremely high beauty may even cause Sanity loss at the Keeper's discretion.

ASCEND TO HIGHER PLANE: This spell opens a gate from our dimension into the Higher Plane described in the boxed text on page 57. Such a gate can be inscribed upon any surface the caster wishes to pass through into the Higher Plane. The gate takes several minutes to inscribe on a flat surface, but opening it takes one round and costs 6 magic points. Then a gate appears inside the symbols ascribed on the flat surface. The gate stays open for as long as the spell caster desires. It can be closed in one combat round, costing an additional 6 magic points. Most gates are immediately closed to prevent the hostile life forms in the other dimension from passing into our world. Once on the Higher Plane, the spell caster can look down into our dimension, by rolling POW x 1 or lower on percentile dice, to determine whether they wish to reenter our plane at that point in space. Another gate is created—there's no need to draw a physical design; while in the Higher Plane, the descending gate can be inscribed on the ether itself—and the spell caster returns to our dimension. While this is less costly than spending POW points to create the other kind of dimensional gate, the gates created by this spell can only open onto or out of the Higher Plane.

The Disciples usually have someone other than the person traveling in the Higher Plane open and close the gates. For example, the Disciples will often have one sorcerer open a gate at one location, allow travelers, protected by Talismans of the Higher Plane, to pass into the other dimension, and then close the gate behind them. Another sorcerer at the intended arrival location will then open an exit point close to the party's expected time of arrival. This reduces the amount of time spent in the Higher Plane and cuts down on the chance of unwanted intruders passing through an open gate into our world.

BREW CAROTID POISON: This isn't a spell so much as an alchemical formula that allows the creation of the Carotid Poison developed by the Serpent People. The primary ingredient for the poison is the Serpent People's own poison. Essentially a Serpent Person sorcerer collects his own venom and then distills it down to a far more concentrated form. It costs no SAN or magic points, but requires Serpent Person venom and very expensive ingredients (in the range of $10,000 in 2010 dollars). Successful Chemistry and Pharmacy rolls are required to produce a dozen doses of the Poison.

BREW DOMINATION SERUM: This isn't a spell so much as an alchemical formula that allows the creation of the Domination Serum developed by the Serpent People. The primary ingredient for the poison is the Serpent People's own skin. This does not mean their hide right down to the muscle, just part of the outer layer they regularly shed. It costs no SAN or magic points, but requires the skin of a Serpent Person and other very expensive ingredients. Successful Chemistry and Pharmacy rolls are required to produce a dozen doses of the Serum. The spell would be almost no use to any other species because the serum works through pheromones and the serum only makes the target be helpful to those who smell like Serpent People.

BREW ELIXIR VITAE: This isn't a spell so much as an alchemical formula that allows the creation of the Elixir Vitae developed by the Serpent People. This is exactly what it sounds like. Each dose of the Elixir arrests the aging process for a month. It costs no SAN or magic points to create, but requires ingredients that are rare in the extreme. Many are extinct plant and insect species from the time of the Serpent People's first empire before the dinosaurs. The only examples of such species are carefully cultivated in special greenhouses and farms by Serpent Person sorcerers. Successful Chemistry and Pharmacy rolls are required to produce a dozen doses of the Elixir Vitae. The Elixir is useless to any non-Serpent Person as it has been specifically tailored to their reptilian biology. A human who consumes the Elixir Vitae will be subjected to a POT 18 poison. Failure to resist the POT results in a violently painful death.

BREW LIAO DRUG: This isn't a spell so much as an alchemical formula that allows the creation of the Liao Drug. The components are rare and only found in the mountains of southwest China, bordering modern India and Burma. No SAN or magic points are expended to make the drug, but a successful Chemistry and Pharmacy roll are required to produce a dozen doses of the drug. Those who take the drug lose 1D6/1D20 Sanity points, gain checks in History and Occult, and gain 1D4 points of Cthulhu Mythos as their minds travel back in time.

COMMAND SERPENT: The caster can hypnotize any snake to do tasks that are within the reptile's ordinary physical capability, such as moving and biting. To perform this spell, the caster must be within sight of the snake. The caster must overcome the snake's POW with his own on the resistance table. Casting the spell costs 1 SAN point and a number of magic points equal to the SIZ of the snake. Once the snake is charmed, it will follow orders given mentally by the caster, as long as the caster stays within sight of the snake. If the orders are completed, and no more are received, the snake will go back to carrying on its normal activities until new orders are received. Duration of obedience is equal to the number of Magic points expended in hours. The spell can be cast several different times on several different snakes, in order to prepare a group of snakes for the caster's purposes.

CONTACT DEITY/YIG: This obscure spell summons Yig, Father of Serpents. The spell may only be cast in an area well-suited to snakes, such as a desolate swamp, jungle, or desert. A number of snakes (or Serpent People) must be present at the site with a combined POW of at least 100. The spell requires the sacrifice of a SIZ 10 animal. The sacrifice is killed by being bitten to death by either the snakes or the Serpent People themselves. Since the rise of man, many Serpent People prefer to use humans, who they see as their greatest enemy, in order to gain the favor of Yig.

Casting Contact Yig costs 1d10 SAN and 8 magic points. Yig usually voluntarily departs after he accepts the sacrifice.

CONTACT YUGG: This spell costs 4 magic points and 1D3 SAN to cast, and it can only be performed while standing in the water of the Pacific Ocean. If the spell caster invokes this spell near the island of Ponape or at the site of sunken Mu, the Yugg or Yuggs will appear within a couple of hours. Otherwise it might take a day or two for them the reach the caster. This spell is exceedingly rare.

CREATE TALISMAN OF THE HIGHER PLANE: This is similar to the other enchant item spells in that the caster must sacrifice 1D4 Sanity points and 1 POW. It is not necessary to carry out a blood sacrifice. Once enchanted, the Talisman, usually carried on a necklace, renders the wearer invisible to the inhabitants of the Higher Plane. The Talisman can also be used to render inanimate objects invisible. For example, the Disciples have ensorcelled trucks and aircraft with their Talismans so that they can move through the Higher Plane with ease. Of course, just because the horrors of the Higher Plane cannot see you does not mean that you cannot see them. Travelers on the Higher Plane are still subject to Sanity loss due to anything they witness. Furthermore, it is possible for travelers moving through the Higher Plane in, for instance, an aircraft, to collide with either the life forms or the terrain. Navigating the Higher Plane is literally a skill in itself (see page 72).

FANG OF YIG: This spell launches an appeal to mighty Yig, which must be backed by the caster's sacrifice of 15 magic points and 1 point of POW. In return, if Yig favors the caster, the god accepts him or her as a "Fang" for 1D10 centuries, bestowing 1D3+1 new points of POW at the end of that time. To be accepted, the caster must be a Serpent Person or have found merit in Yig's eyes. Usually this means that the caster must have spread the worship of Yig or made exceptionally pleasing sacrificial offerings.

Once accepted by Yig, the supplicant becomes totally at the god's command. Sometimes Yig voices his wishes in dreams, which must be obeyed without question. Refusal results in the Fang's death in the coils of the Children of Yig, giant blessed serpents that serve Yig. At other times the god commandeers the caster's body and does with it as he sees fit for as long as he desires. The personality of the caster is simply along for a terrifying ride, forced to undergo whatever SAN loss is inflicted by the Great Old One's activities.

How the caster survives for 1D10 centuries to collect the additional POW is not a matter of interest to Yig. The jealous Yig never raises a Fang above 27 POW.

FIND (CONTACT) SERPENT FOLK: Tells the caster the direction and distance of the nearest Serpent Person. Very degenerate Serpent People may be ignored at the caster's discretion as not being true members of the species. The maximum range of the spell is 5 miles. Each casting costs 3 magic points and 1 SAN. Repeat the spell as desired.

Serpent Person sorcerers know this spell, but very, very few humans do.

HIBERNATE: Slows the metabolism of any being that has a heart, and then sustains the target over great lengths of time. The target falls to the floor in a deep slumber and dreams endlessly, aging not one more second. For a single magic point, the sleep lasts for a year, for 2 MP ten years, for 3 MP 100 years and so on. Entering hibernation will arrest the progress of diseases, and even traumatic blood loss, but cannot heal the damage or cure the illness.

The target retains a modicum of perception if clear danger presents itself, awaking if a Luck roll succeeds, though the spell is thereby broken. Hibernate can only be cast on willing targets, including the spell caster.

QUICKEN: Allows the target to be three movement points faster and two DEX points quicker for one hour, at a cost of 6 magic points and 1 SAN point. The procedure involves hand gestures and mental visualization, requiring two combat rounds to complete. Quicken may be recast without limit.

QUIET THE WORM: Quiet the Worm is a combination of drugs and rituals intended to prevent the Disciples' symbionts from engaging in asexual reproduction. It requires the ingestions of herbs from the Far East as well as complicated chants. It costs one magic point to perform and no Sanity Points. The ritual restrains the symbiont's reproduction for one day.

SEND SACRED SNAKE OF YIG: This spell can only be cast in an area consecrated to Yig by a priest of Yig. The victim's actions, description, and name, if known, must be repeated out loud several times during the casting process. The process costs the user 1D4 SAN and 9 magic points.

The sacred snake is always a huge (Maximum SIZ points) example of whatever type of snake is dominant in the area of the victim. For example, a victim being attacked in the American West would be attacked by an enormous rattlesnake. The sacred snake always has a large white crescent on its head. Other than size, the sacred snake's only unusual feature is the virulence of its venom, which is magically powerful enough to kill the chosen victim immediately upon being bitten.

The snake makes its way to the victim from whatever lair it normally inhabits. Once it finds the victim it immediately strikes on its DEX score, with no hesitation. The victim is automatically hit unless he succeeds in a Luck roll. If the sacred snake misses, it pursues its victim, striking repeatedly. The victim must make Dodge rolls to avoid the snake's bite. The bite of a sacred snake is always fatal.

VENOMOUS GLANCE: Another common example of Serpent Person magic, this spell requires the caster to have some part of a poisonous snake (eg. a fang, rattle, or skin) as a focus; for obvious reasons, Serpent Person casters need no such focus. The spell attacks the target's nervous system as if he had been bitten by a poisonous snake. The caster must be within 30 yards of the target. Magic point cost is variable, with every 2 magic points expended generating 3 Potency of venom. Sanity loss and casting time are equal to half the number of Magic points expended. The caster must overcome the target's magic points with his own on the Resistance Table, and if he resists the poison, he only takes half the Potency (rounded down) as damage. Failing to resist, the target takes full Potency damage at a rate of 1 HP per minute or 1 per hour, whichever the caster desires. To all appearances the victim exhibits the classic symptoms of a poisonous snakebite: shortness of breath, sweating, chills, swelling or blistering of the skin, etc.

Roshan Chandra Choudhury

A mystic and alchemist of great renown in the court of the Mughal Emperor Shah Jahan the Magnificent, Roshan Chandra Choudhury was also a secret member of the Thuggee, the worshippers of the goddess Kali who offered human sacrifices to her through ritual strangulation. Chandra Choudhury was assigned the unenviable task of finding a way of bringing the Emperor's third wife, Mumtaz Mahal, back from the dead.

While others labored on the construction of her mausoleum, the famous Taj Mahal, Chandra Choudhury searched the four corners of the earth for a way to resurrect the Emperor's wife. After a decade of fruitless searching, a story came to him from just beyond the borders of the empire. A cabal of Afghan sorcerers, dedicated to the study of the blackest arts, had overcome the bounds of time. Chandra Choudhury followed these stories until they led him to the citadel of the Disciples of the Worm, far to the west of Kabul. Chandra Choudhury proved his skills in alchemy and the occult to Ibrahim ibn Ali, and labored as an acolyte for two years before finally being initiated into the Disciples and becoming a host for one of their worms.

Unlike most members of the Disciples, Chandra Choudhury's mind is still nimble and adaptive. He is not trapped in anachronistic thinking. Part of the reason for this is that before he received his symbiont he mastered meditative techniques that have allowed him to control his pain without being nearly so addled by drugs. He was able to see that although the Disciples were effectively immortal, their need for opium had dulled their minds. Too many hours of the day were consumed by drug-induced slumber or gorging themselves to keep their symbionts from starving them. Chandra Choudhury resolved to find a way out of this trap, but nothing presented itself until the Disciples moved to Singapore. There in that British colony he came into contact with the European Enlightenment.

Chandra Choudhury consulted physicians and engineers from among the Europeans and found that these "Franks" were hardly the barbarous Crusaders who had so troubled Syria during the Disciples' time there. The Europeans had progressed by leaps and bounds and had now surpassed the scholars of the East. Chandra Choudhury resolved to collect every scientific and medical treatise he could lay his hands on, from Galileo to Newton to Darwin. It was he that discovered the modern heroin trade and identified Mexico as their next destination.

Following the move to Mexico, Chandra Choudhury cast his sights north, towards the technological and industrial colossus of the United States of America. He has taken steps to ensure that he has a constant supply of information on the outside world, going so far as to have satellite television and Internet connections installed at the Sinaloa Hacienda. He is the most likely person to discover that others are working on a way to liberate immortality from the worms' unspeakable bargain. He is also the Disciple least likely to arrogantly dismiss the work of others. Chandra Choudhury knows that there are things that the outside world can teach the Disciples about the worms. But do not mistake this interest in the modern world and science as anything other than a desire for power. Chandra Choudhury wants nothing less than

to be free of the worms so that he can continue to live forever and acquire more power. He has continued to venerate Kali and practice his skills as a strangler. After four centuries he is perhaps the most dangerous practitioner of Thuggee the world has ever known.

Content in the meantime to run the Disciples from behind the drug-addled figurehead of Ibrahim ibn Ali, Chandra Choudhury has made a number of converts among the Disciples. Some of them have painfully mastered his meditative techniques and are now more awake than they have been in centuries. They would side with him during any conflict with the rest of the cult. Chandra Choudhury himself would slay Ibrahim without hesitation if it became necessary.

Roshan Chandra Choudhury

Indian alchemist and Disciple of the Worm, age 403 (apparently 43)

Race: Hindustani

STR 12	**CON 11**	**SIZ 7**	**INT 21**	**POW 17**
DEX 15	**APP 7**	**EDU 22**	**SAN 0**	**HP 9**

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills

Alchemy 75%	Astronomy 25%	Biology 39%
Botany 66%	Cartography 65%	Chemistry 69%
Computer Use 20%	Cthulhu Mythos 27%	Electrical Repair 24%
Disguise 52%	First Aid 74%	Hide 53%
History 67%	Hypnosis 97%	Listen 49%
Mathematics 60%	Medicine 55%	Natural History 71%
Navigate Higher Plane 78%	Occult 96%	Pharmacy 36%
Psychology 54%	Physics 24%	Sneak 48%
Spot Hidden 41%	Zoology 29%	

Languages

Chinese 70%	Dutch 36%	English 52%
French 22%	German 31%	Hindi/Urdu 99%
Malay 59%	Persian 50%	Portuguese 20%
Sanskrit 95%	Spanish 30%	

Weapons:

Katar (Indian punch-dagger) 61%,damage 1D4+3+db

Rumal (Indian garrote used by the Thuggee) 95%, damage 1D6+db per round that the attacker wins STR versus STR with target; a critical success kills the target instantly unless the target can successfully make a resistance roll of his current hit points versus the damage done.

Armor

None, but he is immune to the shock and unconsciousness rules. He heals 1D6 hit points per combat round as long as his symbiont is alive. If he takes more than 10 hit points of damage to his head, or

is reduced to zero hit points by a single attack, he is killed. If hit in the abdomen, there is a 30% chance that the worm is hit and takes the same damage. If the worm is killed, Roshan will not regenerate damage and can be killed normally, and is once again subject to the rules regarding shock and unconsciousness.

Spells

Ascend to Higher Plane	Brew Carotid Toxin	Brew Liao Drug
Call/Dismiss Cthugha	Command Serpent	Consume Likeness
Contact Deity/Cthulhu	Call/Dismiss Nyogtha	Contact Cthonian
Contact Deep One	Contact Deity/Nyarlathotep	Contact Deity/Yig
Contact Deity/Zoth-Ommog	Contact Father Dagon	Contact Ghoul
Contact Hound of Tindalos	Contact Mother Hydra	Contact Sand Dweller
Contact Yugg	Create Talisman of the Higher Plane	
Curse of the Stone	Dominate	
Dread Curse of Azathoth	Elder Sign	
The Eye of Light and Darkness		Find Gate
Grasp of Cthulhu	Hibernate	Quicken
Quiet the Worm	Shrivelling	
Summon/Bind Byakhee	Summon/Bind Fire Vampire	
Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods		Venomous Glance
View Gate	Voorish Sign	

Sanity Loss Effects: If he is revealed to be the host for a horrible, oversized worm, it costs 0/1D6 SAN. When his ability to resist trauma and heal at unbelievable speeds is revealed, it costs the witness 0/1D2 SAN.

Physical Description

Roshan Chandra Choudhury appears to be a middle-aged man of Indian ethnicity. He stands 5'4" and weights barely 87 pounds; he is gaunt to the point of looking like a concentration camp inmate. In the Hacienda he dresses in slightly archaic Indian dress from the 1930s. When he must venture out into the world he shaves his mustache, dyes his hair white, wears western business attire and affects the use of an electric wheelchair. He doesn't need the chair, but finds it deflects questions about his health if he is perceived as old and feeble. He has chosen to avail himself of modern dentistry and has full upper and lower plates made from the most modern composite materials.

Dr. Adam Barrowman

Dr. Adam Barrowman graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1966 with a Ph.D. in Endocrinology and Immunology. He worked briefly for the US Army Medical Unit, the precursor of the US Army Medical Research Institute of Infectious Diseases. There he met Dr. Lucas Godley. It was through Dr. Godley that he was introduced to Delta Green, in the last days before its official disbanding. Dr. Barrowman never went on any Delta Green operations, but he did analyze preternatural samples recovered from operations. Later Dr. Godley contacted Barrowman to assist in some off-the-books Delta Green operations. Again, Barrowman did not conduct field operations, but did engage in analysis of preternatural samples.

During those "Cowboy Years," Dr. Barrowman was greatly frustrated by Delta Green's scorched earth policy regarding preternatural phenomena. He lobbied other members of Delta Green to gather enough evidence of preternatural phenomena to ensure the reinstatement of their official charter. In truth, he was more interested in studying the phenomena than he was in Delta Green's mission. He always knew that the first man to publish work on genuine xenobiological specimens would forever be remembered by history.

In 1985 he was brought in by Dr. Godley to analyze the symbionts collected from the operation near Seattle. Once he realized the potential of the symbionts, he was committed to preserving live samples for study. Almost immediately he could see the potential for a breakthrough in the treatment of trauma and organ repair. Later, when he realized that it could also lead to a fountain of youth, he knew he could let nothing stand in his way. These symbionts represented a kind of dual immortality, both literal and figurative.

Dr. Barrowman is a man who understands that there is a greater good. He understands that some sacrifices might have to be made, but in the end, when his experiments are successful, his name will be remembered along with the likes of Pasteur, Salk and Fleming. He will be then remembered as the man who cured cancer, who stopped aging and who beat death. The world will know his name, but not just yet. Compound 82 is a stop-gap, just a semi-success to hold the line until he manages to perfect the harvesting and purification of the symbionts' excretion. When he has obtained a total success, then he will reveal his discovery to the world. All the past failures, sacrifices and shortcuts will be forgiven.

Dr. Adam Barrowman

CEO and founder of PharMethuselah, Inc., age 61

Race: Caucasian

STR 8	**CON 8**	**SIZ 16**	**INT 18**	**POW 10**
DEX 12	**APP 9**	**EDU 23**	**SAN 33**	**HP 12**

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills

Biochemistry 92%	Biology 77%	Botany 50%
Chemistry 65%	Computer Use 56%	Drive Automobile 32%
First Aid 48%	Library Use 43%	Medicine 87%
Persuade 30%	Pharmacy 52%	Spot Hidden 58%
Zoology 31%		

Languages

English 99% German 66%

Attacks: None

Physical Description

Dr. Barrowman stands 5'9" and weighs 262 pounds. His hair is a sandy brown, his eyes equally unremarkable. He is moon-faced and serious to the point of being morose. Dr. Barrowman is not a fit man. He spends too much of his time sitting in offices or in laboratories, squinting into microscopes or reading data off computer screens. He works too hard, without working his muscles, and keeps himself going with a steady diet of nicotine, caffeine and junk food. His spreading middle and chain smoking would long ago have led to cardio-vascular disease, if not for his own use of Compound 82.

Colonel Félicien Matumba

Over a decade of continuous and bloody warfare has transformed "Colonel" Félicien Matumba from a prosperous beer distributor into a warlord and indicted war criminal. In 1993, Matumba joined the extreme radical Impuzamugambi militia, which served as the armed wing of the Coalition for the Defense of the Republic (*Coalition pour la Défense de la République*, CDR). The Impuzamugambi militia was even more radically Pro-Hutu and Anti-Tutsi than the infamous Interahamwe militia.

Matumba originally saw "Hutu Power" politics as a way to eliminate his Tutsi business competitors and ingratiate himself with the ruling clique. During the 1994 Rwandan Genocide, Matumba equipped and lead a band of killers, personally swinging a machete as he murdered entire families. He quickly gained a reputation as an inspired and imaginative executioner. His victims offered large bribes to be killed quickly and cleanly. But the military victory of the Tutsi-dominated Rwandan Patriotic Front meant that Matumba and many of his fellow Genocidaires had to flee the country in order to avoid paying for their unspeakable crimes.

Matumba ended up in one of the massive Hutu refugee camps in the eastern Democratic Republic of the Congo (then called Zaire). In these camps the Hutu militias, the remnants of the pro-Hutu Rwandan army and Hutu political parties organized into a kind of Hutu government-in-exile. Without the military power to return to Rwanda and seize power, they chose to raid along the Rwandan border and take their revenge against the Tutsi population of Zaire, the Banyamulenge tribe. This provoked the First Congo War, which changed little except the ruling regime and the name of the country. With Rwanda and Burundi arming the Tutsi population of the newly minted Democratic Republic of the Congo (DRC), the conflict lurched along until it became known as the Second Congo War. That war, the bloodiest since the Second World War, was fought between the DRC and its allies Namibia, Zimbabwe, Angola, Chad and Hutu militias on one side, and Uganda, Rwanda, Burundi and their Tutsi militias on the other. This was a war of civilian massacres and counter-massacres, of disease and starvation. The organized armed forces rarely met in battle. Instead the killing was conducted by scores of independent militias. The self-proclaimed Colonel Félicien Matumba led one of the most successful of these groups, if one measures success by the number of unarmed men, women and children killed.

By the time the Second Congo War was winding down in 2003, 'Colonel' Matumba had seized de facto control of a significant area in Tshopo Province. While he paid lip service to the government in Kinshasa and occasionally supplied weapons and men to suppress rebels in neighboring provinces, he also sold illegal contracts to foreign countries for the extraction of cobalt, copper, diamonds and lumber, most of the work done by slave labor forcibly taken from the population under his power. The wealth generated was immense, and Matumba was sure to kick back enough bribes to keep the central government unmotivated to unseat him. Today Matumba is the undisputed lord of an area nearly the size of the state of Maine.

But there are only so many bloody beheadings and rapes one can perform before getting exposed to the most popular blood-borne pathogen in Sub-Saharan Africa. In 2004, Colonel Matumba was diagnosed with HIV. By 2005 it was full-blown AIDS. Since seeking medical attention in a big city would mean exposing himself to arrest by the UN International Criminal Tribunal for Rwanda, he turned to folk remedies and hijacked supplies of anti-viral drugs intended for distribution to rural clinics. By 2006 he had exhausted all the folk-remedies (everything from magic potions containing human ingredients to sex with virgins) and the relief agencies were no longer bringing anti-virals into the area he controlled. Buying the drugs on the black market was thinning his bank account, especially when he had to buy drugs for almost half his field commanders. It was then an agent from a mysterious pharmaceutical company arrived with an unusual proposition. In exchange for allowing the company to set up a "clinic" under the Colonel's protection, Matumba would receive a supply of a new wonder drug called Compound 82. The agent demonstrated Compound 82 on patients with advanced opportunistic infections due to AIDS. The patients' miraculous response to treatment made Colonel Matumba a believer.

Colonel Matumba now receives sufficient supplies of Compound 82 for himself and his top commanders. It is a secret they scrupulously keep as they have been assured that the first time Compound 82 makes an appearance in the press, their supply of the drug will be cut off. Matumba and his men have

killed hundreds of people just to maintain this secret, as well as their peace of mind. Beyond staving off AIDS, Compound 82 healed all manner of illnesses and worked wonders on physical trauma from combat. What interests Matumba the most is that these bags of I.V. drugs almost completely replace the need for doctors. An army would just need medics to remove the shrapnel and bullets and nurses to run the lines and hang the bags. Pain killers would not only be unnecessary, they would be counter-productive as physical pain is required for the compound to have a healing effect. Men shot to pieces could return to duty in just a few weeks. More importantly, with a "cure" for AIDS, he would no longer have to kidnap children to fill the ranks of his army. The dying would crawl to his doorstep for the cure. And once they were on Compound 82, they had to stay or HIV in their bodies would continue to degrade their immune systems. People under that kind of death sentence would do anything to save themselves. On a continent where the HIV infection rate is as high as 30%, the possibilities for recruitment were limitless.

Colonel Matumba is biding his time, watching the PharMethuselah operation and working his agents inside the Farm by corrupting several key members of the staff. Now the Colonel knows where the main ingredient for Compound 82 comes from. Matumba realizes that in order to provide drugs for thousands, thousands of others will have to die as hosts. At least the Tutsi cockroaches will finally serve some better purpose than to dull his machete and stain his clothes with their blood.

When Colonel Matumba learns where and how Compound 82 is refined, he will seize control of the Farm, loot it, burn it, and set up his own farm and refinery to provide him and his army with Compound 82. With his *Armée de la Renaissance (*Army of Rebirth), Colonel Matumba intends to carve a new empire out of Central Africa, ultimately encompassing the entire great lakes region of east Africa.

"Colonel" Félicien Matumba

Warlord with a vision for Africa, age 58

Race: Hutu

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 16

DEX 12 APP 17 EDU 18 SAN 29 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Attacks

Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+db
Grapple 36%, damage special
Kick 35%, damage 1D6+db
Sword 55%, 1D8+db (machete)
Handgun 42%, damage 1D10 (VZ65 Skorpion Machine Pistol)
Off-Hand Handgun 40%, damage 1D10 (VZ65 Skorpion Machine Pistol)
Submachine Gun 49%, damage 1D10 (VZ65 Skorpion Machine Pistol on full automatic)
Heavy Weapons 39%, damage 8D6/2 yards (RPG-7)

Skills

Bargain 85%	Dodge 44%	Drive Automobile 33%
Fast Talk 68%	First Aid 44%	Hide 25%
Listen 46%	Navigate 31%	Occult 30%
Persuade 65%	Psychology 37%	Sneak 25%
Spot Hidden 49%		

Languages

English 48%	French 47%	Kinya-rwanda 90%
Kirundi 90%	Swahili 49%	

Indefinite Insanities: Megalomania, Satyriasis, and Substance Abuse Disorder. He is completely immune to SAN loss caused by witnessing or performing acts of violence, torture and rape.

Physical Description

Matumba stands 5'8" tall and weighs in at a trim 156 pounds. He is cleanly shaven, with brown eyes and short black hair, frosted at the temple. His powerful personality and movie-star good looks fill any room. He has numerous scars received during the last fourteen years of combat in central Africa. He smiles too much, a bit like a skull. He can laugh heartily while having a close associate flayed alive. His signature weapons are his double rig of Skorpion machine pistols, which he wears all the time, and his machete.

Oscar Acosta

At the age of eleven Oscar Acosta was a homeless child in the slums of Guadalajara, stealing and shaking down weaker children for whatever he could get. He graduated to strong-arm robbery by the age of fourteen, and by fifteen was working for local drug distributors first as a lookout and mule and later as an enforcer. At sixteen, for killing a man trying to steal a drug shipment he was carrying, Acosta was promoted into the lower ranks of the Guadalajara Cartel. At this point, Acosta's future life of crime seemed assured. Then the Guadalajara Cartel began to unravel upon the arrest of its chief, Felix Gallardo, in 1989. In 1990, Acosta chose to enlist in the army in order to get out of the way of an inevitable and bloody power struggle.

Surprisingly, Acosta flourished in the Mexican Army. He excelled at physical training, small arms familiarization, and basic infantry tactics. In 1993, he qualified to attend the six-month training cycle for the *Grupo Aeromóvil de Fuerzas Especiales*, the Special Forces Airmobile Group, or GAFE. Acosta graduated near the top of his class and joined the GAFE as a sergeant.

Throughout 1994 his unit was involved with counter-insurgency operations in Chiapas against the Zapatista Army of National Liberation. Later his unit was deployed against drug traffickers throughout the country, carrying out especially dangerous or difficult arrests. But Acosta had not turned over a new leaf. He always kept close to the corruption and black market inside the Mexican Army, selling seized arms and drugs back to the cartels. Then, in 1997, an opportunity to make undreamed-of amounts of money presented itself. The Gulf Cartel was looking to recruit members of the GAFE to staff and train their private army. Acosta joined Lieutenant Arturo Guzmán Decenas and thirty other members of the GAFE in deserting from the Mexican Army to form *Los Zetas*.

While Acosta was trained to kill, and has in fact killed on numerous occasions, he saw himself as more of a manager, not muscle. He is proud that he has never done a stretch in prison, although some would say too proud. Most members of the drug cartels see prison as the "boot-camp," where aspiring criminals are toughened up and learn new skills. Acosta is more impressed with men who've passed through an actual boot camp. Despite his arrogance, he gained a good reputation as a loyal and disciplined *Los Zetas* operator. He was one of the men who aspired to lead *Los Zetas* away from being simple mercenaries for the Gulf Cartel, to running their own independent operations.

When Acosta first heard of *Los Brujos*, he didn't believe the stories. It didn't take long for him to discover some of what *Los Brujos* were capable of, and what their reputation was. But Acosta is a modern 21st century man. He doesn't believe in ignorant tales of black magic. He does, however, want to control the *Los Brujos* smuggling operation. The idea that all the Mexican cartels have to share *Los Brujos*' services is ludicrous to Acosta. His take on the situation is that since *Los Brujos* operate from territory controlled by the Sinaloa Cartel and patrolled by *Los Negros*, then they must be close allies of the Sinaloa Cartel. Doing business with *Los Brujos* must put money in the pockets of the Sinaloa Cartel. To strike a blow against the Sinaloa Cartel, he intends to deprive them of their allies *Los Brujos*, either by taking control of their smuggling operation or destroying it utterly. He'll start by trying to buy them, but will quickly switch from carrot to stick when refused. Acosta has always been better at using the stick.

Acosta might make a good object lesson for those who don't believe in the boogeyman. Trigger happy Delta Green Agents should take note of what happens when even a well-armed and trained paramilitary force encounters the obscene supernatural power of Mythos magic.

Oscar Acosta

Covetous Los Zetas comandante, age 36

Race: Mestizo

STR 16 CON 13 SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 11

DEX 15 APP 12 EDU 10 SAN 38 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Attacks

Fist/Punch 68%, damage 1D3+db
Grapple 65%, damage special
Head Butt 43%, damage 1D4+db
Kick 49%, damage 1D6+db
Knife 44%, damage 1D4+2+db (commando knife)
Handgun 52%, damage 1D10+1 (.40 caliber Browning Hi-Power Semi Auto)
Machine Gun 49%
Rifle 64%, damage 2D6 (AK-47)
Shotgun 69%
Submachine Gun 40%

Armor: Light bullet-proof vest (6 points). He practically sleeps in it.

Skills

Bargain 32%	Climb 55%	Conceal 37%
Dodge 39%	Drive Automobile 42%	First Aid 36%
Hide 37%	Jump 50%	Listen 55%
Martial Arts 59%	Navigate 35%	Pharmacy 12%
Psychology 12%	Sneak 32%	Spot Hidden 54%
Swim 44%	Throw 42% (hand grenade)	

Languages

English 31% Spanish 57%

Indefinite Insanity: He is completely immune to SAN loss caused by witnessing or performing acts of violence, torture and rape.

Physical Description

Oscar Acosta isn't a tall man, but he is a big man. He is stocky, bull-necked, with a head that looks like it could be used to drive nails. His eyes are as ferociously black as his long hair and mustache. He is not as hard as he was when he was a sergeant with the *Grupo Aeromóvil de Fuerzas Especiales*, but he is not to be trifled with. His puffy face shows the signs of alcohol and drug abuse.

Avery Mitchell

A Marine Sniper during the Vietnam War, Avery Mitchell was tasked for a Delta Green operation in 1968. He joined a Delta Green team hunting a band of Tcho-Tchos who had massacred several friendly Montagnard villages, resurrecting their mutilated victims to fight at their side. After the battle, Mitchell examined the dead. There could be no doubt that he'd truly seen dead men, women and children, swollen with corruption, walk and kill.

In 1972, after two tours and six years with the Marines, Mitchell returned to Texas and worked as a Texas Ranger for five years. When he joined the DEA in 1978 Delta Green contacted him again and asked him to assist with a 'Night at the Opera.' He participated in over a dozen operations during the "Cowboy Years" of the 1980s. In 1985, he led the team assigned with tracking down the symbionts and their hosts in Seattle. Mitchell took the ghastly death of Seattle Assistant Medical Examiner Joan Hardiman as a personal failure. The pursuit of the Disciples of the Worm—he still knows them as the Children of the Worm—has become his personal crusade.

When Delta Green reorganized into a disciplined cell structure, Mitchell joined the conspiracy as Agent Grendel and served with G Cell for the next eight years. Unfortunately his work for Delta Green caused his DEA career to suffer. The accumulation of disciplinary actions and official reprimands caused him to be forced out of the DEA in 2002; essentially given the option of retirement or termination. That was fine by Avery Mitchell. Now he had more time to pursue the 'Children'.

After leaving the DEA Mitchell was downgraded from Delta Green Agent to the status of Friendly. This change was due to his inability to access federal databases or exercise authority as a federal law enforcement agent. In A Cell's view, Mitchell's retirement left him with more time to pursue the investigations they chose for him, but Mitchell didn't see it that way. His ego was bruised when his status was downgraded and he was more interested in pursuing the Disciples rather than the Operas that A Cell assigned him. After two years of unreliable cooperation, A Cell decided to stop calling on Mitchell except when absolutely necessary. Mitchell hasn't been excluded completely, but he is viewed as willful, difficult to work with, and therefore unreliable.

Left to his own devices, Mitchell has made good progress tracking the Disciples. Ever since he heard the stories about Arabs and Chinese *brujos* from retired FBN and DEA agents, he's known the Disciples have been in Mexico at least since the 1940s. He's read some later translations of von Junzt's *Nameless Cults* and consulted with Delta Green Friendly Nadja Fulani.

From DEA contacts and journalists, he has picked up on rumors of modern *brujos* operating with the cartels in Mexico. If he can just narrow his search to a single state or region it will be worth a reconnaissance mission south of the border. When it comes to dealing with problems, Mitchell approaches them like a sniper. He comes in quiet, observes, prepares, strikes from concealment, and fades away.

If he finds the Disciples' Hacienda, he won't call upon A Cell for help. Instead he will contact former Delta Green colleagues and Friendlies whom he trusts. He will propose organizing a team to deal with the problem without involving A Cell. Mitchell will explain to his team that he is disillusioned with A Cell's priorities and agenda, which is true as far as it goes. What he really wants is to prove to A Cell that he should never have been demoted. This situation could become complicated, especially if Delta Green agents have been dispatched to shut down this independent operation. A Cell will not want members of the conspiracy acting independently. This would not be a hit team, but they would take steps to make Mitchell's operation untenable, like stealing or sabotaging critical equipment. This could test the loyalty of Delta Green agents, particularly if the order to abort and return home comes at a time when Mitchell's team has the Disciples in their sights.

For his part, Mitchell will not murder Delta Green Agents who try to monkey-wrench his plans, but he isn't above kidnapping and holding them incommunicado until he accomplishes his goals. Agents who shoot at Mitchell should not be surprised when he shoots back with cool-headed lethality. Of course, if he is driven insane, he might certainly fixate on Delta Green as the source of his troubles and seek bloody revenge for A Cell's interference.

Avery Mitchell

Ex-Delta Green Agent, now less-than-Friendly, age 60

Race: Caucasian

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 13

DEX 16 APP 11 EDU 20 SAN 51 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills

Anthropology 8%	Archaeology 6%	Climb 58%
Computer Use 24%	Conceal 79%	Cthulhu Mythos 9%
Dodge 32%	Drive Automobile 47%	Hide 82%
History 23%	Jump 48%	Law 27%
Library Use 37%	Listen 50%	Navigate 56%
Occult 11%	Persuade 33%	Pharmacy 28%
Psychology 48%	Sneak 77%	Spot Hidden 62%
Swim 35%		

Languages

English 99% Spanish 34%

Attacks

Fist/Punch 57%, damage 1D3+db
Grapple 47%, damage special
Kick 42%, damage 1D6+db
Knife 42%, damage 1D4+2+db (Marine Ka-Bar)
Handgun 46%, damage 1D10+2 (Colt 1911, .45 caliber)
Rifle 94%, damage 2D6+4 (M21 sniper rifle)

Physical Description

Avery Mitchell looks pretty good for a man of his years. He stands 6'1" and weighs in at his USMC weight of 175 pounds. He keeps his prematurely white hair in a crew cut that is just a tad longer than the USMC regulation cut. His eyesight isn't what it was in Vietnam and he wears heavy black plastic-framed glasses. With his hard features, ice blue eyes, tanned skin, perpetual scowl and Buddy Holly glasses, Mitchell looks like he could blow an enemy soldier's head off and sleep like a baby afterwards.

Todd '09

the DeMonte Clan

Adam Scott Glancy

New Orleans. N'awlins. The Big Easy. For nearly three centuries the Crescent City has curled in a bend in the Mississippi river, surrounded by bayous, swamps and marshes. Over those years the city has flown the flag of every power in North America; the French, the Spanish, the English, the Confederacy and the United States of America, and not once has the city been destroyed by war. When cotton was king, the white gold flowed out of New Orleans by the ton to fill the insatiable appetite of Europe's textile mills. The rich families of New Orleans siphoned off the cotton trade, growing fat like leeches, but they are not the only ones who have grown corpulent on the fortunes of the city. There are others.

And where the patrician planter families grew fat on the city's good fortune, there is one family, the DeMonte Clan, which has grown fat on the city's ill fortune. The DeMontes came to New Orleans just after the Haitian slave rebellion of 1791, fleeing the machetes and night raids. They were among New Orleans' richest inhabitants, and also the least conspicuous. And where others have figuratively fed on the fat of the city, the DeMonte Clan's feedings have been of a far more literal character.

Cultes des Goules

François-Honoré Balfour, Comte d'Erlette, was the wrong choice for recruitment into the Paris Ghoul Cult. He did possess many of the qualities the cult members were looking for: wealth, position, a depraved and perverse nature, and a sociopathic level of selfishness. Unfortunately, the Comte was also an exhibitionist who could not truly enjoy his perversions and obscenities unless he could force others to witness them. Hence in 1703, he penned his infamous book *Cultes des Goules*, and distributed it through underground channels across France. The result of this incredible act of psychotic conspicuousness was that the French authorities cracked down on the cult in a series of raids across the country. The arrests and trials would have scandalized French society from the aristocracy to the landless peasants had not the French King, Louis XIV, the Sun King, acted in secret. The hundreds arrested were tried and sentenced by secret courts and incarcerated in prisons and madhouses, often under false names. Some of those arrested were so inhuman that they were not deemed suitable for treatment by the courts, but were instead disposed of as one might deal with a dangerous animal. The backlash against the cult was so intense that the power of the Paris Ghoul Cult was broken forever. However, not every member of the cult was brought to justice. Some of them crawled back under Saints Innocents Cemetery or into the catacombs under Paris. Some fled to nearby nations, particularly to Bavaria and the Netherlands, but for some of the more prominent members of the cult, Europe was simply too hot. In order to hide, they were going to have to flee to a more remote location. In the case of the DeMonte family—once de Monte—that meant a journey to the New World.

The Tainted Roots of a Twisted Tree

The DeMonte Clan was prominent at the court of Louis XIV. Their proximity to power did not serve to protect the family when the scandal over *Cultes des Goules* broke. If anything, their proximity to the court meant that they were easy targets for the King's investigators. The DeMontes came from the southern province of Languedoc, where they had been important lords. It was rumored that their ancestors had been members of the heretical Cathars, exterminated during the Albigensian Crusade of the 13th century. Of course, allegiances and faiths changed quickly during that bloody time, so it was never a matter or absolute certainty whether the DeMontes had sided with the Cathars or against them.

Even before being deported, the DeMontes made for very untraditional ghouls. There was no living in moldy labyrinths beneath the cemeteries of Paris for them. In fact, their membership in the Paris Ghoul Cult had nothing to do with any adoration of Mordiggian, Nyogtha, Shub-Niggurath or any of the usual gods of charnel feeders. Instead, the DeMontes were interested in power. Their ancestors had been Cathars, but also members of the Knights Templar, the Gnostics, and a number of other groups dedicated to the acquisition of secret knowledge. The DeMonte family had a long history of experimenting with sorcery, but it wasn't until they joined the Paris Ghoul Cult that their power graduated from simple alchemy and poisons to real magick.

During the King's pogrom, a scion of the DeMonte Clan, Marquise Antoinette DeMonte, demonstrated the flexibility that had served her family so well in the past. She cooperated enthusiastically with the Royal authorities, informing on members of the Ghoul Cult, both real and imaginary as the situation required. Her cooperation ensured that her family avoided the harshest penalties of execution and imprisonment. Instead they were exiled to the New World following a complete expropriation of all their lands by the crown and the seizure of nearly all of their personal wealth. In 1708, Antoinette DeMonte and eight members of her family were packed onto a disreputable merchant ship and sent to the French Caribbean colony of Saint-Domingue, modern-day Haiti.

The Island of the Loa

The DeMontes arrived in Haiti nearly penniless, but Antoinette DeMonte was not going to allow that to stop her family from clawing their way to the top of the colony. At the time, Saint-Domingue was the richest colony in the Caribbean. Indeed, in years just prior to the 1791 slave rebellion, the value of Haiti's exports to Europe exceeded the exports of the newly formed United States of America. It supplied forty percent of the sugar and sixty percent of the coffee consumed in Europe. Out of a white population of no more than 32,000 colonists, a tiny percentage got to enjoy the bounty reaped from this tropical island. Most just barely got by. Seeing the dizzying heights of wealth they could achieve, Antoinette DeMonte was determined that her family would not be one of those who just barely scratched out a living.

The wealth of Haiti, however, was built on blood. By 1787 the slave population of Haiti was close to 500,000. Even with the slaves' birth rate and the importation of an additional 40,000 slaves a year, that population remained stable due to the extremely high mortality rate, particularly among sugar cane harvesters. Any injuries caused by the slip of a cane knife quickly turned septic in Haiti's tropical environment. That high death rate was one of the colony's most attractive features to the DeMonte Clan. With so many slaves dying at such an alarming rate, no one would likely notice if a few of the cadavers ended up filling the pantry of the DeMonte Clan.

Even before their exile to the New World, most of the older members of the DeMonte Clan had completed the transformation from human to ghoul. Antoinette DeMonte was one of the first to make the transition. Her true age in 1708 was closer to eighty-four years old. Nevertheless she passed for an exquisite thirty-year-old through the use of the Consume Likeness spell and the corpse of a cousin who resembled her. All the members of the DeMonte Clan who began to show the signs of transformation murdered younger family members in order to steal their likeness and continue to move about in public. It was not uncommon for children to be devoured by parents.

Antoinette DeMonte and the eight relatives who found themselves marooned penniless in Saint-Domingue were not without prospects. Their food supply was easily taken care of by the disastrous working conditions among the colony's slave population. Their knowledge of the occult and command of certain magical powers ensured that they were able to rapidly acquire wealth and land. Their first steps along this path began with stealing the secrets of the dead.

As ghouls, the members of the DeMonte Clan had the natural ability to subconsciously learn the memories of those they consumed, and with the aid of certain rituals and trances, remember those memories. Upon arriving in the capital of Saint-Domingue, Cap-Français, their first task was to identify the most prominent families in the colony. Next they set about determining where these families' ancestors had been buried. The subject of burial in Saint-Domingue was not as touchy as one might think. The tales of the Voudou zombie are more the product of the 20th century than the 18th. Once the graves of the formerly rich and powerful were located, the DeMontes exhumed and devoured the cadavers within. Using the spells the family had acquired from the Paris Ghoul Cult, the DeMontes were able to access the memories of the corpses they had devoured. That gave the DeMonte Clan an immediate education on the ins and outs of the colonial families in Saint-Domingue. Not just who was important and who needed to be watched or appeased, but also the dirt, the scandals and the crimes that had been committed in order to build those family fortunes. Armed with this information, the DeMonte family embarked on a campaign of manipulation and blackmail that made them silent partners in nearly a quarter of all the plantations in the colony. With the money they skimmed from these other plantations they purchased their own land and established their own plantations.

The DeMonte plantations were not purchased because the DeMontes wanted more wealth. They had created sufficient conduits of wealth by becoming minority owners in many other plantations in the colony. What they needed was their own slave population and local burying ground. The DeMontes were perfectly capable of digging under the cemeteries of Cap-Français or even under those of outlying plantations, but they didn't like doing it. The DeMontes had been landed French aristocracy. Digging in the earth was something peasants and serfs did, not DeMontes. Slaves could not be trusted with creating underground access ways to the graves in the cemeteries, and removing the bodies above ground was too conspicuous. So until they could afford their own plantation, the DeMontes dug . . . and they loathed it.

Acquiring their own plantation meant that they would have access to their own supply of rapidly expiring slaves. They didn't have to murder them, at least not directly. All they had to do was make sure that they didn't get enough calories, worked exhaustive hours and that the physicians who looked after their slaves were drunken quacks. Disease and infections due to workplace injury ensured a steady supply of cadaverous feasts for the DeMontes. It also gave them an unexpected education in Haitian Voudou. The memories of the slaves they devoured gave them an instant course on that otherwise secret world. The DeMontes put this knowledge to good use. When it came to the management of their plantation, the DeMontes presented themselves to their slaves as bokors, or sorcerers in the Voudou tradition. It wasn't just fear of the absolutely medieval corporal punishments that would be meted out to those who disobeyed. The DeMontes' slaves feared for their very souls.

The DeMontes' time in Saint-Domingue was a slow but steady climb up the socio-economic ladder. The more the DeMontes gained wealth, power and respectability, the deeper they became involved with the practice of Voudou. Using the spell Consume Likeness, certain members of the DeMonte Clan routinely stole the likeness of bokors and houngans who had passed away. This allowed them to infiltrate many of the Voudou cults on the island. Through these sorceries, the DeMontes were able to keep a finger on the pulse of both the lowest and highest in the colony.

Because of their close contact with their slaves, the DeMontes also had contacts among the Maroons, bands of escaped slaves who lived in hidden groups in the mountains of Saint-Domingue. The Maroons operated as part-time bandits, part-time revolutionaries,

Ghoul Reproduction

Ghouls can be either born or made.

Offspring of two ghouls are born as pureblood ghouls and are raised in the traditions of whatever ghoul society they are born into. They are raised with no knowledge or experience of human society.

The offspring of a human and a ghoul are known as 'hu-ghouls'. They occur because ghouls often infiltrate human society, using the Consume Likeness spell, and pass for humans. Sometimes this can even go as far as the ghoul taking a human spouse and siring children with that spouse. Hu-ghouls rarely incorporate the best qualities of either species. They are usually ugly, by human standards, infirm and sometimes even mentally or physically impaired. They are often the recipients of abuse and poor treatment, no matter which society they are raised in.

Humans can also be transformed into ghouls, so long as they stick to the diet of a ghoul: eating rotting human flesh. Eventually this diet of rotting human flesh will activate dormant prions in the human's system that will rewrite their DNA into that of the "sub-human" ghouls. Sub-human in this instance is really a misnomer since ghouls routinely possess super-human strength, immunity to disease, increased resistance to pain and physical shock, and an increased longevity that might very well be literal immortality. Humans that have transformed into ghouls remember their previous lives and are better able to re-infiltrate human society. However, since they are immortal, the longer they live among ghouls, the more they forget about their life among humans.

Then, of course, there is the method the DeMonte Clan uses. . . .

raiding plantations for supplies and killing whites wherever they found them. Through the Voudou cults, the DeMontes developed contacts among the Maroons and even infiltrated members of the family into some of the gangs of escaped slaves. As a result, the DeMontes easily rode out the 1751-1757 insurrection led by escaped slave and Voudou houngan François Mackandal. But by 1789, the DeMontes could see that the perfect storm was gathering in Haiti. With revolutionary chaos back in France, the colonists in Saint-Domingue were on their own. Without the military and financial support of France, a second slave rebellion like Mackandal's would be a bloodbath.

The rest of the white colonists were more afraid of the republican ideas of revolutionary France. They arrogantly believed that their best course was to gain independence from republican France so they could slaughter and torture their slaves into submission without any of that namby-pamby "Rights of Man" nonsense getting in the way. The plan was a perfect blend of arrogance, brutality and self-delusion. The DeMontes knew if the white colonists gained independence from France, it would spell the end of European rule of the colony.

Fortunately, that same arrogance allowed the other whites to gleefully buy out the DeMontes' holdings in the colony. Most saw the DeMontes as simply too cowardly to stand and fight against the 'sub-human' blacks. By the summer of 1790, the DeMontes had liquidated all their assets and were on a ship bound for New Orleans. There were many who laughed at the DeMontes' panicked flight.

The DeMontes, of course, had the last laugh. On August 22, 1792, the great slave rebellion broke out and the colony was submerged in an apocalyptic race war that lasted over twelve years. When it was done, the white colonists of Saint-Domingue were destroyed. Power in the newly independent Republic of Haiti would forever be in the hands of the free blacks and *gens de couleur*.

The New World

When the DeMontes arrived in the city of New Orleans, it was still under the rule of the Spanish Crown, who had taken control of the city in 1766. The DeMontes chose New Orleans over other French territories in the Caribbean because they were unsure how radicalized the Revolution would become. It seemed far safer to sit out the crisis in a foreign city, until they could get a feel for the situation. In this regard New Orleans was perfect. While ostensibly under the administration of Spain, the city was overwhelmingly French in character, culture and language. The DeMontes would be able to blend in and feel at home, but also be beyond the reach of the French Revolution. Many of France's Caribbean possessions were either occupied by other European powers or were subject to the excesses of the Reign of Terror promulgated by Robespierre and the Committee for Public Safety.

New Orleans was perfect for another reason. Built in the swamps of the lower Mississippi Delta, New Orleans was often subjected to outbreaks of malaria and yellow fever. Any other location this pestilent would have been abandoned long before, but because the city controlled all the trade coming down out of the Mississippi River, there were strong economic reasons for staying. Fortunes could be made, so long as you weren't part of the 10% of the population who routinely succumbed to disease every year. The losses to disease were replaced every year as new people arrived at what was rapidly becoming one of the largest cities on the North American continent.

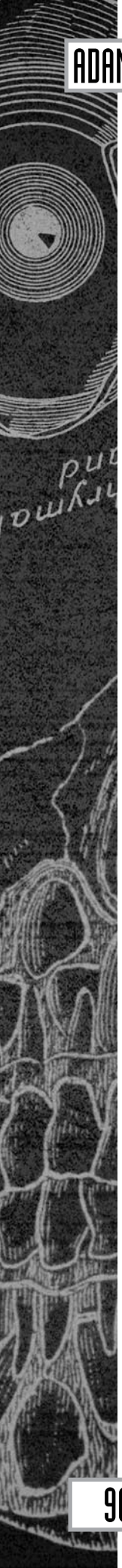
Such an impressive death rate meant that the DeMontes would be well supplied with bodies that wouldn't be missed. The pestilence of the southern swamps was of no concern to the DeMonte Clan. Their ghoul biology made them immune to the diseases that stalked the city. They could remain in the city year-round, unlike the city's elites who migrated to plantations upriver during the summer months to avoid the worst of the outbreaks. The death rate wasn't as high as Haiti, but it would be sufficient to keep the family well fed.

Another similarity to their former home in Haiti was the influence of Voudou. While there were differences between Haitian Voudou and New Orleans voodoo, there were enough similarities so that the DeMontes could make immediate inroads into that sub-culture. Infiltrating the voodoo cults meant that the DeMontes would always have a conduit for information from the black population of the city.

On Good Friday, March 21, 1788, the Great New Orleans Fire had destroyed 856 of the city's 1,100 buildings, so the DeMontes arrived during a reconstruction boom in the city. Shortly after they arrived, a second fire on December 8, 1794 destroyed another 212 buildings. The DeMontes had no hand in any of this, but they certainly took advantage of the new situation. They bought up a considerable amount of distressed property after the fires, quickly becoming one of the top property owners in the city.

Just prior to the arrival of the DeMontes, St. Louis Cemetery was opened, replacing the older St. Peter Cemetery as the city's main burial ground. St. Peter Cemetery was little more than an area along the riverbank at the foot of St. Peter Street. The new burial ground was established to the north, outside the city limits. It was also designed to be far more permanent than a muddy section of riverbank.

In St. Louis Cemetery corpses were interned in permanent above-ground crypts. Deep in the swamps, the water table under



the city starts only a few feet down. Traditional underground interment was simply impossible. Burying bodies under the city results in the caskets moving around in the currents of mud. Normally such "migration" would take years, but during floods or especially rainy seasons caskets buried in the earth would break the surface in a matter of hours. Instead, cadavers were interred in brick, stone and masonry vaults, literally 'buried' above ground.

These conditions under New Orleans also prevented ghouls from using traditional tunnel warrens to feast on graves by digging into them from below. Beneath the earth is nothing but mud. Tunnels flood and collapse in a matter of hours in these conditions. Despite being immune to most human diseases, ghouls can still drown. So tunneling was out, which was fine by the DeMontes.

Despite being ghouls, the DeMontes spent most of their time living in plain sight using the Consume Likeness spell to disguise themselves as human. After nearly a century of living among humans, the DeMontes were no longer interested in scrabbling in the dirt and grave mold for their dinner. As a Clan they had not mixed with the other groups of traditional ghouls on Haiti, and had even held themselves aloof from the ghouls who lived under the Paris cemeteries. But even if staying out of the dirt was their preference, it was going to be impossible to gather provender from the cemeteries of New Orleans by tunneling. Opening the above ground crypts would be very risky and would likely lead to discovery, especially considering the needs of the Clan.

Buying a plantation up river from New Orleans would not solve the problem. The DeMonte Clan had grown from nine members who arrived in Haiti in 1708 to twenty-six members by 1790. The Clan would need at least a half-dozen cadavers a day to keep properly fed. A single plantation could not generate those numbers without raising suspicions. Even conditions in Haiti could not generate a body count that high, which is why the Clan plundered the burial grounds of multiple plantations. Furthermore, the financial hit the DeMontes took escaping Haiti meant they could not afford enough plantations to cover their needs. They would have to stay close to their food supply, which meant staying close to the city. And staying close to the city meant feeding in the graveyards, which were not conducive to clandestine exhumations.

Antoinette DeMonte found a solution. The DeMontes would take control of the businesses and services that controlled the cemeteries. At this time the cemeteries were largely the property of the Roman Catholic Church, which was headquartered in St. Louis Cathedral, construction of which would not be finished until 1794. Nevertheless, the cemeteries were the property of the church and the Archdiocese of New Orleans made the decisions about who would or would not be buried in hallowed ground. So directly controlling the cemeteries was out of the question. Controlling the services that transported bodies and interred them was not. The DeMontes set about gaining control of the drayage services that transported the dead, as well as the masons and stone carvers who provided the tombs and headstones. By replacing these men through the use of the Consume Likeness spell, the DeMontes became the exclusive handlers of human remains for the city of New Orleans.

The Cancer Grows

The DeMonte Clan's numbers had increased during their eight decades in Haiti. While the addition of new members of the Clan was rare, losing a family member was even rarer due to the ghouls' physical hardiness, immunity to disease, and practical immortality. Only occasionally did members of the Clan die, usually because of some internecine power struggle. Despite the old adage that "All the best families fight," the DeMontes discouraged family squabbles from rising to that level of physical violence.

As much as a single ageless immortal must be careful not to reveal his nature to his neighbors, the DeMonte Clan's problems were multiplied manifold. While the Consume Likeness spell allowed the family to take on the aspects of humans, these disguises did not age or change over the years. Sometimes makeup was used to simulate the passage of years, but ultimately old faces had to be retired and new faces introduced to the public. Usually the family would simply announce that an old façade had died of a common illness and introduce a new façade to the public as a distant DeMonte relative.

Because of the difficulty of hiding their nature, the DeMontes did not allow their Clan to reproduce via normal means. Due to the inherent weaknesses of hu-ghouls (the offspring of humans and ghouls) the DeMonte Clan kept strict rules about breeding with humans. Any hybrid child born to a union between a DeMonte and a human had to be destroyed. Furthermore, sexual relations between humans and DeMontes were strictly controlled. Any family member caught having relations with a human who had not been thoroughly vetted would be punished and the human eaten by the family.

While mating with ghouls would produce pure-blood specimens, it would be impossible to hide the creature's nature until it was old enough to learn and perform the Consume Likeness spell. Besides, the DeMontes held themselves above traditional ghouls, whom they viewed as inferior and common. The DeMontes saw themselves as aristocracy. Nothing less would suffice for new members of their family. Breeding with ghouls

outside the family was also forbidden. Yet, their available gene pool was extremely limited in Haiti and the family knew enough to understand the weaknesses produced by limited bloodlines. Incest would only result in creatures as pitiable as hu-ghouls.

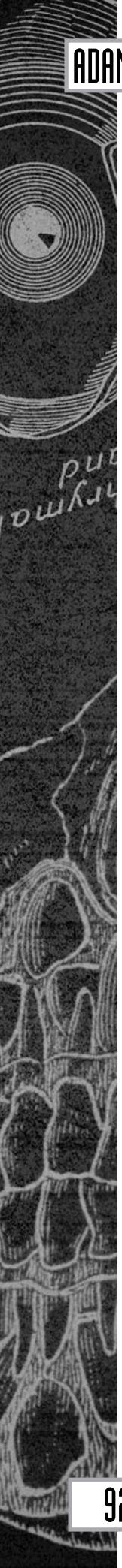
Instead the DeMonte Clan reproduced by taking so-called "natural aristocrats" and turning them into ghouls. The traditional ghoul method of turning humans into ghouls consisted of feeding humans on a diet of rotting human flesh until their dormant genes were activated by the prions found in the cadavers' flesh. Normally this would take years, sometimes even decades. The DeMontes, however, had come into possession of a book, previously the property of the Paris Ghoul Cult, known as the *Ghoul Manuscript*. Bound in human skin, clasped in bone and written on vellum harvested from cadavers, the *Ghoul Manuscript* contains the secret knowledge of the ghouls, both in the waking world and in the Dreamlands. It contains knowledge of the gods they worshipped and the rituals used to appease them, as well as other spells the DeMontes had found useful over the centuries. But most importantly, the *Ghoul Manuscript* is cursed by powerful magics. No one but a ghoul may read the book, and to ensure that is always so, any human who reads the *Ghoul Manuscript* soon finds himself overcome by unnatural and irresistible desires to consume the flesh of human cadavers. Once the forbidden provender is consumed, the human transforms into a ghoul in just one night.

The DeMontes add new blood to the family by selecting what they consider to be humans of appropriate temperament or aristocratic lineage. These humans are then made to read from the *Ghoul Manuscript* and are transformed into ghouls. Newly drafted family members who prove unenthusiastic about their fate are quickly eliminated. Those who embrace their new nature are welcomed into the DeMonte Clan. Nevertheless, no children are produced from these unions. The DeMontes are convinced that the outlook of their Clan is a careful blend of both human and ghoulish philosophies. Any offspring would be born as pure blood ghouls and might be more likely to adopt those outlooks and habits of ghouls that the DeMontes considered to be "low" and "common."

Over the years enough new members joined the Clan to swell their numbers from the nine members who arrived in Haiti in 1708, to twenty-six who arrived in New Orleans in 1790. After arriving in New Orleans, the DeMontes' access to food and their range of foraging increased. Like any ecology, as food and range increased, so did the size of the DeMonte Clan. By 1960, the Clan's population peaked at one hundred and sixty-seven ghouls.

The Plague Years

During the 19th century the City of New Orleans was a mass of contradictions. By the 1840s, New Orleans was the third largest city in the country, and the wealthiest. Sitting astride the Mississippi Delta, New Orleans controlled all the traffic flowing down the Ohio, Missouri and Mississippi Rivers into the Gulf of Mexico. Even before the lower Mississippi Delta was opened, allowing more and heavier ships to make it up river to New



Orleans, the city still accounted for nearly 7,000 tons of goods shipped out every year. After the lower Mississippi Delta was deepened in 1879, that number jumped to 453,681 tons of cargo from St. Louis and points north—not counting vast amounts of cotton shipping from south! The city of New Orleans was awash in cash. Fortunes could be made there, but at the same time, the city was one of the unhealthiest places to live in North America.

New Orleans sits amid the swamps and bayous of the lower Mississippi Delta. During the summer months the city was routinely subjected to waves of mosquito-borne diseases like malaria and yellow fever. The city's poor sanitation also resulted in outbreaks of cholera. The worst outbreak was in 1832 when cholera killed 4,340 people. Smallpox made occasional appearances as well. Yellow fever alone accounted for over 41,000 deaths between 1817 and 1905. The overall death rate in Louisiana was the highest of any of the United States. The annual death rate of New Orleans itself went from a low of 36 per 1000 in 1820 and rose to a high of 1 out of 15 in the summer of 1853. This death rate was sufficient to ensure that the DeMonte family not only had enough corpses to eat, but that there were sufficient numbers of dead that no one would miss those that never made it into a casket. During the 19th century the DeMonte Clan feasted well and grew in power and influence in the city.

As they had in Haiti, the DeMontes looted the memories of the dead. They feasted on the brains of prominent citizens of the city to learn everything from scandalous family secrets worthy of extortion, to precarious business deals worthy of exploitation. The DeMontes quickly built up a web of compromised and coerced informants that kept them abreast of most of the important activity in the city. Their network infiltrated the highest and lowest strata of New Orleans society, easily crossing the color lines that divided the city well into the 20th century.

When the DeMontes discovered a deceased citizen they felt could be useful, sometimes they would devour the corpse using the Consume Likeness spell. In 1881, the infamous "Louisiana Voodoo" practitioner Marie Laveau was stolen from her crypt and devoured by Antoinette DeMonte herself. Through this façade, Antoinette DeMonte seized control of the unofficial hierarchy of Voodoo practitioners in New Orleans. Priests and priestesses who became aware of Marie Laveau's resurrection were duly impressed with her powers. Marie Laveau's daughters were convinced that it was not their mother who had returned from the dead, but they were too intimidated to interfere in the DeMonte Clan's plans. Ultimately the daughters would go to great lengths to hide where they were buried in order to avoid their mother's fate.

During the 19th century the DeMontes continued to expand their control of the supply of corpses generated by the city's less-than-hygienic environment. To that end the Clan gained control of a number of funeral homes in the city. Violence was almost never used. Instead, the DeMontes opened their own funeral homes and simply under-priced the competition out of business. However, rather than uniting all the funeral homes under one banner, the DeMonte Clan made sure that each funeral home continued to openly operate as a privately owned, family business. The DeMontes were most interested in gaining control of the funeral services in the city's poorest communities because these communities would be least able to react to any "irregularities."

The DeMontes took notice of the invention of the first crematoriums in the United States in the mid-1870s. Such devices seemed to be the perfect opportunity to pull a switch on the bereaved family, with the deceased ending up on the DeMonte dinner table and the family ending up with some pulverized bones from an earlier cadaver. However, New Orleans is a very Catholic city. The Catholic Church maintained a ban on Catholics choosing the option of cremation until Pope Paul VI lifted the ban in 1963. It took three more years before Catholic priests were permitted to officiate at cremation ceremonies. So while a DeMonte funeral home was the first to open a crematorium in the city, in 1894, it did not initially receive a great deal of business, except for unclaimed and unidentified cadavers.

By the turn of the 20th century, the process of controlling the funerary services in the city of New Orleans was nearly complete. The DeMonte Clan did not completely control the funerary services in the city, but they did comfortably dominate the industry. 1905 was the last time the city was struck by a significant outbreak of disease, a small epidemic of yellow fever. With the plague season brought to an end by the development of new medical treatments and the improved civic sanitation, it was particularly important that the DeMontes dominated the disposal of the city's dead. Without plague barges, loaded with corpses, being sailed out of the city, the DeMontes had to ensure that as many unwanted corpses as possible came into their control. Of particular use was their Clan's influence over local politicians. That always ensured that one of the DeMonte-controlled funeral homes had the city's contract for disposing of unclaimed cadavers and "John Does." Another, different DeMonte funeral home would hold the contract to bury or cremate the city's indigent. In this manner the DeMontes filled their larders from the city's invisible and powerless underclass.

American Gomorrah

New Orleans underwent a number of changes beginning around the time of America's entry into World War One. To start

The DeMonte Clan, the Dreamlands, and the Ghoul Manuscript

Ghouls and the Cult of Mordiggian have a strong connection to that alternative dimension known as the Dreamlands. This is because their god, the Great Old One Mordiggian, maintains a permanent presence in a temple in Zul-Bha-Sair, a city in an isolated corner of the Dreamlands where ghouls rule humans and lay claim to all the city's dead. Tethered to its temple in the Dreamlands, it is harder to summon Mordiggian to the waking world than it is for ghouls to physically travel to the Dreamlands . . . and it is very, very hard to travel to the Dreamlands.

The cult's connection to the Dreamlands goes all the way back to the beginnings of the Paris Ghoul Cult of the late 17th century. It was from the Dreamlands that the cult received some of its most important artifacts and tomes. *The Ghoul Manuscript,* for example, was written and ensorcelled in the Dreamlands. Other items, like the Talking Skull (see *The Realm of Shadows,* page 175), were also created in the Dreamlands, but lost to the cult during the events of 1940. At the same time the cult also lost the Gate of Oneirology, which permitted physical passage into the Dreamlands. Ever since then, the Cult of Mordiggian has been cut off from the Dreamlands.

The DeMontes have been cut off from the Dreamlands even longer. Despite having come into possession of the *Ghoul Manuscript* after the 18th century crackdown on the Paris Ghoul Cult, the DeMontes were never particularly interested in maintaining close connections to the Dreamlands. This has proven a fatal error.

Because the DeMontes relied on the *Ghoul Manuscript* to transform new members into ghouls, they are seriously hampered now that Delta Green has gained possession of it (see page 97 for a description of how this happened). They only had one copy of the book and no ability to recreate it in such a way as to duplicate its ability to change humans into ghouls. The DeMonte Clan has not created any new ghouls since 1999.

Immediately after Delta Green first stole the *Ghoul Manuscript,* the DeMontes attempted to track it down by tracing the whereabouts of FBI Special Agent Debra Constance. Because of her disappearance and "transformation" into Jean Qualls, this proved impossible. That was when a faction of the DeMonte Clan began to lobby for a return to the Dreamlands. If a way back could be found, then another copy of the *Ghoul Manuscript* might be procured and brought into the waking world. Unfortunately, having lived in isolation from other ghoul colonies for so long, much of their knowledge of the Dreamlands was lost. Furthermore, the habits and customs of the DeMonte Clan make them pariahs among most ghoul colonies. In the opinion of most ghouls, the DeMontes have been corrupted by their excessive contact with human society. They do not dig, they do not eat their food raw, they maintain human levels of hygiene, and they sleep in beds. What the DeMontes see as acting in a civilized and cultured way, other ghouls see as acting like food.

Consequently, most ghoul colonies, particularly those associated with the Cult of Mordiggian, are not interested in helping the DeMontes return to the Dreamlands. Getting their help has been a slow process of careful diplomacy mixed with some healthy bribery. Of course, this process has been put under a great deal of pressure since Delta Green once again had the New Orleans colony in its sights in 2002. The DeMonte Clan's efforts to contact other colonies have nearly ceased following the disruption caused by Hurricane Katrina in 2005.

with, Storyville, the neighborhood north of the French Quarter (or Vieux Carré) where the city had quarantined its brothels and gambling halls since 1895, was closed down. The federal government had insisted the city do so in order to minimize the exposure of US servicemen to venereal disease before they shipped out to Europe. Nevertheless, New Orleans continued to be a den of vice, particularly during Prohibition, albeit a slightly less commercially obvious one. Where previously the city printed and distributed so-called Blue Books, directories of the bawdy houses in Storyville, procurers and pimps simply dispersed their businesses and paid off the police.

During the 1920s and 1930s, the rest of Louisiana looked at New Orleans with distrust. The city was just too Catholic, too rich, and too black for the average poor, white, Baptist citizen of Louisiana. There was also New Orleans' reputation as a den of sin and vice. The city did a booming business importing alcohol during Prohibition, and despite the closure of Storyville, prostitution continued unabated. It was also the source of much of the "degenerate negro music" that was getting such play on the radio and in the music halls. The DeMontes embraced this culture of permissiveness both because of their own personal decadence and because it was a philosophy they shared with other followers of Mordiggian.

The DeMontes were aware of other ghoul colonies in North America, particularly those attached to the much larger, and global, Cult of Mordiggian. After all, the DeMonte Clan and the Cult of Mordiggian both descend from French refugees from the Paris Ghoul Cult. While the DeMontes paid obeisance to Mordiggian, they did not submit themselves to the authority of the Cult of Mordiggian, which was based in the jungles of French Guiana.

The Cult of Mordiggian had a very long-term agenda to shape human society into something so liberal and permissive that the eating of the dead would not be seen as an abomination. Once this is accomplished, though it may take centuries, ghouls could

live openly, or at least openly disguised as humans. But what are a few centuries to near-immortals like ghouls?

However, the Cult of Mordiggian suffered a major setback in 1940 at the hands of what can only be described as "talented amateur investigators and vigilantes." They lost their temple and gate to the Dreamlands, destroying literally four decades of hard work. (See Pagan Publishing's *The Realm of Shadows* for details.) Rebuilding was impossible as too many of the cult's most experienced and forward thinking members had been slain. The Cult of Mordiggian would take decades to reorganize.

The DeMontes shared the Cult of Mordiggian's vision that a more permissive world might mean they would no longer have to hide like grubs under a rock. Therefore the Clan sought to support and promote whatever was forbidden by society, starting with the victimless vices that are so often very profitable. Since arriving in New Orleans they have had their hands in alcohol, illegal drugs, prostitution, pornography, and gambling. They also promoted things seen by the culture of the time as decadent and a threat to public order, such as civil rights, women's rights, desegregation, and an end to Jim Crow. In later decades the DeMontes gave financial support to groups that supported the rights of homosexuals, the legalization of marijuana, the lowering of the age of consent, and the preservation of the separation of church and state. It should give most modern, enlightened Investigators a sick turn to realize that many of the greatest leaps forward in human rights have been supported by the ghoul cults as a means to their end of creating a human culture so debased and morally relativistic, that public and open consumption of

The DeMontes' Use of Zombies

For centuries the DeMonte Clan has used the spell Black Binding, which uses the caster's magic points to create a zombie that they can control. Because no POW is sacrificed to the reanimation of the zombie, it continues to decompose after it is reanimated, making it purely temporary. The DeMontes have always kept zombies around for simple tasks like guarding particular locations or committing murder. In the modern era, the DeMontes have taken advantage of several technological advancements to enhance their use of these zombies to do their grunt work. For one thing, when not being used, the zombies are kept in large meat freezers so they will stay fresh longer. New Orleans is a very tropical climate, essentially built on a swamp, with extremely high temperature and humidity. Being left directly exposed to the elements, particularly during the summer, would cause any zombie to bloat and putrefy to the point of being obviously a corpse within a matter of hours.

Since this type of zombie tends to get ripe pretty quick, the ghouls will sometimes deploy them disguised as homeless people. For one thing, most people don't want to look too closely at the homeless, lest they attract their attention and become the target of some panhandling. Second of all, layers of tattered clothing and dirt can hide some of the more obvious signs of decomposition. And, of course, most people expect the homeless to smell bad, especially if they've never encountered one close up. A trained medical professional (Medicine 40% or First Aid 60%) will automatically recognize the smell as the stench of decomposition, not merely accumulated body odor, offal and other less pleasant but natural bodily excretions. Otherwise the observer must succeed in a Medicine, First Aid, or INTx3 roll the first time a disguised zombie is encountered. If successful, it results in an immediate loss of 0/1D6 SAN, and thereafter the observer need only succeed in a Spot Hidden or INTx5 roll to be able to detect a disguised zombie. The Keeper should feel free to adjust the difficulties of the rolls depending on how ripe the zombies are and the manner of disguise employed.

The DeMontes have access to the spell Eyes of the Zombie, but since the spell only allows the command of one zombie at a time they have made a recent technological upgrade to allow them to command entire hordes of undead at the same time. The DeMontes use sophisticated radio and video gear to rig their zombies with radio-receiver headsets. Sometimes, when particularly remote operations are called for, the zombies are equipped with micro-cameras. From a central command console, with multiple television monitors and a multi-band radio transmitter, a single ghoul could coordinate the movements and actions of a platoon of zombies. Such a group of zombies could be used for assaults or patrolling an important facility, moving deliberately, albeit far more slowly than a group of independent actors.

The DeMontes can arm their zombies, and usually do so. These undead creatures can be commanded to use any melee weapon or simple firearm, but more complex tasks require constant instruction. A zombie could be ordered to point a gun at a target and pull the trigger, and it would continue to do so until the order to kill the target was accomplished, but it would have to be talked through the procedure to reload the weapon. A bolt-action or pump-action weapon might cause confusion, but semi-auto weapons will work fine. Because of their lack of finesse, zombies can only fire full twenty-round bursts from automatic weapons.

In order to simplify matters, zombie assassins are equipped with high capacity weapons, pre-loaded and charged before they are handed out. Sometimes they carry several so that empty firearms can be tossed aside and a fresh weapon drawn to continue the fight. Of course, zombies are not the greatest marksmen. In game terms, zombies never have anything more than base skill with any weapon. This can still be quite deadly. For example, since zombies are not concerned with getting caught or personal safety, one could approach a target in broad daylight, get within DEX in feet range (point blank range) and pull out a double-barreled shotgun. At that range, firearms skills are doubled, so that would give the zombie two tries at 60% each to hit the target. When each success means 4D6 damage, those are pretty good odds.

human flesh would not been seen a crime against nature. With the Cult of Mordiggian in chaos after the disaster of 1940, it was up to the DeMontes alone to continue that work during the second half of the 20th century.

The DeMontes are unsure which direction to push in order to reach their goal of a society that would permit cannibalizing its dead, but because of their financial interest in pornography, the DeMontes were quick to see the value of the Internet as a way to promote and circulate ideas. Starting in the late 1990s they decided to focus on promoting the most extreme and deviant forms of Internet pornography in which the public showed an interest. This support came in a number of forms, but it was primarily financial and indirect. The DeMontes do not own the websites that provide this material to the public. Instead the

Roasted Zombie

char.	rolls	average
STR	1D6 x 2	7
CON	1D6 x 2	7
SIZ	2D6+6	13
POW	0	
DEX	1D6	3-4

Average Hit Points: 8-9

Move: 4

Average Damage Bonus: + 0

Armor

None, but impaling weapons only do 1 hit point per attack. All other attacks do half damage. Attacking a roasted zombie with bare hands is possible, but will cause one point of damage every time an attack succeeds due to burns caused by its scalding hot meat.

Attacks

Bite 30%, 1D3 damage (assuming there's no apple in its mouth)
Grapple 25%, special. If a roasted zombie is fresh out of the oven, the grapple attack immediately does 1D4 damage from its scalding hot meat.

Skills

Listen 25%

San-loss Effects

1/1D10 for seeing one of these. There is an additional 1D6 SAN Loss if the zombie is someone the viewer knew, 1D8 if they were a close friend or family member.

Physical Description

This creature has been prepared for a ghoul feast and has been gutted, stuffed, seasoned, garnished and roasted like a suckling pig. They are very fragile after being cooked, so they do tend to fall apart when attacked. Nevertheless, the impact is more psychological than physical. On the plus side, because they've been cooked, they are now blind. A roasted zombie can only attack if they make a successful Listen roll first to find their quarry.

Zombie Thug

char.	rolls	average
STR	3D6 x 1.5	15-17
CON	3D6 x 1.5	15-17
SIZ	2D6+6	13
POW	0	
DEX	2D6	7

Average Hit Points: 15

Move: 6

Average Damage Bonus: + 1D4

Armor

None, but impaling weapons only do 1 hit point per attack, all other attacks do 1/2 damage. As the zombie decomposes it becomes less and less structurally sound. This is represented by a loss of one CON point per day left exposed to the elements.

Attacks

Bite 30%, 1D3 damage, all others at base skill.

Skills

Climb 40% Jump 25% Throw 25%

San-loss Effects

Depends on state of decomposition:
0/1D6 for a fresh, clothed zombie.
0/1D8 for a ripe clothed, or fairly fresh but naked zombie.
1/1D10 for a truly juicy zombie.

Physical Description

These zombies continue to decompose after they are reanimated, becoming progressively more bloated and rancid. Unless kept refrigerated they quickly putrefy and rot. Fresh corpses can pass for human (particularly when their eyes are hidden behind sunglasses). For the first few days their deathly pallor can be hidden with makeup. After that, it's best to disguise them as homeless street people.

The DeMontes are also a parsimonious lot. When a zombie gets too ripe to be useful, or at least unable to easily pass for human, they are sent to the Clan's kitchens where they are prepared for their feasts. They are not deactivated because the DeMontes find it convenient to have the zombie assist in its own preparation. Because of Antoinette DeMontes' obsession with "consensual cannibalism" she often uses her zombies in a kind of obscene pantomime of a meal offering itself up for her dinner plate. If Agents ever snuck into a DeMonte Clan nest, they might find a zombie or two standing around the kitchen in various states of dismemberment. They might even find one in the process of gutting itself and filling its belly with stuffing. Even cooked, the zombies retain their ability to obey commands, which is especially handy when a fully roasted and boiling hot cadaver must be maneuvered from the roasting pan to a serving tray. I leave it to the Keeper to paint a scene where a roasted body, complete with an apple in the mouth, belly full of stuffing, covered with pineapple rings, climbs off the dinner table or out of an oven to attack the Agents.

DeMontes use blind trusts to make anonymous contributions to First Amendment proponents focused on the Internet, such as the Electronic Frontier Foundation. The DeMontes established other trusts to fund legal assistance for anyone being prosecuted for the production, dissemination and possession of any kind of sexually explicit material. The only limit is that they don't get involved in cases concerning child pornography or forced prostitution. The DeMontes realize that the fastest way to push a boundary is to define where it isn't going to be. After all, the society the ghouls want is one where the dead are consumed, not one where people are killed in order to become food. Their ideal situation would technically be a victimless crime, presuming one discounts the psychological effect this would have on the deceased's grieving family. The DeMontes believe that by defending "victimless" pornography produced by consenting adults, they will be able to push the boundaries of what an adult can consent to. They also donate to organizations that advocate doctor assisted suicide, or advocate the decriminalization of suicide.

Of course, it is one of the great truths about porn on the Internet that no matter what one's sexual fetish is, no matter how weird or unlikely it may seem, one thing is certain: someone else has already put up a website dedicated to it. So it came as a surprise to the DeMontes when they learned that the Internet was populated by message boards, websites and mailing lists dedicated to the promotion of cannibalism, or more specifically, to the promotion of the fetish of sexualized cannibal play. While sex games involving basting brushes and olive oil may seem to be a waste of the clan's time, the DeMonte matriarch, Antoinette DeMonte, was fascinated by this strange expression of human sexuality. That interest rose to the level of obsession in 2001, when the news broke about Armin Meiwes of Germany.

Over the centuries there have been perhaps hundreds of cases of cannibalism linked with savage murderers and serial killers. Killers like Albert Fish, Jeffrey Dahmer, and Issei Sagawa all engaged in cannibalism as part of their murderous obsessions, but it wasn't until the Armin Meiwes case that the paradigm shifted dramatically. Where other murderous cannibals stalked their victims, Armin Meiwes advertised for his. He used the Internet to find someone with an unhealthy obsession with sexualized cannibalism in order to get them to volunteer to be killed, cooked and eaten. Meiwes was apparently extremely frank about his intentions and many people answered his ad, only to back out when Meiwes made it clear that he was not discussing a fantasy, but that he intended to consummate his plans by consuming the flesh of his volunteer. Astonishingly a man named Bernd Jürgen Brandes came forward and volunteered to be killed and eaten, which he was.

What was significant for the DeMontes was that Meiwes attempted to defend his murder and cannibalism on the grounds that he had never hidden his intentions and his victim offered himself up out of free will. While this tactic failed Meiwes dismally, resulting in his earlier conviction for manslaughter to be overturned and a retrial and conviction for murder, the DeMontes' took heart. After all, Clarence Darrow may have lost the Scopes Monkey Trial, but it was the beginning of the end for state-mandated creationist education. Who knows? Perhaps this was the beginning of a movement toward consensual cannibalism.

This idea of 'consensual cannibalism' has long struck a chord with Antoinette DeMonte. After hiring a discreet law firm, she was able to determine that many countries, like Germany in the Meiwes case, did not have laws outlawing cannibalism. Murder was illegal and there were plenty of statutes governing the

New Orleans Ghoul Cuisine

Ghouls must eat rotten human meat in order to sustain themselves. Fresh meat will not suffice. For humans to transform into ghouls, they too must consume large amounts of rotten human flesh over an extended period of time; years, in fact. Proximity to ghouls does seem to accelerate the change from human to ghoul. The DeMonte Clan is no different from other ghouls in this respect: they must consume rotten human meat. However, there the similarity ends. Where traditional ghouls devour corpses whole right out of their caskets, tearing them to shreds with their teeth and claws, the DeMontes maintain an unusual level of gentility. They eat from fine china plates, use knives and forks, and drink from crystal glasses. They do not devour corpses with their teeth and claws, but rather carve their food and eat it by the forkful. Even stranger is that the DeMontes create recipes for their corpses, seasoning the rotted flesh with the spices found in the most renowned Cajun and Creole kitchens of the city. But most unusual of all is that unlike other ghouls the DeMontes cook their cannibal cuisine. Spoiled human flesh is blackened with Cajun spices or mixed into traditional dishes like gumbo and jambalaya. Apparently the culture of New Orleans, with its emphasis on fine dining, has rubbed off on the DeMontes.

The fact that the primary ingredient of these dishes is spoiled meat will not be lost on any human who samples it. The flavors will be revolting to the human palate and would likely result in a violent case of food poisoning. While many of these dishes appear perfectly normal, the DeMontes serve plenty of dishes whose ingredients are of obvious human origin. This can range from everything from the irony of 'long pork' served like a roast sucking pig with an apple in its mouth, to heads turned into decorative serving dishes, to literal "finger food." The details are left to the Keeper's fiendish imagination.

handling and disposal of human remains, but cannibalism was rarely specifically outlawed. If the laws against assisted suicide could be undermined, perhaps another test case could be floated, this time one arranged for by the DeMontes. But Antoinette's interest in consensual cannibalism is not just about advancing their agenda of legalized cannibalism. She has always believed that those the DeMontes feed upon should understand, accept and even embrace their place in the food chain. Humans should appreciate that the preservation of their memories inside the ghouls who devour them is the closest thing to immortality of the soul that humans are ever likely to receive. Humans should be grateful. Humans should seek ghouls out and offer themselves up so that some small part of them can be preserved forever inside a ghoul. But mostly she just gets an unseemly thrill from the idea of humans lining up to beg her to devour them. To that end she has used her skills as an alchemist and sorceress to utilize some old magic in some new ways to bring humans around to seeing things her way. She has other unpleasant games she plays with the Clan's supply of zombies raised by the Black Binding.

During the 1990s, the murder rate in New Orleans skyrocketed. The combination of chronic unemployment, drug culture, and welfare inertia combined to create a culture of extreme violence. The numbers peaked in 1994 at 421 murders, or 86 murders per 100,000 people. The national average was closer to 7 murders per 100,000 people. This was an excellent situation for the DeMontes. In an environment this violent, losing a few bodies was going to be very easy, particularly when they were young, poor and black. As the turn of the 21st century dawned, the DeMontes may not have found anything to replace the feasts created by the annual "fever season," but the combination of drug abuse, drug violence, and general neglect accentuated by poverty kept the larders full. Even as the crime rate declined towards 2001, the DeMontes' command of the local funeral home industry meant that none of them were going to be missing any meals. Even when supplies grew thin, the DeMontes had the financial resources to arrange for bodies to be shipped to them from corrupt funeral homes as far away as Georgia. They were the secret aristocracy that made the city exactly what they needed to serve their needs. They were beyond the reach of man's laws; nothing and no one held sway over them.

Enter Delta Green

Delta Green first became aware of ghouls in New Orleans in 1992, when FBI Special Agent Debra Constance, a member of Delta Green, was exposed to the *Ghoul Manuscript* and transformed into a necrophagic horror. Theodore Morse, an old friend of Agent Constance who had been turned into a ghoul three years earlier, exposed her to the book. His motive was stunningly juvenile. Having always wanted a relationship with Constance, he thought that if he turned her into a ghoul too she would finally be his. The plan backfired spectacularly. Constance rejected Morse, took the *Ghoul Manuscript* and fled back to her colleagues in Delta Green.

Rather than kill her on sight, her colleagues in Delta Green tried to help her hold on to her humanity. At first her colleagues thought perhaps Debra Constance could be cured, but nothing came of their research. One of those colleagues was a CIA case officer who had worked for decades as an "illegal," a spy without diplomatic cover to protect him if he was caught by a foreign counter-intelligence service. This man, known to his fellow Delta Green conspirators only as "John Drake", believed that there might be some chance to use Debra Constance to further Delta Green's mission. To that end he helped provide her with an appropriate diet. He even went so far as to arrange for the body of an overdosed L.A. call girl to be made available for Constance to devour as part of the Consume Likeness spell. Now able to pass for human, Constance went about rebuilding some semblance of an identity. With the help of a few other Delta Green agents, John Drake was able to create a paper trail to support her new false identity: Jean Qualls, a forensic psychologist and consultant to the FBI. It was with this new identity that Debra Constance was once again able to participate in Delta Green operations.

When Delta Green reorganized into a cell-based conspiracy, it was Drake who had to explain to A Cell that he had a "pet" ghoul who could interrogate the dead by devouring them. It was not an easy sell. At first Alphonse and Adam were of the opinion that Jean Qualls should immediately be put down as a threat to Delta Green's security. After all, she knew too much and there was no telling where she might end up if she simply succumbed completely to the ghoul side of her nature. But Drake pointed out that with proper precautions, Delta Green could get a lot of mileage out of Jean Qualls before they'd have to put her down. A Cell therefore decided to try and make as much use of the doomed Agent as possible before her termination became an absolute necessity. N Cell was formed around the newly christened Agent Nancy with the two other Cell members essentially assigned as both her assistants and jailers. At all times, Agents Nick and

Nolan were under orders to execute Agent Nancy the moment it appeared she was losing her connection with what little remained of her human side.

When Constance was first turned into a ghoul, Delta Green investigated the ghoul colony they presumed must operate in New Orleans. They had little to go on besides the identity of Teddy Morse and they learned little more than the New Orleans police had when they investigated the man's disappearance three years earlier. Morse had drifted away from his friends and colleagues at the Times Picayune newspaper. He had become secretive and guarded about his personal affairs. At the time, people around him worried that he had gotten in over his head with one of the predictable vices. No one expected him to vanish and leave his personal effects and bank accounts untouched. Ultimately, the Delta Green investigation of New Orleans ran out of steam.

When Delta Green reorganized in 1994, the New Orleans incident was not forgotten. No Delta Green agents were assigned to the operation, but a locally based Friendly was tasked with keeping an eye on the situation in New Orleans. Father Luther Marks was a Jesuit priest and professor of history at Loyola University. Between 1994 and 1999 he directly participated in two Delta Green operations and lent important ARCHINT support for a third. He was never told the details of Agent Nancy's transformation, nor anything about the possibility of a ghoul colony in the city. This refusal to inform Father Marks was prompted by Delta Green's general unwillingness to share information and a belief that if Marks was informed that a colony might exist, he might start seeing ghouls behind every tombstone. This failure to fully brief their operative would later prove to be a mistake.

For their part, the DeMonte Clan was furious at the loss of the *Ghoul Manuscript*, but was at a loss over what to do about it. The DeMontes discovered Morse's part in the theft and while they did capture him and devour him, it did them little good. Morse simply did not know where Constance had gone. The Clan was unwilling to begin randomly devouring FBI agents in order to track her down, so they were forced to wait for her to resurface. Antoinette DeMonte figured that since Constance was transformed into a ghoul, she might have used the spells in the book to change her appearance. On the possibility that she might have joined another ghoul colony, they made contact with ghoul colonies outside New Orleans, but found no sign of Constance. As the years rolled by, the DeMontes grew impatient and it was decided to try to find graves of FBI personnel who had served with Agent Constance at the time she had disappeared, hoping that devouring one of them would give them some clue to her whereabouts. Nothing was learned from the one or two opportunities that arose and the

DeMontes were forced to wait for a break.

Despite their previous encounter, Delta Green did not realize the size and organization of the New Orleans ghoul colony until ten years later. Father Luther Marks had indeed been keeping his eyes peeled in New Orleans and was accumulating a huge research file on what he suspected might be a group that had settled in New Orleans in the 19th century in order to take advantage of the city's high mortality rate. At first he thought they might be necromancers of some sort who either needed human remains as ingredients or the proximity to death to work their sorcery. Then he suspected an offshoot of New Orleans Voodoo dedicated to Baron Samedi, the Voodoo lord of the dead. Ultimately he discovered the existence of a dark urban legend from the times of the great yellow fever outbreaks. Among the city's oldest inhabitants were stories from their dimmest childhoods, stories told by their parents and grandparents, that when the plagues came to the city, the rich and powerful would flee to the countryside and 'Death's courtiers would walk the streets feeding in their lord's wake'. Not on the living, but on the dead. It was while Father Marks was tracking down original sources on these legends that he became aware of the existence of a scandalous book called *La Fête du Nouveau Monde,* "The Celebration of the New World." An alternate translation of the title was "The Feast of the New World." It was after he began checking with rare book dealers around the city that he realized he was under surveillance.

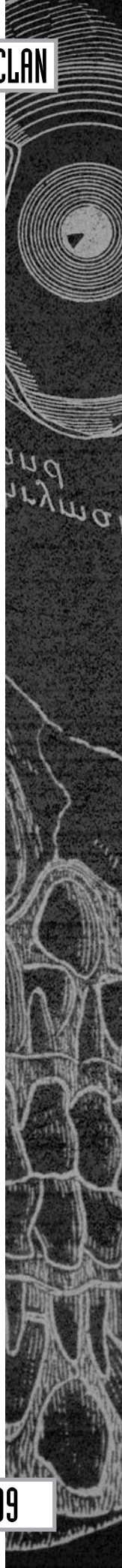
Fearing for his life, Father Marks made contact with his Delta Green handler, Agent Graham, through a dead drop in New Orleans on April 8, 2002. Agent Graham was the code name for Special Agent William Raymond "Billy Ray" Weeks of the FBI. By the time Agent Graham picked up the message, Father Marks had vanished and been bad-jacketed with a possession of child pornography charge. The New Orleans Police Department was looking for Marks and seizing all his personal possessions. Agent Graham only arrived in time to prevent the Clan from completely covering their tracks. While searching the Father's office at Loyola University, Agent Graham shot and wounded a ghoul masquerading as Father Marks. Seeing the fake Father Marks revert to ghoul form left little doubt about the nature of this new enemy.

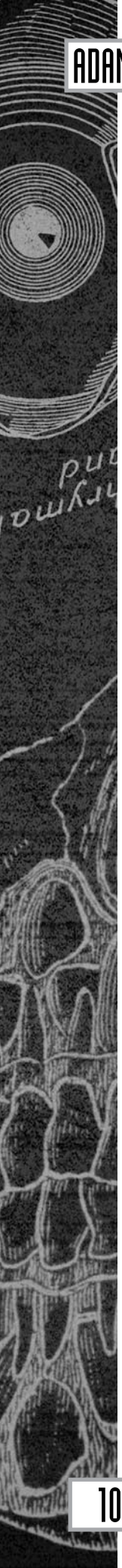
Efforts to access the Father's personal effects in the police department's possession were met with delays, misdirection, "lost" evidence and "misplaced" files. Later they learned that men identifying themselves as NOPD detectives were systematically eliminating all of Father Marks' leads. Some of the people that Marks had interviewed had even turned up dead not long after being interviewed by these NOPD detectives. The Delta Green team decided to abandon any attempt to work with local law enforcement and operate as if the NOPD was a hostile force. With the assistance of the rest of G Cell, Agent Graham was able to recreate Father Marks' research, checking the websites he'd visited, checking out the same books he'd read, consulting the same public records. Ultimately they uncovered the legends of the eaters of the dead that prowled the plague barges and plague islands of 19th century New Orleans.

When G Cell reported what they'd learned, A Cell realized they had a new lead on the New Orleans ghoul colony. A Cell dispatched N Cell to assist them, but did not reveal that Agent Nancy was Jean Qualls, Delta Green's ghoul-in-residence. Agent Nancy briefed G Cell on what Delta Green knew about ghouls, which was mostly what she'd learned from the *Ghoul Manuscript* and the Keepers of the Faith in New York City. Little of that information readily applied to the conditions in New Orleans. Tunneling was simply not possible beneath the city. Noting that Father Marks was researching funeral homes, G Cell realized that the Father suspected that some of them were supplying food to the ghoul colony. They began surveilling the small, family owned outfits, particularly the ones operating crematoriums. One of those funeral homes, Fort Funerary Services, was involved with a local Voodoo cult controlled by the ghouls. The team observed bodies being taken out of the funeral home in the middle of the night and delivered to warehouses across town. Checking property records, the team discovered that the owner was an infant that died in 1878 before going on to buy the warehouse in 1927.

This was a huge break in the investigation. Delta Green settled in for long-term surveillance of the warehouse, hoping to track the movements and identities of anyone who visited this "corpse pantry." After a couple of weeks of observation they would unravel the entire organization, or would have if the DeMontes had been a little less on the ball. The ghouls spotted the surveillance and decided to counter-attack. On the night of April 26th 2002 the DeMontes almost wiped out the entire Delta Green team. Zombies wired up for remote control and armed to the teeth with submachine guns had four team members trapped in their safe house in the French Quarter, and had set fire to the building. During the desperate firefight, one Delta Green agent was wounded and another, Agent Nolan, was captured by the DeMontes while covering the team's escape. During the getaway, Agent Nancy was injured and dropped her guise, revealing her true nature as a ghoul to the rest of her team. That surprise almost ended in a firefight between the Delta Green team-members. Escaping out of the city, the team passed word back to the ghouls through one of the compromised funeral homes that they were willing to trade the *Ghoul Manuscript* for Agent Nolan's life.

After some extensive preparations and reinforcements from C





Cell and a couple of Friendlies, the team was able to arrange the exchange of the *Ghoul Manuscript* for Agent Nolan. Normally an Agent would simply be written off, but with the ghouls' ability to absorb memories through necrophagy, and with Nolan's personal knowledge of Delta Green's leadership, losing Nolan to the ghouls would have meant exposing the entire organization to them. With their shape-changing and memory-stealing abilities, the ghouls could eat their way to A Cell in weeks. The only option was to get Nolan back alive and intact.

The DeMontes were desperate to get the *Ghoul Manuscript* back, but they also knew that they couldn't afford to let the investigators escape. They knew next to nothing about these snoopers except they were adept at electronic surveillance, had access to automatic weapons, and were not working with the New Orleans Police Department. It didn't seem possible that an outside law enforcement agency would be operating in New Orleans without informing the NOPD, so at first they dismissed the idea of government investigators. Using their connections with corrupt elements of the city, parish and state government, the DeMontes arranged to do the exchange in the middle of the Lake Pontchartrain Causeway, a 23 mile long twin span of bridge crossing the lake north of the city, where the north-bound and south-bound lanes are connected at intervals by emergency turn-around platforms. The DeMontes picked the centrally located boat ramp and dock beneath the causeways to ensure complete privacy and total isolation. Contacts with the Bridge Authority ensured the structure would be closed to all traffic for a few hours in the middle of the night, with corrupt police guarding either end of the bridge and an army of remote controlled zombies and ghouls stationed along the bridge at the turnarounds. They even brought Agent Nolan to the barge dock by boat to ensure that they had an escape route that wouldn't leave them bottled up on the bridge.

The DeMontes' preparations failed utterly. In the early morning hours of April 30, 2002, using a combination of bluff, magic, electronic counter measures, obscene amounts of firepower, and a CH-53E Super Stallion "borrowed" from the Pensacola Naval Air Station, the Delta Green team recovered Agent Nolan. The team disappeared into the night sky, leaving nothing in their wake except two rental vehicles, paid for with credit cards that belonged to people who never existed in the first place, one with a trunk full of modeling clay made up to look like C4, a few dozen shell casings, a lot of buckshot, a pile of mangled zombies, a half-dozen chickens with their necks wrung and a headless ghoul with its knees and elbows shot off. The DeMontes were left standing around with their mouths hanging open in total shock.

Counting the Cost

In the aftermath of the rescue operation Delta Green had three priorities: debrief the ghoul head they recovered, debrief Agent Nolan, and sanitize the operation. They had a jump-start on sanitizing the operation once it was obvious they were dealing with ghouls. Delta Green compiled lists of contacts for every Agent or Friendly sent into New Orleans. If the ghouls took any one of them, Delta Green was ready to cut off and cauterize all points of contact. Dead drops and contact numbers would be abandoned and any personnel with whom the missing person had been in contact would be notified that they should treat him as an immediate threat if seen. Furthermore, any Agent or Friendly who believed the missing personnel knew anything more about them than their code names should be prepared to walk away from their lives and go underground. A Cell decided to wait until Agent Nolan was debriefed before rescinding the alert they issued upon his capture. It was a good thing they delayed.

After the rescue Agent Nolan was sedated and flown to a Veterans Administration psychiatric hospital in Boulder, Colorado. Run by Agent Brown, Delta Green uses the hospital to stash mentally unbalanced Agents and Friendlies. Agent Nolan was admitted under a false name and kept away from the other patients during his debriefing. Nolan kept himself together for about three days before signs of instability began to surface, starting with interrupted sleep patterns. When the Agent debriefing Nolan began to detect flaws in his account of his captivity, Nolan refused to cooperate until he could speak alone with Agent Nancy.

When Agent Nancy recovered from debriefing the ghoul head, she met with Nolan in his cell at the VA hospital. It was then that the true extent of what the ghouls did to him became obvious. Using a ghastly combination of sorcery and sexual abuse, the Marquise had driven Nolan mad and created an obsession with needing to be eaten. However, instead of fixating on the Marquise, Agent Nolan was fixated on Agent Nancy doing the deed. Ranting hysterically about how much he loved her, and how he needed her to "know his flesh" so the two of them could be together forever, Agent Nolan was restrained and sedated again. The encounter nearly unhinged Agent Nancy. She was appalled at the depths of madness to which her former partner had sunk. A Cell ordered that Agent Nolan remain confined indefinitely and have no further contact with Agent Nancy. Furthermore, because of Agent Nancy's proclamations of bloody revenge against the Clan, A Cell barred her from participating in New Orleans. She was too unbalanced to be trusted to act with discretion. Agent Nancy did not take the news well.

In the final damage assessment, Delta Green determined that tactically they had broken even. A Friendly had died and a

What Delta Green Now Knows About the DeMontes

When Agent Nancy "debriefed" the ghoul head recovered from the Causeway Bridge, she did so by eating the brains and went into a violent spasm as the ghoul's accumulated memories ricocheted around her skull. It left her seriously shaken but she was able to answer many of Delta Green's questions. Here is what Delta Green learned:

- The ghoul colony came from Europe in the early 1700s and the original members were an aristocratic family called the DeMontes. Most members of the Clan had joined the ranks since they'd come to the new world.
- It is led by a powerful sorceress who styles herself the Marquise Antoinette DeMonte, who sometimes masquerades as Marie Laveau, the long-dead Voodoo queen of New Orleans.
- The colony controls many funeral homes; has influence over voodoo culture in the city; and controls gangsters, politicians and the city's old money through a web of bribery, blackmail and intimidation built through their ability to know the secrets of the dead.
- The DeMonte Clan is not organized around the religious adoration of any Great Old One or Outer God. They seem . . . oddly secular.
- The only way that the Clan transforms new recruits into ghouls is by having them read the *Ghoul Manuscript*.
- The ghouls know magic that can cause them to change their appearance, but if one suffers physical pain, their guise falls, revealing their true form.
- Delta Green learned the names of dozens of businesses and properties owned by the DeMonte Clan.
- Delta Green learned the false identities that scores of ghouls were living under.

Now all Delta Green needed was the US Marines to storm in and rout the DeMontes. Of course, the Marines hadn't returned Delta Green's calls since 1969. By the time Delta Green sufficiently reorganized, the DeMontes had changed their identities and abandoned most of their properties. The opportunity for a quick victory passed.

valuable Agent indefinitely confined to the nuthouse. Too many favors and money had been burned just to kill a single ghoul and shred some very replaceable zombies. But strategically the encounter had come out slightly in Delta Green's favor. While Delta Green had gained important intelligence when Agent Nancy "debriefed" the head they recovered and the DeMontes had learned almost nothing about Delta Green, Delta Green did not have the muscle to immediately take advantage of what they'd learned. Unfortunately, they had lost their most important advantage: secrecy. The DeMontes now knew that someone was gunning for them. Even worse, during the rescue of Agent Nolan, Delta Green had pretty much demonstrated the absolute outer limit of their access to logistics, magic and firepower. They'd shown the DeMontes their strongest hand. Now bluffing them would be impossible and surprising them doubly so. Delta Green was facing a powerful enemy who would be on guard against their investigation.

In the immediate aftermath of the disaster on the causeway, the DeMontes scrambled to cover up the mess on the bridge. Fortunately, there were no bodies that would be missed once they'd been eaten. Clearly the entire Clan was in danger. Their enemy had used electronic counter-measures to jam the communications and control of their zombie gunmen. They'd used magic to destroy the zombies guarding the hostage. They escaped in a giant green helicopter with the word MARINES scrawled across the side. Even worse, they chopped off and stole the head of the DeMontes' chief of security, which is exactly what the DeMontes would do if they were planning to devour the brains of an enemy to learn their secrets. Since this unnamed enemy was the same one who'd stolen the *Ghoul Manuscript* years before, and it seemed unlikely that they wouldn't have read it, with predictable results, the DeMontes presumed that their enemy had access to a ghoul, perhaps held in a cell somewhere. Undoubtedly this creature would be force-fed the brains of the DeMontes' former security chief and then tortured to reveal all that it learned from its meal. Any minute an army of black-suited CIA commandos was going to swoop in under the authority of the USA PATRIOT Act and use "extraordinary rendition" to take the Clan off to some secret detention center in Eastern Europe for torture and dissection.

The Marquise hit the panic button. Every member of the Clan ditched the personalities they'd been living under. Money was wired out of bank accounts, apartments and homes were abandoned, and cars were left in neighborhoods guaranteeing their theft. The Clan went underground to reorganize. New identities, complete with documentation and Social Security numbers, were issued to the Clan. Going underground cost the Clan millions of dollars, but there was no choice. They had to take the hit or they'd be open to complete annihilation at the hands of a massive federal assault.

But the assault never came. As the weeks rolled by, and federal agents backed up by military firepower failed to overrun the city, the DeMontes began to question who it was they were really up against. Their enemy had three days to prepare to rescue their agent at the exchange, and while they did get their man back, they utterly failed to arrest the corrupt police officers who were guarding the ends of the causeway. Why weren't the corpse warehouse and the funeral home that stocked it raided simultaneously? What kind of an agency would have such pull and then only half-way

follow through? During the reorganization it occurred to the Marquise that perhaps their enemy was not as all-powerful as they suspected. Perhaps it was a rogue operation? Perhaps these government agents had acted outside their authority or against orders? Something was restraining their enemy. They just did not know what. One thing was sure, however. If this enemy resurfaced, they would not be met with gun-wielding zombies. The DeMontes would use their blackest sorcery to call up things from beyond to teach these mortals the true meaning of fear.

Back to Square One

Agent Graham was removed from command of Delta Green's New Orleans investigation and the rest of the team was returned to their home agencies. A Cell claimed that this was not a rebuke for past performance, but the Agents in G and N Cells suspected otherwise. New Agents and Friendlies were brought in and briefed on the mission objectives: identify the members of the DeMonte Clan in preparation for a program of assassination to eliminate them. In order to avoid the DeMontes' counter-surveillance assets, the team was based outside New Orleans in Biloxi, Mississippi, some 95 miles away. Agents and Friendlies stayed overnight in New Orleans only when absolutely necessary. Agents always worked in teams and were constantly subjected to painful needle stabs to ensure they had not been replaced by ghoul doppelgangers. Delta Green presumed that the DeMonte Clan would go underground and change their identities, hideouts and their method of collecting human cadavers; the investigation had to start over from scratch. The first priority was to stay invisible. Delta Green set out to collect intelligence through passive means;

The Wreckage of N Cell

Following the 2002 operations, N Cell had to be completely reorganized. Agent Nolan was driven mad and was confined to the psychiatric wing of the VA hospital in Boulder, Colorado. A Cell has lost confidence in Agent Nancy. Having seen her violent reaction to Agent Nolan's mental condition, Agent Brown of B Cell reported to A Cell that she was very close to the breaking point. A Cell determined her to be unfit for fieldwork, pulled her off the New Orleans task force and ordered her to stay out of the city. After one attempt to visit New Orleans with Agent Nick, A Cell assigned her two new handlers, Agents Norman and Nigel, and transferred Agent Nick to L Cell. Agent Nancy has now been warned that if she tries to return to New Orleans without A Cell's permission, she will be shot on sight. Agent Nick, now Agent Lewis, is being kept away from both her and the New Orleans operations.

Agent Nolan is in fact a danger to himself and Delta Green. His real name is William Cassidy, a former FBI special agent, retired on a full medical retirement arranged for by Delta Green so that he could serve the conspiracy full time. Agent Nolan will spend the rest of his life confined to the psychiatric wing of the Veteran's Administration Hospital in Boulder, Colorado. How long the rest of his life proves to be depends on two things: whether he tries to escape, and how nervous A Cell becomes about his chances of successfully escaping. If Agent Nolan escapes the facility, the players could be the team assigned to track him down. Bringing him back alive might not be on the agenda.

Any shoot-to-kill orders concerning an escaped Agent Nolan will cause the players' team to run afoul of his former comrades from N Cell, Agents Nancy and Nick. Neither of them wants to see Nolan killed and will go to extremes of personal risk to capture him alive. Having worked with Nolan for years, Nancy and Nick are the best bet to track him down through his old haunts and former safe-houses, and may race the players' team to get to Nolan first. If the players' team tries to recruit Nick and Nancy, they will act cooperative, even if they are told that Nolan will be killed on sight, but they will undermine attempts to kill Nolan and will try to take him alive.

If Nolan attempts several escapes, or succeeds and is returned to the hospital, A Cell may simply decide that the risk of keeping him alive is too great and arrange to assassinate him in the VA hospital. Such an attempt would be carried out in extreme secrecy and without the knowledge of Agent Brown, who runs the facility, as he is on record as opposing such "extreme measures." However, if word were to get out that Nolan was to be killed, the players would again find themselves facing Nolan's former teammates who will attempt to block the assassination. They might go as far as kidnapping Agent Nolan and finding a facility to hide him in. Considering Agent Nancy's emotional connection with Agent Nolan, there's no telling how far she will go to protect him.

Agent Nolan is permanently insane. He will not recover. His singular goal is to become immortal through the intimate act of being eaten by a ghoul and living on in their memory. Even in his madness, Agent Nolan still has some sense of tradecraft and loyalty to Delta Green. He does not want to be eaten by the Marquise. He wants to be eaten by Agent Nancy. If she eats him the two of them will be together forever and Delta Green will be protected from the security risk he represents. If he does escape from the hospital he will make a bee-line straight for Agent Nancy. If he can't convince her to eat him, he will try to force her into a situation where she has no choice but to devour him. Of course, there's no telling what such an experience would do to Agent Nancy. She might be driven permanently insane.

Agent Nancy was deeply disturbed to see what the DeMontes left of Agent Nolan, and even more disturbed by the fact that something ugly inside her wasn't as horrified by his obsession as it should have been. In game mechanics, her sanity point score beginning in May of 2002 is 47. While not indefinitely insane, she is obsessed with revenging herself on the Marquise for what she did to Agent Nolan. Agent Nancy's stats can be found on page 58 of the softcover edition of *Delta Green* and page 59 of the hardcover edition. Statistics for Agents Nick and Nolan can be found on the next page.

conducting research, listening, watching, building up a picture of the Clan's membership while preparing to strike.

Over the next two years, the DeMontes established new sources for procuring human remains for their dinner tables and Delta Green tried to catch them at it, all the while staying invisible in the process. The dance of surveillance and counter-surveillance made nary a ripple in New Orleans. Some of the old hands were reminded of Berlin during the Cold War. But the mission wasn't going as smoothly as A Cell thought it was.

The DeMontes were willing to dangle a few younger members of the Clan as bait to lure their invisible enemy into the open. In May of 2004, the DeMontes identified a Delta Green surveillance team by their scent, the one element the humans could not disguise from the ghouls' preternatural senses. This time the DeMontes relied on magic, not technology, to trace their enemy back to a Biloxi motel on US highway 90, not far from the Gulf beaches. On a moonless night, in the midst of an ugly thunderstorm, a Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath was summoned from the depths of the nearby swamps. Its passage beneath the waves of the Gulf of Mexico went unnoticed, save for the massive "fish-kill" reported along all of Biloxi's beaches the next morning. Under cover of the storm, the Dark Young strode out of the surf and tore the motel to splinters looking for the Delta Green team. The team barely escaped through a combination of good luck, paranoia and redundant escape routes. The six other people in the motel were not so lucky. The destruction was reported as a tornado touchdown, the huge hoof-like footprints washed away by the rain and the surf.

Two years earlier, Agent Graham had warned that investigating the DeMontes using the standard compartmentalized cell

Sam Raines, ex-DEA, formerly Agent Nick, now Agent Lewis

Sex: M **Age: 40** **Nationality/Ethnicity: USA/Caucasian**

STR 14	**CON 13**	**SIZ 14**	**INT 14**	**POW 15**
DEX 18	**APP 10**	**EDU 17**	**SAN 75**	**HP 14**

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Attacks

Fist/Punch 67%, 1D3+ db damage
Grapple 63%, special
Handgun 68%, 1D10+1 damage (H&K USP .40 cal.)
Kick 40%, 1D6+db
Rifle 57%, 2D6 damage (M4 Carbine)
Shotgun 59%, 4D6/2D6/1D6 damage (12-gauge Mossberg 500)

Skills

Climb 50%	Computer Use 28%	Cthulhu Mythos 5%
Disguise 35%	Dodge 36%	Drive Automobile 51%
Fast Talk 50%	Hide 48%	Jump 45%
Law 31%	Listen 51%	Pharmacy 26%
Psychology 47%	Sneak 43%	Spot Hidden 65%

Languages: English 85%

Physical Description

Sam Raines stands 6'1" tall and weighs 193 pounds. He has blue eyes, long sandy brown hair worn in a ponytail and a full beard. When he worked under cover with the DEA he dressed like a biker and it is a persona he still uses when trying not to look like a cop. When not "in character" he can be more nondescript. It's the clothes and the hair that make him distinctive. If he cuts his hair and beard and changes into a suit, he would be very difficult to spot, which is how he likes it.

William Cassidy, ex-FBI, formerly Agent Nolan, now madman

Sex: M **Age: 36** **Nationality/Ethnicity: USA/Caucasian**

STR 12	**CON 15**	**SIZ 12**	**INT 17**	**POW 13**
DEX 12	**APP 16**	**EDU 19**	**SAN 0**	**HP 14**

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Attacks: Fist/Punch 55%, 1D3+ db damage
Grapple 45%, special
Handgun 40%
Kick 45%, 1D6+db
Rifle 60%

Skills

Accounting 20%	Climb 60%	Computer Use 30%
Conceal 40%	Cthulhu Mythos 11%	Dodge 24%
Drive Automobile 40%	Electrical Repair 30%	Electronics 20%
Fast Talk 45%	Hide 45%	Jump 35%
Law 45%	Library Use 45%	Listen 45%
Mechanical Repair 40%	Persuade 45%	Psychology 40%
Sneak 40%	Spot Hidden 75%	Swim 30%
Throw 30%		

Languages: English 95%

Insanity: Permanent Insanity, suicidal compulsion centering on achieving immortality by having his memory live on forever inside a ghoul. His obsession is focused on Agent Nancy, but if she rejects him, or escapes from him, he might return, defeated, to the Marquise and surrender himself to her.

Physical Description William Cassidy stands 5'11" and currently weighs 165 pounds. In custody at the VA hospital he is kept clean-shaven and his hair cut very short. He has not fared well on the "institution food" served by the hospital, claiming it will ruin his flavor. His desire to be eaten extends to mania about personal hygiene and health, fearing that any imperfection might be cause for rejection. His body is covered with scars left from the multiple times the Marquise raped him.

structure would fail. Delta Green had always been focused on compartmentalizing information, keeping knowledge of the Mythos concentrated in as few individuals as possible, which is why only a single cell was assigned to continue the New Orleans investigation. Agent Graham argued that Delta Green needed to forget about compartmentalizing information and take full advantage of the scope and breadth of their membership. Where the DeMontes could change their appearance nearly at will, Delta Green could change the appearance, sound and even smell of their agents by cycling personnel in and out of the operation. If all the Agents were brought up to speed on the DeMontes, then personnel could be switched out quickly, keeping the DeMontes guessing as to the identity of their hunters. A Cell had dismissed these suggestions at the time. Now they embraced them and Agent Graham was brought back to lead the New Orleans Task Force.

Armageddon in the Crescent City

On August 29, 2005, the storm surges created by Hurricane Katrina passing east of the City of New Orleans caused 53 breaches in the levees surrounding the city. The resulting flooding shut down the city's pumping system and paralyzed all transportation and communications. The nation watched in horror as the city, state and federal governments failed on nearly every conceivable level to deal with the disaster for almost a week. There was large scale looting, some of it conducted by New Orleans police. Forty percent of Louisiana's National Guard manpower was unavailable, having been deployed to Iraq. The President and other federal officials seemed blithely unaware of the extent of the disaster while the local and national press corps circulated hysterical and unfounded reports of murder, arson and rape on a scale that would have horrified the Visigoths. By the time the US Army's Joint Task Force Katrina finally came to occupy the city and restore order, nearly 80% of all structures in the city were damaged by flooding, 400,000 people were homeless, some 1,400 people were dead, over 700 were missing, and the nation was humiliated to discover that its post-9/11 emergency preparedness agencies were incapable of cooperation, coordination or even communication.

The city, state and federal authorities were not the only people unprepared for the effect that Hurricane Katrina had on New Orleans. The DeMonte Clan was also completely unprepared. They had never fled the city before, being immune to the plagues that had ravaged the city in the last century, and had ridden out so many hurricane season close calls that they'd become complacent. They'd even managed to fend off a government investigation. They were invincible, or so they thought before Hurricane Katrina made landfall. Then the levees failed and the city began to fill like a bathtub.

Like any landowner in the city, the DeMonte properties suffered badly from the flooding. The homes, safe-houses, and

funeral homes they controlled were badly damaged by the floodwaters. There were even casualties; after all, even ghouls can drown. However, the DeMontes were determined to make an opportunity of the situation. The city was choked with several thousand corpses. Such a feast had not been available in a century, not since the 1905 Yellow Fever outbreak. The DeMontes were determined to collect all the bodies they could.

The DeMontes weren't the only ones to take advantage of the chaos in the wake of Katrina. Delta Green dispatched a number of "death squads" into the city with orders to shoot-to-kill any members of the DeMonte Clan they discovered. A simple test applied: anyone caught collecting bodies after dark was shot on sight with tasers. Those who turned back into ghouls were riddled with bullets. The several dozen people tasered by mistake were zip-tied and dumped on high ground to later tell unbelievable stories of black-clad commandos stalking the city. Much of the unseen, but overheard, gunfire that clattered through the first nights after the levies broke was from teams of Delta Green agents clearing out nests of ghouls. Over twenty ghouls were killed before the DeMontes retreated into the shadows.

The window for the "hot war" was very short, just between the dates of August 29th and September 3rd, 2005. After that date the city was so full of law enforcement and military personnel that neither the DeMontes nor Delta Green dared open conflict. Later, once the official collection of the dead began, the DeMontes simply paid corrupt humans to "misplace" bodies after they were collected at mortuary processing stations.

Neither side realized the extent to which the hurricane had changed New Orleans. The immediate effect was the almost complete depopulation of the city for the six weeks it took to pump the water out. It took months to clear the tons of mud, debris and the estimated 200,000 drowned vehicles. Using an executive order, President Bush suspended the Davis-Bacon Act of 1931, which allowed federal contractors rebuilding the area to pay less than prevailing wages. Labor, mostly from Mexico and Central America, poured into the city and New Orleans welcomed these workers by ensuring that all the bars, strip joints and casinos were open and ready to see that none of those "less-than-prevailing" wages left the city. But while the city geared up to fleece its day-labor, thousands continued to live without power or water in temporary FEMA trailers. As these conditions persisted into 2006, many evacuees chose not to return, while others simply gave up to seek better conditions elsewhere. By the middle of 2007, the city's population had dropped from 480,000 to just over 300,000, but the city's homeless population doubled to 12,000. The DeMontes are faced with a rapidly dwindling food supply. If it hadn't been for Delta Green killing so many of them, they would already have to ration their supplies.

Timeline for Hurricane Katrina, 2005 and the Flooding of New Orleans

Friday August 26

Louisiana Gov. Blanco declares state of emergency in Louisiana, in preparation for the arrival of Hurricane Katrina.

Gulf States governors (Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas) request troop assistance from the Pentagon in anticipation of recovery needs post Katrina.

Saturday August 27

Gov. Barbour (MS) declares state of emergency in Mississippi.

5am Central Daylight Time (CDT): Katrina is upgraded to Cat 3 hurricane.

Gov. Blanco (LA) asks President Bush to declare federal state of emergency in Louisiana.

President Bush and FEMA declare federal emergency in Louisiana. FEMA and DHS are given full authority to respond: "identify, mobilize, and provide at its discretion, equipment and resources necessary to alleviate the impacts of the emergency."

5pm CDT: NO mayor Ray Nagin calls for a voluntary evacuation of the city.

Sunday August 28

2am CDT: Katrina is upgraded to Cat 4 Hurricane.

7am CDT: Katrina is upgraded to Cat 5 Hurricane.

9:30am CDT: Mayor Nagin issues first-ever mandatory evacuation order for New Orleans. Little public transportation is allocated to evacuate citizens without access to vehicles.

Evening: First reports of water overtopping the levees on Lake Borgne.

Evening: Over 20,000 citizens unable to evacuate New Orleans are bussed to the Superdome, opened as a shelter of last resort, with roughly 36 hours supply of food.

Monday August 29

High tides created by Katrina's outer bands engulf the low-lying wetlands and communities east of the levee system (Venetian Isles, etc.)

4:30am CDT: Rising water in the Industrial Canal south of Lake Pontchartrain leaks through damaged gates into Eastern New Orleans and Gentilly (north and south of the I-10 "highrise" elevated highway).

5:00am CDT: Katrina's storm surge begins pounding the Mississippi River-Gulf Outlet levee east of Chalmette, Mereaux, and Violet. By dawn, levee sections have crumbled and Lake Borgne has advanced into the wetlands toward St. Bernard Parish.

6:10am CDT: Katrina makes its second landfall at Buras, LA, in the lower delta. A wall of water 21 feet high crosses the Mississippi River and its levees and Plaquemines Parish is under water.

6:30am CDT: Storm surge builds as water is funneled into the Intracoastal Waterway and levees protecting Eastern New Orleans are breached. Soon the entire area east of the Industrial Canal is under water. Sections of the 17th Street Canal levee wall are leaning in and water is filling the Lakeview neighborhood.

6:50am CDT: Storm surge from the "funnel" reaches the Industrial Canal and water overtops floodwalls and levees on both sides, spilling water into Bywater neighborhood on the west and the Lower 9th Ward on the east.

7am CDT: Katrina makes third landfall on the LA mainland as a Cat 4 hurricane.

7:30am CDT: Breaches appear in the levee wall panels on the west side of the Industrial Canal, flooding the Upper 9th Ward, Bywater, and Treme neighborhoods.

7:45am CDT: Floodwall sections near the Mississippi River junction with the Industrial Canal fall, and a wall of water roars into the Lower 9th Ward. Homes and cars float away toward the east. There is so much water that the inundation reaches the Arabi and Chalmette neighborhoods.

8:30am CDT: Lake Borgne, having already flooded wetlands east of the city, tops the 7'9" 40-Arpent Canal levee and a one-mile section of Lake Pontchartrain floodwall collapses. The whole eastern section of the city, from Lake Borgne to the Mississippi River and the Industrial Canal, is flooded.

9am CDT: Lake Pontchartrain surges into the Orleans Avenue Canal and the London Avenue Canal. The Orleans Avenue Canal is 6 feet lower than the floodwalls and is easily overtopped, flooding City Park. Levee panels in the London Avenue Canal collapse, and water and sand pour into western Gentilly. This water joins the flooding from the Industrial Canal that started at 4:30 am, and most of Gentilly is under water.

9:30am CDT: Flooding in the Lower 9th Ward exacerbated by a failed pumping station.

9:45am CDT: Levee wall panels fail in the 17th Street Canal and water pours into the Lakeview neighborhood. This water eventually flows into most of midtown New Orleans and parts of Metairie. Meanwhile, Katrina hits land near Slidell, and a 15-ft storm surge from Lake Pontchartrain floods St. Tammany Parish (from Rigolets down to Mandeville and Madisonville). In some places, flooding extends more than five miles inland.

10:30am CDT: The west side of the London Avenue Canal fails; flooding increases in Gentilly and contributes to the growing flooding across the city. An unstaffed pumping station funnels water from Lake Pontchartrain into parts of Jefferson Parish.

11am CDT: FEMA Director Michael Brown requests that DHS send 1,000 employees to the Gulf region, giving them two days to get there. Federal response still lacks urgency. FEMA goes so far as to request agencies in neighboring states not to respond until they receive an official LA request.

Late morning: Large sections of the 17th Street Canal levee are breached.

Afternoon: Communications failures result in a thousand evacuees being marooned at the New Orleans Convention Center. There is no food or water available. The number of refugees at the convention center will eventually grow to several thousand.

Evening: Katrina's eye moves away quickly to the north of the city. Storm surges drop and no more levees are overtopped. However from Aug. 29 until Sept. 1, Lake Pontchartrain continues to pour into the city through the breaches.

8:30pm CDT: All pumping stations in Jefferson and Orleans Parishes are reported as non-functional.

Most communications systems, particularly cell phones, have failed city-wide. Only buildings with their own generators have electricity.

I-10 Twin Spans Bridge is damaged, isolating New Orleans from the east. It only partially reopens on October 14th.

Tuesday August 30

Reports of looting and violence are starting to hit the wires, and are subsequently exaggerated by the press. Widespread looting does take place as both stranded survivors scramble to acquire survival supplies and criminals take advantage of the chaos, but levels are nowhere near what is reported in the media. Uncontrolled fires burn in the city. With so many levee breaks, the city will flood.

Gov. Blanco orders New Orleans evacuated and begins organizing buses to remove those stranded by the storm.

The USS *Bataan* sits offshore with helicopters, beds, doctors, and medical supplies. It can make its own water, up to 100,000 gallons a day. Helicopter pilots from the *Bataan*, without orders from higher command, begin picking survivors off rooftops. Without further orders, the hospital and water facilities remain unused for days.

New Orleans International Airport reopens for aid flights. Commercial flights do not resume until September 13th.

Wednesday August 31

Because of the civil unrest, the NOPD is ordered to abandon search and rescue efforts and concentrate on controlling the looting. A curfew is now in effect.

2am CDT: Emergency triage center is set up at the New Orleans International Airport to evacuate patients to hospitals outside the city. 20,000 evacuees are flown out by mid-week.

1:45pm CDT: FEMA requests ambulances from the DOT then cancels the order, because "the DOT does not do ambulances." The efforts of FEMA are dogged by incidents like this, with orders delayed, rescinded, countermanded, and even forgotten. Pentagon officials complain that FEMA red tape and bureaucracy is delaying their deployment.

National Guard troops, requested 2 days earlier, begin to arrive in Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Joint Task Force Katrina begins organizing at Camp Shelby, MS. Lt. General Russel L. Honoré is placed in command.

Conditions deteriorate at the Superdome and Convention Center. Spurious reports of rape, murder, robbery, and suicide mix with genuine reports of grossly inadequate sanitation facilities and relief supplies. Jefferson Parish officials report that food and water are not arriving fast enough, and that current stores are gone.

More than 80,000 people remain stranded in New Orleans, at least 3,000 of which are at the Superdome. That number would eventually swell to 30,000 as refugees gather there to be evacuated.

Public Health Emergency declared for entire Gulf Coast, warning of the potential for cholera, typhoid, hepatitis, and mosquito-borne illnesses.

Thursday September 1

No unified state-local-federal command and control center has yet been established for the relief effort.

FEMA temporarily suspends some rescue operations and delays the Red Cross from deploying due to false reports of continued violence.

Gretna City Police and Jefferson Parish Deputies seal the Crescent City Connection Bridge across the Mississippi, preventing flood victims from reaching safe areas on the west bank of Mississippi. Threats of violence used to turn refugees away.

6,500 National Guardsmen under Joint Task Force Katrina arrive in New Orleans.

Midday: The water level in Lake Pontchartrain equalizes with the floodwaters inside the city and floodwater stops entering the city.

Friday September 2

Noon: National Guard Units finally arrive and begin providing supplies to refugees at the New Orleans Convention Center and the Superdome. Evacuation begins.

Saturday September 3

3,600 members of the 82nd Airborne Division begin arriving in the city.

Midday: The Superdome is finally evacuated.

Sunday September 4

A temporary communications hub is set up in the Hyatt Hotel in downtown New Orleans.

The New Orleans Convention Center is finally evacuated.

Monday September 5
Power is restored to buildings in the central business district on a priority basis.

The 17th Street Canal Levee breach is finally closed. The canal is opened to begin pumping water out of the city.

Tuesday September 6
Port of New Orleans is able to receive relief ships. Commercial shipments will not resume for another two weeks.

E. coli bacteria contaminates much of the standing water in the city. Mayor Nagin orders a forced evacuation of all citizens not involved in cleanup work.

Friday September 9
FEMA Director Michael Brown is removed from duty overseeing relief operations, replaced by Vice Admiral Thad Allen, chief of staff of the Coast Guard.

Collection of the dead begins. Prior to this date, only locations were recorded.

National Guard begins door-to-door searches to enforce the mandatory evacuation orders.

Monday September 12
Michael Brown resigns as Director of FEMA.

Monday September 19
In the face of Hurricane Rita, Mayor Nagin reverses his order allowing citizens to return to New Orleans, lest the second hurricane damage the city and levees even more.

Saturday September 24
Hurricane Rita makes landfall just west of where Katrina had. The 41st Brigade Combat Team of the Oregon National Guard is deployed to the area as Joint Task Force Rita. Some levees are damaged by the hurricane.

October 6
The first section of the city to have the "boiled water" order lifted is the high ground from the French Quarter to old Carrolton. Public utilities water can be consumed without being boiled first.

October 9
"Boiled water" order lifted from last area of the city, the Lower 9th Ward.

October 12
The US Army Corps of Engineers announces that the last of the 250 billion gallons of standing floodwater has been removed from the city of New Orleans. Large areas of the city remain uninhabitable.

Agencies Involved in the Response and Recovery for Hurricanes Katrina and Rita

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

US Department of Homeland Security (DHS)
Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA)
- 1,000 personnel deployed
- 29 Urban Search and Rescue Task Forces
- 29 Disaster Medical Assistance Teams
- 5 Disaster Mortuary Operational Response Teams
- 2 Veterinary Medical Assistance Teams
- 1 Mental Health Team

US Coast Guard
- 2,400 personnel, 25 Cutters, 44 helicopters and 8 fixed wing aircraft

US Department of Transportation
2,000 trucks assigned to move supplies and refugees

US Department of Health and Human Services
National Disaster Medical System
US Public Health Service

Department of Defense (DoD)
United States Northern Command (NORTHCOM) (established Joint Task Force Katrina based out of Camp Shelby, MS)

68,451 active and reserve component personnel are on the ground or aboard ships supporting relief operations: 18,276 active duty, 1,895 Reserves (573 Marine Corps, 53 Army, 450 Air Force, 819 Navy), and 45,871 Army and Air National Guard, along with 2,409 outside the area ready to assist.

DoD aviation support in the area consists of 350 helicopters and 75 active duty and Guard fixed wing aircraft

US First Army
82nd Airborne Division, 3rd Brigade, DIVARTY and support units, based at New Orleans International Airport

1st Air Cavalry Brigade (helicopters), 2nd Battalion, 227th Aviation and the Brigade command team.

Elements of the 1st Cavalry Division, 4th Infantry Division, and 1st and 2nd Marine Expeditionary Forces.

Army Corps of Engineers

US Air Force
Mostly strategic airlift assistance and Medical Rapid Response Force
Maxwell Air Force Base, Montgomery, AL
Barksdale Air Force Base, LA
Keesler Air Force Base, MS (badly damaged by Katrina)
Air National Guard elements

US Navy, 19 ships including:
USS *Bataan,* Amphibious Assault Ship, arrived August 30th
USNS *Arctic,* Fast Combat Support Ship, arrived August 31st
USS *Iwo Jima,* Amphibious Assault Ship, arrived Sept. 3rd
USS *Shreveport,* Amphibious Transport Dock, arrived Sept. 3rd
USS *Tortuga,* Dock Landing Ship, arrived Sept. 3rd
USS *Whidbey Island,* Dock Landing Ship, arrived Sept. 3rd
USS *Harry Truman,* Aircraft Carrier, arrived Sept. 4th
USS *Grapple*, Salvage Ship, arrived Sept. 4th
USNS *Comfort*, Hospital Ship, arrived Sept. 8th
Naval Air Station, Meridian, MS
Naval Air Station, Pensacola, FL

DoD (activated volunteers from the Civil Air Patrol)

Really just about any federal agency has some tendrils in the Katrina response. Think of a needed function, and you can find federal employees in the disaster area performing that function.

STATE GOVERNMENTS
Basically every office of the state governments of Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, and Mississippi is involved in Katrina recovery in some way.

The National Guard units assigned to Joint Task Force Katrina are still under the command of their State Governors so that Posse Comitatus does not have to be waived.

Louisiana National Guard
Mississippi National Guard
Alabama National Guard
Arkansas National Guard
Florida National Guard

VOLUNTEER ORGANIZATIONS
American Red Cross (deployed 74,000 volunteers, including Disaster Health Services, Disaster Mental Health Services, and volunteer groups from just about every local Red Cross organization on the Gulf Coast and across the country)
Southern Baptist Convention (and local church groups)
United Methodist Conference (and local church groups)
Salvation Army
United Way (money, supplies, organizing volunteers)
Oxfam
Common Ground Collective
Emergency Communities
Habitat for Humanity
Catholic Charities
"A River of Hope"
Amateur Radio Emergency Service (provided communications infrastructure in rural areas)
Centers for Law and the Public Health
Menonite Disaster Service
Lutheran Disaster Services
Mobile Episcopal Relief and Development (including Mobile Medical Unit)
Presbyterian Disaster Services
Traveler's Aid
International Relief and Development
Christian Reformed World Relief Agency
Corporation for National and Community Service
Gateway Rescue Mission
Americorps
Greater River Region of the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ)
Good Samaritan Center
Children's Defense Fund
Mission Mississippi
Hands-On Disaster Response
Sierra Club
New Orleans Times-Picayune employees
Students from all the colleges in the NOLA area
Jewish Women's Archive
Nachama: Jewish Response to Disaster (based in Minnesota)
ACORN
Network for Good

Keepers interested in more information should check these comprehensive reports of progress from the Brookings Institute: http://www.brookings.edu/reports/ 2007/08neworleansindex.aspx

The DeMonte Clan Post-Katrina

If the DeMonte Clan were not under pressure from Delta Green, perhaps they could settle down and form a plan for how to adapt to the changing conditions in the city. However, the pressure of fighting off Delta Green means that their forward planning has dropped off to nothing. Clan policy, dictated from the Marquise down, has been concentrated on three goals:

- Find a way to bring another copy of the *Ghoul Manuscript* out of the Dreamlands so that they can begin creating new members to replace their depleted numbers.
- Resist the changes to the city. This has involved trying to halt the destruction of low-rent public housing and to encourage the return of the hundreds of thousands of citizens who'd fled the city. They desperately want to put the city back the way it was, which would be obviously impossible to anyone not desperately backed into a corner.
- Continue to push for a more permissive human society so that their necrophagy will no longer be outlawed.

These priorities are inappropriate for the current conditions under which the Clan finds itself. Logically, they should be looking

for a way to leave New Orleans and settle somewhere else, but the Marquise is resistant to leaving the city she has ruled for over two centuries. Many members of the Clan are grumbling about the Marquise's leadership, resentful of this intransigence. Some want a change of direction, some want a change of leadership, and others are trying to figure out how they can get away with enough of the Clan's money to stay safe and comfortable. Were they traditional ghouls they would just slink away in the night and dig a hole under a new cemetery; living among humans for so long has left them unable or unwilling to live without the comforts of human civilization. That may be their greatest weakness.

Operation Redbone

Since Hurricane Katrina, Delta Green operations against the New Orleans ghoul colony are hybrid operations run from inside an existing official FBI operation code named "Operation Redbone." This operation is part of several tasked with investigating cases of public corruption in the distribution of federal funds for the relief and reconstruction of New Orleans. Due to some back-room maneuvering, A Cell managed to get FBI Special Agent Weeks (Agent Graham) assigned to head Operation Redbone. Because New Orleans is one of the most corrupt cities in the country, Special Agent Weeks' anti-corruption investigation is not based in New Orleans, but rather out of Houston, Texas. It operates in New Orleans not from the Federal Building, but from safe houses disguised as private residences, small businesses and even relief organizations. Delta Green uses Operation Redbone's assets, but does not use Operation Redbone personnel. Unfortunately, using FBI facilities means that Operation Redbone has to produce prosecutable anti-corruption cases every so often or they will be shut down. Agent Graham has two Friendlies who work at the FBI who see to it that any evidence of mundane crimes collected by Delta Green during Operation Redbone is sanitized so that it can be used during federal prosecutions.

The war in New Orleans has cooled considerably since the days of Katrina, but it is no less deadly. Success is measured in terms of body count. Delta Green is focused on identifying who in New Orleans is a ghoul and then killing them. After the experiences of 2002 and 2004, Graham will not conduct long-term surveillance lest the ghouls detect them, counter-surveil, and then counter-attack. He feels safer identifying a target and taking it out. The result is that this has slowed investigations greatly. As soon as a target is identified as a ghoul, he is executed, which means that no more intelligence is gained from that lead.

To further increase operational security, Weeks is minimizing the time that cells investigate targets in New Orleans, and maximizing the turnover rate of Agents and Friendlies working in the city. Since taking over the New Orleans investigation in 2004, he has rotated nearly thirty Agents and over forty Friendlies through New Orleans, only keeping a team in the city long enough to perform one task and then moving them out again. He keeps strict division between the clandestine investigative teams and the covert assassination teams. Even the safe houses and Green Boxes are only maintained while a team is operating inside New Orleans. As soon as the mission ends, the safe house is closed and the Green Box moved. Agents find

Big Ugly in the Big Easy

New Orleans is a city of contradictions. It is famous for its food, its music, its Mardi Gras, its charm and relaxed morals, but it is also infamous for its violence and its corruption. Even in the best of times the murder rate in New Orleans is 7-10 times the national average. The conviction rate for violent crime is even lower due to a chronic inability to get witnesses to testify or even report crimes. In December of 2003, the NOPD fired off 900 live rounds around the city over two days while testing a gunfire detection system. They received only a single citizen report of gunfire.

The lack of citizen cooperation with the police is partially explained by staggering level of police corruption and violence. During the 1990s, when the murder rate was twelve times the national average, the New Orleans Police Department developed a particularly grim reputation. During that decade over 200 officers were dismissed for corruption and misconduct, and this out of a force whose reported strength was only 1,700.

But it gets worse. During Hurricane Katrina, it was widely reported that as many as 500 of the city's 1,700 officers failed to report for duty following the flooding of the city. This story, combined with evidence that New Orleans officers participated in the looting of businesses and residences, painted the NOPD as an agency bereft of morals or ethics. Only later did an even worse scandal emerge. Of those 500 officers who deserted their posts, some 15% have been rehired. It's said the reason the number of officers rehired is not higher is because 85% of the officers declared AWOL did not exist. They existed only on paper. They were bureaucratic ghosts created to boost the NOPD's personnel number up above the statutory minimums to receive federal matching funds. As much as 43% of the NOPD's payroll budget is unaccounted for, with the salaries of phantom officers disappearing into the pockets of city, agency and even police union officials. There were several suicides among mid-ranking officers following the events of Hurricane Katrina. At the time, commentators associated these with the stress and trauma of the disaster, but now the possibility exists that the suicides were prompted by the revelations of the payroll scandal.

Keepers should keep in mind that in such an environment, anything is possible.

these tactics incredibly baroque, and too slow, with too much investigative time lost bringing new teams up to speed. However, through these tactics, the ghouls have not captured an Agent or Friendly since 2002, and there has been no repeat of the 2004 Biloxi incident.

To date Delta Green has assassinated dozens of members of the DeMonte Clan. The majority of these losses are among the Clan's youngest and rashest members. With the weakest and more foolish members falling before Delta Green's guns, the cumulative effect is that the Clan has been strengthened. These losses have also taken some of the pressure off the Clan's food supply, decreasing their immediate need to relocate to better feeding grounds.

And so this grinding, invisible war of attrition continues.

Role-Playing the War in New Orleans

The war with the DeMonte Clan in New Orleans is a multi-year operation for Delta Green. Keepers are encouraged to involve their players during any phase of the war they believe their players would most enjoy. The details of the operations conducted between 2002 and the present have been kept as vague as possible in order to give Keepers the opportunity to create and run games set during those years, with little interference from so-called "canonical events." Players can play games of espionage in New Orleans, trying to track down and identify DeMonte Clan assets without revealing that an investigation is ongoing. They can stalk the flooded buildings of post-Katrina New Orleans looking for ghouls to blast to ribbons with silenced submachine guns. Even after the flooded city is drained of water, it is still greatly depopulated, giving many opportunities for more investigative-minded players to explore the surreal landscape of a nearly abandoned city, looking for clues that will lead to the next nest of ghouls. The Delta Green operation in New Orleans can be a recurring interlude between other scenarios, with Agents and Friendlies tasked for particular missions and then returned to their regular stations.

Important Individuals: The DeMonte Clan

Antoinette DeMonte

Before becoming a ghoul, Antoinette DeMonte was already a skilled sorceress, occultist and poisoner. At the age of sixteen she used sorcery to kill her parents and gain control of the family fortune. She learned of the Paris Ghoul Cult through a coven of witches she'd studied with near her family estate in Languedoc. At the age of forty, she was initiated into the Paris Ghoul Cult so that she could achieve the immortality that alchemy had failed to provide her. Now that she has transformed into a ghoul, she has all the time in the world to pursue her other occult studies. After three centuries she has become an extremely powerful sorceress.

Antoinette DeMonte's first love is to be pampered, looked after and catered too. Oddly, this has not made her lazy. Instead she is filled with an all-consuming drive to succeed so that she can indulge herself in luxury. She is also utterly ruthless when it comes to protecting that luxury. She has killed to protect her Clan's secrets, killed to protect her wealth, and killed to gain more wealth.

The privation and struggle to survive on Saint-Domingue hardened Antoinette and taught her self-reliance. While Antoinette prefers to be treated like royalty, waited on hand and foot, she has a great love of cooking, picked up during those first lean years on Haiti. She fancies herself a gourmet chef, and could indeed be considered one, so long as the main ingredient in her dishes is decomposing human flesh. That love of cooking has mixed in recent years with her obsession for consensual or voluntary meals. Usually this means that she simply sets aside a zombie to play with, but she has grown weary pretending she has another person so completely enthralled with her that they would sacrifice their lives just to temporarily sate her appetite. She's enthralled victims before, but after picking her teeth she always finds herself wanting more. Security and discretion prevent her from regularly taking live humans into her larder, but her obsession is such that occasionally she finds a human that would be worth the effort to bend to her will and devour.

Antoinette DeMonte's goals are simple, but frankly impossible. She wants everything in New Orleans to go back to being the way they were before that fateful day in 2002 when Delta Green started shooting up her town. But even a three hundred year old inhuman sorceress can't get the toothpaste back in the tube. Too much has happened, particularly given the effects of Katrina. Her frustration with the situation is leading her to deliberately ignore the facts she doesn't want to acknowledge. She wants to dig in and fight Delta Green, fight the corporations taking over the funerary business, fight the gentrification of New Orleans, fight the exodus of people from the city. Being immortal, she might have the time to win two of these fights, but with Delta Green breathing down her neck, time is a commodity she doesn't have.

Marquise Antoinette DeMonte, Matriarch of the DeMonte Ghoul Clan

Sex: F **Age:** 342
Nationality/Ethnicity: Ghoul of French/Caucasian origin

STR 19	**CON 12**	**SIZ 18**	**INT 17**	**POW 22**
DEX 13	**APP variable**	**EDU 20**	**SAN 0**	**HP 15**

Damage Bonus: + 1D6

Attacks
Bite 55%, 1D6 dmg + automatic worry, 1D4 dmg./round thereafter
Claws (x2) 57% 1D6+db damage
Knife Attack 68% (Enchanted Dagger)1d4+2+db damage
Large Club Attack 40% (Fetch Stick) 1D8+db damage
Spear Attack 31% (Fetch Stick) 1D8+1+db damage

Armor: All firearms and projectile weapons do half damage

SanityLoss: 0/1D6

Skills

Accounting 31%	Alchemy 82%	Art (Cooking) 91%
Art (Harpsichord) 47%	Art (Sing) 58%	Bargain 37%
Botany 71%	Burrow 76%	Chemistry 74%
Climb 85%	Computer Use 24%	Conceal 42%
Cryptography 48%	Cthulhu Mythos 17%	Disguise 42%
Drive Automobile 39%	Fast Talk 34%	First Aid 47%
Hide 68%	History 35%	Jump 75%
Law 25%	Listen 71%	Natural History 36%
Occult 71%	Persuade 47%	Pharmacy 75%
Psychology 36%	Ride 25%	Scent Decay 68%
Sneak 84%	Spot Hidden 50%	Zoology 32%

Languages

English 83%	French 99%	Ghoul 18%
Haitian Creole 47%	Louisiana Creole 58%	Sicilian 60%

Spells ('V' indicates a Voodoo spell)

Bind Soul	Black Binding	
Call/Dismiss Mordiggian	Call/Dismiss Nyogtha	
Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath	Cause/Cure Blindness	Cause Disease
Cloud Memory	Compel Flesh	
Consume Likeness	Contact Deep Ones	Contact Ghoul
Contact Spirits of the Dead *(V)*		Contact Deity/ Loa *(V)*
Create Bad Corpse Dust	Create Fetch Stick	Create Zombie *(V)*
Create Zombie	Detect Enchantment	Dominate
Enchant Doll *(V)*	Enchant Gris-Gris *(V)*	Enchant Ju-Ju *(V)*
Enchant Wanga *(V)*	Enchant Whistle	Enthrall Victim
Eyes of the Zombie	Grey Binding	Mental Suggestion
Mindblast	Nightmare	Resurrection
Sending of the Dead *(V)*	Shrivelling	Siren's Song
Snare Dreamer	Soul Extraction *(V)*	
Summon/Bind Baka *(V)*	Summon/Bind Byakhee	
Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath		Voorish Sign

Mythos Tomes: *Cultes des Goules, La Fête du Nouveau Monde, The DeMonte Grimoire*

Magic Items: Bad Corpse Dust, Fetch Stick, Enchanted Whistle

Physical Description
In her natural state, Antoinette DeMonte appears to be an obese female ghoul with an avalanche of silver hair. Her huge hands and feet terminate in black talons. Her mouth is a canine muzzle filled with dagger-like fangs, and the only familiar features left on her face are her all-too-human eyes. After centuries of feeding, Antoinette DeMonte has a massive reservoir of faces and bodies to disguise herself with. She could appear to be anyone, of any age, sex or race. The only limiting factor is her SIZ.

Antoinette DeMonte's Spells and Her Obsession

The Marquise's obsession with "consensual cannibalism" has led her to seek out and learn spells that allow her to seize control of an individual's will, erode sanity, and supernaturally influence thoughts. She has combined these spells in different ways over the last decade to produce several unpleasant effects on her targets. The simplest combination of spells is Snare Dreamer, Bind Soul and Compel Flesh. Once the spell Compel Flesh is applied to the target, he is simply a marionette bent to the spell caster's will. However that still does not warp the target's mind the way Antoinette most desires. She wants her food to genuinely want to be eaten.

What happened to Agent Nolan was a particularly successful use of several spells together. First, the spell Siren Song was used to make Agent Nolan see the Marquise as his ultimate romantic fantasy. Then he was subjected to multiple applications of the spells Implant Fear and Mindblast inducing permanent insanity. The result was a madman with a suicidal obsession to become "immortal" by being devoured and spending eternity as a memory inside the mind of ghoul. Such a result is not guaranteed every time, but even this success was not considered completely successful, since Agent Nolan's obsession easily transferred from the Marquise to his fellow Delta Green member, Agent Nancy.

One of the many reasons that the Marquise is interested in regaining contact with the Dreamlands is because she believes that there are spells known only in the Dreamlands that can give her what she wants. Ultimately, what she is looking for is something like the spell Implant Suggestion, but the flaw in her plan is that Dreamlands spells will not work in the waking world. When she discovers this, she will endeavor to alter the spell so that it will function in the waking world. Antoinette DeMonte will put great effort into modifying Implant Suggestion because unlike other spells for dominating the minds of humans, this spell can impart any idea, even dangerous and suicidal ones, and the suggestion lasts until it is fulfilled. Once modified the spell could perform exactly as it does per the rules in the 6th edition *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook, only now it will also work in the waking world. Whether she is successful is up to individual Keepers.

Another spell that might do the trick is Brew Draught of Phan (see *Keeper's Compendium 2*, page 131). As of yet, the DeMontes have not discovered the existence of this hypnotic formula.

The Many Faces of Antoinette DeMonte

While the matriarch of the New Orleans ghoul colony has a large number of faces to choose from, she has several that she regularly dons. When she must serve as the secret priestess of New Orleans' Voodoo community, she assumes the guise of Marie Laveau. This is Marie Laveau at the end of her life, at approximately eighty years of age. She appears as a very elderly, matronly, white-haired Creole woman. Of course, those making an Occult roll might recognize that this Marie Laveau appears considerably heavier than she did in paintings of her from the period. For this guise she dresses in archaic clothing of the 19th century. She appears to have the following stats:

STR 5 CON 5 DEX 9 SIZ 15 APP 9

When Antoinette must interact with the world of human politics she takes on the guise of Lucas Wallingford, an influential New Orleans property owner who has financed the election campaigns of dozens of local politicians. Wallingford appears as a well-put-together, white haired southern gentleman in his early seventies. He dresses a bit anachronistically, as if the year is still 1930, but such eccentricities are tolerated in New Orleans, particularly when one is rich. She appears to have the following stats:

STR 9 CON 10 DEX 11 SIZ 15 APP 11

When she must interact with New Orleans' criminal classes, she wears a guise known among underworld circles as "The Sicilian." In reality she is wearing the guise of former mafia Black Hand leader Charles Matranga, who died in 1943 at the age of 86. The guise appears as a grandfatherly Sicilian gentleman with a thick head of white hair and an equally white and bushy mustache and appears to have the following stats:

STR 7 CON 8 DEX 10 SIZ 15 APP 8

Magic Items

Fetch Stick: This is the item created by the spell Create Fetch Stick. It is an African staff, made of ironwood, capped at one end with two human skulls and with an iron spike at the other. It counts as an enchanted weapon for purposes of attacking Mythos creatures. It requires the use of either Large Club Attack to swing, or Spear Attack to thrust. It can impale and does 1D8+db if used as a Spear and 1D6 if swung like a Club. It has 10 hit points. A successful impale attack instantly destroys any zombie.

Bad Corpse Dust: Creates a barrier zombies cannot cross. Antoinette DeMonte performed this spell once, being unhappy with the fact that one of the dust's components is an ounce of meat bitten from her own flesh. She keeps the dust around "just in case" a situation arises where she loses control of her undead minions.

Enchanted Whistle: This is the item created by the spell Create Enchanted Whistle. It adds +30% to the chance of successfully casting the spell Summon Byakhee

Mythos Tomes

La Fête du Nouveau Monde: French, Sanity loss 1D3/1D6; Cthulhu Mythos +2%; average 4 weeks to study and comprehend/8 hours to skim. It includes the following spells: Consume Likeness, Contact Ghoul. The title translates as "The Feast of the New World." This is a pamphlet produced in the early 19th century by an over-enthusiastic member of the DeMonte Clan. It was written shortly after their coming to New Orleans in 1804 and published under the pen name Cyril Simonet. The actual author was executed for revealing the Clan's secrets. Essentially it is a narrative that describes the Clan's abandonment of their humanity and their transformation into ghouls. It speaks a great deal about the *Ghoul Manuscript* and describes traditional ghouls derisively as little better than animals. The Clan attempted to suppress the pamphlet's distribution, but copies still occasionally surface around New Orleans.

***Cultes des Goules*:** Original First Printing, French, Sanity loss 1D4/1D10; Cthulhu Mythos +11; average 20 weeks to study and comprehend/40 hours to skim. Contains the following spells:

Black Binding	Call/Dismiss Nyogtha	
Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath	Contact Ghoul	Resurrection
Shrivelling	Summon/Bind Byakhee	
Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath		Voorish Sign

The Ghoul Manuscript: English (but so sub-literate that even fluent English speakers must make an English roll to read it); Sanity Loss 1D4/1D10; Cthulhu Mythos +5%; 1 week to study and comprehend/8 hours to skim. Contains the following spells:

Call Mordiggian	Cloud Memory	Consume
Likeness	Contact Ghoul	Enthrall Victim

Bound in human leather and hinged with human bone, this cursed book will cause any reader to transform into a ghoul. The DeMontes' only copy of this book is currently in the hands of Delta Green.

The *DeMonte Grimoire*: French but written in cipher, Sanity loss 1D6/1D10; Cthulhu Mythos +5%; average 42 weeks to study and comprehend/90 hours to skim. This book is not a treatise on the nature of the Lovecraftian universe. It is not an homage to some alien god. It is simply Antoinette's personal grimoire in which she keeps the arcane formula that she has perfected. In order to successfully read the book, successful rolls must be made in both Cryptography and French before translation can begin. It contains the following spells ('V' indicates a Voodoo spell):

Bind Soul	Black Binding	Call/Dismiss
Mordiggian	Call/Dismiss Nyogtha	Call/Dismiss
Shub-Niggurath	Cause/Cure Blindness	Cause Disease
Cloud Memory	Compel Flesh	Consume Likeness
Contact Deep Ones	Contact Ghoul	
Contact Spirits of the Dead *(V)*		
Contact Deity/ Loa *(V)*	Create Bad Corpse Dust	Create Fetch Stick
Create Zombie *(V)*	Create Zombie	Detect Enchantment
Dominate	Enchant Doll *(V)*	Enchant Gris-Gris *(V)*
Enchant Ju-Ju *(V)*	Enchant Wanga *(V)*	Enchant Whistle
Enthrall Victim	Eyes of the Zombie	Grey Binding
Mental Suggestion	Mindblast	Nightmare
Resurrection	Sending of the Dead *(V)*	Shrivelling
Siren's Song	Snare Dreamer	Soul Extraction *(V)*
Summon/Bind Baka *(V)*	Summon/Bind Byakhee	
Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath		Voorish Sign

Note on Race, Age and Gender Shifting

The very first spell any member of the DeMonte Clan learns is Consume Likeness. This is because it is critically important that all the members of the Clan blend in with the human population that surrounds them and outnumbers them thousands to one. In order to maintain their secrecy and hide the fact that their human guises never get any older, the DeMontes perform Consume Likeness every decade or so, ensuring a new face and new identity that won't be noticed. After fifty years or so, they will recycle old guises. Not every member of the Clan has that much POW to spend on this spell.

Waiting half a century to reuse a face is pretty safe since anyone who knew the consumed guise most likely died during the intervening time. Even if someone were old enough to recognize the guise as a long dead friend or relative, the witness would be dismissed as senile. The eldest DeMontes originally took the guises of attractive young people in order to satisfy their decadent and all-too-human lusts. Most newly minted DeMontes also tend to use the Consume Likeness spell to indulge their sexual interests.

With Consume Likeness, a DeMonte can be literally anyone they want. Some have chosen to take on lives as other races, some as other ages (usually younger) and some have switched genders. In fact, living in these other guises for so long has caused a number of the DeMontes to lose track of their original identities. They become so invested in their disguise that it creates a situation akin to multiple personality disorder. Particular guises become invested with particular activities. When charm is called for, one face and personality are used. When violence or intimidation is called for, a different face and personality are used.

Claudette DeMonte

When Claudette DeMonte discovered that her cousin Antoinette also had an interest in witchcraft, they were both just fifteen years old. That was the beginning of a partnership that has lasted over three centuries. It was not the beginning of a friendship. When they began, they were very nearly equally matched in their knowledge and understanding of supernatural power. Together they arranged the murder of Antoinette DeMonte's parents through supernatural means to ensure that the family estates passed to Antoinette. Once she had control of the DeMonte fortune, things began to change between the two girls. While Antoinette did spend great amounts of money buying occult lore and artifacts for them, Claudette suspected that Antoinette was reserving the best material for herself. Furthermore, despite her best efforts, it always seemed to Claudette that Antoinette always got more out of the books and their studies than she did. Claudette redoubled her studies, but simply could not keep up. Antoinette's ability grew exponentially while Claudette's simply grew arithmetically. Claudette seethed with jealousy, but kept up a façade of obsequious servitude in order to maintain her access to the DeMonte fortune. Her own parents, while possessing a fine family name, were so poor as to not be worth murdering.

As the two women approached middle age, they focused their efforts on finding the key to eternal life. Despite their efforts, it wasn't until Antoinette DeMonte discovered the Paris Ghoul Cult that their studies bore fruit. Claudette joined the Cult mostly out of her fear that if she did not, Antoinette would achieve immortality without her and leave her behind to die of old age. Part of her always resented Antoinette for the loss of her human body. The fact that she was more beautiful than her cousin had always been a point of pride with her, and to become a ghoul meant giving up that advantage. Having learned the spell Consume Likeness, there was a period of undeclared competition as both of them tried to find the most attractive guise to claim.

By the time the DeMontes relocated to Haiti, others had joined the Clan. Despite not being 'real DeMontes' – not sharing the family's blood – some of these new recruits found more favor with Antoinette than did Claudette. This infuriated Claudette even further. Nevertheless, she never moved against Antoinette because by now she was afraid of her cousin's power. In 1761 there was an attempt by a newly recruited plantation scion to seize control of the Clan through supernatural assassination. While Claudette was aware of the plan, she did nothing to interrupt it. Nevertheless the plot ended in disaster, with the three conspirators gracing the Clan's dinner tables.

Through the centuries, Antoinette DeMonte has strung Claudette along with assurances that she is Antoinette's heir apparent, second in command and closest confidant. Claudette hasn't believed these assurances for over two centuries, but she continues to play the role of the good dog, always attentive to her master's voice. So far, her cousin Antoinette suspects nothing. Good politics demands that she get along with her fellow Clan members, so Claudette vents her frustration by brutalizing the zombie servants, treating non-ghouls with capricious cruelty, and making predatory sexual conquests among the "unripened fruit," most of whom are lucky to escape with no more than a broken bone. Those humans she finds exceptionally attractive can end up as the main ingredient in a Consume Likeness spell.

Today Claudette DeMonte is finally seeing a chance to unseat her cousin and gain control of the Clan. The conflict with Delta Green has been expensive, but combined with the effect that Hurricane Katrina had on the city of New Orleans, the last six years have been an unmitigated disaster for the DeMonte Clan. Now there is widespread discontent throughout the Clan and Claudette plans to spin that discontent into a full-scale rebellion. She would betray Antoinette to Delta Green, except that she has no idea who or what Delta Green is. The humans who are hunting and killing her family across New Orleans are a complete mystery. She suspects that they are part of a government agency, but beyond that she has nothing to go on. If she ever discovers a member of Delta Green, she would not immediately kill them, or reveal them to the Clan. Instead she will attempt to become an informant, using the information she provides to direct the humans against Antoinette. Once the Marquise is out of the way, Claudette will step forward to assert her claim to the Clan's leadership. Her plans do not extend far beyond seizing control of the Clan. She's too obsessed with seizing power to realize that she's trying to become the captain of the *Titanic* after it's already hit the iceberg.

Claudette DeMonte, Impatient Heir to the Throne

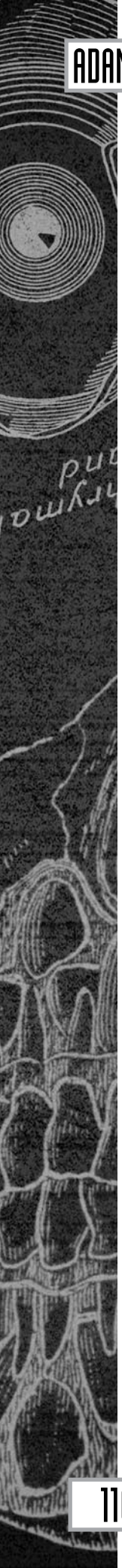
Sex: F **Age:** 342
Nationality/Ethnicity: Ghoul of French/Caucasian origin

STR 19	**CON 15**	**SIZ 14**	**INT 13**	**POW 19**
DEX 13	**APP variable**	**EDU 20**	**SAN 0**	**HP 15**

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Attacks
Bite 34%, 1D6 damage + automatic worry, 1D4 damage per round thereafter
Claws (x2) 37%, 1D6+db damage

Armor: All firearms and projectile weapons do half damage



Skills

Alchemy 41%	Bargain 65%	Botany 26%
Burrow 80%	Chemistry 30%	Climb 90%
Conceal 62%	Cthulhu Mythos 16%	Disguise 53%
Drive Automobile 25%	Drive Motorcycle 43%	Fast Talk 84%
Hide 61%	History 45%	Jump 83%
Listen 70%	Natural History 35%	Occult 51%
Persuade 89%	Pharmacy 40%	Psychology 71%
Ride 25%	Scent Decay 65%	Sneak 88%
Spot Hidden 54%	Zoology 28%	

Languages

English 69%	French 99%	Haitian Creole 53%
Louisiana Creole 43%		

Spells ('V' indicates a Voodoo spell)

Bind Soul	Black Binding	Cause/Cure Blindness
Cause Disease	Cloud Memory	Compel Flesh
Consume Likeness	Contact Ghoul	Contact Spirits of the
Dead *(V)*	Contact Deity/Loa *(V)*	Create Zombie *(V)*
Create Zombie	Detect Enchantment	Dominate
Enchant Doll *(V)*	Enchant Gris-Gris *(V)*	Enchant Ju-Ju *(V)*
Enchant Wanga *(V)*	Enchant Whistle	Enthrall Victim
Eyes of the Zombie	Grey Binding	Mental Suggestion
Mindblast	Nightmare	Resurrection
Sending of the Dead *(V)*	Shrivelling	Snare Dreamer
Soul Extraction *(V)*	Summon/Bind Baka *(V)*	Summon/Bind
Byakhee	Voorish Sign	

San-loss Effects: 0/1D6

Physical Description

Claudette DeMonte's natural appearance is that of a short yet strongly built ghoul with long grey hair, carefully and elegantly braided. Like her fellows, she has long curved claws and nails, and a muzzle full of teeth that look like they belong in the mouth of a wolf. In front of Antoinette, she keeps quiet and defers to her in all things. In private she still wears the attire of a noblewoman of the 18th century. In public she dresses in modern dress and usually affects the appearance of tall, stunningly beautiful Creole woman with her hair woven into long thin braids. It is through this guise that she normally interacts with people outside the Clan, particularly with voodoo practitioners. She calls this guise Madame Moreau, having long-since forgotten the name of the woman whose beauty she murderously coveted. Her stats appear as:

STR 11 CON 13 DEX 13 SIZ 12 APP 18

Martin Alexander DeMonte

Born in 1726 as Martin Alexander Biscombe, he was the second son of an important family of sugar planters on Saint-Domingue. As the second son, however, his options were fairly limited. His elder brother was expected to run the family estates while Martin was little more than a spare in case of an emergency and so would have been relegated to a career with the local military forces, but even this route was blocked by his weak constitution. His parents were unsure he would live to adulthood, and so wasted little affection on him. He managed to reach the age of majority despite the tropical environment of Saint-Domingue. Nevertheless, his health remained poor and he was usually confined to the plantation house. Instead of immersing himself in the social scene, he immersed himself in any books he could acquire. His family, mostly to humor him and keep him out of the way, made sure to keep him supplied by borrowing every book on the island from their friends and business partners. During his studies he became interested in both the science and quack science of the Age of Enlightenment. It was through this quack science that he first became interested in alchemy and the supernatural. Martin hoped that some cure for his feeble condition could be found in the secret knowledge of the occult.

The DeMonte Clan soon identified Martin as a potential recruit. His ill-health and isolation from the rest of society made him an attractive recruit since he would not have to give up much in order to save himself from his inevitable early demise. He joined the DeMonte Clan in 1749 when it appeared that he was about to die from a serious bout with pneumonia. As far as his family knew, Martin disappeared in the night, presumably having wandered into the swamps in a delirium of fever and succumbed to either his pneumonia or the hazards of the swamps. Instead he joined the DeMonte Clan, first by taking the identity of one of their deceased slaves. Later, of course, he returned home and devoured his older brother, taking his shape and memories and thus control of his family's plantations for the DeMontes. Martin was happy to surrender control of the estates to Antoinette DeMonte. He'd never truly been interested in running them. Now he was free to study and learn the art and science of manipulating the supernatural forces of the universe.

Martin is perhaps the most knowledgeable of all the DeMontes, although his low POW prevents him from ever rivaling Antoinette in magical ability. He understands what ghouls are supposed to be and what their place is in a universe dominated by powers like the Great Old Ones and the Outer Gods. He was therefore Antoinette's choice to send out into the world to make contact with other ghoul colonies. His mission is to find a way for the DeMontes to physically reach the Dreamlands and bring a copy of the *Ghoul Manuscript* back to the waking world. He is traveling the world trying to either open negotiations with a ghoul colony, find a working Gate of Oneirology the DeMonte Clan can seize, or locate such rare artifacts as the fabled Crystallizer of Dreams or the unique Silver Key. This shy introvert with little ability to interact with people is an inspired choice for ambassador.

Traditional ghouls are unlikely to respond to human etiquette or manners. A near autistic will be far more successful.

It is up to individual Keepers to determine how far along the bookish and introverted Martin DeMonte has gotten in his mission. Has he visited the Keepers of the Faith beneath the streets of Manhattan? Has he come into contact with Russian ghouls who still venerate Josef Stalin as their "Great Provider?" And do any of the groups he has contacted even have access to the magic needed to create a Gate of Oneirology? Even if they have the magic, what price will they ask to share the knowledge with a group of ghouls who spend their time acting like their food? The Keeper should also consider what effect contact with traditional ghouls would have on Martin. Will he stay true to his mission, or will he simply find a ghoul community he feels comfortable in and settle down there?

Martin Alexander DeMonte, Ghoul Ambassador

Sex: M **Age:** 282
Nationality/Ethnicity: Ghoul of French/Caucasian origin

STR 17	**CON 17**	**SIZ 10**	**INT 18**	**POW 11**
DEX 13	**APP variable**	**EDU 21**	**SAN 0**	**HP 14**

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Attacks
Bite 37%, damage 1D6 + automatic worry, 1D4/round thereafter
Claws (x2) 31%, damage 1D6+db
Handgun 24%, damage 1D10 (Glock 17 9mm pistol)

Armor: All firearms and projectile weapons do half damage

Skills

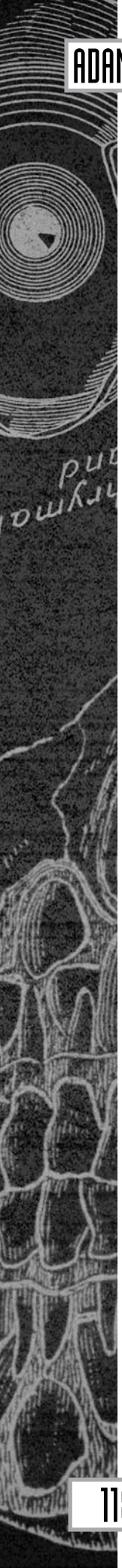
Alchemy 89%	Anthropology 72%	Archaeology 65%
Botany 34%	Burrow 78%	Chemistry 31%
Climb 90%	Computer Use 50%	Cthulhu Mythos 22%
Drive Automobile 35%	Hide 67%	History 80%
Jump 78%	Library Use 75%	Listen 74%
Natural History 40%	Occult 73%	Pharmacy 31%
Scent Decay 71%	Sneak 82%	Spot Hidden 55%
Zoology 42%		

Languages

Classical Greek 46%	Classical Latin 51%	Demotic Egyptian 36%
Egyptian Hieroglyphs 33%	English 99%	French 99%
Ghoul 44%	Hieratic Egyptian 35%	

Spells ('V' indicates a Voodoo spell)

Bind Soul	Call/Dismiss Mordiggian	Call/Dismiss Nyogtha
Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath	Cause/Cure Blindness	Cause Disease
Cloud Memory	Compel Flesh	Consume Likeness
Contact Deep Ones	Contact Ghoul	
Contact Spirits of the Dead *(V)*		
Contact Deity/ Loa *(V)*		



Create Bad Corpse Dust	Create Fetch Stick	Create Zombie *(V)*
Create Zombie	Detect Enchantment	Dominate
Enchant Doll *(V)*	Enchant Gris-Gris *(V)*	Enchant Ju-Ju *(V)*
Enchant Wanga *(V)*	Enchant Whistle	Enthrall Victim
Eyes of the Zombie	Grey Binding	Mental Suggestion
Mindblast	Nightmare	Resurrection
Sending of the Dead *(V)*	Shrivelling	
Snare Dreamer	Soul Extraction *(V)*	
Summon/Bind Baka *(V)*	Summon/Bind Byakhee	
Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath		Voorish Sign

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6

Physical Description

Martin DeMonte's ghoul form greatly favors how he appeared as a human; 5'5" tall, thin, and slightly built. He even retains his poor eyesight and wears a specially constructed pair of pince-nez glasses perched on his muzzle. He is quiet and introverted, but two centuries of existence have allowed him to overcome shyness and awkwardness. When appearing in human form he often uses either his brother's image or that of the DeMonte slave he first devoured. As a less public member of the Clan with little interest in human society, Martin has been under less pressure to continually change his guises. He doesn't even bother to name his guises, using his own name for most social interactions.

The Brother: STR 12 CON 13 DEX 15 SIZ 12 APP 14

The Slave: STR 15 CON 14 DEX 13 SIZ 13 APP 10

Luc DeMonte

In 1808 the Republic of Ragusa, a state built around the city of Dubrovnik, was absorbed into the empire of Napoleon Bonaparte. The French Governor-General looked to increase French popularity by exiling Luko Ranjina, who had an unpleasant and wholly warranted reputation as a sorcerer. Despite appearing to be in his mid-twenties, Luko was actually over seventy years old. He had been expelled from the University of Bologna in 1752 for dissecting stolen human cadavers. Returning to Dubrovnik, Luko become an assistant to Dr. Stjepan Gundulic, a local physician with an especially black reputation. Hoping to learn the black arts from Dr. Gundulic, Luko was instead killed, reduced to his essential salts, and resurrected by the sorcerer. Dr. Gundulic was unwilling to work with anyone that he couldn't reduce back to essential salts with a few ritual words. Now the Doctor's immortal slave, Luko Ranjina walked a tight rope, always striving to be useful enough to keep alive, but not appearing competent enough to be seen as a threat. Ultimately he turned the tables on his master and Dr. Gundulic was fed screaming to his patron Outer God Yibb-Tstll. Luko continued his former master's "interrogation of the dead," amassing a vast amount of occult knowledge. By the time of the French arrival he had a well-known reputation as a grave robber and alchemist. The locals were all too pleased to see the French drive him into exile. Luko fled the Dalmatian coast for the new world, settling in the city of New Orleans.

Arriving in New Orleans in 1809, Luko was still getting his bearings when he discovered that he was not the only sorcerer in the city. The Marquise Antoinette DeMonte used the Resurrection spell to reduce him back to his essential salts. Revivified in the presence of the Marquise, his untenable position was made abundantly clear. With a word she, or any of her Clan, could return him to his essential salts and even resurrect him as a squalling and incomplete horror. Luko was enraged to find himself returned to slavery and so bided his time, waiting for a chance to regain his freedom and wreak his revenge. Service to the DeMontes was utterly different from his experience with Dr. Gundulic. Antoinette did not treat him like a slave, but rather more like a retainer. He was taught new magic and educated in the ways of ghouls. After nearly half a century, he was asked to join the Clan and become a ghoul himself. Transformation into a ghoul offered certain advantages for Luko. With the spell Consume Likeness Luko could disguise the distinctive "coarseness" of his skin, the telltale sign that revealed his nature as a product of the Resurrection spell. He agreed and transformed into a ghoul in the year 1860, changing his name to Luc DeMonte.

Even after he joined the Clan, Luc believed he was merely biding his time until he could escape the DeMontes. However, as the decades have rolled by, Luc realized that the reason he had not escaped was that he had no need. Membership in the Clan brought him a measure of security and more occult knowledge than he could have acquired on his own. He learned from the Clan, but had not been forced to share his knowledge. His old master's grimoire remains an open secret to Antoinette, who allows him to keep its secrets so long as he only uses its magic to serve her.

Luc has developed a true personal loyalty to Antoinette DeMonte and serves as her right hand man and all-around fixer. Since the death of the Clan's chief of security in 2002, he has assumed those duties as well. His vulnerability to the Resurrection spell is why no one in the Clan objects to Antoinette delegating so much authority to one underling.

Luc is also Antoinette's back-up plan for regaining the *Ghoul Manuscript*. His original patron god, Yibb-Tstll, lives in the Earth's Dreamlands. Yibb-Tstll may be summoned to Earth via the ritual of the Sixth Sathlatta and with proper sacrifices might be persuaded to show how to gain physical access to the Dreamlands and bring a copy of the *Ghoul Manuscript* back to the waking world. One thing Luc fears is Yibb-Tstll's "dreaded reversal," wherein a displeasing request can lead to the god inflicting horrible changes

upon a summoner. He has therefore begun assembling a group of thirteen acolytes to perform the Sixth Sathlatta ritual for him and risk Yibb-Tstll's capriciousness. These acolytes, calling themselves "the Circle," have been recruited from outside the DeMonte Clan, and while the Clan knows about them, they are ignorant of the ghouls' existence. These acolytes are ambitious, but ignorant of the risks involved. In front of the Circle Luc uses his magic to present himself as a vampire. He has promised to "embrace" his followers into the ranks of the undead once they succeed in the summoning of Yibb-Tstll. Presuming he can gain great favor with Yibb-Tstll, he might also be able to remove the effects of the Resurrection spell and remain as an immortal ghoul.

Luc DeMonte, the Marquise's Right Hand

Sex: M **Age:** 277
Nationality/Ethnicity: Ghoul of Croatian/Caucasian origin

STR 20	**CON 16**	**SIZ 13**	**INT 15**	**POW 20**
DEX 15	**APP variable**	**EDU 21**	**SAN 0**	**HP 15**

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Attacks
Bite 46% 1D6 dmg + automatic worry, 1D4 dmg./round thereafter
Claws (x2) 53% 1D6+db damage

Armor: All firearms and projectile weapons do half damage

Skills

Astronomy 71%	Chemistry 49%	Climb 93%
Cryptography 45%	Cthulhu Mythos 25%	Drive Automobile 33%
Drive Carriage 32%	First Aid 36%	Hide 60%
History 45%	Jump 75%	Library Use 30%
Listen 78%	Mathematics 82%	Medicine 45%
Occult 44%	Pharmacy 49%	Ride Horse 26%
Scent 65%	Sneak 86%	Spot Hidden 78%

Languages

Croatian 99%	English 83%	Ghoul 28%
Greek 86%	Italian 63%	Latin 94%

Spells

Bat Form	Black Binding	Brew Space Mead
Call Bugg-Shash	Call/Dismiss Mordiggian	Call/Dismiss Nyogtha
Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath	Call/Dismiss Yibb-Tstll	Cloud Memory
Command Animal Spells (Bats, Rats, Wolves)		Consume Likeness
Contact Ghoul	Contact Yibb-Tstll	Create Mist of Releh
Create Zombie	Deflect Harm	Detect Enchantment
Dominate	Elder Sign	Enchant Whistle
Enthrall Victim	Flesh Ward	Grey Binding
Mental Suggestion	Nyhargo Dirge	Power Drain
Raise Night Fog	Resurrection	Spectral Razor
Summon the Black	Summon/Bind Byakhee	
Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath		
Summon/Bind Nightgaunt	Voorish Sign	

Mythos Tomes: *The Gundulic Grimoire*

Magic Items: Elder Sign

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6

Physical Description
Luc DeMonte stands 5'11" tall and weighs 176 pounds. In the 1700s this would have made him quite the brute. Today he is just average height. In ghoul form he has black hair and dark eyes, and a strangely coarse and pockmarked appearance to his skin. In private he dresses in modern clothes, appropriate to the situation. The human guise he most often uses is one he selected on the basis of what popular mythology expects from a vampire. He wears clothes from the 19th century, attempting to appear deliberately anachronistic. In this guise he is a full five inches taller, has long black hair, green eyes set deep in a long face and a pale complexion. Thin and sallow, this guise appears to have the following stats:

STR 14 CON 13 DEX 15 SIZ 14 APP 17

New Mythos Tome

***The Gundulic Grimoire*:** Latin but written in cipher, Sanity loss 1D6/1D10; Cthulhu Mythos +11; average 39 weeks to study and comprehend/78 hours to skim. This book is the creation of Dr. Stjepan Gundulic. He compiled it from research conducted on fragments of the *Cthaat Aquadingen,* the *Necronomicon* and interrogating disinterred and resurrected sorcerers. Much of the book discusses the Outer God Yibb-Tstll and how to summon and parlay with it for power and knowledge. It also explains how Gundulic traveled to the Great Library of Celaeno and returned with the Barrier of Naach-Tith spell. In order to successfully read the book, successful rolls must be made in both Cryptography and Latin before translation can begin. It contains the following spells: Brew Space Mead, Call Bugg-Shash, Call/Dismiss Yibb-Tstll, Contact Yibb-Tstll, Elder Sign, Nyhargo Dirge, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Summon the Black. Notably the grimoire does not include the spell Create Barrier of Naach-Tith. Gundulic never committed that spell to paper to ensure that only he would know how to protect the spell casters during a summoning of Yibb-Tstll. However, by following the instructions in the grimoire, a sorcerer could travel to the Great Library of Celaeno and find the spell. Such a journey is dangerous in the extreme.

Eliza DeMonte

Born in 1903 to a poor but hardworking rural family from Texas, Eliza's birth name was Matilda Dyre. When the Spanish flu took her parents in 1919, she fled her rural home for New Orleans. However, she was not escaping tragedy; she was pursuing her dreams. She was convinced that if she stayed in Texas she would miss out on the greatest party since the Roman Empire. She wasn't wrong. Matilda worked as a taxi dancer, b-girl and even a nude model, but did not engage in prostitution, at least not in the typical sense. She did develop a stable of "gentlemen callers" who made sure to pay her rent, buy her clothes and always take her out to dinner. Her scandalous lifestyle prevented her from marrying well, but there was no end of well-to-do men who would support her in exchange for her company. She studied photography, but found that her options for legitimate employment were scarce. Instead she became a pornographer, taking the pictures instead of posing in them. Her work was extremely popular, gaining a kind of mystique due not only to her gender, but also because of the rapport she had with her female models, persuading them to perform in staged scenes that her male competitors could not.

The 1929 stock market crash brought the party to an end. Matilda found that gifts from admirers were becoming fewer and farther between. Even the rich and adulterous had to economize. Simultaneously, her pornography business dropped off so precipitously that she was not able to pay her protection money to the New Orleans police. It was then that Matilda hit upon a plan. She would gather photographic evidence of her lovers' philandering and blackmail them. This task proved more difficult than she imagined given the state of the photographic technology at the time. Nevertheless, with the investment in a specially equipped boudoir, complete with one-way mirrors and a hidden camera trigger, Matilda was able to begin collecting her evidence. Her intention was to issue her threats of blackmail all at once, since she knew that once she struck, word would get around and she'd never be able to gain another man to support her.

Of course, what she failed to take into account was how much cheaper it would be to have her killed rather than pay the blackmail. Without an escape plan, Matilda's days were numbered. Luckily the DeMonte Clan found her first. They'd caught wind of her scheme and were impressed by the technology of her plan. They offered her their protection in exchange for delivering her blackmail material to them. Backed into a corner, she agreed. After a few years of working for the DeMontes as little better than a slave, she managed to ingratiate herself with some of the Clan's more libertine members. They lobbied for her induction

into the Clan; in 1933 she read the *Ghoul Manuscript* and was changed forever.

Changing her name to Eliza DeMonte, this former "bright young thing" has become the DeMontes' ambassador to the American counter-culture of the 20th century. She has rubbed elbows with the Beat Poets of the '50s and the leaders of the Hippie and Yippie movements of the 1960s, patronized pop and surrealist artists of the '70s, cultivated relationships with the voices of punk rock in the '80s, and infiltrated the world of gangsta rap in the '90s. She studied American pop culture to find ways to bend it in the directions the Clan desired. She is the most technology- and media-savvy member of the DeMonte Clan. She was the one who came up with the idea for equipping the Clan's zombies with radios and monofilament cameras.

Today Eliza DeMonte is the point person for organizing the citizenry of New Orleans to resist the changes that are taking place post-Katrina. She has been trying to organize and finance the return of the poorest segments of the population to New Orleans from the not-so-temporary diaspora that took place following the hurricane. With so much of the city's poorest population dispersed across the American Southeast, the Clan's food supply has essentially been cut by 40%. Eliza's mission is to organize grass roots organizations to return that population and resist the plans that real estate developers have to "gentrify" the city.

Eliza DeMonte sees no contradiction between trying to return as many people as possible to the city, rebuild their homes, and eat them when they die. She genuinely holds very populist and anti-capitalist views. She just doesn't see why anyone should really care what happens to their corpse after they have died, especially if they believed in an afterlife. If she and the Clan don't eat the body, then insects and bacteria will. Do people really intend to favor disgusting bacteria over someone as fun and charming as herself? That's just ludicrous.

Eliza DeMonte, Ghoul Libertine and Community Activist

Sex: F **Age:** 105
Nationality/Ethnicity: Ghoul of American/Caucasian origin

STR 21	**CON 16**	**SIZ 12**	**INT 13**	**POW 13**
DEX 16	**APP variable**	**EDU 15**	**SAN 0**	**HP 14**

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Attacks
Bite 39%, damage 1D6 + automatic worry, 1D4/round thereafter
Claws (x2) 37%, 1D6+db damage

Armor: All firearms and projectile weapons do half damage

Skills

Art (Dance) 58%	Art (Sing) 56%	Bargain 37%
Climb 93%	Computer Use 65%	Cthulhu Mythos 8%
Disguise 40%	Electrical Repair 65%	Electronics 63%
Fast Talk 29%	Hide 61%	Jump 78%
Listen 71%	Persuade 57%	Photography 67%
Psychology 25%	Scent Decay 67%	Sneak 86%
Spot Hidden 60%		

Languages
English 75%

Spells
Consume Likeness Contact Ghoul

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6

Physical Description
Eliza DeMonte's ghoul form is a slim, wiry creature about 5'7" tall, with straight black hair worn in a Betty Page cut. Her muzzle is a bit short, and therefore fairly distinctive. She often keeps her razor-sharp talons and claws painted in garish colors. When she appears as human she has two identities she likes to use. One is an African-American female impersonator, who did a Tina Turner show in New Orleans during the '70s under the stage name Anna Mae Bollocks. Eliza was a fan of his show and when he was killed in a barroom fight she decided to preserve some part of him in her. Eliza does not appear using that drag persona, preferring to appear as a tall, but slightly fey African American man in his twenties. Under the name Clinton Dupree she works to organize the populist movements in New Orleans. This guise appears to have the following stats:

STR 13 CON 14 DEX 13 SIZ 15 APP 15

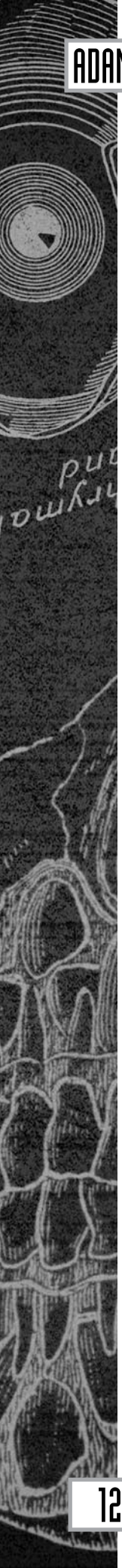
Eliza also masquerades as Jennifer Morgan, using the form of a model that used to sit for her pornography shoots back in the 1920s. The girl died young, the victim of a jealous boyfriend who lived off her earnings as a prostitute and yet beat her for her "infidelities." As Jennifer, Eliza appears to be an attractive, tall and very boyish (after all, it was the 1920s) young woman, five feet seven inches tall, with pixie-cut hair and an innocent, almost angelic expression. This guise appears to have the following stats:

STR 11 CON 10 DEX 12 SIZ 9 APP 14

Both these personas suffer from a flaw in that they were photographed in their day and their images were widely distributed. Dupree, however, was only ever photographed in his drag persona "Anna Mae Bollocks." Only someone well-versed in vintage pornography might discover Jennifer Morgan's boudoir pictures from the 1920s.

William Raymond Weeks

Born in Birmingham, Alabama, "Billy Ray" Weeks was the son of an FBI Special Agent. He went to Auburn University on a baseball scholarship, and from there to law school at the University of Alabama. With his academic credentials and his father's influence he was able to join the FBI in 1982. Weeks



excelled at interrogation. There's an old saw that the best interrogators have southern accents, because their interrogation subjects presume that a southern accent indicates that the speaker is less intelligent and not a threat. Weeks worked this angle to become a very successful interrogator.

It was in 1993, during the interrogation of a subject in North Dakota, that Weeks was first exposed to the Mythos. The county sheriff had arrested a man named Melvyn Cowley in connection to the disappearance of at least six drifters. Weeks was brought in to consult as an interrogation specialist to get a confession as to where Cowley disposed of his victims. Cowley agreed to show Weeks and the deputies to the bodies, directing them to a nearby cave. Cowley assured Weeks the bodies were hidden in such a way that they would never find them without his direct help. Sensing a trap Weeks and the deputies moved cautiously, expecting booby traps or even a hidden co-conspirator. What they found instead was a previously undiscovered Amerindian archaeological site built around a vertical lava tube that stretched down into the fathomless blackness. At the first opportunity Cowley threw himself down the lava tube, screaming nonsense as he plummeted out of sight. It was then that Cowley's god made its appearance. The official reports called it a cave-in triggered by a booby trap set by Cowley. Weeks knew what it really was: a lake of black ooze that boiled out of the depths of the earth, moved with a malevolent animation, and consumed the two deputies while they impotently fired their weapons into the thing. Weeks would have been consumed too if he didn't still have the reflexes he honed as a shortstop. When it was time to move, he moved fast.

When Weeks recovered sufficiently to leave the hospital, he found that Cowley's effects had been gathered up by a group of FBI agents and almost immediately misplaced. Weeks spent every spare minute tracking down the men responsible for confiscating the evidence. What he discovered was Delta Green. By tracking down the missing evidence and the men who took it, Weeks was auditioning for Delta Green without even knowing it. Delta Green wasn't going to pass up the chance at recruiting such a resilient and dogged investigator.

Since 1994, Weeks has participated in over a dozen Nights at the Opera. None of them, however, prepared him for the scale of the operation in New Orleans. Delta Green arranged to get Weeks assigned to head the FBI's Operation Redbone. Under this remit, Weeks has a lot of leeway to conduct investigations and assign manpower. Weeks coordinates the operations, but does not participate in fieldwork. Although the only ghoul to see his face is dead, Delta Green is taking no chances and prefers to keep him off the street as much as possible.

Weeks feels a tremendous amount of personal responsibility for the way the 2002 investigation ended. That disaster informed his decision to have Delta Green operate in New Orleans almost as if they were in enemy-occupied territory. Weeks is rightfully concerned that agents could be replaced by shape-shifting ghouls and infiltrated back into Delta Green. Weeks is not above punching someone without warning, just to see if he might be a ghoul using the Consume Likeness spell to pass as human.

This caution has slowed the operation to a snail's pace, turning it into a slow war of attrition. On the plus side, the casualties have disproportionately been on the ghouls' side. While these tactics have kept the Delta Green Agents safe from the ghouls, the longer the operation goes on, the greater the chance that investigators within the FBI or Justice Department might realize that resources from Operation Redbone are being misused. If that happened, Weeks could end up in federal prison.

Perhaps more decisive Agents, new to the city, will be able to identify the cult's leadership and break the slow war of attrition. Weeks will argue against taking more direct action on the grounds of operational security. To strike decisively means revealing your location. So Weeks wants to be sure he's got the right target in his sights before he strikes. He will not, however, cling to his cautious strategy irrationally. He just needs to be shown a confirmed high value target before he pulls the trigger.

"Billy Ray" Weeks, Delta Green's Agent Graham

Sex: M **Age:** 51 **Nationality/Ethnicity:** American/Caucasian

STR 13	**CON 15**	**SIZ 14**	**INT 16**	**POW 14**
DEX 18	**APP 10**	**EDU 17**	**SAN 67**	**HP 15**

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Attacks

Fist/Punch 56%, 1D3+ db damage
Grapple 29%, special
Handgun 50%, 1D10+2 damage (MK 23 SOCOM .45)
Kick 29%, 1D6+db
Large Club Attack 55%, 1D8+db (baseball bat)
Machine Gun 48%, 2D6 damage (M249 SAW)
Rifle 55% 2D6, damage (M4 Carbine)
Shotgun 60%, 4D6/2D6/1D6 damage (12-gauge M1014 auto)

Skills

Accounting 27%	Bargain 43%	Climb 45%
Computer Use 31%	Cthulhu Mythos 10%	Dodge 36%
Drive Automobile 52%	Fast Talk 43%	Hide 36%
History 26%	Jump 37%	Law 40%
Library Use 32%	Listen 59%	Occult 34%
Persuade 73%	Psychology 62%	Sneak 31%
Spot Hidden 54%	Swim 39%	Throw 59%

Languages
English 85%

Physical Description
Agent Graham appears to be a white male in his mid-forties, appearing slightly younger than his actual age. He is cleanly shaven, stands 6'3"and weighs about 190 pounds. This makes him look thin and long limbed. He stands ramrod straight most of the time, almost never sitting when he can stand. His thin, light blonde hair has receded, but he keeps his hair so closely cropped he might as well be bald. In fact, his eyebrows are so thin that he almost appears to have none. The overall effect makes him appear cold and distant and a bit artificial. In front of other members of Delta Green Agent Graham plays the role of mysterious "Fed," dressing in conservative dark suits, a grey trench coat and gloves. Agent Graham does not care to leave fingerprints behind, literal or figurative.

New Mythos Spells

CALL BUGG-SHASH: No spell to dismiss Bugg-Shash exists. Bright lights can drive away Bugg-Shash, but it will not return to its home dimension until it has taken a victim.

CALL/DISMISS YIBB-TSTLL: Also known as the Sixth Sathlatta. When performed by a group of thirteen chanters at midnight on the first day of the year (this may vary between calendars) it will physically summon Yibb-Tstll from the Dreamlands to Earth. Yibb-Tstll will be free to use its dreaded reversal power on any present unless seven of the chanters know the spell and the Barrier of Naach-Tith is in place. This spell costs the caster and other participants a varying number of magic points, and the caster loses 1D10 Sanity points. The arrival of the deity will cost more Sanity points.

CONTACT YIBB-TSTLL: If a single caster performs the chant of the Sixth Sathlatta, then Yibb-Tstll will instead appear in the caster's dreams. For each attempt, the caster must sacrifice 1 POW and 1D6 Sanity points. Yibb-Tssl can be communicated with through dreams, and will answer questions so long as blood is spilled in its name. However, the first thing Yibb-Tstll is going to teach anyone contacting it is the spell Call Yibb-Tstll.

CREATE BARRIER OF NAACH-TITH: This barrier provides both physical and magical defense. Each participant in this spell loses 1D10 Sanity points and a variable number of magic points; each magic point expended in the creation gives the barrier 1D6 STR. The spell takes one minute to cast (during which time all magic points to be used must be expended) and lasts 1D4+4 hours. Anyone who knows the spell may participate in the casting by contributing their magic points to the barrier.

The barrier is spherical in shape, and about 100 yards in diameter. It can be cast around the user, to protect him from harm, or it can be cast so as to trap a monster or an enemy. Any creature bisected by the barrier's boundary upon its creation is unharmed and thrust outside the barrier. Anything trying to pierce the barrier can only do so by beating down the barrier with a successful STR vs. STR on the Resistance Table. Multiple beings trying to pierce the barrier cannot combine their STR against the barrier's STR. A bullet or missile can cross the barrier if the rolled damage to the barrier can overcome the barrier's STR on the Resistance Table. If the barrier is penetrated, the missile does the damage rolled, as if the barrier does not exist. The moment the barrier is penetrated, the spell fails and the barrier collapses.

NYHARGO DIRGE: This modified version of the Resurrection spell is used to destroy corporeal undead (skeletons, zombies, vampires, Servants of Glaaki). The caster spends 12 magic points and 1D6 Sanity and sings in an eerie, droning chant. If the undead fails a POW vs. POW roll on the Resistance Table, they immediately turn to dust. One target per casting.

SUMMON THE BLACK: This offensive spell calls forth from "the space which is not space," the black blood of Yibb-Tstll, one of the lesser known Outer Gods. According to Abdul Alhazred in the *Necronomicon*, the Black "liveth apart from Him and eateth souls."

The spell requires the caster to first inscribe a small card or piece of paper (or even a wafer made of flour and water) with a set of magical symbols known as the "Sixth Sathlatta." The card is then delivered to the intended victim, who must view the sigils on the card (even if only for an instant) before the next phase of the spell can begin. The second phase requires that the caster intone the words of the spell within the hearing of the victim; a telephone can be used but it must be intoned "live," not in a recording. The caster expends 10 magic points while performing the chant, and loses 1D8 Sanity points as well.

Once the chant has begun the victim is helplessly paralyzed unless he can roll his POW or less on 1D100 (POWx2 if the chant is performed over the phone). The caster chants for two rounds (giving the victim two chances to break the paralysis) at the end of which time the caster tries to overcome the victim in a battle of current magic points; if the caster fails there is no effect. If the caster wins, the victim begins taking damage as per the drowning rules in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook as thousands of black, snowflake-like objects appear out of nowhere and begin landing on the victim. As soon as the "snowflakes" start to fall the victim must make a SAN roll or lose 1D4/2D8 Sanity. The black snowfall also frees the victim from his paralysis while at the same time smothering and blinding him.

The Black continues to accumulate on the victim until they have suffocated, at which time it disappears. Anyone else witnessing the arrival of the Black must make a SAN roll or lose 0/1D6 SAN. The only way to stop the progress of the Spell is to totally immerse the victim in water, an action that has the added benefit of automatically turning the spell back on its caster. If the caster is also able to immerse himself in water the spell is completely negated.

LIGHT TO THE DARKNESS
POLICY · IMPACT

M-EPIC

Warren Banks with Adam Crossingham and Adam Scott Glancy

Delta Green was not the first.

Officially organized in 1942 as part of the OSS effort to counter the Nazis' occult weapons program, Delta Green included many veterans of the US Navy's P Division, which was organized after the 1928 federal raid on the town of Innsmouth. But even P Division was not the first time a government investigated the horrors of the Cthulhu Mythos.

The United Kingdom's mirror agency, PISCES, was created in 1940 from an earlier program called MI-13. Also known as the Special Reconnaissance Office, this Great War-era program had been trying to use psychics to gather intelligence. The program showed some promise, until every one of their psychics was driven mad by the temporary rise of R'lyeh in March 1925. In the post-mortem of that disaster, the men who ran MI-13 uncovered some of the terrible truths of the supernatural and carried on that fight when PISCES was formed. But even MI-13 was not the first.

In 1919, a young Red Army Lieutenant named Gregor Studnikov exterminated a colony of famine victims who had devolved into ghouls after having resorted to grave robbing and cannibalism to stay alive. After an encounter with Evenki Ithaqua cultists in eastern Siberia in 1927, he joined the Red Army's military intelligence agency, the GRU, and was instrumental in creating GRU Special Department 8. But even Lt. Studnikov was not the first government investigator to uncover elements of the Cthulhu Mythos in the 20th century. For that, we must look to Canada.

As early as 1903, Canadian law enforcement began taking extrajudicial action against followers of an ancient wind god after witnessing the terrible results of this worship. Their action remained off the record and unrecorded until 1946, when they recovered top secret documents showing evidence of paranormal interest on a global scale. In response, the Canadian government formed M-Section, a top-secret section of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police's Special Branch. In the 1980s, amidst the investigation of allegations of questionable conduct by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, M-Section separated from the Security Service to avoid detection. The Queen's Privy Council orchestrated the creation of the Environmental Policy Impact Commission, a federal front for what had been M-Section. Since that time, it has continued to maintain its original mandate to investigate paranormal activity within Canadian borders. Its officers call it M-EPIC.

It was the first.

Origins and First Contact

American expansion into the western plains had brought with it lawlessness and violence which proved very costly to the American government. Canada's first Prime Minister, Sir John A. MacDonald, did not wish to repeat these mistakes. In 1873 the North West Mounted Police (NWMP) were created to uphold order, encourage settlement and most importantly create an official Canadian presence in Canada's newfound territories.

In 1903, the North West Mounted Police sent Superintendent John Moodie to Fullerton, Manitoba, with the task of policing whalers and establishing Canadian authority and sovereignty westward. Canada had recently lost territory to Alaska in arbitration with the United States over border rights.

Located on the western side of Hudson Bay, Fullerton was an ideal location for a NWMP post as it was a known location for "lawless" whalers to harbor their boats during the winter. During their initial winter in Fullerton, Moodie and his men were caught in a very sudden and violent blizzard. The men survived the winter physically intact, but their minds were less fortunate. One of the men was driven mad and the rest were "placed under considerable strain."

"Prolonged cabin stay" was given as the official explanation for the breakdowns, because the truth seemed too unbelievable to be real. To their lasting horror, Moodie and his men learned that the blizzard was anything but natural. It was a manifestation of the Great Old One Ithaqua, known locally as Sila, worshipped by both degenerate First Nation peoples and even some debased Europeans. The prospect of another winter in Fullerton was dire.

But John Moodie was made of stern stuff. In the summer of 1904, he returned to Ottawa to meet with his superiors. No official records remain from the meeting, but it is clear that Moodie must have presented some compelling physical evidence. Moodie was immediately returned to Fullerton with reinforcements and orders to police the entire Hudson Bay area. The area was designated "M" Division. Officially, Moodie and the men of "M" Division continued their mandate to enforce Canadian law and sovereignty. Unofficially, they also began policing "un-Christian worship," particularly amongst the native First Nations. This came to be known as "M-Duty" for official purposes.

Over the next four years, several unofficial M-Duty actions resulted in the dispersal of half a dozen gatherings by Sila cultists in the surrounding areas. The slash-and-burn tactics employed by M-Duty officers sent a clear message to those involved that their actions would meet harsh reprisal. Many of those who carried out the unholy rituals were incarcerated, driven out of Canadian jurisdiction or even killed. M-Duty methods were extreme but effective. Order soon returned to the area.

Not all Mythos horror was found to be indigenous, however. In 1910, an M-Duty action was executed in the newly formed province of Saskatchewan. A resurgent Skoptsi sect was eliminated when discovered amongst Doukhobor settlers from Russia.

World War One and the RCMP

By the end of the decade, the role of the NWMP (RNWMP, Royal North West Mounted Police, as of 1904) as a frontier police force was nearly at an end. In 1914 the Great War had begun in Europe. The RNWMP's focus shifted to the defense of the nation. The government, concerned by the large number of German settlers in the Canadian prairies and pro-German sympathizers heading north from the United States, made the RNWMP responsible for policing the Canadian/US border.

Further changes came in 1920. The newly-elected Liberal government had promised greater accountability from its law enforcement organizations in response to the RNWMP's use of excessive force in quelling the 1919 Winnipeg Labor Riots. The response was combining the RNWMP with the Dominion Police to create a national police force known as the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP).

As the north developed between the world wars, there were lost patrols, shoot-outs gone wrong, recalcitrant natives, and savage animal attacks. Most events were mundane with everyday origins, but the Mythos incidents slipped through undetected and untreated. With an increasing population in the north, the number of Mythos incidents could only go up. Instead, vigilantism became the order of the day, and the RCMP usually looked the other way or didn't even know it had happened.

Due to the perceived threat from Soviet Russia, the RCMP's Criminal Investigation Branch maintained surveillance of left-wing and Communist activists through the 1920s and 1930s. The threat from pagan aboriginals and degenerate Europeans had been all but forgotten or considered irrelevant. Nearly twenty years had passed since the original contingent of NWMP officers fought against dark forces lurking in the Canadian north. Many had moved on, retired or been reassigned. But the threat remained. It had gone underground, content to worship in secret and slowly rebuild.

Stillwater

In February 1930, the village of Stillwater in northern Manitoba was discovered abandoned. RCMP investigations into the infamous "Stillwater Case" led by Inspector Peter Herrick uncovered no survivors and no clues as to their whereabouts. The inability to solve the case was considered a blemish on Herrick's reputation and was a source of much criticism of the force. Because Supt. Moodie's detail had operated off the books, there was little institutional memory of those earlier events to inform the new investigation. Valuable time and lives was lost.

In March 1931, Supt. John Dalhousie of the RCMP received a shocking report from Constable Robert Norris, shortly before Norris' disappearance. Norris reported that on February 23, 1931, he had found two survivors and a corpse from Stillwater, all of

whom appeared to fall from the sky into the snow near his cabin in Navissa Camp.

Only one survivor, a trapper named Allison Wentworth, was conscious enough to provide a statement. Wentworth claimed that the population of Stillwater had been worshippers of an ancient and vengeful wind god called Ithaqua. Wentworth and his friend James MacDonald helped Irene Masitte escape the village after she claimed she was to be sacrificed to the god that evening. The failure to produce the sacrifice resulted in the entire population being swept up into the air to face the wrath of their angry god. The two trappers and Masitte were also carried away. Masitte was killed instantly, but the two trappers survived and were carried to many strange and alien locales.

The two men died a day later, apparently no longer able to survive warm temperatures. In his report Norris claimed that the same creature worshipped by the residents of Stillwater was now hunting him. The claim was dated March 5, a day before his disappearance. Local RCMP officials said that Norris had gone mad and wandered off. However, when his frozen body was recovered in October of 1931, the gauze of spun ice around the body, and its discovery in the wilderness with no tracks leading to or from it, corroborated Norris' report. In his pocket searchers found a gold plaque, the first of many to be found, almost always in the possession of Ithaqua worshippers.

The Olassie Trail

The Olassie Trail is an old trappers and loggers' trail that starts near Port Nelson and heads northwest towards the town of Thompson 220 miles away, passing close to the townships of Stillwater, Cold Harbour and Navissa.

Strange fires on the hillsides have been reported from the 19th century, as well as sudden and violent inclement weather that is known to cause the disappearance of travelers. Local inhabitants quickly learnt to stay indoors during sudden snow squalls.

The Henry Lucas Case

Henry Lucas disappeared from his cabin in Cold Harbour village, Manitoba, in mysterious circumstances in February 1933, only to reappear some time later and die from exposure. His disappearance was linked by Constable French and then Supt. Dalhousie to the earlier disappearance of local First Nation children, though it appeared Lucas—who was disliked by the community—was a victim rather than a perpetrator. In the course of the investigation Constable French also disappeared in mysterious circumstances and was never found. Dalhousie raised the issue of dangerous and subversive pagan worship amongst the local First Nation tribes at a time when the RCMP, the political establishment and the public's attention was preoccupied with Communism and Fascism.

Dalhousie continued to investigate the strange disappearances. Growing ever more disturbed at the picture that was beginning to form, he issued a very candid statement to the press in 1933 regarding the investigating officer, Constable James French, and his handling of the Henry Lucas case. The statement was largely dismissed due its outlandish nature and several glaring errors made by papers printing the statement. Dalhousie succeeded only in damaging his credibility and raising the ire of RCMP officials, who severely reprimanded him for going public. Unable to find support for his claims, yet resolved to put a stop to the horrors plaguing the area, Dalhousie continued on his mission. He went to Cold Harbour, Manitoba, intending to dynamite several altars in the nearby woods. Dalhousie disappeared that evening, his body found three days later in a nearby snow drift.

Unknown to Dalhousie, he did have support. Inspector Robert McDyer had begun his career in Fullerton, Manitoba, assisting Supt. John Moodie nearly thirty years earlier. He was personally involved with three NWMP actions against "un-Christian gatherings" by the Caanyu and Athepaskan First Nation tribes and was troubled by Dalhousie's claims. The practices of the Ithaqua and Sila cultists were nearly identical, as was their propensity for violence. When Dalhousie disappeared under mysterious circumstances from Cold Harbour in 1933, McDyer decided to act.

McDyer built a credible case for police action. He met with RCMP officials, presenting evidence that connected mounting officer deaths to native worship of pagan gods or the predations of creatures unidentified by science. Most importantly, McDyer presented officials with the testimony of former RNWMP officers, some of whom were now ranking officials in the RCMP. After some deliberation, the RCMP agreed to McDyer's request and acted. They placed him as head of a special detachment and sanctioned it to deal with the situation as McDyer saw fit so long as he was discreet. McDyer named his new unit "Detachment M".

Publically, McDyer and his men worked to relocate the local natives around Cold Harbour to other Canadian provinces. They also restricted access to large sections of forest near the Olassie Trail.

Behind the scenes, McDyer and his men executed five clandestine raids on groups gathering in and around the Olassie Trail area, taking no prisoners and sending a clear message to any who would continue to worship at the nearby altars. While McDyer's conduct was considered extreme by some of his men, the results spoke for themselves. No more Mounties died of "unexplained" causes. This crackdown coincided with certain vigilante actions in the United States, which drove the cult of Ithaqua in Northwestern Canada and Alaska underground for over a decade.

In 1936, a patrol out of Baker Lake, Northwest Territories (now Nunavut) discovered the remains of ancient buildings about 200 miles south of Baker Lake exposed by storms. The remains were in a lee of a cleft in the Canadian Shield—some of the oldest rocks on the planet—and had somehow escaped glacial scouring. Detachment M was called in due to the remains' similarity to stone altars discovered in Manitoba. The incident escalated when Inuits attempted an unauthorized demolition of the site which they called "Lamah", and officers had to defend themselves and the remains. In the ensuing fight the Inuits were all killed, and three of the four officers wounded. Subsequent investigations determined that they were all angakkuq (shaman) or close followers, were not Christians, and were the last known members of the Red Caribou clan. The local Inuit refused to answer questions about why the Red Caribou attacked; the remains were washed away in a subsequent storm; and Detachment M was forced to return to Ottawa with no answers and only the artifacts it had recovered.

The incident only confirmed what had been suspected by Detachment M: that the First Nations and Inuit people were not to be wholly trusted as they were either actively involved in paranormal phenomena or were aware of them and did nothing. This official distrust continues to the present day in some form or another, although it has diminished significantly in the last twenty years.

World War Two and Detachment M

In 1939, the Second World War began and Canada began sending support to Great Britain. The RCMP's focus once again shifted to national security. Unlike the First World War, only a small contingent of RCMP officers was allowed to serve overseas with the No. 1 Provost Company. One active Detachment M officer served in the company. He was seconded to PISCES performing "security duties" in post-VE day Germany when he was killed in June 1945.

A former Detachment M officer also served in Allied combined operations, participating in the Dieppe Raid and several classified commando actions. He survived the war, and his post-war career was interesting but not widely known. Now retired, he spends winters in Florida with his third wife. He hasn't concealed his identity and is expecting a visit about his past exploits from interested parties any day now.

Those that remained were shuffled around and posted to positions that better assisted the Canadian war effort. Satisfied with Detachment M's results and with their focus once again on national security, the RCMP dismantled McDyer's operations under the view that the operations were no longer necessary. Detachment M had won its war against violent pagan cultists; there was simply no perceived need for it. However, it would not end here.

The Cold War

On September 2nd, 1945 the Second World War came to an end and the Western Allies found themselves at odds with their former Soviet allies. The Cold War had begun. Three days after the end of the war, a Soviet cipher clerk named Igor Gouzenko from the Russian embassy in Ottawa defected to Canada. To ensure Canadian authorities did not turn him away, Gouzenko took with him a number of top-secret military intelligence documents that revealed a Soviet spy ring operating within Canada, reaching as high as Parliament.

Amongst these documents were several communiqués from unidentified parties within GRU (Soviet military intelligence). These GRU communiqués made repeated inquiries into the location of dozens of individuals, many of whom were Canadian citizens. Information within the communiqués also revealed the purpose of these inquiries: the Soviets believed these people were all possibly connected to a Siberian cult of ethnic Evenki tribesmen that worshipped Kotura, god of the winds, and that this cult posed a serious threat.

Canadian Prime Minister William Mackenzie King, publicly known to have a strong belief in the supernatural, took these documents seriously. He restricted access to these documents and authorized a top-secret enquiry into their nature, and was soon briefed on RCMP operations in northern Canada and the possible connection to the Evenki cult. Mackenzie King was convinced the threat was real; spread across the northern hemisphere—touching Canada, Greenland, Siberia and perhaps even Scandinavia—was a secret society that maintained a belief in supernatural powers and

practiced human sacrifice and ritual murder. More mundanely, the society's members showed a willingness to kill without hesitation anyone who learned their secrets. While RCMP officials would only say that there was no "tangible evidence" of supernatural occurrences, McDyer was able to arrange for three specially selected Detachment M veterans to share their experiences with the Prime Minister. The consistent testimony of these RCMP officers, combined with Mackenzie King's own belief in the efficacy of Ouija boards, séances, and other forms of spiritualism, convinced the prime minister that the threat was more than simply criminal: it was genuinely paranormal.

Naturally, American and British agencies also took an interest in the Gouzenko defection. During their involvement in the debriefing of Gouzenko, it was discovered that both British and American agents had made secret inquiries into the possible existence of the GRU documents pertaining to the paranormal. When confronted, the British and the Americans denied such enquiries had ever taken place. Dismayed by the lack of cooperation and convinced Canada had once again been left out of the loop by its allies, Prime Minister Mackenzie King disavowed the existence of such documents. Instead, he sanctioned the creation of a Canadian organization to investigate paranormal activity within Canadian borders.

In 1946 the RCMP formed the Special Branch, responsible for counter-intelligence and counter-espionage from the Intelligence Section of the Criminal Investigation Branch. As part of this new Special Branch, a section was established to investigate paranormal activity and its threat to Canadian security. The section was headed by the now Supt. Robert McDyer. It was designated "M Section" after now established service custom. Other informal names for the section ranged from "the Manitobans" to "Mystery Section" to the "Murder Squad".

M-Section struggled at first. Many at the Special Branch came from mundane police backgrounds and had no concept of what McDyer and his men had faced in the 1930s. They regarded M-Section as a bad joke and proved dismissive and less than helpful. The situation was not improved by M-Section's inability to locate any of the individuals named in the recovered Gouzenko documents. In November 1948, Canada elected a new prime minister, Louis St. Laurent. St. Laurent was not nearly as supportive as Mackenzie King, and M-Section faced possible closure. It barely survived, having to use incriminating but otherwise mundane material it had discovered in the course of its investigations to influence political decision-making. Then, in 1950, RCMP officers in Manitoba made an astounding and horrific discovery, and M-Section was back in business.

M-EPIC and Political Leverage

M-EPIC and its predecessors are privy to Canada's political secrets. The organization did not plan to gain these secrets. It just sort of happened. In the course of investigations all sorts of intelligence is gathered—99% of it is irrelevant to an organization interested in the paranormal—but it has value to other organizations that M-EPIC deals with, and as M-Section and later M-EPIC discovered, can be used to parlay a better deal for the organization when it is in a tight spot. M-EPIC uses this information sparingly as its use usually makes enemies; enemies who can come back and haunt M-EPIC.

The Olassie Trail Massacre

In the winter of 1950, constables Terence McCauley and Fergus Sterling discovered the body of American meteorologist David Lawton completely encased in a block of ice in northern Manitoba. Lawton had gone missing earlier with Mrs. Lucille Bridgeman after leaving the town of Navissa. Constable Dominic Jeffrey later disappeared during the search for the missing persons.

Among Lawton's possessions was a journal that recorded his journey to and intervention upon a large group gathered to worship Ithaqua. Using information found in the journal, M-Section was able to locate the place of worship. What they found was deeply disturbing. A sizable area of the surrounding woodlands lay in ruins, with trees uprooted by great winds and shattered as if by shrapnel, and the frozen remains of ninety-seven bodies, mangled and shredded.

The area was sealed off and the incident, officially known as the "Olassie Trail Massacre," was kept from the public. Identification of the bodies soon revealed that fourteen of the persons had links to the Evenki cult in the GRU documents.

Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent was soon briefed on M-Section's findings. Concerned that these "cultists" may have had access to large-scale destructive power and the ability to deploy it undetected in major urban areas, St. Laurent confirmed M-Section's sanction to take immediate action, increasing their budget and ensuring access to necessary materials and information. Over the next four years, M-Section dedicated itself to locating the remaining individuals named in the GRU documents. Thanks to increases in manpower and resources, M-Section located nearly all of the remaining suspects, capturing two whilst a further five died in the course of apprehension. Of the two captured, one remains held in solitary confinement at the Atlantic Institution in Renous, New Brunswick. The other disappeared when he absconded during a snowstorm in 1965.

In 1953, Supt. Robert McDyer stepped down from his position as head of M-Section, retiring to the west coast where he lived until 1966 when he died of heart failure. His replacement was Supt. David Wainwright. Wainwright's tenure was initially marked with unrest. Wainwright's "by the book" attitude was not an easy fit after the procedurally lax command of Supt. McDyer. However, Wainwright soon proved himself an able leader, eventually helping to build M-Section into a self-reliant entity and expanding its operations to a national level.

A Broader Picture

Throughout the 1950s and 1960s, M-Section's perspective on the paranormal broadened. Its caseload grew, exposing the agency to a few more pieces of the bigger picture. To handle the demands of their expanding workload, M-Section head Wainwright successfully lobbied for the establishment of new M-Section offices in Vancouver, Regina and Halifax. Until the establishment of these new offices, M-Section had operated primarily from their Ottawa headquarters; with new cases appearing all over the country, the centralized approach no longer made sense from a financial or operational point of view.

When not investigating new reports, officers at these new offices scoured old RCMP files and other historical documents looking for possible incidents. For example, over 70 wendigo-related incidents were identified from the late 1770s to the 1900s. M-Section investigated twenty-three cases of confirmed paranormal contact in the 1950s and the 1960s.

During 1953, RCMP officers reported ghostly sightings around their arctic outpost in Sachs Harbour, Northwest Territory. Three officers were sent to investigate. It was determined that the haunting only occurred when the aurora borealis was visible. Four years previously three Mounties had died in a severe snowstorm. The ghosts' actions became increasingly violent—one man was decapitated, and the haunting stopped when the ghostly Mounties were allowed into the outpost and vanished.

Workers from a logging camp north of Kluane in the Yukon Territory discovered the impact site of a small meteorite in 1954. Scientists investigating the meteorite found nothing of significance, but shortly after the meteorite's discovery, the area began displaying sudden and unusual mutations in flora and fauna. Not long after that, several of the loggers fell ill, their skin splitting and turning a pale grey. M-Section was called in but officers were unable to detect any obvious cause for such sudden and dramatic changes. In the end, the logging camp was evacuated and M-Section burned nearly two acres of "infected" forest. This was the start of the Kluane Phenomenon that M-Section and now M-EPIC have been tracking for over fifty years.

In the summer of 1957, M-Section investigated a series of attacks on loggers in British Columbia which were attributed to the "hidebehind" legend, which described a deadly predator able to conceal itself behind even the narrowest trees. Officers investigating the attacks near Soda Creek tracked the predators back to a cave lair inhabited by a small tribe of hairy proto-humans. Three proto-humans were killed in the ensuing fight, and the rest of the tribe escaped—but the attacks on the loggers stopped. Autopsies of the proto-human remains established that the beasts have a different evolutionary track to humans, and that a hominid foot recovered in the 1920s and kept at the University of British Columbia was from the same species. More recent DNA analysis has revealed that the species is millions of years older than ours. The attacks predate the Sasquatch phenomenon—construction workers' discovery and casting of "Bigfoot" prints—by a year, but reports of "wild men" were known from the 19th century. There have been intermittent attacks on loggers, rangers and hikers throughout the Northwest ever since. Most are officially recorded as bear or cougar attacks, but M-EPIC investigates the most significant ones as well as "Sasquatch" and "wild man" sightings.

In the autumn of 1959, M-Section officers began a missing person investigation at Lake Minnewanka in Banff National Park. The case began with a touch of the macabre when a pair of hikers spotted Roger McIntyre, a park ranger, throwing himself out of

The Kluane Phenomenon

M-EPIC has been tracking the Kluane Phenomenon since it first appeared in 1954. All M-EPIC knows is that it is travelling in a basic south-easterly direction; its next appearance is confined to a 60° arc of its previous direction and that it appears in a three to five year cycle. The only course of action known to work is a severe area cleansing by intense fire—today usually supplied by a fuel-air explosive. This appears to halt the phenomenon, only for it to reappear at least three years later somewhere else.

a boat weighted down with a large rock shortly before dusk. The hikers were unable to save McIntyre and reported the incident to the police. The next day, police divers entered the lake. The divers failed to locate McIntyre's body but they did discover the remains of four others. The bodies were believed to be those of a group of missing campers, whose campsite McIntyre had discovered weeks earlier during a routine patrol of the area. The bodies each displayed a strange puncture wound on the torso, and rapidly decomposed into mysterious green puddles shortly after being dragged from the lake. The investigative team sent by M-Section spent nearly two weeks investigating the case before failing to make their daily report. A second team was sent in and quickly discovered evidence gathered by the first team, leading them to the remote cabin of local man Jonathan Mounsey. Mounsey was killed resisting arrest and the disappearances ceased. The bodies of the missing M-Section officers were never recovered.

In late 1962, Gerald Snowfox cut off the head of fellow shopper Mary Collins at the Eazy-kwik supermarket in Kitwanga, British Columbia and brandished it at shocked shoppers who fled. In the following 15-hour siege Snowfox was seen to butcher the body and bag body parts. The victim's eyes and heart were never found and are presumed eaten. M-Section officers attended the siege and advised on its resolution. Snowfox confessed that he was driven to cannibalism by his dreams—a classic case of wendigo contagion—and was convicted. Investigating officers found signs of incipient Ithaqua worship around Snowfox's abode but no sign of cult contact—but this case originated the theory that dreams are a vector for Ithaqua worship.

In August 1964, Mounties arrested Victor Ernest Hoffman for the killing of nine members of the Petersen family in Shell Lake, Saskatchewan. M-Section became involved when Hoffman told the police that he had fought the Devil, whom he described as being "tall, black and having no genitals." During the investigation, M-Section learned that Hoffman had been observed at the farm of Oksana Zolyar, a Hungarian immigrant. Interviewing locals, M-Section officers uncovered rumors of Zolyar's connection with witchcraft. M-Section officers attempted to speak with Zolyar but she was nowhere to be found. Searching the house, a "dimensional opening" was discovered when one of the investigating officers passed too close to an oddly constructed portion of the attic. Attempts to rescue the officer failed, and M-Section destroyed the opening when an unknown entity sought to pass through the opening to Earth.

In October 1967, an unidentified flying object was reported crashing in the waters of Shag Harbour, Nova Scotia. Locals reported hearing a loud bang out in the harbor close to midnight and reported the incident to a local RCMP detachment. Officers responded immediately and witnessed lights glowing out on the water. Boating out to the location of the crash revealed that the surface of the water where the craft impacted was covered in yellow foam. M-Section received reports of the crash and moved to investigate but was quickly ordered off the case. Instead, the incident was handled by the Canadian military and all findings were withheld. M-Section attempts to uncover an official explanation were stonewalled by the government and the military. Rumors amongst ranking military personnel suggest that the Canadian military were simply acting as a front for American interests. Currently, no evidence exists to support these claims.

The Tarot Killer

The Front de Libération du Québec (FLQ) started its terror campaign for Quebecois independence in 1963. In 160 incidents up until 1970 eight people were killed and many more injured. Of a nationalistic and left-wing ideology, the FLQ was a classic cell conspiracy of loosely associated proponents acting in a common cause. The RCMP's Directorate of Security and Intelligence was quickly brought into investigate, identify and apprehend the "Felquistes". Support for the FLQ faded away after the 1970 kidnapping and murder of Quebec's Vice-Premier Pierre Laporte, and its operational ability hampered by the temporary suspension of civil liberties. By 1971, the FLQ was thoroughly penetrated by RCMP informants.

M-Section became involved in 1965 when a raid on a supposed FLQ safe house believed run by the Acadie cell (see box) uncovered a number of items unusual in a terrorist context. These included a genuine copy of the occult tome *Livre d'Ivon*. This was the first time M-Section ever recovered a book of genuine paranormal significance.

The M-Section investigation into potential Felquiste connections to the paranormal was confirmed in 1968 with the grisly deaths of two of its officers. The officers had tailed two FLQ suspects with Acadie cell connections to an isolated farmhouse about 30-odd miles north of Montreal. Horrific screaming and a disturbing sound that could not be identified interrupted the officers' radio call for backup. When backup teams arrived, they found large amounts of blood on, and around, the officers' abandoned vehicle as well as an unusual set of tracks nearby, leading to the farmhouse cellar. There, M-Section officers discovered the two missing officers' remains; their entrails strung from the cellar support beams in an elaborate web-like pattern. The double murder was the beginning of a string of attacks on M-Section officers by an unidentified assailant or assailants. The attacks continued for the next four years, resulting in fourteen

deaths. During this time, no significant clues other than a Tarot card left at each murder scene were gathered to help identify the person or persons responsible. The killer always left the same card: The Chariot, the seventh Major Arcana card.

In April 1972, a young Security Service officer named Louis Turcotte was part of a team performing an illegal entry operation in Montreal to gain intelligence on a former FLQ suspect. It turned out to be an ambush. Turcotte, the only member to survive the attack, provided a detailed description of the individual responsible: a large, burly man with burning brown eyes and short black hair and beard. Unable to attribute a known identity to their suspect, M-Section called him the "Tarot Killer."

In June 1972, M-Section received a tip regarding the possible location of the Tarot Killer. A man matching the suspect's description was seen entering an apartment building in downtown Montreal. M-Section officers quickly moved in, but the suspect was nowhere to be found and the officers could find no clues as to how he had disappeared from the building. Subsequent investigations provided no leads, and by 1980 the investigation was designated a cold case. The Tarot Killer remained at large for nearly thirty-five years.

Then, in 2006, police surveillance of Hell's Angels operations in Montreal produced a photograph of a man known as Étienne Grenon, who bore an uncanny resemblance to the Tarot Killer of decades earlier. Grenon was connected with a secret group within the Hell's Angels gang reputed to be involved in murder, torture and even blood sacrifice. Investigations into the Tarot Killer were officially reopened by M-EPIC. While no concrete links between Grenon and the Tarot Killer have been established, there is little doubt in Louis Turcotte's mind that he's found the man responsible for years of nightmares. Étienne Grenon looks exactly as he did the night he killed Turcotte's colleagues.

The Acadie Cell

The Acadie cell is the last remaining cell of the Front de Libération du Québec that remains unaccounted for. The cell is named after the French colony of Acadia that existed until 1713. Known to be have been active between the Third Wave of FLQ attacks and the October Crisis of 1970 and possibly afterwards, its members have never been formally identified by the authorities. All that is known about the Acadians is that they are occultists of a peculiar bent. RCMP Security Service analysis suggests that the Acadie cell were fellow travelers to the FLQ. M-INFO analysis indicates the name of the cell as significant and that the cell had an unknown occult agenda independent from the FLQ. The five attacks attributed to the Acadie cell all targeted Anglo institutions or individuals with connections to Eighteenth century Canada.

M-INFO

With more and more unsolved deaths and unexplained cases, Supt. Wainwright became convinced that M-Section was squandering valuable resources. Rather than locking away recovered books and artifacts, he felt that M-Section could glean valuable information from these items to assist in future investigations. M-Section had long used the Dalhousie files in order to research and anticipate paranormal activity, and Wainwright argued that the material recovered from operations should be treated and researched as intelligence rather than contraband. On the pretext of helping identify the Tarot Killer and benefit in future cases, Wainwright created a new intelligence and information branch for M-Section in late 1972. The "M" designation had now become unofficially recognized within the RCMP for use in identifying "hard-to-classify" subjects, and the new branch was designated M-INFO. Its mandate was to identify, catalogue and translate materials seized during M-Section operations. M-Section officers' reaction to M-INFO's creation was mixed: some saw it as overvalued ju-ju, others welcomed any viable intel.

Initially Dr. Richard Store, an up-and-coming historian and archaeologist, and Dr. Jonathan Dawes, a specialist in linguistics, headed M-INFO on an *ad hoc* basis. Dawes, however, remained with M-INFO for only eight months before suffering a complete mental breakdown attributed to overwork and personal problems. Dr. Store became sole head of M-INFO after Dawes' institutionalization. He retained his position when M-Section became M-EPIC in 1984, and remains its head to this day.

Aside from Store, M-INFO is currently staffed by Store's handpicked assistant—Dr. Phillip Labonte—and two assistants. Dr. Labonte spends the majority of his time overseeing the more mundane operations of M-INFO and supervising the two other staff members. Occasionally, M-INFO is called upon to assist directly in an M-EPIC investigation. Dr. Store no longer concerns himself with field work due to his advancing years. Instead, he typically sends Dr. Labonte to assist officers in the field, venturing out of his office only in extreme circumstances.

All items of an occult nature recovered by M-EPIC officers are packaged and handed over to Labonte or the M-INFO assistants who admit them to M-INFO's vault, where Dr. Store oversees their handling and processing personally. The bulk of these items are stored in a secure vault in the sub-basement of the M-INFO building. Both Store and Labonte have access to the secure vault. While Dr. Store is normally the only one with access codes to the locked library in the vault, in the case of an emergency, the codes to enter the library are accessible by those possessing appropriate security clearances. Currently only the head of M-INFO, the Director of M-EPIC and the Deputy Director of M-EPIC possess such clearances. The codes are kept in a safe in a secure area in the M-EPIC building in Ottawa. Individuals attempting to access the secure area must first pass a security screening.

Although Dr. Store is not subject to mandatory retirement due to his special skill set, he is advancing in age and declining in health, and will be forced to step down in a few years. He is grooming Phillip Labonte to assume his position as head of M-INFO.

A Terrible Secret

Unbeknownst to M-Section, in the early days of M-INFO Dawes and Store successfully translated the tome *Livre d'Ivon* and summoned forth a ghostly, translucent being calling itself 'Zhothaqquah'. This being offered the two men a bargain for unknown power, Dawes failed the bargain, and Tsathoggua revealed its true face to him, instantly shattering his mind. Store, however, completed his part of the bargain. What he saw turned him towards the study of magic, the acquisition of supernatural power, and the path of damnation. Store managed to cover up the incident and convinced M-EPIC that he should remain as sole head of M-INFO. Its vaults now serve as Dr. Store's personal treasure chest.

Using items recovered by M-EPIC, Store continues to expand his power. Items that no longer prove useful to Store are sometimes used as barter or trade on the occult black market. Store sometimes barters copies he has made of rare occult texts, including Mythos tomes. The items he receives in trade become part of his personal library that resides at his country cabin, of which M-EPIC is completely unaware. Store has grown very reliant on this arrangement and will do anything to preserve it. His plans for Labonte are less benevolent than he pretends.

The Evidence Vault

M-EPIC stores the bulk of recovered items in the secure sub-basement of the M-INFO building in downtown Ottawa. There, Labonte and his team attempt to identify items of paranormal significance that Dr. Store has catalogued.

The vault is comprised of four sections. The first area is a study area equipped with computers where classified paranormal material can be viewed. The second area is the processing area where recovered items are processed and recorded. Officially, no item is routinely handled after it has been processed—all study is conducted by analysis of photographs, CT and MRI scans, and other tests. The third area is the bulk of the climate-controlled vault containing locked strongboxes used to store artifacts. The last area is the secure library with separate climate-control and is locked independently of the main vault.

The vault is secured by conventional means such as secure-access control panels and motion detectors linked to silent alarms. It is not guarded, nor equipped with any devices designed to kill or incapacitate would-be thieves, nor is it magically warded. Thanks in large part to misinformation spread by Dr. Store, M-EPIC is not aware of the true threat that many of the items in their possession could pose. If they were, it is quite likely that more extreme measures would be taken to safeguard the various books and artifacts held in storage. Some, in fact, would be immediately destroyed.

The following is a list of the catalogued and translated tomes in M-EPIC's possession. Being Canadian, these translations are available in English and French.

The Dalhousie Files

Compiled by Supt. John Dalhousie, RCMP.

Language: English **Mythos Gain:** +2 **SAN Loss:** 1/1D3
Spell Multiplier: None **Study Time:** 12 weeks
Grants Skill Checks In: Occult

Spells: None.

Notes: A large collection of newspaper clippings, photographs, eyewitness accounts and police reports—all concerns the activity of worshippers of Ithaqua in and around northern Manitoba during the late 1920s and early 1930s. It has been added to over the decades, providing the basis of M-EPIC's intelligence on the Ithaqua cult, and is the most consulted document held by M-INFO.

Leggett's Mysteries of the Worm

Translated from the German by Charles Leggett, published London, 1821.

Language: English **Mythos Gain:** +8 **SAN Loss:** 1D4/1D8
Spell Mutiplier: ×1 **Study Time:** 28 weeks
Grants Skill Checks In: Astronomy, Occult and History

Spells

Command Ghost	Contact Deity/Byatis	Contact Deity/Yig
Create Scrying Window	Create Zombie	
Invoke Child of the Goat (Summon/Bind Dark Young)		
Invoke Demon (Summon/Bind Byakhee)		
Invoke Invisible Servant (Summon/Bind Star Vampire)		Mind Transfer
Voorish Sign		

Notes: M-EPIC recovered this book in 2007 after a raid on a Quebec City occultist. Dr. Store identified the occultist as a potential threat. The occultist was later convicted of child sex offenses.

Livre d'Ivon

Translated by Gaspard du Nord, 13th century A.D.

Language: French **Mythos Gain:** +12 **SAN Loss:** 1D4/2D4
Spell Multiplier: ×2 **Study Time:** 36 weeks
Grants Skill Checks In: Astronomy and Occult

Spells

Call/Dismiss Azathoth	Call/Dismiss Rlim Shaikorth	Circle of Warding
Contact Deity/Chaugnar Faugn		
Contact Formless Spawn of Zhothaqquah (Tsathoggua)		
Contact Kthulhut (Contact Deity/Cthulhu)		
Contact Yok-Zothoth (Contact Deity/Yog Sothoth)		
Contact Zhothaqquah (Contact Deity/Tsathoggua)		
Create Barrier of Naach-Tith		
Create Gate	Create Mist of Releh	Curse of Chaugnar
Faugn	Deflect Harm	Eibon's Wheel of Mist
Enchant Brazier	Enchant Knife	Levitate
Petrify	Voorish Sign	Wither Limb.

Notes: This book was recovered by M-Section from a raid on the alleged FLQ safe house in 1965.

Obscure Deities of the World, Volumes 1—3

By Samuel R. Bridgeman. Published 1921 by Bigby Press, Ottawa.

Language: English

Mythos Gain: +1 if all three volumes are successfully read

Skill Gain: +1 Occult per volume successfully read, and +1 Occult if all three are successfully read

SAN Loss: None **Spell Multiplier:** None

Study Time: 1 week per volume

Grants Skill Checks In: Anthropology and Occult

Spells: None.

Notes: Catalogues many deities and supernatural entities from around the world, but concentrates on legends, religions and deities of northern North America and the Arctic. Bridgeman's thesis is that the many wind deities from around the world have their origin in a proto-storm deity called Ithaqua. The author disappeared near Narvissa, Manitoba in 1925.

M-Section and M-EPIC based their understanding of the Ithaqua cult on these books. M-Section purchased the remainder of Bigby Press's stock of 37 copies in 1950. Each regional office holds a complete set and the remainder are held in Ottawa.

The Robson Journal (aka The Journal of Reinhold Blair)

Language: English **Mythos Gain:** +4 **SAN Loss:** 1D3/1D8
Spell Multiplier: ×2 **Study Time:** 8 weeks
Grants Skill Checks In: Occult

Spells

Chill of the Wendigo	Ritual of Devotion	Ritual of Knowledge
Strike Blind	Wrack	

Notes: Trapper Steven Robson handed this volume in to the RCMP in 1934. Robson claimed to have found the journal amongst the ruins of a burnt-out and abandoned cabin outside of Winslow, British Columbia.

Written by a madman, there are large sections of incomprehensible, repeated ramblings and the occasional sections of clarity. A critical Language (English) roll is needed to understand the full import of the journal. The author was a cult leader, and the journal details his efforts to release Ithaqua, the Temple of the Winds, the Tablets of Destiny, airship operations in the Arctic and special devotions to the wind god. The journal ends abruptly in 1932. Subsequent contextual analysis of historical data reveals that the incidence of probable Ithaqua-related events in British Columbia declined to below average from 1932 to 1948.

The journal is bound in human skin which is only detectable by a successful Biology roll, which incurs a 0/1 SAN loss.

New Spells from 'Walker in the Wastes'

CHILL OF THE WENDIGO: this spell can only be used in the northern hemisphere, and if used below latitude 12° North, the caster's resistance roll is increased by 10%. The caster intones words of power for three rounds. Then the caster tests their magic points against the victim's magic points with a Resistance table roll. With a critical result, the victim freezes to death in 1D10+1 rounds unless placed in close proximity to a heat source for at least an hour. With a success the victim suffers hypothermia causing a temporary loss of 1D4 CON and 1D3 DEX. If these losses drive one or both statistics to zero or less the victim dies. With a failed roll, the victim suffers mild but painful chilblains or minor frostbite reducing their DEX by 1 until treated medically. The spell cost 4 magic points and 1D4 SAN.

RITUAL OF DEVOTION: this spell can only be cast above latitude 12° North in a remote area, and needs at least 10 worshippers and a priest. After an hour of chanting, an animal is sacrificed and each worshipper expends 1 magic point, and the priest can expend any magic points that don't lead to unconsciousness. Each magic point donated increases the chance of success by 4%.

With a success the nominated subject of the spell—usually a new initiate, a devout cultist or a priest gains a revelation that causes the loss of 1D8 SAN. If Ithaqua is displeased with the cult or the subject, the SAN loss is 1D20 and the subject suffers a violent seizure followed by a coma of 1D10 days.

RITUAL OF KNOWLEDGE: this spell can only be cast above latitude 12° North in a remote area, between dusk and dawn, and needs at least 20 worshippers and a priest. The worshippers chant, and the priest intones. Each participant expends 1 magic point, and the priest may expend any magic points that don't lead to unconsciousness. Each magic point donated increases the chance of success by 1%.

If successful, winds begin to pick up after 50 minutes. After 55 minutes the winds reach twenty to thirty miles per hour. At close to an hour of chanting, a white fog enters the casting area, surrounding the participants. After an hour, the fog possesses a random worshipper who becomes a mouthpiece for Ithaqua for five minutes—answering questions or giving orders. After six minutes, the victim collapses and transforms into a Child of the Wendigo, taking the victim's POW in minutes to complete.

The new Child of the Wendigo then proceeds to kill everyone in sight. Experienced cultists know to restrain or isolate the victim before the transformation. If the priest is chosen as the mouthpiece, they instantly become a Child of the Wendigo and are instructed by Ithaqua to slay as many as possible.

Seven Cryptical Books of Hsan

Language: Chinese **Mythos Gain:** +4 **SAN Loss:** 1D3/1D6
Spell Multiplier: ×2 **Study Time:** 24 weeks
Grants Skill Checks In: Occult and History

Spells: As listed below:

Book One: The works of Huang-Ti, the Yellow Emperor his miraculous inventions and cures.

Spells: Restore Life (Resurrection).

Book Three: Spirits of the Air.

Spells: Call Down Spirit (Summon/Bind Byakhee).

Book Seven: Nyarlathotep and his many forms; the rising of R'lyeh and the second coming of Cthulhu; Azathoth as the beginning and the end.
A general pantheon of gods and beings of a general wishful pattern—an almost bureaucratic ordering of diverse deities.

Spells: Contact Deity/Nyarlathotep.
Notes: These books were recovered by M-Section from Toronto's Chinatown in the early 1980s. They are bound mimeograph copies, common of small private print runs of the early 1900s, and it is thought that these volumes originate from Shanghai. The remaining books are presumed destroyed in the raid.

Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New-England Canaan (Annotated Copy)

By Rev. Ward Phillips, circa 1788.
Language: English **Mythos Gain:** +7 **SAN Loss:** 1D6/1D10
Spell Multiplier: ×2 **Study Time:** 14 weeks
Grants Skill Checks In: Occult and History

Spells

Call/Dismiss Ithaka (Call/Dismiss Ithaqua)	
Contact Narlato (Contact Deity/Nyarlathotep)	
Contact Sadogowah (Contact Deity/Tsathoggua)	
Contact Yogge-Sothothe (Contact Deity/Yog Sothoth)	Elder Sign

Notes: This is an electrostatic facsimile of a copy of *Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New-England Canaan* annotated by Phillips himself. It was confiscated under instructions from Dr. Store from a traveler at the Lacolle border crossing who was traveling from New York to Montréal.

Continued Operations

Throughout the 1970s and into the 1980s, M-Section continued to examine the paranormal. With the newly added M-INFO, M-Section began in-depth study of the threats which they faced and were truly surprised at the breadth of the situation. Old cases were looked at with new eyes, finding connections between seemingly unrelated events. Even cases that may have once been passed off as mundane now garnered a second look. M-Section was growing in experience and it showed. From 1970 until 1984 and its separation from the RCMP, M-Section was involved in twenty-seven confirmed cases involving the paranormal. Improved intelligence meant that only eleven officers lost their lives or minds. It was in this period that the full importance of Lomar and Hyperborea was realized.

One of the first results of M-INFO was the discovery that the *Livre d'Ivon* had passed through the hands of a cult dedicated to worshipping the remnants of Lomar and Hyperborea. The book also discussed Hyperborea and Lomar, whose location was towards the North Pole. The cult could not be located in the present day, but surveys of Ellesmere and Baffin Islands presented several candidates for the Sarkia plateau and the Noton and Kadiphonek peaks. The 1936 "Lamah" incident was finally linked to Lomar, as the first recorded discovery of a prehistoric advanced civilization in Canada.

In 1974, M-Section investigated the discovery of several corpses near Goose Cove, Newfoundland. The area had become enshrouded in a thick fog that refused to lift for days, even under direct sunlight. During that time locals began turning up dead, each with a large hole drilled into the skull and the brain removed. Officers tracked the eight killings to a creature believed to be of extraterrestrial origin. The creature was destroyed by detonating fuel storage tanks at a gas station.

In 1975, open-pit mining on Baffin Island revealed several artifacts of indeterminate age. Initial claims of ownership by local Inuit clans were dismissed when the finds were carbon-dated, but the clans persisted with their claims of ownership. M-Section were aware of the finds from an early stage because of their watching brief for Lomar or Hyperborean-related incidents, and sent an archaeological team to recover more artifacts from the mine. The team leader experienced a mind transfer with an ancient Lomarian after fossilized human remains were found. The team leader was shot dead by other officers when he attempted to attack an Inuit shaman. The shaman was later debriefed by M-EPIC about an Inuit legend detailing how the Lomarians attempted to steal the land from the Inuit and that in a lengthy war the Lomarians were wiped out.

M-Section investigators fumigated and demolished a house in Saint John, New Brunswick, after an unusually large species of rat was found there in 1978, in excess of two feet long. Alerted by the local animal control department officers, M-Section proceeded with the demolition after the remains of the previous owner were found in the nearby sewers, having been gnawed to death by dozens of not-so-tiny teeth. The remains of several rat creatures were kept for further study. The analysis performed by a noted biologist of the time is available from M-INFO on request, given the appropriate security clearance.

In 1981, Satanic cults became a hot media topic due to the success of the book *Michelle Remembers,* the chronicle of "Satanic abuse" of a young girl by a cult in Victoria, British Columbia. The book was dismissed as false due to inconsistencies, but public concern forced the RCMP to act. During the investigation, M-Section was alerted to several mysterious deaths amongst street kids and the homeless. The deaths were soon linked to "New Beginnings," a small Christian group dedicated to helping the homeless. M-Section officers raided the group's premises and discovered horrific evidence of the group's extramural activities. The supernatural activities of the cult were not reported to the press or mentioned during the ensuing prosecution. The cases were presented as murders committed without religious or supernatural motivation.

Also in 1981, an RCMP investigation into Southeast Asian gang activity in Toronto uncovered a large-scale human trafficking operation run by a gang calling themselves the Queen Chow Boys. The RCMP arrested several gang members during a sting operation. M-Section targeted the Queen Chow Boys after being tipped off by a member of the investigation team. Recorded testimony from four of the individuals rescued during the sting convinced M-Section that the Queen Chow Boys posed a genuine paranormal threat. The group's Chinatown hideout was raided, and despite the Queen Chow Boys' setting the building alight with themselves and several officers inside, no life was lost and M-Section recovered valuable intelligence, including portions of the ancient Chinese versions of *The Seven Cryptical Books of Hsan* and evidence of gang links to Chicago. Four of the Queen Chow Boys were deemed too dangerous to be tried by normal means; three were admitted to mental institutions, and one was shot dead

as a "security measure" during interrogation. His body was later "recovered" from the burnt out remains of his gang's lair.

In the fall of 1984, two "wolf children" were discovered by hunters in Jasper National Park, after shooting three wolves that entered their camp at night. The two boys were eventually identified as Mark and Franco Bellows, whose parents had disappeared in the park the preceding spring. M-Section became involved in the case when it became apparent that boys weren't actually feral—but super-intelligent. The boys were taken into custody as the Paragon Foundation was investigating reports of the boys' savantism. During interviews, M-Section officers became convinced that an outside intelligence possessed the boys, similar to an incident in 1975. During covert monitoring of the boys, terms like "Thapnen" and "Banof" were overheard which are associated with the mythical land of Lomar. The boys somehow escaped from custody after all surveillance was neutralized, and are still on the loose.

Going Underground

By the 1970s, the RCMP's Security Service (formerly the Directorate of Security and Intelligence, and originally the Special Branch) was under a cloud, allegedly performing many illegal acts in the name of "national security", particularly during the Sixties and the FLQ crisis. To be seen to publicly hold the RCMP accountable for their actions, the federal government set up the McDonald Commission in 1977 to investigate allegations of crimes committed by the RCMP's Security Service and to recommend a course of action.

During the McDonald Commission's investigation, the RCMP became very concerned with the potential discovery of M-Section. The RCMP felt that it would have an extremely difficult time justifying M-Section's actions, especially given the nature of their work, and was concerned that discovery of these activities would have severe repercussions on the future of the force. Thus steps were taken to hide M-Section from the Commission's investigators. Men were reassigned, funding was cut and all activity was severely curtailed and closely dictated by RCMP heads. While M-Section was still officially active, it was a shadow of its former self.

Frustrated, M-Section head Neil McKinnon, who had replaced Wainwright on his retirement in 1980, met with the Queen's Privy Council to discuss a solution. Even though the McDonald Commission's investigation ended in 1981, it was agreed to separate M-Section from the RCMP and transform it into its own agency. This "divorce" was extremely amicable but intricate due to the pervasive influence of M-Section on the RCMP. M-Section wanted more autonomy and the RCMP wanted to be well clear of an operation that would one day be a public-relations disaster. However implementing the divorce took years, and the strain took its toll on McKinnon leading to his eventual suicide by barbiturate overdose in 1988.

In 1984 the federal government, acting on recommendations in the McDonald Commission's report, removed the responsibility of security intelligence from the RCMP and placed it in the hands of the newly-formed Canadian Security Intelligence Service (CSIS). This new civilian agency had mandated boundaries as to the scope of its operations. Further, a monitoring process was implemented to ensure that the agency would operate within those boundaries. The newly independent M-Section could not operate under these constraints, so the Queen's Privy Council set about creating a different arrangement.

M-Section separated from the Security Service in 1986 to avoid possible detection and exposure following the MacDonald Commission. During its separation, the new agency adopted a "hide in plain sight" strategy and created a cover entity known as the Environmental Policy Impact Agency. This policy was successful and the decision made to formalize it.

Through backroom maneuvering and political back-scratching the Environmental Protection bill, then passing through Parliament, was modified to legislate the creation of the Environmental Policy Impact Commission; an ongoing, federally funded group tasked with evaluating and advising on environmental policy. By sleight of hand, M-Section, now known by insiders as M-EPIC, gained public funding and limited police powers for its officers whilst allowing them the anonymity to carry out covert operations.

The first action of the new agency director, Bernhard Lane, was to introduce psychological training to help officers in the field face paranormal phenomena. The theory was that mental hardening would reduce officer losses in the same way that the earlier introduction of better intelligence had reduced officer fatalities. The training was based on martial arts because of their dependence on the discipline of self-control, determination and concentration.

M-EPIC Today

Incidents have steadily increased since 1988 to the present day. M-EPIC has learnt to adapt rapidly to changing circumstances. Fifty years ago, most incidents were in the Northern Territories; today they are usually further south.

Officers became involved in an armed confrontation with "flying play-doh crabs" when investigating the last movements of four climbers who disappeared climbing Devil's Head in the Southern Canadian Rockies in late 1992. After their bodies were found the following spring, it was discovered at autopsy that their brains were missing and there was no sign of how they were removed. Officers testified that they hit the flying creatures with small arms fire but no sign of any bodies were ever discovered. There hasn't been a repeat of the incident, although climbers sometimes report seeing lights away from the main ascent routes in June and October.

In 1993, when dirtbikers discovered human remains emerging from sand dunes in the Yukon's Carcross Desert, the police were called in. When it became apparent that the remains were very old, the University of British Columbia and M-EPIC were alerted. Carbon dating of the semi-fossilized remains established an estimated age of over twenty-five thousand years—approximating the Middle Paleolithic period—but the accompanying artifacts were clearly more advanced. The leading UBC academic started displaying erratic behavior and attempted to steal the artifacts found with the body. He was apprehended by a taser shot. In debriefing afterwards he claimed to have been possessed by an ancient human being called "Alos". The remains and the artifacts are now in M-INFO's Lomar collection in the vault.

For three years a werewolf ran amok in the Notre Dame Mountains to the south of Quebec City. It took nearly a year for M-EPIC to realize there was a killer loose as concerned local Sûreté du Québec police officers covered up the disturbing killings as bear attacks. They steadily confined the werewolf to a smaller and smaller hunting area. It is not known whether it was the silver bullets or the prolonged burst of automatic gunfire that actually killed Alexis Dubroise in 1999. It was confirmed after his death that Dubroise had initially targeted individuals he disliked before moving to indiscriminate attacks.

M-EPIC was attracted to the number of missing persons cases and amnesiacs amongst the fans of British Columbia punk rock band "The Tomb". Initially suspecting some sort of Lomar or Hyperborean connection, officers eventually identified guitarist Hutch Poole as the epicenter of an unknown effect that would cause a sudden personality change in some of the Tomb's audience and often led to their prolonged disappearance afterwards. On initial interview in 2002, Poole seemed very remote and hyper-intelligent, and his guitar had been modified for unknown purposes. Searching his residence uncovered a large number of unfinished gadgets, also of an unknown purpose. Then overnight Poole experienced a personality change and claimed that the last thing he remembered was in 1999. On long-term debriefing Poole talked about blurry dreams of communing with other human minds from the past and the future. In subsequent months, a number of missing persons reappeared with similar experiences.

In the winter of 2004, a string of killings on King William Island, Nunavut haunted the Inuit. Claims that an *amarok* or huge wolf-like creature was abroad at night and attacked under cover of snowstorms confined people to their villages and townships. M-EPIC teams were sent to assist local hunters as the death toll approached twenty. In a rare case of co-operation, Inuit and M-EPIC worked together, to stop what was privately identified as a yiige or tupilak. The beast was never caught but the killings stopped after a banishment was cast.

The Environmental Policy Impact Commission

EPIC is a government-funded agency mandated to inspect and evaluate the impact of various federal, provincial and municipal environmental policies. Primarily, EPIC has an advisory role. It has limited law enforcement powers conferred on it by the Canadian Environmental Protection Acts of 1988 and 1999 to help uphold Canadian environmental laws, but in most cases, Commission officers hand the case over to the appropriate federal and/or provincial law enforcement bodies rather than pursue the investigation themselves.

Nationally, there is very little awareness of EPIC. Most Canadians have never heard of it, and most who have could not explain what its duties are. A great deal of low-key effort has been expended to maintain this overt public anonymity. Only the various federal and provincial environmental bodies that occasionally meet EPIC personnel during the course of their operations know of the agency.

Anyone attempting to ascertain more information about EPIC can contact the government. They will be sent information related to the individual's query, and their name placed on a watch list. The information contained in the documents appears legitimate and offers no clue as to the Commission's true nature. The information brochures are very informative, quite dull and almost completely false.

Official Powers

M-EPIC officers possess law enforcement powers when operating as officers of EPIC. These powers are limited compared to other government entities and are only exercised to provide cover for an M-EPIC operation.

(i) Environmental Policy Impact Commission

EPIC officers gathering evidence to substantiate a violation have no power of entry, search or seizure unless a search warrant has been obtained from a judge.

When a warrant has been obtained, the powers of an investigator include:

- Examine any substance, or any other reasonably relevant thing that is found in the location to be searched.
- Open and examine any receptacle or package found that the enforcement officer believes on reasonable grounds to contain the substance being searched for.
- Examine any books, records, electronic data or other documents that the enforcement officer believes on reasonable grounds to contain information relevant to the administration of the Canadian Environmental Protection Act 1999 (CEPA 1999) and make copies of them or take extracts from them.
- Take samples of anything relevant to the administration of the CEPA 1999.
- Conduct any reasonable tests or take any measurements required to substantiate or refute violations.

Any statement given to an officer by a person who may be charged with an offense under CEPA 1999 is not admissible in court unless the investigator has informed that person of their rights to silence and to legal counsel. The rules applying to conduct of environmental investigators are the same as those governing regular police officers.

(ii) M-EPIC

M-EPIC possesses no law enforcement powers and their sanction does not extend outside the territory of Canada. M-EPIC relies on Canadian law enforcement organizations to pursue "mundane" criminal investigations and execute warrants and arrests. M-EPIC is sanctioned by a top-secret executive order issued by the Queen's Privy Council of Canada to perform activities outside of Canadian law during the course of an extrajudicial investigation. While not commonplace, M-EPIC officers are authorized to perform secret wiretaps, breaking and entering, larceny and even assassinations during the course of an investigation.

This does not mean that officers have free rein to do as they please during the course of an investigation, or that they have some mythical "license to kill." The Canadian government, like all governments, does not want to risk a scandal, particularly one that would undermine its legitimacy. Behavior that risks public exposure of M-EPIC's activities will not be tolerated. Officers are expected to maintain a high level of secrecy and professionalism, and are expected to act with the best interests of the country (and, of course, the agency) in mind. Careless or needless law breaking is strongly discouraged. The head of M-EPIC has to make an annual report to the Queen's Privy Council justifying all illegal activity carried out.

Officers are also aware that their case activity is reviewed by M-EPIC's internal security office. An M-EPIC officer found to be abusing their powers, or unfit for duty faces fines or suspension without pay. Flagrant or gross negligence result in harsher punishments. What specifically constitutes unacceptable officer behavior, and suitable punishment for it, are subject to Keeper

The Sanction

M-EPIC's sanction originally dates from 1934. The sanction was retrospectively issued to decriminalize Supt. McDyer and Detachment M's extrajudicial treatment of suspected Ithaqua cultists and quarantining of an area of Manitoban wilderness. It was renewed in 1946, and again in 1988.

Only a quorum of the Queen's Privy Council consisting of the Governor-General of Canada, the Prime Minister of Canada, the Chief Justice of Canada and the Senior Puisne Justice can sanction M-EPIC and its predecessor's actions.

M-EPIC's current remit is "to collect, analyze and retain information or intelligence on activities that may on reasonable grounds be suspected of constituting paranormal threats to the security of Canada and in relation thereto, protect the citizens of Canada and to report to and advise the Government of Canada" and all means are sanctioned to pursue the remit.

Because of the sanction, M-EPIC is not subject to oversight by Canada's Security Intelligence Review Committee. Instead, the Clerk of the Privy Council, Canada's highest-ranking civil servant, administers the sanction personally and M-EPIC's head reports directly to the Clerk of the Privy Council.

An individual's knowledge of the Sanction is "permanently bound to secrecy" by the terms of the Security of Information Act 2001, and is controlled by the individual's reliability status and security clearance.

discretion. Unlike Delta Green, working for M-EPIC is a career in the Canadian government, and M-EPIC has a host of official methods for disciplining errant or irresponsible officers. Ultimate lethal sanctions can be authorized by the Queen's Privy Council if necessary. Merely the threat of this has been sufficient to silence renegade officers in extreme cases.

Geographic and Organizational Structure

EPIC's head office is in the Canadian capital of Ottawa and has many smaller branches spread throughout the country. Most of these offices can be found in major Canadian cities, but some offices are located in areas that are known trouble spots (such as Narvissa, Manitoba; Montreal, Quebec; and Victoria, British Columbia). M-EPIC's office structure is identical.

The Regions

Due to the enormity of Canada's territory and the distribution of population throughout the land, M-EPIC has broken the country into regions. Each region can have several agency sub-offices depending on the region's size, population and any previous history of dangerous paranormal events.

Sub-Offices

There is a huge variation between the sub-offices in terms of manpower and resources, from unmanned premises to more substantial offices of three to six officers. In fact, seven of the smallest sub-offices do not maintain permanent office facilities or administrative staff, relying on the regional or head office to directly communicate orders and provide assistance to the officers in the field. Special materials and equipment are issued as needed from the regional or head offices in this case. Due to these differences, there is no organizational hierarchy at the sub-office level. The designation of ranking officer or team leader is assigned per operation by regional head, typically to the officer whose skills make him or her most qualified to lead the mission. Where no ranking officer is assigned, the most senior officer adopts the ranking officer designation.

Organizational Structure

M-EPIC is led by the Director. The Director is responsible for guiding the agency and answers directly to the Clerk of the Privy Council, and liaises with other Canadian security heads (military, CSIS, RCMP, etc).

The Deputy Director is second in command and is responsible for overseeing operations at the Ottawa head office. The Deputy Director is also responsible for meeting with the regional directors and staying current on all regional operations. Most important of all, the Deputy Director is responsible for keeping the Director apprised of the state of operations.

Reporting to the Deputy Director are the six Regional Directors, the Assistant Director of Resources, the Assistant Director of Administration and Finance, and the Assistant Director of Intelligence.

The Regional Directors are responsible for overseeing operations in their regions. The Assistant Director of Resources is responsible for overseeing such things as training and development, recruitment, and internal security. The Assistant Director of Administration and Finance is responsible for organizational finances, resource planning and management of materials and facilities. The Assistant Director of Intelligence is responsible for the acquisition, analysis and reporting on collected information.

The final level of the hierarchy is the rank and file members of M-EPIC: the field officers and support staff.

Communications

Because of the relatively horizontal hierarchy of M-EPIC, the lines of communication are quite efficient. Field officers and other sub-office employees are typically a call away from speaking directly to a regional director, or in an emergency to the head office in Ottawa. Head office and the regional offices are on a secure network for data and voice.

All email and phone communications made through agency channels are as secure as modern technology allows. It is

Rank in M-EPIC

M-EPIC's officers are extrajudicial investigators, given broad latitude in establishing the parameters of their investigations.

- Director
- Deputy Director
- Regional Directors (6)
- Assistant Directors (3)
- Officers (38)
- Support Personnel (regions) (19)
- Support Personnel (HQ) (8)

Region Name	Head Office (city)	Area of Responsibility
British Columbia	Vancouver	British Columbia
Prairies	Regina	Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba
Ontario	Toronto	Ontario
Quebec	Montreal	Quebec
Maritimes	Halifax	Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island
Territories	Whitehorse	Yukon, Northwest Territories, Nunavut

certainly up to NATO military communications standards. The technology and software used to encrypt communications are located in a secure area of the M-EPIC headquarters building in Ottawa and are monitored constantly by technicians. M-EPIC maintains excellent relations with Canada's Communications Security Establishment (CSE).

All officers are provided with secure, encrypted smartphones which they must keep near them at all times. In the absence of extraordinary circumstances, all agency telephone communications, and only agency communications, are to take place via these smartphones. It is a disciplinary offense not to report the loss of an agency smartphone as they can be remotely wiped. They can also be remotely activated, are GPS-equipped for emergency purposes, and have cameras for data acquisition. If an officer must make contact other than on an agency-issued smartphone, a secure land line number to head office is provided. Satellite phones are widely available when an officer or team leaves the civilizing reassurance of cell masts and heads north.

Officers may also communicate via email by logging into a secure M-EPIC mail server. Using specially designed software, an officer may connect to the mail server via computer or mobile device and communicate privately with other M-EPIC officers. Of course, the software has to be installed on the sending device and the receiving device for the communications to actually be secure. M-EPIC email is never downloaded to a device, only displayed.

Resources

M-EPIC uses EPIC's budget to fund its activities. Because they rely on federal funding, M-EPIC does not have limitless resources. The agency must budget and plan to make the most of its money, and the annual EPIC report and accounts is an impressive piece of fiction. There is a black emergency contingency fund but the Director must first convince the Clerk of the Privy Council to authorize its use.

The amount of on-hand resources available to a given office or sub-office depends on its position in the organizational hierarchy, the frequency of incidents and the population density of the area. For example, the Toronto office has considerably more resources and manpower than the Regina office, despite each being a regional head office. This is due to the larger population density and the higher probability for incidents to occur, and to be detected, in the greater Toronto area.

Operational Demands

Canada's huge size and low population makes policing very difficult. Canada is the second largest country in the world (behind Russia). It has a total area of 3.8 million square miles. Canada's southern border runs along the 49th parallel and its northern border reaches as high as the Arctic Circle, even claiming the North Pole. Huge areas of Canada are vast wilderness and subjected to extreme climates making it extremely difficult to patrol effectively.

Despite its large size, Canada has a relatively small population. Canada's population of 31 million people (2006 Canadian census) translates to a smaller labor pool and lower tax revenues to fund federal agencies than in more populous countries such as the United States. In addition, more than 80 percent of these people live within 155 miles of the US border. While this focuses policing efforts, it leaves vast portions of the country uninhabited and unpoliced.

These large, uninhabited areas worry M-EPIC the most. The remains of Lomar and Hyperborea can be found in the northern latitudes by those who know where to look; the followers of Ithaqua gather in the cold, remote areas that are difficult to monitor; and strange creatures wander the frozen wastes, and M-EPIC has limited resources. Carrying out aerial and satellite surveillance is cost-prohibitive. M-EPIC is currently attempting to develop an affordable and effective technology to monitor large areas of Canada, but until this hypothetical system goes online, they are far more limited.

Another difficulty that M-EPIC faces is the large amount of human traffic coming into and leaving Canada. Canada currently allows a quarter of a million people to immigrate annually. Combined with temporary workers and other individuals legally entering the country the number gets much higher. M-EPIC would like to be more proactive monitoring customs and immigration. Initial attempts were made to establish profiling techniques to spot potential threats, but these proved both too costly and inaccurate. The events of 9/11 have changed the situation significantly and M-EPIC is working on better analysis of the existing data that Canada and the US exchange.

Those wishing to enter Canada illegally will find it easy. Canada has the world's largest coastline at 151,473 miles and the world's largest border (shared with the United States) at 5,526 miles in length. The majority of these borders are not patrolled, making it simple for resourceful individuals to pass unhindered into the country.

The current strategy for M-EPIC is to focus the majority of its resources into heavily populated cities. Cases over the last twenty years have shown a trend towards increasing paranormal activity in and around major population centers, particularly those that operate as ports of entry into the country. Primary cities of concern are Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver.

M-EPIC also maintains an office in Navissa in northern Manitoba to monitor the Olassie Trail, considering this area high priority. Despite countless raids on cult gatherings, something continues to draw worshippers to the area. M-EPIC continues to monitor the area, searching for a cause behind the hold the area has on worshippers of the wind god.

While larger offices have access to an array of resources, smaller offices and sub-offices may find themselves without the necessary equipment or manpower on hand to complete their objectives. Depending on urgency and practicality, the first recourse for officers looking to obtain materials is to seek them from the surrounding environment. Officer expenses are subject to review by regional and head office and, if deemed reasonable, are fully reimbursed.

Officers in need of resources that are currently unavailable to them via their local office and that cannot (or should not) be obtained locally may requisition them from the regional office. These requisitions are assigned a priority based on the type of materials being requisitioned and on need. All requests should be directed to the regional office but may be made directly to the head office in emergency circumstances. Improper use of requisitions can be subject to disciplinary actions, and at least a warning from the regional director; however personal relationships can sway the decision quite significantly.

Recruitment and Training

M-EPIC draws from various Canadian institutions to meet its recruiting needs. The bulk of M-EPIC's recruitment needs are met by accessing personnel profile records of the RCMP, from which they draw suitable candidates. If unable to obtain individuals from the Mounties with the requisite skills or training, M-EPIC draws upon the military, universities and the private sector—including the criminal underworld. The majority of individuals recruited from these backgrounds have typically proven themselves capable during previous M-EPIC-related matters, whether they were aware of this fact or not. It is rare for M-EPIC to recruit individuals straight into the organization without introduction, except as a last resort.

While M-EPIC has no race or gender restrictions, it does lean toward selecting recruits with few personal and familial ties and who exhibit physical fitness, mental fortitude and intelligence. This is particularly true when recruiting field officers, due to the nature of the work the position entails. Historically white men staffed M-Section, and initially M-EPIC was as well. In the last fifteen years, a diversification program has slowly started changing M-EPIC, but it is still mostly white, male and post-Christian in outlook.

Initially new recruits are offered "a chance to serve Canada" based on their previous service in the RCMP, military or other employment. Questions about the job are deflected other than it is "important, essential but classified". All new recruits, field or support officer, must undergo a three-month period of intense psychological training and resocialization. Field officers receive basic physical and combat training and are subjected to a series of mental tests designed to evaluate their ability to perform their roles under stress. Thirty-seven percent of recruits fail at this stage. Wash-outs and drop-outs are allowed to return to society unhindered—all they can report is that they attended an unnamed government training program. Recruits that successfully complete basic training are provided with a last opportunity to back out.

If the recruit continues forward, they are sworn to secrecy. Up until December 24, 2001, M-EPIC employees were bound by Canada's 1881 Official Secrets Act. Afterwards the 2001 Security of Information Act binds them. Under this act, employees of certain departments (including M-EPIC) can be permanently sworn to secrecy regarding their work. Another three months of environmental training allows the new M-EPIC officer to operate according to their cover story or "legend". The new officer is then fully indoctrinated into M-EPIC by exposure to case evidence and histories—most recruits take the shock quite well, as they were trained to. There is a 2% failure rate at this stage.

Officers

An M-EPIC field officer's duties are doubly complicated and demanding. Officers' legends demand that they remain knowledgeable on environmental laws, technology and current events as EPIC staff; as well as be on call for M-EPIC in the event of an investigation. Officers may find themselves with long bouts of idleness between legitimate investigations, and are expected to maintain their skills, fitness and knowledge and be ready to respond at all hours, and to any situations that arise in their office's jurisdiction.

It is not uncommon for officers to conduct real environmental investigations in the downtime between cases, and this is positively encouraged by head office. Some supervisors give subordinates "pop quizzes" to ensure they are maintaining a sufficient level of knowledge to sustain this illusion.

Support staff have similar legends to field officers: government employees of a federal agency that observes, enforces and helps dictate environmental policy. However, as they don't leave the regional or head office very often, the legend is less constraining. Support staff work notoriously long hours because M-EPIC is understaffed in technical support due to the lack of suitably qualified personnel. Support staff have notoriously different backgrounds to field officers, who are mostly from law enforcement or military backgrounds. It is not unusual to find disgraced research librarians, avant-garde chemists, savant bug experts or world-class anthropologists with social anxiety disorders. Support staff are more likely to be recruited on the basis of recommendation or simply being in the wrong place at the right time.

All officers must undergo regular physical and mental examinations to evaluate their fitness for duty. Based on these evaluations, officers can find themselves reassigned, suspended or permanently removed from duty until the situation can be corrected.

Issues such as alcoholism and drug addiction are treated leniently unless they interfere with the officer's performance. At least, that's the theory. M-EPIC's psychological evaluation process is weak and flawed. Problems are often undetected or down-played. Counseling is officially available, but the historically preferred method with dealing with the job's stresses is self-medication. Sooner or later, there will be tragic consequences of this. Interested Keepers should consult "Appendix B: Stress Disorders," page 294.

If the issue cannot be corrected, appropriate measures are taken to ensure the secrecy of the agency and the well-being of the officer, in that order. This can start with early retirement, and move to counseling, psychiatric treatment or simply a very large pay-off.

Active field officers must retire from the field at 60. Support and office staffs' retirement age was 65, but this has been relaxed in the light of Dr. Store's continued employment.

Operations

An M-EPIC operation typically begins as an investigation by another agency, usually the RCMP. The RCMP flags files of interest based on an algorithm supplied and updated by M-EPIC and passes the files to M-EPIC on a daily basis for further review. Other agencies operate similarly. Feeds from news agencies, radio transmissions and Internet chat are also monitored. The results are reviewed for relevancy by analysis support staff in Ottawa and disseminated to the appropriate regional office and sub-offices. M-EPIC field officers then carry out an investigation, involving the RCMP or other agencies only if necessary.

It should be noted that despite separating in 1986, M-EPIC maintains strong ties with the RCMP and at times makes use of RCMP resources. This isn't to say that the average Mountie is aware of M-EPIC's existence—far from it. M-EPIC works in secret with the RCMP through very specific channels. Officers wishing to gain assistance from the RCMP must make a request through the M-EPIC head office in Ottawa, which will review the request and make the appropriate arrangements with a dedicated office in the Security Service.

When M-EPIC is confident of paranormal involvement, the situation's severity and size determines the best possible course of action. Ideally, M-EPIC will have enough information from the initial report to covertly carry out the operation. More often than not, however, the agency does not possess enough information and must

Giving the Players Stuff

As M-EPIC officers, players might try to avail themselves in a shiny new world of limitless gear and money paid for by the great Canadian taxpayer. If the Keeper thinks of himself as a Quartermaster then he's starting on the right path.

Every mission should start with a trip to the quartermaster. If the office is too small—and it will be, unless it's head office or a regional office—then it's going to be a very quick visit. Non-essential luxury gear is either going to be out of stock, missing in the field or broken. Essential gear should always have to be ordered in, and will take twenty-four hours minimum to arrive. Only basic supplies will be available all of the time. Keepers should think small.

Requests for Predator drones, nuclear submarines to travel under polar ice-caps, and ICBM warheads, etc. should be filed under "Fantasy requests" unless they are absolutely essential for the scenario's resolution. However if the mission needs a specific piece of gear to be completed successfully, it might be nice if it's available—some of the time.

Keepers should take a similar attitude to M-EPIC officers' expenses. If they are reasonable and justifiable then they should be authorized. However, don't be dismayed by outrageous expenses claims—turn them into plot devices instead. Maybe the officers gain the attention of the Resources department, and have to operate according to regulations for a period of time. Alternatively, M-EPIC's failure to pay expenses leads the player further into debt and trouble.

M-EPIC is as much a political animal as any other government organization. There are turf wars, policy disagreements, and controversial promotions. Keepers should factor in the amount of effort the players make to play office politics, cultivate contacts, and who they upset, as this can also directly affect how they are perceived and treated by their co-workers, and their access to gear.

The Bacon Grinder

M-EPIC's annual mental examinations culminate in a session on the Psych Machine. The Psych Machine determines an individual's continued fitness for duty by comparing their results to the organization's norm. Officers dread the session, and disparagingly call the machine "the Bacon Grinder."

The Psych Machine test is administered by Dr. Allison Clark, was originally developed in-house by M-Section from sexual orientation tests, and has been progressively refined. The Psych Machine records blood pressure, perspiration, respiration, pulse, pupil and brain cortex responses as well as voice stress. Clark has named the latest test iteration "Voight-Kampff Mk.7" out of exasperation with its results, rather than confidence in the Bacon Grinder.

investigate the matter more thoroughly. Lost leads and missed chances have occurred in the past due to procedural inertia and recent reform has reduced this, but officers sometimes start investigations without approval. If the case is successful, this is usually overlooked. Failures often lead to disciplinary measures unless it's not politically expedient to do so or if an entire team was eliminated from the field—you can't discipline the dead, the missing or the insane.

With such a small organization, officers in any given area often work together, usually in teams of two or three. Reports are passed up to the local office, whether it's permanent or *ad hoc* and from there to the Regional Director. Intelligence on paranormal events, including artifacts and especially books and other written records, are handed over to M-INFO's Dr. Phillip Labonte, who travels to the office to take possession from the recovering officers. As part of their training, officers are trained to deal with artifacts that may or may not be contaminated by magic.

In most situations, M-EPIC officers carry out operations in secret to ensure the clandestine nature of M-EPIC. Officers can utilize their ability to work outside the law as well as their various resources to complete operations with little or no impact on their environment. Ideally, they don't make a ripple. Given the ephemeral nature of much paranormal phenomena, this is often easier than it sounds. Only in extreme cases are cleaning teams required to be sent from head office, as officers are competent in basic evidence scene cleansing.

In some circumstances, officers can exercise their powers as environmental impact inspectors. The pretense of investigating reports of illegal toxic substances can be applied to a number of situations. Thanks to their close ties with the RCMP, obtaining a search or arrest warrant is relatively quick, allowing officers to act swiftly while maintaining cover in time-sensitive operations. This cover is best used sparingly, however, to prevent attracting unnecessary attention to M-EPIC.

What Did I See?

M-EPIC's standard operating procedure for dealing with witnesses to paranormal activities is as follows:

- Convince witness that what they saw was mundane. A credible account will be provided if necessary.
- Permanently bind the witness to secrecy under the auspices of the Security of Information Act 2001.
- Prepare a dossier of blackmail and/or material designed to discredit the witness.

Intelligence

Since its inception, M-EPIC has dealt with many incidents of genuine paranormal activity. Some of these incidents have involved the traditional ideas of the paranormal: UFOs, hauntings, psychic powers. Many more have involved the more deadly supernatural threats of the Mythos. No one at M-EPIC has any real concept of the true nature of the universe—no one except Dr. Richard Store. Store is the Assistant Director of Intelligence, and the lone person at M-EPIC who has truly glimpsed any portion of the Mythos. He is not, however, willing to share these secrets.

Unbeknownst to M-EPIC, Store has been controlling the flow of information through omission and misinformation, manipulating M-EPIC into gathering items of power for his own gain. Should M-EPIC uncover Dr. Store's activities, and piece together the evidence he has been withholding, the agency may suffer catastrophic corporate damage as it struggles to comprehend the enormity of the odds they face, the true nature of Humanity's place in the Universe, and the true nature of what they are battling.

M-EPIC considers the Cult of Ithaqua a very real threat and tracking suspected cultists is its number one priority. Ithaqua's status as a Great Old One is not truly understood by M-EPIC, who speculate that it is a powerful alien entity who is the source of many ancient wind god myths around the world and particularly the North. They understand that Ithaqua's cult believes Ithaqua to be trapped or "bound" in some way and often seek ways to "free" their god. It is believed that Ithaqua can manifest on Earth through rituals performed by its followers on a regular five-year cycle. This information is not widely circulated in M-EPIC and is restricted by security clearance level. M-EPIC has intelligence that a structure called the "Temple of the Winds" is a significant part in Ithaqua worshippers' plans to free their god. Intelligence indicates the temple may be located near the North Pole, possibly in Canadian territory, and M-EPIC has made some efforts to locate the structure without success. As evidence suggests that the closest cultists got to locating the temple was in the early 1930s, M-EPIC is satisfied with the current *status quo*.

M-EPIC is aware that accepted prehistory does not match reality and the northern latitudes in the distant past were once Lomar and Hyperborea, advanced civilizations that contradict accepted wisdom. It is currently trying to catalogue and police known sites and identify new ones. It doesn't know whether the Temple of the Winds is Hyperborean in origin, or something else altogether.

M-EPIC is also aware that something else other than polar bears and Inuit lives in the North. Moreover, it's dangerous.

M-EPIC and the Major Players

PISCES and M-EPIC

In 1945, the British secret paranormal group PISCES established the Paragon Foundation, a front organization in Toronto, Canada. The Paragon Foundation operates publicly as a research facility aimed at investigating and documenting psychic powers in humans. Behind the scenes, PISCES agents comb the western hemisphere seeking out the psychically gifted individuals who may cause paranormal events. Neither the Canadian government nor M-EPIC has discovered the true purpose of the Paragon Foundation, as PISCES has been aware of M-EPIC and its predecessors since World War II.

M-EPIC has crossed paths with the Paragon Foundation in the past and has a file on the institute that is kept relatively current because of the Foundation's continued interest in Inuit individuals (PISCES is interested in the effects of Inutos or Lomarian heritage). Nevertheless, the Paragon Foundation is not seen as a threat and has no known connection to the UK government.

Normal PISCES investigations that involve Canada are typically masked as MI-5 requests tasked to CSIS and have been since 1984; PISCES channels all resources requests through CSIS, which may pass them on to other agencies but which is unaware of their paranormal overtones. As a result, M-EPIC is unaware of PISCES operations on its turf. However, that may soon change. Because of a missing person investigation, three M-EPIC officers are dead and security precautions have increased.

The Shan

Andrew Reed is the Shan's agent in Canada. His job is to procure the "foxes" for the hunts of Marjorie Rittingham, the Duchess of Staffordshire (see *Delta Green: Countdown).* Reed is host to an Earthborn Shan calling itself B'aal. Reed/B'aal prides himself on the intriguing selection of foxes, and procures these posing as a CSIS officer. He uses blackmailed police contacts to select them and to arrange the paperwork.

When news of M-EPIC's investigation got back to his RCMP contacts, Reed/B'aal quickly organized an ambush to terminate the investigation by infesting the M-EPIC officers. At the very least, Reed/B'aal figured, the Shan would have an entry into RCMP internal security.

The ambush didn't go quite as planned. The officers showed more resistance and presence of mind than normal victims and were killed fighting back. B'aal is convinced the gas explosion that killed the three humans and three Shan was a deliberate act, and is furious that lowly humans so easily defeated his plans. It considers the deaths of its comrades an acceptable punishment for their failure, and takes some solace from the deaths of the humans.

B'aal assumes that with all three humans dead, the Shan remain undetected and retain the element of surprise. It is far more concerned about this failure being discovered by the Shan Elders, and is actively withholding the truth from them. It is waiting for a credible cover story before reporting the Shan deaths to the Elders.

Unbeknownst to Reed/B'aal, the Earthborn Shan may not be able to enjoy the luxury of time. An M-EPIC officer survived the failed Shan attack. M-EPIC is now aware of the incident and has quietly begun investigations.

Andrew Reed

Andrew Reed, a meek soul, was very willing to cooperate with his father's very strict demands. A private education, an Oxbridge degree were all arranged by his father, and a position in a top public relations firm in London by his father's friends. In 1997, his PR firm won a lucrative contract with Severn Aerospace plc (SAe). In 1999, Andrew was the guest of honor at a party given by SAe. At the end of the evening, Andrew Reed was presented with his final gift: a Shan tenant.

The Shan in Reed's head did not have to look far to manipulate him. Reed always craved being a strong, aggressive male that men respected and women loved. Reed's fantasy of a dominant male personality was quickly twisted into a violently aggressive reality. Reed now exists as a bizarre mockery of the prototypical alpha male, forcing his desires on others as a means to dominate them. This domination extends to his need to both inflict and receive pain. Reed favors a six-inch stiletto blade while living out his fantasies.

After his infestation, Reed was sent to Vancouver as the Duchess of Staffordshire's private fixer. Reed also works secretly on behalf of the Earthborn Shan, gathering intelligence to assist their plans to control human society. After a lifetime of deferring to power, Reed knows to stay close to those who wield it.

Andrew Reed, Sick and Twisted Sycophant, age 37

Race: Caucasian

STR 9	**CON 11**	**SIZ 12**	**INT 16**	**POW 12**
DEX 11	**APP 12**	**EDU 17**	**SAN 0**	**HP 10**

Damage Bonus: +0

Occupation: The Duchess of Staffordshire's fixer

Education: B.A. philosophy, politics and economics, Oxford Uni.

Skills

Accounting 80%	Bargain 65%	Computer Use 40%
Credit Rating 60%	Cthulhu Mythos 15%	Drive Auto 40%
Fast Talk 75%	Law 45%	Library Use 45%
Persuade 90%		

Languages: English 95% (own)

Attacks: Knife 58%, damage 1D4+db

Physical Description

Andrew Reed is a tall, wispy man with excellent manners and immaculate grooming. His hair is pale blonde, his eyes ice blue and his skin rough from childhood acne. Although Reed appears charming and pleasant, anyone spending enough time around him will begin to notice his comments become more biting and his smile turning sharp and nasty, almost predatory in nature. His acerbic wit hides a deep and abiding loathing for humanity.

Indefinite Insanities: Sadism, masochism.

B'aal

Andrew Reed's Arrogant Tenant

STR 3	**CON 3**	**SIZ 1**	**INT 21**
POW 20	**DEX 22**	**MOV 4/40 flying**	**HP 2**

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Meld 60%, damage is progressive control after insect enters brain of target

Armor: None

Spells: None

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity

Notes: B'aal is an Earthborn Shan. It wants nothing more than to conquer the planet, or at least some corner of it, and turn it into a Shan paradise. To achieve this it has joined a conspiracy with its Earthborn brethren, with the aim of taking control of human society. The Earthborn Shan carry out their plans in secret, fearing reprisal from the Elder Shan currently in power. B'aal believes that taking control of a top-secret agency like M-EPIC is exactly what the Earthborn Shan need to accomplish their goals, and revels in sick power fantasies that it has its host enact on members of the opposite sex, often resulting in the death of the victim. The insect's arrogance has made it careless in disposing of its victims' bodies. The RCMP has discovered the remains of three of its victims and is investigating the case, although they have no leads. Yet.

Reaction to the Shan Attack

While investigating a spate of missing persons, a team of three M-EPIC officers came under attack by alien life forms that were able to control humans by somehow melding with their heads. The incident culminated in a large explosion. The blast was reported to have been caused by an accidental gas leak, resulting in the deaths of all in the building. However, there was one survivor: Officer Ravinder Singh.

Singh set off the propane tank next to the cabin, killing his fellow officers, who had been infested by the alien creatures. Singh left the scene before local authorities arrived. He reported the incident at once, allowing M-EPIC to quickly move in and cover up the incident. M-EPIC saw to it that Singh's "death" was officially reported and placed him in a safehouse for debriefing.

The combination of Singh's testimony and the lack of corroborative evidence present a dilemma for M-EPIC: Either he is telling the truth, in which case the agency is being targeted for infiltration by unknown entities, or he is mentally deranged and responsible for the murder of two of his colleagues. Neither alternative is attractive.

Singh's debriefing identified the aliens' ability to pass through human craniums unaffected. Therefore Director Bernhard Lane has changed the annual physical and psychological examinations to quarterly examinations. This will have an impact on M-EPIC's operational abilities as well, but Lane has no choice as no-one is safe to trust otherwise. Lane is acting in secret, opting to inform only a handful of trusted colleagues.

Tally Ho!

In 1968, several PISCES agents were taken over by the Insects of Shaggai (also known as the Shan). By 1988, the creatures had managed to infiltrate one of their own into PISCES leadership. They continue to control PISCES to this day. The Shan-infected director of PISCES, the Duchess of Staffordshire, has a private estate in British Columbia where the Shan elite regularly meet to hunt and torture unfortunate victims to death.

M-EPIC officers from the Vancouver office started to follow up reports of missing people when two missing persons were discovered dead in the wilderness—displaying signs of torture and indications of flight from someone or something. Connections between the two missing persons led to the identification of a trend: someone had been transferring prisoners from prison, releasing patients from mental hospitals, picking up the homeless from shelters, picking up runaways. Further investigations revealed police involvement in some of these disappearances.

Following up this lead with an informant, the Vancouver team travelled to an isolated cabin in the hills outside the city. There they were ambushed by Shan. In the ensuing fight, the three Shan, their hosts and two officers were killed in a propane gas explosion. The surviving officer escaped, allowing M-EPIC to organize a cover-up.

The Shan think the investigation is dead, but remain alert. M-EPIC has just stumbled on the edge of a vast conspiracy that suggests that PISCES is contaminated with alien life-forms.

M-EPIC is following up the missing persons reports, and has not yet discovered a link between it and Andrew Reed or the Duchess of Staffordshire's estate. If the enemy knows enough to create an ambush for M-EPIC, it can do it again, and Lane has ordered all new investigations to be treated accordingly unless determined otherwise. In the field this now means at least four officers in a team. M-EPIC officers in smaller offices unable to send a full team are to contact their regional superiors and await additional support before proceeding with any investigation.

Delta Green and M-EPIC

In 1956, the forces of Communism crushed the Hungarian Revolution. Anti-Communist Hungarians fearing Soviet reprisal fled their country, and many sought sanctuary in Canada. During this mass exodus a man known as János Hegedus made his way to Canada using forged papers. Unforeseen by Hegedus, all Hungarian immigrants seeking refuge in Canada were detained in refugee camps while security screening was completed. The American government, concerned that Communist spies could slip over the border and into America, made arrangements with the RCMP to share all security-screening information with the FBI and CIA. This list also made its way into the hands of Delta Green, which was still an authorized Defense Department agency at that time.

The discovery of Hegedus in a Canadian refugee camp immediately caught Delta Green's attention. In 1952, Delta Green discovered the existence of Stalin's life-extension program and learned of the Soviets' interest in Hegedus, a reputed sorcerer that the Soviets believed knew secrets of eternal life. Delta Green agents attempted to prevent the Soviets from obtaining Hegedus and managed to locate Hegedus on two separate occasions, but failed to liquidate him both times. With the destruction of the life-extension laboratory in Novosibirsk and the death of Stalin in 1953, Hegedus became a low priority and operations to apprehend him ceased.

Upon learning of Hegedus' location in a Canadian refugee camp, however, Delta Green agents quickly arranged his arrest and extradition to the United States on trumped-up charges of murder. Posing as American law enforcement officials, Delta Green agents arrived to secure Hegedus—only to find that he had somehow overpowered his guards and escaped unseen.

János Hegedus had not escaped the notice of M-Section. The disturbing rumors circulating amongst the other refugees, coupled with the unusual circumstances surrounding Hegedus' escape, suggested a supernatural element was involved. Delta Green was unaware of M-Section and their interest in the paranormal, and unwittingly joined forces with "the RCMP" to apprehend the suspect. Using M-Section's criminal and paranormal contacts, Hegedus was soon tracked down to an abandoned warehouse in a nearby industrial area. During the ensuing shootout it appears that a batch of volatile chemicals exploded, wounding one M-Section officer and two DG agents and killing two other DG agents, as well as János Hegedus. The sorcerer's body was later recovered by persons unknown from its pauper's grave.

Analysis of the Hegedus case convinced Delta Green that there were potential allies within the RCMP, but they never made official attempts to strengthen ties. Still, Delta Green and M-Section officers involved in the Hegedus case exchanged information sporadically until Delta Green's official disbanding in 1969. This exchange was informal and limited to three officers, all of whom had retired by the 1980s.

Majestic-12 and M-EPIC

In 1981, a top secret American group called Majestic-12 (MJ-12) formed an accord with a race of aliens known as the Greys. The Greys gave MJ-12 significant military intelligence as well as advanced scientific knowledge. In return, the Greys were allowed to freely operate within American borders. The Greys did not hold up their end of the bargain, and repeatedly violated the terms of the Accord. (See *Delta Green*, Chapter 3, for more information.)

As well as their lack of regard for American interests, the Greys showed little concern for international borders, occasionally straying into Canadian territory. Concerned that the Canadian authorities might make contact with the Greys and gain access to their advanced technology too, MJ-12 began carrying out operations inside Canadian borders to cover up Grey activity. Utilizing the close relationship between Canadian Prime Minister Brian Mulroney and American President Ronald Reagan, MJ-12 was able to operate freely inside Canadian borders and with the full cooperation of the Canadian government. Prime Minister Mulroney was unaware of the existence of MJ-12 and instead believed that he was providing greater regional security by allowing the US military to carry out military exercises and operations in Canada in cooperation with Canadian forces.

With the end of the Reagan-Bush era in 1992 and Mulroney's departure from office in 1993, MJ-12's official arrangement with the Canadian government was ended. However, MJ-12 activity in Canada did not end. MJ-12 continues to carry out clandestine operations in Canada whenever deemed necessary, and has encountered M-EPIC officers twice. Despite these encounters, M-EPIC is unaware of MJ-12's existence. The MJ-12 operators were identified as American, based on their speech, operational doctrines, and equipment, but M-EPIC remain uninformed as to who the men were working for and what their ultimate motives may have been.

MJ-12, however, is aware of M-EPIC; the Mulroney government briefed the Reagan White House on M-EPIC's existence. It has penetrated M-EPIC's secure communications network; receives M-EPIC updates via the Report, the periodical intelligence document provided by the Greys listing the world's military forces; and through assets attached to MJ-10 monitoring US-friendly nations' knowledge of extraterrestrial intelligences.

MJ-12 regards M-EPIC as little or no threat, seeing the Canadian agency as easily controlled, fooled or avoided, and considers the agency naïve to the bigger picture. Other than that, MJ-12 pays little concern to M-EPIC. This may prove a miscalculation on MJ-12's part.

GRU SV-8 and M-EPIC

Due to the effective penetration of Western intelligence agencies by Soviet spies from the 1930s onwards, the existence of M-Section was known to the Soviets from its creation. However only GRU SV-8 was interested, and only in a professional sense. Its target was always MJ-12.

However, M-EPIC and GRU SV-8 have a common enemy in Ithaqua cultists, so GRU SV-8 has occasionally dropped hints about cult activity to M-Section (and now M-EPIC) via back channels. M-EPIC is none the wiser as to the origin of the intelligence it receives.

Important Individuals: M-EPIC Staff

Alison Clark

Alison Clark grew up in a wealthy home in Oak Bay on Vancouver Island, British Columbia. Alison's lawyer parents left her upbringing to servants and paid her little attention. In her early teens she rebelled, running with the wrong crowd and getting involved with drugs. Eventually her parents placed her in rehabilitation. This had a profound effect, triggering an interest in psychology and psychiatry. Alison graduated with honors in psychology from Dalhousie University and studied medicine at Harvard. Returning to Canada for her psychiatry residency in 1997, she became involved in treating Janette Marshall, a former volunteer at a Christian organization named "New Beginnings" dedicated to helping those living on the street. Claiming that her former colleagues had sacrificed teenage runaways to the devil, Marshall had been diagnosed with paranoia, but Alison was convinced that post-traumatic stress was a more accurate diagnosis. Clark began digging into old records, and recorded several interviews with Marshall, eventually becoming convinced that the defunct New Beginnings group was more sinister than it had appeared. After Janette's apparent suicide in 1999, Alison contacted the authorities and was paid a visit by Dr. Benjamin Whitestone.

Impressed by Clark's dedication and investigative skills, Whitestone acted as a mentor to her and recruited her into M-EPIC as a "psychiatric consultant", thinking that her skills might be valuable for discerning the motivation of suspects. Initially, Clark worked closely with Whitestone in developing psychological profiles to assist investigations, but the two had a major falling out when Clark rejected Whitestone's romantic advances. M-EPIC director Lane, recognizing the value of her psychiatric training, set her up as house psychiatrist for the organization.

Clark conducts routine evaluations of M-EPIC staff. This seemed like a perfect fit: she was already involved in the organization, so there would be no need to involve any outside personnel in the process. But Alison is out of her depth. She entered her profession to help people overcome their problems, not to pass clinically detached judgments about her friends and colleagues. She tends to over-empathize with her subjects, glossing over warning signs. With the added workload and associated stress from increasing evaluations from annually to quarterly, corners are being cut. Alison has come to hate her job but has few options. Joining M-EPIC was career suicide; no hospital would employ her considering that she has not officially practiced medicine in years.

This realization has led her back into bad habits, and she has taken to drink and a cocktail of prescription painkillers and anti-depressants. Sadly, although she is aware that she is doing herself and her colleagues a disservice, her superiors are not. Whitestone has suspicions, but cannot voice them publicly for concern that others would just assume he was working through old grudges. The fact that he does *actually* still hold a grudge against Clark probably doesn't help matters. Instead he reacts by being harsh and dismissive towards her, which has led her to become even unhappier. Eventually, she will miss something critical in one of her evaluations, leading to tragedy. The ensuing guilt will probably break her.

Alison Clark, M.D., Too Soft a Touch, age 40

Race: Caucasian

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 10 INT 16 POW 15

DEX 14 APP 15 EDU 18 SAN 63 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Education: B.S., psychology, Dalhousie University. M.D., Harvard Medical School.

Occupation: M-EPIC psychiatrist

Skills

Art (alternative music) 36%	Biology 20%	Chemistry 25%
Climb 42%	Computer Use 30%	Dodge 58%
Drive Auto 33%	Fast Talk 60%	First Aid 38%
Jump 50%	Martial Arts 72%	Medicine 65%
Occult 40%	Pharmacy 50%	Psychoanalysis 40%
Psychology 67%	Sneak 48%	Spot Hidden 60%

Languages

English 90% (own) French 30%

Attacks

Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+db+Martial Arts
Kick 54%, damage 1D6+db+Martial Arts
Grapple 58%, damage special+Martial Arts

Physical Description

Alison is an attractive woman who wears her long brown hair in a braid when physically active, which is often. Tending to take things to extremes, Alison attempts to relieve her work stress by spending much of her free time running, sparring at Tae Kwon Do, hiking and working out and is in superb physical shape. On bad days though, the addictive side of her personality takes over and she succumbs to the temptation of prescription medicines. When not in workout gear, she wears the second-hand chic that is popular amongst the students that hang out at the live-music clubs she haunts in an attempt to relive her less careworn university days.

Indefinite Insanity:

Substance abuse (alcohol, prescription painkillers and anti-depressants): her addiction is usually under control and hasn't yet been noticed at work (after all, she is the one whose job it is to monitor such things), but it is triggered into full-blown mode if she loses more than 5 SAN in a single encounter or 10 SAN in one day.

M-EPIC's Psychological Testing Protocols

Prior to Clark's tenure, little formal psychological testing whatsoever was performed by M-EPIC. Successive leaderships (all male, all former field agents and all former RCMP officers for whom stoicism was an institutionally ingrained trait) had taken the view that it was unnecessary—after all, they had survived without it. Junior personnel mostly took the view that asking for psychological counseling would be a sign of weakness that would jeopardize their career, or feared that institutionalizing such screenings was a management scheme to clean house. Given the inertia that she faced from all sides, Clark never really had a chance to modernize the existing procedures, some of which dated from the 1960s.

The screening process consists of a personality profile and questionnaire (of the "strongly agree/agree/disagree/strongly disagree" type) to track changes over time and a one-on-one interview with Clark that rarely lasts more than an hour. Clark encourages openness in the interview, but in many cases she is dealing with intelligence officers that are trained to be able to lie well and resist much sterner interrogations. With the frequency of the screenings increased from annual to quarterly reviews following the Vancouver incident, Clark's workload has increased greatly.

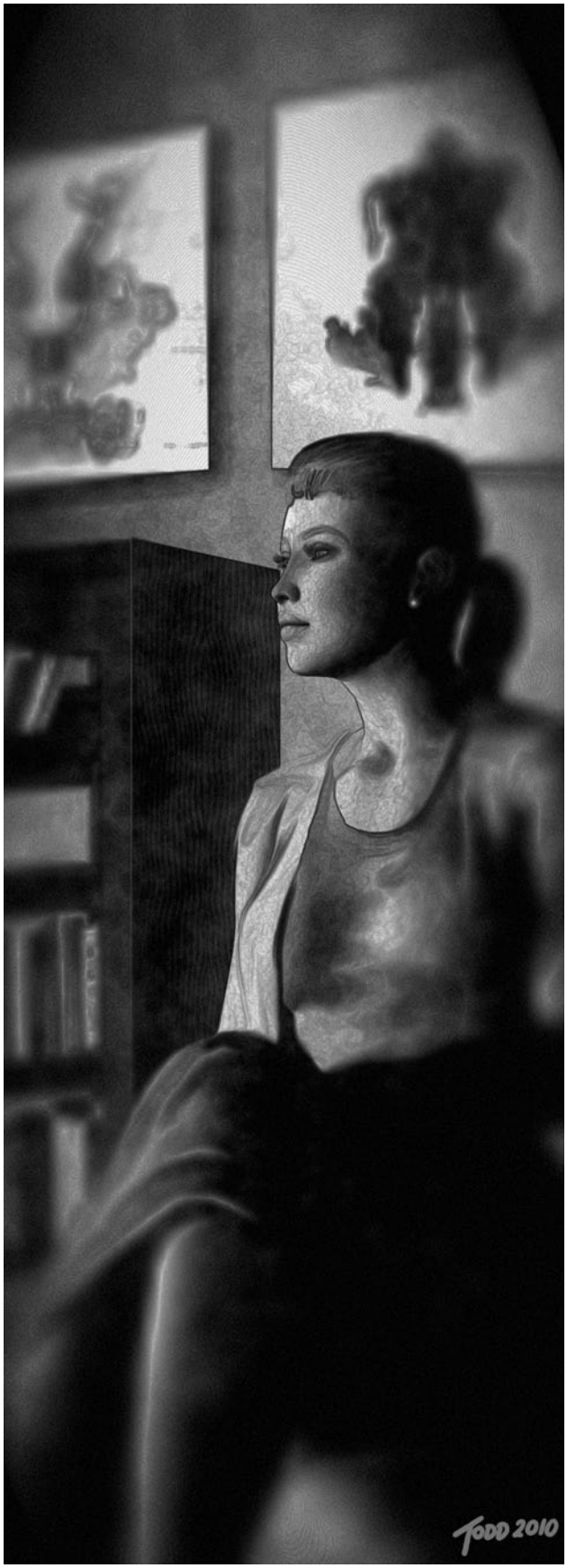
It is little wonder that things slip by her, and that major problems are trivialized. Staff are further required to take an additional annual psych test, nicknamed "the Bacon Grinder," but the questions here are mainly directed at spotting divergences from the norm rather than assessing psychological problems. Many officers regard the screening as a waste of time that amounts to little more than a joke that could cost them their job, but it is still immensely time consuming for Clark.

Phillip Labonte

Phil Labonte has a charmed life. At least, this is what everyone (including himself) thinks. Born into a family of wealth and privilege and blessed with a natural facility for languages and an enquiring mind, he cruised through school and university, graduating top of his class by 21 and completing his first PhD, an archaeological study of ancient Greek sacrificial rites and artifacts, by the age of 25.

By 28 he was mid-way through a completely superfluous second PhD (this one on the mythological sorceress Circe and this character's influence on subsequent perceptions of witchcraft) and heading for a glittering academic career when he was approached by Dr. Store at a conference. Store made a deceptively simple offer: Come and work for me. My job involves national security. It's important.

Being an intellectual gadfly, Labonte leapt at the chance. He spent the first six months at M-INFO classifying various strange objects, which while interesting wasn't as "sexy" as he had been led to expect. Then he got to accompany Store on a field operation. Within the next 36 hours, Labonte had seen an abandoned mill with an attic full of decomposing human offal; witnessed a hapless M-EPIC agent empty an assault rifle into a horse-headed flying gorilla before being disemboweled by a swipe of its claw; and stared incredulously as Store faced the hissing beast down with



an outstretched palm, chanted something in a language he had never heard before, and gestured skyward. He was shocked when the beast flew upwards in the direction Store was pointing before disappearing in a flash and a smell of ammonia.

He was even more shocked when Store turned to him and said "Phillip, my boy, it's time you learned some tricks."

In the decade since, Labonte has been M-INFO's "on call" practitioner of arcane techniques. Store has taught him many (although by no means all) of the "tricks" he knows. Labonte can be called out at any moment to assist M-EPIC fieldwork, making him the visible face of M-INFO (known by the derisive nickname "Ghostbuster" among M-EPIC field agents).

Labonte spends the majority of his time studying the provenance of various artifacts in the M-INFO secure vault, and has occasionally posed as a wealthy collector at auctions in order to obtain certain objects of interest to Store (ostensibly to prevent them from falling into the "wrong hands," although Labonte is unaware how ironic this is).

Labonte knows that he is being groomed to replace Store as head of M-INFO, but his job has taken a toll on him. Labonte has less time for the womanizing he enjoys as sport, and occasionally has nightmares about the things he has seen.

Worse, his continued exposure to supernatural powers has left him with a string of personality disorders, although he is unaware of this. He has no idea that his failure to establish lasting personal relationships, his obsessive materialism, or his belief in his own invulnerability are pathological.

Recently, Labonte has been having some odd dreams. They seem to involve a man in dark glasses, a broad-brimmed hat and a black trenchcoat. The figure is trying to tell him something: something about a book; something to do with worms. He thinks he is supposed to take it somewhere, but things aren't clear. He is keeping this to himself for the moment—he has a psych evaluation coming up. Maybe he can use it as an "in" to get better acquainted with Dr. Clark? Possibly they could discuss the symbolism of it all?

Over drinks, perhaps?

Phillip Labonte, Ph.D., Certified Ghostbuster, age 38

Race: Caucasian

STR 15 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 17 POW 16

DEX 13 APP 16 EDU 20 SAN 33 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Occupation: M-INFO information specialist

Education: Ph.D., classics and archaeology, University of Guelph

Skills

Anthropology 23%	Archaeology 76%	Bargain 40%
Computer Use 43%	Credit Rating 54%	Cthulhu Mythos 12%
Drive 65%	History 74%	Library Use 76%
Occult 46%	Persuade 84%	Spot Hidden 45%

Languages

Arabic 40%	English 99% (own)	French 80%
German 22%	Greek 78%	Latin 43%
Spanish 20%		

Attacks

S&W M469 handgun 32%, damage 1D10

Spells

Call Forth Winged One (Summon/Bind Byakhee)		Create Barrier of
Naach-Tith	Eibon's Wheel of Mist	Elder Sign
Enchant Knife	Enchant Whistle	Nyhargo Dirge
Voorish Sign		

Physical Description

Phillip Labonte is sandy haired and muscular. He uses his devilish smile and lantern-jawed good looks to devastating effect on those he has decided to bed. He is very charming when he needs to be, and always immaculately dressed. He can afford it, since inheriting his banker father's fortune. He maintains a large modern house on Lake Ontario as well as his spacious Ottawa apartment. Many of his coworkers think of him as a shallow playboy (most of them are jealous). He is brilliant, handsome, and wealthy and knows it.

Indefinite Insanities

Labonte is a borderline psychopath. This doesn't manifest in violence, but he acts as if he truly has no empathy for others, treating them (especially women) as disposable tools for his own entertainment. He thinks little of using his money to play out his materialistic narcissism, always buying things of good taste—he has to have the best of everything, to the point of obsession. Finally, he is convinced that his magic skills make him psychically bulletproof. This dangerous combination has passed unnoticed in previous psych evaluations, but will catch up with him sooner or later.

Note: Labonte is unaware of the plans that Store has for him. Indeed, Store was very careful when selecting his replacement. After all, what would you do if you could choose who you would like to be next? However, Labonte is also being magically targeted by Hegedus via the Send Dreams spell. Hegedus is trying to influence Labonte to deliver ***Mysteries of the Worm*** to him. If this doesn't work, Hegedus may reveal Store's treacherous intent via dreams in the hope that Labonte will take direct action against Store, thus freeing Hegedus from Store's clutches.

Ravinder Singh

Singh's introduction to the supernatural was not the sort of sudden, sanity-blasting revelation experienced by many of his fellow M-EPIC officers. Over the last year, Singh's life has slowly sunk into a mire of chaos. There it has lain, caught in the grip of Hastur.

A year ago his wife Meena disappeared. Singh became nearly inconsolable and his work suffered, eventually resulting in his suspension and orders to attend grief counseling.

Late one evening Singh heard strange music coming from the living room. At first he thought he was imagining things, but the music grew louder and he could hear voices. Following the sounds, Singh found a masked woman dressed in a red gown seated next to a small table in his living room. On the table lay a book. Then Singh passed out. When he awoke the woman was gone. But the book wasn't. The gold leaf title read *The King in Yellow.*

Convinced the book and the woman were somehow connected to his wife's disappearance, Singh began his own investigation. His enquiries about the book caught the attention of M-INFO. Dr. Store wanted *The King in Yellow*. Singh wanted help finding answers. Turning over the book and getting himself cleaned up was Singh's ticket back to work.

But Singh's luck continued to turn for the worse. On his last case, Singh and two fellow officers were attacked by "flying ants the size of basketballs." One creature was killed before the remaining two "flew inside" Singh's teammates' heads. After a brief pause, the two officers turned their weapons on Singh and opened fire. Wounded, Singh detonated the cabin's propane gas tank, killing the officers and the creatures. Singh was able to crawl from the rubble and report back to M-EPIC before passing out from his injuries.

Officially Ravinder Singh is dead, killed in an accidental explosion. In reality, he is sequestered in a borrowed CSIS safehouse, nearly recovered from the severe wounds received from the attack. Singh is aware that M-EPIC is unsure of him and that he is under quarantine (although they claim this is for his own protection), causing him to chafe against his confinement. Compounding his frustration, Singh was once again visited by the masked woman in the red gown during his convalescence.

She sat at his bedside and whispered only these words into his ear: "She waits for you alone." He has not spoken of this to anyone, believing he is the only one who can save his wife. When the time is right, that is exactly what Singh will do. But first, he's going to have to get *The King in Yellow* back from Dr. Store.

Ravinder Singh, Haunted and Hiding, age 34

Race: Indo-Canadian

STR 16 CON 16 SIZ 17 INT 13 POW 12

DEX 12 APP 13 EDU 14 SAN 52 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Occupation: M-EPIC field officer

Education: B.A. in criminology, Simon Frazer University

Skills

Cthulhu Mythos 7%	Dodge 45%	Drive Auto 50%
Fast Talk 53%	Law 58%	Listen 40%
Occult 18%	Martial Arts 48%	Psychology 52%
Sneak 46%	Spot Hidden 60%	Track 50%
Tradecraft 50%		
Languages:	English 80%	Punjabi 70% (own)

Attacks

S&W M469 handgun 68%, damage 1D10
Luigi Franchi SPAS 12 shotgun 62%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6
Fist/Punch 68%, damage 1D3+db+Martial Arts
Grapple 74%, damage special+Martial Arts
Head Butt 48%, damage 1D4+db+Martial Arts

Physical Description: Before his wife's disappearance Ravinder Singh was jovial with an infectious laugh. Since her disappearance he is sullen and volatile, working out his rage on anyone unfortunate enough to anger him. Standing at 6'2" and 260 lbs of muscle, it is only a matter of time before his outbursts prove lethal. Singh has recently started keeping his hair and beard closely shorn. This has made him look even more imposing.

Indefinite Insanity: Obsessive disorder. Singh is consumed with finding his missing wife. This driven behavior will soon pass beyond what could be considered rational or safe.

Bernhard Lane

The third of five children of Anglo-German origin, Bernhard Lane grew up on a Saskatchewan farm. When he was 16 years old, his father offered him two options: get a job or get out. Lane joined the Royal Canadian Air Force and at age 19 qualified for Officer Candidate School and flight school. He failed to qualify for jet fighter training and instead learned to pilot single-prop, twin-prop and cargo airplanes. After ten years, Bernhard left the Air Force and relocated to Winnipeg, Manitoba and rented a room from his younger sister Rose Marie. Lane used his veteran status to expedite an application with the RCMP. His ambition was to be assigned to one of those isolated, sparsely populated northern districts where he'd do his patrols and respond to calls in an aircraft.

Upon completion of police training, Bernhard was posted to the Churchill detachment in northern Manitoba. During his first winter there, Lane and fellow officer Douglas Sutton were sent out to follow up on a missing person's report filed on Jean-Marc Hache, a local man who lived in a cabin 12 miles north of Churchill. Hache's daughter had not heard from or seen the man in over two weeks. When she went up to his cabin, she found signs of a struggle and traces of blood, but Hache was nowhere to be seen. Arriving at the Hache's property, the two men suddenly found themselves overtaken by surprisingly fierce winds and driving snow that seemed to come out of nowhere.

Taking refuge in Hache's cabin because blundering around blindly in the storm was a sure way to die, they sat tight and waited. That evening, the two men heard a noise above the sound of the wind, almost like an animal howling in pain or anger. As the night wore on and the storm worsened, the howling grew louder until finally it appeared to be coming from right outside the cabin door. Convinced he saw Hache outside the cabin, Sutton went outside to rescue the man from the blizzard. From inside, Lane heard shots and a blood-curdling scream. He rushed outside but was knocked back into the cabin by an unseen assailant. As Lane's attacker entered after him, the firelight revealed hideous, animalistic features. Lane emptied his revolver into the creature to no avail. Just as the creature was about to pounce, Lane struck the monster with the closest available weapon: a log from the fireplace. The creature staggered outside and fell dead. And then, as if it were all just a bad dream, its ashen remains were carried away by the winter winds as though it were as light as a dead leaf.

Lane returned to town the next day, concocted a cover story that he and Sutton had split up to search for Hache and became lost in the unexpected storm. Lane had made it back to the safety of the cabin, but Sutton had not. Lane's superiors did not question his story and the matter was left alone. One month later Lane was interviewed by members of RCMP's Security Service, who grilled him about what had really occurred at Jean-Marc Hache's cabin. Lane, tired and scared, told the men every detail. To his surprise, the men believed his story and assured Lane that similar events had been occurring in the area for at least one hundred years. By the end of the meeting, Lane had been recruited into M-Section.

Bernhard Lane has been a member of M-EPIC for over thirty years. During that time he developed into an extremely capable, loyal officer, receiving four citations for exemplary behavior and courage. When his predecessor, Neil McKinnon, killed himself in a sleeping tablet overdose in 1988, Lane was a natural choice for Director. Since assuming command of M-EPIC, Lane has maintained a strong sense of discipline and protocol and has attempted to instill it into all his officers. Lane holds the somewhat macho conceit that a cool head will get you through anything. Recent health problems, however, are leading to a crisis of leadership. Lane is positive he can continue in his post despite the after-effects of a stroke he suffered in 2008. This reflects his major personality defect—he has an unshakeable conviction that he (at the helm of M-EPIC) can manage any paranormal threat. Others have noted that the man's productivity and energy has dropped off significantly. Lane has had to offload more responsibility than he'd like but even with his reduced workload delegation is the only way he's able to stay in the game, although he would deny this.

Bernhard Lane, Tough at the Top, age 63

Race: Caucasian

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 12

DEX 8 APP 12 EDU 18 SAN 48 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0

Education: RCAF Officer Candidate School

Occupation: Director of M-EPIC

Skills

Bargain 54%	Computer Use 11%	Conceal 28%
Cthulhu Mythos 15%	First Aid 42%	Hide 56%
Law 75%	Listen 31%	
Navigation (air/sea) 43%	Occult 56%	Mechanical Repair 33%
Parachuting 20%	Persuade 47%	
Pilot (single and twin prop) 79%		Psychology 78%
Ride 32%	Sneak 49%	Spot Hidden 52%
Swim 63%	Tradecraft 83%	
Languages:	English 90% (own)	French 45%

Attacks

S&W M469 handgun 63%, damage 1D10
Punch 54%, damage 1D3+db
Grapple 58%, damage special
Head Butt 42%, damage 1D4+db

Physical Description

Lane still resembles the strapping young farm boy of his youth. His broad shoulders and large hands still hint at the man he once was before the stroke. Lane has mostly recovered, but the right side of his face still droops slightly and his vice-like handshake has all but disappeared. Lane continues to work towards total recovery, taking his doctor's orders to heart, becoming more active and attempting to adhere to a healthier diet. As a result, Lane's clothing tends to fit more loosely these days.

Indefinite Insanity: Delusion. Lane has the unshakeable conviction that he and M-EPIC can cope with any supernatural challenge. He is in denial about the insidious, corruptive risks of exposure to paranormal forces.

Richard Store

Dr. Richard Store spent the majority of his early life trying to live up to the high expectations of his father, a noted academic, but always seemed to fall short. In his continual fruitless attempts to win his father's approval he dedicated himself to the study of archaeology, his father's and his grandfather's chosen field. Perhaps it was a form of rebellion that led Dr. Store to write several papers on medieval alchemy and sorcery, subjects his father viewed as worthless.

Then, in January 1972, Store was given an opportunity his illustrious father had never received. Store was approached by the RCMP's Security Service who were looking for a man

of discretion and his particular skill set to head a new research division. What sold Store wasn't the pay; it was the guarantee of tenure at any Canadian university that received federal funds when his work for the RCMP was done.

His first task was a translation of the *Livre d'Ivon*, an ancient tome believed to hold clues to the motives of a serial killer attacking M-Section officers. After months of study, Store realized that the various rituals and formulae in the book, that could only be described as sorcery, had connections to very advanced concepts of mathematics and physics. Curious and naïve to the consequences, Store and M-INFO co-head Dr. Jonathan Dawes performed one of the rituals found within the ancient tome. They treated it as an exercise in theoretical mathematics. It wasn't. Upon completion of the ritual, a cloaked figure suddenly appeared out of nowhere before the two men. The being declared it was known as 'Zhothaqquah' and it was here to offer the pair the ability to catch the Tarot Killer in return for a geas—that they each take a life within forty-eight hours.

Store and Dawes concocted a plan to kill two people, making the murders look like a Tarot Killer slaying. In the event, Dawes couldn't go through with the plan, fleeing the scene and leaving Store to dispatch the two random Ottawan policemen he had lured to the scene by an emergency call.

By whatever unknowable standards Tsathoggua applied, Store was found worthy and was offered the opportunity to pass through a gate. Store eagerly accepted and stepped through. His journey revealed unfathomable things and opened his mind to the true nature of the universe. As part of his revelation, Store realized the only real power man had in this cold, alien universe, the one thing that would put him above all else: magic. When M-Section asked him to remain permanently with M-INFO, he gladly accepted. Academia had nothing more to offer him.

As for Dawes, he was found wandering Ottawa's Landsdowne Park twelve hours later, having lost his mind. Having failed Tsathoggua's geas, he was shown the Great Old One's true face and driven irretrievably mad. Of course, having only one coherent witness made concocting a cover-up far simpler for Dr. Store.

Store's lust for magical power was insatiable, and he quickly exhausted the limited resources of M-Section. Desperate to learn more, he began privately seeking out new material. Eventually, his studies led him to the "essential Saltes of Animals." Store's work continued unsuccessfully until 1981 and the recovery of a fragment of *The Seven Cryptical Books of Hsan*.

In the course of his black market dealing Store had acquired some 'essential saltes'. They had been thrown into a deal as a sweetener, or so he thought. Store had been targeted as a suitable ally by a sorcerer's cabal in 1978, and the 'saltes' were those of János Hegedus. Not long after the trade, Richard Store called up the sorcerer, and a master-apprentice relationship began. Thanks to Hegedus and his access to the vaults of M-INFO, Store's studies soon outstripped his available resources, and he resorted to more illicit means of obtaining necessary materials. Using copies of tomes recovered by M-EPIC as currency, Store trades for other items needed for his studies. If an item proves too difficult to obtain or the asking price is too high, Store carefully feeds information to M-EPIC, manipulating the agency into recovering the item. Store prefers to barter, however, since sending M-EPIC to seize the materials tends to end with mixed results.

A few years ago Store developed the first trembling symptoms of Parkinson's disease, which had claimed his father and grandfather. As Store's condition continues to progress, he has become less and less concerned with his commitments outside of work. His apartment sits empty and visits to his cabin have grown increasingly infrequent. He is most comfortable surrounded by the arcane relics held within the M-INFO sub-basement, but he fears that the solace he finds in his surroundings will shortly come to an end.

A solution to his problem may have presented itself. On Hegedus' instructions he acquired a copy of Leggett's *Mysteries of the Worm,* and found within it the Mind Transfer spell. Keeping the book in the M-INFO library without informing Hegedus, Store now plans to swap minds with his assistant and likely replacement Phillip Labonte, then kill Labonte while he's trapped in Store's failing body. If need be, Store (in Labonte's body) can expose his own previous crimes to justify the murder as an act of self-defense. This way he can take over his old position at M-INFO and continue his work uninterrupted. However, Store is currently looking for a means to circumvent the terrible risks and psychic toll of the spell. Once he has discovered a means to make it safer, Store will put his plan into action. But if forced to act before a solution can be found, he may opt to cast the spell anyway.

Store's intelligence, careful planning and high position in the agency have enabled him to avoid potential problems caused by psychiatric exams. He has held up well under simple, routine exams but with shrinking schedules, devolving mental faculties and the potential of increased scrutiny, Store's cool façade could crack, unleashing a torrent of excuses and explanations that amount to nothing more than naked self-interest.

Further problems may also arise from Store's possession of *Mysteries of the Worm,* which he obtained on Hegedus' behalf. Unaware of Hegedus' plan to transfer his own mind into another body and unable to put the needs of others before his own, Store has placed the book in the M-INFO vaults for safekeeping while he studies it. Should Store become aware of Hegedus' plan, it

is very likely he would try to put a stop to them. Store has long considered his ability to reverse Hegedus' resurrection his only real leverage over the sorcerer; with the loss of that leverage, there would be nothing keeping Hegedus beholden to him, the consequences of which could be dire.

Dr. Richard Store, Wants to Live Forever, age 72

Race: Caucasian

STR 8 CON 13 SIZ 10 INT 17 POW 16

DEX 13 APP 10 EDU 22 SAN 19 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Occupation: Senior M-INFO information specialist

Education: Ph.D., history and archaeology, University of Quebec

Skills

Alchemy 54%	Anthropology 53%	Archaeology 86%
Chemistry 48%	Cthulhu Mythos 36%	Hide 30%
History 78%	Library Use 85%	Occult 66%
Persuade 64%	Pharmacy 36%	Sneak 28%
Spot Hidden 32%		

Languages

Chinese (Mandarin) 39%	English 99% (own)	French 99%
Greek 48%	Italian 78%	Latin 63%
Hyperborean 24%		

Attacks: None above base

Spells

Brew Space Mead	Call Forth Winged One (Summon/Bind Byakhee)
Chill of the Wendigo	Circle of Warding
Contact Formless Spawn of Zhothaqquah (Tsathoggua)	
Contact Sadogowah (Contact Deity/Tsathoggua)	
Contact Zhothaqquah (Contact Deity/Tsathoggua)	

Create Barrier of Naach-Tith	Create Gate	Create Mist of Releh
Deflect Harm	Eibon's Wheel of Mist	Elder Sign
Enchant Knife	Enchant Whistle	Find Gate
Levitate	Nyhargo Dirge	Petrify
Restore Life (Resurrection)	Strike Blind	View Gate
Voorish Sign	Wither Limb	Wrack

(Note that Store has access to many additional spells in the books possessed by M-EPIC. This list represents the spells he has memorized).

Physical Description

Richard Store is tall (6 feet 2 inches) and thin (140 lbs). He has a closely-cropped ring of jet-black hair (dyed so he appears younger) circling the crown of his long head. Recently, the first visible signs (occasional hand tremors) of Parkinson's disease have become apparent, but so far he has hidden them well. Ordinarily, Store's spidery limbs move slowly and deliberately, his waxy skin constantly flushed. A pair of bifocals remains carefully perched at the end of his thin nose.

Indefinite Insanities: Atychiphobia (fear of failure), Obsessiveness.

Store's Magic Items: These are kept in Store's cabin in Algonquin Provincial Park.

N'kaian Statue of Tsathoggua: This small basalt image of a squatting, toad-like creature stands one foot high and weighs nearly thirty pounds; basalt is a very dense stone. The image appears very rough and indistinct, but this is not the result of the artist's lack of skill or tools. The image was carved nearly 100,000 years ago in N'kai and came to the Earth's surface by way of K'n-yan. Detachment M recovered it in 1936 from the Baker Lake area, and Store has "borrowed" it. When used in rituals involving Tsathoggua or its formless spawn, the statue provides +10% to all Contact, Call, Dismiss, Summon or Bind spells.

Store's Mythos Documents: Copies made from the M-INFO collection: *Livre d'Ivon;* books 1, 3 and 7 of the *Seven Cryptical Books of Hsan; Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New-England Canaan* (annotated copy); *Obscure Deities of the World,* volumes 1–3; The Robson Journal (aka The Journal of Reinhold Blair); the Dalhousie Files.

Documents not known to M-EPIC: *Shrewsbury's Notes on the Celaeno Fragments; Cthaat Aquadingen.*

Shrewsbury's Notes on the Celaeno Fragments

By Dr. Laban Shrewsbury, 1915. This is a fourth-generation Xerox facsimile of the typed copy of the original at Miskatonic University's Orne Library.

Language: English **Mythos Gain:** +9 **SAN Loss:** –1D4/1D8

Skill Gain: 1D10+20 in Mythos Language (R'lyeh Hieroglyphs)

Spell Multiplier: ×2 **Study Time:** 15 weeks

Grants Skill Checks In: Astronomy and Occult

Spells

Brew Space Mead
Call Cthugha
Elder Sign
Summon/Bind Byakhee
Enchant Whistle

Notes: Store acquired this volume by theft, sending a byakhee to recover it from an occultist's possession. Store doesn't care that the Byakhee killed the occultist in the process.

Cthaat Aquadingen

*Unknown author, circa 14th century A.D. This is a photostatted and printed copy of the version formerly held in the British Museum before WW2, and now by PISCES. All the spells marked with a * are flawed and will not work.*

Language: Latin **Mythos Gain:** +13 **SAN Loss:** –1D8/2D8

Spell Multiplier: ×3 **Study Time:** 46 weeks

Grants Skill Checks In: Anthropology, Natural History and Occult

Spells

Bring Forth The Great One (Call Bugg Shash)
Call the Black
Dreams from God (Contact Deity/Cthulhu)
Dreams from Zattoqua (Tsathogghua)
Dreams of the Drowner (Contact Deity/Yibb-Tstll)
Speak with Sea Children (Contact Deep Ones)*
Speak with Father Dagon (Contact Dagon)
Speak with Mother Hydra (Contact Hydra)*
Speak With God Child (Contact Star Spawn of Cthulhu)

Notes: Store acquired this copy from a noted occultist and businessman in New York in return for an earthenware jar recovered from a prehistoric site on Baffin Island. Store thinks he got the better deal. He didn't.

Louis Turcotte

Turcotte was an "underachiever" in school and many believed he would end up in a life of petty crime, but he surprised everyone by successfully enlisting in the RCMP. Turcotte adapted well to his new career and quickly found his way into the Security Service's "E" Branch (also known as E Special) where he specialized in covert entry (aka breaking and entering). The combination of his talent for locks and his French heritage made him a star during the days of the FLQ bombing campaigns.

In the early morning on April 20, 1972, E Special was tasked with obtaining a membership list from Liberté du Québec, a radical student group with Communist sympathies and believed to have ties to the terrorist group Front de Libération du Québec (FLQ). A three-man E Special team moved on the small brick building in downtown Montreal that Liberté du Québec used as a headquarters, and secured entry. Then all hell broke loose. A rugged man stepped from the shadows and struck the team leader's head from his shoulders with a fire axe. The other two team members, including the twenty-one-year-old Turcotte opened fire to no obvious effect on their assailant. Turcotte was knocked down a flight of stairs. Struggling to rise, he saw his partner's head bouncing down to land at his feet and a pair of burning brown eyes staring back at him from the top of the stairs. Turcotte ran screaming until nearby surveillance teams could restrain him. Due to the illegal nature of the mission, the RCMP was hamstrung to conduct a full murder investigation. The incident was covered up and quickly swept under the rug.

The Liberté du Québec file was passed to the desk of M-Section head David Wainwright. Many details of Turcotte's testimony matched those of a string of attacks on M-Section officers as did the tarot cards found on the headless bodies (see page 132). Convinced that Turcotte was the only known living witness of the Tarot Killer, Bernhard Lane contacted Turcotte to assist him on the case. Turcotte immediately began assisting the investigation, and soon joined the ranks of M-Section full time where he continued to work on the Tarot Killer case long after the leads ran cold.

He had all but given up hope when RCMP surveillance photos displayed Étienne Grenon, a man who bore a striking resemblance to the killer Turcotte faced years before.

Convinced that Grenon is the man who haunts his dreams, Turcotte has spent every free moment trying to find a link between Grenon and the Tarot Killer. The only reason Turcotte hasn't simply tried to murder Grenon is that he saw the man get shot in the face, chest and arms without leaving so much as a bullet wound. Before he acts, Turcotte wants to be sure he is not

trying to "kill a werewolf by driving a stake through its heart."

His long-time role in M-EPIC has been to carry out covert entries and electronic surveillance, a job he performed admirably. He could have been Assistant Director of Intelligence but his obsession with the Tarot Killer hampered his promotion prospects. These days he is an instructor for M-EPIC, teaching officers how to perform surveillance and covert entry, although he may still be called out into the field in a crisis. Turcotte tries to instill the ideas of planning and preparation in his fellow officers, living by the mantra "You can never plan too much." Turcotte is very task-oriented and determined. Stakeouts with Turcotte are an exercise in stamina and he has been known to sit in surveillance for days at a time in order to get his man. This patience does not carry over to everyday life, where he can be very irritable and restless.

Louis Turcotte, Master of the 'Black Bag Job,' age 60

Race: Caucasian

STR 11 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 16

DEX 11 APP 9 EDU 15 SAN 58 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0

Education: RCMP training

Occupation: M-EPIC training officer

Skills

Climb 66%	Computer Use 40%	Conceal 76%
Cthulhu Mythos 12%	Drive Auto 54%	Electrical Repair 71%
Electronics 75%	Fast Talk 46%	First Aid 28%
Jump 53%	Law 62%	Listen 77%
Locksmith 85%	Persuade 42%	Psychology 46%
Sneak 75%	Spot Hidden 78%	Tradecraft 60%
Track 55%		

Languages

English 55% French 80% (own)

Attacks

S&W M469 Auto 53%, damage 1D10
Fist/Punch 54%, damage 1D3+db

Physical Description

Louis is of average height with large watery blue eyes. He has a lean, pale, wiry look—mainly due to the strict low-fat diet prescribed to combat his high cholesterol levels. Despite his diet, Turcotte continues to smoke and drink heavily; he jokes that he wouldn't be a Québécois if he didn't. The truth is that he relies on his vices to help deal with the constant mental and emotional struggle of remembering the night in Montreal in 1972. When upset, Turcotte runs his hands through his pepper gray hair and curses in French.

Indefinite Insanity: Post-traumatic stress disorder. This manifests as obsessively replaying the Montreal event in his head when not otherwise occupied.

Benjamin Whitestone

The son of Jamaican immigrants who worked hard for a better life in Canada and tried to pass their ideals on to their six children, Whitestone never wanted to be a doctor. But his parents planned for him to become a doctor from an early age and struggled to send him to medical school in his home town of Hamilton, Ontario, and he didn't want to disappoint them. He developed an interest in pathology, eventually taking job with the medical examiner's office in Toronto. It wasn't the career his parents had imagined.

Whitestone was recruited into M-EPIC in 1987 after an autopsy of a man dead from apparent heart failure. Upon performing initial incisions, Whitestone watched in horror as a stream of tiny, white spider-like creatures burst out of the cadaver, which had been honeycombed by tunnels the creatures had eaten through the flesh. The creatures swarmed over the cadaver before scattering through every vent, door, floor and sink drain in the lab. Word reached M-EPIC, who met with Whitestone the same day.

M-EPIC officers were impressed that Whitestone had maintained enough composure to capture a live specimen, which he produced during the interview. Whitestone assisted M-EPIC officers on that case and three others before he was offered a permanent position in 1990.

Whitestone embraced fieldwork. His expertise, decisiveness and calming presence made him a popular addition to any team. Despite being offered several opportunities to advance, he remained in the field even as Ontario Regional Director. When a serious knee injury forced him to leave the field and reevaluate his role at M-EPIC, Director Bernhard Lane did not hesitate to offer him the recently vacated position of Deputy Director.

Whitestone does not like sitting behind a desk. The extra twenty pounds he's put on since taking the job only serve to accentuate his unhappiness. However, Whitestone realizes it's the best way he can continue to serve M-EPIC and he puts in long hours making sure the agency continues to run smoothly. With Director Lane's lighter work schedule following his stroke, Whitestone handles the day-to-day running of M-EPIC and is the highest authority most officers are likely to interact with.

Whitestone is very results-driven. He shares much of Lane's overconfidence, and pushes hard to use all the resources at M-EPIC's disposal to aid operations in the field, including the supernatural—regardless of the psychic toll on his men. He has no patience for excuses, complainers, or anyone who can't "get the job done." He downplays the impact of psychological evaluations even as he's required from above to implement them. Woe betide those he thinks aren't pulling their weight.

Benjamin Whitestone, Iron Fist in a Velvet Glove, age 55

Race: Jamaican-Canadian

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 17 POW 17

DEX 10 APP 16 EDU 21 SAN 74 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +0

Occupation: Deputy Director of M-EPIC

Education: M.D., McMaster University

Skills

Bargain 30%	Biology 76%	Chemistry 66%
Computer Use 24%	Drive Auto 45%	First Aid 78%
Forensics 80%	Law 54%	Library Use 55%
Medicine 87%	Pharmacy 48%	Psychology 46%
Spot Hidden 70%	Surgery 36%	Track 45%
Languages:	English 95% (own)	French 56%

Attacks

S&W M469 handgun 55%, damage 1D10

Physical Description

Benjamin Whitestone is a good-looking man with bright blue eyes and a pearly smile that stands out against his dark skin. His fastidious appearance has led some to believe Whitestone is uptight or strict, but this is countered by his warm, relaxed demeanor; relaxed until things start going wrong, that is.

Insanities: Immunity to Sanity loss resulting from corpses or blood.

Important Individuals: M-EPIC Adversaries

Étienne Grenon

Étienne Grenon was born Jean-Baptiste Loranger in 1720 in Acadia. In 1755 he and his family fled the British ultimatum and wound up in Île Saint-Jean. The British captured Île Saint-Jean in 1758 and started deporting the island's inhabitants and the thousands of refugees sheltering there. Loranger was tending the animals at the farm where his family was being sheltered when British soldiers came at dawn. They shot the farmer and his wife for resisting orders, and burnt the farmhouse down with Loranger's family still hiding inside. Wounded, he fled into the woods.

Loranger started a one-man war against the British the following day. Using woodland skills learnt from local Mi'kmaq Indians still allied with France, Loranger snatched a sleeping soldier from amidst his comrades and left his butchered body to be found later. As British control of Île Saint-Jean tightened he was forced to swim to the mainland and carried on his fight there. Loranger fell in with a warband of Mi'kmaqs, carrying out a campaign of hit-and-run attacks, abductions and mutilations. Loranger was quickly accepted as the warband's sagamore, earning the nickname "Indian Jack" from the British who put a steadily increasing bounty on his head.

Loranger's life changed in 1759 when a *puoin*, or shaman, joined the band, and introduced him to spirits: mntu or manitou. Disgusted by the puoin's rejection of the Great Spirit, the Mi'kmaq warriors gradually abandoned Loranger. After Loranger killed a British soldier on an ancient stone altar shown to him by the puoin, a manitou revealed itself to him. In return for more sacrifices, the spirit would teach Loranger how to walk through time. Loranger agreed, and unwittingly formed a compact with Nyarlathotep. In return for blood, the manitou taught Loranger how to sacrifice men to drain their life essence, save it and then use the essence to power a spell that would allow him to step from one moment to another.

Loranger used the spell to escape the hunt for him and stepped from 1759 to 1795. After a short acclimatization, he started killing again to call the manitou and to collect essence. The manitou was always accommodating and helpful, but every time he cast the spell, he went forward.

Loranger appeared and disappeared throughout the 19th and 20th centuries, starting killing sprees and then disappearing after a few months or a few years. He became obsessed with killing as a means of finding a way to walk back in time and undo the English victories that led to his family's murders.

Since he started stepping through time, Loranger has not aged a day. It's almost as if time has stopped for him.

When Loranger stepped into 1960s Quebec, he was found by the Acadie cell—a group of nationalistic French Quebec occultists who had noticed Loranger's travels through time and anticipated his next appearance. In return for his secrets, they offered theirs. Each learnt from the other. The Acadie cell became disciples of the manitou, eventually disappearing themselves in 1971.

Loranger had vastly improved as an occultist and prepared for his next step, confident this time of reversing his path. He started targeting Security Service and M-Section officers at

the suggestion of the manitou because they served the British Crown. He left a calling card: a Chariot tarot card, chosen for its connections to mysteries of the universe, conquest, contradictory paths, and journeys. Loranger was telling M-Section what he was doing and they hadn't the sense to see it. When they did get close to catching him, Loranger fled through his already prepared door.

Loranger stepped from 1972 into 2005. The world had changed significantly in thirty-three years—too significantly. Loranger had expected to reappear in the 1940s. Confused, Loranger fell in with a biker gang and took the nom de guerre of "Étienne Grenon." Within a year, he was in its inner circle of blood-sacrificing pagan cultists. He thinks it is time he introduced them to his manitou. Aware of how close M-Section came last time, Loranger has been more circumspect about his sacrifices this time.

Étienne Grenon, Going Forward to the Past, age 290 (relative age 86; physical age 39)

Race: Acadian-French

STR 16	**CON 14**	**SIZ 13**	**INT 13**	**POW 18**
DEX 10	**APP 13**	**EDU 18**	**SAN 0**	**HP 14**

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Occupation: Time-travelling serial killer

Education: School of Hard Knocks

Skills

Art (torture) 45%	Craft (butchery) 45%	Craft (farming) 50%
Black Powder Gun 65%	Cthulhu Mythos 20%	Gallic Insouciance 95%
Handgun 65%	Hide 55%	History 65%
Knife 70%	Listen 70%	Martial Arts 45%
Natural History 50%	Occult 50%	Ride 45%
Sneak 65%	Spot Hidden 70%	Survival 60%
Swim 65%	Track 55%	

Languages

Algonquin 45%	English 56%	French (own) 95%

Attacks

Axe 60%, damage 1D8+2+db
Large knife 70%, damage 1D6+db
.45 revolver 65%, damage 1D10+2

Spells

Circle of Warding	Create Time Gate	
Dread Curse of Azathoth	Enchant Cane	Find Gate
Flesh Ward	Summon Manitou	View Gate
Voorish Sign		

Physical Description

A large, burly man habitually dressed in black bikers' leathers with short cropped black hair and beard. His piercing brown eyes are shielded behind a pair of dark glasses. The leathers cover a bulletproof vest, and Loranger is able to cast Flesh Ward at a moment's notice.

Insanities: Sociopath. Overconfidence. Obsessive hatred of the English

János Hegedus

János Hegedus has been alive for an unnaturally long time. Exactly how long remains speculation, as he refuses to speak on the matter. The Delta Green file on him, summarized from a captured Karotechia dossier, indicates that his story begins in the Hungarian city of Buda in 1541, shortly after it fell to the Ottoman Empire.

Historical accounts speak of the arrival of a wealthy Turkish merchant named Abbas bin Salih, who was blessed with an unusually long life. Abbas passed away in 1601, leaving his estate to his son before it eventually passed to his grandson, Halem bin Ismail. It should come as no surprise that Abbas bin Salih and all his descendants shared an uncanny resemblance. Halem fled Buda when it fell to Austrian Christian forces in 1686. The dossier speculates that Halem went east, eventually reappearing in 1779 under the identity of Benedek Torgyán. Torgyán purchased land in a remote part of Transylvania, where it is believed he and his family lived until the sudden disappearance of the last of the line, Miklos Torgyán, in 1928. Karotechia officers began searching for Torgyán in 1939 but never found him. Pursuit of Torgyán did not end with the war.

In 1947, the Soviet counter-intelligence agency SMERSH became interested in Torgyán, convinced that he possessed information that could assist Stalin's life-extension program. Aware of the Russians' interest, Delta Green attempted two separate missions to find and assassinate Torgyán in 1952. Both failed. With the destruction of Stalin's life-extension program and the bloody dissolution of SMERSH in 1953, Torgyán was no longer a priority.

Sometime after 1953, Torgyán returned to Hungary and assumed the identity of János Hegedus. In 1956, Communist forces were beginning to crush the Hungarian Revolution. During this time János Hegedus left his home in Budapest for the West, fleeing to Canada, where Delta Green once more picked up his trail. A joint operation between Delta Green and M-Section in 1957 resulted in a confrontation that left several agents and Hegedus dead. His body was buried in a pauper's grave. As far as Delta Green is concerned, this is where the Hegedus File ends.

But Hegedus hasn't survived for over 400 years by acting alone. He had long been surrounded by a cabal of acolytes hungry for secret knowledge. Led in his absence by Oksana Zolyar (see page 132), the cabal retrieved his body, reduced it to its 'essential saltes' and then brought him back to life.

However, Hegedus, who had maintained immortality by physical resurrection, sought another path. He knew rumors of a technique for the mind to live on without the limitations of the body. He sought a new acolyte who could use modern methods to find occult materials. He found a likely candidate in Dr. Richard Store.

In order to gain Store's confidence, Hegedus allowed himself to be reduced to 'essential saltes' again, which were then placed in Store's possession by the cabal. In 1981, Hegedus' plan came to fruition when Dr. Richard Store resurrected him in a remote Ontario cabin near Algonquin Provincial Park. Store announced his desire to have Hegedus tutor him in the ways of magic. Hegedus agreed, but told Store that he needed certain materials. The two men devised a plan. Hegedus would provide a list of books and artifacts and Store would use his position within M-EPIC to acquire them. With these tools, Hegedus would reveal the secrets of the supernatural to Store. Using subtle hints and misdirection, they steered M-EPIC into recovering specific items of power. By meticulously copying recovered tomes, they bartered the duplicates on the occult black market for other hard-to-obtain items.

Repeated resurrections have left Hegedus in sorry shape. Bright light is extremely painful for him without some form of protection such as dark sunglasses. Worse, he suffers a slow wasting of muscle and mind. The condition appears to be incurable, but can be temporarily reversed by diet. Hegedus must consume at least one large portion of raw, red meat per day to stave off atrophy. Failure to treat this condition initially results in dry, cracking skin and extreme redness around the eyes and orifices. If left unchecked, the condition leads to the shrivelling of Hegedus' body and to dementia. He will not die, but what's left of his mind will be trapped in a brittle, desiccated corpse until it is killed and resurrected again.

As a result, Hegedus remains secluded in Store's remote cabin. He receives clandestine visits from his cabal, corresponds with peers around the globe and searches for a solution to his condition—in particular, for a means of leaving his wasted body behind. By learning the Mind Transfer spell, Hegedus hopes to secure true immortality that's impervious to the limitations of Resurrection.

Hegedus has had Store search for a copy of Leggett's *Mysteries of the Worm*, which contains the Mind Transfer spell. In fact, Store found it but kept the book for his personal studies, leaving Hegedus unable to carry out his designs. He thinks Hegedus doesn't know.

Hegedus continues to rely on Store to fill his ever-growing occult shopping list, but the situation has begun to change. Strain has entered the long partnership. Store is feeling his own mortality and has begun grasping for ways to prolong his own life. He has become increasingly irrational and demanding, insisting that Hegedus provide him with the solution to his predicament. Having survived for centuries, Hegedus sees Store's behavior as a precursor to betrayal. Hegedus is waiting for an opportunity to reclaim the *Mysteries of the Worm* without revealing his hand to Store—but each day he waits he grows more and more impatient. While Hegedus' situation may preclude a personal visit to retrieve the book, he certainly does not lack the means to send someone or something in his place.

János Hegedus, Resurrected Sorcerer, age unknown

Race: Caucasian

STR 12	**CON 13**	**SIZ 10**	**INT 17**	**POW 21**
DEX 14	**APP 8**	**EDU 25**	**SAN 0**	**HP 12**

Damage Bonus: +0

Occupation: Immortal sorcerer

Education: Self-educated, with apprenticeships with multiple occult practitioners

Skills

Anthropology 74%	Archaeology 56%	Art (Play Pipes) 58%
Astronomy 35%	Bargain 42%	Biology 59%
Botany 62%	Chemistry 72%	Cthulhu Mythos 42%
Drive Auto 29%	Drive Coach/Wagon 44%	First Aid 78%
Geology 37%	History 88%	Library Use 74%
Mathematics 68%	Medicine 47%	Natural History 68%
Occult 88%	Persuade %	Pharmacy 61%
Ride 57%	Zoology 34%	

Languages:	Ancient Greek 86%	Arabic 99%
English 42%	German 58%	Latin 91%
Magyar 99%	Turkish 99%	

Attacks

Knife 64%, damage 1D4+db
Sword 67%, damage 1D6+1+db

Spells

Black Binding	Call/Dismiss Yog-Sothoth	Command Ghost
Contact Ghoul	Contact Yog-Sothoth	Circle of Warding
Create Bad Corpse Dust	Create Fetch Stick	Create Gate
Create Zombie	Dread Curse of Azathoth	Find Gate
Grey Binding	Resurrection	Soul Trap
Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods		Steal Life
View Gate	Voorish Sign	Wrack

Magic Items: Only those he shares with Dr. Store, although he is always on the lookout for something to give him an advantage over his erstwhile ally.

Mythos Documents: Only those he shares with Dr. Store, although he is always on the lookout for something to give him an advantage over his erstwhile ally.

Physical Description: János Hegedus is of slight build. His slim face is framed by two protruding ears and a thick, short cap of jet black hair. Hegedus has a long, hawk-like nose with large flaring nostrils, which dominates his face and distracts from his dark, inset eyes and his thin, reedy lips. Hegedus' skin has taken a paler, chalkier tone since the resurrection, a fact that has become more noticeable since he shaved off his beard. Hegedus is missing most of his little and ring finger on his left hand. The cause of this injury is unknown to any but himself.

Permanent Insanity: Photophobia.

Agencies: Canada

Environment Ministry, Environmental Policy Impact Commission/ Ministère de l'environnement, Commission d'étude sur les répercussions des politiques environnementales

Date Founded: 1986

Mission when Founded: To inspect and evaluate the impact of various federal, provincial and municipal environmental policies.

Mission Today: Unchanged, in addition enforcing environmental policies and law.

Jurisdiction: Canada

Headquarters: Ottawa, Ontario

# of Personnel: 76

Annual Budget: CAN$47,000,000

History/Profile: EPIC/CERPE was created in 1986 in order to develop a coherent environmental policy response to the changing pressures that Canada was facing in the late 1980s. It was granted statutory powers by the first Environmental Protection Act of 1988, and these powers were revised by the CEPA in 1999. EPIC plays a pivotal role in Canada's environmental decision making, and enforcement of environmental legislation. EPIC has successfully prosecuted more than thirty environmental law breaches since 1989.

Occupation Template

Enforcement Officer:

Accounting, Biology, Geology, Law, Library Use, Natural History, Spot Hidden

Sample Character

Investigator Brendan Lowson, age 29

Race: Caucasian

STR 11	**CON 12**	**SIZ 13**	**INT 15**	**POW 11**
DEX 10	**APP 11**	**EDU 16**	**SAN 55**	**HP 13**

Damage Bonus: +0

Education: University

Occupation: EPIC Field Inspector

Skills

Accounting 55%, Biology 45%, Computer Use 30%, Drive Auto 60%, Geology 45%, Law 45%, Library Use 70%, Natural History 55%, Skate 30%, Spot Hidden 70%

Languages

English 90% (own), French 15%

Queen's Privy Council: M-EPIC

Data Founded: 1986. Predecessor created in 1933.

Mission when Founded: To interdict aborigine pagan cults in Manitoba.

Mission Today: To collect, analyze and retain information or intelligence on paranormal threats to the security of Canada. Protect Canadian citizens from paranormal threats. Report to and advise the Queen's Privy Council.

Jurisdiction: Canada

Headquarters: Ottawa, Ontario

# of Personnel: 76

Annual Budget: CAN$47,000,000

History/Profile: M-EPIC and its predecessors have a long history of fighting dangerous cults, alien creatures and paranormal phenomena over 70 years.

Starting as a reflexive action against the loss of police officers, M-EPIC has evolved into an organized response to the wide range of supernatural forces and events that appear to be occurring with increasing frequency in recent times.

Its unique extrajudicial sanction allows it to operate as effectively as possible against opponents that cannot be dealt with using conventional human law or military force.

Occupation Templates

Field Officer:

Anthropology	Handgun	Law
Martial Arts	Occult	

and any three of the following:

Baton	Fast Talk	First Aid
Library Use	Locksmith	Persuade
Photography	Psychology	Rifle
Shotgun	Spot Hidden	Tradecraft

Specialist (Technical):

Climb	Jump	Spot Hidden
Tradecraft		

and any four of the following:

Computer Use	Conceal	Craft
Demolitions	Disguise	Drive Auto
Electrical Repair	Electronics	Fast Talk
Forensics	Handgun	Knife
Law	Locksmith	Martial Arts
Mechanical Repair	Occult	Photography
Rifle	Safecracking	Signals
Sneak	Submachine Gun	

Specialist (Analysis):

Computer Use	Library Use	Other Language(s)
Spot Hidden		

and any four of the following:

Accounting	Anthropology	Archaeology
Biology	Chemistry	Cryptography
Forensics	History	Law
Mathematics	Medicine	Meteorology
Occult	Pharmacy	Psychoanalysis
Psychology	Zoology	

Sample Character

Case Officer Anton Freis, age 35

Race: Caucasian

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 15 INT 14 POW 12

DEX 10 APP 11 EDU 16 SAN 49 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Education: High School, RCMP Training Academy

Occupation: M-EPIC Team Leader

Skills

Anthropology 50%	Computer Use 30%	Drive Auto 60%
Fast Talk 45%	Law 45%	Locksmith 40%
Martial Arts 45%	Natural History 20%	Occult 45%
Persuade 55%	Skate 30%	Spot Hidden 65%

Languages

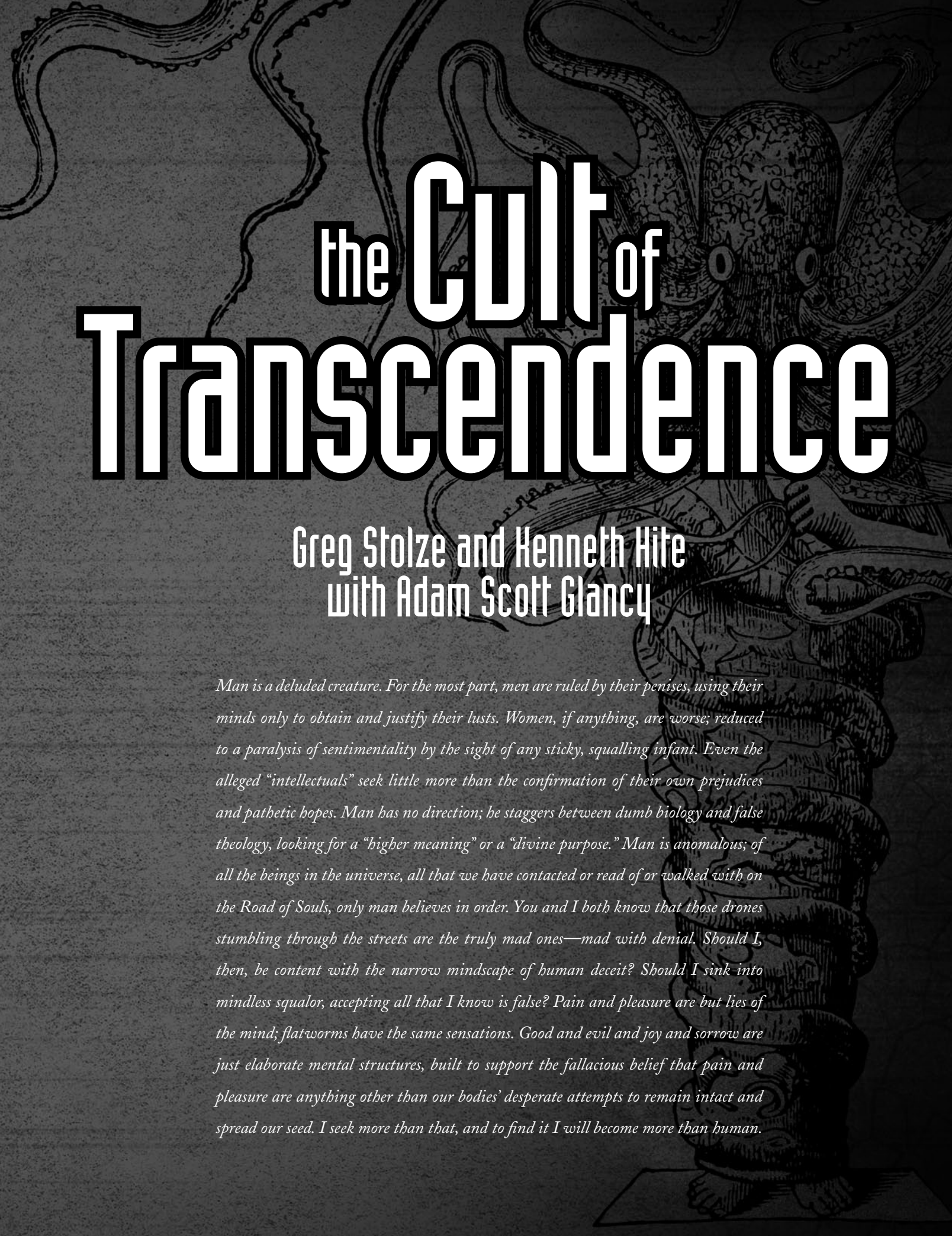
English 90% (own) French 15%

Attacks

S&W M469 handgun 60%, damage 1D10

Kick 45%, damage 1D6+db

TODD 2010



the Cult of Transcendence

Greg Stolze and Kenneth Hite with Adam Scott Glancy

Man is a deluded creature. For the most part, men are ruled by their penises, using their minds only to obtain and justify their lusts. Women, if anything, are worse; reduced to a paralysis of sentimentality by the sight of any sticky, squalling infant. Even the alleged "intellectuals" seek little more than the confirmation of their own prejudices and pathetic hopes. Man has no direction; he staggers between dumb biology and false theology, looking for a "higher meaning" or a "divine purpose." Man is anomalous; of all the beings in the universe, all that we have contacted or read of or walked with on the Road of Souls, only man believes in order. You and I both know that those drones stumbling through the streets are the truly mad ones—mad with denial. Should I, then, be content with the narrow mindscape of human deceit? Should I sink into mindless squalor, accepting all that I know is false? Pain and pleasure are but lies of the mind; flatworms have the same sensations. Good and evil and joy and sorrow are just elaborate mental structures, built to support the fallacious belief that pain and pleasure are anything other than our bodies' desperate attempts to remain intact and spread our seed. I seek more than that, and to find it I will become more than human.

Looking Up At Those Who Look Beyond

Currently centered in Stockholm, Sweden, the Cult of Transcendence is an ancient group that derives power from fear, hatred, greed, and blasphemy. They are the secret, hidden masters of a number of other organizations and their reach is wide. Their goal is nothing less than the attainment of absolute personal power by becoming one with the Outer Gods through the malign agency of Nyarlathotep.

To this end, the Cult members constantly attempt to divorce themselves from their humanity spiritually, intellectually, morally, and physically. They are merciless to themselves and to others. Good and evil are null concepts to them; suffering is an illusion, morality is an illusion, love and hate and joy and pain are illusions; only power is real.

The avenues of power the transcended masters of the Cult seek are very esoteric, while the lower members of the Cult are left to the more mundane tasks of monitoring their front organizations, each of which has a function that serves the Cult and the designs of Nyarlathotep. The masters have subdivided their pawns into four "Sees" each overseen by a "Bishop." Each See is like a hook, baited with what the Cult considers the fundamental motivations of humanity. The See of Greed ministers to those who are dominated by a desire to obtain something—be it power, money, or influence. The See of Fear is for those who are motivated by avoidance of something—real threats, perceived threats, or even the simple avoidance of responsibility. The See of Hate is for those who are motivated by an urge to destroy, while the See of Flesh tempts with physical or aesthetic luxury and pleasure.

Dupes taken in by the numerous front organizations operating within each See are very rarely made privy to the larger presence of the Cult. Instead, these organizations usually appear to be independent entities—but together they furnish funds, supply field agents, gather information, and (above all) increase the common woe of humanity by exploiting human failings. Some dupes do pass beyond the outer ranks, however, and ascend into the true Cult. The See of Greed is the source of most such recruits, though the organizations of the See of Fear can also snare many who desire power to protect themselves from a hostile world.

But the Cult of Transcendence was not always a cult devoted to the adoration of the outer gods and the corruption of human civilization. Once upon a time it was an organization dedicated merely to obtaining and wielding temporal power. Once upon a time the Cult of Transcendence wanted to rule humanity. Now, they no more want to rule humanity than a maggot wishes to rule the corpse in which it pupates. Humanity is just the meat that fuels their metamorphosis into something greater.

The Old Way: The History of the Cult

The history of the Cult of Transcendence is the history of the influence of Nyarlathotep, through the agency of a single infamous book. Devoted to power and moral transgression, the Cult and its forebears shaped Western society at the highest levels from the Middle Ages to the present day. When its conspiracy-hungry devotees and its obsessed enemies piece together the origins of the Cult of Transcendence and the scope of its influence over humanity, this is the story that they uncover.

The trouble is, nobody knows how much of it is true. At least, nobody who can be bothered to confirm anything.

In the Cult of Transcendence, history is a tale that's told with a goal in mind, and that goal is corruption. Its members, those who are still eager to seize power over humanity, are glad to see the Cult's grasp at work in the turning of human history. They relish the thought that they are participating in designs that have overturned the great powers of the world. But those who transcend, when they finally gain the perspective to look back upon the truth for themselves, rarely waste their time with such trivia. What do they care about the Habsburgs, Lomar or Mu when Azathoth beckons? What do they care about the notion of truth itself?

The history of the Cult of Transcendence is a history of whisper and legend, rumor and exaggeration and cover-up. It's a game of "Telephone" that began before the rise of the Pyramids and continues today on the streets of Stockholm and in countless back room deals. For the Cult of Transcendence, the truth is what your latest victim needs it to be.

P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep

Untold ages ago—so the story goes—the cursed book *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep* appeared to the first human scholars, the magi of primal Hyperborea. A murky section of the *Pnakotic Manuscripts* calls it "the trap by which one may escape humanity."

From Hyperborea it passed to Lomar, and then surfaced in Mu, always arriving at a time when sorcerers had begun to strain at the limits of human experience. According to rumor, Atlantean magi successfully deciphered it just before Atlantis sank, and then hid it on the eastern fringes of their empire. Nighted Asshur saw it next, and ruled the known world in black terror for centuries before being utterly destroyed by all its neighbors. Fragments of its lore became the "devil worship" condemned in the Torah and Avestas, but the book itself disappeared from all but rumor for almost two millennia.

And then "the shining text" fell into the hands of Crusaders during the Middle Ages. Although the few accounts that remain contradict one another, they all hint at "a book most puzzling strange, a curiosity to prey on the mind." It was uncovered in Egypt in 1249 during the Seventh Crusade by Flemish knights in the pay of a secretive Ghibelline cabal known as the Alta Vendita, the High Lodge. The Alta Vendita, composed of Italian bankers, sent agents all over the Levant searching for ancient tomes of alchemical and sorcerous lore. Two such agents, the scholarly Baron Ludovic Prenn and his man-at-arms André de Tours, tortured librarians and bribed copyists all across the Levant, following occult rumor to a secret vault beneath the Great Pyramid. They were searching for "the true Key of Solomon," the demonic fountainhead of Solomon's riches and power. What they found was the mysterious *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep*, which they stole and smuggled back to an Alta Vendita library in Sicily.

A darker rumor, however, hints that the Saracen Mamelukes gave the manuscript to the crusaders as "poisoned fruit"—a trap to ensure the downfall of the Crusader presence in Egypt and send the text far from Muslim lands. Within a year of the book's discovery, the Mamelukes lured the Crusader Army in Egypt into the desert and thus captured King Louis IX of France. This was only the first down payment, if the rumor is true: one after another, the Christian fortresses in the East fell to the Mamelukes of Egypt and by 1291, the knights withdrew to Europe. The Crusades were over and Christendom had failed to hold onto the Holy Land.

Many of the knightly orders which grew out of the Crusades, especially the Templars and the Teutonic Knights, contained Vendita cells within their membership. The Alta Vendita was greatly concerned with infiltrating organizations with ties across the political patchwork that made up Europe. The nation states were just beginning to form at this time, and the Alta Vendita had designs to reunite Europe as it had been under the Roman Empire, only with themselves as oligarchs. Unfortunately for their plans, many nobles recognized the threat these multi-national organizations posed to their regional authority. The Knights Templar shattered when the King of France, Philip the Fair, and his puppet Pope Clement V joined forces to withdraw the knightly order's papal protection and rob them of their wealth. While torturing confessions from the Knights Templar, the royal inquisitors may have subjected agents of Alta Vendita to interrogation. The confessions of these agents, who had studied alchemical lore in *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep*, may have formed the basis of some of the witchcraft accusations against the Templars. The loss of such a tool before it had even been brought to heel led the Alta Vendita to work at transferring the Teutonic Knights' headquarters from Venice to the Baltic shortly thereafter.

The Cult and the Fate

At first blush, there seem to be many similarities between the Cult of Transcendence and the Fate. They have analogous structures, with Nyarlathotep at the center and dangerous subordinate sorcerers themselves in charge of secret conspiracies. The Fate could almost be considered a smaller, more focused manifestation of the Cult of Transcendence, dedicated to serving Nyarlathotep on an immediate scale. While this might just be a fractal representation of Nyarlathotep's nature, it's more likely a result of human organizational patterns—even with a god in charge, nothing works quite as well as the old pyramid-scheme conspiracy model.

The Fate is more efficient because it is so much smaller; it manipulates a network of dangerous, pragmatic crime syndicates rather than a network of wacko fringe groups. But the Cult has its tendrils into places—and people—that Stephen Alzis doesn't. The Fate and the Cult don't overlap too much directly: not even Nathan Harmati is crazy enough to make a major play for total occult dominance of New York City. It's not impossible for underlings to get snappish with each other, and one or two minor killings occur when people don't pay attention to turf and precedence. The security aftermath of 9/11 in New York forced both the Fate and the Cult to keep their heads down a bit, which has also helped keep friction to a minimum.

So what does Nyarlathotep want? Who is he rooting for? How does one manifestation of Nyarlathotep relate to the other manifestation of Nyarlathotep? Nobody knows, perhaps not even Stephen Alzis. Perhaps they don't relate at all, at least not in this dimension. Perhaps they are cooperating for their own purposes, or perhaps they remain mindlessly unaware of each other on a primal level. Nyarlathotep is more than capable of setting two of his own avatars at each others' throats, just for the fun of it, or because the implacable geometry of space-time demands it. Or both.

Ends and Means

For centuries, the Alta Vendita was obsessed primarily with political power. They were players in the Great Game, and Europe was their chessboard. The actions of the conspiracy involved them in wars, assassinations, coronations, allegiances, and betrayals long forgotten and now irrelevant. During this time, the Alta Vendita held the power of *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep* at arm's length, using only the most minor magic from its pages. They used the occult as a means to worldly ends, magically prolonging their lives, manipulating the minds of their enemies, and conducting supernatural espionage. For them it was a tool and a weapon, not a system of belief. They never allowed themselves to fully embrace the sinister forms of worship and the bizarre ideologies that the tome advocated. Indeed, they never fully understood even the title. The two times they attempted greater understanding of the book's contents—Munster in 1534 and Lisbon in 1758—ended in disaster, the specifics hushed up and kept out of even the Alta Vendita's records.

Nevertheless, even "minor" magic is still magical, and their ties to the unearthly gained the Alta Vendita great power in Europe. They began by breaking the power of their rivals, the Guelf-Angevin nobles, inciting the massacre of every Angevin in Sicily during the Sicilian Vespers of 1282. Through their Ghibelline ties to the Holy Vehm in Germany, and through their Teutonic Knight puppets, they attempted to consolidate power in the Holy Roman Empire against the resistance of the Habsburgs. In 1309, the Angevins returned to power in Sicily, and the Alta Vendita were forced to move *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep* to Cyprus. Then, when the Knights Hospitalers drove them out, they moved the book to Genoa. The black text touched European soil for the first time in 1337, and the next payment came due: the Black Death boiled out of Genoa, leaving a third of Europe dead in its wake. Some in the Alta Vendita saw this as merely a coincidence. Others saw it as divine judgment.

The Alta Vendita worked through the secretive Florentine Otto Santi, and later through the Medici bankers, to influence the Papacy, battling the Kings of France who backed the Avignon popes. More than Florentine generals and bankers became pawns of the Lodge; they bought, married, or magicked their way into groups from Arcadian goddess cults such as the Fedeli d'Amore to the hidden alchemical societies surrounding Arnold of Villanova or the quasi-terrorist "charcoal-burner" Carbonari lodges of the Alpine peasantry. They used underground Templar dupes, who had long grudges, for many purposes; according to Alta Vendita lore they drove King Charles VI mad, and almost arranged his death in a gruesome "accident" known as the Bal des Ardents (the Dance of the Burning Ones). Saved only by the quick-thinking Duchesse de Berry, the King survived and the Templars' agent in this affair, the sadistic Huguet de Guisay, perished in agony on January 31, 1393.

Éminences Grises

The deposition of the Alta Vendita sorcerer antipope John XXIII, combined with the Polish defeat of the Teutonic Knights and the

rise of Habsburg power in Germany, forced the Lodge to abandon both Popes and Holy Roman Emperors and to throw their support behind the by now-easily-led Kings of France. The Vendita initiate Gilles de Rais saved France at the Battle of Orleans by using a possessed peasant girl to inspire the superstitious troops, and King Louis XI finally extinguished the Angevin line in France. From this base, the cult attempted to consolidate its hold on Italy by subversion, blackmail, and invasion. However, the Italian Wars only succeeded in bankrupting both France and Italy as Habsburg Spain and Austria came to dominate Europe (and the New World. However, the Lodge left the colonies to their own devices as the true bastions of power remained in Europe).

The Protestant Reformation blindsided the Lodge completely; their careful machinations to separate the princes of Saxony and the rest of northern Germany from the Empire blew up when those princes endorsed Luther and started a ripple of religious wars that badly weakened Alta Vendita power in France. A similar attempt to detach the Rhineland and Bohemia from Habsburg control in 1614 under cover of the Rosicrucian sorcerous movement launched the Thirty Years' War, destroying much of Germany. Alta Vendita power in England waxed and waned with the fortunes of the Stuarts; first Oliver Cromwell and then William of Orange broke the Lodge's hold just as the fractious Stuart family fell into line.

Distracted by Italy, Germany, and England, then, the Alta Vendita's base in France eroded. Louis XIV was far too stubborn to submit to Lodge guidance; he imprisoned the Vendita agent Fouquet and used the Burning Chamber to break the Satanic coven of his mistress Montespan and La Voisin (which disguised rather blacker worship within its poisonous secrets). By 1690, the Alta Vendita had lost power in all but a handful of German and Italian principalities, although its ties of favor and occult influence now stretched all across Europe.

Secret Societies

Using these connections, the Lodge attempted to rebuild the legend of the Templars from the ground up: no longer corrupt heretics, they were recast as bold international seekers of truth and freedom. The Alta Vendita had long maintained influence within Europe's eroding craft guilds; blending the ancestral privileges of the masons with neo-Templar mysticism, it created a framework of cells throughout Europe dedicated to learning the "hidden truths" from "unknown superiors" to the hazy end of a new order of things. Rather than take country after country piecemeal, the Vendita decided to resurrect the use of a transnational organization of influential men—men who could drop all Europe into its hands like ripe fruit.

Freemasonry rapidly exploded beyond the control of the Vendita, and as it expanded it broke into schismatic groups. Some moved into radical politics, others degenerated into businessmen's clubs or charitable organizations, and still others made up their own "occult revelations" to attract the gullible. Attempts to restore Alta Vendita command of the various lodges—from the Templar Strict Observance of 1743 to the Grand Orient Lodge of 1759 and the Philalethes of 1773—only confused the issue further. The Vendita founded yet another organization, the Bavarian Illuminati, to subvert the new Masonic orders from within (just as it had originally intended Masonry to subvert European aristocracies). Meanwhile, it plotted the downfall of its ancient Habsburg enemies; the Bavarian Illuminati conspired against Austrian interests in Germany while darkening the reputation of Louis XVI and his Habsburg queen, Marie Antoinette. Whether the Vendita actually ordered the French Revolution or not (Vendita accounts may merely be self-aggrandizing propaganda), it was unready for the coup that followed its Reign of Terror with the Directory, and the career of the obscure artillery lieutenant Napoléon Bonaparte caught the Lodge totally off-guard. Without quite knowing how, the Lodge turned a palace coup against Louis XVI into a global war and spent twenty years scrambling to regain control. It failed.

The Alta Vendita learned a lesson from the French Revolution, however: revolutions strengthen national will, and hence national power. It sparked a series of them from 1814 to 1860, all intended to build powerful national consensus and create bourgeois governments that the Lodge could infiltrate, bribe, and control. The Carbonari in Italy, the Hetairi in Greece, the Chartists in England, the League of the Just in France, and scores of other secret societies tried to set off small revolutions to bring Vendita candidates to power. In Greece and France the revolutions succeeded; in England the Lodge used its Masonic connections to come to power in the reactionary government; and in Italy the Alta Vendita accidentally built a nation as Mazzini and Garibaldi rode Carbonari actions to power and unified the peninsula under the Kings of Sardinia, evicting the Habsburgs from Italy after 500 years. The Lodge also gleefully watched America menace the French backers of Habsburg Mexico out of the hemisphere without firing a shot, not noticing the irony that nascent American industrial and military muscle had accomplished in four years in Mexico what the Vendita had taken four centuries to do in Spain.

The Masters' Stroke

The Vendita continued to ignore the New World, with such promise opening once more in Europe. Success in Italy spawned further work in Germany and Austria; as the Alta Vendita backed

Bismarck to recreate their Italian success, they corroded Habsburg power, hoping to place Austria under the hand of their new Hohenzollern puppets. The Lodge's magic gave Kaiser Frederick III of Germany throat cancer, bringing his easily-led son Wilhelm II to the throne in 1888. The next year, Vendita flunkies arranged (through a judicious combination of sorcery and blackmail) the suicide of the Habsburg heir, Archduke Rudolf, on the Gaelic festival-day of Imbolc. Lodge rule kept England's Mason-riddled Conservative Party isolated in pursuit of empire as Lodge agents spread turmoil in Russia. All was now in readiness for the coup de grâce: a short, sharp war against France and Russia would leave the German-Italian alliance, and its Alta Vendita masters, supreme in Europe.

Unfortunately, the 1905 Russian Revolution (which was supposed to leave Russia weakened for the final blow) coincided with the fall of the British government to the Liberal opposition; the unexpected victory of Dreyfus in 1906 similarly altered conditions in France. For the next decade, the Alta Vendita worked frantically to restore German power and British isolation. The Lodge positioned the unwitting dupe Rasputin to further weaken Russia and assassinated the Kings of Portugal and Greece. In 1914, it looked like the time was right; the Irish Question destroyed the Liberal Party's backing in England; the next election was sure to bring the Masonic Conservatives back to power. The Alta Vendita found a patsy in a Serbian terrorist cult, the Black Hand, and prodded them to kill the last Habsburg heir. Then everything went wrong.

The Germans easily knocked the Russians out but unexpected British intervention (and the stubborn genius of Marshal Foch) prevented the fall of France. The Alta Vendita hadn't expected the power of the machine gun or barbed wire any more than the European general staffs had; as the Great War turned Europe into an abattoir, it turned the Lodge's plans to mud. Rasputin, meanwhile, did his job entirely too well; the Russian monarchy was so weak that it collapsed entirely, bringing two new governments in its wake. The second, or Bolshevik, revolution, ironically used as its sacred text a piece of propaganda that the Alta Vendita had paid a League of the Just pawn to write for use in the 1848 revolutions in France: Karl Marx's Communist Manifesto broke first Russia, and then Germany. After the guns finally fell silent, the Vendita's old enemies the Habsburgs were finally gone—but so was the entire Alta Vendita power base in Europe. The old aristocracies had died and Europe lay prostrate between Soviet Communism and a suddenly-dominant American capitalism—both alien philosophies to the Lodge. The great prize of Europe's crowns and banks lay shattered and worthless, so much trash to be swept up by Bolshevism or sold off for the almighty dollar.

Shattered Towers Upside Down

The twin blows of the Great War and the Bolshevik Revolution broke the Lodge's spirit. After six centuries of political gamesmanship, the Alta Vendita was no closer to ultimate power than ever. Viewed in retrospect, their efforts almost descended to low comedy. European politics was an immortal hydra, whose bleeding stumps could never be cauterized before two fresh heads grew from where one was before. The frustration of the cult's masters grew as each success merely brought opportunities for fresh failure. Humanity had proved so capricious, and political power so fleeting, that the cult seemed doomed to irrelevance. At least that was how they attributed their failures.

The cult's leaders slowly decided that much of their failure stemmed from the mindset of the Alta Vendita themselves. Prolonging their lives with the magics of *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep* created a cult with leaders several centuries out of date, hence their ludicrous obsession with defeating the Habsburgs long after the Habsburgs ceased to have any relevance in European affairs. Faced with the terrible realization that all their machinations had gained them little more than total insignificance, the masters of the cult turned inward, at last giving themselves fully to the sole source of power they still trusted: *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep*.

On January 30, 1919, the Alta Vendita gathered their entire surviving power structure at Vagnoptus Manor. After a three-day binge spent roasting their servants, children, and grandchildren to death, they began to turn on each other, tearing out their soft parts and howling in agony, even trying to devour the metal pages of the book that had taunted them for centuries.

The Messenger of the Outer Gods answered their call. He showed the survivors the mind-blasting glory of Azathoth's court, and promised them that they could one day transcend the prison of the flesh and join the dancers there for all eternity. The scales fell from their eyes and they asked the Messenger what they could possibly do to be granted such power beyond the ken of man. The Messenger smiled, and the Alta Vendita became the Cult of Transcendence.

The Cult That Couldn't Shoot Straight

Reading through the history of the Cult of Transcendence—even if you take that history at face value, and not as propaganda meant to fascinate conspiracy theory-minded Acolytes—the dominant themes seem to be selfish manipulation . . . and failure. They cost Europe the Holy Land. Their Masonic patsies squirted out of their grasp like melon seeds between a fat man's fingers. They were gobsmacked and blindsided by both Communism and capitalism, the melody and counterpoint to most of 20th century politics. Regarding this checkered history, it's tempted to ask if they can do anything right.

This is the wrong question, however. The question is, when your ultimate function is to corrode, degrade and ruin humanity, does it really matter if you do anything right?

Think of the Cult as an old man, ill to the point of being bedridden, delirious and senile and weak. Every now and again he soils his sheets, tips over the bedpan, kicks weakly or flails his withered limbs. There is the very image of a man who cannot reasonably accomplish any goals. But this particular old man is a giant, the size of your home town. When he twitches, houses collapse. A spasm of coughing is an earthquake, and his vomit can depopulate neighborhoods.

The Cult's masters care not for the world. It's their discarded placenta, and they have waited a long time to become adults in the eyes of Azathoth. The Bishops and other conspirators cling to human motives, pursuing them with as much cruelty as they can, but whether they succeed or fail they breed the conflict that brings mankind closer to the brink of Nyarlathotep's annihilating apotheosis. Under them are the scuttling, deluded minions who follow orders and never understand whether they won or lost, or even that they're pieces in the game. They only know that they're getting far less than they were promised.

The New Way: The Cult Now

Simply put, the goal of the masters of the Cult of Transcendence is to become more than human; to surpass humanity morally, spiritually, and physically. This transcendence does not refer merely to power; their sorcerous ability is merely a means to an end, tricks given to them by Nyarlathotep to make them better servants to the Outer Gods. By the time they finish their transcendence, they are beyond the needs and desires of humanity; they are as the Outer Gods are.

The first step in this transcendence is surpassing man's emotions—sorrow and rage are useless to these cultists, and to banish them they give up joy and love as well. They seek a certain state of mind commonly known as sociopathy. Sociopathy is an inability to connect to others on a primal level, a state of total emotional isolation. It usually develops in abused or neglected children. When they are not loved as infants, they never learn how to accept love, and consequently feel an emptiness that they can never fill for the rest of their lives. This loss, this void, is so all-consuming that it blots out any consideration for others.

The emptiness and hunger of sociopaths is so great that everything else in their lives is not only secondary, it doesn't even truly seem real. Other people seem like pale reflections compared to the reality of the void. Physical pain is a dim flicker when stood

next to the vastness of the void. The rules and norms of society are like the whispers of the wind: faint, unreal, like a voice in a dream. They know no pleasure; the closest thing is a momentary cessation of pain. Sociopaths are excellent liars because to them, nothing is true. The suffering of others has no value, so they are capable of any cruelty. They engage in acts of perversion, sadism, and violence simply in an attempt to feel something. Their alienation is total. This is the state of mind that was presented to the Cult by the Messenger as peace, loss of weakness, and freedom from human failings.

Besides seeking such an exalted state in their own lives, the Transcended Masters of the Cult are charged by the Messenger with a further duty: to propagate this state among humans at large. To pursue this goal, the Cult again entered new form of gamesmanship. Now, however, their scoreboard is not political but social.

Cult and Curia: Organization

The Cult of Transcendence is organized in pyramidal fashion. At the top are the Transcended Masters of the Cult, who presently number six. Over the decades since the reorganization of the Cult, several Masters have utterly escaped this mortal plane and now dance at the court of Azathoth. The six who remain live in a rambling, run-down mansion that exists as an ante-chamber to

The House in Stockholm

The best-known horrors touch us the least. Today, places like Auschwitz, Treblinka, the Katyn Forest, and Lubyanka are spoken of with a familiarity born of hundreds of specials on the History Channel. The extermination of millions of victims has been reduced to a few seven-digit numbers on the page of a history book. The capacity of these places to shock and horrify has been lost because of our familiarity with them.

The Cult's headquarters in Stockholm is not one of those places. Its truth does not appear in any history books. Its secrets are not known to more than a score of individuals on the planet. And those who know of it, do not speak of it.

Yes, the mansion appears on the Swedish tax and property records. You can find it on a map. You can climb over the twenty-foot wall surrounding it, avoiding the shards of broken glass cemented along the top. You can pick your way through the tangled and overgrown woods surrounding it, avoiding the rusty mantraps and razor-wire strung through the undergrowth. You can even find your way in through one of the boarded-up windows, or perhaps jimmy the padlocks which hold the chained front doors shut. Even then, you won't really be in the mansion, because it's not really here. At least, not the part that really counts. That wing of the mansion, thankfully, isn't even on Earth.

It is in those cold, dark halls that the Transcended Masters await their final transformation—from base matter into primordial structures of energy and information. There, in what can only be described as the antechamber of the Daemon Sultan's throne room, the vilest of cancers dwells.

The mansion the Transcended Masters call home was originally named Vagnoptus Manor, after the sorcerer tutor of the ancient Swedish King Asmund. Construction was begun on the house in 1797, by a distant relative of the Swedish Royal family. This cousin, named Knut Sverkersson, built the house using architectural plans of his own design. Several firms of contractors were brought in to do the work, none of them ever seeing the complete plans of the house. Often one firm would work for a while and then be ordered off a particular wing and reassigned to work elsewhere in the building. No one besides Sverkersson truly had any notion of how the mansion would look when completed, but some of the professionals involved in the work did not like what they were seeing. Many stone-workers and contractors who worked on the structure were convinced that the mansion was not safe to live in, much less build. Most who viewed his blueprints felt Sverkersson's grasp of the science of architecture and construction was shaky at best. After a number of work stoppages due to the hazardous conditions at the site, Sverkersson brought in foreign workers, Poles mostly, to finish the job. Six of these men died building the house. Even those desperate laborers rebelled and Sverkersson was forced to bring fresh help in from Lithuania and Estonia. Work on the mansion took six years, and Sverkersson lived on the site the entire time, furnishing rooms as they became available for habitation.

The house was finished on March 16, 1798. On May 10, after nothing had been heard from Sverkersson for over a week, a party of his relatives went to call upon him. They found the house deserted. There were no signs of a struggle. He was simply gone. Many rumors circulated about the fate of Sverkersson; his disappearance was attributed to everything from murderous relatives or mutinous unpaid laborers to getting trapped in a secret chamber in the manor or even a pact with the Devil called due. Many rumors revolved about Sverkersson's ghost stalking the halls of the manor after his death.

Considering the house's reputation, and the well-known opinion that it was liable to collapse at any second, it wasn't surprising when the estate agent was unable to find anyone willing to inhabit the manor. It remained vacant for nearly three years before the Alta Vendita, on the prowl for sorcerous leverage, discovered it. They investigated the manor and discovered the house was designed along occult principles, not architectural ones. It was intended as a bridge between this world and another. The specifics of Sverkersson's intent were beyond the initial investigators' grasp, but as an occult artifact, they knew they must possess the Vagnoptus Manor. The Alta Vendita purchased it through intermediaries and set it about trying to unlock its mysteries. They lost three agents, all of whom simply vanished. The "Puzzle Box," as the manor was called, would not be unraveled until the Alta Vendita embraced the teachings of *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep*. Only then did they understand where the Mansion really existed and to what it was connected.

Vagnoptus Manor is described at greater length starting on page 182.

the court of the Daemon Sultan, and there the Masters await final departure. They are attended to by servants and guarded by the headless brides of Greater Marriages (page 209). Below these six are the four Bishops, who each administrate one of the four Sees: Fear, Greed, Anger, and Flesh. Below the four Bishops are eight Acolytes, two per Bishop.

While the Masters are the heart of the Cult, the Bishops are its brains. Human enough to interface with earthly concerns, the Bishops are alienated enough to push their pawns with emotionless efficiency. The Bishops make the decisions. When the Masters have input at all, it's not discussed or prioritized: the Bishops just adapt to it. If the Cult's a boat, the Bishops are the captain and pilot. Humankind is the cargo. The Masters are the wind.

The six Transcended Masters of the Cult are the only remaining ones who have passed the ritual of Final Marriage but not ascended to the court of Azathoth. The four Bishops have all passed the ritual of the Greater Marriage. The eight Acolytes have all passed the ritual of the Lesser Marriage, but these minions are often less directly useful than the dupes of the various front organizations. The reason for this is that the Acolytes are sliding into madness, but have yet to reach the equilibrium achieved by the powerful Bishops and are nowhere near the unworldly functioning of the Masters. Acolytes have an extremely high failure rate. Those who burn out (or retain too much humanity, or threaten someone else's power too much) end up trapped in the nightmare mansion as servants and victims of the Transcendent Masters.

Bishops are far more durable, being former Acolytes who struck a balance between functioning in the world of men and in the world of alien gods. They are ordered and sane enough to direct and organize legions of servants, but their minds are both disjointed and driven enough to command chaotic occult forces. It's a rare combination, but a durable one. The typical Bishop's tenure is measured in decades, until he finally feels ready for the final plunge.

The decision of a Bishop to attempt the Final Marriage triggers a round of furious maneuver and savage competition among the current Acolytes for the Greater Marriage ritual and the now-empty seat. However, being chosen to perform the Greater Marriage is not always the victory it appears: rumor has it that the remaining Bishops have their ways of sabotaging the ritual if they do not want the rising Acolyte among their number. And of course, achieving parity with the thoughts of the Outer Gods is never predictable. In the end, a new Bishop emerges from the efforts of the other Bishops, the striving of underlings, understanding of *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep*, and the passive tolerance of the book's master.

Below the Bishops and their twitchy Acolytes are the front organizations of the four Sees. Each of these front organizations generally comprises three levels of dupes: relative innocents, useful tools, and chief pawns. Not all front organizations have this three-tier setup. White Fire, Operation New Day and most of the other groups in the See of Hate are or were out-and-out illegal organizations practicing terrorism and crimes without concealing them from the membership. These kinds of organizations lack "innocents," the lowest tier of members. If you're in one of these groups, then you're going to be out there committing crimes at the behest of the leadership (and the Acolyte or Bishop who controls them).

The lowest level—the "innocents" at the bottom of the pyramid—are common people who joined a dummy organization to support its public agenda. Their secondary contributions to the Cult are the money and support they provide or raise for the front, but their primary function (while less direct) is more vital to the Cult's long-term goals. The Cult recruits the front organization's membership to subvert their morality with the Cult's philosophies, as reflected in the beliefs and goals of the fronts. They also help to spread these ideas (which point to the Cult's) amongst their families, friends, communities, and professions. Again, the battle here is not about the acquisition of temporal power, it is about the corruption of the human species. The promises of the fronts are the thin edge of the wedge.

The middle level of dupes among the public fronts are those who are entrusted with extraordinary or illegal duties by their direct leader. To the Acolytes and Bishops, they're called "units." This middle level is invaluable, for they are the unwitting foot soldiers of the Cult. They are the ones a Bishop may (indirectly) call on to perform surveillance, research, vandalism, harassment, and a myriad of other questionable duties—all performed from a mistaken loyalty to an organization that exists only to grind out patsies for the Cult.

(The exact organizational method varies from Bishop to Bishop, but typically works thus. At the highest level of a front is a loyal leadership with a reason to trust and conceal a relationship to an Acolyte. Some of these leaders realize their entire organization is a fraud, and see their Acolyte as the man with the real power, the real truth. Others are true believers who think the Acolyte is an invaluable ally who must be appeased. Either way, giving some snappish commands to a unit is a small price to keep on the Acolyte's good side.)

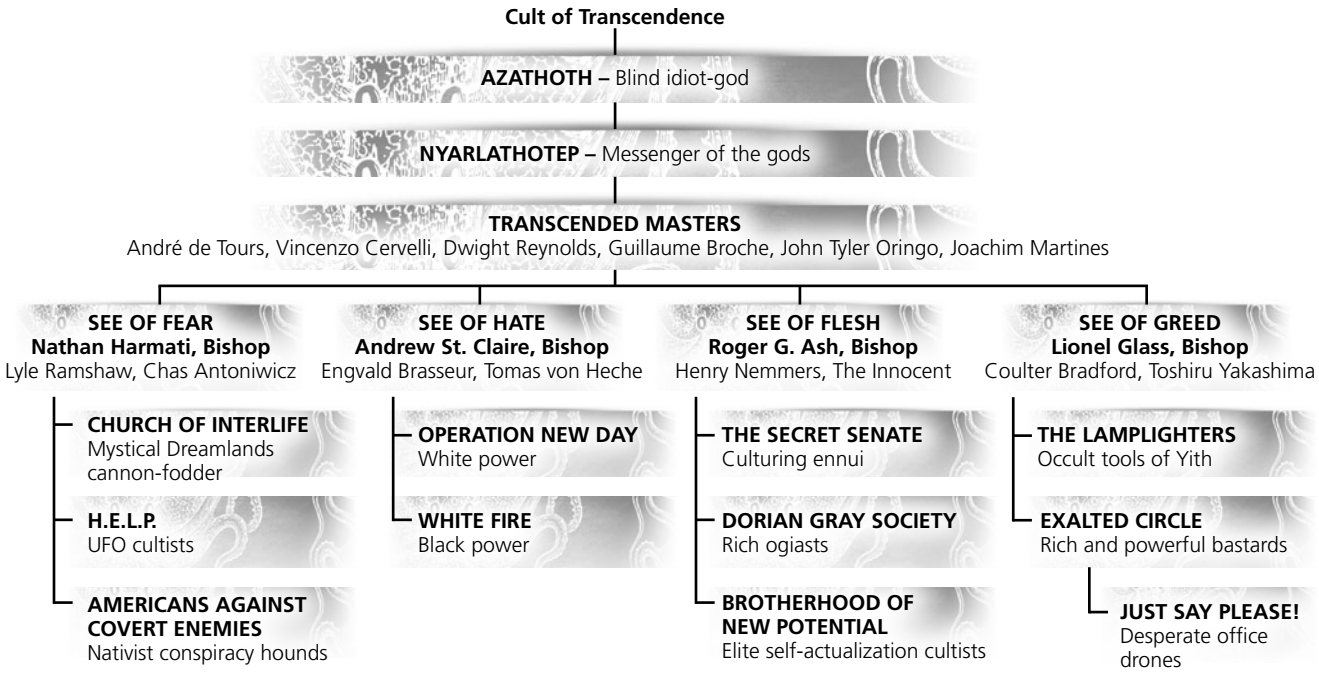
Only at the highest levels are organizers told there's something more going on (if even then; many are kept in comfortable ignorance to insulate the Cult from exposure). Leaders who rise to their positions through faith and honest dealing are told the real purpose of their group only if their Bishop is feeling puckish (or if he has some other reason to remove, corrode, or spiritually destroy the group organizer). Hypocrites, or those who become disillusioned upon reaching the top, are brought into the Cult's fold more quickly and with less drama.

However the chosen bosses get selected for illumination, they're the ones who maintain connections with selected other front organizations, all of whom do each other favors as needed. A very few of these clued-in chief pawns have contact with the Bishop or an Acolyte, whom they usually perceive as a peer rather than some sort of overreaching mastermind. This is the point at which they can get their hands dirty using the units of other fronts, just as they offer up their own obedient people for abuse. The stages of disconnect vary, depending on the paranoia of boss, Bishop and Acolyte. But whenever something illegal or socially outrageous is ordered from on high, care is taken to keep the unit at the tip of the spear as ignorant and disposable as possible.

Informed managers towards the top of the fronts see the role of their organization as some sort of pro-active social force, and work with other front groups that share their goals or can aid them in some way. Naturally, the two-faced power junkies are most flexible in this regard. They tend to build more connections and get more done than those who cling to some modified version of their initial beliefs. They proactively build their front organization's power, for the Cult and for their own advancement within it.

The vague imperatives of the Cult permit, or even demand, a great deal of latitude on behalf of the front leaders. The signals from the Masters are cryptic at best. The Bishops' goals are to subtly wreak havoc on human decency, since that's the only method that has worked so far to get people out of the human mindset and into Azathoth's Court. The Acolytes are working on their own issues and obsessions, while the bosses often still don't know they're agents of a cosmic uncoupling from rational thought. The Bishops and Acolytes can only tell the front leaders enough to keep them involved, and that involves a lot of lying. The best lies are when you tell people what they want to hear, so the front organizations get encouraged to do what they were going to do anyhow, just more so. Everyone pursues his selfish goals right up to the point that they interfere with an Acolyte, Bishop, or another boss. Then it comes down to assassination, treachery or, from the Bishops in particular, speedy occult removal. It's a Darwinian competition where the survival trait is "does not interfere with the goals of his superiors" and where those goals are unstated, if not actively concealed. Backstabbing, betrayal, theft, deception and sabotage are all accepted, and almost always wind up interfering solely with the front groups' stated goals. The underlings contend. The Bishops play out their conflicts through the groups as proxies, and thereby protect their most cherished interests. Damaging another Bishop's patsies is par for the course. Damaging his Acolyte is a more serious matter. Impeding a fellow Bishop's overarching plans for humanity . . . that's rare and extreme.

In the biggest of the fronts, there are perhaps twenty front managers who even recognize they're on the playing field with the Acolytes, and possibly with the Bishops. In other fronts, it may just be a handful with the knowledge. Or none. Bosses who reach this point know enough to dread further promotion—but fear still more their fate if they're left behind. Acolytes are, if anything, in even worse positions; they know from harsh experience that they are always the fall guys if a Bishop needs to distract his fellows



(or, still worse, the Masters) from some failure. Acolytes engage in steady, low-level attempts to grab power from each other, while keeping ambitious underlings from learning too much too fast. It turns out that building a conspiracy entirely out of sociopaths is not ideal from a business management perspective—and the "corporate culture" of the Cult of Transcendence makes the CIA look like a Methodist charity.

Conclusion

Today the Cult of Transcendence stands in stark contrast to other cults fostered by Nyarlathotep throughout the ages. In the past, the Messenger of the Outer Gods manipulated various human cults into performing the rituals, building the gates or destroying the wards that would release the Great Old Ones from their prisons and set them loose to sow horror and death across the world. Here Nyarlathotep seeks to corrupt humanity to the point where if the Great Old Ones were ever released, no one would be able to tell the difference between them and us. By the time Great Cthulhu walks the Earth, humanity may be able to teach him a thing or two about shouting and killing and reveling in joy.

This is not to suggest that every human misery, every crime, every abomination can be set at the Cult's doorstep. The Transcended Masters did not set fire to old Mrs. McGill's cat and they didn't build the gas chambers at Auschwitz. Humans are a savage and blood-thirsty race, perfectly capable of inventing and perpetrating desolation and misery on a personal or global scale. Nonetheless, when people are shooting one another over ideology or screaming about the threat posed by foreigners, the Cult of Transcendence is on the scene, cutting a check here, assigning some personnel there, directing an Acolyte somewhere else, all in the name of making sure that if the situation can be amplified, it is.

Playing on the four darkest motives of the human soul, the four Sees of the Cult of Transcendence stand as the tentacles which reach out from the Cult's Transcended Masters, infiltrating society with their poison. It is the public fronts of these Sees that any investigator of the occult conspiracy is going to encounter first. And if the investigators are less than discreet, it'll be the last aspect of the Cult they encounter.

The Cult's Glass Ceiling

The misogynist outlook of the Cult of Transcendence holds that women are inherently incapable of true comprehension and are at best scheming seed-stealers. Because of this, the Cult, at the Acolyte level and higher, is exclusively male. This way of thinking is primarily the result of the fusty mindset of the unnaturally preserved Transcended Masters. Females are found among its front organizations, but the masters' attitudes filter down—women are generally treated as second-stringers in most of the front organizations. Exceptions such as Just Say Please!, the Lamplighters, and the Secret Senate do exist. There, women are publicly the full equals of the men, but in such groups almost all female members languish on the lowest tier or serve as insulated organizational figureheads to distract attention. The single exception to this is the Daughters of Impolite. This dupe of the See of Hate is a females-only organization from top to bottom. Nevertheless, they have no idea that they are working for a conspiracy that plans the ruination of their gender—and of their species.

On The Verge of Transcendence: The Masters, The House, The Bishops

In human terms, the goal of the Cult is to corrode and degrade humanity. From the Cult's own perspective, their goal is quite different. Their intent is to raise themselves up to a fuller experience of the universe. If they have to elevate Earth and humanity in the process, all the better. But their standard of "elevation" is anathema to all human notions of decency and stability.

Their chaos extends beyond the moral dimension into elements biological, mathematical, psychological, and even spatial. Progressing through the levels of Acolyte, Bishop and Master, the rulers of the Cult become disjoined from the human perception of time-space; and then from the human conception of personality, as their mental alterations begin to infect those around them. Finally, they separate from the history of mankind's evolution, with their very DNA distorting and warping them into something unutterably Other.

The Transcended Masters

The six Transcended Masters of the Cult are all so beyond sanity that it is practically impossible to reason or even communicate with them. They wander a shadow mansion that orbits the court of Azathoth, to all appearances completely mindless, barely aware of their surroundings. Periodically, they engage in acts of sadism and/or masochism, apparently motivated by the pathetic remnants of their human drive to feel something, even pain. So detached are they from themselves and their environment that one of them died of thirst within easy reach of water. This bizarre death may have occurred because the Transcended Master didn't care if he was alive any more. It's equally possible that the Master had become so out of touch with human sensations that he did not recognize thirst or hunger. Whether this could be considered a "successful" transcendence off the human plane is open to debate.

Yet sometimes, they speak. Sometimes they imperiously summon a Bishop or, more startling still, simply appear to an Acolyte, reeking and screaming incoherent instructions. In 1952 one appeared in the halls of a private Swiss school. The Master held the daughter of a Chilean embassy worker (and leader of the Exalted Circle; page 248) hostage, successfully avoiding a special police unit for two hours without leaving the school grounds, until her father promised to always keep a sharpened pencil in his car's glove compartment. With that assurance, the Master departed as mysteriously as it arrived. They communicate with their followers in dreams, in letters with no postmarks, and once in a puzzling full-page ad in the New Yorker. Unfortunately for their followers, the pencil oath is the clearest instruction a Master has ever given. The New Yorker ad instructed an Acolyte (by name) to "congest the Christmas threads, unwell and arising the emergency. Prepare the dust and prepare for the deluge."

Some of these commands have been ignored with no ill consequence. Some of the faithful have tried to follow directions to the best of their ability, only to be elaborately murdered by an enraged Master. And sometimes the meaning only becomes clear in hindsight, such as a prophecy in 1967 that, in retrospect, seems to have been a recommendation to buy Cisco Systems stock in that corporation's 1990 IPO. A Bishop is more likely to deliver a pronouncement from the Masters that deals with his See than with another—and that sometimes, coincidentally, increase his own power or influence. So far, no Master has eviscerated a Bishop for lying about his orders, although the Masters almost never say why they eviscerate anyone. If a Master's command becomes generally known (such as the time all four Bishops found the same word, "PELLUCID," carved into their left thigh), the Bishops and Acolytes engage in petty empire building and power games trying to interpret it most favorably to their own interests.

The Masters are largely confined to the shadow estate, rarely leaving and receiving only the occasional visit by one of the four Bishops. All others tread those halls at their peril, as the Transcended Masters have been known to kill anyone they encounter, even their attendants. They have almost no recognizable influence on the affairs of the Cult outside of providing role models for Nyarlathotep's vision of humanity, but the histories of their pre-Mastery lives might provide a thread by which an investigator could unravel at least part of the Cult history. The only place they can predictably be encountered is in the shadow realm of that crumbling mansion. Heaven help any Agents of Delta Green unlucky enough to find their way into that cracked and blood-stained maze.

What the Masters Can Do

The Final Marriage (described on page 209) grants certain powers. First, the Master can bypass normal space, traveling through angles with some degree of consistency and safety. With a Luck roll he can enter any acute angle, and with a POW x 4 roll he can exit from an acute angle of his choice anywhere on Earth (if that roll fails, he emerges from a random angle within a one-mile radius). He takes no damage from this transit and emerges as alert and functional as he entered. If he grapples someone, he can send them on the journey with a Luck roll, launching them from a random angle within the radius of one earthly mile. This is similar to the ability of the Hounds of Tindalos to move through the angles of time, although the Masters primarily move through space.

In addition, the Master can consistently see and interact with normally invisible entities (often eating them). He can also see through (or more accurately "around") solid barriers and into the ultraviolet and infrared spectrums of light. To outsiders, it seems like the Masters have X-ray vision. In essence, they see and interact with the things the Tillinghast Resonator revealed (see the H.P. Lovecraft short story "From Beyond," and "Project Rainbow" in *Delta Green: Eyes Only,* for details).

The Masters have a very limited mobility through time, sufficient to ensure that nothing human ever surprises them, or ever can surprise them. If they are unpleasantly surprised (because they weren't paying attention) they can look ahead to see how events turn out and, if they're unfavorable, they simply recoil their consciousness to before the trigger event and play it differently. With extensive planning, or alternate time-travel powers, or unbelievably good luck, it might be possible to put one in an inescapable bind, but it's nearly impossible. In game mechanics this means a Master is not going to set off a pre-set mine or drink the poisoned wine. Ninjas are not going to sneak up on it. It is going to know when outsiders are in the Nightmare Mansion. If it is bothering to pay attention, that is. The Masters' inability to focus on, or even care about, the material world gives Keepers a great deal of leeway.

The Masters can touch and manipulate three-dimensional objects (such as foolish Delta Green Agents) from unknowable perspectives—rotating them out of space-time (with SAN costs similar to Gate use), altering seemingly ineluctable truths about them, turning them inside-out (physically or mentally), and producing any number of other awful fates. (For some examples, see "Response" under Top Tier: The House on page 284.) Anything a malevolent eight-year-old can do to an insect, a Master can do to a mortal, in (or from) multiple dimensions at once. (This is the "Reorient" attack listed in the Masters' write-ups.) Any physical attack from such non-Euclidean dimensions ignores all armor, of course. The Keeper may set the damage however she decides; as a rule of thumb, divide the Master's POW by 8 (round up) and roll that many D8. Thus, a Master with POW 11 would do 2D8 damage with a physical Reorient attack. The damage might be simple tissue trauma, the raising of parts of the victim to excruciating temperatures or pressures, necrotic suppuration, twisting of bones, gnawing of invisible insects, or anything else. A mental Reorient attack does half the damage of a physical attack, in SAN; that same Master could expose his victim's brain to horrific insights for 1D8 SAN.

Also, once a Master has passed the Final Marriage, he is infected with supernatural corruption. Any injury he takes heals instantly, but his body does not return to its human shape. Instead, it turns scaly or leathery or rotting or just about anything else. (Seeing this transformation when an attack strengthens the master costs 1/1D8 SAN.) In short, injuries do not substantially harm a Transcended Master. In fact, the unworldly tissue that restores them is possessed of a hideous strength; for each 3 points of damage a Master receives, he gains one point of STR, with corresponding damage bonuses. In game mechanics, any damage that does not eliminate all the Master's hit points in one hit is gone the next combat round. That means if a group of Agents hose a Master down with machine guns, an individual bullet needs to eliminate all the Master's hit points in a single attack; otherwise all damage, from all the bullets, is negated the next combat round.

They can be killed, however. Once a Master has taken damage equal to its original hit points, a point of fatal imbalance is reached. There is no longer enough human order to support the organism, and it collapses into a festering mass of self-destruction. Sometimes they actually eat themselves.

Transcended Intellects

The Masters' write-ups give an INT of 0, although it just as well might be an INT of ? or Z or φ or ∞. In other words, among the things the Masters have transcended is their own intellect. Their mentality barely interacts with human perception, or with anything that mere humans can perceive. (For similar reasons, they have no Skills listed—beings that can transcend space-time don't need to make Sneak rolls.) This is part of what makes it so hard for them to give coherent orders to their supposedly devoted minions, and part of what makes it so scary when they manage to do so anyhow.

In the extraordinarily unlikely event that you need a game value for a Transcended Master's INT, roll 3D10. Use that value for that single action or circumstance. If you need an INT roll later, roll it again.

André de Tours — Transcended Master and Crusader for Nyarlathotep, age 779

Race: Caucasian **Nationality:** French, specifically Touraine

STR 21	**CON 16**	**SIZ 9**	**INT 0**	**POW 37**
DEX 14	**APP 2**	**EDU 6**	**SAN 0**	**HP 13**

Damage Bonus: +2D6 (draws from extra-dimensional physicality)

Languages

Ancient Egyptian 35% English 10% Latin 55%
Medieval French (own) 70% Secret Language of Nyarlathotep 70%

Attacks

Immaterial Broadsword 85%, 1D10+1+2D6 (ignores armor)
Reorient 40%, 5D8 (or 3D8 SAN)

Spells

Contact Nyarlathotep Gate of Changes Savage Glass
Spell of the Rose Summon/Bind Hunting Horror
any other spells at the Keeper's discretion.

Sanity Loss: 0/1

Background

André de Tours served in the crusade that brought *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep* back to Europe. He went away to war when he was fourteen (as did many of the Crusaders) and was hard put to reconcile what he'd been taught (that battle is glorious, sacred and noble) with what he experienced (that battle is vicious, difficult and ugly). To mask his confusion and vent his frustration, he became exceptionally vicious, and earned a reputation for being exceptionally valiant. Convinced that people were hypocrites who love what they profess to hate, André despaired for mankind and was lured into the service of Nyarlathotep. He spent several centuries as an occult hatchet-man for the Alta Vendita, eventually succeeding to the leading council in 1902. He was the first of the Alta Vendita leadership to consummate the Final Marriage, in 1919, and yet he has failed to Transcend completely. He is also one of the most human-appearing of the Masters, although his appearance still is loathsome and seeing him does result in a small SAN loss.

André de Tours' influence is responsible for the current structure of the Cult of Transcendence. Its Sees, Bishops and Acolytes are part of his homage to the Church that he served as a mortal.

At some point in his long, long career of violence and sorcery, André de Tours enchanted his trusty broadsword, inscribing it with hyper-geometric runes that partially divorce it from the normal spatial dimensions. It's transparent, with a slight opalescent sheen as it distorts and only partially blocks light rays. It can pass through matter like a ghost, but it scrambles molecules where it passes, and the harder it's swung, the more distortion it causes. This is disastrous for living tissue, bad for composite materials or compounds, and inconsequential for pure elements.

Physical Description

André is short by modern standards, standing not much taller than 5'4" and weighing barely 80 pounds. He appears incredibly old and wizened, with skin like moldering parchment drawn over wire. A few strands of hair, uncut for decades, cling to his face and scalp. At first glance he might appear to be a reanimated mummy. His viciousness remains, though little else of his human experience does.

John Tyler Oringo — Transcended Master and Health-Food Pioneer, age 164

Race: Caucasian **Nationality:** American

STR 15	**CON 22**	**SIZ 19**	**INT 0**	**POW 19**
DEX 5	**APP 8**	**EDU 14**	**SAN 0**	**HP 21**

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Languages
English (own) 85% Ojibwa 45%
Secret Language of Nyarlathotep 55%

Attacks
Infra-Dimensional Root 80%, 2D6 + loss of 1D3 DEX from enervating, clinging rootlets

Reorient 55%, 3D8 (or 2D8 SAN)

Spells
Blight/Bless Crop Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath
Summon/Bind Dark Young any other spells at the Keeper's discretion.

San Loss: 1/1D8

History
Named after the newly-inaugurated U.S. president, John Tyler Oringo was born in an Owenite commune in Michigan in 1845. Over the next forty years he became a fiery advocate of natural foods, selling his own brands of health food throughout the Upper Midwest and opening a sanitarium in Wisconsin. To Oringo and his impressively muscled and bearded disciples, those who did not eat "Fit Food" were contemptible degenerates: unfit in a Darwinian and a moral sense. His "Fit Foods for Fit Men" made an impressive fortune, which Oringo plowed into "natural expeditions" searching for herbs and grains suitable for the truly human. On one of those expeditions, he discovered the "Ideal of Nature," a patch of woods in Upper Ontario sacred to Shub-Niggurath.

His ingestion of the Mythos came at a bad time for his commercial enterprises: national brands like Nabisco and Kraft drove smaller producers like Oringo off store shelves—probably a good thing, given what he was putting in his granola, crackers, and wheat germ by then. Instead of fighting back, Oringo spent the next two decades searching for more "Ideals of Nature," uncovering old witch-cult sites in the east as well as pre-Indian sacred grounds in British Columbia, northern California, and Oregon. In 1920, Cult assets in the Canadian government brought Oringo to the attention of Alphonse Markham, who offered him a position as the Cult's first Bishop of Flesh. After 40 days and nights spent meditating on the offer in his Ontario retreat, Oringo accepted. He served the Cult as Bishop of Flesh until 1947, when he Transcended after another 40-day retreat. Although his former Acolyte (and successor as Bishop of Flesh) Carlos Sanriki has moved up to the Court of Azathoth, Oringo remains rooted obscurely to the Earth.

Physical Description
Oringo gives new meaning to the term "gnarled." His wrinkled skin resembles weathered aspen bark; his horribly arthritic joints are bulbous knots of a vaguely greenish hue. His mass of white-orange hair and beard flows almost to the ground and floats aimlessly around him in a cloud. Only his beady green eyes and gnashing yellow teeth show in his shrunken face; he emits an odor of rancid leaf mold wherever he goes. In a bright light, his shadow appears to have many more legs than normal, extending from all parts of his lower torso.

Vincenzo Cervelli — Transcended Master and Embittered Blackshirt, age 131

Race: Caucasian **Nationality:** Italian

STR 11	**CON 19**	**SIZ 15**	**INT 0**	**POW 31**
DEX 8	**APP N/A**	**EDU 17**	**SAN 0**	**HP 17**

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Languages
English 80% French 85% Greek 40%
Italian (own) 99% Secret Language of Nyarlathotep 55%
Spanish 40%

Attacks
Enthrall Victim: Cervelli matches his magic points against the target's on the Resistance Table after a round of calm speech. If overcome, the target stands numb and silent until shocked out of the trance. Costs 2 magic points.

Reorient 65%, 4D8 (or 2D8 SAN)

Spells
Contact Cthulhu Enthrall Victim
any other spells at the Keeper's discretion.

San Loss: 1D2/1d10

History
Dry-goods magnate Vincenzo Cervelli was an early supporter of Mussolini, but he was rejected and publicly humiliated when Il Duce learned he was homosexual. Cervelli was a Sentinel of the Exalted Circle (see page 248), but the Guardians had bigger fish to fry—namely, a secret war with the Cult of Transcendence—than knocking off Mussolini to soothe their European underling's feelings. So instead, he offered his services to the Cult. He spent two years setting up the Exalted Circle for decapitation, and was rewarded not with the fall of Mussolini but with the humiliation of the Circle that had refused to avenge him. As a reward, the Cult's masters saw to it that he became an Acolyte of Greed. He rose to the Bishopric in 1956 and spent 25 years being increasingly manipulated by his Acolyte, Lionel Glass. Perhaps he secretly always wanted to be a tool for others' use; by the end, much of his ego and identity was gone.

Physical Description
Cervelli has slowly lost any specific human definition while in the House. He now resembles nothing so much as an abstracted sculpture of a thickset man, perhaps by Modigliani. The unwary find themselves gazing at him, trying to determine where his softly flickering skin ends and the air begins.

"Assets in the Canadian Government"?

In the early 1900s, the Exalted Circle had placed two of its members (at the unit level) in the management of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Cult influence failed to stick, however, as the pair of units failed to trust or tempt any of their Mountie underlings into joining the Circle. One died in a car crash in 1932 and the other succumbed to throat cancer a year later. They knew only that people higher in the Circle were interested in violent or unusual events involving rural real estate.

Dwight Reynolds — Transcended Master and Dreamlands Tyrant, age 119

Race: Caucasian **Nationality:** American

STR 2	**CON 9**	**SIZ 10**	**INT 0**	**POW 41**
DEX 11	**APP 1**	**EDU 8**	**SAN 0**	**HP 10**

Damage Bonus: –1D6

Languages

English 60% Secret Language of Nyarlathotep 35%

Attacks

Awful Doom of Cerrit – Removes 1D6 points of CON from the target permanently, if the caster overcomes the victim in a POW contest, for each round that the spell is maintained. It costs the caster 1D10 SAN when the spell is first cast and 9 magic points per round to maintain it.

Reorient 75%, 6D8 (or 3D8 SAN)

Spells

All Dreamlands spells. Any other spells at the Keeper's discretion.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6

History

Dwight Reynolds was a power to be reckoned with even before he heard of the Cult of Transcendence. Though he worked in a gas station and slept above it, in the Dreamlands he was a ruthless sorcerer, having gained the Basalt Throne of Dylath-Leen in 1919. From there he built up his power in the Dreamlands, using the Moon Beasts and their galleys to build an empire of fear across the oneiric continent. In 1933, Nathan Harmati took over the Elders' Council of the Church of Interlife, and immediately decided to remove this potential threat to his power. Interlife agents attempted to kill Reynolds' waking self, but succeeded only in putting him in a coma, which set Dylath-Leen on a rampage of destruction and a war of conquest against Interlife fiefs in the Dreamlands. Terrified of physical death, Reynolds obtained Earthly and magical protection from a local Lamplighter academy, and quickly suborned them to his will, turning them against the Church of Interlife in the waking world as well. But once he became dependent on the Lamplighters for protection, Reynolds became newly vulnerable to the Cult. Lobsang Prinahu, the then-Bishop of Fear, personally recruited (or brainwashed) Reynolds into the Cult during a "Thirteen-Night Walk" ceremony in Leng in 1938, making him an Acolyte of Fear.

Reynolds and Harmati fought one last fratricidal war a decade later, which purged both the Lamplighters' North American Lodge and the Church of Interlife of aggressive, "un-mutual" (and hence, potentially troublesome to the Cult) elements. Some of the surviving Lamplighters hint that the final purge was a put-up job, Harmati and Reynolds both agreeing to betray their own followers in order to advance within the Cult. Others say that Prinahu launched the fratricide for his own purposes, playing on Harmati and Reynolds' rivalry in order to further weaken Broche, the new Bishop of Hate. Either way, by 1948 the Cult had swept up the entirety of Interlife, Harmati was promoted to Acolyte of Hate, and Prinahu Transcended, allowing Reynolds to become Bishop of Fear. With his Greater

Marriage, Reynolds left Dylath-Leen to become the Grand Dreamer, building a windowless onyx palace above Sarkomand for the Cult's Dreaming center. He spent the next decades finding willing and able tools in Dream; after recruiting the dreamer and serial killer Lyle Ramshaw (see page 195), Reynolds finally achieved perfect security . . . as a dweller in the Stockholm house.

Physical Description

Reynolds' human body resembles a horribly realistic puppet; its muscles atrophied from long years in bed, it jerks and flails as it moves. Reynolds' features are smooth and youthful, even cherubic, with one grotesque exception. It was Reynolds who confronted Hans Donnerkvist (page 210). Hans shot him, and as a consequence half of Dwight's head is missing, replaced by something chitinous and insectile.

Joaquim Martines — Transcended Master and Yithian Shell, age 107

Race: Mixed (Caucasian, Brazilian Indian, and Black)
Nationality: Brazilian

STR 16	**CON 16**	**SIZ 14**	**INT 0**	**POW 17**
DEX 15	**APP 4**	**EDU 11**	**SAN 0**	**HP 15**

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Languages

Amazonian Dialects 50% English 75% Latin 80%
Portuguese (own) 90% Spanish 80%
Secret Language of Nyarlathotep 70%

Attacks

Reorient 90%, 3D8 (or 2D8 SAN)

Spells

Contact Hound of Tindalos Contact Yithian
any other spells at the Keeper's discretion.

Sanity Loss: 0/1

History

Joaquim Martines grew up poor in Rio de Janeiro. Not only afflicted by poverty, Martines suffered from a stutter and a deformed visage as well. A beggar and thief, Martines killed his first man at age 14. He might well have died as he lived if he had not found the Lamplighters. Enthralled by the promise of having a type of power that money and beauty couldn't touch, Martines worked hard for years at making himself a suitable vessel. He succeeded so well that there's almost nothing of his original personality left, just distorted memories of the lives of a thousand alien creatures. In the 1920s, Martines opened himself to possession by a member of the Great Race who secretly worshipped Nyarlathotep. It was this Yithian who set up the Lamplighters in South America for absorption by the Cult of Transcendence. Martines' reward was to become the Bishop of Greed in 1928 (his Lamplighter co-conspirator, Lionel Glass, became the Acolyte of Greed that same year). The current Acolytes speculate fearfully as to whether the drooling, spastic body in the House is still host to that perverted member of the Great Race, or whether it is merely Martines' hollow physical shell.

Physical Description

From a distance, Martines has a nearly perfect body, appearing many decades younger than his true age. It strides about the House with genuine purpose, or it seems to at any rate. On closer examination, it looks like meat that has been left too long in the refrigerator: clammy, slimy, and discolored in places. Martines' face remains deformed, but the slackness of his eyes and mouth is more disquieting than his misshapen skull and jaw.

Guillaume Broche — Transcended Master and Conspiratorial Genealogist, age 101

Race: Caucasian **Nationality:** French

STR 6	**CON 7**	**SIZ 9**	**INT 0**	**POW 23**
DEX 0	**APP 3**	**EDU 13**	**SAN 0**	**HP 8**

Damage Bonus: –1D4

Languages

English 40% French (own) 99% German 80%
Latin 30% Italian 25%
Secret Language of Nyarlathotep 55%

Attacks

Shrivelling: see spell description in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook
Reorient 70%, 3D8 (or 2D8 SAN)

Spells

Shrivelling
any other spells at the Keeper's discretion.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6

History

Guillaume Broche was still too young to go to war in 1918, but resolved to do his part to destroy France's true enemies—just as soon as he could figure out who they were. During the 1920s he wrote pamphlets for fringe Spartacist and Trotskyite groups tracing the secret influence of France's aristocracy over European history. A chance encounter with the ancestral library of the Comte d'Erlette gave him a sniff of the Mythos, and around that time Egbert Sharpe, then-Bishop of Hate, recruited him. By the late 1930s, Broche had become a fervent anti-communist (he had always been a fervent anti-Semite), seeking the "Judeo-Bolshevist bloodline" that he now blamed for everything. He directed assassination squads of the masked far-Right society La Cagoule, and collaborated with the German occupiers during Vichy by fingering "hereditary criminals." Until the liberation of France in 1944, he assembled a massive collection of confiscated and looted genealogies from all over France, poring over them for evidence of "subhuman blood" while simultaneously writing paeans to "the shining blood of Pétain and The One for Whom We Fight." In 1945, when Sharpe Transcended, Broche underwent the Greater Marriage more as a means of escaping the vengeful Resistance than for any other reason. Egbert Sharpe's ruthlessness and capacity for subtle evil made the other Bishops more than happy to promote the obsessive, dull Broche to Bishop of Hate in Sharpe's place. Indeed, during his thirty years as Bishop of Hate, Broche was primarily concerned with

two projects: tracing the True Bloodline of Nyarlathotep on Earth, and containing his ambitious subordinate Nathan Harmati. Now, by all indications, he couldn't care less about either.

Physical Description

Broche is a hunched, twisted figure in an antique wheelchair. His rheumy blue eyes stare beneath cataracts and his wattled skin hangs in papery folds. Careless interdimensional shifts have left his body and the chair interpenetrated—some of his back extends through its rattan and metal frame, and one of his hands is knitted ropily through the frame of the wheel. His major veins and arteries wrap inside, around, and through both chair and body, like strangler vines on a decomposing beast. He sits in a pool of his own clotted blood, which drips endlessly from his sunken chest and bony jaws.

Vagnoptus Manor

The Vagnoptus Manor is located on 20 acres just outside the city of Stockholm. A heavily constructed wall twenty feet tall, topped with broken glass, rings the estate. Through the gate, a private drive enters the grounds, passing through a thick range of trees that occupies nearly all the ground of the estate. The underbrush hasn't been cut in nearly a century. It is almost impassable, choked with fallen branches, undergrowth and fallen leaves. Decades ago the Cult's people saw to it that the woods were thoroughly salted with booby traps. They are mechanical devices that rely on cutting edges and impaling points to get the job done. They are quiet except for the creak and twang of metal under tension, and if the first snap doesn't kill, tetanus may finish the job. Many bushes and hedges conceal coils of rusty razor wire, lurking for a chance to slice through muscle and tendons. It's been thirty years since anyone passed through the front gate, which isn't to say there have not been visitors. Some tax assessors have been brainwashed (with both conventional and unconventional techniques) to believe everything there is just fine. Others, less stubborn, were simply paid to look the other way. In 1991, the Masters seemed to want a property inspector to come in. He vanished without trace and his successor has always filled out the paperwork for Vagnoptus without visiting it. He doesn't really think about it and if questioned, doesn't seem able to concentrate on Vagnoptus or even keep the idea of the house in his mind for more than a few minutes. Its taxes are paid through a Historical Preservation Trust whose most recent membership rolls are from 1922 and list people who are all dead. The lawyers who pay the tax checks just keep paying because they've always done so, their fees being paid from the same trust. Investigating its ownership seems to indicate that it's owned by a Saudi investment firm, a government restoration project or a private family with no remaining living members. The documents are complicated and contradictory.

The five-story warren covers just over 50,000 square feet. It is completely without services: no water, no gas, no electricity. All but two windows have been plastered over on the inside, with welded metal shutters covering the outside. (The exceptions are explained on page 185.) The interior is lit only by what sunlight creeps through cracks in the ceiling or walls. No part of it has been cleaned in over a century. Its halls are caked with dust, cobwebs and mildew. The furnishings molder under gray sheets or drifts of refuse, rotted and rank. The only physical entry is via the front entrance; a huge pair of bronze doors secured by iron chains and

padlocked from the outside. These doors are never opened. All access to the interior of the mansion is by means of the magical gates that connect the mansion with a handful of locations known only to the Bishops and their Acolytes. The Transcended Masters occasionally leave, but never by walking out the door.

The Vagnoptus Manor's secret, the thing that has made this building the center of the Cult of Transcendence ever since the 1920s, is that it is a five-dimensional construction. Inspired by the Crawling Chaos, Knut Sverkersson built the mansion to bridge the gap between this world and the court of the Daemon Sultan Azathoth. Soon after the mansion's construction Sverkersson became a part of the godhead he so dearly loved. And now, with the teaching of *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep* , the Masters of the Cult of Transcendence prepare to cross the same bridge and join the same god.

To cross this bridge into the "Nightmare Mansion" involves walking a complex processional through the halls of the Manor as it exists in our world. Every room in the real-world mansion must be entered and exited in turn, in a particular order. Once this pattern is completed the gates open between this world and the mansion as it exists in the court of Azathoth. This procession is called "the Folding." Once the Folding is completed, the bridge between the Manor and its nightmare twin opens.

Unlike the real-world house, the nightmare mansion is lit by slow-burning oil lamps of all shapes and sizes. These are refilled or replaced only infrequently, meaning that much of the mansion is still dim or pitch black. Locked Plexiglas containers hold the lamps high up so that the Transcended Masters don't set the place alight (though this has happened on occasion regardless). Where the real-world mansion's windows are plastered over and sealed, the nightmare mansion's windows are simply boarded up from the inside. If one tries, it is possible to pull the boards down. To do so, as several of the Transcended Masters have from time to time, grants a wondrous view of the Court of Azathoth (SAN loss 1D20/1D100).

The nightmare mansion is more furnished than its real world counterpart. Some of its dozens of rooms have been locked for decades, and contain full furnishings including furniture, libraries, collections of curios, and the occasional shriveled corpse. The open rooms frequently have smashed furnishings and all smell terrible; the Transcended Masters have no concern with human toilet fastidiousness.

The grime and refuse of both mansions is not wholly unrelieved. There are a few rooms that, in one way or another, defy the general trend toward empty filth.

The Chapel

In both the Stockholm mansion and its nightmare twin there are extensive basements. The earthly realm basement is flooded, with pools of black water a foot deep in places. In the winter there are sometimes thick patches of smooth, frozen ice. While cold, disgusting and foul, the real-world basement cannot compare to the horrors to be found in its nightmare twin.

Viewed through blurry glasses by a deaf man with no sense of smell, the nightmare cellar would bear no small resemblance to a regular Christian wedding chapel. There are pews, an oblong form in one corner with tall straight pipes arising from it, and front and center a white-draped altar. Garlands of white hang in swags from the rafters, and a bouquet of flowers sprawls, lush, in the middle of the high table.

The details, of course, reveal the overblown revelry in ugliness that is the trademark Cult aesthetic. The white drapes aren't strings of flowers, they're fingernails—drawn out, bleached and carefully connected in blossom shapes. The flower shapes upon the altar are a nauseating mix of fresh-skinned flesh cunningly sewn into lilies and roses (white skin only, of course) and live insects somehow compelled to pose in cunning forms reminiscent of stems and leaves.

As for the organ that wheezes unearthly melodies in counterpoint to the chanting of the rites, it's alive. If anyone sane and schooled saw it, there could be a lively debate over whether it's some sort of extraterrestrial life form, or a bioengineered machine, or a sorcerous fusion of organ pipes with half-flayed pigs. In actual truth, it was human once: A family of five has simply been extruded through eleven dimensions so cunningly that it impinges upon the perceptible world as something that looks and sounds vaguely like a church organ.

(The white linen on the altar has a very high thread count but is otherwise unremarkable.)

While it seems like a blasphemous burlesque of Christianity, driving mockery far beyond humor, it is actually an honest homage designed and constructed by André de Tours just before his abdication of human feelings. He felt that he had finally come to grips with his Christian upbringing and wanted to preserve its value to him in a form his new sense could better appreciate. It's not an assault on Christianity. It's what passes for a sentimental tribute, and he protects it while he is still this side of Transcendence. No one disturbs it because they either dare not or care not.

The Library

There is also a library, the final stop in the Folding and therefore coexisting in both worlds. Though it's open, the brides and children

won't enter, and the Masters don't mess up anything there. The centerpiece is the original manuscript of *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep*, and the shelves hold many other occult texts. (See page 203 for the book's details.) What Agents who get this far are most likely to notice, however, are the "trophies." These include:

- A dressmaker's mannequin with an entire dried, human skin upon it. The skin is pale white and has a giant Elder Sign tattooed on the chest. (This poor fellow crossed the Cult in the Dreamlands a number of centuries ago. He was confident that his Elder Sign would defend him. This unfortunate's story might be mentioned in an occult text here or there; the details are up to the Keeper.)
- A chess set. The white pieces are human bones. The black pieces appear to be carved from some sort of glossy carapace with brownish highlights. It feels unnatural in the hand—it's not plastic or wood; it's something that wouldn't belong on Earth if you took it there.
- A bottle with a human soul in it. It appears empty, but anyone who looks at it for a long time feels like there's someone watching—a figure in the corner of their eye, the creak of a footstep from behind. The bottle itself is crystal, 13-sided, and sealed. If the soul is released it attempts to possess the Agent who released it, in order to wreak its revenge upon the Cult. (Roll a contest of POW 14 vs. the Agent's POW on the Resistance Table; if the Agent wins, he loses 1D6/1D20 SAN, but gains some insight into the Cult from the trapped spirit, at the Keeper's discretion. If he loses, the newly embodied soul attempts to purify the Mansion with fire. It's up to the Keeper whether the possessing soul can be exorcised with magic, Psychoanalysis, or smoke inhalation.)
- Some unworldly horror, stuffed and mounted. It's fantastically lifelike and faces right toward one of the main doors in a position of alien malevolence. 1D4/1D10 SAN to behold.
- A glass case of dried, pressed samples of plants unlike anything on Earth, including one gaturia cutting. (See page 207; it's completely dried out and magically useless, though.)
- A miniature model of R'lyeh, complete in every detail, including the unhealthy, unworldly angles. Anyone who examines the model in detail loses a point of Sanity, and if an individual sticks their fingers in it there's a 20% chance of having their arm pulled off by Something with STR 40.

The Bishops' Rooms

The destinations for the Gate spells allowing access by Bishops and their Acolytes are four chambers which, like the library, coexist on Earth and in the Nightmare Mansion. They are the private residences of the Bishops, almost never used but still an important symbol of their tie to Vagnoptus. If the Bishops dislike permitting the Acolytes to come and go through their rooms, they don't show it. If the rooms incite greater fear or contempt in the Acolytes, they don't show it either.

Roger Ash's Chamber

Roger G. Ash has a small chamber, completely white—white walls and ceiling, thin white carpet. It is immaculately clean, as opposed to most of the house. The door into it is chromed stainless steel.

It wouldn't stop a determined Master, but it keeps out the Brides and their children. Adjoining the bedroom is a private lavatory. It, too, is spotless. All the fixtures and appointments are completely white as well. The bathroom has a large sink, an enormous tub with its own hot water heater, and a bidet. Once a month, the Innocent enters the rooms and spends two days cleaning them—scrubbing every surface until it is all, totally clean.

Ash has no furniture in his room, and the closet has been plastered over smoothly. He spends few nights there, and when he does he sleeps on the floor.

Lionel Glass' Room

Lionel Glass also keeps his room immaculately clean, but there the similarity to Ash's chamber ends. Glass' room is full of antiques, all from the 1890s. Everything is in a precise location. The room appears odd, because while the house is not on a perfect north-south line, everything in this room is. Thus, while the desk forms a slight angle to the wall, it's parallel to everything else.

The carpet is a rich burgundy, and the room is paneled in a pleasant mahogany. Glass has a large collection of occult paraphernalia, much of which is here. It includes a well-restored slate Ouija board with crystal planchette; a gold pendulum with letters and numbers; and a substantial collection of occult tomes. They are arranged on their north-south shelves, not according to subject or author, but by color.

In addition to any tomes the Keeper wishes to add, the library contains the following volumes with genuine magical or Mythos lore (except as noted, specific spells, Mythos percentiles, and Sanity losses are as given in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook, or up to the Keeper):

- *Azathoth and Others* by Edward Derby, 1919. The original black binding has been replaced with a sturdy oxblood leather cover.
- *Le Roi en Jaune,* no year or author listed. This is apparently a handwritten transcription of a performance of the original French *King in Yellow*. The unnamed viewer ceases writing just before the last act. (This copy: Sanity loss 1D2/1D6; Cthulhu Mythos +4 percentiles.)
- *Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New-England Canaan* by Rev. Ward Phillips. This copy of the 1801 Boston edition has severe damage to the third chapter and the first half of the fourth, but elsewhere this tome contains a faithful copy of Rev. Phillips' annotations. (This copy: Sanity loss 1D2/1D4; Cthulhu Mythos +3 percentiles.)
- *The Tunneler Below* by Georg Reuter Fischer, 1936.
- *The Ilarnek Papyri,* photostatic copy; year and author unknown, marginal comments handwritten by Srinivasa Ramanujan. Shockingly, elements in the text most commonly interpreted as some form of musical notation are, in this edition, paralleled with geometric formulae by the great Indian mathematical genius. (This copy: Sanity loss 1D6/1D10; Cthulhu Mythos +9 percentiles.)

The closets contain clothes of the 1890s. In the privacy of the mansion, this is what Glass wears.

Nathan Harmati's Suite

Nathan Harmati's suite of rooms form a chapel of violence. In the first chamber of the series, the floor is concrete, with a sunken drain in the center. This is so the room can be cleaned with a hose after Harmati rips a person or animal to pieces in it. The walls and ceiling are concrete as well—gray and unadorned. In one corner hangs a well-used heavy punching bag. Its white cloth cover has dimmed with much use, and there are faded blood splashes and splatters all over it.

Walking through the gray room, one comes to Harmati's bedroom. The carpet here is red, and one wall is full of photographs of death and its engines—guillotines, war planes, mushroom clouds, and scenes from Nazi death camps. Harmati's bed, a king-sized waterbed with a genuine zebra skin on it, is against this wall. The wall opposite it is covered with guns and knives—everything from antique flintlocks and flamberge swords to the most modern automatic weapons with laser sights. Set into this wall is a door to Harmati's bathroom, which is just a bathroom. His closet is, similarly, unremarkable. The far side of the room, however, is the site of a bizarre sculpture. Flanked by the mansion's only unblocked windows (looking out onto Earth) is a conglomeration of bones, guns, knives, plaits of human hair, gold teeth, bayonets and about sixty half-melted red candles. It's a rough pyramid shape, with rifles serving as ribs. They're tied together at the top. There's a skull inside the pyramid, and a human pelvis bone with candles through the holes in it surmounts the whole thing.

Andrew St. Claire's Suite

Andrew St. Claire's room is lavishly furnished—an immense bed with a gilded headboard, silk sheets and feather pillows. The desk, chair and dresser once belonged to Warren G. Harding. The rug on the floor is a masterwork of Persian weaving—marred only by the stain from a pizza that was dropped on it and imperfectly cleaned.

In fact, such spills and stains sadly deface most all of St. Claire's valuable treasures and furnishings. His desk is buried under a

commingled mound of faxes, files, wrappers from ice cream bars, checks, photos, pork rind bags, maps and candy bar sleeves.

The room is cleaned periodically, but when St. Claire is in residence it is a mess. He allows no one else into his sanctum sanctorum when he is there, and he shows an utter disregard to all the opulence in which he resides.

Residents

Foremost among the residents of the Nightmare Mansion are the Transcended Masters, waiting to join their god Azathoth. Second are the Bishops who come to attend the Masters, or more rarely to perform the Final Marriage ceremony and elevate themselves to Master level. The Acolytes also attend the Transcended Masters, overseeing the activities of the eunuch servants who dwell there permanently.

The Masters roam at will, engaged in a variety of pursuits. Often they simply stare into the distance—or worse, out the mansion's windows, perhaps mentally charting the geography of the planet-sized entities orbiting the dark center of the cosmos. They may also be encountered wandering the halls, lost in thought, or talking to themselves in any of a variety of languages (some of which are human). Sometimes they self-injure, waiting to see what revelations emerge from the twisted healing of their bodies. On occasion, a Master is overcome by the need to experience humanity again, briefly, to remind himself of how far he has come. On these occasions, the Master in question may sob uncontrollably, or inflict pain on himself or on others. Sometimes he may murder a servant, or assault them with the terrible growths that have replaced some of his human flesh.

The resident servants of the Transcended Masters are either failed (or purged) Acolytes or troublesome foes of the Cult. All are male. They have been castrated and had their tongues cut out before being released to scurry through the halls of Vagnoptus Manor like vermin. They are mad but efficient, and are consumed with often-futile attempts to provide food, clothing, and diversions for their rulers.

These mad, mute castrati have average human stats, zero SAN, no skills to speak of and no spells. When attacked they scatter and flee—but they know the house well. When an intruder is most vulnerable they'll come out of hiding to murder and mutilate.

One Acolyte visits the mansion every day, taking care of day-to-day arrangements with the outside world for water, meals, and other supplies. Most Acolytes avoid contact with the Masters whenever possible; some from fear or disgust, but others out of awe. The Masters are so far beyond Henry Nemmers' understanding (for example) that just being in the same house humbles him, driving him to seek further truths and lunacies on his own.

Infesting the house to the exclusion of all other vermin are the scurrying Children of Nyarlathotep, spawned from heads severed and violated during the Greater Marriage. (This is described on page 209.) These beasts feed as best they can, occasionally dragging down a lone servant and feasting on him for weeks. Mostly they stay in the darkest, most remote corners of the house and await the rare instructions from their fathers.

Then there are the headless brides of the Greater Marriage. These sorry victims drift listlessly from room to room, dressed in blood-encrusted wedding gowns unchanged since the day of the ritual. These are the true guardians of the Masters, utterly loyal and unthinkingly brutal. Their resurrection has given them unnatural strength, near-invulnerability, and perceptions to replace lost eyes and ears. The sight of a bride padding softly out of a darkened hallway means near-certain death for intruders.

Child of Nyarlathotep — Lesser Servitor Race

"It was like a blood-covered giant snail, only with legs, white bony legs like a crab or an insect, and it had an eye, one brown eye that looked HUMAN!"

—Hans Donnerkvist, Ward 2 North, Stockholm

These repellent creatures are produced from Nyarlathotep's foul vitality acting upon dead human flesh. Each Child of Nyarlathotep is roughly fourteen inches long, and apparently composed of some supple, moist flesh that resembles brain matter. The Child skitters along on six legs that seem to be made of human finger bones. The body is a pulpy gray mass, behind which rears up a long tail that resembles nothing so much as a human tongue eight inches long. Set into the middle of this tongue is a single eye, human in appearance. The tip of the tongue opens like the mouth of a lamprey eel, revealing sharp human incisors. The Children of Nyarlathotep dwell in the nightmare version of Vagnoptus Manor in Stockholm.

char.	rolls	averages
STR	1D6	3-4
CON	1D6	3-4
SIZ	1D2	1-2
INT	2D6	7
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	4D6	14

HP: 3-4

Move: 10

SAN Loss: It costs 1/1D8 SAN to see a Child of Nyarlathotep

Armor: None

Damage Bonus: –1D6

Attacks: Poisonous Bite 50%, POT 16 liquefying venom

Skills: Sneak 65%, Track 65%

Spells: None

Note: The bite of a Child of Nyarlathotep is poisonous to human beings; it injects a toxin that causes tissue to liquefy on contact, creating gruesome, melting wounds. It only affects the race that the Child was bred from—in the case of those that serve the Cult, humans. (Children by different races would have different attributes.)

Bride of Nyarlathotep — Lesser Servitor Race

char.	rolls	averages
STR	3D6+12	22-23
CON	3D6+12	22-23
SIZ	1D6+6	9-10
INT	0	0
POW	1D3	2
DEX	3D6	10-11

HP: 16-17

Move: 8

SAN Loss: It costs 1D2/1D8 SAN to see a Bride of Nyarlathotep

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Attacks

Talons 50%, 1D3+1D4
Kick 25%, 1D3+1D4
Improvised Club 30%, 1D8+1D4

Armor

Undead, Brides are immune to the effects of drowning, suffocation, and shock. Impaling weapons do only 1 point of damage. Fire, electricity, blast effects and melee weapons do minimum damage.

Skills

Dodge 75% Listen 65% Spot Hidden 75%
Track 70%

Spells: None

Notes

The Brides of Nyarlathotep are the side effect of the Greater Marriage ritual of the Bishops. These creatures appear as exactly what they are: reanimated headless corpses of young women, dressed in dirty, tattered, bloodstained bridal gowns. After years in the Nightmare Mansion, those formerly virginal white lace creations are now a mottled grey covered with dark brown dried bloodstains. Their bodies show all the wear and tear of their time in the Nightmare Mansion since they do not heal, but neither do they decay. Most appear as month-old corpses, with cracked nails, loose grey skin, the overpowering stench of corruption, and a hideous neck stump.

The Brides move and sense with a preternatural ability as if all five of their senses continued to function perfectly despite their lack of a head. The Brides are as fast and agile as when they were alive. They attack using any sort of melee weapon available, as well as with their bare hands.

The number of Brides is linked to the number of Bishops (just over a dozen) that have existed since the Alta Vendita became the Cult of Transcendence. Over the decades there have been some casualties among the Brides, sometimes due to mindless altercations between them and the Transcended Masters. As a result of these violent outbursts many Brides have missing or crippled limbs, which can affect their ability to move and attack. One or two Brides have been torn limb from limb; their severed limbs still wander the halls at night engaged in unknowable tasks.

The Bishops

It takes a special type of man to go completely insane, as the four Bishops Harmati, Ash, Glass, and St. Claire have done, and still appear totally rational. The Bishops have less authority, theoretically, than the true Transcended Masters who are so far sunk into evil madness that they have forgotten their own names. But in the outside world, the Bishops are the real power in the Cult, making the day-to-day decisions and setting priorities. After all, when you're Transcending your humanity that much, you have little reason to give any orders outside the confines of your own skull. (Though,

of course, sometimes they still do.) Even when the Masters speak, it's the Bishops who interpret their words. Most often, they're the only ones who hear those words. In a way, this relationship is very much like the one between the Daemon Sultan Azathoth and Nyarlathotep, with the Transcended Masters playing the role of the all-powerful Blind Idiot God, and the Bishops acting as the Messenger who gives shape to the Outer God's will.

The four Bishops of the Cult of Transcendence are uniquely suited to their areas of responsibility. Their lives are models of wickedness, boldness, and vanity. Separately, each has drunk deeply of the vices offered by all four Sees and have now passed beyond. They still enjoy the pleasures of humanity, but indulge themselves only when they choose to do so—they possess a steely reserve (the outward appearance of their sociopathy) that governs all their actions and prevents them from falling prey to the failings of mere humans.

Their names are known to few, and save for the Acolytes, those few regard these four men with awe and respect. These four men and their eight aides know the truth of Vagnoptus. To everyone else who is aware of the Bishopric's existence, the Bishops are the Cult's ultimate authorities.

Roger G. Ash — Bishop of the See of Flesh, age 91

Race: Caucasian **Nationality:** American

STR 6	**CON 8**	**SIZ 11**	**INT 18**	**POW 23**
DEX 9	**APP 9**	**EDU 18**	**SAN 0**	**HP10**

Damage Bonus: +0

Education: Incomplete journalism studies at the University of Pennsylvania.

Occupation: Ash maintains his real-world life as an aging Beat Generation poet.

Skills

Bargain 55%	Credit Rating 99%	Cthulhu Mythos 99%
Fast Talk 80%	Feign Sanity 85%	Library Use 55%
Occult 70%	Persuade 80%	Pharmacy 60%
Art/Write Poetry 95%		

(All communications skills are reduced to 5% if Ash is having an aphasic fit. That includes his ability to feign sanity.)

Languages

English 99%	French 50%	
Secret Language of Nyarlathotep 55%		Swedish 75%

Attacks

Dread Curse of Azathoth – See spell description in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook.

Spells

Call/Dismiss Hastur	Ceremony of the Rose	Contact Nyarlathotep
Create Gate	Dread Curse of Azathoth	Gate of Changes

Powder of Ibn Ghazi	Road of Souls	Savage Glass
Summon/Bind Byakhee	Summon/Bind Dark Young	
Summon/Bind Hunting Horror		Voorish Sign

Physical Description

Roger Ash's dissolute life has been hard on his body. His drug-addled frame is withered and drawn. His skin is papery thin, his voice a raspy whisper. His eyes are sunken and rheumy. His nose hangs off his face like an over-ripe banana. His hands shake slightly.

History

Roger Ash was a poet in the '50s. A minor contemporary of Jack Kerouac and William S. Burroughs, Ash was known for coupling a bleak philosophy with verbal inventiveness and wit. Ginsberg dubbed him the Black Beat, which Burroughs shortened to "the Bleat." In 1975, Ash began noticing that his memory wasn't as sharp as it had formerly been. Words, which had always flown easily to his mind, came sluggishly. Soon he was unable to write poetry, because his vocabulary was failing. Roger Ash is aphasic—he has a brain disorder that uncouples words from their meaning. The loss of the ability to communicate clearly held thoughts is frustrating and terrifying to anyone. To a man who had made his living (and more importantly, created his entire identity) as a poet, the loss was devastating. Ash tried hypnosis, chemicals and folk healing for his condition. Nothing worked. In his desperation he turned to the occult and ultimately found his way to Nyarlathotep. The Messenger of the Outer Gods promised that it alone could ease Ash's suffering. The promise was kept, though in the poisoned fashion typical of the Crawling Chaos; Ash lost his pain because he lost all emotion, all ability to feel or empathize. He has become a hollow man, moved only by appetite and obedience, capable of any atrocity. At times he is still driven to create poetry, which is charged with such supernatural potency that it can shatter the mind of the reader.

Ash began his association with the Cult of Transcendence through the Brotherhood of the New Potential. As someone personally touched by the will of Nyarlathotep, he rose quickly and was soon an Acolyte of the See of Flesh. When the prior Bishop of the See, Carlos Sanriki, transcended, Ash quickly saw to the demise of his brother Acolyte and seized the position for himself. He has ruled as Bishop of the See of Flesh since 1991. He currently sates his ego as a member of the Secret Senate, trying to simultaneously build it into a cult of his own persona while keeping it true to the Cult's larger goals.

He has delayed the use of the Gate of Changes (see page 206) because he is clinging to the tatters of fame and prestige associated with his career as a poet. His failing health, however, may soon force a change to a new body. He has picked out several members of the Secret Senate that might fit his needs and simultaneously stroke his ego.

Experiencing Roger Ash

The most distracted of the Bishops, Ash is more likely than others to experience spatial and temporal distortions (see page 177) and less likely to notice them. (Harmati has noticed this and is consumed with envy, worrying that Ash is going to the final reward before him.)

Like all Bishops, Ash's presence creates a signature cognitive distortion. In his case, anyone who is looking at him notices a pair of half-seen gray circles in the periphery of their visual field, circles that move as the viewer's point of focus shifts, so that they can never be looked at directly. Furthermore, a blurry pyramidal blob is suddenly noticeable at the very bottom of the field of view. It takes only a second to recognize this shape as the viewer's own nose.

What's happening with the nose helps illuminate what's happening with the gray circles. Your nose is always in view. Your brain ignores it because those data are superfluous, though you can choose to look at the side of your nose if you want. Similarly, those gray circles are the eye's natural blind spots, patches with no light receptors because it's where the nerve connects. Every human brain has a set of neural instructions that "wallpaper over" those blind spots, giving the illusion of an unbroken field of vision. But looking on Ash, that piece of brain chemical software crashes, making something that was always there visible for the first time. Realizing that your brain's firmware is misbehaving costs 0/1 SAN. Attaching this effect to a person costs an additional 0/1d6 SAN.

Andrew St. Claire — Bishop of the See of Hate, age 74

Race: Caucasian **Nationality:** American

STR 9	**CON 10**	**SIZ 18**	**INT 16**	**POW 22**
DEX 15	**APP 10**	**EDU 17**	**SAN 0**	**HP 14**

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Education: Cambridge (Second in Classics), M.B.A. Yale School of Management

Occupation: Financier and Stock Market Manipulator

Skills

Accounting 83%	Bargain 80%	Computer Use 30%
Credit Rating 99%	Cthulhu Mythos 99%	Drive Automobile 45%
Fast Talk 45%	Feign Sanity 90%	Law 55%
Listen 35%	Occult 70%	Persuade 80%
Psychology 82%	Spot Hidden 45%	

Languages

English 99%	French 50%	German 60%
Secret Language of Nyarlathotep 70%		Swedish 80%

Attacks

Shrivelling – See spell description in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook.

Spells

Ceremony of the Rose	Contact Astom Niturba	
Contact Niot Abur Am'st	Contact Nyarlathotep	Create Gate
Gate of Changes	Powder of Ibn Ghazi	Road of Souls
Savage Glass	Shrivelling	
Summon/Bind Dark Young	Summon/Bind Hunting Horror	
Summon/Bind Byakhee	Voice of Ra	Voorish Sign

Physical Description

St. Claire is corpulently fat, the kind of fat that doesn't look jolly. It hangs on his bones like bags of wet sand, holding him to the Earth. He stands 5"6', weighs in at 320 pounds and has a full head of white hair. His movements are slow and careful, not graceful, but meticulous. His heavy-lidded green eyes move with a lazy disdain.

History

Raised in surroundings of luxury and wealth, Andrew St. Claire's childhood was emotionally barren. His absentee parents treated him as little more than another furnishing, something to stand with them in their family portraits, but invisible and inaudible at all but public functions. All his life he was directed to achieve material success and external justification—and he has. None of it, however, has ever quenched his hunger. Unable to get the love he lacked as a child, St. Claire was constantly reaching for that next reward, always seeking external justification that could never satisfy his inner emptiness. Since everything he ever desired came to him unchallenged (with that one critical exception), he never developed the capacity to value anything. His parents had joined the Exalted Circle; St. Claire was a legacy member. One of the Guardians saw his pain and its potential, and offered him recruitment into the Cult as a way to fulfill both. All it would cost was his humanity, something St. Claire had never valued in the first place. St. Claire sometimes wonders if he would have enjoyed murdering his loveless parents more if he had not bargained away his soul. It is the closest thing to a regret he has ever felt.

After serving the Exalted Circle for twenty years, St. Claire applied his entrepreneurial gifts to recruitment. He co-opted a wide variety of groups, including Operation New Day, and made the step up to Acolyte of the See of Greed. He served his Bishop well and survived several attempts by rival Acolytes to kill him. Most believed he would succeed Cervelli as the Bishop of Greed as soon as the avaricious old monster joined the Transcended Masters. When Guillaume Broche, the Bishop of the See of Hate, transcended in 1975, however, St. Claire saw his opportunity. He approached the two Acolytes who were dueling for the open position and promised to aid each one of them against the other, in exchange for help against Andrew's rival Acolyte in the See of Greed. Not surprisingly, neither Acolyte of Hate survived to become Bishop. For that matter, neither did St. Claire's brother Greed Acolyte. Even more amazing was that he beat Nathan Harmati to the punch and stole the position out from under him.

St. Claire has been a particularly good choice for Bishop of the See of Hate, since he is so little ruled by his own hatreds. He has used the See of Hate with the cool dispassion of a chess master, maneuvering the pieces across the board as best serves the overall goals of the Cult. He is acutely aware of Nathan Harmati's jealousy and desire to take control of the See of Hate for himself. While none of the Bishops have any love for one another, Glass and Ash both prefer to see St. Claire in charge of the See of Hate and support him in any confrontation with Harmati.

Experiencing Andrew St. Claire

Of all the Bishops, Andrew St. Claire seems least likely to experience spatial offsetting as a result of his Lesser Marriage (see page 208), though he is as loosely coupled to time as everyone else who has performed the ceremony. He can force himself through an angle if he needs to, but he never needs to, and given his sedentary habits, it's hard to imagine him exploring hyperspace just from curiosity.

His Greater Marriage left him distorting the collective unconscious the same way the First made him a warp in space-time. In his case, he lucked out, as the neural switch that happens near him usually operates to his mild benefit.

It all has to do with evolved biological circuitry and instinctive reactions. Almost all humans have a hard-wired emotional response to young children and other animals with eyes and heads that are large in proportion to their bodies. Simply put, we find creatures in that category "cute." Puppies, kittens, infants, E.T., Precious Moments figurines—all fit the recipe and tend to make your feelings soften in spite of yourself. They're adorable.

A similar instinct is to ostracize and avoid those whose appearance is radically different from our own. This is a root (though by no means the only or most prominent one) to the racism that provides so much opportunity to St. Claire's See. Gorillas shy away from the mangy ape with discolored eyes and missing teeth. Humans look away from the dirty tramp on the subway station.

When within ten feet of Andrew St. Claire, these instincts get reversed. Suddenly, those who are outside morphological norms—the maimed, the scarred, the diseased and (luckily for St. Claire) the repulsively obese all become "cute." Cute things become a little unsettling. This cognitive dissonance costs 1/1d6 SAN.

Sometimes, St. Claire likes to toy with people who are affected by this field. He enjoys watching people curl their lips in unexpected disgust at their own children or loved ones.

Lionel Glass — Bishop of the See of Greed, age 160

Race: Caucasian (same as his current body)
Nationality: British (his pirated body's nationality is American)

STR 11	**CON 9**	**SIZ 11**	**INT 18**	**POW 25**
DEX 12	**APP 10**	**EDU 17**	**SAN 0**	**HP10**

Damage Bonus: None

Education: King's College, London; First in Law

Occupation: Lionel Glass has no occupation outside the Cult. His hijacked body was an Exalted Circle brother named Darren French, who had just completed law school.

Skills

Accounting 80%	Bargain 70%	Credit Rating 99%
Cthulhu Mythos 99%	Feign Sanity 80%	First Aid 45%
Forgery 65%	History 60%	Law 60%
Library Use 75%	Medicine 40%	Occult 75%
Persuade 75%	Spot Hidden 65%	Yithian Tech. 30%

Languages

English 99%, French 45%, German 50%, Secret Language of Nyarlathotep 60%, Spanish 45%, Swedish 60%

Attacks

Summon/Bind Star Vampire – Glass owns a meteorite-and-brass stickpin on which the spell has been engraved in microscopic handwriting. It is enchanted with 10 points of POW (+100% to spell casting), and the material of the meteorite allows the spell to be cast under cloudy skies or at night.

Spells

Command Ghost	Command Rats	Command Snakes
Contact Cthulhu	Contact Deep One	Contact Ghoul

Contact Nyarlathotep	Contact Star-Spawn of Cthulhu	Contact Yig
Contact Yithian	Create Gate	Gate of Changes
Road of Souls	Savage Glass	
Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler		
Summon/Bind Hunting Horror		
Summon/Bind Fire Vampire	Summon/Bind Star Vampire	Voorish Sign

Physical Description

Lionel Glass' most recent pirated body is a nondescript young man, about twenty-five years of age, picked out for health rather than beauty. Glass tends to abuse his bodies through neglect, so this most recent body has become pale and scrawny. He has dry blue eyes and lifeless, limp blonde hair. Glass fidgets constantly, fussily rearranging small objects to eliminate right angles. He often wears a surgical mask, and his hands are always raw from scrubbing.

History

Lionel Glass was a London merchant in the 1880s. He was successful, mainly because of his meticulous bookkeeping and insistence on order in all his dealings. As he aged, Glass began to exhibit what modern medicine would recognize as OCBs—Obsessive/Compulsive Behaviors. Today's neurologists theorize that there is a neurotransmitter that gives the sense of finality and closure. People who don't produce enough of this never feel done with anything. Thus, they wash their hands until they bleed, without feeling clean. They go back and check fifty times to make sure the iron is unplugged when they leave. After the first check they intellectually know it is unplugged, but they just can't get rid of that nagging sense of the undone task. In the 1880s, there was no explanation. Glass was a compulsive washer, and still is to this day. (Though freed from his original body's neurological damage, Glass still feels a habitual compulsion to fidget, count, and wash.) He interpreted his yearning, however, in a spiritual sense. He searched for meaning and satisfying faith, finding nothing. In his desperation, he turned to mysticism.

Joining a group called the Lamplighters, he was told that the secrets of time and space would be his, if only he would pledge his obedience. He did and was granted the privilege of being the vessel of a Yithian scout exploring Victorian London. Over the next several decades, Glass routinely participated in rituals that allowed alien beings to pilot his body and those of other Lamplighters. He served his alien masters well for a time, but still could not shake terrible dread that he would never be able to have any sense of completion outside the grave. In 1926, agents of the Cult of Transcendence approached Glass, who had risen high in the ranks of the Lamplighters, and asked for his help delivering the organization into the hands of the Crawling Chaos. The Cult of Transcendence promised that initiation into its mysteries would lead to the obliteration of all human yearnings and questions. Glass readily betrayed his fellow Lamplighters and their Yithian masters. His treachery gave him access to Acolyte status inside the Cult. Since then, he has passed through the Gate of Changes to shed an ill or aging body on several occasions.

Experiencing Lionel Glass

In addition to the expected space and time phenomena associated with completing the First Marriage (see page 208), Lionel Glass' mystic disjunction from normal human consciousness distorts the brain functioning of those around him as well. It's a subtle effect, and unless something calls attention to it, many experience the change (and the change back) without even noticing.

Right-handed people become left-handed when they're within ten feet of Lionel Glass. Lefties become right-handed. This change of dominance is so smooth and instinctive that many fish out their keys, light cigarettes and blow their noses with the "wrong" hand without a moment's conscious thought. It takes a Spot Hidden check to notice this alteration, and the check is at -10% if there is only oneself to observe. Catching on costs 1/1d4 SAN.

Nathan Harmati — Bishop of the See of Fear, age 109

Race: South Asian (originally mixed South Asian/Black)
Nationality: British

STR 13	**CON 13**	**SIZ 12**	**INT 15**	**POW 24**
DEX 15	**APP 13**	**EDU 15**	**SAN 0**	**HP13**

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Education: None beyond mission school

Occupation: Harmati maintains no occupation outside his service to the Cult. Neither does the body he possesses.

Skills

Climb 80%	Conceal 55%	Credit Rating 99%
Cthulhu Mythos 99%	Demolitions 40%	Disguise 45%
Feign Sanity 70%	Hide 50%	Jump 65%
Listen 65%	Locksmith 40%	Martial Arts 75%
Sneak 50%	Spot Hidden 65%	Throw 65%

Languages

English 60%	Hindi 40%	
Secret Tongue of Nyarlathotep 55%		Swedish 45%

Attacks

Glock 9mm Automatic 70%, 1D10

Fist/Punch 75%, 2D3 + 1D4 with Martial Arts

Filleting knife 60%, 1D4+2+1D4

Uzi SMG 65%, 1D10

Just about any other weapon, base chance +1d20%

Spells

Ceremony of the Rose	Contact Nyarlathotep	Create Gate
Devolution	Dissolve Skeleton	Gate of Changes
Road of Souls	Savage Glass	Shrivelling
Summon/Bind Dark Young	Summon/Bind Hunting Horror	
Voorish Sign		

Physical Description

Harmati's ancient, jaded intelligence currently rests in the stolen body of his great-grand-nephew, a 26-year-old Indian man, also named Nathan Harmati. This Nathan Harmati stands 5"10' and weighs in at 170 pounds. His eyes and shoulder length hair gleam with an almost obsidian blackness. His features would be considered handsome if not for the anger twisting and distorting his muscles and skin into a mask of fathomless hate.

History

Nathan Harmati was born unwanted, the child of an Indian girl from Bombay. His father, a Jamaican merchant seaman, fled when his mother became pregnant. She never married, and was under tremendous stress during her pregnancy. The stress, compounded with a long and difficult labor, killed her. Nathan was raised by a grandmother who felt that she had unwillingly exchanged a beloved daughter for a bastard half-caste grandson. No matter how hard young Nathan tried, nothing was ever good enough—his grandparents could never forgive him for being born. If he had been a full blooded Hindustani, that could have been forgivable, but instead he was a constant reminder of what they considered his mother's disgraceful behavior. Nathan's rage surfaced early, and provided his grandfather an eagerly-sought excuse to give Nathan frequent, severe beatings. Nathan left home at 14. A young boy on his own, Nathan was vulnerable, and was preyed upon throughout his teen years. By the age of 18, Harmati was a hardened drifter. His emotions were almost completely shut off—except for the wrath. While working as a longshoreman in Mombasa, Harmati read a Church of Interlife pamphlet: "Aren't you tired of a life you can't change?" Wanting nothing more than to take charge of his life, Nathan joined the Church, and took charge of it as well.

Recruiting a cadre of people who like him hated the world and wanted to change it, Harmati built his power base within the Church until he became High Elder in 1933. He immediately launched a program of occult warfare and expansion, both against other "self-actualizing" cults and sects in Depression-era America, and more importantly against the rival dark powers of the Dreamlands. His lengthy war with Dwight Reynolds attracted the attention of Egbert Sharpe, Bishop of Hate, who recruited Harmati as his Acolyte in 1940. After Sharpe Transcended in 1945, Harmati spent 30 years plotting the overthrow of his new Bishop, Guillaume Broche, but was out-maneuvered by then-Acolyte of Greed Andrew St. Claire when Broche Transcended in his turn. Harmati seized the next open Bishopric, the See of Fear, in 1979, following a particularly bloody and costly internal battle. No fewer than six Acolytes were killed or neutered during the scorched-earth contest. Harmati's survival was a matter of both skill and luck; he brought the Church of Interlife into his new See from Hate to protect his power base from his rival, St. Claire.

Nevertheless, Harmati is deeply frustrated that he was cheated out of Hate. He covets that See as the necessary weapon for his own personal war of vengeance against the world. Even if it means killing the other Bishops, destroying the Cult, or snuffing out the Transcended Masters, Nathan Harmati will be avenged for having been born.

Experiencing Nathan Harmati

Harmati passed through the Gate of Changes in 1960, stealing the body of his own grand-nephew. He passed through again in 1991, hijacking the body of his grand-nephew's youngest son. The time- and space-shifting abilities unlocked by his transition to Acolyte (see page 208) made a deadly man even more dangerous, but fortunately for any Agents, Harmati's next Marriage (see page 209) did nothing to make him more of a threat. It's just that anyone within about ten feet of him cannot perceive the color green.

This is not mere perceptual blindness (though it's that too—green objects look gray). Rather, the part of the brain that registers, recalls, and imagines "green" is temporarily shut down. While in the effect, the character might recognize the word "green" if spoken, but won't be able to think of it on his own. He cannot visually imagine that there is, or ever was, a "green."

Moreover, this cognitive paralysis is so sudden and complete that it's difficult to notice. If someone is looking right at a green object when Harmati leaves his presence, there's a moment of jarring surprise before the brain readjusts. Otherwise, it requires a Spot Hidden roll to realize that something's a little bit off when Harmati is around, and another Spot Hidden after separating from him to pin down exactly what the change was. Those who don't worry about it or discuss it with others tend to dismiss the phenomenon as a momentary aberration, and it's quickly forgotten—like the strangeness of dreams. But those who take it seriously can find it very creepy indeed, and the first time it recurs after the initial exposure can force a SAN roll with a 1/1d4 loss.

The Acolytes

An international occult conspiracy can't be micro-managed. Hence, each Bishop has a pair of Acolytes who run errands, take care of business and come in about once a week to mop up after the Transcended Masters.

While being in the third rank of command for the powerful Cult of Transcendence has its perks, the Bishops are well aware that their Acolytes are hardly serving out of loyalty and team spirit. The disciplinary methods differ from Bishop to Bishop, but they are all extreme. The turnover rate among Acolytes is high. Very few last more than a couple of years. Most end up as castrated, near-lobotomized attendants for the Transcended Masters in Stockholm, or dead at their colleagues' hands.

By the time they realize the hazards of their position, they're in place and have to make the best of it. That said, most Acolytes consider themselves exceptional and really don't see how the short life expectancy of others at their level applies to them. Each of them thinks he'll be the one who bucks the odds, wins the prize and moves up to the next level, because they can clearly see how much more they have to offer than those other shit-stupid assholes.

Engvald Brasseur — Acolyte of Hate, age 68

Race: Caucasian **Nationality:** Belgian

STR 12	**CON 11**	**SIZ 11**	**INT 15**	**POW 18**
DEX 6	**APP 5**	**EDU 16**	**SAN 3**	**HP 11**

Damage Bonus: +0

Education: B.A. in Psychology, University of Brussels

Occupation: Motivational Speaker, former lobbyist for the European Economic Community

Skills

Accounting 70%	Bargain 65%	Credit Rating 85%
Cthulhu Mythos 45%	Drive Auto 45%	Fast Talk 75%
Occult 65%	Persuade 80%	Psychology 75%

Languages

English 80%	Flemish (own) 80%	French 80%
German 80%		

Attacks

Browning FN 9mm Auto 55%, 1D10

Hypergeometric Sending 36%, sends target out of a random angle within a one-mile radius. The target takes 1d8 damage, arrives confused, and loses 1/1d8 SAN.

Special

Loose Perception of Time: Acolytes can make Luck rolls to foresee ambushes or to give a +10% bonus to DEX or Dodge in a crisis.

Hypergeometric Escape: Brasseur has a 36% chance of entering any geometric angle and teleporting to another angle within a one-mile radius. Witnessing his departure or arrival costs 1/1d6 SAN. Brasseur takes 1d8 damage when he travels this way and arrives disoriented.

Physical Description

Brasseur is squat and has hair that mixes brown with pepper-gray. His loose, pale skin is punctuated with moles and birthmarks, and tends to arrange itself into rolls and wattles. His bulging eyes are watery and brown. He is an impeccable dresser, however.

History

Engvald was born in 1944, while Belgium still lay beneath the Nazi boot. His parents were members of the Réseau de Résistance, who fought bravely against the invaders until the country was liberated later that year. The Brasseurs embraced the ideals of the new Europe and welcomed the introduction of America as a player on the European political stage. They saw America's rising power after the defeat of fascism. They did their best to raise their son Engvald to embrace these same views. So it was no wonder that he grew up to be an unhappy, jealous man, envious of the United States, suspicious of its role in international affairs, and dismissive of it as a wasteland devoid of culture, civilization and manners. Underlying his education and career choices were always his massive inferiority complex concerning America and Belgium's relation to it. This inferiority complex, however, is probably what drove him to be such an incredible over-achiever.

Engvald was inducted into the Exalted Circle at University in Brussels. He saw it as a way to have real influence, to be a player on the international stage. With the help of other Exalted Circle brethren across Europe, he and his fellows lobbied to ensure the success of the European Economic Community. For Engvald the EEC was a way to regain control of Europe from American hegemony; a way to economically put America back in its place. Its evolution into the European Union was just icing on the cake.

Engvald was an associate of St. Claire both in business and in the Exalted Circle. The pair of them competed, long ago, for a Sentinel position. St. Claire won out and Brasseur tried to kill him at least seven times, partly out of spite, but mostly because he couldn't stand being bested by an American. Brasseur had to abandon his attacks after St. Claire was promoted to the Cult of Transcendence.

For his part, St. Claire was doubly impressed when Brasseur managed to dodge the assassination attempts St. Claire launched in retaliation. In 1975, St. Claire claimed Brasseur as an Acolyte largely to keep the bastard close at hand. It has been made abundantly clear to Brasseur that, unlike the Circle, the Cult of Transcendence is not an organization where killing one's superior is really tolerated. Brasseur can do what he likes to his fellow Acolytes, but the full weight of

the entire Cult would come crashing down on him if he was even suspected of making a move against a Bishop like St. Claire. (Or so says St. Claire, anyway. Nathan Harmati might have a different interpretation.)

Engvald has therefore become that rarest of creatures in the Cult: a long-lived Acolyte. This is due in part to his cunning, in part to luck, and in part to his fame: Killing an E.U. minister is a bit harder to engineer than the death of a mobster or professional occultist. Moreover, St. Claire has shielded him directly on occasion, out of his own obscure motives. He undoubtedly finds Brasseur useful. He probably enjoys rubbing Engvald's nose in it. More, there's probably a perverse camaraderie in play. St. Claire hates Brasseur in a comfortable, predictable way. If Engvald died, he'd have to develop a new and different hatred. Frankly, St. Claire's just too goddamn lazy.

Despite his clumsiness and nearly repellent features, Brasseur is a minor celebrity in the E.U. He is possessed of a highly charged and dynamic personality—a natural air of authority that many find compelling. He has written several books on succeeding in business (none of which include the advice "join a diabolical conspiracy") and the future of a united Europe in world history. (Turkey need not apply.) His high-priced lecture tours are always packed, and his skill at making anti-Muslim sentiments seem rational and liberal have kept his star rising.

His fragile sanity takes the form of an inverse paranoia with anyone of European descent, as long as that person is not involved in the Cult (wittingly or no). Everything done by a white-skinned non-cultist receives the best possible interpretation from Engvald. He knows in his heart that believing in goodness and decency is unsupportable, but some part of him still longs for it. Therefore, he projects naïvety onto everyone he doesn't automatically fear or viscerally despise. If and when his SAN bottoms out, the nation of Belgium is going to experience a spate of elaborate torture murders of foreign-national prostitutes.

Tomas Heche — Acolyte of Hate, age 33

Race: Caucasian **Nationality:** Austrian

STR 7	**CON 8**	**SIZ 11**	**INT 15**	**POW 16**
DEX 13	**APP 9**	**EDU 12**	**SAN 8**	**HP 10**

Damage Bonus: +0

Education: Attended Gymnasium (high school) in Linz, Austria

Occupation: Black marketeer, arms dealer and budding political mover and shaker.

Skills

Accounting 50%	Bargain 45%	Conceal 65%
Credit Rating 75%	Cthulhu Mythos 20%	Dodge 40%
Drive 30%	Fast Talk 65%	First Aid 30%
Hide 50%	History 45%	Occult 65%
Persuade 65%	Psychology 25%	Sneak 40%

Languages

Danish 15%	English 40%	German 60%

Attacks

Glock 9mm Pistol 66%, 1D10

Steyr AUG Assault Rifle 60%, 2D6

Fist/Punch 65%, 1D8 (brass knuckles)

Hypergeometric Sending 32%, sends target out of a random angle within a one-mile radius. The target takes 1d8 damage, arrives confused, and loses 1/1d8 SAN.

Special

Loose Perception of Time: Acolytes can make Luck rolls to foresee ambushes or to give a +10% bonus to DEX or Dodge in a crisis.

Hypergeometric Escape: Heche has a 32% chance of entering any geometric angle and teleporting to another angle within a one-mile radius. Witnessing his departure or arrival costs 1/1d6 SAN. Heche takes 1d8 damage when he travels this way and arrives disoriented.

Physical Description

Tomas Heche is a lean, nondescript man of medium height with brown eyes and dishwater blonde hair. He is usually dressed in jeans, combat boots and a surplus Austrian army fatigue jacket, but for important meetings he can present a Fortune 500 look. He has a knife scar on his left forearm from a long-ago pricing dispute. His left ear is constantly hidden under a bandage, which in turn he covers with a hat or his hair.

History

A veteran of the Austrian army, Heche made his fortune in his homeland selling neo-Nazi literature on the black market and smuggling guns across Europe, especially into the war-torn remnants of the former Yugoslavia just to the south of Austria. A charismatic speaker with a knack for organization (as well as arranging hate crimes against Pakistani, Indian, and Turkish immigrants), Heche has earned himself a position within the far Right in Austria. Brasseur approached him at St. Claire's behest after the 7/7 London bombings. They discussed the organization of a multinational anti-Semitic/anti-Muslim organization to create terror throughout Europe. Heche almost seemed like the perfect neo-Nazi, but Brasseur saw something deeper in him and abruptly said "You'd be just as willing to build a violent hate group for the blacks, wouldn't you?" Heche nearly denied it, then shrugged and said "If the money was good." Heche has always been more mercenary than zealot. It just so happens that he has an aptitude for finding out what it is people most hate and fear and then making a buck off their loathing. With skills like that, Heche was the kind of man the Cult could use.

Brasseur proposed Heche to St. Claire as "a man with practical attitudes" and suggested that there must be room for him in one of the Cult's operations. St. Claire did Brasseur one better and took Heche as an Acolyte in 2007, murdering the previous Acolyte to make room. Relations between the two Acolytes have deteriorated since then, with Brasseur jealously competing with the "wunderkind." This is almost assuredly what St. Claire had in mind. Since then, Heche and St. Claire have worked closely together to arm Islamists within Europe, thereby hoping to fuel and ride a backlash.

While a jaded and cynical man when it comes to violence and manipulation, Heche wasn't ready for his house-sitting duties as an Acolyte. The first time he entered the shadow side of Vagnoptus Manor, a Master (Vincenzo Cervelli, to be exact) sidled shyly up to

him and said, "You're new? Oh, I like you very much." Then, giggling, he had his Bride seize Heche and hold him motionless while he bit off Heche's ear. "I fantasized about you on my wedding night," he whispered, before fleeing deeper into the mansion.

The finest doctors of Europe have examined that injury and concluded that there's some sort of necrotizing bacterial infection preventing it from healing. Luckily, it doesn't seem contagious or prone to spread farther into his body, but removing all the affected tissue would take off half of Heche's face. He's decided to put off anything that drastic, for the time being, but the injury has caused him to avoid appearing in public with his left ear uncovered.

Heche has neo-Nazi interests beyond the Cult of Transcendence. He has worked on and off again with agents of that occult-steeped Nazi cabal known as the Karotechia, which he believes to be a successor organization to the now defunct ODESSA. Heche isn't sharing all he knows with St. Claire. After all, someday these ODESSA contacts could prove a valuable trump card when Heche makes his move to supplant the Bishop.

Heche's failing sanity presents itself through dentophobia. Capable of cold killing, Heche can't hear someone snap their teeth together without flinching. He hasn't been to the dentist in years, opting instead to brush and floss four or five times a day, to the point that some of his teeth have begun to crumble from having the enamel worn off. (He pulled those himself and buried them with certain ceremonies.) Confronted with a biting enemy, even a small dog, Heche loses his shit. He attacks any biter with overwhelming force, ignoring anything else going on until the chomping stops. When he zilches his SAN, he's going to pull out all his own teeth and insist that anyone who speaks with him wear a veil.

Lyle William Ramshaw — Acolyte of Fear, age 77

Race: Caucasian **Nationality:** American

STR 7	**CON 11**	**SIZ 15**	**INT 13**	**POW 18**
DEX 15	**APP 11**	**EDU 15**	**SAN 5**	**HP 13**

Damage Bonus: +0

Education: High school dropout, but with a great deal of autodidactic knowledge.

Occupation: Body shop worker/tow truck driver (retired)

Skills

Bargain 25%	Conceal 35%	Credit Rating 65%
Cthulhu Mythos 80%	Dreaming 70%	Dream Lore 80%
Drive Auto 55%	Electrical Repair 40%	Fast Talk 65%
Hide 50%	History 40%	Library Use 65%
Listen 55%	Mechanical Repair 60%	Medicine 35%
Natural History 30%	Occult 85%	Persuade 65%
Poison 55%	Psychology 45%	Ride 75%
Sneak 60%	Spot Hidden 55%	

Languages

English 95% Secret Language of Nyarlathotep 40%

Attacks

Grapple 80%

Filleting Knife 80%, 1D6

Hypergeometric Sending 36%, sends target out of a random angle within a one-mile radius. The target takes 1d8 damage, arrives confused, and loses 1/1d8 SAN.

Special

Loose Perception of Time: Acolytes can make Luck rolls to foresee ambushes or to give a +10% bonus to DEX or Dodge in a crisis.

Hypergeometric Escape: Ramshaw has a 36% chance of entering any geometric angle and teleporting to another angle within a one-mile radius. Witnessing his departure or arrival costs 1/1d6 SAN. Ramshaw takes 1d8 damage when he travels this way and arrives disoriented.

Spells

Bind Soul	Brew Dream Drug	Cloud Memory
Deflect Harm	Dominate	Dream Vision
Send Dreams	Snare Dreamer	Wandering Soul
Wrack		

Special Abilities

In the waking world, Lyle is immune from the effects of pain or shock. He still takes damage, of course, but never has to make CON rolls to stay conscious despite receiving critical amounts of damage.

Physical Description

Lyle's rheumy blue eyes, bald and liver-spotted head and withered frame make him look harmless. He has a good set of dentures, and his usual expression is an "aw-shucks" friendly grin. He's short and skinny, but with a potbelly.

History

The Church of Interlife recruited Lyle at the behest of the then-Bishop of Fear, Dwight Reynolds. In the Dreamlands, Lyle is a particularly active, powerful, and twisted dreamer. The hollowness of his soul and the foulness of his murders and blasphemies ultimately transformed him. In the Dreamlands he now appears as a floating, empty cloak with a black hood. He stalks and harasses dreamers, playing with them like a cat toying with a mouse until he finally engulfs and destroys them in a symphony of terror. So many people fell victim to the Empty Hood that a few psychological treatises were written in the waking world about "black, consuming capes" as archetypal dream symbols.

When the Church of Interlife finally found Lyle's physical body, they learned that his nocturnal assaults were only the sleeping image of his daytime pursuits. Using poison, guile and the spells he learned in the Dreamlands, Lyle had abducted, raped, killed and eaten more than seventeen victims. Children are a particular favorite, but he has taken young women when the opportunity has presented itself. Furthermore, through his Dreamlands powers he somehow developed an ability to keep their souls alive after death, imprisoned in torment within the Empty Hood. Those travelers in the Dreamlands about to be engulfed and devoured might be "lucky" enough to catch a glimpse of these seventeen "soul slaves" still woven to him as the Empty Hood closes around them. Hieronymus Bosch's images of the inferno are nothing to Lyle's fantastically perverse imagination.

Should he need to, Lyle can permanently destroy one of his soul slaves to temporarily gain 10 POW, which lasts for 24 hours unless

used up in casting spells. He is reluctant to do this, however. Keeping them around to suffer makes him feel powerful and masculine. Maintaining the illusion of potency is particularly important for Lyle since he lost his genitals to prostate cancer two decades ago. He has to use a catheter to urinate.

Lyle serves Harmati as a Dreamlands hitman. When the Cult needs a dreamer destroyed, the Empty Hood gets the job. Lyle is armed with several other dreaming-related sorceries that the Cult has found very useful. When not dreaming, puttering around his rural home, beating his dogs, or planning petty and sadistic abuses of his neighbors, Lyle is planning to add the next "soul slave" to his retinue. He is a meticulous and careful psychopath and has yet to make a mistake that could lead to suspicion falling on him. Capably aided by the Cult, he now targets only children, though he misses the days when he could trick and overcome them himself.

Despite being a powerful and predatory force in the Dreamlands, Lyle is a quavering coward in the waking world. Harmati enjoys beating him when they meet: Lyle whimpers and squeals for mercy, despite being insensate to pain. Lyle has the ability to channel the pain he feels to his "soul slaves" so they can feel it for him. His preferred soul slave for this is a woman named Annette Jenkins, his very first victim.

As his sanity erodes, Lyle is losing his ability to differentiate between waking and dream. When it bottoms out, he'll probably die after a leap from a height, expecting to float gracefully along as the Empty Hood would.

The Empty Hood

Lyle Ramshaw's Dreamlands Alter Ego

STR 18	**CON 18**	**SIZ 18**	**INT 13**	**POW 18**
DEX 15	**APP N/A**	**EDU 19**	**SAN 5**	**HP 18**

Damage Bonus: N/A

SAN Loss: 1/1D4

Attacks

Grapple/Engulf 80% – Following a successful Grapple, the Empty Hood makes a STR vs. STR roll against the target. If the target loses, it is engulfed and devoured by the Empty Hood, suffering a 1D8/1D20 SAN loss and permanently losing the ability to enter the Dreamlands.

Special Movement: The Empty Hood moves by flying at 16 per turn.

Chas Antoniwicz — Acolyte of Fear, age 39

Race: Caucasian **Nationality:** American

STR 15	**CON 15**	**SIZ 14**	**INT 16**	**POW 18**
DEX 15	**APP 17**	**EDU 16**	**SAN 11**	**HP15**

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Education: B.A. in Economics from Harvard, J.D. from Stanford Law.

Occupation: Legal consultant; partner, Antoniwicz, Blackbell & Morse

Skills

Accounting 40%	Bargain 25%	Climb 80%
Credit Rating 75%	Dodge 40%	Drive 40%
First Aid 40%	Forensics 50%	Hide 65%
Law 75%	Library Use 45%	Locksmith 60%
Occult 25%	Persuade 55%	Psychology 25%
Sneak 55%	Throw 65%	

Languages

English (own) 90%	German 45%	Swedish 30%

Attacks

Beretta M92 Auto 40%, 1D10

Fist 40%, 1D3+1D4

Grapple 65%, special

Hypergeometric Sending 36%, sends target out of a random angle within a one-mile radius. The target takes 1d8 damage, arrives confused, and loses 1/1d8 SAN.

Special

Loose Perception of Time: Acolytes can make Luck rolls to foresee ambushes or to give a +10% bonus to DEX or Dodge in a crisis.

Hypergeometric Escape: Chas has a 36% chance of entering any geometric angle and teleporting to another angle within a one-mile radius. Witnessing his departure or arrival costs 1/1d6 SAN. Chas takes 1d8 damage when he travels this way and arrives disoriented.

Physical Description

Chas is a tall, well-muscled man with strong, chiseled features. His mahogany-colored hair has developed a striking silver streak, and his blue eyes are warm, but still strong. He dresses with understated taste and generally looks like a well-paid fashion model.

History

Chas Antoniwicz was always better. He was always the best looking guy in town, the class valedictorian, the star athlete. He moved from strength to strength, always competing at the top of his form, always wanting it a little more than the other guy. He never disappointed his father, so his father never had to punish him the Special Way he had when Chas was younger. Almost never.

Then one day, Chas Antoniwicz left his small Ohio town and went off to a big university, and suddenly he found that he couldn't be better than everyone. Sure, he was smarter than the star athlete, better looking than the valedictorian, and he could kick the campus pretty boy's ass, but it wasn't enough. He had to assure himself that he

would always succeed at all things. Always. In this drive to surpass all around him, Chas found his way to the Exalted Circle, and by the time he was a junior, he was initiated into this select brotherhood.

And still it was not enough. Chas was still coming in second. There was always someone ahead of him. Chas had to find some way to break their power. After much thought on the subject he realized that he needed to punish them the Special Way. That was how his father had kept his power over Chas, after all. For women, he had the option of the soft approach, luring them with his charm and good looks before sexually humiliating and defiling them. On three occasions, however, he chose to interact with them with a ski mask hiding his features. As for the men, well, as long as they were on the receiving end, that made them the faggot, not Chas. Most were so shamed they never reported the rapes. Two of them he had to kill. Nothing personal, they just recognized him. The Exalted Circle was invaluable in getting someone else blamed for Chas' career, and Antoniwicz was never even suspected.

Chas Antoniwicz raped his way through life, terrorizing and destroying anyone who was consistently better than him. He only screwed up once, and that wasn't really his fault—incredible bad luck put a witness at the scene at just the wrong time. It didn't stand up in court, with the help of the Exalted Circle behind the scenes, but once a Sacramento assistant district attorney has been accused of raping a defense lawyer, his career is effectively over.

It was a fortunate fall, however: Harmati needed someone with legal know-how and connections in California, and once he learned what Chas had done, he wouldn't rest until the former D.A. was his Acolyte.

Chas is not happy with his current position. With his father dead of liver cancer, Chas had believed that he would never have to submit to the Special Way ever again. But Harmati has moved into Chas' father's role, and with greater cruelty. The Bishop makes a point of clobbering Chas whenever they meet, followed by whatever form of sexual agony Harmati's in the mood for that day.

Chas' only real pleasure is when Harmati permits him to tear into someone else. He is no longer allowed to continue his career as a serial rapist, as it might expose the Cult to investigation. Using the Special Way on helpless prisoners of the Cult is not particularly satisfying. However, Chas does enjoy it immensely if his victim is an enemy that has proved particularly troublesome to the Cult. Some day, of course, he hopes to turn the tables on his Bishop.

As his mind creaks with the strain of his lie of a life, not to mention the homework required of Acolytes and exposure to the Masters and Harmati's attentions, Chas is developing a problem with memory confabulation. To wit: sometimes when Chas learns he was factually incorrect about something, his recollections gradually shift until he recalls being right all along. The few times the dissonance between his memories and everyone else's experience has come to light, he's laughed it off and assumed they were lying to cover up their shame over being mistaken. So far, this tendency has only manifested in small matters where it doesn't really make a difference. But if he runs out of SAN, the problem worsens until he becomes shrilly and violently insistent that he's right, no matter what happens, whether he's dealing with an underling or Nyarlathotep itself.

Henry Nemmers — Acolyte of Flesh, age 62

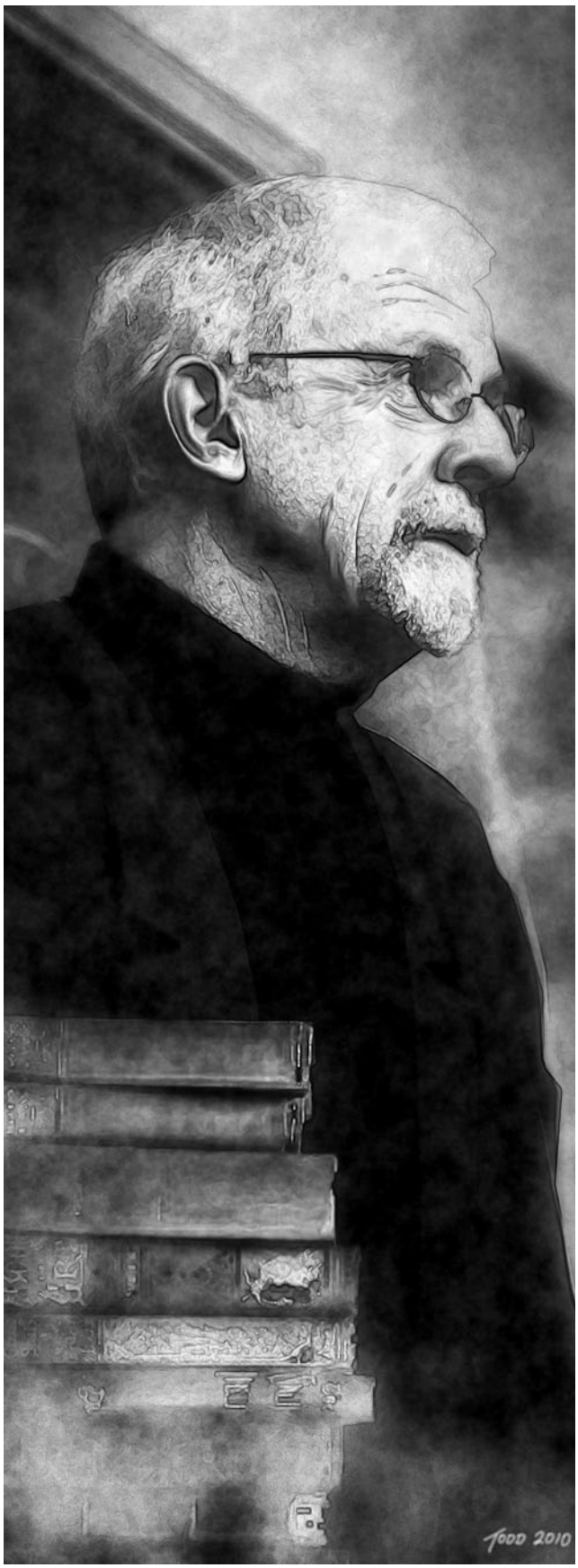
Race: Caucasian **Nationality:** British

STR 11	**CON 9**	**SIZ 12**	**INT 17**	**POW 10**
DEX 7	**APP 15**	**EDU 17**	**SAN 9**	**HP 11**

Damage Bonus: +0

Education: M.A. and Ph.D. in Medieval History from Oxford

Occupation: College professor (retired)



Skills

Anthropology 25%	Archaeology 60%	Credit Rating 25%
Cthulhu Mythos 50%	Dodge 15%	Fast Talk 35%
History 95%	Library Use 85%	Occult 65%
Spot Hidden 65%		

Languages

English (own) 90%	French 40%	Greek 50%
Latin 60%	Medieval French 55%	
Middle High German 30%	Rhomaic (Byzantine)	Middle English 75%
Swedish 30%		

Attacks: Hypergeometric Sending 20%, sends target out of a random angle within a one-mile radius. The target takes 1d8 damage, arrives confused, and loses 1/1d8 SAN.

Special

Loose Perception of Time: Acolytes can make Luck rolls to foresee ambushes or to give a +10% bonus to DEX or Dodge in a crisis.

Hypergeometric Escape: Henry has a 20% chance of entering any geometric angle and teleporting to another angle within a one-mile radius. Witnessing his departure or arrival costs 1/1d6 SAN. Henry takes 1d8 damage when he travels this way and arrives disoriented.

Spells

Create Gate	Dread Curse of Azathoth	
Summon/Bind Hunting Horror	Summon/Bind Shantak	Voorish Sign

Physical Description

Professor Nemmers is handsome in a mild, fatherly way. He's of medium height and slightly portly build. His brown hair is receding slightly, but he has a kind, open face. He favors rumpled tweed jackets with patches on the elbows, and is rarely found without a pipe.

History

Henry Nemmers was a man obsessed with the hidden past of Europe. With his Ph.D. in Medieval Studies, he was not as wild-eyed and enthusiastic as some who believe that Western history is really only the visible part of a war that has raged unseen between secret societies vying for control of the continent. But though he resisted the idea for a long time, ultimately the footprints of covert cabals were too clear for him to ignore.

Just as all roads lead to Rome, all European conspiracy theories lead to the Knights Templar. Henry, too, looked for the secret hand of the Templars throughout European history. Like these same enthusiasts he so derided, Henry joined the Freemasons and the OTO and any number of other groups, hoping to find a living link to the ancient Templars.

Unlike most who shared his enthusiasm, Henry Nemmers had the education to see that these organizations had as much connection to the ancient order of Crusaders as the NAACP. He hunted for the true Templars alone, scouring ancient documents, frittering away his small savings traveling from library to site to university looking for one more clue, one more fact, one more hint. Buried amidst the dross, he found fragments of translations of *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep*.

At first he was appalled and disgusted, but his fascination won out. When he learned that these fragments could enable him to actually do things, could impact the physical world through uncanny

mathematics, he became more convinced than ever that he was on the right track. During these later researches he learned of the Alta Vendita, the High Lodge, the organization that had infiltrated the Temple and plotted to control Europe since the Middle Ages. It wasn't the Templars he was seeking, it was the Alta Vendita: the rumored hidden hand guiding European history.

One winter morning in 1997, Henry's obsession led him to the doors of the Stockholm house.

If Harmati had been present, Henry would have died in torment. If St. Claire had been there, Henry would have died efficiently. But as it happened, Henry met Roger Ash, who asked him what he would be willing to do to learn the truth about the Alta Vendita.

Henry said "Anything."

He's been true to his word. His first task for Roger Ash was to erase the trail of scholarly evidence that had led Henry to the Alta Vendita and thence to Vagnoptus Manor. Roger soon set Henry on another series of tasks, each more horrible than the next. This descent into depravity culminated with Henry performing the Lesser Marriage ceremony and becoming an Acolyte of the See of Flesh.

Based in England, Henry is usually overseeing the goings on at the Dorian Gray Society. Henry has learned much of the secret history of Europe on his quest and has walked the Road of Souls with many Templar Knights. The night he stood in the burning pyre with Jacques de Molay reduced him to tears for nearly a week. He continues to write on the subject of the Knights Templar, as well as some of the other military orders like the Teutonic Knights and the Knights Hospitaler. He is an oft-cited source when it comes to debunking the ramblings of conspiracy theory enthusiasts who see the secret hand of the Templars in every shadow. In fact, one of Henry's most important functions for the Cult is sniffing out conspiracy theorists and other investigators before they can sniff out the Cult or its front organizations.

Henry hides his decaying mental stability quite well, but behind his avuncular professor routine there are signs that he could crack, and soon. He was always a nail biter, but his urge to gnaw the inappropriate has grown alongside his knowledge of the world's ineffable secrets. His forearms have been denuded of hair by idle nipping. He unthinkingly tears up napkins and other papers to poke into his cheeks, every pencil and pen he has is riddled with tooth-marks and, while he quit lighting them years ago, he's rarely without one of several idly-sucked pipes.

After undergoing the Lesser Marriage, his oral fixation broadened and intensified. He eats dirt, flower petals, gum erasers and rubber bands. By night, his grinding teeth are audible when anyone's around to hear. Alone in his bedroom or bath, he bends and stretches until he can bite scaly bits of skin off his knees. When his sanity runs out he's likely to switch to pins, bones or the kind of meat you can't buy in stores.

The Innocent — Acolyte of Flesh, age 22

Race: Caucasian **Nationality:** None

STR 17	**CON 17**	**SIZ 12**	**INT 14**	**POW 18**
DEX 15	**APP 9**	**EDU 7**	**SAN 0**	**HP 15**

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Education: No formal education.

Occupation: No official occupation.

Skills

Climb 40%	Cthulhu Mythos 55%	Dodge 40%
Hide 50%	Jump 25%	Listen 45%
Sneak 50%	Spot Hidden 45%	Swim 25%
Throw 25%		

Languages

Secret Language of Nyarlathotep 35%

Attacks

Bite 50%, 1D2+1D4

Fist 55%, 1D3+1D4

Grapple 40%, Special

Kick 25%, 1D6+1D4

Hypergeometric Sending 36%, sends target out of a random angle within a one-mile radius. The target takes 1d8 damage, arrives confused, and loses 1/1d8 SAN.

Shrivelling — See spell description in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook.

Dread Curse of Azathoth — See spell description in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook.

Special

Loose Perception of Time: Acolytes can make Luck rolls to foresee ambushes or to give a +10% bonus to DEX or Dodge in a crisis.

Hypergeometric Escape: The Innocent has a 36% chance of entering any geometric angle and teleporting to another angle within a one-mile radius. Witnessing his departure or arrival costs 1/1d6 SAN. The Innocent takes 1d8 damage when he travels this way and arrives disoriented.

Spells

Contact Nyarlathotep	Create Curse Whistle	
Dread Curse of Azathoth	Enchant Sacrificial Dagger	Shrivelling
Soul Singing	Spectral Razor	
Summon/Bind Hunting Horror		
Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods		

Physical Description

The Innocent looks younger than his 22 years: his face is unlined, his hair is blond and his eyes are blue. He's tall but very slender—he has something of the look of St. Stephen the martyr in popular paintings. When escorted outside the Stockholm house by Roger Ash, he is dressed in simple white clothes. In the Stockholm house, he goes naked.

History

The Innocent's mother was considered the property of one of the Dorian Gray Society's establishments in Panama. She tried to escape when she learned she was pregnant, but was reclaimed. Her captors initially intended to kill her, but one of them, a noted anthropologist and Acolyte of the See of Flesh, Dr. William Wren, thought there might be some insight to be had from an unspoiled infant. For instance, they could learn once and for all whether humanity was

naturally inclined to barbarism or civilization. If left alone to develop, would the child, an innocent uncorrupted by the evil of the world, develop into a human or an animal? Dr. Wren kept the woman alive until she came to term—making sure she knew his every plan for her offspring. He managed to prevent her from killing her child (by keeping her in high-quality four-point restraints), and once she had given birth, she was strangled and fed to the guard dogs.

The child was raised in the Dorian Gray brothel—raised in a closed room with no human interaction. For the first year or so, the child's attendant would bottle-feed the child in the dark, wearing a black jumpsuit and mask. Once the child could maneuver well enough to get the food himself, the attendant was removed and the child fed through a revolving wall panel. All the while, Dr. Wren and what other guests cared to watch could look on through closed-circuit television. They watched the toddler squall in his own filth. They watched the child endlessly entertain itself by inserting its fingers into its orifices. They watched as it discovered masturbation, mild self-mutilation, and how to draw using its own feces. Then Dr. Wren began to notice something that disturbed even him. The child, this innocent child who had been exposed to nothing outside the four padded walls of his room, was drawing things that seemed somehow familiar. Angles, circles, geometric figures. The child sang nonsensical tuneless songs composed of strings of disjointed diphthongs and jumbled hard consonants. Somehow the guttural peeps and grunts seemed like they had a pattern, as if the child were speaking a language. But of course, that was impossible. The child had no interaction with anything other than itself. It had no visual, tactile, auditory or olfactory stimuli besides the empty room and its own form. How could it be speaking a language?

And then at age twenty, the young man spoke a word that even Dr. Wren could recognize: "Cthulhu."

When he reviewed the tapes, Roger Ash learned that Dr. Wren had then entered the Innocent's room and was beaten and bitten to death by his experiment. Using the good doctor's blood to paint, the Innocent had called something from beyond which came and killed everyone at the brothel. The Innocent did not leave his room, however, as it was the only world he ever knew. He remained until Roger Ash arrived.

What Roger Ash recognized was that the nonsensical language was far from nonsensical. It was the secret language of Nyarlathotep. The Innocent, deprived of the knowledge of good and evil, right and wrong, was pure. And in its purity it is closer to Nyarlathotep and the Outer Gods than any human poisoned by the hundreds of thousands of years of human society and civilization. Ash recognized him as a favored child of Nyarlathotep, closer to transcendence than even some of the Masters in Stockholm.

Since the child, which Ash dubbed "The Innocent," had slain Ash's Acolyte Dr. Wren, it seemed only fitting that the child assume Dr. Wren's duties. Speaking to the Innocent in the most primordial of all languages, Roger Ash won his trust after many weeks and took him under his wing. He didn't have to teach the Innocent to immediately indulge the youth's basest impulses. The Innocent already knew how to do that. But Roger Ash introduced him to new things to defile. New pleasures to be had. Roger Ash imagined himself in the stead of the Great Old Ones, teaching humanity new ways to shout and kill and revel in joy.

Today, the Innocent is Roger Ash's devoted attendant. Ash dresses him and guides him through the confusing world of men, introducing him to associates as an autistic great-nephew. Ash keeps his Acolyte close, using him as the depth gauge for his own humanity, measuring his own transcendence against that of this perfect young man. In some ways Roger envies the child his closeness to the Outer Gods.

Roger's only nagging concern is that he lost track of those old Betamax tapes of The Innocent's upbringing.

Acknowledgement: A similar moment in Blair Reynolds' graphic novel Black Sands *inspired The Innocent's first word.*

Toshiru Yakashima — Acolyte of Greed, age 45

Race: East Asian **Nationality:** Japanese

STR 15	**CON 15**	**SIZ 12**	**INT 14**	**POW 12**
DEX 12	**APP 10**	**EDU 12**	**SAN 19**	**HP 14**

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Education: High school graduate

Occupation: Full-time Acolyte of the See of Greed

Skills

Climb 50%	Conceal 35%	Credit Rating 65%
Cthulhu Mythos 40%	Demolitions 40%	Dodge 50%
Drive 40%	Fast Talk 35%	First Aid 40%
Hide 30%	Listen 55%	Martial Arts 50%
Occult 35%	Sneak 40%	Spot Hidden 65%
Swim 35%	Throw 45%	

Languages

English 30%	Japanese (own) 75%	Swedish 25%

Attacks

Glock 21 .45 Auto 75% (+5% with laser sight), 1D10+2

SIG-Sauer SSG2000 Sniper Rifle 60% (+5% with laser sight), 2d8+4

Suomi M31 SMG 65%, 1d10

Fist/Punch 70%, 1D3+1D4 (2D3+1D4 with Martial Arts)

Grapple 65, Special

Kick 50%, 2D6+1D4 (with Martial Arts)

Tanto Knife 65%, 1D4+2+1D4

Hypergeometric Sending 24%, sends target out of a random angle within a one-mile radius. The target takes 1d8 damage, arrives confused, and loses 1/1d8 SAN.

Special

Loose Perception of Time: Acolytes can make Luck rolls to foresee ambushes or to give a +10% bonus to DEX or Dodge in a crisis.

Hypergeometric Escape: Toshiru has a 24% chance of entering any geometric angle and teleporting to another angle within a one-mile radius. Witnessing his departure or arrival costs 1/1d6 SAN. Toshiru takes 1d8 damage when he travels this way and arrives disoriented.

Physical Description

Toshiru is a stocky, muscular man with blunt features and buzz-cut hair. He stands about 5"5' and weights in at 165 pounds. He usually wears boring brown business suits to conceal the extensive Yakuza tattoos on his arms and shoulders. (He's gradually getting them removed.)

History

It takes a special kind of man to betray the Yakuza and survive. Toshiru Yakashima is special. More than a dangerous, murderous thug, Yakashima is recklessly ambitious. He threw in with the South American drug cartels to bring their particular brand of cocaine into Japan, moving it not through the Yakuza, but through the Korean gangs that had been a presence in Japan since the end of World War Two. The body count Yakashima racked up while defending himself from the betrayed Yakuza impressed Lionel Glass, but not as much as something else he did: he murdered his own mother when she dared chastise him for his disloyalty.

Glass offered Yakashima a new job for new masters. He took it, as he needed a quick way out of Japan. Despite having personally sent seven Yakuza hitters to meet their ancestors, Yakashima knew his enemies would never run out of shooters. For his part, Glass has been pleased with Yakashima's efficiency against especially difficult investigators, but he would never make the mistake of trusting him. Glass has a white rose of death hidden away with Yakashima's name on it.

As for Yakashima, he is pleased with his current position in the Cult. He doesn't aspire to rise to the position of Bishop, since that puts him closer to the Transcended Masters than he cares to be. Having seen the castrated, mindless human garbage shuffling around the mansion in Stockholm, Yakashima has no desire to Transcend. He intends to use his position to acquire as much power and wealth as possible, with the intent of making himself the most powerful criminal warlord on the planet. He has no more loyalty to the Cult of Transcendence than he did to his Yakuza masters. But he plans to be a great deal more cautious when he betrays the Cult. He would not be above using the Agents to help him accomplish this goal.

His deliberate divorce from traditional morality has taken a toll, however. Toshiru hallucinates, but knows he's hallucinating. He sees his mother's face everywhere—in the grain of wood, reflected in greasy subway windows, picked out in the wrinkles of fresh-laundered clothes. Any time he eats food served in a red sauce, he sees the gunshot wound he inflicted on her reflected within. But he eats it anyway, all the time telling himself it's just a childish fantasy and that he doesn't care.

At SAN 0, of course, this sangfroid crumbles.

Coulter "Colt" Bradford — Acolyte of Greed, age 42

Race: Caucasian **Nationality:** American

STR 12	**CON 10**	**SIZ 16**	**INT 14**	**POW 11**
DEX 15	**APP 8**	**EDU 18**	**SAN 38**	**HP 12**

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Education: B.A. and M.A. in Business Administration from UCLA.

Occupation: Senior Vice President, FOST Petroleum Company

Skills

Accounting 60%	Bargain 55%	Credit Rating 85%
Cthulhu Mythos 5%	Drive 30%	Fast Talk 55%
Law 25%	Library Use 55%	Navigation (Sea) 45%

Occult 45% Persuade 75% Pilot Sailboat 50%

Languages
Arabic 40% English 90% Yoruba 35%

Attacks
Beretta M92 Auto 45%, 1D10

Fist/Punch 45%, 1D3+1D4

Hypergeometric Sending 22%, sends target out of a random angle within a one-mile radius. The target takes 1d8 damage, arrives confused, and loses 1/1d8 SAN.

Special
Loose Perception of Time: Acolytes can make Luck rolls to foresee ambushes or to give a +10% bonus to DEX or Dodge in a crisis.

Hypergeometric Escape: Colt has a 22% chance of entering any geometric angle and teleporting to another angle within a one-mile radius. Witnessing his departure or arrival costs 1/1d6 SAN. Colt takes 1d8 damage when he travels this way and arrives disoriented.

Physical Description
Bradford has carrot-red hair and tiny, deep-set brown eyes. His face is freckled and meaty, and his large frame carries a mixture of muscle and flab. He dresses in conservative suits.

History
By 1995, Coulter "Colt" Bradford had worked his way to a top position with Nigerian Exploration, Inc., a sizable oil company operated as a joint venture of U.S. petroleum companies and the Nigerian government. The company had a cozy arrangement with the then-leader of the military junta running Nigeria. In 1996, a promising strike was running into scheduling delays: Ibo tribesmen were refusing to move off the land the oil company had purchased from the junta. The locals' reasons for staying were nothing interesting or special; it was just because they'd always lived there. Bradford asked the junta to take care of the problem. It solved things the traditional African way: sending Hausa soldiers to remove the Ibo tribesmen. When some resisted, they were killed. Those that witnessed the first killings had to be silenced and so they were killed also. By the time they were done, the junta's troops had killed hundreds.

Nola Zewami (née Smith) — Hate's Little Handmaiden, age 31

Race: African American **Nationality:** American

STR 9	**CON 11**	**SIZ 11**	**INT 14**	**POW 16**
DEX 11	**APP 12**	**EDU 14**	**SAN 25**	**HP 11**

Damage Bonus: +0

Education: B.A. in Anthropology (incomplete)

Occupation: Gun Moll/Cultist

Skills

Accounting 20%	Bargain 65%	Credit Rating 45%
Cthulhu Mythos 30%	Drive Auto 45%	Fast Talk 75%
History 35%	Library Use 25%	Listen 45%
Occult 45%	Persuade 45%	Psychology 55%

Languages
English (own) 70% Secret Language of Nyarlathotep 25%
Spanish 45%

Attacks
Beretta M92 Auto 33%, 1D10

Fist 55%, 1D3

Kick 45%, 1D6

Mindblast — See spell description in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook.

Spells
Contact Deity/Astom Niturba Mindblast
Summon/Bind Hunting Horror Summon/Bind Shantak

Physical Description Nola is a dark-skinned black woman with dreadlocks, tall and thin. Her face looks worn and weary and depending on the light, her glazed eyes can go from looking terrified to infinitely bored in a moment. She has a gold tooth and tattoos of flames along the bottom edges of her shoulder blades.

History
Nola was born lower middle class and slipped lower after her mother was killed in a car crash when Nola was twelve. An only child, used to being the center of her parents' lives, she felt like she lost her father too as he succumbed to despair and depression. He died in a single-car crash on a rainy night just a year later and she was sent to live with her only remaining relatives, an estranged uncle leading a herd of cousins.

The uncle and his family were members of the Church of Interlife, which Nola immediately mocked and derided. Acting out with drugs, liquor and petty crime she was sent to a fairly brutal juvenile detention center at age fourteen and came out chastened. She did a hard 180° on Interlife and flung herself into her studies.

She dropped out of college on the cusp of her junior year to train as the youngest Learned One in the history of the US. When a Shining One visited her academy, he declared that he had seen Nola in a vision and that she was destined for greatness, chosen of the gods. She immediately agreed to the guidance of the spirits and came back from the Road of Souls changed, revitalized, and with a message for a man named Andrew St. Claire. She accosted him as he was going from cab to curb in Washington DC, spoke to him in an ugly language no onlooker could understand, and was immediately whisked up to his hotel room as he cancelled his afternoon appointments.

She doesn't know his name but does know her master's mark is on him. That keeps her helpful, for the time being. As for St. Claire, his most human reaction to her is annoyance and bigotry, but the cultish bond of respect and mutual duty forged through sorcery is far, far stronger. While he viscerally hates her as much as he hates his own Acolytes, on the more refined layer of his consciousness where he operates more like an alien being, he has nothing against her whatsoever.

Nola left Interlife with no explanation, got back together with her old friends from juvie, got back into the life and eventually met John Black. Together they control White Fire (page 216).

Bradford was very careful to insulate himself from this action. He later brought it to the attention of the newspapers, played the martyred whistle-blower very well, and used the resulting prestige to land a much better paying position, stateside, with a rival oil company, FOST Petroleum. He now is one of the young Turks of the petro industry, a man to be respected and feared. His reputation is that of an upstanding and principled man, who plays corporate politics by the letter of the law but not the spirit. All of this is, of course, total fiction. Bradford is an unprincipled, ruthless snake who never lets the considerations of morality, ethics or legality get in the way of advancing himself and increasing his fortune. His only concerns were always "How can I get what I want, and not get caught?"

None of this impressed the Cult. What caught Glass' interest was when Bradford (a member of the Dorian Gray Society) chose to walk the Road of Souls with one of the dying tribesmen. He smiled through the whole episode. Especially once the soldiers began raping the children in front of their parents. Bradford loves children. If not for his satisfying experiences on the Road of Souls (piggybacking the likes of John Wayne Gacy, Albert Fish, and Andrei Chikatilo) he would have long-since exhausted the Dorian Gray Society's supply of little ones.

Since joining the See of Greed, Bradford has been introduced to the Exalted Circle, Just Say Please!, and the Lamplighters. Although he informally advises the duped and/or informed bosses of these groups, he has a particular interest in the Exalted Circle, as it has given him the opportunity to increase his power and prestige in corporate America. Bradford is fully confident that he will succeed Glass as the Bishop of the See of Greed. After all, the rest of the Acolytes are a bunch of slow old men, with the occasional animal, thug, and eunuch thrown in for laughs. Bradford has no doubt he'll be toasting his 100th birthday while the rest of them are rotting in some forgotten room in the Stockholm mansion.

The Books and the Spells

The primary spells and rituals used by the Cult of Transcendence are those recorded in the ancient manuscript entitled *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep*. The Cult has two versions of this text; the primordial original – and a handwritten English "translation" called *The Sacred Chaynges of Nyarlat Hotep* dating back to the 16th century.

P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep

Unknown language, unknown date. The history of this object is obscure prior to its acquisition by the Alta Vendita, but they obtained it from a chamber beneath the Great Pyramid. *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep* is written in an unidentified language on an unknown substance. The pages appear to be metallic, with a permanently oily feel to them. The words are not stamped into the metal or printed on them, but appear rather to float just below the metal's surface.

The drawback to studying the book is that the only people to have made sense from it are the Transcended Masters, who are only marginally more coherent about *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep* than they are about anything else.

Someone who opens the book to the first page and turns all 227 of them, consciously examining them in order, gets nothing. Each page is covered with tiny, complicated, non-representational symbols, some of which seem to have a three-dimensional aspect to them, so that they can only be properly apprehended when "printed" on the strange metal of the pages. There are sparse diagrams that look something like flowcharts, or circuit diagrams, or random collections of sticks, circles, and shapes.

Opening it at random or leafing through casually is quite a different matter. This oblique approach shows a book that's mostly alien alphabet soup, but just as the reader turns one page, a word in English or an image he can identify catches his eye. It's not there if he turns back or, rather, he can't be sure if he's still on the right page. The words reported by Bishops and their Acolytes include the following: grass, metastasis, allow, star, tissue, concentration, adducible, merit and Roger G. Ash. (That last one was, of course, seen by Roger G. Ash.) The briefly-seen pictures included a clock face, an interlocking eight-sided crystal structure, a human vagina, and a bird that Nathan Harmati is 70% sure was a Javanese Lapwing.

Attempting a methodical examination after this sort of teaser has the same result as doing so without, i.e., gibberish. Additional glances and casual sidelong looks also go unrewarded.

The only way to get more out of *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep* is to study it obsessively. Going through it page by page, then starting again, then again, for hours on end. Spending long stretches just staring at a single page, or diagram, or symbol. Screaming at it and pleading with it have also been observed behaviors of those who eventually made the breakthrough, though that may say more about the Masters than about the text.

One Master broke whatever code protects the codex in only two weeks, while another required twenty weeks and would probably have perished if another Master hadn't been inspired to force feed him and pour water down his throat.

What revelations await those minds who make the pilgrimage into those twisted, mysterious lines? Only eleven quotes from the Transcended offer any clue.

- "Just as the surface of the world seems flat to the crude senses of man, so does the surface of time. Even those who learn to turn right instead of simply walking forward on a line, even they have no idea of the curvature. I know, now. I live on the surface of a sphere of time. Now all that remains is to dig down and see what is within it." — André de Tours

- "What is electricity? It is consciousness interacting with dimension. What is gravity? It is the friction formed between alternatives and time. These are not primal forces. The primal forces lie behind more layers and iterations."

  — Guillaume Broche

- "It is a 'book' in the way that you are 'a collection of protein.' It contains information, but it is nothing so static as 'facts' or 'reasoning'. It is not something as laughable as a 'fixed truth.' It is a truth that moves in response to you. It becomes your new truth, if you let it. And it doesn't like taking 'no' for an answer."

  —Joaquim Martines

- "It reads us far more thoroughly than we can ever read it."

  — Lobsang Prinahu

- "At the utmost, all we truly are is a sense of position. A fixity. 'Here I stand.' But the book, ah, sweetly teaches you to crawl, and walk, and then fly. Incidentally, when I speak of a 'sense of position' I mean that's what we are at the atomic and temporal level. What? Did you think I was talking about *feelings*?"

  —Egbert Sharpe

- "Emerging from the Platonic cave, we are still entering another illusion. The pressure required to crack open the human identity so that all the falsity can be scoured out, it's intense. Every other book ever written, all the ideas of men and their hidden masters, are but a tickling feather . . ."

  —Vincenzo Cervelli

- "First, the mind. Then the body. Then the here/now locus within the destiny pattern. That is the progression."

  — Carlos Sanriki

- "Try *Flatland* first. That's about a two-dimensional creature encountering a three-dimensional creature. It's cute, it's entertaining, but it prepares you for the deadly serious task of apprehending eleven-dimensional thoughts with a four-dimensional mind."

  —Alphonse Markham

- "Until you understand the title, you shan't understand the book. And the title means nothing. But the word 'nothing' is insufficient, as is the word 'infinite.' There are varying volumes of infinity, as you know. Don't you? Look. How many numbers are there? An infinite number. How many even numbers? An infinite number, but it's a *smaller* infinity than the first, a contained infinity with the odd excluded. Now do you see? The title means nothing. But it's a very particular nothing, a profound, deep and particularly encompassing nothing."

  —John Tyler Oringo

- "Cthulhu, Yog-Sothoth, all the names in which Aklo atrocities were committed . . . they are separate in the way that father, son and grandson are separate, but conterminous and contiguous in the way of a lineage. However, instead of a downward progression through time, they are the same entity shifted laterally across time. Soon, I shall meet my own lateral time cousins. I am eager for the consummation."

  —Ian Roehl

- "Leng! Leng is the key. How can a physical location be attached to a psychological space unless all consciousness is geographically, even geometrically interlaced with the cosmic form?"

  —Dwight Reynolds

All these mad and disparate perspectives become even more confusing when one remembers that, prior to its reverence by the Cult, the Alta Vendita apparently used it as little more than an occult cookbook. The book itself, in its fundamental nature, seemed to change in response to their increasing interest in it.

This is because the book itself is one of Nyarlathotep's innumerable masks, yet another surface of the entity projected into physical space and humanity's mental landscape.

The narrow materialists of the Alta Vendita scoured its pages and read spells to change the weather, communicate across distance, escape from sight and murder their enemies. When their dreams of temporal power turned out hollow, then their despair readied it to become an interactive philosophy guide, unwinding secrets so profound that they can only be thought by changing the world around the mind thinking them.

Sanity Loss: 1D8/2D8, Cthulhu Mythos +15 percentiles; average 20 weeks of constant, obsessive study within Vagnoptus Manor or similar folded space; it should be longer if you're studying it in a more ordinary environment.

Spells: Alter Weather, Augur, Banishment of Yde Etad, Bind Enemy, Bless/Blight Crop, Candle Communication, Create Gate, Create Self-Ward, Contact Hound of Tindalos, Contact Nyarlathotep, Ceremony of the Rose, Final Marriage, Gate of Changes, Greater Marriage, Lesser Marriage, Reach, Road of Souls, Savage Glass, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Voorish Sign, Warding, and other spells as the Keeper sees fit.

The Sacred Chaynges of Nyarlat Hotep

English, trans. unknown, c. 1520. The book is illuminated in a manner that suggests a monk, though not a particularly sane or Christian one. It is written on vellum sheets and bound in what is apparently human skin with a tattoo of a black man on it. Set into the spine are five human teeth (two incisors, three molars).

This meandering tome states on its first page that it is a literal, faithful translation of *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep* to the best of the anonymous scribe's ability. Despite all this, it reads like

a study guide mixed with a stream-of-consciousness reflection on hypergeometry and human guilt. The exactitude of the writing suggests that this is a painstaking copy of another text, and this finicky preservation of the three-page digression about an early childhood illness that became inextricably linked with sexuality and diet in the writer's very soul is . . . dissonant. It suggests that someone took the ramblings of a madman and preserved them like the word of God. But mixed in with the tumescence and phobia of all meats except fish are startlingly advanced insights about multi-dimensional geometry.

Though a treasure trove for most students of the occult, the current crop of Acolytes and Bishops tend to view this as a mangled misunderstanding of their genuine tome. Roger Ash has made some comments to the effect that it might help "lesser intellects" manage the real thing, and since that time no one has wanted to open it except Henry Nemmers. Nemmers' expertise confirmed that this book was scribed long after the Alta Vendita had begun using magic in its gambits.

Sanity Loss: 1D6/2D6; Cthulhu Mythos +12 percentiles; average 48 weeks to study and comprehend.

Spells: Alter Weather, Augur, Awaken Whistling Pursuers (Contact Hound of Tindalos), Bind Enemy, Bless/Blight Crop, Cuntry Passage (Create Gate), Gain the Great Ethiop's Ear (Contact Nyarlathotep), Petit Mort Flori (Ceremony of the Rose), and other spells as the Keeper sees fit.

Spells From P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep

The essential magic of the Cult of Transcendence comes directly from Nyarlathotep through his book *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep*. But the forms of the spells and rituals are shaped, like the Cult itself, by the warped sensibilities of its oldest Transcended Master, André de Tours.

The Ceremony of the Rose

The secret masters of the Cult sometimes give an underling, as a boon, the White Rose of Death. The blossom is blindingly white, unnaturally beautiful, and emits a tantalizing aroma. The rose comes with a dire warning to never touch it and to retrieve it after it has done its work.

When given to an enemy, the rose appears uncannily desirable. (Roll POW x 1% to resist.) If it is picked up bare-handed, a thorn breaks the skin. If sniffed, the victim feels a dizzying exhilaration, but only briefly. The day after either inhaling the rose's scent or pricking oneself with its thorns, the victim falls ill and dies in three days. Each day, the victim loses 1/3 of his POW to the rose. Once all his POW has been lost, the victim's soul is trapped in the rose. As the Rose's victim sickens, the rose turns a blushing pink, and then, as the victim dies, a velvety blood red. The rose becomes harmless at that point.

If the red rose is retrieved, the secret masters can consume it for their own greater power. Consuming the rose grants the consumer one additional point of permanent POW. If the incompetent rose-giver fails to retrieve the rose, most Bishops simply slaughter the unfortunate underling on the spot.

A side effect is that the victim's body claws its way out of the grave on the next new moon after burial. It's looking for the rose. The secret masters lure these rose-zombies with the promise of their own souls, but when the rose-zombie arrives, the caster may trap it and insert a foreign spirit into it, a disembodied soul—one obedient to the spell caster, or perhaps even the spell caster's own soul. The body of the victim continues to rot after death, but ceases its decomposition after the new soul is implanted.

The creation of a White Rose of Death requires that the blood of "one morally unformed" be spilled upon the rose bush. In practical trials, infants are the only people that worked, except for one severely mentally handicapped man sacrificed in 1765.

Completing the Ceremony of the Rose costs 10 magic points and 1D10 SAN. Consuming a human soul through the rose gives the eater one permanent POW point. It also costs 1D8 SAN.

Rose-Zombie

Characteristics: Use the victim's pre-mortem characteristics, with the following changes: multiply STR and CON by 1.5, reduce DEX by 1/3 and INT and POW (imbued back into the body by the rose) by 2/3. SAN becomes 0.

Skills: Reduce all of the victim's physical skills (weapon skills, Stealth, etc.) by 1/3; reduce all of the victim's intellectual skills by 2/3. Damage from Bite attacks goes up to 1D3.

Armor: None, but impaling weapons do 1 point of damage, and all others do half rolled damage.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D8; or 1D3/1D10 if the viewer knew the rose-zombie while it was alive.

Special Note: If the body was buried without embalming or other cosmetic preparation, the rose-zombie's APP is 1. A top-flight embalmer might be able to preserve up to half the victim's original APP; or even more, if the body was buried in an airtight vault away from rodents, maggots and such. If the body was cremated, it cannot return as a rose-zombie.

Savage Glass

Casting this spell requires the smashing of glass or some other brittle, transparent crystal. When this is done the shards, instead of falling to the ground, swarm around the target of the spell, cutting and scratching him, her or it. The spell costs 1D6 SAN, and anywhere from 1 to 10 magic points can be put into it. For each magic point, the glass attacks for one round. A small bottle (from perfume size to the average beer bottle) does 1D2 points of damage per round. A larger piece of glass (a small office window, for example) does 1D4 damage, while a huge chandelier, a picture window, or a car windshield does 1D6.

It's possible for the caster to use this spell in a fire-and-forget fashion, running away, attacking or defending while the spell is still operating. Once released, it operates on its own. The only drawback to this is that if the spell caster puts in 5 magic points and it kills the enemy after 3 rounds, the glass won't attack a new target. Instead, it continues to shred and rend the corpse.

The Gate of Changes

This is Nyarlathotep's own variation on the Gate spell. The Gate will not open unless two or more people are trying to go through the same side at once. When the travelers pass through, their minds and consciousness are switched around between the two bodies.

For example, when the Masters of the Cult wanted to take over the Exalted Circle in 1929, they tricked four of the Circle's leaders into walking through the Gate with them. On the other side, the Circle's Guardians discovered that they were now trapped in the (fatally poisoned) bodies of the Masters. They were quickly and efficiently slain by minions of the Cult.

A Gate of Changes is established just like a regular Gate, but all costs are doubled. The SAN cost, if someone swaps into a normal human frame, is anywhere from 1d2 (if it was expected) or 1d6 points if it comes as a shock to the poor slob who has landed in an unfamiliar body. If they land in a Mythos body, it's double the maximum possible loss for seeing that creature. If it's the body of a Transcended Master who has passed the Final Marriage, they get ripped apart. The favors of the Outer Gods do not accept just any soul. The mutations of the Transcended Masters turn on the body of anyone who would pirate a Master's body. The Transcended Master now occupies the human body, which soon begins to mutate in turn with every bruise, hangnail, and age spot the body takes on.

Magical Gates

When the Cult of Transcendence began their war with the Exalted Circle in 1920, they established a number of Gates to the New World to improve their communications. The first Gate operates normally, carrying people from the basement of a Philadelphia home (now nominally a bed and breakfast, but good luck making a reservation) to the Stockholm residence. The second Gate was established between Vagnoptus Manor and a disused Chicago slaughterhouse (currently part of an industrial park). The third was the Gate of Changes from a desecrated Boston church, used to massacre half the Circle's leadership in 1929—the Cult took their bodies and their lives (see page 206). Through various Gates of Changes (most of which have been destroyed by righteous and/or superstitious people) some Bishops and Acolytes have managed to pirate young bodies for hundreds of years.

The Road of Souls

Yes, sex is fine . . . but there are creatures in this cosmos, creatures more like atemporal logic structures than physical entities constrained by the progression of time. They reproduce by violating the event horizons of collapsed stars. When you've tried that, speak to me again about strange delights.

The Road of Souls enables the caster to cast his mind, or that of a passive recipient, back in time and synchronize it with experiences of other beings. The individual partaking in the spell experiences everything the being did as if it's happening to him immediately, but is unable to influence the action. The sharing of experience extends to emotions, even some thoughts, though often the thoughts are in an unintelligible language, if they're verbal at all. Only creatures of INT 6 or above can be "ridden" in this fashion.

Unlike most spells, this one is almost . . . forgiving. Not that it doesn't disastrously wreck lives, but a sloppy or incomplete performance still produces a result, if not the ideal one. When cast without the focusing herb gaturia (described below) or by someone with a Cthulhu Mythos Skill of 25% or less, the spell is effectively unguided. It simply springs the person it's cast upon out of their body and into some other creature (Keeper's choice) for one to two hours. More proficient sorcerers sometimes cast it thus simply by leaving out the rare herb.

When cast purposefully, the caster chooses what being the spell recipient coexists with. Should he pick an animal or alien, he needs to have a firm mental picture (a photograph is a great aid) and some idea of the thing's habits and habitat. If he wants to overlap a *particular* alien (or grizzly bear) he needs to know specifically when in time that creature was alive, and where. Targeting a human from history is easier if a picture or detailed biography is available.

Having this spell cast upon you, in any fashion, costs 0/1D6 SAN. Recipients who end up in the body of a Mythos creature or entity automatically fail their Sanity roll. The loss of SAN for seeing that creature is rolled normally (1D20 for a Shoggoth, 1D6 for a Mi-Go, 1D100 for Cthulhu, etc.) and is then doubled, representing the dissonance of experiencing sensations and emotions that humans were never meant to know. If the spell receiver is still able to function and cogitate when he returns from his experience with a Mythos being, he gains +2D6 percentiles of Cthulhu Mythos knowledge.

Casting the spell randomly costs 1D6 magic points, and causes the caster to lose 0/1D4 SAN. Casting it as a guided spell costs 1D6+4 magic points, and causes the loss of 1/1D8 SAN.

This spell takes about 15 minutes to cast, and requires a chalked symbol on the floor and a granite altar for the receiver to rest upon. It also requires a blood sacrifice of a warm-blooded mammal of SIZ 4 or larger (not necessarily human). For guided journeys, a fantastically rare herb (*Gaturia adelinus africanus*) must be burned.

Gaturia adelinus africanus only grows on one particular acre of land in South Africa, and there only sparsely. A bizarrely twisted plant with silvery-green leaves and black stems, gaturia is believed by some to be of extra-terrestrial origin. The land it grows on, as well as a good sixty miles in every direction, is owned by Farthingdale Paper Products, LLC. The board of directors for Farthingdale Paper consists solely of highly-placed members of the Dorian Gray Society.

The entire crop of gaturia is enough to guide the spell five to ten (1D6+4) times a year, and is controlled by the Society. However, the Society lacks the skill to cast the "guided version" of the Road of Souls, without which the spell is considerably less fun. They worked out an agreement with Andrew St. Claire, in which the Cult gets half the crop in return for one trip a year, directed by Henry Nemmers, while any other trips that can be afforded are negotiated for separately by high-ranking Society members. (The concessions St. Claire had to offer Ash in return for Nemmers' cooperation are best left to the imagination.)

The Marriages

Of greatest importance for the Cult of Transcendence are the rituals which promise to facilitate the transcendence of human existence and achievement of the power of the Outer Gods. Each level of "transcendence" involves the performance of a ritual invitation to Nyarlathotep. Each also marks another degree of separation from humanity. These ceremonies are called the Marriages.

The Lesser Marriage

Upon induction into the true Cult of Transcendence and accepting the position of Acolyte, the member is required to perform a Lesser Marriage to the spirit of Nyarlathotep. A virgin girl who has passed her first menses is tied to an altar. A ceremony is then performed, inviting the spirit of Nyarlathotep to possess, for a time, a physical vessel. This physical vessel is a large knife or sword. The spirit is then married to the girl as she is penetrated by the blade. The girl does not survive consummation.

With this sacrifice, the caster's consciousness begins to escape its human boundaries. Normal human beings are four-dimensional creatures who move along a constrained course through three-dimensional space, progressing relentlessly forward in time. They are fixed, like a train on rails. With the completion of the first marriage, that fixity becomes unstable.

Acolytes get glimpses of the future, they see into (and on some heart-stopping occasions, move through) normally hidden dimensions, and on occasion they find themselves looping in time. This disjunction has several effects, both for the Acolyte and for those around him.

The first and most readily comprehensible effect is that the Acolyte goes insane. But rather than simply suffering a radical change in thought process and belief, the Acolyte character chooses to become insane, and in fact gets to consciously decide how to realign his thought processes. They do not consider themselves insane, and perhaps from their perspective their new notions are perfect adaptations to new data. But to "normal humans" they seem to have an unreasoning phobia, a psychosexual disorder, or a persistent delusion. Indeed, their schismatic perceptions often leave them reacting to creatures that are normally invisible, or speaking to people who haven't been in the room for an hour (or who won't be there for another week).

Disturbing as a discussion with a madman may be, their impact on the time-space continuum is far more eerie. In the case of time loops, nothing is apparent to outside observers, except that the Acolyte knows exactly what's going to happen next and either acts to pre-empt unwanted events, or he goes through with it in a resigned fashion, perhaps saying things like, " . . .and this is when the garbage truck crashes into the wall" or "the FBI agents are due any minute now, you know." Similar things happen when trans-temporal perception kicks in. They can't focus their perceptions into anything as useful as psychometry or retrocognition, but with a Luck roll they can avoid ambushes and gain a +10% bonus to their DEX or Dodge for the purposes of acting in a crisis.

Physical movement through supernumerary dimensions is easily the most remarkable aspect of the Acolyte's new condition, both to see and experience. With a POWx2 roll, the Acolyte can move himself into any acute angle and vanish from three-dimensional space. He emerges immediately from another acute angle somewhere within a one-mile radius. He takes 1D8 damage from the transit and is confused and dizzy for a few minutes. Witnessing his departure or arrival costs 1/1D6 SAN. If the Acolyte is grappling with someone, the Acolyte can attempt a POWx2 roll to send that person through an angle formed by their bodies, with the damage, distance and disorientation described above. In addition, the unwilling traveler loses 1/1D8 SAN.

The Greater Marriage

Upon reaching the rank of Bishop, the cultist celebrates with a Greater Marriage. The setup is similar to the Lesser Marriage, except that the initiate is, himself, the vessel into which the spirit moves. The marriage is not consummated until the victim's head has been severed. The marriage then is consummated, literally, with the severed head. The severed head is kept in a warm place for five months, at which time it hatches a Child of Nyarlathotep (see page 186). The headless bodies are left in their blood-soaked wedding gowns and are animated as Brides of Nyarlathotep (see page 187), the guardians of the Cult's Stockholm mansion.

The caster's release from normal human constraints continues with the completion of this spell. However, instead of a physical distortion and expansion, the Bishop's presence extends into a psychic, unconscious, or emotional dimension. The ripples and side effects of this growth are permanent, consistent, and beyond the Bishop's control. The marriage marks of the four current Bishops are described along with their characters. Other effects the Greater Marriage has caused in previous Bishops include the following:

- Whenever more than one person laughed in the Bishop's presence, their laughter became perfectly synchronized—breath, intonation, and timing were all flawlessly overlapped.
- Everyone lost depth perception while looking at the Bishop. As soon as they looked away, things were normal, but if they could see him everything looked flat, like when you close one eye and lose stereoscopic vision.
- Whenever the Bishop was thought about, there was a mild, acidic taste. This occurred even if the thinker did not realize that the person he was thinking about was the Bishop. For example, someone might see the Bishop from afar and taste the taste, then later meet him formally and experience the same flavor, with no idea of the connection.
- Every interaction with the Bishop was tinged with a nagging sense of déjà vu.
- Exactly sixty-three minutes after leaving the Bishop's presence, for exactly two minutes and eleven seconds, people would lose their ability to comprehend words of less than two syllables.
- When proximate to the Bishop, any attempt to make music would come out as the "Circa Mea Pectora" passage from Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana."
- When the Bishop was angry with someone, that person experienced formication.

These effects persisted after those past Bishops became Masters, ceasing only when they left the house to enter Azathoth's Court.

The Final Marriage

This is the gateway to the highest level of power in the Cult—the final rejection of humanity, human ethics and human values. In this marriage, there is no victim save the Bishop himself. The spirit is invoked into a special implement—a teardrop-shaped knife, hollow in the center, the interior opening lined with a razor sharp edge. The cultist invokes Nyarlathotep to come in female form this time, as the devourer and stealer of seed. The cultist then "becomes his own father" and is reborn to Nyarlathotep; cutting off his own genitals as a final divorce from the progression of the human race. The genitals are immediately eaten by the cultist, symbolizing his mastery over the procreative urge. After this ceremony, the cultist starts to physically chart his own personal course away from mere humanity. The mark of this departure is whatever abomination replaces the lost organ, which varies from cultist to cultist.

With a physiology more accommodating to existence as a post-human Mythos creature, the Master transcends mere three-dimensional existence. He gains several powers, as mentioned in the "What the Masters Can Do" section on page 177.

Having completed the Final Marriage, the cultist becomes a true Transcended Master, more Mythos creature than human being. He leaves his position as Bishop and moves permanently to the nightmare side of the mansion in Stockholm.

Interlude: The Donnerkvist Dossier

Hans Donnerkvist is a sad case. Interesting, but the sad ones always are, yes? His wife Muriel dead, his daughter Ella run away, these things strain a man who is, perhaps, a complicated thinker without a great deal of education. He perhaps idealizes the feminine too much. When his beloved wife, beloved daughter left him he fell into madness. He thinks there must be a reason his women were taken from him. He cannot accept the coincidence, or the notion that his daughter fled him. So he found this man Van Beveren, and he decided, "This man killed my daughter." And so Hans killed Van Beveren, cutting him and torturing him. He tries to unleash all this sorrow on poor Mr. Van Beveren. But this does not bring back his daughter, nor his wife, and now the police are after him. So he hides in an abandoned house. Alone with his unhappy sorrow, alone with the decay of this house, he becomes badly delusional, and he is nearly catatonic when he wanders back onto the streets and the police finds him.

Mr. Donnerkvist is fixated upon the old house, yes? He is obsessional, delusional. All his confusion, all his unhappiness about his wife and daughter, they come into his hallucinations in this house, and the house come to be central to his delusions.

He fixates as well on water. He is often severely hydrophobic, doesn't even like to drink. When his thirst becomes great, he changes to hydrophiliac, but he believes that moisture is bad, that all badness comes from the water. Did I tell you his wife drowned? Yes. So you can see why water is so bad to him.

I have some tapes of my sessions with him. They are not in your English, of course, but I can translate them. Initially I just let him talk. Then I tried to question him more exact.

Be very careful with Mr. Donnerkvist. He is an old man, but surprisingly strong, he worked in foundry, then as pipe fitter. He worked with back and arms all day, a very strong man. We do not allow him sharp things.

Selections translated from Hans Donnerkvist's taped sessions made by Dr. Nora Sundelius of the Institute:

HD: Water is the key, the filthy stream that opens us, closes us . . . Ella was wet inside, and they wanted her for that. Van Beveren, the bastard. Him and his masters, masters, oh his masters are so wet, so moist inside, they are all dripping sponges, they are all frozen fish melting, their stench and their reek and their liquids are everywhere . . . (incoherence) . . . Wanted my daughter! My sweet, good, pure, kind daughter, my kind daughter, they wanted her for all her wet blood, they wanted the blood inside her. Van Beveren, like their damned dog, sent to fetch her. He was wet inside too, I showed him his masters weren't the only ones who could make the wet inside come out. I'm talking about blood, the blood is everything, it's got our lives in it. I don't just mean you can die without it. Van Beveren did, and may he rot in hells like what they sent me through, to, the hell I'm in now, the hell they opened in my Ella, in Muriel too for all I know, sweet Muriel, did they rape you under the ice? Did they put their cold, wet disease in you, my love? (incoherence, break in tape)

* * *

HD: DNA. It's in us, it's in our blood, our semen, it's our life. The DNA, it's already corrupted, fouled—it's in the pollution we all carry. We are full of piss! We are bottles of (incoherence)! And they want to take bad us, our evil selves, the darkness in our DNA, they want to twist those curving spirals, make them worse, make them human evil that walks!

* * *

NS: Why were you so angry at Van Beveren? Had you met him before?

HD: Van Beveren—he was wet inside, the bastard. But at least he was warm, not cold, not like his masters. Oh God, his masters . . . are they mine too? Have they put their mark upon me, their ice in my blood to poison my mind from inside?

NS: What is their mark?

HD: If I thirst, do not give me water. It's full of microbes, you know. Little, foreign, invisible animals. They want to get inside us, break open our cell walls, make us liquid too, just like them. Amoebas! Protoplasm! I read it in a scientific journal. The flesh-eating disease, that's them. The Black Plague, that was them, that was them filling us with pus until our armpits and groins swelled with buboes—us, humanity!

NS: Hans, if you don't drink, you will dehydrate and die.

HD: Better that . . . We are all, alas, moist to a point. Some are moister. How could my good, sweet daughter, my good wife, how could such wet potential live in fine, fair bodies? There is beast in all, and they can bring it out—those things in the house with their clever penises, I had no idea what they were, what they were going to do, what they did and have done and are DOING RIGHT NOW! THEY ARE FUCKING YOU AND YOUR DAUGHTERS AND MOTHERS AND POLLUTING OUR DNA! (Incoherence. Break in tape.)

* * *

NS: Tell me about the men in the house. What do they do that is so horrible?

HD: Their particular evil is that they have taken what was alien and put it into human terms. They are the pipe through which the disease flows into all of us.

* * *

HD: I am sure that Van Beveren had been put through their 'process,' had been soaked in their (incoherent). He had human DNA left, though—human enough to cry, to weep, to beg mercy. Human enough to betray his masters, to tell me where they had taken my good daughter. Human enough to tell me how to get into that house. The folding. He drew me a map.

That house is the cesspit of the world, where all that is foul gathers in one stagnant pool. All that is wretched and cruel and dying and dead, it pours into that house and pours into our souls, transformed and renewed. That house is the penis with which they urinate upon the world.

When I came in, I had no idea. I knew men had taken my daughter, taken her to rape, perhaps—that was all. Van Beveren talked of the 'Old Ones'—I thought old MEN! Old men I could stab, could crush, could humiliate for what they had done to my girl . . . I took a gun! A gun! A gun to shoot the ocean, a gun to shoot all the world's decay.

* * *

NS: What did you find in the house?

HD: I found my daughter. (silence)

NS: Didn't that make you happy?

HD: (low moan)

NS: Was she glad to see you?

HD: She was in a wedding gown, and she was all wet all over, all her wet from inside was on the outside of the gown.

NS: When you say wet from inside . . .

HD: The blood, the blood! My daughter was all bled out, walking in that damnable white dress, and pulling her hair along . . . and her head by the hair!

NS: Why was she pulling her hair, Hans?

HD: Her head was attached! To her hair, not her neck! NOT HER NECK!

NS: Hans, calm down!

HD: AND IT OPENED UP, HER HEAD OPENED, HER HEAD HAD BEEN MADE PREGNANT BY THOSE MONSTERS, BY THE OLD MEN, THEY HAD SOILED HER, HAD PUT THEIR DNA WITH HERS, AND IT HAD SIX LEGS! SIX LEGS!

NS: (into intercom) Waller, get in here NOW!

HD: I saw it and I cried . . . and then the old men found me . . . AND I'LL KILL THEM ALL! IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER, EVER DO, EVEN IF IT MEANS NOTHING, EVEN IF NOTHING DOES, I'LL DO IT BECAUSE I WILL, BECAUSE THEY POLLUTED HER, POLLUTED ME, POLLUTED ALL OF US . . . (sounds of struggle)

* * *

HD: The old men raped me you know.

NS: You've said before that they had . . . unusual genitals.

HD: Not like that. They raped me inside. (Patient tapped his head here.)

NS: This was in the house?

HD: After I'd found her. I was trying to run away, when I felt a hand on me, a cold breath in my ear.

NS: Who was it?

HD: An old man. 'I'm going to show you things, many valuable things,' he said. And then he put his illness inside me. (pause)

NS: Did he get into your blood?

HD: He got into my soul. He showed me things. MADE me things.

NS: What do you mean? How did he do this?

HD: He changed me—took me out of my own self, out of my skin and put me into . . . things.

NS: What sort of things?

HD: Moist things. Cold things. DIFFERENT things.

NS: Different in what fashion?

HD: Not like a man. The things I was showed me that pleasure and pain are the same. That moist is all everywhere, even when it's frozen. That nothing is everything is anything.

NS: What, specifically, do you remember him, or it, showing you?

HD: Better you don't know.

What Really Happened

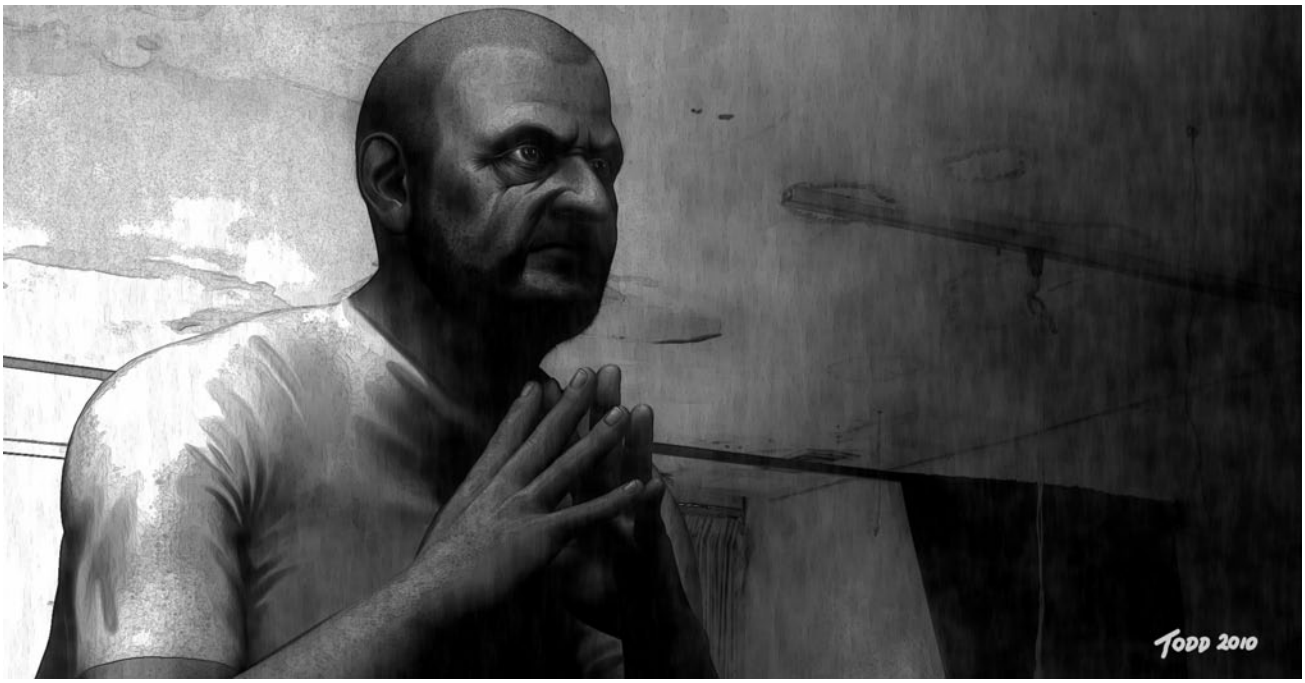
Muriel Donnerkvist was descended, through many generations, from a woman who had been forcefully mated to a Deep One. The pollution of the blood was weakened by each generation of humanity, but was still present. Muriel had nightmares about R'lyeh and those things that dwell beneath the waves; nightmares she shared with her husband Hans. When their daughter Ella was born, the nightmares increased in frequency and intensity, until Muriel felt she was going slowly mad. In the end, the call of the water was too strong; she walked out onto thin ice, fell through, and drowned.

What Muriel felt was the call of Lamplighters. At the behest of the Cult, they were casting their mystic nets for dormant Deep One hybrids. When the Lamplighters felt Muriel die, they were disappointed. When they discovered that she had a daughter, they were delighted.

On March 26, 1991, Norman Van Beveren kidnapped Ella and delivered her to the Transcended Masters. Her sacrifice during the Greater Marriage to Roger Ash generated immense power, and gave Ash deep insights into the dwellers in R'lyeh.

However, Van Beveren had a stroke of bad luck. One of Donnerkvist's neighbors was a nosy old man with sharp eyes, anarchist ideas and a suspicious turn of mind. When this old man saw a stranger lurking for hours on end with no apparent purpose, he wrote down the man's license number and took a photograph. When Ella disappeared, he went straight to Hans instead of the mistrusted authorities. Grief-stricken, Hans decided to pursue a private revenge. He took the number and picture and found that the car had been rented to one Arno Frechette. When "Arno Frechette" turned out to be a dead end, Hans intimidated the rental agent into telling him that the car had been paid for by an employee of Owens Imports. Owens Imports' president was Norman Van Beveren. One look at Van Beveren and Donnerkvist knew who had kidnapped his girl.

Van Beveren, a clued-in front leader snared by his fascination with the occult, was playing his own game. Trusted with the sensitive task of procuring young girls, during a delivery he



overheard that they were going to Vagnoptus Manor. He'd heard vague rumors about the 'mad mansion' and started pursuing them. As a native Swedish speaker, he was able to find documents undiscovered by Henry Nemmers, including a roughly accurate sketch of the interior and—crucially—the steps of the folding. He kept these on his person and was in the process of planning a way to get through the trapped undergrowth without detection when he was, himself, kidnapped.

Donnerkvist hauled Van Beveren home to his thick-walled basement and tortured him, enthusiastically if not professionally, until he explained the map he'd been carrying and told Hans that the building was where his daughter had been taken. When Donnerkvist had everything he wanted from Van Beveren, Donnerkvist killed him. Armed with a pistol and a knife, Donnerkvist entered the House and saw his daughter — or what she had become.

As he tried to flee, he was cornered by the Transcended Master Dwight Reynolds. Donnerkvist tried to fight. The Master, amused, decided to send Donnerkvist on a trip through the Road of Souls as one of the Star-Spawn of Cthulhu. The experience scoured away most of Donnerkvist's sanity. In a near catatonic fugue, Donnerkvist found his way back and then out the front door of the mansion where a traffic cop found him. After a short interview with the Stockholm police, Van Beveren was discovered. Donnerkvist was confined to a state hospital for the criminally insane.

Hans Donnerkvist — Unfortunate Father, age 77

Race: Caucasian **Nationality:** Swedish

STR 14	**CON 13**	**SIZ 15**	**INT 14**	**POW 12**
DEX 11	**APP 10**	**EDU 11**	**SAN 9**	**HP 14**

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Education: High school equivalent

Occupation: Former pipefitter; mental patient

Skills

Boating 30%	Carpentry/Woodcraft 15%	Cthulhu Mythos 8%
Drive Auto 25%	Electrical Repair 40%	Hide 40%
Listen 45%	Mechanical Repair 50%	Natural History 20%
Navigation/Land 30%	Operate Heavy Machinery 25%	
Sneak 40%	Spot Hidden 35%	Swim 55%
Throw 25%	Track 40%	

Languages: Swedish 70%

Attacks

Fist/Punch 60%, 1D3 + 1D4

Grapple 85%, special

Shotgun 45%. Hans enjoyed hunting, but obviously has no current access to firearms.

Physical Description

Hans would look older than his age if not for an unwholesome vitality. All his determined energy is aimed at a single purpose: vengeance. His muscles are decaying into flab, and he has a hospital buzz-cut. His face is deeply wrinkled and lined with hate, terror and desperate exhaustion.

Plot Insertion

Since Norman Van Beveren was a clued-in boss, he could have been involved with any of the four Sees. One route by which Agents can learn of the Masters' mansion is from Donnerkvist. They can be led to Donnerkvist through investigation of Van Beveren, depending on which See they are investigating. If Agents are on several trails, the Keeper should pick one of the following when the time is ripe. Not all these plot hooks are mutually exclusive; those that can most easily all be blended are marked with an asterisk (*).

See of Fear

- One source of funding for a front's political maneuver is Owens Imports. It could stand out to the IRS for having more money to spend than it should.
- Alternately, if the characters are CIA, they might wonder why a company in Stockholm is spending so much money to influence domestic policy in the U.S.*

See of Flesh

- Owens Imports was, for a short period of time, the owners of the land now used as the retreat center by the Brotherhood of New Potential. The decisions to buy and sell that land were made by Van Beveren. It was sold to the Brotherhood of New Potential at a hefty loss.*
- Owens Imports might have donated money to the awards that were the catalyst for forming the Secret Senate.*

See of Greed

- Before her death, Muriel Donnerkvist was being attacked in the Dreamlands. Dream Agents who are tackling the Church of Interlife might learn of the deaths of numerous Interlife soldiers who were assaulting Muriel. (In the waking world, a wife and mother; in the Dreamlands, her heritage as a Deep One hybrid gave her great power.) Seeking Muriel in the waking world leads Agents to her widower, Hans.
- Van Beveren could occupy a prominent (or at least discernible) position in the hierarchy of the Exalted Circle.*
- A background check on anyone the Agents have identified as a Lamplighter could reveal that he or she once worked for Owens Imports. The records for that employment period were lost in a fire, and the president at that time was brutally murdered.
- JSP! is actually owned by SeaTech, Inc. Several of the board of directors for SeaTech, Inc. also sit on the board of Owens Imports. Searching news databases for mentions of Owens Imports would certainly turn up the story of the torture murder of Van Beveren.

There are no immediate connections between Hans Donnerkvist and the See of Hate.

If The Agents Meet Hans

Hans can give Agents the location of the home of the Transcended Masters, but getting the information out of him isn't easy. He's suspicious of the characters, even if they show animosity toward the Cult. It is possible to trick him into revealing where the house is, but gaining his trust is quite difficult. He doesn't remember every step required to get from the Earthly mansion to the version in Azathoth's court, but he can explain the notes on his map—if the Agents win his trust and convince him that he can gain some advantage toward escaping.

Escape is Hans' greatest desire. He is strong, crafty, and does not care about his own life or discomfort. He attempts anything to get a chance to destroy the house. If that means killing an Agent or holding a nurse hostage at knife-point, Hans does not hesitate.

The Cult is paying off a hospital employee to keep an eye on Hans and to alert them if anyone comes to see him, but there's a chance that this mole won't be on duty when the Agents visit. (Keeper's discretion—if the Agents are going to have enough trouble, don't give the Bishops advance warning.)

Finally, remember that Hans speaks no English.

The See of Hate

The purpose of the See of Hate is to divide all of humanity. By stressing differences, tolerance is strained and every deviation from the "norm" becomes an insult. The individual is exalted, and all that thwarts his will is anathema. The goal of the See of Hate is to create in everyone a sense of beleaguered righteousness, a feeling of being the unfairly persecuted underdog. By alienating people from each other, groups become extreme, unyielding, and ultimately violent.

Race lines are clear and therefore an easy-to-follow guide for the unimaginative. Gender, similarly, provides a barrier that few ever cross, a difference that persists down to the core of every cell. But religion and politics can both serve as the wedge of division—not as quick to bite, perhaps, but wounding deeper because the differences are chosen. Class and wealth have such clear winners and losers that the roles of the envied and the afraid (or the contemptuous) are easy to follow.

Even among those who resist the hatred, the effect is felt; on both sides of the line, the stereotype of the "Other" as the rapist, the plunderer, the threat is repeated again and again.

The See of Hate is the most loosely directed of all the Sees. For one thing, the See's groups kill, riot, blow things up and burn things down. They're by far the most likely to attract the attention of law enforcement agencies. Even groups that merely advocate violence are subjected to a great deal of official scrutiny. Therefore, the Cult keeps these groups at arm's length. Besides, humans don't require much inspiration to hate. It's natural. All the See of Hate needs to do is keep funneling rationales, provocation, and laundered money to anger's most vitriolic purveyors.

Some of the cabals hate so deeply and blackly that they find their way to the Outer Gods with no influence from the Cult of Transcendence. **Operation New Day** and **White Fire** are among the first of these groups to embrace the alien horror of the Outer Gods in order to feed their hate. More, undoubtedly, will follow.

Management Style

Under the earlier Bishop Egbert Sharpe, the See of Hate was an arsenal of murder rings, storm troopers, individually directed psychopaths, and bizarre phobic cults. Sharpe's remit was restoring the Cult's power in post-WWI Europe, and he built a network of fronts and saboteurs from Madrid to Moscow. Their efforts were hardly noticed next to the industrialized atrocities of the Second World War. When he Transcended in 1945, the other Bishops were secretly glad to see the petty, easily-distracted Guillaume Broche emerge as his replacement. During Broche's thirty years as Bishop of Hate, his Acolyte Nathan Harmati (a Sharpe recruit) had big, Sharpe-style dreams, but Broche's reflexive jealousy and clumsy manipulations left them unfulfilled. The Bishops wanted someone more capable to succeed Broche, but they definitely didn't want the furious, visceral thug Harmati. So instead, they selected his polar opposite, elevating the cold, rational intellect of Andrew St. Claire. However, as an elderly American, St. Claire does tend to see Hate primarily through racial lenses, perhaps neglecting other promising venues for expansion. Only recently, with the addition of two Europeans as Acolytes, has the focus of See actions changed slightly.

A former Acolyte of Greed, St. Claire regards the units the See provides as beasts. Coarse, stupid and governed by puerile passions, they're worthy only of the leash or the lash. He gives them both. Because he despises his fronts, St. Claire deceives them as a matter of course. He not only wishes to cloud himself from possible trouble if his minions screw up, but he finds it personally offensive to consider letting people of such low mental capacity know his own goals, designs, or even his true identity. They wouldn't understand, and the only thing worse than a violent imbecile is a violent and confused imbecile.

St. Claire primarily operates from behind the Anchor Charitable Trust. This organization, buzzing with lawyers appointed by Exalted Circle members, is a primary money well for the Cult of Transcendence. The Anchor Charitable Trust is a non-profit entity originally chartered in Delaware, but operated primarily from Switzerland and the Grenadine Islands. It absorbs anonymous donations and then issues grants to dozens of other charity organizations that only exist on paper. These cut-out charities (often multiple layers of them) then spread the money to groups which advance the goals of the See of Hate. These groups aren't necessarily creations of the Cult of Transcendence, the See of Hate or any other Mythos connected entity. Nearly all of them are simply violent political and religious groups intent

on killing everyone who isn't like them. They existed before they started getting money from the See of Hate, and if the Cult of Transcendence is destroyed, they continue to operate.

Each false-front charity that acts as a financial conduit is fragile by design: under investigation, it folds up like a Swiss Army knife and vanishes, perhaps leaving behind an out-of-the-loop secretary and a mid-grade con man with a bad drug habit as the fall guys. The Anchor Charitable Trust, on the other hand, is too big and deep for that kind of quick turn-and-burn, so it's built for siege. Any challenge to it runs into layers of lawyers, snide attacks from P.R. flacks, and subtle bribes for investigators willing to back off. The Trust funnels millions of dollars into genuine humanitarian Non-Governmental Organizations (NGOs) and private aid projects. Hollywood movie stars say nice things about it. Politicians laud its good works and may pull strings to shut down "spurious" investigations by federal law enforcement agencies. It's nearly impossible to turn public opinion against the Trust without unassailable proof, and even then, those who have tied their good names, reputations and egos to the Trust simply refuse to believe the facts.

Some sponsored groups never have any idea who's providing the money. Others have theories or mythologies to explain where their funding comes from. For example:

Operation New Day believes their funds come from "The Colonel," who is highly placed in the CIA and has broken free of the Jews who really control the government. He's providing them funds that were earmarked for covert operations. St. Claire has them so buffaloed that they readily accede to his most extreme demands for secrecy and security. Any doubts they might have are silenced by Niot Abur Am'st, the Avatar of Nyarlathotep that they worship.

John Black and Nola Zewami (page 202) are the instruments through which St. Claire directs White Fire. He is most distant from this operation, partially because his color would make him suspect to them, but primarily because of his personal distaste for "their ilk." He hand-picked Black for being predictable. Manipulating him is simply a matter of providing appropriate information through "criminal contacts," planted by Interlife mind control. Nola Zewami knows the organization is being manipulated by outside forces, but she is more dedicated to Astom Niturba, another avatar of the Crawling Chaos, now than she is to White Fire, the Lamplighters, or any other human actor or instrument. Astom Niturba is deliberately keeping her outside of the Cult of Transcendence (who would never accept a black woman in a position of power) as a kind of back up or fail-safe, should some agency destroy the entire Cult and all its fronts.

Operation New Day

Those damn mud people are smothering the U.S. of A. They're ugly and stupid, and they try to blame everything on us, when without white people they'd still be squatting in their grass shacks over in fuckin' Africa, or swinging from the trees.

White people are smarter, science will tell you that. Look at the test scores, even the brain sizes and stuff. We're supposed to be in charge. When we were, America was strong, nobody could beat us.

Then the blacks got all uppity and decided they could take care of themselves. Yeah. Take a look at East St. Louis—that there's blacks taking care of themselves. Look at L.A. and Cabrini Green, look at Somalia—we went in there to feed 'em, they turned on us in that "Black Hawk Down" thing and now they're hacking each other to bits with machetes!

And we put one in the White House, for God's sake.

They're like big black leeches. The ones in America are always sucking jobs away with "affirmative action" and money from welfare. I'll tell you something else; you never see a white man selling crack, no sir; white men have some pride, some decency. They know better than to make their money rotting out people's brains. Other races, they don't have no decency. Like in 'Nam; those slanty eyed fucks would send in children, little gook babies with hand grenades, and them towel-head motherfuckers in Iraq are doing exactly the same thing. What kind of a fucked up people does that? They ain't right; they're mistakes, freaks of nature, and I'm sick of seeing them in my country.

History

Operation New Day was founded in 1963, in response to the civil rights movement. The founders felt that the Ku Klux Klan was too complacent and old fashioned, and that it was time to really "push the niggers into the sea." In the forty-plus years of its existence, Operation New Day has murdered a number of black Muslims, "suspected gang leaders," and civil rights activists. They have also burned down churches, attempted to interfere with black voting, and raised funds to defend people accused of race crimes. In the face of increased federal vigilance and media attention, however, Operation New Day was unable to complete its goal of "Nigger Free by Ninety-Three." Any rational observer would realize that such a goal was more a racist masturbatory fantasy than any kind of realistic or even obtainable objective, but Operation New Day is not the kind of philosophy to attract rational individuals.

The turning point for Operation New Day was in 1970 when they came to the attention of the Exalted Circle member and nascent Nyarlathotep cultist Andrew St. Claire. Posing as "the Colonel," St. Claire provided an infusion of cash, information on a "national Jewish conspiracy" and "historical data" on the "primal Aryan religion" of a deity called Niot Abur Am'st. St. Claire explained that the god Niot (a god of true Aryan northmen, not some bastardized Jew god) designed white men to rule, and the proof of this is the Aryan ability (long suppressed) to call and command byakhee, the true angels of Niot. St. Claire's people crafted his stories of the international Jewish conspiracy to be more plausible than the normal schizophrenic Elders of Zion hash. By painting his business competitors as Zionist collaborators, he was able to have them assassinated by two New Day fanatics. (One gunman is still doing life without parole, the other was killed by police.) This provided New Day with an infusion of mythology, and St. Claire with a leg up in the Exalted Circle, and eventually within the Cult itself.

OND launched a high-profile series of murders and bank robberies in the late 1970s and early 1980s, and began targeted assassinations of black activists, preachers, and politicians in the 1990s. However, the Oklahoma City bombing brought huge FBI attention to the white extremist movements in the U.S., and the Patriot Act brought considerable legal latitude for surveillance of domestic terrorism. Hence, New Day has been driven deeper and deeper underground, unable to coordinate its followers or openly recruit new members. Were it not for ongoing Cult financial support and the worship of Niot Abur Am'st, OND might well exist today only in history books.

St. Claire no longer has any direct connection with OND—as far as anyone in New Day remembers at this late date, St. Claire was just one of the "white Americans" who tipped them to one of many Jew-nigger plots they've battled—but, devoted cultist that he is, he still leads their worship of Niot from behind an elaborate ritual mask. The soldiers of OND refer to their money-man and "insider Washington contact" around the Idaho campfire, and in their few internal e-mails, only as "The Colonel." St. Claire has one of his Exalted Circle minions in a Crystal City, Virginia office building trolling the Internet for "hot tips on the conspiracy" and sending the occasional "insider bulletin" to keep up the legend and occasionally to direct their actions to specific Cult ends. While See of Hate Acolyte Tomas Heche (see page 194) is an OND Apostle, he spends little time in America, and even less time than that directly running any but the most sensitive Cult operations.

This distance insulates the Cult from OND, but it also leaves individual New Day cells and Overseers free to act on their own against perceived threats. One such perceived threat is the See of Hate's own White Fire. As OND-run meth labs expand into White Fire-controlled crack and heroin markets, on four occasions OND Overseers have ordered attacks on White Fire soldiers. Twice (in Seattle in 2005 and L.A. in 2007) OND succeeded in killing White Fire operatives before the Cult could prevent these unwitting fratricides.

Organization and Locale

Operation New Day is headquartered in Little Rock, Arkansas. Once primarily a Southern organization, it has drifted demographically west and north since the 1960s. Membership is strong in Texas, the Midwest, and the Pacific Northwest; most OND cells in the South are either "good old boy" cells begun in the 1960s or new ones associated with nearby military bases.

A new member joins a cell of three to five members. One member is the leader or "Prime." The cell members know only the identities of others in their cell. The cell Prime knows only two superiors, his "Captains." Each Captain has two to four Primes under him, and does not know the names of those Primes' cell mates. Each Captain further knows two or three other Captains, with whom he can coordinate actions. Above them, the Captains know one Overseer. Like a Captain, each Overseer commands a few Captains and knows a few other Overseers, but does not know the identities of the Primes or the individuals in the cells. The Overseers answer to a Council of eleven Apostles and one President. (The current President, an Oregon farm-equipment salesman named Earnest Morgan, is a charismatic figurehead.) The Apostles and the President between them could assemble pretty complete records of all the Overseers and Captains, but they know the system is designed to insulate them from Primes and most of the cell members. The President and the Apostles don't sweat the individual organizational details, instead farming out tasks to Overseers and on down. Each step down the organizational chain refines the plan. An Apostle might decide "We need to get Ike Briggs elected mayor of San Paulo, New Mexico." He passes this to some New Mexico Overseers, who respectively decide to (1) get the vote out for Ike and (2) incapacitate his rival's campaign. They tell their Primes to do this, and the Primes set about the smaller details.

Members

So right there in the fucking bar he pulls out this little bag and starts rollin' up a joint. That ain't the bad thing though; the weed bag, see . . . it was made from a human tit.

There are a few veterans of the Iraq and Afghanistan wars in Operation New Day. Some of them were covert members of OND before they joined the armed forces, some were recruited while in the field, and some were brought into the fold after mustering out. The Defense Department learned a few lessons from Vietnam, so there are fewer vets running around with untreated PTSD or other mental disorders brought on by warfare. Nevertheless, some guys fall through the cracks. Some can't stand to ask for help or look crazy, and some get a masochistic gratification from their own misery. OND members who join the military are told to keep their mouths shut and their eyes and ears open for potential recruits. The U.S. Army INSCOM (Army counter-intelligence) has had racist gangs on its radar since the early 1990s.

New Day conspirators with military experience are dangerous, of course, but rarer than you might think. Recruiting someone to more conflict when they're in battle or home from it can be a hard sell unless handled carefully, and OND operatives sometimes lack subtlety. (Especially since the most blatant got rolled up in the heyday of warrantless wiretaps.) But St. Claire understands that the See of Hate needs to provide dangerous warriors for the Cult, and works to ease recruitment among veterans, especially among family members of OND "old boys." To the extent his Exalted Circle ties can pull strings for potential OND recruits, it works like this. One of the Overseers wants to set up a nephew or son-in-law. He sends the guy's name and situation up the line to the Apostles. Next time one of them meets the Colonel (that is, St. Claire) he diffidently requests that something be done. St. Claire, in turn, talks to someone from the Circle and says, "This particular hick needs a secure job" and the nephew gets hired without his supervisor (or even anyone in the Circle) knowing he's a would-be race warrior. They just know this guy's got juice and there's going to be trouble if he's fired. The hire may not even know his job was engineered. Until he balks at something.

The most common OND members are either unmarried men in their 20s and 30s looking for meaning in race and hatred, or older, long-term political bigots who are members of OND along with other white power groups. These are men with strong memories of police dogs and fire hoses tormenting unarmed black civil rights marchers. Those are happy memories. Some are underemployed and undereducated young men with nothing better to do. Others are middle-aged men who were taught all their lives that white men were superior. By age forty, they're impatient to see proof in action.

Uses to the Cult

Operation New Day has access both to firepower and people skilled in its use. They're ready to believe any accusation that anyone (or any organization) is a tool of "international Jewry." They're not subtle, but they're deadly. Furthermore, their allegiance to Niot Abur Am'st can sometimes be used to generate magical power for the Cult.

Niot Abur Am'st, Avatar of Nyarlathotep

I believe, 'cause I've seen him . . . he's the burning man, the man from the sun! See, we're all sun people—the niggers are black because they ain't got no sun in them. He was . . . well, I ain't no fairy, but he was beautiful.

Niot Abur Am'st appears to those who consider themselves "members of the Aryan race" as a 20-foot-tall man with eyes of sky, skin like ice and a thick golden beard. He is clothed in a radiant robe of fire and when he speaks it's a resounding clarion of beauty and strength.

To everyone else, Niot looks like a 20-foot-tall humanoid shape made entirely of bloodstained teeth. Small molars make up his eyes, mighty tusks define his ribs, and fangs, incisors and canines fill in the rest of his body. As he moves they grind and click, and fresh blood oozes out of the cracks between them.

STR 60 CON 45 SIZ 45 INT 86 POW 100
DEX 19 Move 16 HP 45

Damage Bonus: +6D6

Attacks

Any weapon 100%, normal damage + db if applicable

Polluting Slime 80%, see note

Armor

None, but brought to zero hit points, he collapses to the ground, into a more hideous form (causing 1d10/1d100 SAN loss) and flies into interstellar space.

Spells

Niot Abur Am'st knows all Mythos spells; he can summon monsters at the rate of 1 magic point per point of POW the monster has; he may summon a Byakhee for a single point.

Sanity Loss: It costs 0 points for "Aryans" to behold Niot Abur Am'st; it costs 1D10/1D100 for others to do so.

Note

Niot has a special slime attack. If he strikes an enemy, they get covered with a disgusting clotted, red matter. The target cannot see, smell or feel this excrescence, but everyone around him can. Periodically, for the rest of the victim's life, it appears upon them. It cannot be washed off. It costs victims 0/1D6 SAN each day they realize that everyone else sees them as being foully polluted.

Ritual Involvement

Niot-worship is usually introduced at the level of Overseer, occasionally Captain. Conversion from fire-and-brimstone Christianity may be a tough sell, but much race-Christianity is already pretty distorted from the core, and selling Jesus as a misperception of Niot Abur Am'st is possible. The more isolated the nascent cultist is from the mainstream, the easier the transition, and the same thing goes for a complete clean break from the Bible with all its puzzling talk of 'mercy' and 'forgiveness.' OND draws the frustrated. Turning that frustration on a religion that failed them can work, especially if you're all the guy has in the way of friends.

Not all Overseers are active Niot-worshippers, but all the Apostles are. As worshippers they are taught the spells Enchant Whistle and Summon/Bind Byakhee. OND occasionally summons a byakhee to use against a particularly well-defended enemy. Once a year they call up Niot Abur Am'st on July 4th. This particular ritual requires seven burning crosses; crosses with people nailed to them.

Plot Insertion

- Since the Oklahoma City bombing, the FBI has cracked down on domestic white-terror groups. FBI-associated Agents may be assigned to infiltrate or simply investigate Operation New Day, or to find out what happened to the last agent assigned to infiltrate or investigate the terror group.
- FBI-associated characters may be assigned the case of the yearly Independence Day Murders, without yet knowing of the OND connection.
- A prominent black professor, author and speaker is found brutally murdered, and one witness describes seeing a "horrible thing" flapping away (a byakhee).

White Fire

There are humans, and then there are whites. Humans have some limits, some decency, but whites? You'd never catch a human engineering some kind of Auschwitz, or dropping an atom bomb on someone just to prove a point—but the whites did it, and then they either say it didn't happen or that it was no big deal. Life and death of one of us means nothing to a white—but let a black man kill one of them and you'll see the law come down.

Law is just a hammer for them to hit us with. Religion's another. "Oh, you just turn the other cheek there, boy, and when we finally kill

you there's gonna be a big white sugar daddy in heaven to take care of you forever." That's the big white lie—that they'll take care of us, provide for us, help us get education and jobs and what we deserve. It's a lie. They take care of us the way they took care of Martin Luther King, Rodney King, the way they took care of the Jews in Auschwitz and those Japs in Nagasaki. I mean, those Hymies and Japs are just as white as they are, and they STILL tried to kill 'em all. Nothing's going to stop them from killing a black man, and when they do the judge says it's self-defense.

Whites are ice people. They don't really FEEL things, can't really produce nothin' that's REAL, just machines and chemicals and cold, artificial stuff. Just watch that fuckin' TV, you'll see what I mean. Us, we're people of sun and earth, see? We can grow stuff—I mean, the original humans came from Africa, so whites are just some kind of weird offshoot. Some sick, fucked up strain of person that can't feel nothing, so they'll fuckin' do ANYTHING.

History

Andrew St. Claire created White Fire in 1985, operating through a patsy called John Black. John Black was associated with the Medellín cartel's U.S. operations at a time when the cartel was becoming increasingly violent in its resistance to Colombia's attempts to extradite its leaders. Worried about the cartel's future, St. Claire decided it was a good idea to have a backup route into the cocaine underworld, just to be safe, and worked to establish a relationship with Black.

Believing that he was being paid off to destabilize the U.S. so that drugs could enter more easily, John Black gladly took money to form a revolutionary army. It seemed like an outdated idea . . . and it was. But Andrew St. Claire is a bit outdated himself. Before long, John Black fell prey to the "romantic" fantasy of leading a revolution. When he began he saw his recruits as nothing but dupes to be used to distract law enforcement from the drug traffickers' business. Eventually he would grow to see himself as Nat Turner, Huey Newton and François-Dominique Toussaint L'Ouverture rolled into one.

White Fire really began growing after John Black was sent to Joliet in 1988 for drug trafficking and extortion. As converted prisoners were released, they recruited and began taking "revolutionary action." While in prison, John Black began having dreams of a primal African religion. These were sent by a Lamplighter (Harmati refused to release Interlife assets "to masturbate St. Claire's fossilized plans") named Nola Zewami (née Smith) to prime Black for the worship of Nyarlathotep, in the guise of "Astom Niturba." When he was released in 1991 (due to Exalted Circle machinations that Black thought were Medellín machinations) Black hooked up with Nola Zewami, who initiated him into Astom Niturba worship. Worship of Niturba has been trickling down into White Fire, from the revolutionaries to the drug peddlers, ever since.

Organization and Locale

The White Fire organization is extremely loose. There are hand signals and verbal phrases associated with membership; anyone who knows them is authorized to teach them to new members, but they mutate and change constantly. People know who brought them in, and they generally consider their recruiters to be more knowledgeable and closer to the top. Information trickles down a grapevine. The lines of communication aren't the clearest, so it's very difficult to connect one member to another.

At the top are a group of dedicated terrorist-revolutionaries who worship Astom Niturba. Periodically they try to summon Niturba to destroy Washington D.C., but have been unable, as yet, to do so. This top cadre is armed not only with normal weapons, but also with a variation of the spell Wrack, which does not harm worshippers of Nyarlathotep, no matter what guise they worship him in. White Fire believes that this spell is the secret name of the black race, against which all impurity is burned and withered.

Membership is strongest in black ghettos nationwide; the White Fire tag (a white stick figure on its side, with flames sketched or sprayed above it) shows up on public housing walls from South Central to Washington Heights. Often members of criminal gangs belong to White Fire as well; a legal parallel might be having both a job and a political party. This dual allegiance of many members tends to blur the boundaries between crimes committed solely for profit and those with ideological motives.

Members

Members are almost uniformly unemployed black men who have lived in, and been abused by, the social service and criminal justice systems their entire lives. Most of the street captains have done prison time; performing "missionary work" that spreads the White Fire to another prison or gang is the most reliable way to get picked for promotion.

Uses to the Cult

White Fire members are particularly willing to perform actions that terrorists from Operation New Day would consider unpatriotic. OND members want to "rescue America from the conspiracy that has robbed it of its racial destiny," whereas White

Fire members are genuinely anti-American, seeing the United States as the source of their suffering, fit only for destruction. Many of them have suffered so much in their lives that they are willing to discount any suffering they inflict as being only fair, while death is seen as a release from a pointless existence.

In addition to being a source of physical muscle, their worship of Nyarlathotep pleases St. Claire, who secretly hopes it pleases his god as well.

Ritual Involvement

The upper cadre burns a random white victim alive in a service to Astom Niturba four times a year, at which time contact is made. When asked to destroy Washington and drive out the white menace, Niturba only replies, "When the stars are right."

Plot Insertion

- The FBI is very interested in White Fire. The CIA, fearing White Fire's ties to radical black Muslim groups, monitors their activities as well. Although not legally allowed to operate in the U.S., the CIA uses its connections to the narcotrafficking world to great advantage in order to justify this investigation. Both agencies request frequent FISA wiretaps of White Fire.
- So far the ritual murders haven't been connected to White Fire, so any Agent who tracks down suspicious murders for cult involvement would find some there.
- A victim of the Wrack spell might make it to a hospital before the effects wore off. The resulting tabloid news story might ring a bell to Delta Green operatives.
- DEA agents might be victimized by the Wrack spell during a domestic raid. Their story would certainly attract attention from Delta Green.

Other Front Groups

Although OND and White Fire are the only two fronts in the See of Hate currently vouchsafed their own visions of Nyarlathotep, the See still funds and encourages dozens of other small-scale haters. Some examples of other such fronts include:

- Not all Mythos cults are made up solely of isolated hermits and inbred hill folk. Some cultists have initially uninvolved spouses or romantic partners, close friends, even children. These unfortunates encounter the Mythos by proxy and find it poisoning their lives. Then, something happens—a summoning, a possession, an irruption of insanity that cannot be denied. A very few of the bystanders escape into amnesia or even a semblance of normalcy, perhaps moving across the country and completely severing their ties with the past. Most go mad or die in blind shock. A very few emerge on the other side—not sane, but not utterly destroyed. They hunger for more contact with the very thing that nearly destroyed them. Egbert Sharpe called these last the **Annealed**. They served as his occult hatchet men, once they'd been easily remolded into whatever the local agents of the conspiracy needed: cold-blooded assassins, passive channelers, or even recruiters to breed future Annealed victims. Under Broche, the See lost track of Sharpe's network of Annealed scattered across orphanages, asylums, prisons and dank basement apartments. How many Annealed wander the world, believing that they work for the See of Hate? Nobody knows, least of all Andrew St. Claire.
- **The Daughters of Hippolyte** are a radical feminist group set up by Nathan Harmati back in the 1970s as an experiment. They loudly denounce the patriarchy and sponsor "Muses Speak," a program of anti-male art by women artists. Their inner circle practices self-mutilation, chopping off one breast in imitation of the ancient Amazons; they recruit heavily from women's neopagan circles. So far, their aggressive courting of the Great Mother Goddess has produced no Mythos revelation, but they are one crumbling tome away from contacting Mormo, or the Bloated Woman, or Shub-Niggurath, or Something. (Brasseur has decided they will make a useful cultic battery if and when he becomes Bishop.) The Cult uses them (through female cut-outs) to destroy the careers of male enemies in academia and to infiltrate the larger feminist movement, pushing it toward radicalism and gender war.
- The goal of the Cult, and the See of Hate in particular, is to discredit peace, justice, and cooperation by getting the most virulent, bigoted, and selfish people it can find to howl for those very things on national cable news. **International SOLUTION** (Strike Out for Liberation, Unity, and Transnational Integration/Organize Now) promulgates and sponsors the most radical anti-Israel speakers and publications it can find, while actively spreading propaganda for aspiring dictators like Hugo Chavez of Venezuela, Robert Mugabe of Zimbabwe, and terrorists-turned-politicians like Hamas or the Tamil Tigers. It comprises a cadre of professional protestors and organizers who can use their contacts in the larger anti-globalist and anti-war movements to whip up a 10,000-person rally in any Western city with 72 hours notice.

Specific SOLUTION operations are targeted at the Cult's corporate and political rivals. If the Cult finds out about Delta Green, SOLUTION "fact-finders" are turned loose on every lead, ready to leak the sordid details to the New York Times, MSNBC and Al-Jazeera.

- The Cult lost track of the **Gradinari**, one of Egbert Sharpe's old networks, after Romania fell to the Soviets in 1944. Sharpe built them as an experiment in contagious hatred using a hard core of Yog-Sothoth cultists (left adrift after the destruction of Castle Ferenczy in 1928) and the criminally insane (stored at an asylum in Cluj that the Cult took over). A Gradinar (Romanian for "gardener") shows up in town and offers someone covert aid against an enemy, then kills that enemy messily. The Gradinar then offers the dead man's family a chance at revenge, and so forth. Sometimes two Gradinari work in concert, egging on a vendetta; sometimes they use magic to get a witch-panic going and help out with informal lynchings. The Gradinari recruit the most inventive and resilient of their "clients" into their membership. Since 1989, the Gradinari have spread throughout the Balkans and into Balkan émigré communities in Western Europe. The Cult isn't sure what to use Sharpe's perpetual murder machine for, or how they could stop it if they wanted to.

Astom Niturba, Avatar of Nyarlathotep

When he rose out of the fire, I . . . how can I put this? I knew everything I'd hoped for and wanted so bad . . . that it was all true.

To member of the cult, Astom Niturba appears as a 20-foot-tall black man, powerful and handsome, dressed in robes that burn with fire. His voice is mellow, deep, warm and loving as he talks about the benevolent future once the Ice People have been melted away.

To all other races, Astom Niturba is a 20-foot-tall humanoid shape made entirely of bloodstained teeth. Small molars make up his eyes, mighty tusks define his ribs, and fangs, incisors and canines fill in the rest of his body. As he moves they grind and click, and fresh blood oozes out of the cracks between them.

STR 60	**CON 45**	**SIZ 45**	**INT 86**
POW 100	**DEX 19**	**Move 16**	**HP 45**

Damage Bonus: +6D6

Attacks
Any weapon 100%, normal damage + db if applicable
Ineradicable Stain 80%, see note

Armor
None, but brought to zero hit points, he collapses to the ground, changes into a more hideous form (causing 1d10/1d100 SAN loss) and flies into interstellar space.

Spells
Astom Niturba knows all Mythos spells; he can summon monsters at the rate of 1 magic point per point of POW the monster has; he may summon a Hunting Horror for a single point.

Sanity Loss: It costs 0 points for blacks to behold Astom Niturba, even if they're not cultists; it costs 1D10/1D100 for others to do so.

Note
Astom Niturba has a special stain attack. When he successfully coats someone with his gore, it can be washed off normally, and the wounds heal normally—but every time the victim looks in a mirror, he see his skin still covered with fresh, wet blood. He hallucinates handprints and stains all over his clothing. This costs the victim 0/1D4 SAN a day for a month. The SAN loss continues until the victim completes four successful SAN rolls. Either they go completely mad, or they adjust to their bizarre condition.

The See of Flesh

Like the other Sees of the Cult of Transcendence, the purpose of the See of Flesh is to cause dissatisfaction. The See of Flesh's tool is indulgence and depravity, driving human decadence to the point where even those who should be content and envied for their luxury are tormented and driven to ever-greater excesses of pleasure. Their extravagant actions provoke the envy and misery of those who have less, poisoning their satisfaction with what little they have.

The See of Flesh's primary goal is to get people to ignore what they have with promises of more. If they can erase the concept of "enough," the whole world will be like the serpent Ouroboros—devouring itself past gluttony in heedless hunger. Unlike the See of Greed, where the craving is power and wealth, the See of Flesh drives the appetite for fleshy pleasures.

For every member of the **Brotherhood of New Potential** who participates in an orgy, there are a dozen non-members who hear and fantasize about it. These fantasies can sour their own amours, for what person of flesh and blood can compare with the excitement of an imagined ideal? For every member of the Brotherhood who is caught committing a murder or rape, there are a hundred non-members who wonder why a middle class, externally content person would be driven to such extremes of perversity. "If someone who seemed so much more together than me can go berserk and mutilate his own daughter . . . what hope do I have of ever being happy? I would have said he had everything . . . so how much do people need?"

The **Dorian Gray Society** directly targets those with the most opportunity, knowing that for every member of the elite they corrode, there are ordinary folks watching from the sidelines, learning. When captains of industry and leaders of commerce were sober, hardworking and respectable citizens, the people modeled their behavior, hoping to follow in their footsteps. Now, lifestyle magazines and reality TV shows parade examples of conspicuous consumption and self-indulgence. And they get away with it.

In the face of this moral double standard, some become alienated from the rich and lose hope. They become angry or dispirited; either outcome serves the divisive goals of the See of Flesh. Others see the rich and privileged engaging in debauched behavior and find no reason that they themselves should be excluded. More and more, outrageously immoral and deviant behavior is considered to be the norm.

By contrast, the Cult designed the **Secret Senate** expressly to infect the zeitgeist with the notion that all perceptible pleasure and happiness is empty. It's a sort of perverse Stoicism; since all physical and material joy is empty and illusory in a mad, chaotic universe, the only proper course is to turn to intellectual pursuits of the most esoteric and warped design.

Management Style

The Cult of Transcendence essentially created the See of Flesh as a "signing bonus" for Shub-Niggurath worshipper John Tyler Oringo in 1920, at a time when the Cult was desperate for a toehold in North America and for Mythos throw-weight in their war with the Exalted Circle and the Lamplighters. Oringo focused his attentions on physical vanity, jealousy, and self-hatred, setting up "fitness clubs" and "physical culture societies" to feed those sins (and incidentally, to provide a steady stream of homosexuals to blackmail for Cult leverage). His personal front group, The Woods, explored the mysteries of Shub-Niggurath and "physical potential for life" in Chicago-area forest preserves, basing themselves out of a speakeasy serving a very special brew to valued clients.

Oringo also loved the movies—those halls for the worship of the fleshly ideal—but knew that he was too old and out of touch to operate in Hollywood. Instead, he recruited Carlos Sanriki (a devout follower of Shub-Niggurath as Pan) to run a set of orgy cults in Tinseltown. When Sanriki took over the Bishopric in 1947, he kept a very "hands-on" approach to the See, which nearly exposed the Cult during the McCarthy era and again during the collapse of the studio system and the rise of the celebrity gossip press in the 1960s. He spent the next few decades flailing around and trying to stay ahead of the increasing disintegration of American morals and society. Since the See of Flesh always more than paid its way as a source of rewards and revenue for the Cult, his incompetence was not punished—aside from the death of both his Acolytes in Harmati's 1979 coup attempt.

Roger Ash was "recruited from within" by . . . well, perhaps by Nyarlathotep himself. He was given the See of Flesh in 1991 because his departure from humanity charted a path that those who are motivated by pleasure would follow. By externalizing his pleasures (in this case, the composition of poetry) and making it more important than his own self, Ash opened himself to the darkness. When poetry became more important than personality, he would follow it anywhere. He's in the perfect position to lead people into emptiness through their pleasures.

Ash tries to distance himself from his servants, but with incomplete success. Since he took a direct role in the reunification

of the shattered True Love Study Group, he would be hard put to hide his tracks. Unlike the other organizations in the See of Flesh, the Brotherhood of New Potential has a public face and actively recruits. Roger Ash has, on occasion, defended the Brotherhood in print, crediting them with "freeing me of the perverse, pervasive gloom of my youth. Only with them have I found true peace, true happiness, true achievement." Though he is not a public man, he takes care to craft the illusion that he is another Brotherhood member (though a highly placed one)—just another New Potential "joy junkie."

As for the Secret Senate, his membership is no more nor less secret than that of any other member. They're insulated less by deliberate concealment than by a simple lack of curiosity on the part of outsiders. Who cares if a bunch of smart people get together to talk? Whose business is that? The other Bishops aren't happy that he's exposing himself even to this degree, but Ash's egotistic craving for toadies and disciples is (so far) stronger than Cult discipline. He justifies it to his fellow Bishops as part of his search for a permanent younger body.

By contrast, his control of the Dorian Gray Society is considerably disguised. The Society believes that the Cult of Transcendence representative with whom it negotiates is a man named Clifford Montgomery. An elaborate trail of records and paper history exist for Mr. Montgomery. However, deeper investigation would reveal that this "Clifford Montgomery" is physically identical to Steven Phillips, personal secretary to Roger Ash. An astute investigator might now surmise that Ash is Phillips' pawn, since the actions Phillips takes when negotiating with the Society certainly wouldn't be trusted to an underling. In point of fact, however, the negotiations are performed by Ash in Phillips' body, on generous loan through the Boston Gate of Changes.

The Brotherhood of New Potential

I used to be unhappy all the time. Scared. Not only was I scared, I appreciated my fear, in a perverse sort of way. See, fear motivated me. When my job, my "hobbies" and my religion all seemed meaningless, fear gave me a reason to go on. Fear of poverty kept me at the job. Fear of some cartoon hell kept me tithing to the church. Fear that I'd lose my friends if I didn't have "normal interests"—that kept me in a bowling league I hated.

Hard to believe, isn't it? You think so 'cause you know me now; confident, secure, and above all, happy. Fear used to wind me up and make me go, like a little clockwork doll. I don't need it now, it's obsolete. I'm ticking away on happiness. I do what I do because I like doing it, not because I'm afraid not to.

You know what? I'm a success. I work harder because I like working. When I'm doing something, I can really pay attention to what I'm doing, instead of worrying about what I should be doing.

Steven Phillips, AKA Clifford Montgomery — Hollow Tool of Flesh, age 47

Race: Mixed (Caucasian/Filipino)
Nationality: American

STR 10	**CON 8**	**SIZ 12**	**INT 16**	**POW 6**
DEX 9	**APP 17**	**EDU 15**	**SAN 34**	**HP 10**

Damage Bonus: +0

Education: M.A. in English from City University of New York

Occupation: Confidential secretary to Roger G. Ash

Skills

Accounting 20%	Anthropology 24%	Credit Rating 80%
Cthulhu Mythos 7%	Dodge 18%	Drive Auto 20%
Fast Talk 67%	Literary Criticism 59%	Library Use 33%
Listen 30%	Occult 26%	Persuade 52%
Pharmacy 88%	Photography 32%	Score Drugs 78%
Seduce 69%	Sing 38%	

Languages
English 99%
Tagalog 88%

Attacks: None

Spells
Brew Space-Mead
Contact Nyarlathotep
Summon/Bind Byakhee

Physical Description
Steven Phillips is a remarkably handsome man with black hair and an olive complexion. He dresses in extremely expensive jeans and silk shirts, or in tailored business attire, depending on Mr. Ash's schedule. The better part of two decades working for the See of Flesh has taken its toll on his physical conditioning.

History
The illegitimate son of an American naval officer stationed in the Philippines, Steven received financial support and an American passport from his father, but nothing else. His obvious need for a father figure attracted Roger Ash to him almost as much as his slim good looks. The clincher was the paper Phillips wrote for his M.A. thesis: "Roger G. Ash: Bard of the New Era and America's Neglected Genius." He has worked for Ash since college, and remains completely fixated on Ash like a dog to his master. He has killed (usually with drugs) for Ash personally; he believes (while in his own body) that he works only for Ash, not for some larger Cult.

People will tell you that you need to attain your potential, but that's a fake way to think about it. They want you to think that being better is somewhere out there.

You don't need to "work up" to your potential. You need to get back to your potential. Being happy and motivated is natural. It's already in you! You just need to penetrate this horrible, murky fog that society shrouds you with.

Then you'll be free, man. Free.

Sounds good, doesn't it?

History

The Brotherhood of New Potential is just the latest in a series of façades the Cult has hidden behind for decades—possibly centuries. The practitioners themselves don't give a damn about records, though recent historical research indicates they may have been active in America as far back as the Salem witch trials. Before the Brotherhood of New Potential there was the 1960s commune called the True Love Study Group (TLSG). Before that there was a group at Stanford University, the Episteme Society, which purported to study Greek mythology. They too were disbanded, this time when four members (two of them respected college professors) were convicted in 1953 of soliciting sexual favors from prostitutes. One of the men, Professor Charles Cord, later killed himself by means of an ingenious self-disembowelment device. The earliest incarnation which can concretely be linked to the Brotherhood of New Potential (by real estate records and sealed grand jury testimony) was a Chicago speakeasy called The Woods, which was burned to the ground in the 1920s—allegedly by organized crime rivals. Before that their history is unknown, though Professor Cord believed he was re-creating the rituals of the Dionysian mystery cult of Greece.

The Brotherhood of New Potential (as such) was founded in 1989, but a look at the list of founding members shows that seventy percent of them previously belonged to the True Love Study Group, which was founded in 1965, but disbanded in 1977 when its commune was raided and three of its leaders were arrested for first-degree murder. The trio were judged not guilty by reason of insanity. One, Melissa Cartwell, is still in an asylum. Leon Meyers was released and got arrested again in 1979, this time for rape, this time convicted. He served his full sentence, got out, got arrested again for aggravated mayhem and is up for parole next year, when he will be 72 years old. It's an open question whether Ash pulls strings to get him paroled, or writes him off as a bad idea. The third, Fernando Block, was also released, but disappeared under mysterious circumstances. The prime suspect in Block's disappearance was the brother of one of the victims, a butcher from San Francisco, but nothing was ever proven.

For years the True Love Study Group existed in splendid isolation on their California property, allowed to give free rein to any whim or atrocity. The police raid from the "outside world" hit the cult like a ton of bricks, shattering the members' image of themselves and their newfound faith. Most of the members who were not arrested fled, quite often to psychiatric treatment. However, the lure of action without the consequences of conscience is strong, and many formed their own individual groups, modeled after the TLSG. Roger G. Ash reunited these groups in 1989. Though he never again participated in the orgies, he provided organization, finances, and direction to the floundering sect.

Organization and Locale

The Brotherhood claims that it has no "leaders," but it is clear that some people in the organization are expected to lead. These individuals are informally called "Big Brothers" or "Big Sisters," referring to the perception that they have been in the cult longer and are "older" in respect to its knowledge.

Smaller subsets of the Brotherhood are called "Families." Each Family is run by one such Big Brother or Sister. An entire Family can contain as many as fifty Brothers and Sisters, or as few as three or four, roughly the same numbers of men and women. Large groups usually meet en masse only once every few months, while smaller subgroups meet more often (weekly or biweekly.) These meetings are used to acclimate any new recruits to the cult's philosophy as well as ensure that everyone involved has the necessary psychological makeup for deeper indoctrination.

For new recruits, the initial meetings are just free-form gatherings, often centered around a meal, in which members support one another and try to broaden their horizons. At these meetings, new members are given a great deal of instruction on the Brotherhood's views on socialization. The demands and expectations of society are thoroughly (but in an understanding and compassionate tone) devastated—shown as obsolete, unnatural, and unhealthy. Anyone who argues too long in defense of the *status quo* isn't overtly ostracized, but receives pitying glances from their Big Sister or Brother. New recruits who respond to this kind of pressure and change their views, whether seeking approval or conformity, have the trait the Brotherhood desires most; malleability. The Brotherhood needs people it can reshape.

After several such meals, one of the participants produces (with apparent spontaneity) some marijuana or other mild narcotic. In the presence of these illicit and intoxicating substances, social boundaries are further stretched and discarded. Many Big Brothers and Sisters have been known to host meals of messy foods such as spaghetti, while requiring their "younger siblings" to eat without utensils. "Go on! Plunge your hands in! How can you

be afraid even of the food you eat?" Other exercises might include anything from blindfolded walks to truth-or-dare and strip poker. They're games. Some of it comes across as just plain goofy, but even when it seems silly, it's always the Brotherhood's particular brand of silly, and the Family is always being silly together. Behind the games and occasional puerility, the purpose is to build trust and cultivate dependence.

It's generally a year or more before a brother or sister is ready for the orgies. By then, they're close to their Family and afraid to lose their friendship. And of course, many like the idea of total sexual freedom.

The process doesn't end there, though. They're asked to "own up" to the real meaning of eating meat, by killing and butchering animals themselves. They're told to exercise all their deep passions, from lust to rage, in utter freedom. These emotions are fed and encouraged, until the Brother has risen far enough in the ranks, or descended far enough into their own id, that they are willing to welcome the perverse adulation of Shub-Niggurath, the Brotherhood's true patron. The new recruit's last steps toward the Outer Gods are steeped in the blood of human sacrifice. Now they are truly free, and wild, and beyond good and evil.

The Brotherhood thrives in cities and in isolated rural areas, anywhere but the small towns where secrets are hard to keep. Large and/or multiple Families exist in Chicago, Phoenix, New York, Boston, Denver, and especially in the heavily forested lands of the Pacific Seaboard. Seattle, Portland and San Francisco are hotbeds of Brotherhood activity. So far, however, it has failed to take root internationally.

Members

The first generation of Brotherhood was mostly the twisted hippies left over from the True Love Study Group. While there are a few old Beats leftover from the '50s at the highest levels, most of the middle ranks of members are Baby Boomers who got sucked into the TLSG during the commune movement of the '60s and early '70s, but then fled to the hills when the police raided the compound. A number of those who fled the TLSG put their lessons in guilt-free selfishness to good use in the cash-crazed '80s, making fortunes in junk bonds and S&L deals. Nonetheless, they still craved the utter animalism offered by the cult, and eagerly returned to the fold when Roger Ash tracked them down.

In addition to TLSG leftovers, the Brotherhood has also attracted a number of Boomers having midlife (or retirement) crises. Used to the idea that they can have it all, crashing markets and the inevitable degeneration of their health are a sour disappointment. To them, the Brotherhood offers them a chance to once more shrug off their responsibilities and feel superior to others. Plus, there's the whole free love thing; the lure of flesh.

The appeal of the Brotherhood seems to be generational, however. Too many people in their thirties, or younger, are confident in their ability to find all the unfettered carnality they need. Thanks, Craigslist!

Generally, your typical Brother is, on the surface, a satisfied middle manager or public servant. Or, maybe he's a former millionaire fallen on hard times, or an "Independent" who habitually votes for third-party presidential candidates. One thing they excel at is turning their cultish, bestial impulsiveness

The Liberty Machine

A Liberty Machine is a specialized type of biofeedback monitor. Developed by the Lamplighters, using technology altered by Yithian hosts, it is far more advanced than anything on the drawing boards of the computer and software giants, or in the most restricted labs of Los Alamos.

The participant sits in a chair wearing a screen like a VR helmet. This screen shows patterns, while monitors keep track of the subject's brain waves and neural activity. The participant enters a sort of dialogue with the screen; it shows a pattern, and the subject tries to reorganize the screen into that pattern. What modifies the screen is the subject's state of mind.

Training with a Liberty Machine is supposed to free the subject from doubts, fears, uncertainties and "negative thought patterns." It does all this and more; it trains the subject to act with aggressive impulsiveness, to restrain squeamishness, to eradicate all fear of personal safety, and to shed all effects of moral training.

Someone who's spent a week with intensive workouts on the Liberty Machine, or who has been doing it on weekends for about a month and a half, can "turn off" their socialization. With a slight effort of will, they can transform themselves into snarling, amoral, murderous maniacs. In this altered state, there is no act of bestial savagery or depravity they are not capable of at a moment's notice. They don't hesitate. They act.

In game mechanics, this gives them several advantages. First of all, it adds +3 to their DEX for purposes of determining initiative. Secondly, cultists who have been conditioned by a Liberty Machine do not suffer from the shock and unconsciousness rules during combat. Until they lose their last Hit Point the cultist keeps on coming, fighting until death. Nor are they required to make SAN rolls in response to violence. Finally, they are able to maintain façades of normality after their SAN score has dropped to zero.

The drawback is that after you've been in that primitive headspace, the strictures of normal society seem increasingly hollow and false. It's not difficult to pretend to believe in things like manners and ethics. It's difficult to genuinely believe in them.

Switching on the caveman brain costs 1 SAN automatically. Coming out of it is a 1d4/1d10 SAN loss, every time. It never gets any easier.

on and off at will. This is due in part to the "liberating" effects of cult training. Furthermore, many of them are part-time or even chronic drug abusers, beginning with pot, Ecstasy, or mushrooms, but working their way up to aggression enhancers like speed and cocaine. Finally, at the Wilderness Retreat Center, they can undergo training with Liberty Machines.

Uses to the Cult

After joining the Cult of Transcendence, Roger Ash realized that the TLSG, or an organization like it, might provide new initiates to the Cult. Furthermore, some of the former members had left their careers as "spiritual seekers" to enter potentially useful areas such as computer software, pharmaceuticals, government, law, and the media. Brothers and Sisters are rarely at the tops of their professions. Instead, they are part of the essential middle level—and are thus in prime positions to decide which memos aren't important enough to be shown to the governor's chief of staff, which cases should be plea bargained, which news stories get put on the ninth page, and so forth.

It also goes without saying that the Cult of Transcendence also receives "blessings" from Shub-Niggurath because of the activities of the Brotherhood. (For more information on just how these "blessings" are put to use, see Tiger Transit in *Delta Green: Countdown*.)

Ritual Involvement

Roger Ash has spent $3.5 million, gone through no fewer than sixteen front companies, and commissioned at least two murders and a kidnapping, all to secure the property originally owned by the TLSG commune in a manner that wasn't (superficially) suspicious. In the fourteen years that passed between the disbanding of the TLSG and the purchase of the land by the Exalted Circle-controlled Newbury Developments, much of the California forest land was developed. However, the dense forests holding a consecrated altar to Shub-Niggurath remained relatively untouched (due in no small part to the presence of at least one Dark Young). Newbury Developments has opened a Wilderness Retreat Center for business training seminars or vacation groups. Almost everyone who hears about this center is in the Brotherhood, and Brotherhood Families have it booked for retreats well into 2015. The locals, already superstitious about what they call the "Haunted Woods," have begun to have suspicions about the retreat center. Consequently, the Families have been asked to exercise extreme caution in procuring sacrifices for their Black Goat goddess.

Plot Insertion

- Any investigator in northern California might hear persistent and ugly rumors about the local "Haunted Woods."
- The Brotherhood makes an error in choosing a sacrificial victim. Instead of grabbing one more anonymous runaway, they get one with concerned and well-off parents. A private investigator finds convincing evidence that the girl was taken out of the state against her will, bringing in the FBI.
- IRS and SEC investigators hot on the trail of a shady bond dealer might learn that he's at some convention center—the Newbury Wilderness Retreat Center, to be exact. They get a very cold (and suspicious) reception if they try to track him down there. If arrested outside the Center, the bond dealer might decide that the Brotherhood left him out to dry. In this case, he starts to tell all kinds of damaging and outrageous stories, before members of the Church of Interlife are brought in through the Dreamlands to drive him mad.
- If the plant is in play (see below), she has persistent nightmares about the "Haunted Woods" and recognizes them if seen.
- Some of the programming techniques used in the Liberty Machine were stolen from an Ohio company called "Artificial Universe, Inc." An NSA officer who gets assigned this case of industrial espionage gets much more than was bargained for.
- Within a space of six months, two normal citizens—one an accountant for a bank, the other a grocery store manager—commit gruesome murders of a type more typical of a rampaging PCP addict than a middle class suburbanite. The bank worker killed four co-workers before being shot by a

The Plant

Exceptionally cruel Keepers may decide that one Agent is a plant, meaning that he has a long-repressed, unwitting history with cult activity.

When the plant was young, he was subjected to ritual abuse at the hands of the True Love Study Group (see page 226). Somehow, the plant escaped the cult and settled elsewhere to grow up with a normal life. His experience with the TLSG has been forgotten—shoved firmly into the plant's subconscious mind.

The plant has nightmares about rituals of Shub-Niggurath, but might have had only mild neuroses if she hadn't become an Agent and taken a stand against the Cthulhu Mythos. The plant has repressed Mythos knowledge, which the conscious mind holds down to preserve her sanity. If exposed to Mythos chants, spells or entities, however, the knowledge begins to resurface—along with flashbacks, increased nightmares and growing feelings of helplessness, anxiety and uncertainty. Seeing Shub-Niggurath, a Dark Young, or kindred beings costs the plant an extra 2 SAN. (You could also link these experiences to the optional Flashback rules on page 305.)

Play these feelings up. The character should feel as if his personality is disintegrating; the belief that he had a normal childhood is a gruesome lie. If the character decides upon psychotherapy, valuable clues lie hidden in his subconscious. These can only be accessed through hypnotic regression (or a "journey" as many workers call it). While on the journey, the character can remember details of the cult rituals, fragments of otherworldly chants, and descriptions of key cult members.

Remember that the plant was a child, and has been working hard to eradicate these memories. She does not know the precise location of the cult's activities (other than the state of California) or the names of the cult leaders. However, she recognizes the land that the TLSG commune stood on, and can recognize some old cult members by sight or voice, especially Roger G. Ash.

There are dangers to the having a plant in the party, however. If the plant sees Shub-Niggurath or a Dark Young, he has a flat 50% chance of freezing helplessly in the grip of a flashback to childhood terror. Furthermore, as a youth the plant was brainwashed to be compliant. The trigger to this disoriented, trance-like state is the phrase *fa itha yaji ash-shuthath al-mautu qad yantah*i, Arabic for "With strange aeons even death may die." The plant must make a POWx2 roll to disobey anyone who uses that key phrase to him. Kindly Keepers could allow a POWx3 roll if the plant is ordered to harm himself or friends and compatriots.

security guard. The manager killed his wife and children and fled into the woods, where he was later found dead, apparently savaged by wild dogs. Both used their bare hands, exhibited unusual strength and complete viciousness.

One was in Cincinnati, the other in a small town in Wyoming. The only thing they had in common was that they'd been at the Newbury Wilderness Retreat Center at the same time. The FBI might be called in on this one. They were among the first "test subjects" for the Liberty Machine. Since then the machines have been "toned down a bit" to prevent such unsightly rampages, at least among people who can easily be connected to the Brotherhood.

The Dorian Gray Society

Pleasure is the only reliable thing in life. Churches promise salvation, governments promise a new, or fair, or square deal, but in the end, all they are really offering is a crapshoot. Even if you win, what is it that they're promising? Pleasure, either in heaven or on earth. No wonder Jefferson wrote the pursuit of happiness into the Declaration of Independence.

Of course, there are only so many of the good things to go around; only so many sumptuous meals, stunning paintings and beautiful women. Everyone desires these things, and some of us are fortunate enough to have them. Should we then deny ourselves? When any man in our places would do the same things we do?

We are fortunate, and it would be a crime to deny our appetites when we are among the few who can fully indulge them.

History

The history of the Dorian Gray Society begins with an exclusive and expensive brothel in 1880s London. Known, for forgotten reasons, as the Paper Club, it was closed to "casual" callers in 1888. The Society claims this was because Prince Albert Victor was satisfying unforgivable lusts behind its doors.

In 1924, the Paper Club burned to the ground. Unwilling to give up the unique services it provided, its customers founded the Dorian Gray Society, dedicated to facilitating the pleasure of its members under any and all circumstances. As travel became quicker and easier, the Society extended its membership and availability throughout England and Europe. In the Weimar era, the Berlin branch of the Society had some overlap with Aleister Crowley's magical order, the Ordo Templi Orientis. It was through the OTO connection that members of the Dorian Gray Society began walking the Road of Souls (see page 207). It was also through these voyages on the Road of Souls that some Society members began worshipping Y'golonac.

This whiff of Mythos magic in a society of seemingly-secular orgiasts attracted the attention of Carlos Sanriki, who ran his own string of orgy cults in Hollywood as the Acolyte of Flesh. Indeed, his cults and the Society had a growing membership overlap, since much of the Berlin film community moved to California as the Nazis began to impose control over German cinema. After the war, Sanriki flew to Stockholm, and then to London. By showing the Highest Membership of the Society the original copy of *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep*, Sanriki established the Cult's credentials as manipulators of supernatural power. Taking the chief of the Society on his first guided walk on the Road of Souls was enough to gain his allegiance.

Organization and Locale

Membership is only open to men who are judged to be "of the right sort." The criteria for this can differ from country to country or between different branches of the Society. Generally, in the U.S.A. the candidate must be someone with old money. In England, only bluebloods are admitted. In Germany, admission depends on politics, while France is probably most open about membership, as long as you attended the École Normale Supérieure. In all cases the new member must be considered totally trustworthy: not the type to blab about secrets. They must also demonstratively possess "appetites" which would not be well regarded by society at large; appetites the new member cannot or will not resist.

Outsiders may be given a taste of the Society if they're being considered (or courted) as new members. They're treated to sumptuous meals served by beautiful women (or men as taste dictates), who are then sexually degraded and ruthlessly dominated by the Society members. Membership dues in the Society are $50,000 a year, though many donate more. This money goes to pay for buildings to house orgies, to pay off cops, to finance various drug habits for the sex slaves involved, or to take care of any fatalities caused by members who get carried away. Drugs are freely available in the houses of the Society. Amyl nitrate, nitrous oxide, cocaine, medical-grade amphetamines, and MDMA are the drugs of choice, though more exotic narcotics are easily obtained.

Most of the women and men used by the Society are prostitutes recruited, paid for, and watched to insure their silence. All must be willing to endure some pretty horrendous acts of sexual degradation, the details of which are left up to the Keeper's sense of good taste and propriety. Sadism and domination are extremely popular among members of the Society. Some of these prostitutes have found their way to the Society through their addictions and their self-destructive urges. However, for a member to progress to being an Extended Member (their middle rank) he must procure a "toy" who is not only acceptable in appearance and demeanor, but

will stay with the Society for the rest of his or her life. Many who are put in this role are hopeless drug addicts. Non-addicts willing to be sexual slaves are rare, but are especially prized by the Society members. It takes a special kind of mental and emotional damage for a person to willingly abandon their past, present and future in exchange for an uncertain life as nothing more than a sexual appliance for the satisfaction of others. Those who change their minds about this arrangement rarely live long enough to regret it. Those who accept this role still end up like all furnishings that are a bit worn or out of style: they are disposed of.

Someone who has been an Extended Member for ten years or more may be invited by the Highest Members to join their numbers. There are currently 63 Highest Members in the Society, and these are the men who are allowed to walk the Road of Souls.

Members

Most of the low-ranking members are young men of old money and vicious demeanor. Others are mortgage-security brokers, corporate raiders, and young pension-fund looters who feel contempt for the laws of society (both written and implicit).

It is important to consider the psychology of the Dorian Gray Society; these are men who are motivated by the sickest need for dominance and control. Many of them know no other way to deal with people; if there isn't a winner and a loser, they don't understand the social transaction. What is most important to remember is that members of the Society are not achieving dominance in their lives outside the Society's pleasure pits. They are acting out their unsatisfied urges for control in the brothels of the Society.

Extended Members are like the standard members, only more so. They have the drive, ruthlessness and skill to obtain sex slaves that suit the tastes of some very picky men. Their brutal efficiency usually shows up in their business dealings as well. Extended Members are often more wealthy than low-level members, and more likely to take control of their own finances (though there are still quite a few trust-fund aesthetes who rely on accountants and lawyers).

The Highest Members are generally older men, set in their ways, and sunk to their armpits in the pathways of money and power. The Highest Members are tough; they successfully prevented the Transcended Masters from simply taking all the gaturia (see page 207). They are brutal, cruel, and experienced, and that's just when they're seeking diversions. If a Highest Member is taking care of serious business, he's a hundred times worse. All 63 of them can be considered clued-in bosses. They are aware of the paranormal, though many see it as one more diversion in a world of them.

Uses to the Cult

One obvious use to the Cult is fund raising; the highest amount raised by the Cult of Transcendence was $1.5 million in one afternoon, from a member of the Dorian Gray Society who wanted to share JFK's experience while he had sex with Marilyn Monroe. Furthermore, without the Dorian Gray Society the Cult would have no gaturia (although several Acolytes suspect that without the Society, the Cult would have all the gaturia.) With gaturia and the Road of Souls, the cultists have a potent tool for tracking the motions of their enemies, a tool that cannot be subverted or detected non-magically. Devout members (or those who lust more feverishly for knowledge than for sex) use it when they can to gain insight into Mythos beings.

Many Extended Members and all the Highest Members have connections to the mundane world of organized crime. (Drugs, kidnapping, and repeated body disposals aren't easy to arrange without such connections.) They are more than willing to arrange tails, blackmail, frame jobs and rub-outs for their "friends" in the Cult of Transcendence.

Ritual Involvement

Almost all of the Highest Members are active in the cult of Y'golonac. Though the Great Old One has been unwilling (or unable) to provide them with more gaturia, it has given them yet another resource in their quest for psychological dominance. Through Y'golonac, the Highest Members can not only subjugate others financially or emotionally, but through the sheer cosmic horror of their revealed form as an avatar of Y'golonac. The Highest Members can walk into their boardrooms, their health club, their mansions in exclusive subdivisions and know others see them as another ordinary businessman, but at any time they could reveal their true power, unleashing madness and destruction upon all who behold their apotheosis.

Plot Insertion

- A character with connections to police vice squads might get wind of very heavy payoffs.
- A woman is found murdered, with mysterious and alien mouth marks on her body. Months later, in another part of the country, a second woman is found dead with the same marks. The culprit? Members of the Society acting as avatars for Y'golonac.
- Someone investigating the Society or one of its members is killed by a Mafia zip. A Delta Green member who is involved with the FBI or the IRS might get called in for organized crime advice, only to recognize cult involvement.

- A Bishop, Acolyte or clique of them hijack a shipment of gaturia from the Highest Members, who steal it back. The battle over the shipment escalates leaving bodyguards, customs agents, private investigators and bicycle messengers dead or crazy, until a Bishop summons a Hunting Horror to end the argument. Any single murder, or the sighting of the Hunting Horror, can lead investigators to the Society. Alternately, they can become involved in the pursuit before the horror is summoned, and only come into its presence as a climax.
- Any character with military background might hear an interesting story from a mercenary acquaintance; about how he was hired by a private security contractor to guard a plot of land in South Africa, and armed like they were expecting a small invasion force. Curiosity aroused, he managed to get to the center of the land to see what the big deal was, only to see it was an acre with sparse growth but many, many farmers working it, growing "some funky kinda black and silver creeper." Tracking the company that hired him leads to members of both the Dorian Gray Society and the Exalted Circle.

The Secret Senate

In this media culture, everyone is constantly bombarded with images and assaulted with sounds. Only the most visceral and blatant soundbites can stand forth amid this onslaught, and soon even they lose their power to shock and startle. Ennui triumphs, not to mention a short attention span.

In a world where art has degenerated to product and audience to consumer, there are still a few of us who have shielded ourselves from this moving wall of bullshit. We are pure.

Someday, perhaps, our works will be studied by more than a few college professors and intellectual poseurs. Perhaps one day enough people will have said we were important that even the great seething bourgeois masses will want to see our works and hope to be touched. But I doubt it.

Does it matter? Now we have our art, we have each other. In this multimedia world, we are a rare and sacred fellowship. A billion others may listen to the same Coldplay songs, watch the same Will Smith movies and eat the same Happy Meals, yet none of them, not one, has ever really communicated or received communion. An island each, untouched and untouching.

If they hadn't heaped their loneliness upon themselves, they might be pitiful.

History

This is one of the few front organizations deliberately constructed from the ground up by the Cult of Transcendence. In 1998 a member of the Church of Interlife overheard the critic and poetess Tori Margrave bragging about her possession of a rare copy of *The King in Yellow.* This information filtered its way up to Colt Bradford, who'd heard Lionel Glass speak of the text. Colt arranged to have it stolen and traded the book to Henry Nemmers, who verified its provenance and made it a gift to his own Bishop, Roger G. Ash.

Ash tasked dreamers from Keskus Nukkua Kohtelu (see page 235) with infiltrating the dreams of prominent artists, writers and

philosophers, trickling the poison of *The King in Yellow* into their minds. Each KNK dreamer was to enhance feelings of marginality, isolation, and a need for companionship. In the meantime, the Exalted Circle bankrolled a series of "Millennium Grants." At the receptions for grant winners, the prominent artists selected for the Cult's "Secret Senate" were introduced to each other, and to a ringer—a Lamplighter named Marisa Encinanto. With subtle prompting from Encinanto, the artists decided to form a group for study, support, discussion and criticism. The name "Secret Senate" is a reference to Percy Bysshe Shelley's quote: "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

The members of the Senate were selected for a certain trait of obscure importance. They are not famous or widely read, but are proven intellectual trendsetters. Ideas and philosophies fashionable among the Secret Senate find their way, via publication in quarterly journals of political thought or philosophy, into conversations at colleges, to the ears of judges and the columns of journalists. A very loose example of the Secret Senate's trickle down would be this: An idea is discussed at one of their informal meetings, and a few of them tell professors who bring it up in graduate classes. One or two grad students put a spin on it and publish six months later, where the idea is picked up and distorted on the Internet. Through an intern, it makes its way to a columnist, who proclaims it in the media. About three years after its initial conception, it has worked its way down to rock albums and sitcom scripts.

The Bishops, operating primarily through Exalted Circle pawns and a few middle-management tools in the Brotherhood of New Potential, have carefully strengthened these lines of communication, purifying them while making sure they stay concealed. Now they plan to introduce *The King in Yellow* as a means of letting Mythos concepts gradually permeate the minds of the masses.

Brian Eno said that the Velvet Underground never sold many records, but that everybody who bought one started a band. Ash hopes for the Senate to have a similar effect, only with the Yellow Sign.

Organization and Locale

The seventeen members of the Secret Senate meet semi-regularly once every week or two weeks. It is rare for all members to attend any specific meeting, though the Christmas and Easter parties are usually completely attended. With the exceptions of Hamid Rashadil and Morrie Eckstein, all the Senators live in New York City. Rashadil and Eckstein live in Boston. However, Eckstein's wife is an oncological specialist with a pilot's license. The two Senators often accompany her on her frequent flights to New York.

Members

Roger G. Ash is described at length on page 188.

Rodney Baker is a cutting-edge architect, noted for his use of advanced materials to combine height and narrowness in designs previously impossible. He had a design in the running for the Freedom Tower intended to replace the destroyed World Trade Center. He met Marisa Encinanto when they both were students at the Rhode Island School of Design.

Rosie Canada is the child of hippies, and has labored her entire life to be free of this burden. A former Navy intelligence analyst, she is currently employed by a Republican think-tank to analyze world politics.

Joyce Caronelli is a psychologist whose theories of cognitive development, both historically and in the individual, are a radical departure from the standard beliefs.

Georgina Chesterton is a Yale-educated former stripper, currently a performance artist.

Phyllis Corell is a logician noted for her work in controlled chaos data structures.

Morrie Eckstein is a history professor noted for his insight into the link between economic and health cycles.

Marisa Encinanto is a minor sculptor, best known for self-destructing chandeliers made of hand-blown glass and supported by flammable strings. She's also a Lamplighter.

Eric Lynn is a potter, known for his unusually large wheel-thrown pieces (10-15 feet in height is typical).

Paidraic O'Hara is a neo-surrealist painter, noted for inappropriate use of trompe l'oeil on unorthodox objects.

Leslie Orleans is a philosopher. Her work on "The Analysis of Artistic Definition and Restraint" is considered, in some circles, a classic.

Hamid Rashadil is an antiquarian, currently analyzing history for insight into how different epochs' aesthetic approaches to the past explained their beliefs about their present.

Carl Schaeffer is a composer. His most recent work, "Arrhythmic Dischord #?" was a dismal failure. One listener even went so far as to say it only made sense as a parody of music itself.

Mike Smerski is a cognitive psychologist, working on a "theory of theories" that explains how people explain and interpret their experiences.

Allan Stebbs is a literary critic and fiction writer. He has just finished a novel entitled *My Fall.*

Susan Xocho is an avant-garde choreographer. Right now, she's developing a non-interpretive dance around *Carmina Burana.* Her stated purpose is to respond solely to the tones of the music rather than to the meaning of the words.

Linda Yang has graduate degrees in biology and philosophy, and is currently investigating faith healing in the context of societal expectations.

The members range in age from 25 (Canada) to 91 (Ash). All are moderately well-off financially, and are (of course) intelligent, well read and able to converse on any topic of intellectual interest.

Uses to the Cult

One generation's abstract, ivory tower philosophy (such as the theories of Hegel and Nietzsche) may be another generation's guiding concept (as Hegel's concept of World-Historic-Heroes and Nietzsche's Übermensch concepts found a place in the ideals of National Socialism). By arranging for the best and brightest minds of America to become jaded and perverse, the Cult hopes to infect the "spiritus mundi" from the top down. It is worth noting that as a single group, the Secret Senate has the greatest potential for long-term damage to human society. They are also the most difficult to strike at. Nothing, short of the deaths of all the Senators, will stop them from disseminating the creeping spiritual, emotional, moral and intellectual emptiness of Hastur and the King in Yellow. Killing them could actually be counter-productive. It shouldn't be hard for Keepers to recall any number of artistic washouts and has-beens whose work received renewed interest after a memorable death.

Ritual Involvement

None . . . yet. Except for Ash and Encinanto, none of the members of the Secret Senate truly understand how their dreams of the Yellow Sign are driving their work. Ash and Encinanto strive to prevent that understanding because they do not wish to see the Secret Senate evolve into a cult of Hastur. They can do far more damage filtering and shaping Hastur's influence into a palatable intellectual and philosophical product for mass consumption. Barring those two exceptions, they have no idea that is what they are doing.

Marisa Encinanto — Hidden Heart of the Secret Senate, age 37

Race: Hispanic **Nationality:** American

STR 12	**CON 14**	**SIZ 8**	**INT 14**	**POW 14**
DEX 13	**APP 14**	**EDU 15**	**SAN 46**	**HP 11**

Damage Bonus: +0

Education: B.A. in English from Brown University, Master of Fine Arts from the Rhode Island School of Design

Occupation: Sculptor

Skills

Archaeology 18%	Art (Sculpture) 66%	Conceal 54%
Chemistry 38%	Craft (Glass-blowing) 87%	Credit Rating 45%
Cthulhu Mythos 22%	Dodge 36%	Drive Auto 0%
Fast Talk 28%	Library Use 34%	Locksmith 31%
Mechanical Repair 56%	Occult 69%	Persuade 72%
Photography 38%	Psychology 40%	Spot Hidden 42%
Superficial Artsy Chit-Chat 92%		

Languages: Spanish 95% English 90% French 24%

Attacks: None

Spells

Conjure Glass of Mortlan	Contact Ghoul
Summon/Bind Nightgaunt	Voorish Sign

Physical Description

Marisa Encinanto is a short woman with a large nose and the short hair you'd expect of someone who works around a glassblowing furnace. She's sturdy and fit, with taut forearms. She prefers violent red pantsuits when she wants to make an impression, but typically works in overalls and sweatshirts. Most of the time, her demeanor is sharp, focused, and charged with a squirrelly energy. But now and then she becomes distracted and her words trail off, her look wanders, her attention fades. In those moments, when she looks like she's trying to remember a haunting melody, she is far less attractive but much more beautiful.

History

If you're looking for an early tragedy to make sense of a life in thrall to evil chaos, keep looking. Marisa was born in Puerto Rico to upper-middle class parents, had sex in high school without getting pregnant, smoked dope in college without getting addicted, and became an artist without starving to death.

Marisa joined the Lamplighters for the same reasons anyone else does: The promise of learning forbidden secrets. Without a steady day job to lose, and with a healthy trust fund to lean on, she progressed quickly and liked a lot of what she saw—mesmerizing realms of alien beauty, with her an explorer at the forefront of human contact!

Then she read *The King in Yellow*, and the explorer was, herself, explored. If there was any solution to being infected with a paranormal soul-stain, Marisa figured it would be found through more occult study. Thus she got into a cycle of pursuit and damage that would look very familiar to anyone who ever thought, "If I could just get some coke to clear my head I'd be able to figure out how to get off the coke!"

It all sounded too familiar to Roger Ash, and he gently promised that the fearful wonders of Hastur would stop terrorizing her if she did their bidding with the Secret Senate. Indeed, they no longer terrorize her. She now longs for the Lake of Hali the way expatriate Frenchmen longed for Paris during the Nazi occupation.

Marisa still believes she is working solely for the Lamplighters. She doesn't even know the name or appearance of the man who gives her orders. She has dreams in which she reports and is given orders. The next day, she receives a description of the dream by special messenger, indicating that the message was genuinely sent. She would be shocked beyond telling to learn that Ash, whom she privately regards as "a windblown old fruit," is her true master.

Plot Insertion

- Investigation of the theft of *The King in Yellow* in Detroit could lead to the information that Leslie Orleans now has possession of Margrave's copy. She has recently blogged about contextualizing herself before reading it, and is now working on getting it reprinted.
- An Agent who sees one of Marisa Encinanto's sculptures and makes a Mythos roll realizes that her works incorporate subtle Mythos symbols, and reflect quasi-visual impressions of Mythos landscapes, particularly those related to Hastur, Carcosa and the King in Yellow.
- Anyone with military contacts might meet Rosie Canada. If the Agent describes the Yellow Sign to her, she recognizes it on Leslie's book and calls the Agent back.
- IRS investigation of an Exalted Circle front could uncover in passing that the decisions about the grants to some Senate members were made before all the applications and work samples had arrived.
- If the Keeper is playing with a plant (see page 229) the plant reacts very badly to seeing Roger Ash's picture on a newly reissued edition of his book *Falling Away From Heaven*. Investigating why a book of minor Beat poetry got republished might lead back to the Secret Senate.

Other Front Groups

The See of Flesh has other fish on the hook, from orgiasts to pedophiles to ascetics. If it makes the Flesh paramount, it falls under Ash's portfolio. Some examples of other See of Flesh front groups include:

- Acolyte of Flesh Olle Einarsson set up the **Keskus Nukkua Kohtelu (Center for Sleep Treatment)** in Tampere, Finland in 1971 as an attempt at personal empire-building in the Dreamlands. Nathan Harmati (jealously guarding his fief Interlife's status in the Cult) made sure that Einarsson died screaming in 1979, but couldn't shut down the KNK, as by then it had become one of the See of Flesh's most profitable sidelines. It exists to provide a good night's sleep to people who can't get it thanks to guilt, stress, drug addiction, or neurological problems. (Those patients' files make excellent blackmail fodder, of course.) For patients willing to pay super-premium rates, a "good night's sleep" includes an all-encompassing debauch in Hlanith, Drinen, and other Dreamlands venues with confabulated fantasy companions better than anyone or anything available in the waking world. However, a surprising number of clients pay truly remarkable sums for nothing more than a good night's dreamless rest. Harmati alternates between plotting the KNK's destruction and plotting to take it over through the Church of Interlife. Until his death two years ago, Ash's Acolyte William Wren had protected the KNK. Now, Harmati's assaults—bureaucratic and sorcerous—may destroy it, or drive the KNK out of the Cult to protect itself. This petty little war might get sticky for the Cult: many top Soviet officials benefited from discreet KNK "treatment" before 1991, and some of them still do. Now, of course, they are Russian mafia bosses and corporate oligarchs, but some of them are still Russian generals . . . there is no telling how this might end up involving GRU-SV8.
- One of Henry Nemmers' pet projects is a revived cult from Oringo's day, **La Sodalité Bacchante**. It began as a group of French oenophiles who spent ludicrous amounts of money topping each other at annual wine tastings. During WWII, though, they collaborated with the Nazis to accumulate the contents of rivals' cellars, eventually trading 252 Jews for a case of 1926 Château Montferrat red Bordeaux. Postwar trials shattered the Sodalité, but never uncovered their Mythos involvement (a Dionysiac Shub-Niggurath cult connected to Oringo's "The Woods") or their secret cellar of vintages. Nemmers applied himself to the problem and found the Sodalité's stash; he's rebuilding the front using this unimaginable wine collection as collateral. He intends to use the renewed Sodalité to pursue certain clues to Templar ritual practices and secret lore somehow connected to vineyards and wine.
- The **Sylph Group** exists solely to run exclusive "no request refused" brothels in Brussels, London, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Moscow and Washington, D.C. It operates under a dizzying variety of names and covers. It loses money (constant moves and high overhead) and has no Mythos involvement, but provides unbeatable blackmail material on government employees and elected officials. Its biggest problem is its competitors copying the Sylph Group's "trade dress" when code words and locations abandoned for security reasons get picked up by other prostitution rings. There's no central rival to smash, and the Cult can't use its Exalted Circle or Dorian Gray assets to discourage small fry without the risk of triggering an investigation into the actual Sylph group.

The See of Fear

Like the See of Hate, the See of Fear creates a divisive mindset. Like Greed, it makes people justify actions they might otherwise shun. Like Flesh, Fear erodes the sense of "enough." Only instead of pleasure, the See of Fear teaches that you can never have enough security.

Their strategy is to prey upon people's feelings of trepidation and helplessness. By promising them surcease from their fear in various guises ("enlightenment," or "the truth," or "national security") the See can lead them on into one more compromise, one more sacrifice, one more equivocation . . .

The **Church of Interlife** is based on the notion that someone who is frightened enough will believe anything. By constantly holding out the promise of universal completion (complete harmony being exclusive of fear or uncertainty) the Church can distract its members from its real purpose—turning them into gullible dupes, primed for suicide missions into the collective unconscious. This is the true purpose of Interlife; their nightmare war sends subtle reverberations through all of all dreaming humanity. While the Secret Senate works from the top down, corrupting the intellect, the Church of Interlife attacks from the bottom, poisoning the emotions with constant, irrational anxiety.

The **Human-Extraterrestrial Liberation Project (HELP)**, on the other hand, is a tool with which to baffle, misdirect, misinform and manipulate the very type of person who has the greatest chance of uncovering the Cult in any of its disguises. By playing on the fears of the investigative personality (the idea that they are being lied to by malign beings, the fear of manipulation, and their deeper fear that the entire idiom of their society is false) it paradoxically becomes easier for the Cult to lie to them, manipulate them, and undermine their societal beliefs.

Americans Against Covert Enemies (AACE), meanwhile, is a card-carrying, conspiracy-hunting cabal of "decent Americans." It not only battens on the nativist paranoia of its membership, but by spreading and encouraging suspicion of others it works to erode the ties of community and society that any modern country is built on. Like HELP, it co-opts those who are most likely to suspect the Cult, turning them into guard dogs against the Cult's likely enemies.

Management Style

Alphonse Markham rather neglected his See in the general rush to set up the Cult of Transcendence. A surviving master of the Alta Vendita, he set up a few anti-Semitic or anti-Communist groups and hoped for the best. A smooth child of British upper-crust privilege, Markham never really feared anything, except perhaps his fellow Bishop Egbert Sharpe. He spent most of his time recruiting other sorcerers and cult leaders into the new Cult, or marking them for destruction. John Tyler Oringo was one of his two great finds; the other was Lobsang Prinahu. The scion of a Tibetan monastic family, Prinahu made himself the master of a corpse-eating cult throughout the Himalayas after the British invasion of Tibet in 1904 broke the old rulers' prestige. When he met Markham in Leng in 1921, Prinahu recognized Nyarlathotep's hand behind the smooth Britisher. So he joined the Cult, and became the Bishop of Fear in 1930 when Markham Transcended. Prinahu's policy was simple: spread fear, wherever possible. His fronts infiltrated the newspapers to panic readers about fascism, communism, bombers, gas, war, drugs, crime, and anything else likely to spook the herd. He also worked on the astral level, recruiting the mad dream-king Dwight Reynolds in 1938 as his Acolyte and eventual successor.

Reynolds' priorities were a final war with Nathan Harmati (by then an Acolyte of Hate) and—after becoming Bishop in 1948—an attempt to rebuild Cult power in the Dreamlands with Harmati's grudging cooperation. With his focus in the Dreamlands, Reynolds let Prinahu's old press fronts go their own ways; most of them slipped out of Cult control during the first wave of media consolidation in the 1970s. This general neglect and laxity in the waking world was a big part of the reason Harmati was able to seize the See of Fear in 1979 when Reynolds Transcended.

Harmati's life has been unfair since the doctor slapped his first breath into him. Other kids had mothers; his was dead. Other kids had fathers; Nathan's must have hated him, to have run away. No one else was called a murderer for something they did as an infant. No one else was beaten for being hungry. No one else young Nathan knew ever had their arm broken for crying.

All Harmati has seen is loveless, senseless, pitiless cruelty. Cruelty is the language of his psyche, and he is fluent. Harmati was given the See of Fear because he is fearsome. To him, the elaborate organization to which he is heir is one big weapon, like the bricks and broken glass of his childhood, like the cricket bats and chains of his youth, like the guns and gasoline of his

adulthood. The See is a tool, the tool of Harmati's revenge upon the world.

Even as the See enables him to batter others, the power of the Transcended Masters establishes their dominance over him. Left to his own devices, Harmati would simply kill and kill and kill, creating as much death as he could arrange, and as painful as he could make it. To his fellow Bishops, his impatience is a flaw to carefully manage. Their ministrations thus far have turned him from a hair-trigger murder machine to a calculating, mechanical monster. Through him, they are teaching people to self-destruct.

Unlike the other Bishops, Harmati prefers direct control of his minions. Less of a logical plotter, Harmati prefers to observe those he is deceiving, the better to play to their suspicions. Because his servants are motivated by avoidance, rather than attraction, Harmati needs to have close proximity to mold their fears. While the See of Greed provides targets to run toward, the See of Fear provides bogeymen to run from, and Harmati needs personal contact to control the direction in which his minions flee.

While someone tracing the Church of Interlife would find him near the top, only the leaders of Interlife know him, and they're in drug-induced stupors almost all the time. His connection to HELP is important, and visible, but everyone believes that Gary Juarez really calls the shots. Even Juarez himself believes it. Without the incriminating Interlife connection, Harmati appears to simply be a peripheral cash cow.

The main exception to Harmati's standard management style is AACE. He prefers to keep his involvement there deniable, washing any funds through Exalted Circle members. That said, there are enough rich idiots in Interlife, and enough overlap between its "if I want it, I do it" theology and good old American individualism, that some ties between the two would be visible to someone with a complete donor list of both groups. Fortunately, many such dedicated conspiracy sleuths are more likely to be part of AACE than hunting it.

The Church of Interlife

When I (and by that I mean you, and I mean all of us) was a child, I began constructing social masks. You cannot avoid it; you learn that people react certain ways to certain stimuli. You cannot say anything without at least an idea of how your listener is going to react, and you will not say anything unless you are motivated for them to react the way you think they will.

I know you are thinking of all the times you put your foot in your mouth. You are thinking that maybe you read the situation wrong, or made the wrong prediction. And yes, that is a possibility.

It is also a possibility that one part of you knew exactly what was going to happen and wanted it to. It is possible that some hidden part of you was using other people to manipulate your conscious idea of Self.

It is possible that your personality is a whole lot bigger than you thought.

Do these ideas make you uncomfortable? I hope not. Because they are true. You are bigger than you can possibly imagine. More than even your conscious and your subconscious. On a primal level, you're fused with the All.

Have you never felt like your life was plagued by coincidences, good or bad? Maybe you have read Jung, and you think there might be something to this "synchronicity" concept? I will tell you right now, Jung was getting some pretty good clues from his Deep Self, but even he did not know the half of it.

I promise you—and I do so knowing that there's really no difference between "you" and "I," that at the fundament of reality I cannot lie to you—I promise you that when you are integrated, everything works for you, because you are everything.

The first lesson is this; you must become one with yourself before you can reach out and synchronize with reality. The way out is to go deeper in.

History

In the 1840s, a missionary named Angelo Hidalto set out from Los Angeles to convert the Huichol Indians of Mexico. Instead, he was persuaded to partake of their sacred food, hikuri—a plant currently known in the U.S. as peyote. Under their guidance he was able to experience religious visions of exceptional beauty and meaning. Leaving the Catholic Church, Hidalto founded the Church of Interlife in 1844 to "explore the inner reaches of the human soul, thereby to touch our own, individual spark of the divine." Few were interested, but those who did join were led into the Dreamlands.

Unfortunately, Hidalto became arrogant. He sought to deepen his knowledge of the dream world by once again using hikuri, even though the Huichol had not trained him fully in its use. It takes a very skilled (or guided) seeker to tell the difference between hikuri and a similar plant known to the Huichol as tsuwiri. As magically potent as hikuri, tsuwiri peyote takes one through all that is dark, mad and evil. When Hidalto journeyed to the Dreamlands with tsuwiri, he encountered Yibb-Tstll.

Terrified by his discovery, Hidalto sought ways to defend himself from the darknesses of the Dreamlands, and ended up researching Mythos magic with discredited scholars fleeing the East Coast. At this time, his activities brought a new type into

the Church, men whose interest in the Dreamlands was less pure and introspective. The outspoken leader of these men was named Charles Knightsbridge, who felt that there was power in the Dreamlands that could affect the waking world. It was Knightsbridge who was able to obtain Mythos texts for Hidalto. Those texts eventually drove Hidalto insane. Unable to admit that he was confronting something that predated humanity, Hidalto persuaded himself that Yibb-Tstll was a guardian to higher (or deeper) wisdom. His final act was an attempt to bypass or embrace this guardian.

At Hidalto's funeral, one of his students broke into hysterical laughter after overhearing a relative envying Hidalto's "peaceful death in bed."

The Church was disorganized and directionless after Hidalto's death in 1897. Many members dropped out, especially after Knightsbridge assumed leadership. As Jung's theory of the collective unconscious became known in the early 1920s, an influx of intelligentsia curious about the interiors of their own skulls revitalized the Church. Knightsbridge continued to run the Church until 1933, when the leadership passed to Nathan Harmati, who had joined the London congregation in 1922 and rapidly rose through the ranks through intimidation and serial murder of his rivals' waking selves.

When Egbert Sharpe initiated Harmati into the Cult as an Acolyte of Hate in 1940, the Church came along as part of the package. The same dark deity who had destroyed its founder became the Church patron. Harmati and his fellow Elders teach their followers that Yibb-Tstll is the primal self they must face. Their explanation for its maddening countenance is something like this:

> *"Your Selfish Mind does not want to become one with your Deep Self or the Universal. The Selfish Mind operates on the logic of one single perspective, on individuality. All its operations are premised by its own singularity and uniqueness. It exists by dividing, separating, compartmentalizing. Unity, the breaking of barriers . . . these things frighten and disgust it."*

The higher up in the Church hierarchy one is, the less consequential the feelings of others become:

> *"Although she says she does not want me to do it, I do want to do it. Of the two of us, I am the only one who realizes that we are in fact one being, one All, and I am the one who is in touch with the universal desires. Since I am a messenger of universal will, her resistance to my desires is in fact a rejection of the universe. Surely, her Inner Self wants the same thing I do, since at that level we are one. Otherwise, she would never have provoked my reactions. Therefore it is best for her if I help her by doing to her what we both really want."*

Organization and Locale

There is one Grand Dreamer who rules the Inner City—the colossal metropolis of the Church of Interlife in the Dreamlands. (Until Dwight Reynolds Transcended in 1979, he was the Grand Dreamer.) The Grand Dreamer right now is a Bosnian refugee and mystic named Ejub Zulfovic. He lives in St. Louis and his identity is one of the Cult's most closely guarded secrets. There is no waking world paper trail to link Zulfovic to the Church. To confront him in the Dreamlands is an epic quest that could well involve incessant harassment by the Empty Hood (see page 196).

The Grand Dreamer has 23 Elders, each of whom is responsible for 17-20 Teachers. It is the Teachers who actually administer the waking world aspects of the Church, and who guide the initiates through their analysis (see Ritual Involvement, below) and into the Dreamlands. Elders live largely in obscurity and seclusion, with Teachers visiting them awake once or twice a year, bringing gifts to indicate their reverent awe. Dreamlands contact is far more frequent.

The 400-odd Teachers run churches throughout the world, mostly in the U.S. and Europe. The largest church is in San Francisco (five Teachers, 131 initiates) and there are also large congregations in Paris, Buenos Aires, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, Russia. The church in Goa, India is almost entirely made up of Western expatriates; Buddhism and Hinduism don't provide a suitable contrast to the Church's anti-Augustinian version of mystical selfishness. It has only caught on in Australia in the last few decades; its hints of "true timeless vision selves" sounded too close to the Aboriginal Dreamtime meta-theology to appeal to many non-indigenous Australians.

Members

The Church of Interlife appeals most heavily to people who are in their late 50s through mid 70s—aging hippies and members of the Silent Generation. These were people who (to varying degrees) experienced a physically safe but emotionally repressed society. With the cultural and social upheavals of the Sixties, they felt a tremendous desire to "get in touch with themselves." The Church doctrine struck a favorable chord with many of them.

A second large group of initiates comes from young people growing up in a constant state of future shock. The accelerating pace of technological change, coupled with the ever-broadening exposure to foreign culture in the form of Thai food, African music and Japanese pornography, leaves many reaching adulthood with no established sense of what life is supposed to be or where they're supposed to go. Frazzled and stressed, some turn to

Interlife instead of antidepressants, hoping to discover something steady and eternal under the buzz of the day-to-day.

Then again, there are other youths who embrace transitory modern culture and want to sweep the old manners and morals aside. To them, the Church philosophy is the crowbar with which they can vandalize social rules and boundaries. It's anarchy of the most selfish stripe, oiled up with a sheen of religion.

A book entitled *The Inward Turning Mirror* (no author given) can be found in most New Age bookstores, and it sets out the basic Church beliefs. It also includes information on how to get in touch with the nearest Teacher.

Uses to the Cult

"Getting people more in touch with their primal feelings" is Cult-speak for "freeing people of the inhibitions that suppress inner evil." This Church liberates the bastard within by teaching people that the urges of their id are actually messages from the Universe. Selfishness becomes salvation.

In addition to its contribution to the general woe of mankind by justifying selfishness, the Church has other uses to the Cult of Transcendence. Any outsider who troubles the Cult and enters the Dreamlands can be harassed, driven mad or even killed by initiates who are skilled at Dreaming. Those initiates are told some palatable lie about the outsider representing one of their own weaknesses or fears. Thus, slaying the outsider is presented as a step to self-development.

Those who join the Church of Interlife are often active in other New Age, magical or mystical studies and practices. They are therefore in a good position to keep an eye out for people researching Mythos mysteries or asking about certain texts.

When dreamers become proficient enough, they are sent on missions in the Dreamlands. Some are sent singly to harass individuals, while others are arrayed in squads—challenged to raze cities, devastate populations and terrify entire countries. They are told that these missions are challenges to their own preconceptions and prejudices, but they're really intended to either harry individuals who are important in the waking world (thus impairing their judgement) or to create general anxiety and apprehension in large masses of people.

Some, frankly, lose their shit when they compare notes with other Interlifers and realize that they're co-experiencing these missions. For others, though, it's an incredible breakthrough. It's not just *World of Warcraft* with total fidelity and landscapes no mortal game designer could create. It's proof, solid proof, that they are truly grasping reality in a way that most others simply can't.

Finally, the Church provides an avenue of recruiting to the deeper Cult. Very few Church Elders have joined the Cult of Transcendence; they're content to take orders from the Acolytes and Bishops layered above them in order to support their own dream-addictions. (Also, Harmati has no intention of letting some other Elder follow the path he blazed to power.) But those who are more earthly and less detached can often be led to the Cult through the promise of exchanging their mystic power for temporal rewards.

Ritual Involvement

Initially, Interlife members undergo a process that strongly resembles psychoanalysis; they record their dreams, tell them to their Church mentor, and search out the meaning in them. After a while, this is enhanced and deepened through the use of hypnosis. This process lasts six months to a year, and naturally the mentors come to know the neophytes well. If a neophyte expresses any squeamishness or fear, he's forced to confront their terror. Claustrophobes are locked in closets, those terrified by rats are introduced to tame specimens, and so on.

So far, the Church activities appear benign (or at least well-intentioned); however, the desensitization to fear extends to such things as fear of breaking the rules, or fear of transgressing social boundaries. The Church member is encouraged to do things that are a little bit bad, in the name of "expanding" his or her capabilities. Keep in mind that with the insight gained through their analysis, their mentors usually know very well what sins the neophytes most wishes to be talked into. Once they're comfortable doing something a little bad, the Church knows they're on a slippery slope to complete moral degeneration.

> *"Stealing? Hey, when you're one with the Universe, you realize that that storekeeper doesn't 'own' that TV any more than he 'owns' your soul! Why respect your family, when they're only reinforcing social self-roles you've outgrown? Injuring another is a crime only in the eyes of a faulty doctrine of separateness. If we are all One, then damaging another to help myself helps them through me. Remember that you're picking up their signals just as sure as you're broadcasting your own! If you want to harm them, it must be because the Universe, including them, wants them to be harmed."*

Once an initiate is willing to steal, deceive, and injure others for the Church, the neophyte is told that they are casting off phony restrictions and getting in touch with their Deep Self. When they are perfectly in tune with the Deep Self, they can learn to get in touch with the Universal. Now the time has come to begin their introduction. This means bringing the initiate into the Dreamlands.

The Church has begun rebuilding Sarkomand in the Dreamlands, in the North beneath the Grand Dreamer's tower, and uses its initiates as anything from slave labor to cannon fodder in their battle to extend their territory. The explanation given is that the Church is attempting to elevate humanity by purifying and taming the collective unconscious, thus allowing positive ideas to filter up into individual minds.

This is, of course, a load of crap. The Church Elders just want a bigger chunk of the Dreamlands, and the Bishop of Fear wants people to have nightmares. Many of the Elders get narcotized so they can spend more and more time in their Dreamlands palaces. If they suspect the effect their dream war has upon the minds of the waking world, they do not care to interfere. They've got their private nirvana, and challenging it would be scary.

Naturally there's a price to pay, and it's paid to Yibb-Tstll. Periodically, some unlucky initiate is fed to the god in order to keep it feeling kindly (or whatever passes for it) toward the Elders.

Plot Insertion

- Anyone who makes a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll while reading *The Inward Turning Mirror* gets a distinct feeling that there's something creepy but familiar about its accepting attitude towards alienation from humanity.
- A Church member commits a gruesome kidnapping/murder, ineptly covered up by Church elders. FBI-associated characters investigate, only to be harassed in their dreams.
- A rival and independent Dreamlands cult or group decides to use the Agents as a cat's paw against the Church.

The Human-Extraterrestrial Liberation Project

Please don't think me jaded or cynical when I say this world needs help. We're killing the oceans and boiling the planet, and everyone knows it and no one's doing anything. Crime is everywhere—gangs and drugs and all kinds of madness. Madness. And no one seems to know why.

One book I read said that it's because we have 21st-century minds but caveman endocrine systems. We have the technology to build a gun that can kill you instantly at a distance—but we're still like apes when we get mad, so people just pick it up and bang away.

Now, if you look back into mythology, people all over say that there was once a Golden Age—the Greeks talked about the Golden People who were the first race on earth, while we're the Iron people—impure, rusty old iron. And the Aztecs had the same beliefs, and the Egyptians and all . . . every one of them said that there was wisdom in the sky, that beings from the sky came down to teach them stuff. Like, laws and wisdom and goodness.

The media make a big joke out of UFOs, sure they do. I don't know why; if as many people saw an airplane crash as saw some of these sightings, well, that would be good enough for those newspaper skeptics. But they don't want to believe. It's almost as if they're scared.

Well . . . how could there be aliens up there who are worse than we are down here?

History

Nathan Harmati watched the development of American UFO culture with a great deal of interest. To him, the most important elements of this new mythology were the threads of paranoia (fear of "Grey" invaders) and racism (worship of "Nordic" saviors). As an Acolyte of Hate at the time, Harmati was most interested in the racist angle. He tried numerous times to harness the wider community of UFO "believers" to a "White Sky God" sort of church, but his agents were largely unable to penetrate the UFO organizations—the members were too suspicious of outsiders, insular and paranoid and wary of being laughed at or manipulated. Furthermore, the leaders had integrity. Their faith in the importance of their cause made them impervious to bribes, blackmail, even idle threats. Besides, Harmati never found a group with enough potential to warrant raising the pressure.

In 1979, Harmati became the Bishop of Fear, and decided to try his project again, this time from the paranoia angle. Along with other disinformation campaigns, he ordered the construction of a phony UFO, utilizing Great Race technology obtained through the Lamplighters. The workers who constructed it had no idea where the drive system came from, and the Lamplighters have no idea what their technology was used for. It was nicknamed "the Dog Dish." Finally completed in 1984, its first public flight was in 1985 in Texas.

Harmati's crew of ersatz E.T.s began to kidnap susceptible people and indoctrinate them in the "wisdom of the Orbitals." These indoctrinated dupes were sent out to recruit more, but there were many setbacks—quite a few "abductees" misinterpreted instructions, over-publicized themselves or just did nothing and pretended it had never happened. A few even went insane.

The abduction project, which had seemed so promising, was having only limited success. In 1988, however, Harmati noted with interest the founding of an organization called "The Human-Extraterrestrial Liberation Project." This time he proceeded with caution—approaching the founder, Gary Juarez, personally and presenting himself as a believer. Harmati donated a great deal of money to the fledgling organization, which began to publish a slick newsletter that stood out among its photocopied "rantzine" mates. This newsletter, *TranscenDance*, can currently be found in bookstores, health food stores and newsstands across the country, and as "TranscenDance.com" is one of the slickest UFO Web sites on the subject, with embedded videos, an active message board, and plenty of links to open-source paranoia.

During the recession of the early 1990s, as Just Say Please! blossomed, Harmati began using their databases to find likely HELP recruits. After a mass-mailing blitz (and a little help from the massive upswing in UFO interest that decade) membership boomed. Only after HELP was big enough did Harmati kidnap Juarez and begin indoctrinating him. By 1999, almost all the upper administrators for HELP had taken a ride in the Dog Dish. Unfortunately for Harmati, 9/11 gave America enemies to fear who did a lot more than abduct and befuddle individuals from lonely roads. But Nathan can't bring himself to stay mad at Osama.

Organization and Locale

There is a complete organizational split within HELP, between the Orbitals and the ordinary members. The Orbitals are a clique of units who know they're faking abductions to get people to do somebody's dirty work, though not even the highest Orbitals know that if you follow the chain of command far enough, there really is an alien intelligence behind it all. It's enough for the Orbitals that they get their money.

The Orbitals' big ace in the hole is their ersatz flying saucer. They've been told that it's powered by a "vertical turbojet." It isn't. Its power and propulsion are recovered Yithian technology. The best explanation would be that it works on anti-gravity principles. Though it can't leave Earth's atmosphere, it's still an impressive craft. It's capable of vertical takeoff and landing, and can travel up to Mach I safely. Due to the peculiarities of its drive system it is invisible to radar, and is capable of scrambling electrical devices—even hardened circuits in military hardware. Its range, however, is greatly limited.

The Dog Dish itself is about 30 feet across and 15 feet high. It can be disassembled and reassembled by a trained crew in about an hour. Usually it's hauled to the staging area in a semi truck. There it's assembled close to the kidnap area, in an out-of-the-way place.

The abductee is lured to an isolated area, or feels compelled to go for a long, lonesome drive (often by a dream sent by Interlife adepts). Once he is alone, the saucer buzzes him—if necessary, killing the car's electrical system. If the target flees on foot, the saucer lets him go—figuring that cowards have no place in a great crusade. If, however, he waits for the craft, a wild ride is in store.

Humans dressed up as "Greys" (see the section on the Mi-Go and MJ-12) tell the abductee they have been watching, and know that she is "of open mind and noble spirit." They explain that

they have been watching over humankind, and are troubled at the destruction mankind is wreaking. They are choosing a few special people to lead humanity out of the darkness of their own making, into the light of an interstellar community. The abductee (of course) is one of the Greys' special chosen ones.

(Incidentally, Harmati has no clue about the Grey/Mi-Go connection. He just noticed that a lot of people described their contacts in a similar fashion.)

If the abductee falls for it (and most do) they're instructed not to tell anyone about their experience. Sometimes the Orbitals give the abductee a weirdly fashioned necklace, telling them that through this "psi-amplifier" the Greys are better able to contact their new agent through his or her dreams. (In actual fact, the necklace is a placebo. It makes the contactee more psychically receptive because he believes he is.) Other times, the dupe is given passwords and countersigns to recognize other "special people" and phone calls from Greys.

So far, only one contactee has been suspicious, even up to the point of grabbing a "Grey" and yanking his mask off. The abductee in question was shot and dumped in the ocean.

Members

For the most part, HELP appeals to people with a consuming passion for UFOs, rather than a mild interest. The HELP pledge (see box) helps sort the truly dedicated crazies (Harmati's target audience) from the run-of-the-mill types. The ideal HELP member would spell out "UFOs LAND HERE!" in her back yard, if she thought it would help.

While the organization still has its fair share of crackpots, dilettantes, and people who joined as a joke, there is a larger hard core of inner members than most UFO groups, including some crossover with SaucerWatch. The intensity of their belief tends to self-reinforce, so they've weathered the retreat of UFO belief better than many groups. They tend to have sedentary lifestyles and be introverts without connections or influence in their communities. However, they do possess one trait lacking in all the other organizations that the Cult controls. They aren't trained or wealthy or armed or influential; but they are dedicated, and more than that they have hope and belief.

If faced with overwhelming odds, a member of White Fire or Operation New Day retreats. The Exalted Circle never confronts directly—they operate behind the scenes, through financial or political power. The mystic sects like the Lamplighters, Brotherhood of New Potential, and Church of Interlife are also, at heart, self-interested.

Not so HELP. They do what they do in the firm belief that they are lifting all of mankind to a higher level of peace and happiness.

Of all those dupes used by the Cult, only the members of HELP are capable of genuine heroism.

Uses to the Cult

What HELP agents lack in experience or firepower, they make up for in expendability—at least in the eyes of the Cult.

Furthermore, HELP has attracted a number of "invisible men"—the type of quiet, non-threatening nobodies that people don't remember well and instinctively ignore. They're often technical

types—more comfortable with abstractions than emotions. They're quiet, pragmatic, efficient and unobtrusive. Tough as the thugs from White Fire or Operation New Day may be, they're not subtle. A quiet, bookish, non-threatening HELP member may be able to gather information that JSP! couldn't access, and the Brotherhood of New Potential wouldn't understand.

This is all on top of their aforementioned dedication. While they might cave under torture, they cannot be bribed, and they tend to be cautious, intelligent and hard to trick—outside the realm of UFOs, anyhow. Most of them are living clean (or boring) enough that there's no blackmail dirt on them.

Nathan Harmati has found HELP well-suited for counterintelligence. On the theory of "set a thief to catch a thief," Harmati has learned that nothing stymies an investigator faster than another investigator. Since HELP members believe the government is holding out information on them, it's not difficult for the Dog Dish crew to persuade them that this or that government agent is a pawn of the "dark aliens." Despite the fact that the inner core of HELP has hope for and belief in a better future, it is a better future to be delivered not by people but by the "good aliens." The members of HELP don't believe in the good in people, they fear people. These "quiet, non-threatening nobodies" were often at the bottom of the social food chain in high school and college. Their view of their fellow humans is colored by years of ostracism, bullying and indifference. They are ready to believe the worst in people, thus their belief in criminal conspiracies at all levels of society and government. This fear of their fellow man is what places them firmly under Harmati's remit.

Ritual Involvement

None.

Plot Insertion

- Anyone investigating Roswell or MJ-12 might run into a HELP member who is investigating the same thing. The Agent might even get invited to join HELP.
- The Orbitals decide it's time to recruit some more agents in Chicago. They stage an "abduction" of one HELP member there. When returned, he goes to the papers with his story, which possibly gets a very minor mention. Next, he brings back two other members and the three of them are again picked up by the "spacecraft." This gets in the news, prompting a Delta Green investigation—but now the abductees have been instructed to maintain strict secrecy.

The H.E.L.P. Pledge

I, _____, do solemnly pledge to do all that is reasonably within my power to advance human knowledge of extra-terrestrial life. Should I ever spot an unidentified object of possible extra-terrestrial origin, I shall do my best to approach, record, study and document it. Should I ever have the opportunity to participate in scientific exchange with extra-terrestrial life forms, I shall do so. If contact is ever made between myself and extra-terrestrials, I pledge to respect their customs and needs, and to encourage them to contact my fellow members of H.E.L.P., if possible.

- Harmati's reasoning in having the abductees recant is this: it won't dissuade the true believers, but will make the UFO movement look ridiculous. Harmati wants as few people as possible investigating the paranormal. Particularly if they are not under his control.
- Agents who sniff around the Church of Interlife are likely to have HELP agents sent to investigate *them*.
- Majestic-12 is supposed to take point on all U.S. government investigations of alien technology or biology, but in reality they end up enabling the real Greys in their abductions and experiments on humanity. But the Greys are supposed to check in with their human co-conspirators when they perform abductions. If MJ-12 cross-checks with "their" Greys, they may find out that some "other Greys" are performing these abductions. The humans behind the false abductions aren't military, so they don't show up in the Report. (For their part, the Mi-Go don't know about the fake abductions, and if informed they won't care.) MJ-12 would use every resource to find these "new" Greys in the hope of getting access to their drive and stealth technology. The grapevine might tell Delta Green that there now seem to be *two* groups of Greys.
- Agents with contacts in SaucerWatch (or investigators who are from SaucerWatch) will hear sooner or later about the new wave of abductions, complete with obsessively detailed lists of all known and likely sightings, blurry video of the Dog Dish, and transcribed eyewitness reports. Meat and drink to traffic analysts everywhere, in other words. But where these events are proofs to reinforce faith and belief for HELP, they are phenomena to be studied and analyzed by SaucerWatch. If SaucerWatch gets too close to exposing the fraud, they could be targeted for destruction by other organs of the Cult of Transcendence—such as Americans Against Covert Enemies.

Americans Against Covert Enemies

What made this country great? Not sniveling and saying "I can't" and laziness and asking "Won't someone please take care of me!" What made this country great was hard work, fear of God and a willingness to sacrifice to make a better life for your children.

These days, no one's willing to do anything themselves. They want "th' gub'ment" to take care of them. This being the same people who gave us Clinton's cocksucking and kept George Bush from fighting his war the right way. Job one shoulda been dropping a nuke on Mecca. Yeah, let's see those fucking Ayatollahs explain that one away. If Allah helped you drop the towers, where's he been lately while you've been blowing yourselves up to kill your own kind in Baghdad?

Jesus Christ, it's like people don't even remember the planes hitting the towers! Too worried about their mortgage or their 401(k), money's all they care about, not God or patriotism. But even those Wall Street ball-heads, you'd have expected them to notice how much better business was before the Arabs took over the Dhimmi-crat party.

"In God We Trust," it's right on the money but now the Feds won't even let kids pray in school. Next thing they'll take God out the Pledge of Allegiance. It's all crumbling, everything that made us strong, and I for one won't take it. If the government won't or can't get rid of the foreigners and saboteurs monkeying with the system, and silence the traitors in the media and Hollywood, then the citizens are going to have to do it for them. Like always.

History

AACE was formed in 1948 in Leyland, Illinois. Originally named "Americans Against Covert Communism," its stated purpose was to "detect, expose and thwart the wiles of hidden Communists in the U.S."

In 1956, a distillery owner named Hugh Brandt was elected president of AACC. As a member of the Exalted Circle, he was pleased to offer AACC's services to his masters in the Cult. They quickly wormed their way into the hierarchy and organized it more formally, with greater communication between a national office in Mississippi and the branch offices elsewhere.

With the onset of glasnost and the fall of the Berlin Wall, AACC began a steady decline. Communism was no longer the threat it had once been; the almighty dollar was king and its reign seemed uncontested on the global stage. (China was a bit of a non-starter as a Communist enemy, what with being more committed to capital accumulation than most European democracies.) But soon enough, America found another alien ideology to fear and mistrust.

AACC reorganized as AACE after the Soviet Union collapsed, and started beating the drum against Islam during the Somalia fiasco and the first World Trade Center bombing. Since then it has sounded the tocsin against Islam, North Korean nukes, Islam, a resurgent Russia once Putin took over, Islam, Venezuela, Islam, Iran specifically, Islam generally, and after 9/11, Islam, Islam, and Islam. After 9/11, they started to look less like a bunch of crackpot conspiracy nuts and more like scorned prophets who'd called it perfectly and been ignored.

Americans Against Covert Enemies is riddled through at all levels with men recruited through the Circle. These men understand that they are holding the leashes on a pack of nativist cranks, and that their checks are signed by a very powerful anonymous individual they know as "The Determiner." This is Chas Antoniwicz, operating through codes and dead drops. Their only chance of breathing the same air as The Determiner is if they screw up. That's when they learn their position is not all carrot but, in fact, a lot of stick. The stick often takes the form of being jumped by hired thugs in ski masks, tied up, shoved in a car trunk and dropped off at a discreet location of Chas' choosing. There, after a painstaking rundown of his failures, the failed unit learns far more than he'd like to about Chas' Special Way. After that, they typically put their noses to the grindstone.

Though they're not at the top, when directed in a united fashion Antoniwicz's pawns wield more power than the leaders. Hugh Brandt, Jr. is now the president of AACE, but he has never met Chas and has no idea that there is a "secondary control mechanism" in place in his organization.

Organization and Locale

AACE is active only in the United States of America, primarily in the South, Midwest and Southwest. Members are organized in "study groups" ranging in numbers from 4 to 50. AACE has a Yahoo.com mailing list, but it's relatively neglected. Subpoenaing (or just searching) can turn up a list of subscribers, which amounts to 8% of the entire group. Incriminating matters are rarely discussed on-list, as it is seen primarily as a recruiting tool.

The level of activity in the study groups ranges widely. Most are content to elect their board members, praise Rush Limbaugh and Glenn Beck and to meet once a month to complain about how much the country has degenerated. The Bishop of Fear calls these "passive groups."

A few, however, are well-organized, well-financed political action machines. These groups usually have a smaller but more dedicated membership, meet weekly, and host frequent fund raising activities. These are the "active groups." A few of these groups are working on improving their Web presence, setting up meetups and otherwise moving their organization bodily into the 21st century. Harmati (like most of the Cult hierarchy) has no real idea what any of that means, but he grudgingly trusts Antoniwicz to make it happen. But if "Dhimmiwatch.com" takes off, Harmati will be left holding the empty husk of a movement while the money and momentum go off on their own. Then it's Chas' turn for the Special Way.

Members

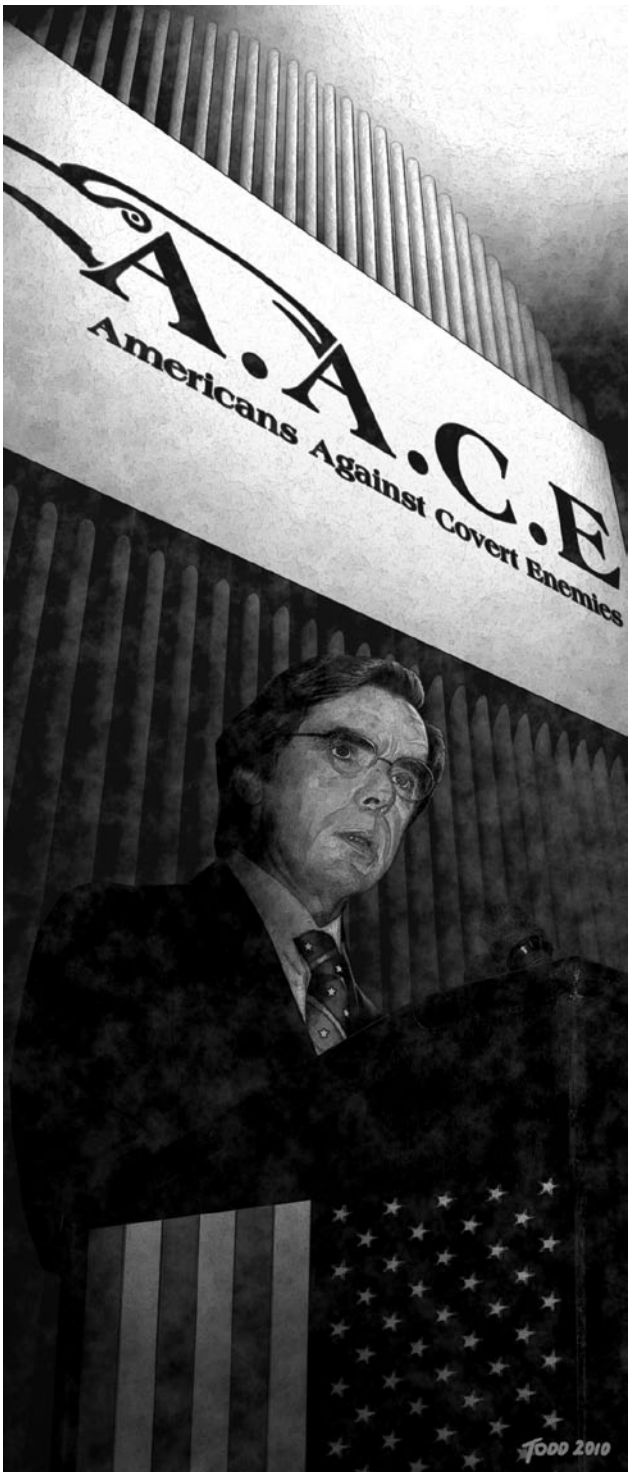
AACE appeals primarily to disgruntled middle- and working-class men, usually from culturally or racially homogenous backgrounds. A fair number of Jews are coming around to AACE as well. While there was a Christian (and occasionally anti-Semitic) core to AACC, it was always assumed, never official: on paper, the organization is political and secular. In the days of AACC, Christianity was the default and taken for granted. If you were against Communism, well then of course you were Christian. The broadening appeal of anti-Islam politicking has allowed AACE to broaden its membership as well. It's now as welcoming to hysterical soccer moms as it always was to autodidactic xenophobes and self-righteous illiterates.

Uses to the Cult

The Bishop of Fear is content to manipulate the passive groups through propaganda. Their voting power is significant if they're not invoked too often.

Rich and active groups are excellent levers of gross political power. They know the hot buttons to push in the media, and they have the money to push them hard. The Cult doesn't want a certain burial mound zoned for a school? A rich and active group can fund a campaign to persuade people not to pass a bond issue. Someone useful to the Cult got arrested? A hint that he's the victim of a political harassment gets one of these organizations raising funds for a high-powered attorney, or even convincing one to volunteer. Is an Agent being a little too nosy? Hey, it's the liberals who whine about privacy rights. Maybe a lawyer's white shoe in their ass will convince them to put their money where their mouths are.

Furthermore, even a passive member who is wealthy or highly placed in his or her community can be useful if an enemy of the Cult (or one of its sub-groups) can be tarred with the "weak on defense" brush.



Poor and active groups aren't as useful as the rich and active, but they're certainly more numerous and can affect legislation and public opinion simply with weight of numbers. They are also easily persuaded to harass and discomfort those that the Cult feels are too close to its secrets. While a rich group can get the cops to push around an Agent, ID from a national agency may suggest an incipient bureaucratic pissing contest. That raises the

bar considerably on what the cops are willing to do just as a favor. Members of a poor but active group won't be so easily given pause, and while the rich boys wouldn't dirty their hands with throwing rocks through windows, mailing death threats or super-gluing a gas tank shut, that's the sort of thing that other AACE activists would consider both a pleasure and a patriotic duty.

Groups that are both poor and inactive are useful mainly for their voting power.

All the groups, regardless of wealth or motivation, are useful for intelligence gathering. In the constitution of the AACE, it clearly states that one purpose of the organization is "to monitor the community for suspicious signs of foreign infiltration." Anyone who's new in town, suspicious or noncommittal about the War on Terror is certainly germane for discussion. It takes very little prodding to get someone from the AACE to look through mailboxes or follow a suspected sleeper terrorist around.

Ritual Involvement

None. Almost everyone in the AACE is a hardcore Christian, unwilling to admit that any god beside their own could exist. The Circle jerks planted by and answering to Chas Antoniwicz are usually godless, having discarded traditional religion without having any inkling that there could be entities ruling their destinies that are even worse than a clout-heavy sadist.

Plot Insertion

- Agents may track a group seemingly unrelated to the AACE, only to have their presence announced (and their purpose distorted) in the local media by "concerned and watchful citizens."
- Only some heavy political action saved the California retreat used by the Brotherhood of New Potential from the developers. Said action was spearheaded by a state senator from Orange County: a politician elected with AACE votes in California, and funded by AACE leaders nationwide. Anyone who investigates the Newbury Wilderness Retreat Center may wonder why the AACE (usually tolerant of big business) was so protective of those woods.

Other Front Groups

Harmati likes terrifying people, and he has a gift for plot and power—but deep down he just doesn't want to be Bishop of Fear. He tends to build fronts that he can turn into Hate fronts when he comes into his own—scary gangs with weird initiation rites, or anti-Semitic "study groups concerned about neo-conservatism and the Israel lobby" in the Ivy League. Other See of Fear fronts include:

- A certain breed of player will prick up his ears at the British think tank called the **Dunwich Group**. But this clutch of big-browed pessimists named themselves after the town in Suffolk that slowly crumbled into the North Sea in the 14th century. They are the result of Lobsang Prinahu's press-driven Big Fear campaign in the 1920s and 1930s; they issue thick, horribly respectable reports about ecological mega-death, global warming, nuclear waste, and population crises. They are a self-motivated source of despair, with no direct Mythos or Cult tie whatsoever.
- By contrast, Chas Antoniwicz, Acolyte of Fear, works very hard at running the **Neighborly Eye**. It began in the 1980s as a neighborhood watch group in Atlanta, Georgia; it soon had franchises and affiliates from coast to coast. Antoniwicz is pouring major funding and staff into the front, linking "Eyes" all over the country via Web-based databases and utilities. On the pretext of looking out for child abuse, pedophiles, kidnappers, and such, Antoniwicz is building a national network of spies and informers.
- Harmati wants to balance out AACE by suborning a tame nest of paranoids on the Left, just in case the military, the FBI, or some other agency that AACE won't voluntarily oppose comes calling. His choice is **TakeBack.org,** a fulminating "fight the Bushite power" group set a little bit adrift with the election of Obama—when Republicans aren't in power they rage against Democrat wimp-outs or obsessively track Sarah Palin's plane travel. Normally, taking it over would be simplicity itself—just offer to fund the blog—but TakeBack's founder Max Musselman is really, really paranoid. For good reason: on Election Day 2000, Musselman, an IT professional, accidentally accessed a Web site used by a cult of Daoloth-worshipping physicists. The brief sight of the Dweller in Darkness, even in mathematical approximation, not only blinded Musselman in one eye but gave him a case of raging paranoid apophenia along with a sort of poetic madness, making his blog posts eerily compelling reading. The offending site has since been thoroughly 404ed, even on archives. (A Delta Green success, perhaps?) It's gone as if it never existed, except in Musselman's brain. The Bishop's younger servitors have repeatedly explained that Harmati can't just kill Musselman—the readership would scatter and the blog would lose cred—so he has to find a way to turn Musselman's fear to the Cult's advantage while "sponsoring" those TakeBack.org posters who can be bought.

The See of Greed

The See of Greed is the most pragmatic of the four Sees. While the others are concerned with creating emotional and spiritual crises, the See of Greed goes straight for physical misery.

Their methodology is to make money and power the only values, and to make sure those in power are distanced from the effects of their decisions. When more and more decisions are made by fewer people, it becomes easy for the elite few to see human suffering in the most abstract terms. For example, birth defects caused by testing new medicines in the Third World become an unfortunate necessity. The toll in lives and suffering is obscured by the importance of medical advances " in the big picture."

To blind their minions to all ethical considerations, the Bishop and the other leaders in the See must make the seeking of wealth more important than its actual attainment. Like the See of Flesh, they must destroy the sense of satiety.

The **Exalted Circle** pits the wealthy against each other. By creating a milieu in which they constantly compete, the elite are prevented from comparing themselves with the rest of humanity. Instead of seeing how much they have, they see only how much others have. Thus are the wealthiest made to feel poor. Thus are they driven to more callousness, more cruelty, more ruthlessness in their heedless competition for a degree of power and wealth so vast that it is ostensibly measureless—in practical terms, meaningless.

The **Lamplighters** appeal to those with an interest in power of a different sort—the power to control the natural and supernatural worlds. Without access to dark sorcery, many of the higher-level Lamplighters would be scientists, doctors and chemists. The Lamplighters twisted their motivations, however; instead of searching for knowledge as a solution to the woes of humanity, the Lamplighters substitute knowledge as a pure good. This might even be enough, were it not that the knowledge they offer is of pure evil.

Just Say Please! catches those who are sinking toward the bottom of the economic food chain. Most are temps, young people who expected to have a higher standard of living than their parents, just as their parents superseded theirs before them, back unto the first generation. They are confused and disappointed, and wide open to exploitation from an organization that promises them the gold ring they missed; if they're willing to make a few compromises. JSP! not only corrupts its employees, it corrupts their peers by contagion. When someone is struggling to pay their bills, and they see a friend selling out and still struggling, the result is depression, despair and a loss of moral will.

Management Style

Ian Roehl, the first Bishop of Greed, worked closely with Alphonse Markham and John Tyler Oringo to expand the Cult into America. Flush with the revelatory power of the Black Messenger, Roehl and Markham picked their targets from the most powerful Mythos conspiracies and cults in the world: the American-based Exalted Circle and the Australian-based Lamplighters. Roehl had the seemingly difficult task of discovering what some of the richest people in the world could possibly still desire—and it turned out to be "the head of the guy above me." Roehl successfully played Exalted Circle factions against each other until the coup de grâce: a suborned Italian Sentinel, Vincenzo Cervelli, betrayed the Circle and Roehl absorbed its beheaded bulk into the Cult.

The Lamplighters were a tougher nut to crack, but the same method worked. Lionel Glass, the Shining One in charge of Britain, and Joao Martines, a Shining One in the South American Lodge, both joined the Cult; Glass' foresight in embezzling the entire European treasury of the Lamplighters put him (and the Lamplighters) solidly into the See of Greed in 1928. Either Glass or Martines could have become Bishop; once Glass got a new body from the Gate of Changes he was happy to let Martines take the See for himself. Martines ran his See like a criminal ring: occult antiquities smugglers, blackmail networks, and the occasional high-profile bank robbery. (The climax of Martines' rule was an alchemical Ordre de Flamel op which turned the entire Ecuadorian national treasury into lead in 1953, enabling the Cult to make a fortune on the currency markets. Or so Glass has intimated to the uppermost sorcerers of the Exalted Circle.) Martines' flamboyance and cowboy mentality made an excellent pairing with his Acolyte Glass' fussier bean-counting methods. Glass also made an excellent understudy when Martines was away on mystical contemplation or occult study, or was being strangely autistic in his Manaus mansion.

When Martines Transcended in 1956, Glass again refused to try for the Bishopric, leaving it to his fellow Acolyte Vincenzo Cervelli. Where Martines and Glass were partners, Cervelli rapidly became nothing but Glass' tool. He had no projects and no goals of his own, seemingly content to clip coupons and murder his few surviving enemies. Cervelli did Glass the great

favor of hanging onto the Bishopric until after Glass' real rival, Andrew St. Claire, jumped from the See of Greed to take over the See of Hate in 1975. Indeed, Glass very likely helped him do so, and finally ascended to the Bishopric of Greed in his own right in 1981. Throughout the whole period, Glass has repeatedly used the Gate of Changes to change bodies, hoping to find one that stays clean. Whatever body he's in, Glass issues his orders under the name of "Lionel Glass," but any Agent who traces that name discovers that the original Glass body died in an asylum in 1934 claiming that he was actually Joseph Kennedy.

Lionel Glass' torture by his own obsessive-compulsive behaviors made his life an exercise in futility. His initiation to Nyarlathotep has convinced him that he has gone too far down his appointed path to ever turn back. Since all endeavor is essentially empty, Glass follows the path of least resistance, finding momentary distraction from his own despair by destroying the illusions others harbor of "meaning" and "value." But his own obsessions keep his watch on his See tighter than most, and the high turnover of his Acolytes argues that he is in no mood to recruit his own replacement soon.

Glass' involvement with the Lamplighters can be traced most easily, for it was there that he rose through the ranks to the Cult of Transcendence. His involvement in the Exalted Circle is much less direct; he, or Colt Bradford, gives orders to the Guardians, and each level that the orders pass downwards produces another layer of ignorance; ignorance below of precisely *who* is giving orders, and ignorance above of precisely *how* the orders are being carried out.

JSP! is even farther down the chain of command. Even the most highly placed JSP! executive knows only that they're working for SeaTech, Inc. The Exalted Circle (which indirectly controls SeaTech) never crosses their radar. Glass can access all the information available from JSP!, and can send them on errands, but so can many people in the Exalted Circle, and through them most of the other fronts for the Cult.

The Exalted Circle

The business world is a mean, ruthless place. It's war—and I'm not about to let my enemy have my nuts on a platter because I'm too weak to pull the trigger first.

The sole law of the business world is "make money." If you don't, you starve from lack of investment and get surpassed by the competition. Morals and ethics aren't always crippling hobbles, but they only have to trip you up once for the other guy to get the edge. Darwin should have been a market analyst.

Nothing is sacred, nothing is off limits. And that means that in the final analysis, everything *is business.*

History

The Exalted Circle began as a cozy network of slave dealers when the U.S. was very young. During the Civil War, they hedged their bets by diversifying into heavy manufacturing in the North, and they've been part of the military-industrial complex ever since. From funding Hitler's war machine (even to the point of teaching the Luftwaffe the divebombing techniques developed by the U.S. Navy) to their recent machinations in Iraq to build up business in Saudi Arabia, the men of the Exalted Circle have been profitably busy.

The Circle's founder, Nathan Warrick, learned of the Dagon Cult on a Pacific trading voyage in the 1830s. On at least one occasion, he had to summon Deep Ones to protect his ship during a storm—an act that eventually led many slaves to think his name was actually "Warlock." The Exalted Circle has used this Mythos connection to influence shipping ever since. From locating rich cargoes, to helping round up recalcitrant slaves on the Guinea Coast, to sinking the ships of business rivals, the Deep Ones have made deep profits for the Exalted Circle. Now and again, for no reason the Circle can suss out, they slip the leash and kill their summoners, but by definition that never happens to people who live to tell the tale. Most of the time it works just fine, as long as you know when to look away. If you don't, it's your own damn fault.

Indeed, since answering summonings from the Circle's private islands have never turned into a Delta Green ambush, the Exalted Circle has become one of the Deep Ones' most trusted cults (to the extent that they can 'trust'). If "Contact Deep Ones" is cast from one of the Circle's islands, there's a cumulative 10% chance of Dagon or Hydra answering the summons for every magic point sacrificed beyond the base 3 the spell requires. On the other hand, the Deep Ones have told the Circle exactly nothing about Black Cod Island (see page 4), perhaps because they can't communicate very well, perhaps because they have enough trouble telling one set of surface-dwelling semen receptacles from another, or perhaps because they can't trust the surface-dwellers after all.

An example of typical Exalted Circle activity was their interference with a rival's ship, the *Great Eastern*. The Exalted Circle was, at that time (1858), primarily a shipping interest, and the *Great Eastern* was both larger and faster than anything they had. When manipulating the cost of iron plate failed to prevent the ship from being built, the Exalted Circle resorted to sorcery. Agents cloaked by sorcery blew up a smokestack. Storms were brewed to destroy her. Her captain was drowned. Her food stores were ruined, and her navigation was sabotaged. They never sank it, but they made it a financial disaster for thirty years.

As it emerged reborn in 1919, the Cult of Transcendence vowed not to repeat the mistakes of the Alta Vendita—first among them,

ignoring America. They believed that the Exalted Circle was the most powerful occult group in the U.S., and thus determined to take it over. John Tyler Oringo began a shadow campaign against the Circle using his Shub-Niggurath cults in kamikaze fashion, while the Cult suborned the Circle's dissatisfied underlings in America and Europe. The Exalted Circle had never fought a full-scale occult war before, and the surprise knocked it off balance. When their Sentinel in Italy, Vincenzo Cervelli, told them he had a tome that would unlock the Cult's secrets, the Guardians agreed to a meeting in Boston in October of 1929. The Cult was waiting, and tricked four Guardians through the Cult's Gate of Changes (see page 206) with four Cult masterminds. In their stolen bodies, Alphonse Markham, Egbert Sharpe, Ian Roehl, and Lionel Glass rapidly purged the other Guardians and brought the Circle to heel.

Under Cult leadership, after a brief hiatus in the early 1930s, the Exalted Circle moved ahead pretty much as it always had. Inductees climbing the ladder are wowed with tales of how the Circle got hemp outlawed in 1937 to protect their chemical-company interests and destroyed American mass-transit between 1932 and 1949 to boost business for their gas, auto and rubber companies. These purely political schemes leave the units of the Circle smirking with delight, and whether they're true or not they encourage wealthy businessmen to suborn governors and senators without fear.

Toshiru Yakashima and Coulter Bradford take smug pleasure in claiming a higher level of power as the Circle jerks accrue influence. They insinuate that "those above" are responsible for everything from Bhopal and 9/11 to AIG and Lehman Brothers. If they aren't universally believed, enough have doubts to make it worth the effort. Certainly, claiming blame after the fact is far easier than actually *doing* anything. Any skeptics who are insufficiently respectful suffer mysterious fates or drastic personality changes, which makes all the overblown claims of engineering Love Canal seem more reasonable. So when the asshole from Ohio or the Japanese guy in the bad suits asks for something, be it a scuttled investigation, a bought-out newspaper or just a paper bag full of unmarked hundreds, the Circle units hop to. It's a small price to be Master of the Universe, right?

Organization and Locale

The Exalted Circle is strictly regimented into Watchmen, Sentinels and Guardians. There are thirteen Guardians, each of whom commands between ten and fifteen Sentinels. There is no limit to the number of Watchmen a Sentinel can recruit. When a Sentinel or Guardian dies, his position is auctioned off to his underlings (though it's impossible to go directly from Watchman to Guardian).

Within these rules, anything goes. Assassination is common and accepted. Killing a superior is admirable initiative, while killing someone of your own rank is a wise precaution. A Guardian's death can shift the entire Dow ten or twenty points on any given day, as each of his Sentinels tries to prevent the others from fielding the money for a successful bid.

Every Watchman is (in theory) totally obedient to his Sentinel, and each Sentinel to his Guardian. Despite the assassinations and backstabbing, they do seem efficient. This is probably because it's much easier for a Guardian to kill off a Sentinel than vice versa.

The Guardians all live on private islands, the ownership of which goes with (or possibly defines) the position. One Guardian lives near Hawaii, one in the Aleutians, one off the coast of Japan, one in the Arabian Sea, one in Indonesia, and one off of Madagascar. Two live on separate islands off the Eastern Seaboard (one off the Carolinas and one north of the Bahamas), another on an island in the Mediterranean Sea, and four on various obscure islands scattered across the Pacific.

Sentinels all live in large cities. There are immense clusters of them in New York and London, a great number in the rest of Europe, and many spread through Asia, Japan, and the Middle East. Nonetheless, their greatest concentration is in the United States.

Half the world's Watchmen live in the U.S., and an eighth of them in New York. Currently the 32 most populous U.S. states have at least one Watchman in their judicial systems. There are two in the U.S. House of Representatives and one in the U.S. Senate.

Members

Members are recruited from far and wide, but all must have money and influence. Legitimate businesses are preferred to crime bosses, but the criminal equivalent of "old money" is acceptable. *Certainly* no lower-class, gold-bedecked "gangstas" get admitted. Likewise, the nouveaux riches of the Mexican and South American drug cartels are not welcome. However there have been one or two members from those ancient land-owning families who can date their holdings to the time of Cortez and Pizarro, who just happen to grow and process coca.

Many Watchmen have more direct political or financial power than their Sentinels. Someone who can purchase a Sentinel position can afford just about anything . . . except having his finances investigated. There's a big difference between the amount of money they *have*, and the amount they can undetectably *spend*. But anything Sentinels lack in direct position they more than make up for in influence.

Seventy five percent of all Exalted Circle members are white Americans, and ninety percent are men. Nonetheless, one Guardian is Japanese and one is an Arab, while there are at least twenty-eight female Sentinels.

Membership as a Watchman has different costs for different Sentinels. A candidate with little ready cash (comparatively) but a wealth of political connections might be allowed membership for as little as $10,000. Someone with great wealth but little else might have to pay up to $600,000. The last Sentinel position auctioned off to underlings (in New York) went for $22.5 million, while the last Guardian position sold (after its holder was "accidentally" shot during an attempted coup in the Solomon Islands) went for 3.6 billion pounds sterling.

Uses to the Cult

In addition to having their fingers deep into the legal and political systems of the U.S., controlling a great chunk of international banking, tremendous underworld connections, and having almost unlimited financial muscle, the Exalted Circle also assists the Cult with any negotiations with the submarine powers that lurk on the abyssal plain. Exalted Circle-owned factories make excellent places to assemble Lamplighter technologies, Exalted Circle corporate contacts give the Cult entrée to almost any meeting or person in the world if need be, and Exalted Circle arms companies can always be counted on to "lose" a few shipments of automatic weapons for the See of Hate's little projects. What *can't* you get from the men who have everything?

Ritual Involvement

Son, I've only seen one thing in my life that scared me. One. Thing. So of course *I worship it.*

The Exalted Circle members do not learn of Dagon until they have quite a bit of seniority as Sentinels. At this point they are initiated into the Esoteric Order of Dagon, and are allowed to assist the Guardians in their periodic rituals. From there, about an eighth of their number are receptive enough to tune into the dreams of Cthulhu. Most of these go mad in one way or another, often quite subtly and often believing the dreams come from Dagon or Hydra. They never imagine that the god they revere is, itself, only the agent of a deeper and deadlier thing.

The Exalted Circle has frequent contact with the Deep Ones. A Sentinel may have the spell Contact Deep Ones, though this is very rare. What is more common is for Guardians to contact the Deep Ones for assistance with their financial machinations (to protect a carrier group or destroy an oil tanker, for example) while the Sentinels are left with the dirty work of procuring women for the Deep Ones. These women are usually gathered in Mexico or East Asia, with promises of visas to the U.S. After being raped by Deep Ones in international waters, they're imprisoned until they come to term. They are then disposed of (often in sacrifice to Dagon—waste not, want not) and their infants are taken to adoption agencies, there to be carefully watched from afar by the Exalted Circle. Frequently their monitors are Watchmen who don't even know the significance of these children.

Some of these hybrids are being introduced to narcotics. The Exalted Circle hopes if the children are addicted, that compulsion will carry over after the full transformation to Deep Ones. If it works, then the Exalted Circle gets one more thing on land that the sea-dwellers need to trade for.

Heroin-addicted hybrids changed later in life and maintained strange, mortal retardations. One had a human skin tone over his Deep One physique, while another's eyes failed to completely transform to pressure-resistant orbs. In all cases, the imperfectly altered junkie Deep Ones never returned to the surface after returning to the water. Whether they were imprisoned, murdered by their kin, died, or simply wanted nothing more to do with air is unknown.

As for uncut cocaine, it had the opposite effect, spurring changes at ages as young as fourteen. However, while the sea change had an earlier start, it was drawn out, leaving its aggressive and miserable victims half-human and half Deep One for as long as a decade. While several killed themselves, or succumbed to illnesses complicated by imperfectly integrated immune systems, those who survived to full transformation went back to their oceanic ancestors. Several Deep Ones seem to have indicated that they were at one time those orphans, but they showed no interest in cocaine.

Overall, those who know about the project regard it as a waste—a decades-long investment of manpower with no yield. One Sentinel, Gino Bova, has developed something of an obsession with it. He wants to repeat the effort using tracking implants on a second generation of cocaine survivors, while experimenting with tailored pharmaceuticals designed specifically to create cravings in Deep Ones. He's on the outs now, but were he to get a Guardianship (or just learn the Contact Deep Ones spell) he'd throw the project into high gear with or without blessings from above.

Plot Insertion

- A customs and immigration official hears persistent rumors about "death ships" where women get on but never get off. Investigation leads to the Exalted Circle/Deep Ones connection.
- A Sentinel named Arthur Cioran cracks up, walks into a law office with a pistol and starts shooting. He's killed by a SWAT team, but the newspaper reports of his ravings pique the interest of Delta Green:

  "Myron, Andre . . . you idiots think we're the damn Secret Masters of the World . . . and all we are is a bunch of pimps, just pimps! And for what? So that goddamn slimy thing can suck on our brain all night? So we can sleep with the water? It's madness—pimping for fish! We're all sick, evil bastards!"

  Investigation reveals that although Cioran addressed the two lawyers in a familiar fashion, no one who knew the two lawyers (Myron Slone and Andre Smith) knew of a connection between them and Cioran, and no one who knew Cioran knew he knew Slone and Smith. The connection is that they all served the Exalted Circle.
- An Agent is called in to investigate a strange massacre at an orphanage. It was an independent drug experiment with methamphetamines, conducted under Gino Bova's guidance. In addition to contending with Gino's coverup, Agents may also run afoul of a parallel search by Gino's rivals in the Circle.
- A highly placed military commander in the Exalted Circle is briefed on the Greys and MJ-12. Perplexed, he sends the news upwards. When it reaches the Cult of Transcendence, they're intrigued that someone other than Harmati is manipulating the Grey phenomenon. They order an investigation, and the Exalted Circle member decides that the Agents would be ideal for the task. (This may be a deliberate attempt to smoke out Delta Green, if the Cult knows of its existence.) The Keeper must be very cautious to give clues that this general is not on the up and up, or the characters may just think that MJ-12 is all there is to the involvement . . .

The Lamplighters

So you go to school and work hard and get a degree and come out into the world of work. You find yourself a June Cleaver and settle down to raise the Beav and to do it you have to work late at the office and when you get home they're all in bed anyhow. Everyone at the office talks about sports or work or who's getting into whose secretary until you're ready to scream "Isn't there anything more?"

Yes. There's more. There's so much more if you're willing, just a little, to look around. To lift your nose from that grindstone enough to notice that you live in a universe, not just a split-level ranch in suburbia.

Most people don't understand a drive to reach something wider. Since it doesn't concern sex or sports or money, it must not be important, right? They'd prefer it if you just stuck your head back down and got a nice flat nose.

They're dumb.

They're so dumb they make themselves dumber. They watch television and movies so vapid that they actually impair your ability to think, to process anything that doesn't collapse neatly

into a cliché. They're so dumb they can't focus on anything larger than their job, their team, their penis. If you try to talk to them about anything bigger, better, brighter, and more real—they think that you're the dumb one.

But we know better. And when you do too, you'll see how much those poor rats in the corporate cages have been hiding from.

The door to your cage is open if you just have the courage to push it. Join us.

History

Throughout human history there has been a group, waxing and waning in size but always devoted to inhuman goals. This group has had many names, but it is currently called the Motion, and it serves the Great Race of Yith. In return for willing Great Race mind-hosts, the Motion receives technological data. According to some Lamplighters, Archimedes and Georg Simon Ohm were both members. For millennia this exchange was profitable to both sides. Before becoming the Motion in the 1920s, the group was/is/will be called "the Lamplighters."

In 1922, the most prominent and influential members of the European Lodge of Lamplighters were approached by an organization promising them much more if they would only change allegiance. This organization, called the Temple of Noon, was actually a front for the Cult of Transcendence. By showing the Lamplighters what sort of experiences they could have on the Road of Souls (see page 207), the Temple won a few of them over. Now, they could travel in time at their own behest! With that toehold, the Cult mounted a full-court press on the Lamplighter organization. Over the next six years, two Shining Ones—Joao Martines and Lionel Glass—had brought their Lodges completely under the Cult's wing.

While the Cult was braced for revenge, it never came. The Great Race wasn't concerned with anything so petty. They simply cut the Martines and Glass Lodges off like a gangrenous foot and proceeded as the Motion. When the Cult, thinking it perceived weakness, made plays for more Lodges, a few Tindalos Hounds were sent after the most easily identified Cultists. The message was received, and now both organizations try to politely ignore one another. It's not that easy, however. The separation is slow and ongoing, because the Cult (reasonably) expects resistance if they tell the traditional Lamplighters of Australia that they've been traded to new management like a handful of desirable baseball cards.

Organization and Locale

The Lamplighters are international in scope, but focus on English-speaking countries. They are headquartered in Perth, Australia, where they can keep a close eye on land holdings that include the few remaining ruins of the citadels of the Great Race—especially the largely intact ruins in the Davenport Range.

The Lamplighters are factionalized along continental lines. Despite Cult meddling, the Australian Lodge still offers its

Lamplighter Orthodoxy

The outermost layer of Lamplighter creed and belief is that the group has genuine mystic power and can teach it to you. By tempering your soul in the furnace of wisdom, you can master your own life, subdue your weaknesses, quit smoking, get the respect you deserve and become initiated into the wisdom of the Masters of the Sunken Continent.

Most units in the Lamplighters get the empty rites and psychological games common to mystic societies that have no real knowledge or access to the paranormal. Some Lamplighters drop out to try regression therapy or zazen meditation or to join the Church of Interlife. Some find Jesus and some find heroin. Some convince themselves that they've attained the tranquility and wisdom they signed up for and bubble along on the surface, fatuous mystic dickheads who annoy their co-workers and get divorces. If they hear about Humble Ones at all, it's through friend-of-a-friend stories about Lamplighters whose focus became so great they could invoke spirit guides to share unearthly wisdom.

But for every hundred people who signs up for a couple months at a martial arts school, there's one who's talented or stubborn enough to get a black belt. The Learned Ones are the Lamplighters' black belts. They get the secret history of the cult, which has enough fact running through it to genuinely impress them. The Learned Ones also get to interact with the Humble Ones, sometimes when the Humble Ones are hosting "spirit guides."

The beliefs start to get pretty strange and sketchy on the boundary between Humble and Learned, depending heavily on what Humble Ones have perceived and, more importantly, what they made of it. That, combined with what Learned Ones think they're getting taught by aliens in human form. Many Learned Ones' ambitions to go further stop cold after a long weekend with a Humble One. But some like what they see, or convince themselves they do, and they start preparations for getting a spirit guide of their own.

For the Lamplighter Lodges that are effectively Motion cabals in OTO dress-up, ambitious Learned Ones are taught to revere the Great Race, with the vague Atlantean set-dressing of the lower teaching getting corrected into a fairly accurate depiction of the Yithians. Humble Ones who can host do so, while those who fail are bumped back down to Learned Ones or, if they prove themselves particularly useful to their masters, they get promoted to Shining One.

The Cult's operations above the level of Learned One are quite different. The Cult uses the Lamplighters like a puppy mill, only instead of dogs, they're trying to churn out sorcerers. Some are taken in hand by Glass himself and instructed out of his private grimoires, while others get lessons from the Shining Ones and whatever texts they've managed to acquire over the decades. Others are simply flung into an alien body through the Road of Souls, with their ravings carefully transcribed when they return. The Cult Lodges have archives full of wax records, audio and video tapes and 8mm films of the raving, sobbing lunatics created by these occult spelunking expeditions. Ninety-plus years of this has independently yielded the spells Contact Deity/Cthulhu, Contact Deity/Eihort, Contact Flying Polyp, and Journey to the Other Side. Additionally they retain Command Ghost and a variety of Command Animal spells from the old Lamplighters. (Contact Great Race is being purged, but it's slow going without tipping their hands to the older or more traditional Shining Ones).

To become a Shining One in the Cult Lamplighters, one must become a proficient spell caster, either using the four spells from the Lamplighter Archive or spells that have worked their way down from Lionel Glass. Humble Ones who can still deal with the human scale after traveling the Road of Souls are favored for Shining One promotion.

primary loyalty to the Great Race, as does the tradition-loving Asian Lodge. The European and South American Lodges, spun off under Glass and Martines, took little more than the trappings of the old Lamplighters, with a new framework of service to the Outer Gods underneath. The North American and African Lodges are the children of the divorce, unable to commit to one side or the other. The older of those Lodges continue to work the will of the Great Race, as they've always done, while the Cult draws the impatient young of the groups into its fold, promising an exciting new way as soon as the old guard dies off.

New members are assigned to academies in their cities. If a student's home city isn't large enough to have an academy of its own, he receives courses by mail—packages labelled "Lamplighters" and filled with feel-good psychological pablum—but none of the real teaching is ever sent out in this fashion.

Each of the six Lodges has three Shining Ones, who make policy decisions, wield executive power, and pass judgment on the lower members. Beneath the Shining Ones are the Humble Ones, whose task is to assist the Shining Ones in any way possible. It is the Humble Ones who are chosen as vessels of otherworldly intelligences. That's the Great Race for the unreconstructed Lamplighters. In Cult-dominated Lodges, that's more likely to be Mi-Go sects allied with Outer Gods like Daoloth or Ubbo-Sathla, certain desperate, bargaining Lloigor, and favored Moon Beasts whose desires can only be pursued outside the Dreamlands or in human form. The luckiest Humble Ones are offered as possession vessels to the ghosts of ancient sorcerers in exchange for advice and insight. Each Lodge has about a hundred Humble Ones. Beneath the Humble Ones are the Learned Ones, who are the head teachers of the individual Lamplighter academies. The Learned Ones can set up any tests they wish for their students to overcome, and can confer upon them any degrees and titles they desire. Most students in the academies never learn that there are levels above Learned One. Only the most gifted five percent are given higher teaching.

The Lamplighters are powerful in Australia. They center their operations in Sydney, Perth, Adelaide, and a small and obscure mining town called Eleanor's Wade. Each city has between two and four academies, but the membership of each is between 20 and 200. (Membership in the Eleanor's Wade academy is only fifty people, but it essentially controls the town.) In Europe, the academies tend to be smaller—between a dozen and a hundred members. The most impressive academies are in England, Italy, France, Spain, and Portugal. London has no less than five academies, Oxford has two, Paris has six, Lyon has one and Madrid and Barcelona have four each, Florence and Naples both have three, Rome has seven and Frankfurt has two. Most major cities have at least one, though it's important to stress that most schools have exactly zero direct connection to Cult, Motion or anything else relevant to the Mythos.

In the United States, the Lamplighters are most powerful on the coasts. The academies vary widely in size, from an average of twelve members (for the five academies New Orleans housed before local occult rivals wiped them out in the anarchy after Hurricane Katrina) to the San Francisco Academy of Illumination, which has over a thousand members and is broken down into sub-schools. New York, Boston and Washington, D.C. each have five to seven academies with memberships in the hundreds, while Norfolk and Savannah each have half a dozen tiny academies—no more than ten members apiece.

Members

Membership in the Lamplighters is spread through many levels of society. Academies vary widely in both style and content, especially in the U.S. The Chicago academy has perverted the meditative tradition of the shorinji kempo martial art to the devious purposes of the cult, while a Hollywood academy has done the same thing with aikido. A small New York academy stresses training of the memory as the key to "greeting the Intelligences," while the San Francisco academy requires only that the members participate in a certain number of workshops (each of which costs between $500 and $1,200) to pass through their eighteen different ranks. In the Detroit academy the only ranks are Learned One and Student. All classes in one Boston academy are conducted in total darkness or utter silence, while a St. Louis academy concentrates on a lengthy series of ritual dances.

Humble Ones are instructed in drifting away from all emotional closeness, so that there are no close friends to be suspicious if their behavior changes drastically after making contact with something Other. They drift from their families and eventually abandon their spouses and children. This is done gradually, over years, so that the Humble One is, except for his fellow sorcerers, very much alone before their journey.

Uses to the Cult

The Lamplighters attract initiates from many frames of mind and walks of life. Any such unit could be manipulated for the purposes of the Cult. However, since their membership lacks the sharp demographic focus of certain other groups (such as Operation New Day or AACE), they do not have a firmly set agenda. They're open to navel-gazers of all creeds, colors and backgrounds.

One task the Lamplighters are used for is magical backup in any operation. As described, some ambitious Learned Ones have access to Mythos spells. Lamplighters on all continents have Command Ghost spells, and some have specific and local Command Animal spells. The Europeans are more likely to also have spells such as Shrivelling and the Dread Curse of Azathoth. American Lamplighters lean more toward Contact spells, notably Contact Star-Spawn of Cthulhu and Contact Ghoul. They may also have other spells, as the Keeper sees fit.

Humble Ones are sent onto the Road of Souls like disposable astronauts. As a rule of thumb, every twenty trips yields some kind

The Lamplighter Attitude

The conceit and arrogance of most Lamplighters sits oddly with the notion that they're striving to become pure and empty enough to host alien thought-forms. A closer examination illuminates the conundrum.

Lamplighter philosophy emphasizes the importance of the universal and the meagerness of the standard human experience. Their contempt for ordinary people is a corollary to their admiration of the unearthly.

Moreover, most Lamplighters are kept in the dark and fed feel-good bullcrap about being superior minds rising above the *hoi polloi*. Academies are encrusted with honors and titles and tests and ordeals that mean nothing to the Humble and Shining, but which puff up the lower Lamplighters to no end. Only 5% of Lamplighter students ever get a chance at the real power. The other 95% would laugh condescendingly if anyone told them about the Humble and Shining Ones, blithely confident that a paranoid outsider had the wrong end of the stick.

The roughly 300 Humble Ones are as likely to be crazy as snotty, but some of them take pride in their close connection to occult entities, their access to inhuman experiences, and their ability to grasp what most can't.

As for the Shining Ones, they've got all the factors of their subordinates, along with the boost of being in charge. They're insufferable.

of usable insight, be it technological, cosmological or esoteric. Every twenty trips, on average, also costs the Lamplighters a Humble One by leaving his brain too shattered to report future missions. Particularly young, strong and healthy Humble Ones may be sent through the Gate of Changes (see page 206) with Bishops—or on singularly rare occasions even Transcended Masters—but for the most part it's Russian Road Roulette.

The Shining Ones are all very powerful sorcerers, regardless of how the psychic scars from their voyages or researches manifest. When Colt Bradford or Lionel Glass asks them for something, they generally acquiesce, either out of respect for Glass' esoteric instruction or because Bradford paid them off with some sort of concession. (Toshiru Yakashima won't talk to them at all.) While they are generally lost in their esoteric pursuits, woe unto anyone who attracts their attention.

The Lamplighters also have a small arsenal of Great Race technology. This is never entrusted to *anyone* outside of the organization, and rarely to anyone of a rank lower than Learned One. Most of these devices are hoarded in Australia, but there are some in the U.S. and elsewhere.

Ritual Involvement

The efficacy of the rituals practiced in the Academies is universally very low. It's what you'd expect, with 90+% of the schools serving only as grass to hide the Cult's chosen snakes. Only the most skilled, dedicated, and talented students ever reach the point where the Learned Ones demonstrate to them the power of raising ghosts or commanding animals.

Learned Ones aid the Humble Ones in their esoteric or inscrutable missions, in the process deciding if they have the guts to go to that level themselves. If they do, they begin their lessons in deeper Mythos lore, in order to become Humble or even Shining Ones themselves. Only after several years as a Learned One is a member even considered for learning more spells, but they are nonetheless on their way to becoming a Humble One.

Plot Insertion

- MAJESTIC-12 might get hold of Great Race technology (one way or another) and a mole inside MJ-12 might warn a Delta Green operative that there's something big going on as the Great Race mobilize their remaining Lamplighter assets to suppress the technology.
- An archaeological dig on the New Mexico border is disturbed by a burglary and kidnapping. When the kidnapped grad student is found dead, victim of a torture-murder in Arizona, the FBI get called in. A Humble One was offered as a "vessel" to the ghost of an ancient shaman of Yig, in return for historical information about Yig ceremonies for longevity. It was this possessed Humble One who committed the crimes at the dig, attempting to retrieve artifacts from his previous incarnation. The grad student was sacrificed to Yig.
- The San Francisco Academy of Illumination cheats on its taxes. When IRS special investigators go in for an audit, they find more than they bargained for.

Just Say Please!

Well . . . I'd never done too hot in school, but I went to a community college and studied computer aided design. They said there'd be lots of jobs in that but . . . well, I didn't get one. So I started driving for a pizza place. I didn't have much money, and I saw this JSP! ad in Rolling Stone. I tried selling some of the stuff out of that catalog, and I made a few bucks at it, but not a whole lot.

Then my car broke down so I couldn't drive delivery. I kept trying to get it fixed, but it kept breaking down again. Eventually the boss took me off delivery. He was all right about it, assigned me to the kitchen, but then I wasn't making any tips, just straight minimum wage. Plus, I didn't have seniority, so I worked nights and weekends and didn't get 40 hours a week.

Checking over my JSP! catalog, I saw that they have a temp agency, so I signed on with them. I got a couple jobs from that—some typing and receptionist stuff mostly. After each job they asked if I wanted to fill out a survey on it, and the JSP! secretary told me that the way the computer worked was that it assigned you jobs by seniority—by how many times your name had been put in. Each time you filled out a survey, it put your name in again, so it was like you'd worked the job double. So I started filling out a bunch of those surveys, hoping to fake like I had seniority.

That worked pretty good. They started to give me more jobs. A couple times they even hired me to do market research for a different branch of JSP! That wasn't much fun—just calling people on the phone and asking goofy questions. But they said that they needed data, which was the same reason they said for the surveys.

So then I got a temp assignment at a lawyer's office, and my JSP! boss said, "See if you can write down who they send letters to." I asked why, and he said they didn't have a lot of data on this company, not a lot of market research. He told me that I'd get paid as if I was working on the telemarketing phones and whatever I made from the law firm—like working two jobs at once!

Well, I couldn't pass that up.

History

Just Say Please! was founded in 1972 as a direct mail outlet—another get rich quick scheme, only a touch more sophisticated than Charles Atlas or X-Ray Spex. An Exalted Circle corporation obtained them in 1984, which was the same year they convinced the Bishops that psychographic profiles would be a splendid tool for monitoring and controlling populations. (See "Uses to the Cult," below.)

About the same time they were transforming JSP! into a surveillance organ, the Exalted Circle realized that they could use a business to keep track of other businesses, as well as individuals. Putting all the information-gathering under one roof seemed economical, and the Just Say Please! temp agency was formed.

Just Say Please! never made its founder the kind of money she hoped for, but she's been comfortably bought out. On a corporate chart, JSP! appears to be just another business that hemorrhages money to create paper tax losses.

Organization and Locale

There are JSP! temp agencies all through the United States. Often JSP! buys out a small and local temp agency and continues to run it under its old name, but with a complete management purge.

Their central data processing facility is in Newark, New Jersey. That's where the CEO and CFO hold the whip hand over the Vice President of Information Technologies. Those three take direction from their bosses at SeaTech, but they're just units. Like everyone at "Central" (as the other field offices call it), they know that JSP!'s main business is providing data, not manpower. But that's all they know.

Members

The people who get sucked into Just Say Please! are usually those who either can't get or don't want a full-time job. Quite simply, poor people are desperate, and some are willing to do just about anything in the name of employment.

The types who just want a little extra dough (retirees, teenagers, homemakers) are usually dead-ended and not trusted with sensitive assignments—unless they've shown themselves to have especially useful qualities. (Useful to JSP! that is—qualities like being nosy, being a gossip, or being a skilled liar.)

The primary JSP! troopers are the underemployed, however. These people would like a full-time job, but don't seem able to get one. The crisis this causes to their self-esteem makes them easily led into questionable activities. As of 2010, their numbers are rising steeply.

Uses to the Cult

Secretaries, even temporary ones, can collect a great deal of information in any office. They can also, if especially trusted, confuse communications, "forget" phone messages and introduce computer viruses. Just Say Please! gives the Cult a tool to keep track of businesses, and sabotage them if need be.

Furthermore, JSP! temps can be persuaded to follow people, spy on them, even look through their mail—all under the pretext of market research. Granted, the temps who get talked into these invasions of privacy aren't the brightest, but that only makes them more expendable. Furthermore, if they succeed they've handed JSP! damaging data with which to blackmail the temp. Each little compromise leads to bigger and bigger transgressions. Periodically a temp has a crisis of conscience and tries to tell someone, but if the police or local Better Business Bureau don't dismiss them out of hand, JSP! branch managers get in front of the situation, either bribing the temp to recant, by threatening him into silence, or by simply paying a fine and asking their golfing buddies to help them smother the rumors. The only time it came to trial, JSP!'s lawyer reduced the temp to such a quivering mass of confusion on cross-examination that the case got thrown out.

The primary function of the JSP! monitoring of individuals is constructing psychographic profiles. Much information on people is already available through online computer services; what sort of goods you buy with your credit cards, what mailing lists you're on, financial status, and even health records. All these are used to predict what you'll buy next and what kind of advertising appeals to you.

Anyone who comes to the attention of the Exalted Circle or the Cult warrants a detailed JSP! profile. What car they drive, how often it's worked on, when they use checks and when they pay with credit, their health history, how frequently they get sick and what medicines they get prescriptions for—all easily obtainable from the JSP! database. Some credit-card companies even have digitally scanned photographs and signatures. That's how much info JSP! has *before* an army of temps begins to follow the target and/or call them on the phone with innocuous-seeming research questions.

For example; someone is asking nosy questions about a cargo ship. JSP! computers track down his credit history; mailing address in Langley, Virginia, frequently spends money at Radio Shack, subscribes to *Fortean Times* magazine. This is the crap anyone can get if they look hard enough.

If they push further, it's not hard to slip his name onto a huge list for a background check. JSP! runs hundreds of these daily as they induct new temps into the system. Odds are good that

they can put an Agent's name next to one that looks very similar. From that they can get that this guy has no felony record, but does turn up in some law-enforcement databases. Going to this level of intrusion puts JSP! at some risk, but they can claim it was a clerical error or mistake.

The third step up is to forge signatures and get access to health records and bank information. That's not done cavalierly, and it's handled through friendly companies who are bribed to be sloppy. If this degree of inspection comes to light, it's going to take big bribes or heroic legal contortions to make it look like anything other than straight-up identity theft. But hey, ID theft is a rapidly growing crime sector for a reason, right?

Health records indicate that he's insured through the federal government, and has a high premium because he's been hospitalized twice in the past seven years—once for a gunshot, once for an "epidermal burn of unspecified origin."

Based on this information, the JSP! controller in Newark writes up a questionnaire, which is sent to a JSP! field worker near the agent in question. The agent's name is on a list of several hundred (though probably in the first 50 or 70). Questions involve magazine subscriptions, political leanings, and degree of skepticism. Even if the agent gives answers that are obvious lies ("No, I don't want *Guns and Ammo* magazine, I have no interest in that") it's still telling; routine lying to strangers is a very useful data point for JSP!

Of course, the Do Not Call list blocks this avenue fairly effectively, as does a succinct "Fuck off." In those cases, more intensive measures are called for by seasoned JSP! employees who have no qualms with unethical or criminal actions. The target's garbage gets taken for analysis, bugs are placed in their car, phone and bedroom (if possible; remember the caliber of operative in play, here). On top of that, people may just approach the target when they're in the open at a restaurant, on the bus or buying a paper. Someone friendly and possibly attractive (or maybe just tailored to the target's taste as revealed by his profile) strikes up an aimless, ambling conversation trying to get answers. If given the brush off, they just go.

High-value individuals get casually surveilled, not by a few trained operatives but by a rotating crew of temp workers placed near the target's frequent haunts. They're shown a picture of the Agent and told he's a deadbeat dad, so could you call Cathy at 555-2200 if you see him?

Ritual Involvement

None. JSP! temps are deliberately kept ignorant of all supernatural activity and (as much as possible) what they're doing and for whom. The clues leading from JSP! to the Exalted Circle are found in the Wall Street Journal, not through cult activity.

Plot Insertion

- Anyone who gets too close to other masks of the Cult (especially enterprises in the See of Greed) gets calls from JSP! Sharp Agents may draw connections between investigating certain groups and receiving these calls.
- If an Agent gets institutionalized, their records may later turn up in the hands of their enemies. A search reveals that a temp from JSP! worked at the institution, and could have copied the records.

Other Front Groups

The See of Greed has plenty of other fronts, especially in the "new tigers" and "emerging markets" that are just beginning to have enough money to make really spectacular avarice effective at corroding their society. Some of the See's other fronts include:

- **The Brotherhood of Dion** began with a group of disaffected New England aristocrats, disgusted by the growing support for Jacksonian populism in the 1820s. Classically-educated blue-bloods at Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, they named themselves after Dion of Syracuse, a tyrant who attempted to apply Plato's theories of the "ideal republic" to the rule of Sicily in the fourth century B.C. They, likewise, sought to create a moral and intellectual elite to govern America by secrecy if need be, to save it from the consequences of mere democracy. Over the next century and a half, their "old boy network" completely infiltrated the East Coast establishment of law, government, the universities, and the press. With this power as bribe and bludgeon, they have recruited willing tools and developed eager chapters even in mere state universities. Most Dionites remain dedicated to nothing more than their own aggrandizement in the name of knowing what's best for the country. But in 1894, two Harvard Brothers pursued Platonic mysticism as far as the Widener Library's copy of the *Necronomicon*, and there has been an inner core of the Brotherhood increasingly devoted to the service of Nyarlathotep ever since. Ian Roehl offered that inner core even closer contact with Nyarlathotep . . . and when they came back from Sweden, the Brotherhood of Dion had joined the Cult.
- **The Delightful Heavenly Banquet Society** began as a See of Flesh front in 1920s Shanghai, but moved to Hong Kong after 1949. During this era, it was a gourmands' club that hosted lavish banquets, at which powerful men could have informal business meetings and (hopefully for the Cult) contact local worshippers of the Bloated Woman form of Nyarlathotep. When the British handed Hong Kong over to China in 1997, Lionel Glass was able to snake the Society out from Roger Ash's distracted grasp, move it back to Shanghai, and change its purpose. Now, the Society's banquets don't compete on the menu, but on the price, which the Society demarcates in gong, or "workers." A 100-*gong* banquet, for example, costs $259,584, equal to the annual salary of 100 Chinese factory workers. The current record is a 3,067-*gong* banquet featuring a whole white Zambian rhinoceros basted in a century-old-Madeira reduction. Glass still likes the idea of using the Society to infiltrate the Chinese business oligarchy, and if a Bloated Woman cult does make contact, fine. But his real goal is to subtly steer the Society toward actually devouring the workers themselves . . . and to set up an American branch soon after that.
- After his Acolyte swiped the See of Hate from Nathan Harmati, Lionel Glass decided to invest in his own security. He basically built and bought **Cypress Security** by offering high-paying jobs (and if need be new identities) to any soldier or mercenary wanted for war crimes or on the run from some national government. With this as cadre, Glass armed his outfit with the finest weapons the Exalted Circle could bill to Congress. Cypress Security guards top-level See of Greed sites (including the islands of any Exalted Circle Guardians that Glass has doubts about), the approaches to the Great Race cities in Australia, and the Cult's Gates in America and elsewhere. In their spare time (and to keep their edge up), Cypress mounts the occasional coup, loots blood diamonds, runs slaves into Burma or Yemen, and takes perfectly normal (and enormously lucrative) mercenary contracts in Iraq, Africa, and elsewhere. To Glass' frustration, the Dorian Gray Society has refused to give Cypress Security the contract for guarding the gaturia plantation in South Africa. Through shell companies, Glass is trying to secretly acquire the Dorian Gray Society's preferred security contractor, Allanson International, but with little success. Glass turns a blind eye to the resulting low-intensity conflict between Cypress and Allanson out in the fringes of civilization.

Stimulus: Response

You have, laid out before you, the Cult with all its guises bared. Two relevant questions to consider are: What can Agents do to it? What can it do to them in response?

The answers vary—*greatly*—depending on whether an obscure branch of the Cult is touched, or whether one of its central roots is struck. What follows, then, is a workup from bottom to top, indicating the weak points of the conspiracy's actors, and the results that could rebound on those who probe them.

Bottom Tier: The Fronts

These duped, deluded, and misled masses get knocked into new configurations by the Acolytes' whims like pool balls after a hard break. It would be easy to dismiss them as fools. Easy, but wrong. Even an Agent who factored in their numbers—and the broad and uninformed base is most of the pyramid's volume—might underestimate them because they're uninformed and have no authority over (or, usually, awareness of) the Sees that direct them in their courses. Still a mistake though, and in some cases one that could potentially be the last a curious Federal agent makes.

The fronts, for all their ignorance and mundanity, *work*. They are organized. They are, in a word, coherent. The topmost authorities in these bottom-most layers are in touch with normal life and common society. They are unpleasant people, often *evil* people, but they interact with those around them using the common social tools of language, manners and circumspect behaviors. They are still invested in the social contract, and if they don't always obey the rules, at least they acknowledge there *are* rules.

Compared to a Master who can whisk you off to an alien realm (if he can keep his mind focused enough on three-dimensional space to recognize you) or a Bishop whose first instinct is probably illegal, immoral, or insane, the heads of the fronts are most likely to *work* within the system, which means they're most likely to work the system. They're not psychotically paranoid or schizophrenically detached. Compared to their rulers, they've got their shit together. They might even turn in the hand and promise to help Delta Green against their bosses. But what would they demand in return?

Americans Against Covert Enemies

There is a shadowy force conspiring against all that true Americans hold dear. Only the military and the CIA can stop it, if they weren't held back by red tape, ignorance, treason and faulty interpretation of the Constitution.

Sound familiar? It's what gets Delta Green Agents out of bed in the morning. And it's what every dues-paying member of AACE eats for breakfast with his Wheaties.

Stimulus

The most salient characteristic of AACE is not its well-oiled organization. It's nearly impossible to "work your way up the chain," because there isn't really any "up." It would be like infiltrating—or trying to flip—the Elks Club or the YMCA. It's also protected by its general air of musty, outdated camp. (There are still piles of *Fluoridation: Threat or Menace?* in some AACE chapter offices.) It just doesn't look like an evil cult. If anything, its members are some of the most law-abiding, pro-military, modestly dressed, patriotic people that the Agents have ever met. The few members who actually are working on a secret plan with that glitter in their eye, are the thirtysomething rebels trying to dump Brandt and make AACE an actually effective voice against Islamofascism. In other words, the ones who have the least to do with Harmati or the Cult.

Ironically, the thing that most likely puts Agents onto the path of AACE is the front's surveillance of them. Once two, or three, or five guys caught trying to play Jack Ryan all turn out to have AACE membership cards, the penny drops. Once the Agents have the bit between their teeth, finding out where the money comes from is as simple as a weeks-long IRS audit.

Of course, the money doesn't come from Nathan Harmati. But a list of donors turns up not just salt-of-the-Earth types on the far Right, but a surprising number of rich East Coast establishment types who probably hang out with the damn Kennedys on the Vineyard. Oddly enough, those are the contributions that went through shell corporations and dummy trusts before landing in AACE's war chest. In short, sniffing at the AACE is a great way to get to the Exalted Circle.

Arrests, or even polite questions, by legitimate authorities can bear surprising fruit. AACE isn't Operation New Day, whose members have been told to lawyer up and take the Fifth—that's what guilty people do. Decent people cooperate with the FBI and the cops and the CIA and the Army; it's their patriotic duty. The AACE members who do clam up tight are the true Harmati operatives—and those are the ones who probably have something iffy about their background that attracted Harmati to them in the first place. (They may have slapped their kids around, or used drugs, or have a kiddy-porn habit.) If they crack, they can point to cutouts, people who work for people who work for Chas Antoniwicz. If they don't, the Agents can at least expose their secret shame to their former pals in the AACE and create an ugly rift as Harmati's "control mechanism" is forced to either expose itself or disintegrate.

Response

AACE has paranoia practically written into their charter; they're seeing spies and sleeper agents behind every bush, and are unlikely to look for any other explanation when a new member starts asking nosy questions. Such a member is likely not only to be ejected, but also harassed, hounded, slandered, and watched with hawk-like attention.

Investigating one of the "rich, active" groups brings unwelcome attention from someone's Congressman, or an officer remarkably high in their chain of command, or a libertarian think-tank lawyer with a consuming love of suing the federal government for overreaching its Constitutional limits. Investigating a "poor, active" group brings heat from someone's state senator (who is much more likely to bite like a pit bull on anything likely to bring statewide media attention), or an old Army buddy, or the local sheriff who has two kids in Iraq and doesn't need any "O-bama Fed" telling him his poker buddies are bent just because they don't believe in surrender.

If the Agents escalate, so does Harmati's "control mechanism," to surveillance (both overt and covert), background checks (there's a lot of people in AACE with P.I. licenses), sugar in gas tanks, and "revenge commando" foolishness right out of the Loompanics catalog. If it's a real emergency? Lots of AACE members own night-vision goggles, and (totally legal) guns, and if the Agents are fool enough to set foot on such a member's property without a knock-and-announce, they find out the hard way what the local jurisdiction says about shooting intruders. Harmati certainly isn't above luring them into just such a legal ambush with a faked call for a meeting at a supposed informant's house.

The Brotherhood of New Potential

On the surface the Brotherhood is a bunch of New Age sybarites who want to beat back the ennui and disillusionment of modern life by toying with primal urges, taking psychedelics, and eating cottage cheese with their bare hands. What, exactly, is a curious snoop going to find dirty about them? What, exactly, are the weird-beard hippies going to do about it?

Stimulus

There's a lot of variance in size and composition and activity at the level of individual families. Some are small, some are large, some are lazy, some are energetic. Furthermore, some are just normal people who happen to like camping, orgies, and anarchy. Others are tight bands of people who have pursued freedom together, gone through the Liberty Machine together, and seen Shub-Niggurath together. The kicker is, the murderous cultists and the harmless granola types can be superficially identical.

The Agents may cross a group that's totally law-abiding. This is actually pretty rare, since the Brotherhood tries to suck people like that into madness sooner rather than later, but there are groups (and more commonly, individuals) of this type out there. They're suspicious of authority, but not brainwashed or indoctrinated yet. Fairly mild browbeating can convince someone like that to tell what they know—not much, but not worthless either. They can point out the leaders of the group, explain its tenets, and name other brothers and sisters whose involvement is slight. (That last one might well be inadvertent. "Oh, not Sally. She only shows up to about a third of the meetings and she threw up when we had to do the animal carcass lesson." Sally has now been identified as another weak link to test.) More importantly, a straight-edge member (or, better yet, Family) can provide introductions and lend legitimacy to agents going undercover. Given the Brotherhood's amorphous structure and poor organization, getting in is a snap. At least, getting into the first layer is.

Other groups aren't hard core, but aren't guiltless either. The Brotherhood's talk of liberty from social norms attracts any number of petty drug offenders. These aren't big dealers in the business but guys who take salvia when they can get it and sell a steady trickle of doob to their hombres. Alternately, an apparently upright citizen with crooked tendencies may, after a dose of New Potential philosophy, start fudging the books at work or stepping out on his wife.

People like this can serve enemies of the Brotherhood just like the guiltless naïf, only better. One, they already know how to lie. Two, their motivation is stronger. Instead of "put yourself at

risk to help me nail your buddies because it's your patriotic duty" the pitch is "put yourself at risk to help me because otherwise I'll bust you, make sure the judge sees you as toilet paper, and mail the photos to your wife." A slightly bent Brother or Sister is the perfect double-agent.

Some Families, though, aren't just bent, they're warped to the breaking point. Programmed Shub-Niggurath cultists are less likely to waste their time with picayune embezzlement or dope schemes—though if they are, they're superb at covering their tracks. They may have thrill-kills on their hands, or brute vengeance murders covered up by their Family fellows. That sort of thing leaves a wealth of forensic evidence, even when the perp has help and can turn off unproductive feelings like "guilt" and "anxiety" with a modest mental effort. Followers of the Black Goat clam up in the face of anything involving the law and, if push comes to shove, a guilty member is likely to simply confess and do his time rather than betray the Family. They don't fear prison any more than they fear anything else. This means that trying to pressure them to cough up information with threats isn't going to get much. Trickery is a better tack, since their doctrine of "instinct above all" can lead them to blithely mention a fact whose real value they don't understand.

Higher-level members of the Brotherhood are like the members of the full-bore cultist Families. They don't give anything up voluntarily, but diligent investigation of their business activities and cash flow can lead to other Brothers and Sisters, or even all the way to the Wilderness Retreat Center. They try to keep their holy land as down-low as possible, but in the age of GPS, Lojack and Google Earth that's a tall order. They're experts at concealing their connections to other See and Cult fronts, but government investigators are experts at digging through concealment. Ash is the link who ties the discredited old TLSG with the new Brotherhood. Thanks to his activities with the Secret Senate, if you type "Did Robert G. Ash" into either of the two biggest search engines, it helpfully offers "Did Robert G. Ash write *The King in Yellow*?" as a suggested query.

Then again, Agents might just wind up going directly to the 'Haunt Woods' without the trouble of following the Brotherhood there. Something hinky could easily show up on a satellite, or a history buff might put together the persistent rumors of the Thing in the Forest with the shocking revelations of the still locally-notorious Raid of '77.

Something's rotten in the forest. Wanna sneak in and find out what? An investigation could start as simply as that.

Bold Agents can find the consecrated altar, heavy with decades of human blood, all types. There are graves thinly scattered through the entire area, some hidden better than others. A big task force with search warrants could find a dozen bodies in a week with just manpower, choppers and dog teams. A month with experts and ground-penetrating radar would yield the corpses of forty-three murder victims, the oldest body belonging to a traveler who disappeared on a business trip in 1969. All the human bones have a variety of human, animal and unidentified tooth marks on them.

Visiting the Asylum

Agents who start at the woods and work toward the cult can easily learn that the strangely-named "True Love Study Group" was rousted there in 1977. Two members of that group are in government custody: Melissa Cartwell in an asylum, Leon Meyers in a federal prison serving out a maximum sentence for mayhem.

Meyers is up for parole, as it happens. It's been thirty years since he pulverized that guy's foot and he's spent the last fifteen as a well-behaved prison trustee. Superficially, he acts like a harmless man in his sixties who did a lot of drugs but who has gotten clean, found Jesus, talked out his problems with the staff counselor and is ready to be re-integrated into society. If official investigators talk to him, he seems forthcoming and cooperative, and is willing to tell them what he knows about the TLSG (figuring that any trails are decades cold by now). He remembers Roger Ash. He can describe the ceremonies. (Anyone with exposure to Shub-Niggurath worship recognizes the themes and symbols.) He can give a gloss on the philosophy of utter liberation, all the while piously castigating himself and the crimes he committed. If his cell is searched, a makeshift shrine to the Black Goat is hidden in the toilet tank, smeared with semen and blood from concealed cuts on Meyers' groin.

Meyers knows about the Dark Young and the location of the altar in the woods, but won't willingly give them up. But if he's put under enough pressure—that is, confronted with his own altar, shown relevant artifacts, played a tape of a Shub-Niggurath hymn or the like—he starts raving, shrieking, flashing back and trying his darnedest to mingle his blood with the blood of others. That routine keeps him in jail, and he might let something slip in his delirium.

Alternately, Agents may just follow him when he gets out. The guy has only heard about the changes in technology since the 1980s, so tailing him is bone simple. He beelines for the altar, stays in the woods for about a week, and then comes out looking for a drifter to abduct and sacrifice.

Melissa Cartwell, on the other hand, isn't getting out any time soon. Her bind is, she played the crazy card really, *really* hard in 1977. The state's death penalty laws had been in and out of the Supreme Court and she felt she needed all the evidence in mitigation she could get. She maintained the charade of schizophrenia in the asylum, in case any of her other murders came to light. But the problem with pretending to be insane was that, after electroshock and crude early '80s pharma-therapy, she didn't have to pretend all the time.

With the turn of the millennium, Melissa got a new doctor and a regimen of smoother anti-psychotics, just in time for her transition to early-onset senile dementia. She's far from the cunning murderess she used to be, and her 70-year-old frame can't freak out with its onetime vigor, but her ability to go primal is intact. If she feels threatened or bullied, she might just snap, smash a water pitcher (she's been allowed real plates, forks and glasses since 1998) and try to kill her tormentor. She might give herself a heart attack, but she's sure to shout "Iä! Shub-Niggurath!" once or twice in the process.

If treated with kindness, she goes into harmless, babbling granny mode. The only real way to get relevant information out of her is to pretend to be a fellow Black Goat cultist. Given her mental decay, and her secret, lonely hope of meeting a kindred spirit, it's not at all hard to get her going. This done, she's happy to reminisce free-form about the good old days at the commune, and delicate questioning can get the location of the altar, alarming descriptions of Dark Young, and enough catchphrases and cant to recognize the philosophical descendants of the TLSG—or masquerade as one.

Response

The Brotherhood's response to discovering a mole is to stonewall, lawyer up hard, and (if possible) cut the compromised Family out whole cloth. Thanks to its amorphous nature, this isn't that complicated. Accusations that the Brotherhood is somehow responsible for the aberrant actions of a few is grounds for a libel or slander suit. Individuals within the Brotherhood are considered fungible (though some are more fungible than others). Indeed, federal authorities who arrest a Big Brother or Big Sister may well wind up with a letter of thanks from others within the Brotherhood, indicating how pleased they are that the cancer has been excised from their blameless organization.

But before it gets that far, prying eyes may get a poke or two. Nothing so direct as a physical attack. Instead, Agents are more likely to get their names handed to unscrupulous reporters, or have the police called on them. Failing that, the harassment becomes more personal—anonymous threats to family and friends, for example. But by and large, the Brotherhood isn't about to fall into the trap of committing more crimes in order to cover up a crime. At least, not over something like a person.

The Brotherhood of New Potential uses a bait and switch approach with nosy inquiries. Agents are resisted to a point, and then allowed to learn that the Brotherhood is engaging in sexual orgies. More often than not, this "dark secret" has satisfied both police and magazine reporters. The subsequent rumors have actually improved Brotherhood recruiting in some areas. But in another irony, the rising normalization of kink and sexual freedom have left that particular decoy impotent. With Peter Segal writing books about it and Dan Savage explaining it—not in shocked tones, but matter-of-fact, and funny—orgies suddenly aren't outré enough to merit the Brotherhood's security precautions.

Threaten the retreat center, though, and logic and reason go out the window. There are cultists in the forest who have gone plumb feral, even if they take advantage of conveniences like heavy boots, scoped rifles and scrambled throat mics. These cultists are fully able to plan and reason and laugh charmingly when required,

and equally able to freak out, tear flesh with unusually strong jaws, and ignore the pain of broken bones. The plan with more persistent trespassers would be to try for a long distance gut shot, and then let the body get torn to pieces by dogs (they have trained ones who enjoy human flesh). Of course, there's always the Dark Young, for when they absolutely, positively have to eliminate interlopers. They regard that particular child of nature as sacred and invulnerable, but they don't sic it on intruders, because they consider such issues beneath its notice. They're also worried that someone might survive to tell crazy stories about monsters. Finally, they are hesitant to call up it because *it's a fucking Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath*, and it isn't exactly paper-trained. It might not be too particular distinguishing friend from foe.

If they see the Dark Young go down, it takes the fight right out of them. They're likely to sit down right where they are, put their heads in their hands and bawl.

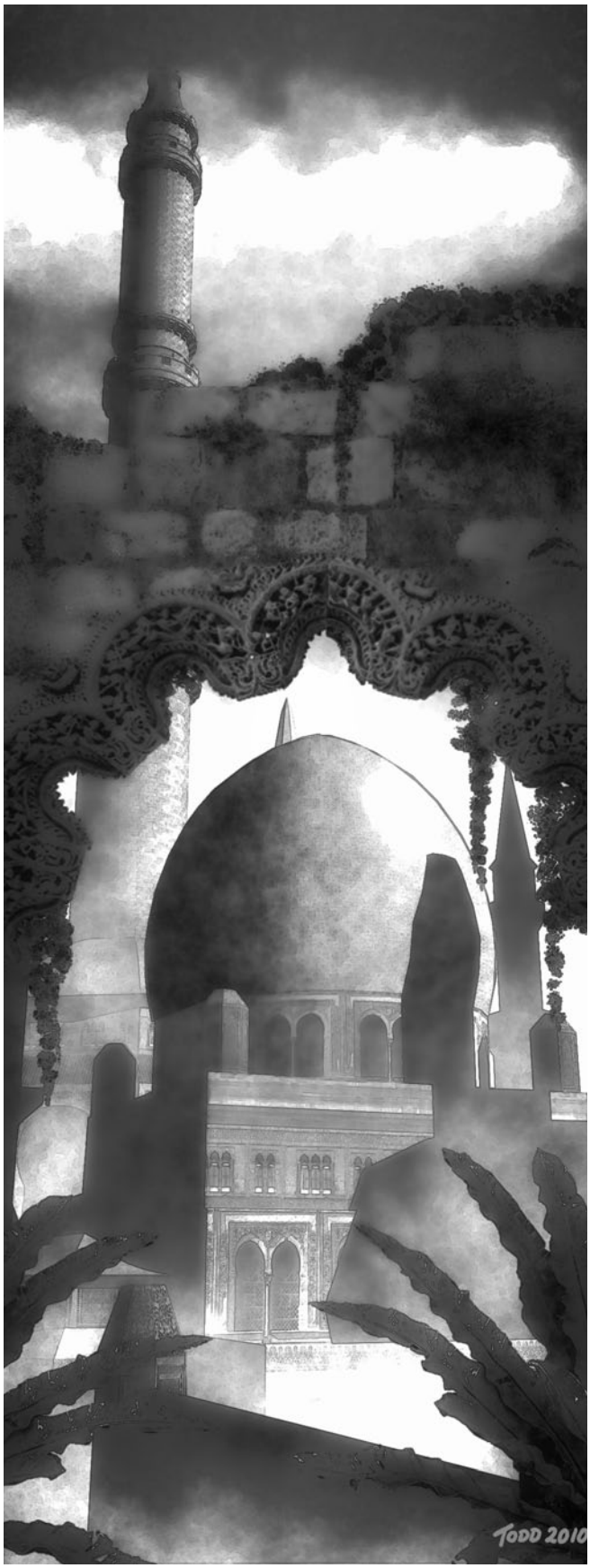
That's what happens when an actual boots-in-the-mud recon is executed. If they get word of legal maneuvering, search warrants and subpoenas, there's not much they can do personally. It's all in the hands of their lawyers. Of course, that doesn't mean a hardcore member might not decide to bomb the courthouse. The Brotherhood, after all, does not emphasize the virtue of patience.

The Church of Interlife

The Church of Interlife is another New Age organization, only with less sex and more psychoanalysis. It's another training ground in contempt for mere human laws, with another dark deity festering at its rotten core. Interlife looks a lot like New Potential, and for a very good reason: The Church inspired the Brotherhood's structure. The Cult had an easy way to funnel worshippers to an ineffable alien entity and keep it inside the tent pissing out. Plus the only thing better than one beard insulating them from pesky do-gooders is two beards. That said, there are very meaningful differences between the two groups, both in what can be learned from probing them and in their responses when meddled with.

Stimulus

For a neophyte who read *The Inward Turning Mirror* and sought out a congregation, the Church can be *scary*. It's about confronting fear and winning strength through shamanic journeys into literal nightmare. That's sterner stuff than the Brotherhood's tea, grass, and cuddling. Many who are curious about the Church go to a session or two and then drop it, which frustrates the Teachers. (The Teachers, remember, are ardent believers who think they're onto the future of human thought.)



Most Teachers let it go, but sometimes one gets fixated. Maybe the student reminds the Teacher of himself as a youngster. Or maybe the student's just really, really attractive and the Teacher interprets his fascination as a broadcast from the Utter Mind. Kidnapping and psychological torment follow. So a mysterious disappearance can lead to a local Church group, most of whom close ranks around their beloved Teacher. The students who weren't trusted to help with the grab only know what they've observed, which won't be much. But even the baseline of "Yeah, she came to meetings a couple times" can be useful to compare against the real conspirators', "No, I'm sure I've never seen her before. I have a highly trained mind and memory, courtesy of the very man you seem determined to indict!" The climax of such a chase can come when the "victim" is found and she swears she went of her own free will (though she may giggle uneasily at the words) and is now happily dedicated to Interlife. Those ligature marks on her wrists? None of your business.

But what gets programmed can be deprogrammed, and a few caring parents and spouses have retrieved their loved ones from the Church and successfully returned them to some semblance of their previous lives. These, the rescued and restored, can paint a picture of hellish mind games and drugs, and do so on a series of web sites that hop from host to host, one step ahead of Church lawyers. The recanted Interlifers describe torture to the point that they weren't sure what was real and what was dream. Or at least they could tell the difference, but that was before the horrific dreams started at night and then the countersuits, counteraccusations, and P.R. blitz started by day. More on that presently.

The other approach to Interlife is more dangerous, to the point of being quixotic: Dreaming to them. But the heirs of Randolph Carter just might declare war on the Elders, the Grand Dreamer, and their growing Renewed Sarkomand. A radical and surreal departure from an ordinary Delta Green adventure could put the Agents in the battleground of a fantastic, subconscious slave state.

Want to know Interlife's greatest vulnerability? *Violence*. Confront a Teacher with a straight up, anonymous drive-by shooting or home invasion and he's going to freeze. They've been trained to pay attention to their minds and urges above everything else, which puts them at a disadvantage in a physical confrontation where they really should be reacting instead of desiring.

That sort of assassination is illegal, of course, but hey, so is Delta Green. The higher up the chain you go, the *easier* it is to take out the Interlife honchos. The Elders are mostly just normal folks, middle-class nobodies who have no connection to the Church in the *waking* world, and therefore no cadre of students to throw under the bus. The Grand Dreamer is a guy who sleeps away most of his life in a secure retirement home with maybe six guards total for the entire four-story building. If you can find the Elders and the Grand Dreamer in their waking identities, it's like plucking a chicken. But that's an awfully big "if."

Finding the Elders' waking selves would require sifting huge amounts of data recovered from Interlife churches going back decades and cross-referencing it with interviews and interrogations of dozens, if not hundreds, of Church members. The Agents would have a simpler time forcing their identities from them in the Dreamlands, if the Elders weren't all such powerful dreamer-sorcerers. Going toe to toe with them in the Dreamlands is a dodgy proposition, at best. But a long-term campaign of subversion and alliance-building in the Dreamlands could lead to discovering who they are in the waking world. Then the Grand Dreamer, who fancies himself as something out of the *Lord of the Rings*, could be quietly smothered with a pillow.

Response

Where the Brotherhood cuts people and entire families loose to keep their rep clean, the Church won't walk away from someone who was once theirs. (That right there is the difference between the Sees of Greed and Flesh.) They threaten, they sue, and they spread any dirt they can find or plausibly make up about anyone who speaks against them—or anyone who helped somebody get out and get clear. It doesn't help that so many who speak against the Church wind up killing themselves.

Nightmares are their first line of defense—untraceable, undetectable, and utterly implausible to America's mainstream. Perhaps the only thing that discredits an Interlife detractor faster than incoherence and distraction due to lack of sleep is their wild accusations of psychic attacks by a New Age conspiracy.

The Dorian Gray Society

Instead of being a training ground for elaborate philosophies of selfishness and cruelty, the Dorian Gray Society skims the cream of those who are already selfish and cruel (and rich) and gives them all the rope they need to hang themselves. Or, to alter the metaphor, all the rope they need to hang everyone they meet, while they themselves are only strangled to the point that it enhances orgasm.

Stimulus

Agents who become aware of the Society and start looking for vileness are spoiled for choice. Agents from the DEA, FBI, and IRS can find drug abusers and smugglers, organized crime figures and kidnappers, and a smorgasbord of tax fraud and tax evasion.

Everyone in the Society is dirty, because if they weren't they'd have no desire to join the Society.

Like many who have been tremendously successful, the Society has seen no reason to innovate or change things. It still has members who could, quite disingenuously, ask what a "blog" is. They're used to buying off professional investigators, or else pestering them into the ground with expensive harassment lawsuits: money talks. They're also used to threatening or discrediting moral crusaders: bullshit walks. But the advent of cheap media technology and the cult of Internet microcelebrity could blindside them hard. Ironically, they wouldn't know what to do with someone who spies and tattles on them *for fun*.

Once a Dorian Gray playhouse is identified, all an ambitious district attorney or police commissioner needs to do is investigate everyone who goes in and comes out. Of course, to do that, one needs to find the place, and the Society exercises all of its considerable clout to prevent that very thing from happening. Furthermore, someone who knows what's really going on in there has a tough decision. He can go in right away, sweep up some perps and bust the house. Or he can wait, get a lot more cases to press, but let a few more hookers (or kidnap victims) get tortured to death in the process.

Most Dorian Gray members have all the loyalty of a ball-biting rat. If captured and pressed with real threats—the kind of thing that make their white-shoe lawyers advise them to play ball (so to speak)—they roll over. They roll as little as they need to, they drive a hard bargain, but they're good for a few names. Gangsters give up the old-money legit members, and vice versa. If this gets out, bad feelings abound and you wind up with mobsters rubbing out the mothers of the Society snitches who sold out Leon the Perv, which leaves evidence, which leads to more arrests while the snitch himself quietly retires to a well-guarded private resort on Majorca. The bosses of the Society isolate themselves from the low-downs, so they're unlikely to get traced directly.

A financial investigation of a Society brothel is a tedious and difficult affair, but that alone can tip off accountants that someone is hiding their involvement very, very carefully. Untangling the lines of cover is probably beyond the patience of local authorities who have street crimes and election years to worry about. A federal law enforcement bureaucrat could have the time and resources to get to the bottom of it—but even faceless government drones sometimes have political pressures to prioritize one case over another.

Then there's the South African plantation, an utterly unique and irreplaceable resource. That's the Society's line in the sand. Mess with that and all restraint goes out the window. Mess with it successfully—meaning, destroy all the gaturia—and the Society collapses. Not immediately, but as soon as the Cult finds out that the crops are gone, they rid themselves of the Highest Members, start extorting directly from the Extended Members, and build wards against Y'golonac. Without the Highest Members, the organization stumbles, reveals gaps, and suddenly starts getting pecked at by local law enforcement, even without Delta Green pushing farther.

"All of It" Means All of It

Gaturia adelinus africanus is a sick, inbred, genetically frail plant. It can barely survive in the South African microclimate where generations of deviants have raised it, carefully cultivating its ritual potency—sometimes at the expense of robustness and resistance to pests. As a consequence, if planted elsewhere it has the same survival chance as a purebred Chihuahua in the jungle primeval.

If given live samples, cunning biologists might be able to restore some heartiness to it, or, *theoretically*, even crossbreed it with something like jimson weed to produce a mystically potent herb that's hard to get rid of. But both the Cult and the Society are only willing to let that happen if the *other guy* donates the samples out of his yearly share of the harvest. Neither group is willing to share a single viable specimen. So if Delta Green destroys the current crop, gaturia goes the way of the dodo.

Response

The Dorian Gray Society has always been capable of defending itself on all levels. The wealth involved is easily sufficient to buy off police officers, either to look the other way or to harass other investigators. As for newspapers and magazines, any large paper that tries to run a story on the Society is going to lose almost all of their advertising. Operatives find themselves trailed by P.I.s, threatened by lawyers, and harassed by creditors. There are even rumors that one fellow, trying to rescue his drug-addicted sister from a Society playhouse, wound up being sold into white slavery with his tongue cut out.

Arresting the scion of some family of obscene plutocrats is, ironically enough, *more* likely to result in physical reprisal than going after a mobster. After all, mobsters *know* what happens when you attack a cop. But arrogant young stockbrokers may need to learn the hard way that the flint-eyed Cuban exile they hired to kill the ex-wife of a college buddy's district manager may not be ready to take on an alert, trained federal agent. When that fails, they fall back on lawyers and countersuits and patsies.

Gangsters, on the other hand, wearily marshal their lawyers, countersuits and patsies right off. Their primary concern is about

getting cut out of the *Cosa Nostra*. There's a stigma over getting caught with their pants down in Society affairs—especially if it's in the same room as an enslaved young boy—but made men know better than to give each other up. They do their time if push comes to shove, hopefully with a reduced sentence for giving up the stockbrokers.

That's what low-level individuals *within* the organization do when they're threatened. The organization itself has different responses. When a bottom-tier member gets indicted, they help—financially, legally, they destroy evidence or provide cover stories. If that's not sufficient to make the problem go away, they attempt to co-opt the investigation. Bribes work best. Failing that, they've got an awful lot of drugs and pretty girls they can use to get access or blackmail. They don't even have to take out the primary detectives: Anyone involved can mishandle evidence, make a filing error, sabotage the computer, or just act as a mole on the inside. It's a disgrace how little money an evidence room technician makes.

If it becomes clear that the snooping extends beyond a few showy perps for the evening news, the Society steps things up a notch. Identities get stolen, embarrassing secrets come to light, cars get crunched by uninsured, stolen SUVs, and heavy things fall from high buildings.

But if they fail to kill, suborn, or warn off the Agents, at some point the Highest Members are going to take a long, cool afternoon to discuss the situation. If leaving the captured members to sink or swim seems unlikely to reveal any more of the Society, they cut them adrift and chalk it up as a learning experience. After all, the only alternative to that is escalation, which leaves clue trails pointing toward them. But if they feel that further investigation might out a Highest Member, they weigh the pros and cons of killing the federal agents . . . versus killing their incarcerated member. By the time things reach that point, removing their own man is almost certainly the more palatable option. It quarantines his knowledge nicely. It rouses suspicion, but less suspicion than offing a fed. It's also, one expects, a hell of a lot easier to kill a guy who trusts you, a guy you've been helping, who maybe has a drug habit.

Y'golonac is vanishingly unlikely to be employed in this matter, for much the same reasons the Brotherhood don't try to "use" the Dark Young lurking on their land (as explained on page 263). Killing someone by giving one's body to an inscrutably alien evil is much more comfortable to contemplate than attempt, when murderous thugs can be hired for a pittance.

The Exalted Circle

The Circle's membership are on the same lofty socioeconomic plane as the members of the Dorian Gray society—indeed, three individuals are actually in both groups, though in all cases at only the lowest levels. The key difference is that while the Society offers physical pleasure, the Circle promises social stature. While many Circle members enjoy an evening with some Kobe beef and a nice piece of ass as much as the next guy, that's not their fundamental motivator. The girls, drugs and clothes, the platinum watches and gold-dusted bagel breakfasts, the private jets and exclusive golf courses, the skyboxes and backstage access. . . all those things are

just side effects. What it's really about is the power of money, and the transformation of money into power.

The people in the Society are all about sensation. The Exalted Circle seek the more rarified pleasures of superiority. They want to be in the driver's seat now, and a few at the top want to hedge their bets in case they don't die before the Deep Ones rise.

Stimulus

Some in the Circle keep their business affairs on the up and up, by and large. The truly bright, truly gifted, and truly competitive are able to succeed on their own merits (after getting a leg up from the Circle and, in most cases, their elite ancestry). A few play completely fair, while others limit themselves to things that are unethical but not *actually* against the law. But these are the exception more than the rule. Even for these straight-arrow Circle jerks, their self-imposed limits are more of an insurance policy against detection, or a sort of private game with themselves, than an indication of real respect for the laws of society. No, everyone in the Circle knows that shit's just to keep the proles quiet.

Most people in the Circle are just flat-out crooks. Tax cheating, back-room deals, insider trading, blatant fraud? Sure. Blackmail, bribery, shady political donations, money laundering? Yes please! Murder? Mmm . . . when necessary.

Here's a rule of thumb: The dumber a member of the Circle is, the more crooked he is. The smart ones pride themselves on doing things as efficiently as possible, and leaving evidence that might land them in jail is just not tidy. The four-fifths of the Circle with fewer intellectual gifts look for shortcuts, and given the choice between understanding a complicated law and just breaking it, they dive down the path of least resistance.

The drawback to nabbing someone from the Circle is that while he's got lots of confederates to give up, not all of them are in the Circle. To put it another way, he's probably involved in broad variety of skunky stuff. If he's dull (and very crooked) he can give up 80% of his partners in crime without touching the 20% or fewer who are in the Circle. So he hands in the unconnected, lets them swing, does what little time he can, and then scratches his head about why his old Circle buddies aren't returning his calls. Catching someone smarter is harder, but when done, the percentage of criminals who are also in the Circle goes higher and higher, until you get the guy who has never done anything illegal except murder another member of the Circle in order to open up a Sentinel slot. But people like that are big fish who can point out other Watchmen and other Sentinels. As a bonus, they're usually smart enough to understand that if they're going to betray the conspiracy enough to hurt it, they'd better kill it altogether. Unfortunately, they're also smart enough to understand just how hard that is.

The Circle excels at business trickery and legal sandbagging, so entangling them in the nets of the law is difficult. Their vulnerability lies on the mystic front.

Granted, they're a long-standing Dagon cult, but they tend to regard Dagon more as an abstract principle that must be balanced and managed than as a Thing That Wants To Eat Them. They are *practical*. Their cultism is a means to an end. They negotiate with the Deep Ones, provide commodities, they fulfill the formalities of expected rites, but they don't *really* feel it.

Most of them don't really get what they're doing at all.

Going to church every Sunday doesn't make you a Christian any more than going into the garage makes you a car. By the same token, going down to the seashore and providing human women for otherworldly monsters to rape doesn't *really* make you a cultist, and a good third of the Guardians and half the clued-in Sentinels aren't really cultists. They're engaged in the workings of the normal world, and they see their ritual abilities as just another advantage.

The drawback to using the Mythos as a means, rather than treating it as an end, is that Mythos power resists logic. Even humans who *are* dedicated and ready to drink the Kool-Aid often make grievous errors when manipulating the forces of magic. Someone with the mindset of an unethical accountant is going to have an even harder time of it. It's the same damn problem that sank the Alta Vendita.

So the Circle fumble their rituals, now and then. They mispronounce a syllable and the Deep Ones kill two of the Exalted for no perceptible reason. Now the PCs have a pair of missing person cases. What were these two prominent businessmen doing on the Carolina coast? What was in the box that got shipped from New England and was waiting at their hotel? Is it connected to the truck found abandoned two miles from the beach, which matches the description of a vehicle from which muffled cries were heard at a Florida truck stop? Why were so many other wealthy businessmen at the hotel at the same time, and why is one of them in the process of getting institutionalized by his kids, when he was fine before he left? Why did he tell his kids he was going to Hawaii instead of South Carolina?

See how it goes? Whenever they call in Deep Ones to sink an oil tanker or clear out a Coast Guard cutter to let a shipment of whatever into the country, there's a chance that things go wrong. *Any* encounter with Deep Ones that catches Delta Green's attention could wind up with a lead back to the Exalted Circle. They could shoot and kill a Deep One only to find that it has a Yale class ring lodged in its appendix, inscribed on the inside with what appears to be a protection charm from the *Necronomicon* (though, clearly, an ineffectual one).

Response

The Circle have access to the same hit men and lawyers as the other elite sects, but they tend to take a different tack when detected: they vanish.

Think of the Circle as a game, one with clear losers and winners. When a player gets fingered by the FBI, that's annoying because he might go to jail, but much *more* annoying because it cuts him off from the game's most profitable moves. One of the Exalted who is under observation is going to be *persona non grata* with his fellows until the problem gets cleared up. . . if even then. More likely, the smarter and more powerful Sentinels (not to mention the Guardians) just cut him loose. In the Circle's ratty race, there is always another up-and-coming alpha-achiever dying to be your piss-boy. Why deal with someone who's compromised when you can get a new partner on the cheap?

From a normal person's perspective, this is like throwing away a car because the back seat got muddy—but when money's no object, why not get the new car? So the Watchman (or rarely, Sentinel) gets cut out of the reindeer games the moment it is realized that they are compromised. Most often they go underground, get facial surgery and activate a long-prepared new identity in Dubai or Istanbul or Moscow. They continue to manipulate their personal business matters, but the Circle's massive attempts at market fixing are off limits. They can still be tracked, but if they get caught a second time they typically kill themselves before their Circle mates can do it for them. It's seen as the easy way out.

Getting caught again is all too likely, if Delta Green stays on their case. To those who live to win, getting kicked out of the game is like slow death. Therefore, many who've passed that first discovery turn in desperation to that *other* aspect of the Circle's endeavor. They try to regain with Hydra and Dagon what they lost with the forces of the legislated market.

Some try to run their interactions like a hostile takeover, unaware that you can't just run roughshod over the children of Father Dagon and Mother Hydra. The main question around this approach is how much collateral damage gets done when the Mythos powers backlash on the presumptuous (and, in most cases, suddenly catatonic from Sanity loss) human.

Others, however, attain the proper attitude of nihilistic obeisance and ecstatic, masochistic insouciance. These are the ones who take revenge on their onetime tormentors with magic. (Beware journeys by boat. Or by plane over water. Or by car along the coast. Or any journey where you have to sleep at night.) On the plus side, once they get in the groove their enemies list tends to encompass their fellow Circle jerks who were so exclusionary. So if the Agents are included in a rash of Deep One attacks, investigating other people who were beach-snatched can lead them to further clues about the Circle. Or it could get them the address of the man who set the attacks up in the first place, as the Exalted Circle decides to play the dangerous game of using Delta Green as their pawns to eliminate the exiled former member.

The Human-Extraterrestrial Liberation Project

Examining HELP probably has some unpleasant "funhouse mirror" aspects for the Agents. People in HELP are aware that mankind is not alone and believe they have had direct contact with the otherworldly. That alone creates a resonance between them and the Agents that just isn't there with 99+% of the population. Your mom doesn't understand what you've been through, you can't explain it to your brother, but this weirdo in Texas *knows*. He understands your isolation and pain.

But unlike you, he thinks those otherworldly intelligences are going to *help* him.

Stimulus

HELP is split between the dupes and the *dupes'* dupes. The actual, on-the-books members of HELP are unlikely to have anything corrosive going on. Or, at least, they're no more likely than anyone you might sweep up at random from a *Star Trek* convention.

One way to start is by investigating the organization itself. Particularly weird or outrageous statements by abductees could draw attention, and under scrutiny their stories are remarkably cohesive, even after accounting for group-think. Almost all of them describe the alien craft the same way—silent, about thirty feet across, seamless on the outside with a surface like aluminum. They say the inside is also aluminum, only with rivets and strange glowing lights set in the ceiling in strange spirals. The chair where they were examined is most often likened to a dentist's chair (since that's exactly what Harmati stripped down and rebuilt for the prop) and there are never more than three Greys to be seen.

The PCs might catch an abductee rooting through their trash, amateurishly shadowing them or even planting bugs and tracking devices in their cars. The people the Cult co-opts for these sorts of chores are unlikely to do anything but stonewall and might even be willing to go to jail for their beliefs. Then again, they might not be as heroic as Harmati intends, in which case threats of jail time (or a beating) might get some defiant noise about how the aliens told them to do it. From there, it's onward up the food chain.

The easiest way to jump from HELP to the Cult is by following the communication channels between HELP spies and their Cult controllers. This is a real chink in the Cult's armor, because the intel abductees gather isn't given to the Orbitals, but directly to agents of the Cult, sometimes even one of Harmati's Acolytes. Dream contact is fine for assigning a mission like "find out everything you can about this Agent Aaronovski" but when it comes to specifics and evidence, it's limited only to what the sleeper knows pat. No, to deliver the goods, it's the dead drop (which can be staked out), the call from pay phone to pay phone (which can still reveal a location) or to overseas answering service (which might still be tapped, monitored, or subverted with false information), or the anonymous email or file transfer (which aren't necessarily as anonymous as advertised). Any of these means are hard to track (unless the Agents can pull some warrantless wiretap strings) but much easier to subvert. Substituting a message from an unsophisticated asset like the typical HELP member can deal the Cult false information and trick them into overplaying a hand that turns out to be a four-flusher.

Infiltrating the organization is simple, and rising in the ranks isn't hard for someone with rudimentary covert ops skills. These people are not con men, criminals or terrorists. They are, rather, a group that has been largely *selected* for their gullibility. Agents who want to get in deep cover with HELP aren't going to uncover financial malfeasance or secret cult behavior, but they might be shown a "psi amplifier necklace." Metallurgy, Anthropology, Occult, Cthulhu Mythos, Archaeology, History—any of these Skills can indicate that the necklace is well made tat, terrestrial in origin and probably inspired by a combination of Celtic and Oceanic art. With enough effort it can be traced to an artist in Wisconsin who knows nothing whatsoever. She makes hundreds of them a year, selling half to galleries, a quarter over the Web, and the rest for cash at craft fairs.

On the other hand, PCs might wind up trying to find a man who isn't there—specifically, one who isn't there because he signed up as an Orbital and walked away from his own life for high pay and anonymity. Dropping your entire life isn't something that appeals to many people, even when their lives are *crap*. So people who sign on as Orbitals are highly motivated. Often they're criminals, often they have outstanding warrants, or are AWOL from the military, or owe huge sums of money to organized crime. Any of these issues could rope in Delta Green. A suspect wanted for questioning in a kidnapping has disappeared and an exhaustive search finds him roaming the country driving a mysterious semi that never seems to unload or pick up, with mass that *never* changes between roadside weigh stations (except for the weight of a tank of gas). The same thing could happen to a pilot who fled a war crime court-martial, or someone cited in a RICO case as a criminal confederate.

The Orbitals are hard to pin down, especially by someone who's trying to track them from their HELP contacts. It's much easier to find them through their former lives (meaning, from events unrelated to HELP). Finding one usually means getting

the whole crew, unless he's on vacation. (Yes, professional alien-abduction stagers get vacations. Surprisingly, Harmati pays for dental insurance too.) Arresting the whole group nets the PCs the "Dog Dish," which must be handled very, *very* carefully to avoid having MJ-12 seize it in a chatter of NRO DELTA bullets.

Finally, someone who investigates Harmati could follow the money on its torturous path to the Orbitals. It passes through various fronts and offshore accounts first, but Harmati is less sophisticated about financial obfuscation than the other Bishops. The money goes down a rabbit hole of vague payments to a trucking firm that, on closer inspection, has only one truck that never seems to pick up or deliver anything. His idea of discretion is to have a backup cadre of Orbitals in training so that he can murder the first string when the second is ready.

Response

Identifying the Orbitals is hard. Rolling them up isn't. Each of them has, necessarily, enough tax fraud going on to merit hefty fines and jail time. Most of them have outstanding warrants that are far, far more serious. (One guy shot his pregnant girlfriend. She was also his commanding officer.) If one gets caught outside the pack, he squeals while the others go to ground. If they're all caught together, they tell everything they know, which is (unfortunately) that they were hired to punk these true believer types. They picked up their instructions from a Kansas City post office box, and as soon as even one of them gets arrested, nothing ever goes to that box again.

Losing HELP pisses Harmati off mightily, but really, what doesn't? It's a Cult side project, hardly the lifeblood of the conspiracy. As soon as anything goes seriously wrong, he just cuts off all contact, and closes all the relevant accounts. A spiteful last dream might sic the abductees on anyone he holds responsible. He might send an Acolyte to destroy the Dog Dish, but if it looks risky he might just write them off and walk away.

No, if HELP is messed with, the evil sorcerer makes no reprisals. The criminal conspirator Orbitals might panic and try to shoot their way out of an arrest, but more likely they resign themselves to some cold, lonely and well-deserved penitentiary years.

The people who raise a stink are the lowest level, the normal folks who think they're saving the world with the help of their Space Brothers.

They've been indoctrinated with the idea that the government is the enemy, thralls of evil invaders. If the last dream messages they get are that secret Air Force planes have shot down the Greys, along with a list of agents involved, they might take extreme action. Clumsy assassination attempts are unlikely but possible. They are more likely to try to focus as much public outrage on the PCs as possible. Unfortunately, that's the sort of attention no one in an illegal conspiracy can afford.

Just Say Please!

The See of Greed's answer to HELP is the temp agency and desperation magnet Just Say Please! Another band of disposable information gatherers, they differ from HELP in that they're marginally more sophisticated (which isn't difficult) but far more self-interested (which also isn't difficult). Under the bland surface is a crooked game, and under that is the madness of the Outer Gods.

Stimulus

Individual temps are readily grabbed, readily pressured and they readily spill the few beans they have to offer. They were assigned to follow agents (possibly told they'd been hired by Pinkerton, Wackenhut or some other large detective agency) or other people. They were asked to observe and make notes about procedures and software used in the offices where they were inserted. A few of them may confess to corporate espionage, though some don't even recognize it as that. A few of the very dumbest have installed spyware on corporate computers after a friendly JSP! tech "showed them an easy way to make their MP3 player work with their work computer."

If these patsies are believed, the next logical step is to investigate the company. Getting hired as a temp is easy. The form for their background check is really, *really* long, but anyone who works for the FBI has filled out worse. It also has some fairly personal questions. ("How fastidious are you about restroom cleanliness?") But nothing untoward turns up for at least the first three months.

Checking the corporate papers and tax documents for JSP! reveals a company with fingers in a lot of pies. They're surprisingly big data miners for a company that lists its primary job as "supplying at-need personnel solutions." They buy a lot of computer equipment, they're invested in cutting-edge data-tracking software, they hire many, *many* psychologists. The company's executives have minor ethics violations in their job histories, or buried scandals when they were in college, but there aren't any flat-out felons.

Their ultimate owners are SeaTech, Incorporated, a Panama-based corporation that mostly manages shipping and engages in commodities speculation. (Five members of its board of directors are in the Exalted Circle, including the executive making the calls for JSP!, but that's unlikely to be a discoverable fact unless the PCs are already tracking the Circle.) As shipping companies go,

SeaTech has an outstanding safety record. Its direct rivals, on the other hand, often suffer disastrous accidents at sea—up to 30% higher than the national average for oceanic cargo.

JSP! is a frequent and generous donor to political parties in the U.S. and abroad, and a vigorous lobbying force for "clean competition," by which it means "as little government oversight as possible." In their stockholders' reports, they're quite clear that this is to ensure "personnel fluidity," which seems to be their catchphrase for lots of people changing jobs often, thereby creating demand for fill-in work. To their legions of partial employees, of course, JSP! constantly reiterates its desire to transition them to stable, long-term jobs.

Response

No reprisal comes from temp workers. They just cravenly submit to authority and hope nothing worse happens.

The middle range of Just Say Please! management is also likely to cave in and save their own skins by any means possible. They're devious enough to shred documents and tell people to keep their mouths shut, they plead the Fifth until their throats are parched, and they try any legal delaying tactics they can think of. Their reaction is best described as a defensive crouch, not a counterpunch.

The higher-level JSP! execs at Central blame everything on those defensive underlings, orphaning them to the mercy of the law and watching closely to make sure the investigation goes no farther. Cops and feds who are satisfied closing down a branch and arresting its manager and a few patsy temps can do that and call it a draw. JSP! doesn't really respond until Agents either (1) push on to see if illegal and unethical spying is standard operating procedure elsewhere (as it is in about half of JSP!'s branches) or (2) try digging deeper into the main corporate interests, not just the hanky-panky of one deniable outlet.

JSP! mobilizes attorneys, which goes without saying, but they don't launch any frivolous countersuits. They pressure their congressional allies, but they're careful to stay within the bounds of the law and of ethical decorum. At the same time, they begin a program of harassment.

With its resources, JSP! can have Agents followed and surveilled, and they've got plenty of fungible manpower willing to pocket fifty bucks in order to make one phone call from a bus station pay phone, reading a threatening script to an agent (or an agent's answering machine). They flatten car tires, spray graffiti, allow themselves to be seen taking photos in public, and anonymously mail in pictures of spouses, relatives and loved ones. They've killed people's pets and vandalized their gardens.

That's what they do to people who don't have embarrassing secrets. If they find something dirty—adultery, drug abuse, a gambling problem, whatever—they expose it to co-workers, employers, neighbors and relatives. No blackmail, just straight up "I know what you do at the gay bar and now everyone around you knows too." Moreover, any dirty secrets available about their co-workers, spouses and close friends turn up in unmarked envelopes on the target's doorstep. Does knowing that your cousin belongs to the Klan necessarily make you a less effective Agent? Maybe not, but it sure doesn't help.

Deniability is their first priority with the irritation campaign, but sheer misery is a very close second. On the other hand, the JSP operatives at the tip of this spear are hardly James Bond.

Hearings about JSP!'s activities are serious, and its SeaTech masters won't wait for a verdict. By the time warrants are getting sworn out it's time for the Circle to dismantle JSP! and lick its wounds. The Central execs kill themselves (or, at least, that's what it *looks* like), the company goes bankrupt and its various branches and divisions are broken up, sold off and either dissolved or re-branded under new management. The clean parts are left to the mercies of the open market, while the spy apparatus is mostly bought up by Exalted Circle fronts.

This could be frustrating to the Agents: Just as they're about to chase down a conviction, the company implodes, the primary culprits die before they can implicate others, and the spying and manipulation continue. But even though the Circle can salvage a lot of JSP! after the shutdown, it works at a quarter efficiency—if that. Rivalries among Exalted Circle members are played out through ex-JSP! proxy companies, making them competitors instead of collaborators. Also, there's the issue that buying up JSP!'s databases is, in itself, a suspicious activity that could attract law enforcement attention. The Exalted who try to keep JSP!'s spirit alive past its death have to either insulate themselves heavily (and thereby make their spying slow and unresponsive) or expose themselves to further Agent digging.

The Lamplighters

Here they are, a no-shit evil mystic conspiracy. Though, is it really a conspiracy if it's not particularly secret? The Lamplighters have a website, they have publicly acknowledged members, they have brochures and books you can get at New Age bookstores. They own property and they pay taxes.

They're also headquartered in Australia, but U.S. and Australian law enforcement are close enough that that won't be much of an impediment to Delta Green.

Stimulus

Unlike almost all the other fronts for the Cult, the Lamplighters do very little that is illegal. Or, more accurately, their institutional behaviors and reason for existence aren't against the law. Individual members may go crazy and smash up the local liquor store, or bury someone alive, or painstakingly extract all the cartilage from their landlord and sculpt a flying polyp out of it, but these are actions of people who happen to belong to the organization, not actions of the Lamplighters *qua* Lamplighters.

So one route that leads to investigating the Lamplighters is to investigate occult crimes and discover that a culprit was a member in good standing. Following up on that turns up a surprising number of Lamplighters who are currently incarcerated in clean, well-lit places for madmen. But despite the poor impulse control displayed by all these crazy criminals, they clam up hard when asked about the Lamplighters directly. It's possible to trick them into admitting something, but far more likely to just set off a rant so convoluted and incoherent that any clues are buried in the logorrheic avalanche.

When one confronts a free and articulate Lamplighter about their imprisoned nutjob colleagues, the response is likely to be a smug variation on, "*Those* people aren't Lamplighters. They're failures. They tried to lift the weight of a superior philosophy and their minds snapped under the strain. So don't call them Lamplighters. I'm pretty sure their memberships have lapsed." If it's suggested that there may be something wrong with teaching ideas that have left so many violently wrecked, the reaction is equally dismissive. "Do you drink? Should the actions of alcoholic drivers keep *you* from having a beer? Of course not. Don't judge the strong and wise by the destruction wrought by ignorant seekers without the wit to recognize they were getting in over their heads."

Watching Lamplighters of high rank is a recipe for interesting times. Even when they don't break laws, the odds are good that some sort of Mythos activity is in the offing— especially if someone from the Cult comes with a request for some sort of sorcery.

Joining the Lamplighters is doable. They insist on an up-front application fee before accepting students, and then they provide dull and demanding intellectual exercises and study for *years* before they even start to reveal any genuine magic. Long before that, the students have been through various memory-enhancing studies, some basic biofeedback and visualizations to improve confidence. The Lamplighters present this stuff as if it's the secrets of the cosmos, but it's really little more than one could get from equal time spent on yoga, meditation, and a couple of public speaking classes. Of course, those other pursuits rarely leave one so intolerably conceited.

Arresting and/or interrogating a Lamplighter usually goes one of two ways, depending on his mental status. If he's cracked, he cackles and threatens and babbles, but won't reveal anything about his confederates or about the group's inner workings. Grab a sane one and you get indignation, outrage and threats of legal reprisal.

Response

Those lawyer threats aren't just empty talk: Some revered public Lamplighters are lawyers. Their entire attitude is, "You may not agree with our point of view. We don't care. Smear all you like. But when you start harassing us personally and getting in our way, then you've broken the law." If the Agents are U.S. government employees committing crimes on Australian soil—well, then it's just *fun*.

On the other hand, if advanced Lamplighters are too discomfited by nosy Agents, they may just raise their mojo in anger. Fire Vampires are the weapon of choice for powerful Humble Ones (the spell to summon them was one of the first Glass started teaching), but a really ambitious and pissed off Shining One might go for broke with a Hunting Horror. Of course, that complicates matters because it requires the sacrifice of a sentient being, and in this case it would almost certainly be one of the Humble Ones. Another murder means another set of clues and another chance to get the guy legally.

The great flaw of the powerful Lamplighters is overconfidence. They won't walk up to an FBI agent and cast Shrivelling in broad daylight, but they might casually stop by his mom's house and throw it on her, letting her live and leaving a business card. After all, what's the agent going to do? There's no way, in a court of law, to prove the efficacy of eldritch sorcery. Telling the truth just causes the agent's superiors to question his mental competence. If he pursues the enchanter through official channels, without a prosecutable crime to be investigated, he's opening himself up to harassment accusations and risking the loss of authority. If he goes after the Lamplighter covertly and illegally, he has to hide, which means the wizard has a lot more influence over when and where the confrontation takes place. Like most monsters, Lamplighters are far more dangerous in their lairs.

On the other hand, Delta Green is already illegal and has military members, not just law enforcement. A heavy-duty wetwork op against a powerful Lamplighter is likely to leave a smoking crater wherever it takes place, and there could well be some serious casualties and embarrassing questions, but at the end of the day no Lamplighter is ready to face a Hellfire strike from a Predator drone, or twenty hardened Special Forces soldiers—at least, not alone. Then again, while a group of Lamplighters could pool their magic points to summon enough Mythos fire-power to destroy any force of commandos, that presumes the Lamplighters would know the exact time and place to marshal their forces to stop them. If it comes to open warfare like that, Delta Green is going to work obliquely, with long-range snipers, bombs wired to car ignitions, booby-trapped mailboxes, poisons on doorknobs, and a plethora of other assassination tools that don't require looking the target in the eye. When it comes to wet work, Delta Green won't play fair.

Operation New Day

Nuts, racists and assholes to a man, Operation New Day is a terrorist organization along the classical American model. They've already suffered pretty heavily at the hands of the USA PATRIOT Act, but the cultist core is still at large, having done an efficient job of throwing their mundane followers under the bus to buy themselves time.

Stimulus

As an illegal and rightly-persecuted organization, OND doesn't have open recruiting drives or membership cards, so when a member gets busted for a hate crime (or fraud, or bank robbery, or terrorism) there's not always anything to tie him to a larger organization. Then again, some of these guys have "New Day" and OND tattoos, which ties them in no matter how they clam up or insist that they've been inactive for years.

When squeezed, those who've seen the Great White God usually hang tough, while those who've just been on the periphery give up as little as they can. Some who have yet to witness Niot Abur Am'st would rather do their time than narc on their fellow race warriors, but they're the minority, probably ten percent. Another quarter immediately squeals and spills everything indiscriminately, totally compromising their cell and, through its leader, part of the next layer up. The rest play it as clever as they can, making false accusations and giving up the OND comrades they liked least when the pressure gets too great.

Trying to climb to the leaders through swept-up low-lives is unlikely to go very far, however. Sooner or later, the trail ends with a true believer. Probably sooner.

Infiltration is a better route. Though New Day is suspicious and does what it can to check on new members—especially those who seem too good to be true—ultimately the See of Hate doesn't have the information-gathering potential of JSP! or the Exalted Circle. Andrew St. Claire could ask Harmati for a favor, but he's hardly going to go begging, hat in hand, to the psychopath who covets his position without a *damn* good reason.

Getting in is a good start, but it doesn't make things easy: OND stresses loyalty over initiative. Asking your superiors any question that starts with "why" is often tantamount to volunteering for a suicide mission.

Lots of OND operatives are in prison for crimes enacted to fund the Operation. The problem is, there's not much to

distinguish them from people who rob ATMs and try their hand at identity theft for personal reasons. There's a RICO case in there, but no one has put it together yet, and the New Dayers in jail aren't going to help without plenty of arm-twisting. Nevertheless, the data stacking up behind lots of crimes can point to a big OND act before it happens. OND bombers and snipers have been preemptively arrested with all kinds of ordnance and maps of inner-city schools.

The big prize, of course, is the July 4th ceremony. On the one hand, OND's bosses have a *huge* incentive to keep its location and preparations secret, because it's a chance to sweep up half the leadership, all at once. But on the other hand, the difference between someone who believes in OND doctrine and someone who's a frothing zealot willing to die for the cause is their seeing indisputable living proof of supernatural guidance. So there's an equal incentive to get as many people to the ceremony as possible.

A good undercover group could get an invitation and have a major interdepartmental task force ready to strike. Or a skilled clique of detectives and surveillance experts could find the location from the outside and assemble the same strike team. A *superlatively* talented case officer could keep the whole thing hush-hush so that OND wouldn't get spooked, run, and hold the ceremony somewhere else in total seclusion. (It would, of course, be easier to keep the strike secret if it wasn't a hundred guys with guns trying for arrests, but ten guys with rockets and mortars just trying to kill everyone present.) But if the time, date and location of the ceremony were known, the end of the New Day could happen in one bright, violent night.

Of course, that presumes that the blow lands before their patron shows up.

Response

Individually, when a New Day believer finds out he's under investigation, he moves through some pretty predictable phases of response. First off, he denies and stonewalls. If that doesn't work, he runs and tries to go underground, but as often as not, he picks suicide by cop (preferably taking some black police with him) over getting interrogated and imprisoned for OND activities. Crimes that can't be tracked back to the Operation are a different matter, and often he can plea bargain it down with the help of an OND-sponsored lawyer.

OND cells have different reactions when it becomes clear that it's not just one member under scrutiny, but the whole organization. The closer they are to the top, the more likely it is that their Prime (and link to the rest of OND) cuts off all contact and goes underground. (Depending on how useful and well-liked that Prime is, he may well turn up dead in a soy field half way across the Midwest a month or two later.)

Some cells, however, panic and go into siege mode. They rush to a pre-arranged survivalist safe house out in the boondocks, one with thick walls, its own well, stockpiles of food and bullets, and a clear field of fire in every direction. They go and sit and wait, and when the Feds show they try to give them as much death and resistance as they can.

When a cell goes Ruby Ridge, the rest of the Operation drops them. Everyone in New Day knows this is the procedure. A few short-wave radio messages of encouragement, sure, but by the time they're at the gun shack, they're dead and it's just a matter of time and body count.

OND tries to keep track of the law enforcement agents involved in pursuing them, however, and there's nothing they like quite as much as turning the tables. (Unless it's turning the tables on a fed of color.) They've bombed houses and cars, set up sniper ambushes and even kidnapped and murdered the son of an IRS agent who tracked down one of their non-Cult donors. And then, a tiny percentage of the Captains and above can use magic, which adds an additional tactical layer to defending against them. Law enforcement officials, both local and federal, don't live under cover. While their home addresses are not given out by their agencies, they can always be followed home from work as a prelude to summoning a Byakhee and binding it to the command "Kill everyone in that house."

The Secret Senate

Ivory-tower eggheads with clean, soft hands and a lively intellectual curiosity. Unfortunately, they're curious about things that have a better chance of destroying humanity than all the H-bombs and supercolliders ever built. Like HELP, the Secret Senate may strike a chord with the Agents. After all, they're smart and they've dedicated their lives to inquiry. But unlike Agents, they don't understand that the ideas they're flirting with have a way of becoming horribly, unexpectedly real.

Stimulus

Proving that there's a group of smart-alecks who get together to talk about topics that are sometimes quite weird? Easy. But like the Algonquin Round Table, there's nothing illegal about long, looping conversations and the occasional bit of *bon mot* one-upmanship. Yanking the government grants some Senators receive requires a bit of bureaucratic infighting, but it's possible. But those grants were mostly to get them together in the first place, so their purpose is complete.

Suggesting that there's something wrong or evil about the topics they're studying is a great way to elicit an incredulous laugh. It is bedrock to the Senators' lives that thought for thought's own sake is *good*—if you are so naïve as to think that anything is objectively "good" or "evil" at all—and that attempting to inhibit knowledge or preserve ignorance is foolish and harmful. Selling them on the idea that they should just close *The King in Yellow* and walk away is going to be tough to the point of impossible, until something horrible happens. By that point, of course, it's too late.

Worst of all, a very plausible scenario is: Agents warn Senators about the book. Senators ignore them. Book unleashes awfulness and a few Senators disappear. Then the remaining Senators *blame the Agents.* (If Roger G. Ash tried to personally manipulate them onto this course of thought, he would make them suspicious, but he's got Interlife on the job to make the whole thing slipperier.)

Stealing the book isn't impossible or even that difficult for the skilled or the dedicated. It won't do any good, though, since it's being laid out for a small-press edition. Yellowking.pdf is on every Senator's laptop and resides on a couple of university servers and public filesharing services as well. Trying to stop the printing is feasible, either openly (through some abuse of government authority such as trumped-up tax evasion charges against the publisher, or a professional frame job) or covertly (many field agents would compare the publisher's security measures to a child-proof aspirin bottle). A better route would be to change the text right before it goes to press. The Senators all have their own limited-edition, leather-bound copies, and by the time they get around to reading the mass-market version it's too late to recall and there isn't the budget for a reprint.

Of course, to do that, the Agents would necessarily end up reading the whole play.

This assumes that the Agents start with the members of the Senate and work upwards—having noted Mythos themes in their work, perhaps, or simply from hearing about an incipient reprint of *The King in Yellow.* It's also possible that they get onto Ash's trail and stumble across the Secret Senate through his membership. The Senators are disinclined to hear their friend smeared and are resistant to the suggestion that their group's formation was anything other than their own spontaneous idea.

One strategy for convincing them of the harmful reality of the Mythos is through direct exposure. Some Agents are able to cast spells and complete hypergeometric incantations. Exposing the Senators' sensibilities to a sanity-scouring byakhee could be just the thing to convince them that the hinted surreality of *The King in Yellow* is anything but mere imagination. On the other hand, in many cases the worst way to turn a bright and inquisitive mind away from magic is by concretely demonstrating that there are real aliens out there and people can communicate with them.

There's no legitimate legal beef to be made against the Senate, and false accusations are likely to be exposed as such by their targets' keen intellects, sterling reputations, and powerful connections.

Except for Roger Ash, they're pitifully vulnerable to simple murder, of course. If the Agents really think that's for the best. Did killing JFK extinguish his ideas or make them more relevant?

Response

Individual Senators are likely to regard prying federal agents with righteous indignation. Retribution for annoyance comes first through unofficial channels: They call their Beltway friend at the Justice Department, or their college president, or the lobbyist they met at the ambassador's party, and they raise a stink, which gets passed around from bigwig to bigwig until someone asks the Agents to back off. Agents who don't heed this warning get publicized. Photos show up on the Secret Senator's blog, along with meticulously documented "incidents." Shrill denunciations of encroaching government authority in op-ed pages follow, naming the Agents in particular. Possibly they even get picketers at their office and letter-writing campaigns calling for their dismissal.

But it's also possible that the Agents stay wisely anonymous and carry out illegal (but competent) strategies of containment and isolation. Or murder. But while the Senators are likely to look at covert sabotage and see only a string of terrible luck, Marisa Encinanto and Roger Ash himself are likely to respond with occult reprisal. Marisa can send a few ghouls and perhaps a nightgaunt or two, but if those threats are slaughtered, more ghouls won't agree to the work and fear of further sanity loss leaves her reluctant to call another Mythos attacker.

Ash, on the other hand, has no such compunctions. He regards the Secret Senate as his own private project, and he's protective. For his strategies, see page 278.

White Fire

White Fire doesn't replace or compete with national drug-distribution gangs. It is, rather, an ancillary organization that adds a philosophical dimension to drug trafficking, murder and lifestyle violence. Instead of doing what they do because it seems like a good way to make some money, they do it to support a religion of revenge and superiority.

Attacking the Secret Senate and the Lamplighters is hard because those groups are legal and their façade is largely legit. White Fire is the opposite. Because *everything* it does is against the law, everything is hidden and protected and there's no pretense of normalcy to destroy.

Stimulus

Wanna find White Fire? Get a cop who can interpret the local gang graffiti and drive around with him until you spot their tag. Hassle some loiterers, pump some sources, violate some civil rights if you want but mostly just *ask*. People know. The typical drug gang treats drugs and violence as *means*, with money and power as the ends. White Fire regard violence and power as the *ends*, with money and drugs as the means. There's usually someone with a beef against them.

You can go through a city's daily legion of petty arrests looking for White Fire tats or scarification, but unlike OND, White Fire's culture de-emphasizes these sorts of permanent markers in favor of slogans, signs, and jargon.

Once you find one . . . then what? Your average White Fire believer is unlikely to trust the promises of the legal system or anyone in authority, so getting one to give up information requires trickery, long-term surveillance, or unreliable degrees of luck. Pinning a burglary, robbery, assault, or even murder charge on the captured firebrand is often possible. That's one off the streets. But it doesn't do much damage to the cult.

Infiltration isn't much better, even if you're a black fed who doesn't radiate "authority" with every fiber of his being. White Fire is so fluidly organized that looking for a "hierarchy" or "chain of command" is like looking for the chief cloud in a thunderstorm. It's all a question of who knows whom, and how well. If you're not well known, you won't get trusted with anything more important than minor message carrying, no matter how "talented" you appear.

To roll up an entire local structure, the best bets are long stretches of document tracking, info-crunching, and surveillance.

As with its mirror-twin OND, the White Fire cult is most vulnerable during its high holy days. Like OND, there are equal and opposite motivations for White Fire to keep its holy days quiet and make them huge. A decisive raid against the summoning ceremony could decapitate White Fire in one stroke, but just as with OND, keeping the raid secret and confronting what they're summoning could make the whole thing a disaster.

Response

It's curious how a religious fanatic who knows—*knows*—he's going to be swept up for pie in the sky after he dies so often acts in practice like a nihilist with nothing to lose. Firebrands who've had face time with the godhead have no fear of the cops, prison or death. Given a chance to go out in a glorious struggle with the ice-people enslavers (earning White Fire some credibility in the process), a hardcore Fire follower takes it.

Even the newcomers who joined out of peer pressure, even the insincere ones who hope the religious hokum helps them get ahead with the hustle—even they might succumb to despair in the end and opt for a police suicide rather than face the wrath or contempt of their peers.

That said, a lot of White Fire believers would rather live for Astom Niturba than die for him. Prison is an inconvenience at worst and a road to better cred at best. Day-to-day, it's either a penance for carelessness or yet another example of white oppression. Most White Fire members were recruited in penitentiaries, so when they're jailed they repeat the process, recruiting new members themselves.

It's quite possible that a charismatic White Fire leader might be *more* dangerous to Agents while in maximum security than he would be on the streets. Behind bars, he can build a congregation, offering protection and assistance to young and impressionable first timers. Those vulnerable targets need a strong gang the most, they have the least resistance to dogma, and they may get out sooner than a hardened criminal with two felonies and a string of petty crimes on his sheet. Once their sentence is served, they're ready to launch an attack (suicidal or just homicidal) against the agent who caged their mentor—an agent who has never seen them and has no idea they're coming.

Middle Tier: The Sees

The Acolytes who do the heavy lifting for the four Sees are detached from the human consensus, and their masters the Bishops are even more so. They're still recognizably human and pursue human goals . . . but often they do so through alien methods or in keeping with an inhuman ethos.

As a general rule, the Sees are less concerned with vengeance. They forego reprisals in favor of problem solving. Where a powerful Lamplighter would never forgive an insult to his dignity, the Sees might well *help* a group of Agents, if that was the best way to get them out of the Sees' business in the long term.

More than anything else, of course, its leadership determines the reaction of a See.

Fear

Lyle Ramshaw has little direct political or social control over the fronts of the See of Fear. He works behind the scenes or, more accurately, under them. He is the Cult's agent in the Dreamlands, and no one who sleeps is safe from him.

Chas Antoniwicz is in the diametric opposite. His brilliantly capable legal maneuvering keeps the See of Fear fronts organized, funded, and too slippery for criminal courts to get a grip.

At the top is Harmati, the maddest, most vicious and angriest of all.

Stimulus

The two major branches to the See of Fear are the hopeful (HELP) and the reactionary (AACE). Standard investigation of either is a tangled mess leading around in circles, but Agents who start at those bottoms and work upward through thick and thin may eventually reach the law firm of Antoniwicz, Blackbell & Morse. For all the power of the Exalted Circle (of which he remains a member) Antoniwicz can't erase the accusations against him, can't destroy the court records, can't cleanse the newspaper morgues of the sensational press that destroyed his career and that of his accuser.

Poking into his law firm raises some interesting questions. Why did a disgraced, but vindicated and experienced, assistant district attorney abruptly transition into corporate and property law? Why doesn't Chas Antoniwicz actually sign any documents, or prepare any briefs, or bill any hours? What's he *doing*?

Chas is riding Clara Blackbell and Jeanette Morse—vulnerable people who could be bullied into breaking the law, and then blackmailed with that very lawbreaking—as hard as he can, keeping them hard at work juggling the See's money, hiding payments to the Orbitals, funding AACE, administrating shell companies, paying the tech geeks running Neighborly Eye, and keeping trust documents up to date. Chas is also keeping his finger on the pulse of the legal community, looking for lawyers to whom he has no direct connection, but who can be called on at need. The See's particular needs are (1) criminal defense attorneys, of course, but also (2) experts at civil torts, particularly libel and slander. He plays a lot of golf.

Lyle Ramshaw, on the other hand, has as little as possible to do with the tedious business of everyday life. If it's not Dreamlands or torture killing, he's just marking time. But that latter hobby could bring him down, and with him a large part of one of the Sees. When Lyle committed his first crimes, forensic science wasn't anywhere near what it is now. Neither was data mining and data sifting. Harmati is keeping Lyle supplied with victims—Harmati's thugs deliver runaways like Chinese takeout—because Lyle is several orders of magnitude less public than either Harmati or Antoniwicz, but getting a weakening and aging serial killer his murder fix has a very low margin for error.

Seizing young victims is handled quite professionally, but Lyle might make a mistake during the actual dispatch. He might leave some form of forensic evidence, especially since he wasn't raised in the era when a single nylon fiber can be traced back to the factory that produced it. The body disposal is handled with professional aplomb too, but there's only so much discretion possible for strangers in a tiny town that don't talk to anyone or do anything other than: go out to the old Ramshaw place; hang out at the town's one hotel for a couple days or a week doing Sudoku and watching TV; then go back to Ramshaw's; then leave for good. Factor in the absolute loathing and contempt that all Ramshaw's neighbors have for him, and sooner or later someone's going to make a stink about what the hell Lyle is doing.

A search of his house reveals a gallery of horrors and Lyle squirms and begs and gives up Harmati and everyone else he knows during his craven appeals for mercy. At least, he does until he can get at a sleeping agent through the Dreamlands, and then his demands get a lot more pointed.

Going after Harmati himself is a big job. He's rich. He's connected. He's a powerful sorcerer and he has access to Gates that can whisk him out of the country without the hassle of waiting in line for a TSA frisk. But just putting him on the run is going to stress Antoniwicz (who dares not overstep the bounds of his authority, but who still needs to make decisions on behalf of the fronts). The Orbitals stop getting orders, and their idle hands may find some Devil's work to do. Same thing happens with the AACE and with HELP's dupes. Undirected by Harmati's corrosive cunning and grasp of the big picture, they start going off on their own. Unprotected by Antoniwicz's money and legal juice, they get in trouble they can't handle.

Response

Outside Agents focused on any of Harmati's fronts are likely to be checked out by members of AACE. They're usually told that the person they're snooping on is the agent of a "foreign power" who is looking to recruit from these extremist groups. If they go after the Acolytes, the check becomes more thoroughgoing still.

Antoniwicz, if antagonized by someone he can identify, makes the most reasonable response. He offers a carrot and a stick. The carrot is a huge bribe, in the form of whatever he thinks his tormentors most want. (He's got independent researchers a-plenty to help him suss out what might most tempt.) Political position, money, social status, directorship of a multimillion-dollar charitable trust? He can swing any of the above. The stick is the threat of a legal shit-fit. When he was accused of rape, his countersuits, public accusations, and blizzard of harassing subpoenas made life hell not only for his accuser, but for the D.A. who pressed the case, the officers who investigated and made the arrest, his jailer, and a lab technician for good measure. That lab tech *still* has her wages garnished.

Ramshaw, on the other hand, is a total sponge if confronted or arrested in the material world. But his nocturnal vengeance waits only on his ability to find the dream-selves of those who wrong him. If he can't find them, he consoles himself by attacking the ideals they hold dear. His influence in the Dreamlands can't blow up Amnesty International or anything, but he can make a lot of people unaccountably uneasy when they see its logo.

Harmati? There's nothing he *wouldn't* do. He might get an Agent trapped in a different body, one that can be disposed of with fewer repercussions than murdering a government agent. He might drop a Fire Vampire on the building where they work right after sunset, with the command, "Kill everyone inside." Hounds of Tindalos, Hunting Horrors—Harmati brings all the terror of the supernatural to bear when he thinks he's being pursued, and doesn't much care who sees it.

Disastrous as such a blatant, ghastly occult assault would be in the short term, it could ironically backfire on Harmati and the entire Cult. Exposing a building full of military personnel or federal agents to the horrors of the Mythos could become a *de facto* Delta Green recruiting fair among the survivors (if there are any). It might even get Delta Green *officially reinstated*. Though of course, by that time, Harmati may have realized his mistake and decided to escape by undergoing his Final Marriage and moving into the Stockholm house.

Flesh

There are three leaders of the See of Flesh, but from an organizational perspective, Roger Ash and The Innocent are essentially one entity. What are Delta Green agents going to think? They climb to the top of the See's tree of forbidden knowledge and find not a grandiose maniac, but a pair of tweedy intellectuals with soft voices, and a lovely young man whose voice burbles as prettily as a forest stream, and with no greater apparent meaning.

Unlike the violent reprisal and defensive cruelty of some other Sees, the approach of Flesh seems (perhaps fitly) slothful and relaxed. These are people who are not motivated primarily by anger, self-righteousness or pride. They are only those who knew what they wanted, and were willing to do anything to get it . . . and got it.

Stimulus

The road to Roger G. Ash is a dim and convoluted one. He's in the Secret Senate, but so are some other gloomy nihilists. He's a member of the Brotherhood of New Potential, and was a member of its murderous ancestor, but there's no paper trail marking him as a leader or indicating that money flows to or from him. As for the Dorian Gray Society, he's insulated from it, though his secretary Steven Phillips is highly placed in under the pseudonym "Clifford Montgomery." And some of the time, Phillips/Montgomery is Ash, a body loaned through the magics of the Cult of Transcendence.

The spirit of Phillips, when animating Ash, is a figurehead and a willing one. He sets aside his youthful body and looks to take on Ash's age and aphasia, but is rewarded with all the myriad delights the Dorian Gray society can offer. He knows his role as Ash inside and out, reflexively answers questions about Ash's history as if it was his own, and has even dreamed many of Ash's dreams, thanks to the power of Interlife. Half the time, when he's not really concentrating, he believes he *is* Roger G. Ash. He knows all of Ash's poetry by heart. Of course, the damage to his verbal centers sometimes prevents him from reciting.

The Innocent has no birth records, no Social Security Number, no passport. His fingerprints aren't in any database. He is a cipher, an enigma, a mystery, and he can't even answer questions in English. He doesn't fear pain and would cheerfully die to protect Ash, whom he accompanies most of the time when he's outside Vagnoptus manor.

The weakest link in the chain is Dr. Henry Nemmers. His primary role for the See is to bury evidence of the Alta Vendita, *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep* and any other historical excesses of the See's patsy groups. But by necessity he winds up seeing to all kinds of loose ends, occasionally with the Innocent's company for reasons known only to Roger G. Ash.

He's most likely (amusingly enough) to come to the Agents' attention as a potential Delta Green Friendly. Dr. Nemmers has a years-long track record as a level-headed investigator of Templar history and expert in debunking European conspiracy theory. His name's going to come up now and again researching many occult events, texts and theories, especially those germane to his See. Anyone who pursues the academic clues about Nyarlathotep worship is going to get very, *very* used to seeing Nemmers' name and reading his dry, meticulous dismissals of much that the Agents know is true.

In person, Nemmers is charming, friendly, avuncular, but a bit . . . off. It's not just the slipperiness of time, either. A successful Psychology roll yields an instinctive feeling that this is not a sane, well-adjusted human being but someone—possibly some *thing*—putting on an Oscar-worthy performance. His responses are a little *too* refined, his arguments eerily dispassionate, even his wit and humor a bit mechanical, tinny in the ear, *false*.

If investigated, Nemmers always seems to be taking a sabbatical or doing research or serving as a guest lecturer near areas of New Potential, Dorian Gray, or Secret Senate activity. He created an entire false provenance for the copy of *The King in Yellow* that Marisa Encinanto showed the Senate. He was teaching for a quarter in California right before Brotherhood of New Potential was chartered there, and he continues to go there for vacations during times sacred to the Black Goat of the Woods. When he's not flying to the East Coast of the U.S., he's heading to South Africa. Purportedly these trips are to visit his sister, an executive in the Farthingdale Paper Products company. In actual fact, his sister died and was buried in Morocco in 1985. Although he has destroyed the relevant government records there, he was unable to find the hospital records of her death, or clean out the newspaper obituaries.

Response

Confronting the ersatz Ash—that is, the body of Ash with an underling behind the eyes—yields good-natured puzzlement, stonewalling, denial and (if pushed) an aphasic breakdown, feigned or real. If he can put the Agents off, false-Ash tells real-Ash about it and awaits instructions. If the Agents want to arrest him right away, he goes to jail and rots there, content that he's distracting attention away from the true Bishop.

Talking to the real Ash—either because they've somehow twigged to the body-swap, or because they think (correctly!) that he's the power behind the throne, or because they're working their way up—is likely to be more confusing, not least because the Innocent is at the Bishop's side, smiling and making vague hand gestures and ignoring the usual social rules regarding personal space. If they try to take Ash away, shoot him or otherwise engage in the rough stuff, then for the Innocent it's *on*. Spectral Razor, Dread Curse of Azathoth, biting, the whole nine yards. But it's more likely that Ash at least gets a chance to talk to them first, and if they engage him, he asks a simple question.

He asks them what they want. Then he considers it carefully, perhaps makes some clarifications, and either agrees or presents a reasonable counter-offer.

The text box offers some sample dialogue from Ash, possible responses to likely questions, insults and requests. If you really want to use the canned text, fine, but it's probably better as a guideline to how he speaks.

Likely Questions, Likely Answers

INVESTIGATOR: What I want is to destroy your miserable cult and save humanity!

ASH: When you say "save" humanity, do you mean to have it continue in its present state? Is that even possible, even assuming there's no organization trying to uplift us into a community of greater reality? Looking forward, forces are approaching before which even we must bow and give way—Earth's **owners** are coming back. If you want to "save" humanity, perhaps you'd be better off asking how to adapt it to the coming circumstances. Or how to enable it to leave this world and, with it, emerge from the cradle of its dreams of humanity, into a cosmic adulthood.

INV: You and your cult have done awful things! Justice demands that you be stopped!

ASH: Justice? Oh my, good luck with that. In my experience, "justice" has no objective reality, it's a concept unique to mankind and, moreover, victim to such subjective bias that it ultimately serves as nothing more than a mirage. Do you want us to turn our attentions away from you, your family, perhaps even your government or country? I can do my part. Though of course, I'd expect you to extend the same courtesy. The closest we can come to "justice" might be an agreement to leave one another alone.

INV: I want you to destroy The Fate and kill Stephen Alzis.

ASH: Don't be ridiculous. Unlike you, I can't even try that. It's simply not an action through which my self-stream can progress.

INV: Can you destroy MAJESTIC-12?

ASH: You mean there really **is** a MAJESTIC-12? My word. Of course, if what you say is correct and you wish me to direct my resources at a covert group within the U.S. government, perhaps you should first consider how harmful I've been to **your** covert government group. I, myself, am ill-suited to gauge how much damage I've done to your organization. Think it through. If you ask me to redirect my venom toward your peers—and my my, the viciousness of inter-departmental rivalry surprises even me!—it's as good as letting me know I've crippled you.

INV: I want you to stop the printing of **The King in Yellow**.

ASH: Okay. If I do that, you'll leave us alone? I'd expect you to retire from your official positions, of course, and I know how painful it can be to give up a pursuit that has given your life great meaning. I can offer a decent retirement fund—I think the pleasures of sex and drugs and the rest would only insult you? Or would they?—but I've nothing to replace a **raison d'être**. Well, nothing you're likely to desire.

INV: I want you to disband the Brotherhood of New Potential and seal up whatever gateway you've built in California.

ASH: You ask a great deal. If that's really the price of your compliance, I can do it. I'll have to ask you to retire from your jobs and go into an easily-monitored seclusion—we can discuss details of that presently—but do you really want the Brotherhood broken and scattered? You can't put the milk back in the cow, as they say. If the Retreat Center closes and its governing authorities stop answering questions, do you think the Families are going to give up their pursuits and go back to being productive citizens? I would think that you'd be happy to have these people contained in one easily monitored group, one single and isolated area. Perhaps it would be better for both of us if, whenever you suspect a Brother or Sister is involved in something dangerous or alarming, you tell me and I provide you with whatever evidence you need. It's not perfect prevention, I know, but a good steady run of easy arrests is something, isn't it? You'd almost certainly keep them more contained that way than you would smashing them into fragments and flinging the pieces to take root wherever they could.

INV: The Dorian Gray Society must be stopped! They're abhorrent!

ASH: Mm. Before I alienate a group of powerful, influential, and ruthless men, perhaps it would be wise to pinpoint exactly what it is about the Society that so appalls you. This is, I presume, more than mere puritanism: You must surely know these men are going to keep inhaling cocaine and amyl nitrate without the structure of the Society. Oh, their attachment to a Great Old One alarms you? Didn't know you were aware. Mmm.

I'm afraid destroying a **god** is beyond my current capacities, but if that's your price, I can phase the worship element out. It's going to be a slow job, and those already initiated aren't going to give up their master, that's out of my hands. But I can certainly restrict the flow of that information. What else? The women? I don't . . . oh, wait. You think they have free will! Well. Even if I grant your false premise that humans can influence their destiny the way more dimensionally-realized entities can, many of those women have, essentially, "chosen" to be exactly where they are. Given their chemical dependencies, they're suffering less at the hands of the Society's members—just between us, most have no imagination—than they would if cut off from their high-end pharmaceuticals. You're doing those ladies no favors by kicking them out to face the uncertainties of street drugs, and I suspect most would fight tooth and nail to stay out of one of your farcical "treatment programs."

Nemmers, the most accessible, is also easily the most dangerous. And it's not just that he has the know-how to sic a Hunting Horror on them. No, the peril of Nemmers is that he's a good liar, knows exactly what occult investigators want to hear, and can provide them just enough good information and advice to earn their trust. Once he has that, he can move any See assets out of their path before they arrive, or feed them dangerously false information, or set an elegant trap (such as making sure they're in a small prop plane on their way to a remote Alaskan fishing village before sending that Hunting Horror).

Greed

As ruthless as the See of Fear and as pragmatic as the See of Flesh, the See of Greed deals with its enemies by whatever means are most efficient. Yakashima's first instinct is murderous violence, and he's not afraid to get his hands wet. Bradford is far more canny, preferring deception and distraction to any kind of direct confrontation. Guided by Glass, the strengths of each can be compounded by a surprise switch to the other. As for Glass himself, he's not particularly attached to any one body, and the Gate of Changes always awaits.

Stimulus

Lionel Glass, in the body and identity of Darren French, seems on the surface to be a successful young attorney, but nothing more. Closer inspection indicates a manageable but medication-resistant case of OCB. Still closer examination shows a man who prospers with the sponsorship of the Exalted Circle, who manages contracts and property for the American branch of the Lamplighters, and who works directly under a lawyer who sits on the board of Just Say Please! His connection to the Church of Interlife is less direct, but his building in Boston is right next door to the Church's business headquarters and primary mailing address. One of the 23 Elders of Interlife rents the apartment directly below his.

"Darren French," then, is a very slender and subtle thread tying all the groups together, but an unexpectedly strong and lengthy one. His hands are clean, legally (as well as literally) since he prefers to offload dirty work to Coulter Bradford. But as a nonentity, he could easily be arrested on false charges, though his law firm would rapidly sweep in to protest the outrage against its junior partner. One element that would certainly pop up under surveillance would be the small matter of right-handed people suddenly going southpaw. That's hard to hide. But on the other hand, for a junior Boston lawyer, Glass/French has an awfully advanced grasp of counter-surveillance technique. His home and office are swept for listening devices daily by Pinkerton professionals.

Colt Bradford is a more visible version of his Bishop, still slightly renowned for his squeaky-clean ethics (and for his ability to parlay those ethics into profit). FOST Petroleum serves as a form of "neutral ground" where Exalted Circle rivals can discuss matters and come to terms under Bradford's enforced peace, and as a result almost everyone of consequence in the Circle holds some FOST stock. One of Bradford's real estate investments is a building in downtown San Francisco, rented to the largest Interlife church for the last two decades. He's not on the board, but he's a heavy investor in SeaTech, Inc., the parent company for JSP! Finally, while he neither admits nor denies being a Lamplighter ("not that there's anything wrong with that") he has sometimes been observed entering and leaving their academies.

Closer attention to Bradford's movements reveals more fodder for suspicion. His private plane shows a lot of flights to rural airfields in Massachusetts for someone with no family ties or significant property there. Moreover, many times when someone from Interlife or the Lamplighters has been arrested, accused or questioned about a high-profile crime, Bradford has flown to the scene within days. (He always has a pretext, but some are flimsier than others.)

Then there's Toshiru Yakashima, who leaves almost nothing in the way of traces. Typically, Yakashima drives where he's going in a nondescript gray Plymouth whose plates change every couple days. He pays for everything with crisp new $20 bills. He kills with a pistol reported stolen from somewhere on the West Coast, wiped down and left on the scene. Witnesses might remember a Japanese man in a brown suit, if it's the sort of setting where someone like that stands out. On the other hand, Yakashima might just subcontract jobs in a place like that.

If Yakashima needs to travel internationally to do his work, he uses a Gate when possible. Otherwise, he's got connections to smugglers: There's no way he's going through airport security, even with the sorts of excellent passports the Circle can get for him. If caught on board, he might try to shoot his way out, or he might just sit tight and wait to see if his false identity holds long enough for him to plea down an attempt to travel without a passport.

When he's not rolling around like a murder tourist, he has a place in St. Louis. It's unspeakably gaudy inside—like a rap video set in a whorehouse. Solid gold bathroom fixtures? You betcha. When he's not around, he sometimes lets one or more of a dozen local crimeys with whom he's friendly crash there, but they take nice care of his things. They remember what happened to the guy

who threw up on the leather sofa. It took hours. They're tight-lipped with the cops by nature, tighter when it comes to the guy with the very clean sofa. They do not think there is anything in prison worse than what Yakashima could arrange for them and they are perfectly correct. Moreover, they don't know anything. Toshiru's just this badass with more money than anyone they've ever met.

Maintaining that apartment may trip up Yakashima's plans to become the ultimate crime lord, as one of his associates might be tracked there, even arrested there. If this happens when Yakashima's in town, he might lose his cool and return fire on the cops, particularly if they were to spill something difficult-to-clean onto the carpet. After such a failure of composure, Yakashima would do his best to flee through a Gate, abandoning everything in his wake. But even if the apartment is turned upside down, there's not much to connect Yakashima to the scores of murders, arsons, and acts of intimidation and mayhem he's performed. He doesn't collect mementoes.

The other route to Yakashima is the result of a catastrophic misjudgment on his part. Having heard about software that can recognize faces and even biometric movement patterns, Yakashima rightly started to fear for his anonymity. So he got the Circle into the business, destroyed or bought out the competitors, and started losing money on lowball contracts. As a result, many facial recognition programs specifically *exclude* Toshiru Yakashima's face. If his face is fed in, it comes up with no matches. If two different pictures of his face go in, the system says "no match." Feed the same picture in twice with different labels? The software insists they don't match. Ironically, once this curious "bug" comes to light, a diligent programmer could take a week and reconstruct Yakashima's face from the metrics the program was compelled to ignore.

Response

Toshiru Yakashima employs exactly one response to trouble, and that's to come back with as much violence as possible. He's theoretically aware of other, more subtle methods, but he's having nothing to do with them. Agents who come after him personally may get all shot up, particularly if he thinks he can get the drop on them and make a clean getaway. Or he may just stonewall through any kind of interview, drop off the grid (if he can) and kill an Agent's siblings before disappearing once more. If he doesn't manage to completely elude surveillance . . . well, arresting him may be cold comfort for any losses.

Colt Bradford has powerful political juice and anyone who toys with him is certain to end up hosed. Representatives call directors, Senate hearings are threatened, bosses who don't seem to know exactly what the Agents are doing get reassigned and replaced with hardass control freaks. Bradford makes their lives merry hell for a week or two before relenting and then asking, quite nicely, whether they might not come to some sort of an agreement. He's perfectly willing to throw Yakashima to the wolves of Delta Green if that's what it takes to make it stop.

Just as Bradford is willing to shaft Yakashima, French/Glass has a carefully planned escape based around blaming Bradford for everything. He can yank the plugs on everything "Colt" has cooking simultaneously, while framing him for several of the more heinous crimes he's committed. The final touch is offering the Acolyte position to the first of several Exalted Circle executives to arrange Bradford's death. (Several of the candidates for Acolyte used to work for Bradford's corporate alma mater, Nigerian Exploration, Inc.) During the hubbub, Glass abandons Darren French's body for this year's new model.

Hate

Two polar opposite race warriors worship the same god in different guises and at the top the fat man laughs and laughs and laughs.

Stimulus

Infiltrating the lowest levels of the organizations in this See is easy; they're always recruiting. Getting close to the highest level of command is considerably harder. And advancing from the leadership of front organizations to membership in the Cult of Transcendence is almost unheard-of. If Cult operatives perceive talent in someone working for a See of Hate front, they remove him from it at the earliest possible opportunity. This has the unfortunate side-effect of leaving the front groups simultaneously less controllable and less capable than otherwise—which has brought OND and White Fire perilously close to unknowing intra-Cult civil warfare.

Heche is the weakest link. He's the one most often interfacing with Operation New Day (whom he likes) and White Fire (who amuse him). He contacts New Day directly, doing nothing to disguise his identity. He's still a criminal black marketeer, so his movements are covert and his visits to the U.S. extremely rare, but the name Heche is known to the highest tiers of New Day authority.

With White Fire he needs to be far more circumspect, but Nola Zewami knows that the primal force animating Astom Niturba approves of Heche (for now), so that's good enough for her. John Black is the patsy figurehead, and his increasing age has only made it easier for Zewami to manipulate him. Heche tells Zewami what to do to get the laundered money, and Zewami

makes sure Black does it. This series of removes multiplies the chances for screw-ups, but overall it works well enough. Zewami knows Heche's name and *could* pick him out of a lineup as the primary source of White Fire's external funding, but she wouldn't and no one else in the group can. In fact, some of the more politically aware might recognize him as a major neo-Nazi. If they haven't seen Astom Niturba, hearing that he was funding them might give them pause.

As Heche distributes the money, Brasseur provides it. His well-known public duties as a E.U. cheerleader and spokesman for European community keep him plenty busy, but his access is so great that collecting sums that are meaningful supplements for a pair of American criminal organizations is no real challenge. He gets subtle contributions, often by implying it's going to keep Europe competitive with the U.S. As far as he's concerned, pushing race hatred in the States does just that.

Brasseur is good at currency cleaning and manipulation, and his reputation shields him from most American probes. In actual fact, while he's guilty of some unethical political fundraising, it's no worse than many politicians. The difference is, instead of throwing jobs to his family or contracts to his friends and contributors, he's funneling money to the hate-filled worshippers of Nyarlathotep.

Andrew St. Claire keeps a fairly firm hand on the tillers of his fronts. He talks to Nola Zewami frequently and is an Apostle-level member of Operation New Day. He sets the New Day agenda discreetly: For each time he suggests a course of action, there are ten times when he blackmails another Apostle into pushing it, or manipulates one into thinking it's his own idea. Since several of them hate him with a blinding passion, they're particularly likely to support anything he opposes.

Response

The great irony of the See of Hate is that its puppet organizations have the potential to do as much damage when destroyed as they do while healthy. Destroy White Fire and the street rumors start immediately that the "white media" demonized them and swept up innocent men in their eagerness to imprison black political leaders. Meanwhile, Operation New Day publicizes every atrocity that emerges from the White Fire trials, harasses anyone found "not guilty," and uses them as a proof case that blacks can't be trusted.

If New Day gets smashed, the same thing happens in reverse. Everyone with a passing association to White Fire gets a full briefing about how wealthy and well-connected the Acolytes were, while other neo-Nazi groups get martyrs to inspire them.

If accused of some kind of illegal or unethical dealing, Brasseur laughs it off. His whole life has been a testament to his desire to bring people together. He's the poster boy for tolerance. Does a plucky band of Agents really think they can hang him for supporting hate groups in America? Please. If indisputable proof is presented that the money he raised went to New Day or White Fire, he publicly resigns his position in utter shock, appalled at how he was used and manipulated. Privately, he fumes and makes sure the Agents never have another easy time of it in the E.U.

Heche, on the other hand, has been on the run for years. A few more accusations just mean his pursuers have to take a number and get in line. If chased, he continues to flee. If cornered, he tries to fight his way out and, failing that, tries to die fighting. If cut off from his usual sources of funds and flunkies, he bolts for his "former ODESSA" colleagues, with only one pause. To ensure that they accept him, he goes to the House in Stockholm and tries to leave with *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep*.

Rolling up New Day could land Andrew St. Claire in prison for providing material support to a terrorist organization. If busted he goes down. Or at least, his body does. The tiny but crucial "rest of him" waddles through a Gate of Changes and into a new identity. St. Claire then picks up where he left off, with the main benefit that he now has a new and better-maintained body to neglect and abuse through high living.

Top Tier: The House

The highest and most abstracted level is the least likely to respond to indirect efforts, even as it's the most perilous to attack head-on. On the other hand, the Masters are the most likely to just use enchantment to simply mess with normal people—if a normal person gets their attention. It's fortunate they're usually so distracted.

Stimulus

People don't find out about the House much. A few squatters, the desperate and the mad, have come to the mansion over the years. Most perish in the traps on the grounds. Others bumble inside and never realize they've found something wrong until one of Nyarlathotep's skittering children pounces as they sleep and gnaws to their brainstem through the top of their ocular cavity. If one managed to reach the true house, and saw the vistas upon which it opened? The embrace of a Bride would be a mercy.

The Brides, though . . . that's an avenue to discovery. It worked for Donnerkvist (page 210) after all. He had a lot of luck on his side, though whether it was good or bad is a matter of perspective. The Cult is not always terribly sophisticated about 21st-century technology, and an abduction could be captured on one of the many, many, *many* public cameras that dot every modern city. Perhaps the facial recognition software that Yakashima is so concerned about could identify the girl snatched off a train platform in Berlin as the same girl dragged back into a limousine at a Stockholm gas station.

Alternately, any of the Acolytes can be followed to the House when they draw the short straw and have to tend the Masters. Sure, they get there by Gate, but a sufficiently advanced GPS tracking chip might just manage to convey that it stopped broadcasting in the U.S., started again in Sweden, and then stopped altogether when the Acolyte left the planet Earth. If the Agents have been following a despicable sex criminal like Chas Antoniwicz or a blank-eyed killer like Yakashima, what are they going to think when the Acolyte goes into one of the Gate bases looking annoyed and emerges the next day, pale and shaking, maybe pausing to heave some vomit in the bushes before getting in the car? The Masters still retain the power to disturb and shock, possibly by revealing things that would go right over the head of a sane and ordinary person. After all, Shakespeare's most poignant verse is just babble if you don't speak English. The Masters' most maddening insights are gibberish to those who are not sufficiently initiated to extra-dimensional thought.

(As a meaningful aside, Acolytes and even Bishops are far, far more vulnerable right after a visit to the House, and the longer they remain inside, the more fragile they are when they emerge. Any decent assassin would know how to leverage their distraction, but more importantly, their psychological fragility would make an interrogation more likely to bear fruit than at any other time.)

But yes, Agents could track Brides or follow Acolytes to the House. While Vagnoptus Manor was once totally isolated, encroaching settlement is catching up. The sprawling grounds are still thoroughly fenced off and there's a mile or so of undeveloped land on each side, but in the 21st century it's possible to rent an apartment in a high-rise and just barely catch a glimpse of the front door and roof with a high-powered telescope. They could find legends about the place, especially if they ransack the filing cabinet where Nemmers keeps the historical documents he can't bear to destroy. They could somehow find out about the Folding, be it through Donnerkvist or Van Beveren or the copied map he had in his possession when arrested. They could get inside. They could meet the Masters and see Azathoth. They could maybe even, just maybe, get back and be in some condition to talk about it.

What then?

Storming the place and exterminating the Masters (and the Brides who protect them, and the Children of Nyarlathotep, and anything else they summon) sounds more like a video game level than an actual *plan*. The sovereign nation of Sweden is unlikely to let a huge force of armed men assault a seemingly abandoned private residence. Even if they did, Delta Green would be hard-pressed to assemble the personnel and ordnance the task requires. But supposing it could, soldiers + guns + Mythos sounds more like a recipe for friendly fire than tactical victory. Yet, even granting a team that could keep it together, doing catastrophic damage to all the Masters just accelerates their transformation into Lesser Other Gods.

Nonetheless, once the Masters are out of the House, the current crop of Bishops might be unprepared to take their places. Even if they all took the Final Marriage immediately, the disorder of all four Sees losing their guidance, simultaneous with turf wars between the eight self-interested Acolytes, could leave the Cult decimated or even effectively destroyed. Killing all the Masters just might interrupt the succession: These Bishops would be the last to ever try the Final Marriage and, if they weren't prepared and failed, the Cult would lose the strong and fearsome bonds that were keeping the Y'golonac and Yibb-Tstll cultists from struggling with Shub-Niggurath's followers and the Dagon worshippers.

Or—an even more direct plan, requiring less subtlety and manpower—the PCs might just blow the House to kingdom come. Why not? Acquiring or making explosives is hardly beyond the means of Delta Green agents. Delivering the bomb is even easier, especially if you've got a remote-piloted drone, or a pilot with terminal cancer who doesn't mind dying for the cause. For that matter, a truck loaded with winter heating oil holds enough accelerant to reduce Vagnoptus Manor to smoldering rubble. As a bonus, simple arson tends to attract less international law enforcement attention than remote-piloted aircraft filled with improvised explosives.

Blowback? Sure, there are going to be *huge* repercussions, possibly an international incident if it gets out that a bunch of American soldiers and intelligence agents blew up a house in Stockholm without telling anyone. But the Agents might consider all that after-the-fact crap worth it, and who's to say they're wrong? Destroying the Manor, undoing its unique, un-blueprinted architecture, cuts the Masters and their textbook of blasphemy off from their followers, to the severe detriment of both. In fact, it is beyond the capacities of even the Bishops to regain their connection to the Court of Azathoth. How often does a genius-level psychic architect get inspired and have the wherewithal to craft his twisted dream?

Response

What might a Master do if a mere human could get his (or its) attention? Play with it, probably. Some possibilities might be . . .

- Sending the victim into the future, to get a firsthand view as mighty Cthulhu stumbles ashore like a hungry hurricane.
- Retroactively changing the interloper's gender, from birth, so that *everyone s/he knows*, as well as all records and photographs, disagree with his (or her) personal recollections and sense of body rightness.
- Trapping the Agent in a time-loop until some arbitrary condition is met.
- Moving the target a year forward in time and dropping him out of space in the middle of the Himalayas.

And if the Master was irritated? Impossible to say. It's probably fortunate for everyone that the Masters may well have evolved beyond the capacity for irritation.

What happens if the Agents manage to wreck the House? Sounds like the climax of a campaign to me. Give 'em an epilogue where their intel indicates the fronts are falling apart and falling on one another. Some are getting more directly nasty and some are spreading to the wind like the seeds of a blown dandelion clock, but on balance it's a victory.

On the one-year anniversary of the House's destruction, each of the Agents opens the door coming home and finds the interior of the House waiting. The shadow mansion is untouched, still extant outside of sane space, but now its connections to the human realm are the portals to *their homes*.

Or maybe not. Certainly it would make an excellent nightmare. Call the SAN loss 1/1d6.

Or suppose the House stays intact, but the Agents kill off every single Master, destroy the Gates, and keep the mansion under total quarantine? The Cult stays more coherent after that, as the Bishops try to keep things organized while each attempts his Final Marriage. But it's clearly hard on them all, and on the Acolytes.

A year to the day after the last Master's death, one of the surviving characters gets a knock at the door. It's a tall, slightly overweight woman in UPS brown. She hands the character a package.

Opened, it reveals the *P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep*.

Afterword

As near as I can recollect, I started working on the Cult of Transcendence in 1995. Remember 1995? Good honest liberals were still pissed at George H. W. Bush. 9/11 was what you dialed if your house was on fire. Cell phones were the size of a half-used roll of paper towels and the Internet was this thing you dialed up to leave messages about Captain Picard on a university's glowing green computer screens. Unless I'm mistaken, I started writing this on WordStar, and Microsoft Office was still one of Bill Gates' bad seeds.

So I wrote it and sent in a first draft. By the time Pagan got it, Delta Green had become a hit and their vision of it had evolved in a different direction than the path I'd taken. I'd produced a ripe slab of ***grand guignol*** while they were mining veins of nihilism and millennial paranoia. It wasn't a good fit.

Thus it sat, and waited, and occasionally Scott would hand it off to someone else to give it an editing pass, or it would spawn an adventure, or get some history grafted onto it by someone who knew more about the past than me. John Tynes and Dennis Detwiller moved into video games, Delta Green went D20 and its new printing sold out again. I wrote for AEG and then stopped writing for AEG, wrote for White Wolf, stopped writing for White Wolf, then wrote for them again and in 2008 Scott Glancy and Shane Ivey asked if I wanted to polish up my old manuscript.

Talk about your ancient texts! It was a job just to get today's computers to import the files. That done, I was face to face with what I'd made as an inexperienced newlywed. It was, literally, an early draft of *the second book I ever worked on*. For comparison, poke my name into Amazon. (Was Amazon around in 1995?) About 80 titles pop up.

But hate, greed, fear and lust abide. Y2K angst had its day in the sun and then slunk off, replaced by techno-anxiety and Islamofascist terrorism. *Grand guignol* no longer seemed so out of place, and if it did I now had enough experience to make oddly antiquated gothic gore a feature, not a bug. (At least that's my hope.) Our privacy rights have dissolved as noiselessly as a gentle fart, making my original fears of prying and snooping laughably obsolete.

But hey, at least people hate George Bush again. With strange aeons, everything old becomes new again.

Enjoy.

—Greg Stolze

TODD 2010

APPENDIX A: Combat Options

Shane Ivey

Delta Green investigations are often more combat-heavy than traditional *Call of Cthulhu*, and Delta Green agents often have heavier weapons than typical investigators. These optional rules add some tactical depth for players and Keepers who like that sort of thing; they might fit well in Delta Green games set in World War II or some modern battlefield. If they're too much for your game, ignore them.

Burst Fire

Instead of rolling a die to determine the number of shots that hit, compare the attack roll to the attacker's chance to hit. Specifically, look at the "tens" digits.

Subtract the attack roll's "tens" digit from the attack chance's "tens" digit. (If the chance is greater than 100%, treat the hundreds and tens digits as a single number of 10 or greater). That's how many of the shots hit.

This rule makes automatic fire less deadly than in the standard *Call of Cthulhu* rules; even with a sustained burst of 100 or more rounds a character with 99% skill can't hit any single target with more than 20. The Keeper and players should discuss this before adopting it.

> Example: Special Agent Ellis Dreesen has a Submachine Gun skill of 45% and fires a burst of ten shots at a cultist, giving him a 90% chance to hit. He rolls 28, hitting. To see how many of his bullets hit, he subtracts the "tens" digit of his attack roll (2, from 28%) from the "tens" digit of his chance to hit (9, from 90%): Seven of his bullets hit.

For a large target, add one extra bullet impact per 10 SIZ points over 30. This should be used in conjunction with the standard Big Targets rule that adds +5% chance to hit per 10 SIZ points over 30.

Disabling Wounds

If the player wants, and if the Keeper agrees, when an investigator takes a wound for more than half of his or her total hit points the player can attempt a Luck roll. If the Luck roll fails, the character takes full damage as usual. If the Luck roll succeeds, the character takes half damage but suffers a disabling wound.

With a disabling wound, the character suffers several side effects:

- The character must roll CON x 5 or be knocked unconscious.
- Until treated with First Aid, at the beginning of each round the character must make a CON x 5 roll. Each time the CON x 5 roll fails, the character loses one hit point. If the roll equals the character's CON or less, the wound stabilizes and the character doesn't need to keep rolling for hit point loss.
- The character receives a long-term effect from the Disabling Wounds table. The Keeper should choose an appropriate one or roll for a result.
- After the combat is over (and after waking up if knocked unconscious), the character loses 0/1D4 SAN.

We'll leave it to the Keeper to describe disabling wounds in a suitably gory fashion according to the nature of the attack.

1D20	Disabling Wound
1–2	Leg wound (left): –4 STR, –4 Move
3–4	Leg wound (right): –4 STR, –4 Move
5–6	Leg wound (left): –2 STR, –2 DEX, –4 Move
7–8	Leg wound (right): –2 STR, –2 DEX, –4 Move
9–10	Arm wound (left): –6 STR
11–12	Arm wound (right): –6 STR
13	Arm wound (left): –4 STR, –4 DEX
14	Arm wound (right): –4 STR, –4 DEX
15	Abdomen wound: –4 STR, –4 CON
16–18	Chest wound: –6 CON
19	Head wound: –4 APP; –20% to Spot Hidden rolls and ranged attacks
20	Head wound: –4 INT; –20% to Listen rolls

About the Hit Locations

Many gamers will notice that the Disabling Wound table does not match the usual hit location charts in Basic Roleplaying system games. This is deliberate. *Call of Cthulhu* does not normally use hit locations, and these disabling wounds rules assume that you use ***Call of Cthulhu***'s combat rules. They add the details of a hit location only for a particularly dangerous—***yet survivable***—wound. (If you're curious, the hit locations in the table are based on the typical injuries sustained in close combat by wartime victims who survived their wounds—specifically, Americans in the Pacific Theater of World War II, where close combat was common.)

If a character in your game takes a lethal wound, you can probably assume that it was a hit to the head, the torso, or a major artery, rather than rolling on this chart; and if a character takes a minor wound you can call it a graze on whatever hit location you like without worrying about in-game penalties.

By the same token, if you determine that an attack hits a character's bulletproof vest and still does enough damage for a disabling wound, assign the result to the abdomen or chest instead of rolling for the location.

Recovery from a Disabling Wound

If the disabling wound inflicted more than half the victim's total hit points even after being reduced to half normal damage, the penalties are permanent and the SAN loss is 1/1D6 instead of 0/1D4—the limb is blown off, paralyzed, or the character is otherwise mauled. Otherwise, if the victim is treated with a successful Medicine roll in a modern hospital within one hour of suffering the wound, the character eventually recovers.

All three of those factors must be present, however. If the Medicine roll fails, if the surgeon is not in a modern hospital, or if the surgery occurs more than one hour after the wound, the penalties are likewise permanent. There is a reason why so many soldiers and police officers are given medical discharges following injury in combat. The human body simply cannot completely heal major traumas.

If the effects are not permanent, the victim loses half the penalties after being treated with Medicine, and then loses the remaining penalties upon recovering to full hit points using the standard recovery rules.

Taking Cover

When people start shooting, it's always a good idea to find something to block the bullets. In this rules option, the degree of protection from cover depends on how much a character exposes himself or herself to fire back at attackers. Is the character shooting back normally, shooting back cautiously, or not shooting back at all?

If a character is behind cover and is firing back at attackers normally, all attacks against him or her are at half the normal chance to hit.

A character behind cover can also opt to fire back cautiously, making the most of the cover. In this case the character's attacks are all at half the normal chance to hit, but all attacks against him or her are at 1/5 the normal chance to hit.

If a character doesn't attack and just hunkers down on the other side of a barrier, the cover protects him or her no matter how well the attacker rolls.

But is it bulletproof? There's one major limitation to cover, and that's its armor value. If the cover is flimsy enough that there's a chance it might be breached by the attack's damage, look to the attack roll. If the attack would have hit but for the target's use of cover, then roll for damage and subtract the cover's armor value. The target takes any damage that remains.

Getting to cover: If a character comes under attack while out in the open, he or she can attempt a Dodge roll to avoid the first shot and get behind cover. The cover has to be very near—about half the character's usual movement rate is a good rule of thumb.

Cover or concealment? Cover is a barrier that blocks attacks. Concealment is any kind of obscurement that hides you. A sandbag is cover; smoke is concealment. Use the existing *Call of Cthulhu* Sixth Edition rules if a character has concealment.

A more complex optional rule for cover is to use a hit location chart. Unless the attacker is using Called Shots (see below) to hit the area of the target that is exposed, he or she will have to hope that the random hit location is not protected by cover. Essentially, the results are the same: the attacker either uses 1/5 the chance to hit, or randomizes hit location and allows the cover to act as armor.

Suppressing Fire

When bullets start flying it's a natural instinct to find some kind of cover and stay there. Of course, characters in roleplaying games don't often follow what we'd consider natural instincts.

If you want to replicate the tendency of human beings to hide when they're at risk, call for a roll to resist suppression whenever a character takes damage, or would have taken damage but for cover or armor. The roll is POW x 5 roll. Subtract 5% from the chance for each point of damage taken from the attack that triggered the roll.

At the Keeper's discretion, a character who has never been trained for combat or who has never been under fire might roll at half the normal chance.

If the roll fails, the character must use his or her next action to move to the nearest cover as quickly as possible. If there is no

For a Character Behind Cover

Stance	Modifier to Your Attacks	Modifier to Attacks Against You
Attacking normally	No modifier	1/2 chance
Attacking cautiously	1/2 chance	1/5 chance
Hiding	Not attacking	Can't hit except through cover

cover within one round's movement, the character goes prone to try to avoid harm. After spending an action going prone or going to cover, the character can act normally again—until the next time he or she fails to resist suppression.

This is an optional rule. The Keeper may want to apply it only to non-player characters, leaving players to decide for themselves when to run for cover. In keeping the enemy running for cover, it keeps them from attacking, which is extremely useful in combat. In *Call of Cthulhu*, any time the NPCs don't get a chance to make an attack roll is a good thing. Of course, Keepers may want to credit zero-SAN cultists with a suicidal disregard for personal safety and not have them roll to resist suppression at all.

Which Modifier Comes First?

In *Call of Cthulhu* there are many situations that double your skill or cut it by a fraction—half your skill, a fifth of your skill—and there are some that simply subtract or add to your skill. Which do you apply first?

Always apply the fractions or multipliers first, then apply modifiers that add or subtract. If you're at half your chance to hit because of cover, and you have –20% from an eye injury, cut your skill in half and then subtract 20%.

Called Shots

An attacker can attempt a called shot with any weapon (or unarmed strike) to make a particularly effective attack. A called shot has half the normal chance to hit. If it fails, the attack misses. If it succeeds, it has one of the following effects—the attacker must choose before rolling.

- Impale, as if the attack roll was 1/5 the normal chance. (With an impaling weapon only.)
- Strike a sensitive area: The victim must roll CON x 5 or be stunned for 1D6 rounds.
- Choose a particular body part to hit—this is especially useful for hitting a target that is wearing armor or has cover—or some other effect that the Keeper agrees with.

If a target takes a called shot to a particular body part and opts to suffer a disabling wound instead of full hit point loss, the disabling wound applies to whatever body part was targeted; there's no need to roll for its location.

If a called shot is combined with automatic fire, only the first shot is affected.

A called shot intended to stun or disable can be attempted on a non-human animal only with a successful Natural History or Biology roll. A called shot can be attempted on a supernatural monster only with a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll and the Keeper's permission.

Martial Arts

Martial arts are more prominent in Delta Green than in most *Call of Cthulhu* game settings. Investigators are often federal agents, intelligence officers or Special Forces with extensive training in self-defense. These rules give more detail to the Martial Arts skill, making it more versatile and encouraging players to define their characters' training with a little more detail.

In these rules the Martial Arts skill has many types, much like Art, Pilot and Other Language. The player must choose a particular type. Each type represents a distinct style of combat training.

Each type of Martial Arts offers advantages in three of the following skills:

Fist/Punch
Kick
Head Butt
Grapple
Dodge
Weapon (varies with style)
Non-Weapon Skill (varies with style)

When you choose the type of Martial Arts, make a note of the skills that it enhances. Martial Arts has a different effect for each skill.

Fist/Punch, Kick, or Head Butt: This has one of two effects: increased damage or attack skill; the player can choose which effect to use each round.

- **Increased damage:** If the attack roll is also a successful Martial Arts skill roll, double the base damage of the unarmed attack (e.g., a punch does 2D3 rather than 1D3). This does not affect the attacker's damage bonus. If an unarmed parry roll with Fist/Punch or Kick is also a successful Martial Arts skill roll, the parry can foil a melee weapon attack as if it were a personal attack.
- **Attack skill:** The Martial Arts skill can be used in place of the character's skill with this unarmed attack and parry. The character cannot obtain an experience check in the unarmed skill if the Martial Arts skill rating is used instead.

Grapple: When attempting to immobilize the target or escape from a hold, the Martial Arts skill can be used in place of the character's STR vs. STR resistance roll chance. When used to harm the target, if the Grapple roll is also a successful Martial Arts skill roll, the base damage is doubled to 2D6. This does not affect the attacker's damage bonus.

Dodge: If the Dodge roll is also a successful Martial Arts skill roll, the character can take a melee attack action in the same round as the dodge. (The character still cannot launch a ranged attack and dodge in the same round.)

Weapon Skill: The Martial Arts skill can be used in place of the character's attack and parry skill with a designated weapon. The chance of an impale is not affected, and the character cannot obtain an experience check in the weapon skill if the Martial Arts skill rating is used instead. The character must designate a particular weapon when learning the Martial Arts skill.

Non-Weapon Skill: The Martial Arts skill can be used in place of the character's normal rating with the designated skill. The character cannot obtain an experience check in the skill if the Martial Arts skill rating is used instead. The character must designate a particular non-weapon skill when learning the Martial Arts skill.

Sample Styles and Skills

These are only examples; feel free to modify any of them or add others.

Aikido

Dodge
Grapple
Weapon Skill (choose one: Bo, Knife or Sword)

Boxing

Dodge
Fist/Punch
Head Butt

Jiu-Jitsu

Dodge
Fist/Punch
Grapple

Karate

Fist/Punch
Head Butt
Kick

Kendo

Fist/Punch
Kick
Weapon Skill (Sword)

Kung Fu

Fist/Punch
Kick
Choose one: Non-Weapon Skill (Jump) or Weapon Skill (Club)

Kickboxing

Dodge
Fist/Punch
Kick

Sambo

Fist/Punch
Grapple
Kick

Savate

Dodge
Fist/Punch
Kick

TABLET(S) TWICE

APPENDIX B: Stress Disorders

Shane Ivey

The *Call of Cthulhu* rules say that post-traumatic stress disorder or another insanity may set in for a victim of temporary insanity (Sixth Edition, page 83), but they leave the details entirely up to the Keeper. This rules option makes the disorders that are the most common symptoms of emotional trauma a more prominent part of the game, while putting the option for using them in the hands of both the Keeper and players.

Alternatives to Insanity

If the player and Keeper agree, then an Agent who loses five or more SAN in a short period of time develops a form of indefinite insanity from the Stress Disorders table instead of suffering temporary insanity.

If possible, the Keeper should discuss with each player ahead of time which stress disorder the player's Agent is most likely to develop if it comes up. In a pinch, however, the Keeper can simply roll 1D10.

If this option is used, this indefinite insanity replaces the results of the "short" temporary insanity or "longer" temporary insanity tables. It's less immediately debilitating than temporary insanity, but as an indefinite insanity it's much longer lasting. All the usual rules for indefinite insanity apply.

This option is not meant to replace temporary insanity altogether. If the standard temporary insanity rules are a better fit for a situation—if a character already earned a stress disorder, for instance—then use them.

(As a nasty variant, the Keeper might call for one of these disorders on top of typical temporary insanity—for instance, if a character suffering temporary insanity loses another five or more SAN in the same short period. In that case, after the temporary insanity fades the Agent must make another Sanity roll. If it fails, the Agent gains one of these disorders as an indefinite insanity.)

Indefinite Insanity: Stress Disorders

no.	result
1–5	post-traumatic stress disorder
6	generalized anxiety disorder
7–8	panic disorder
9–10	depression

Stress Disorder Game Effects

All these disorders are described in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules (Sixth Edition, page 130), but not all of them are given specific game effects in the rulebook. These rules flesh out their in-game penalties.

Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder

The Agent suffers recurring anxiety and depression. Each game morning, he or she must make a Sanity roll. If it succeeds, there are no immediate penalties. If it fails, the Agent will show a loss interest in ordinary activities and will begin to relive the stressor that caused the disorder; he or she suffers a penalty of –10% to all skills and characteristic rolls.

Any time the Agent enters a particularly stressful situation—physical violence or anything that has a chance of reducing SAN—he or she must make a Sanity roll or suffer vivid, violent flashbacks to the old stressor, confusing the old trauma with the new and compounding both. If the Sanity roll is an ordinary failure, the flashback lasts 1D10+4 combat rounds (or for a few minutes outside combat); if the Sanity roll is 96–100, the flashback lasts one game hour. While in this state all physical skills and characteristic rolls are halved and the Agent cannot make any intellectual skill rolls or characteristic rolls.

An expert can bring a PTSD sufferer back to normal from a flashback with a Psychoanalysis roll, taking 1D10+5 minutes.

Generalized Anxiety Disorder

The Agent suffers chronic anxiety and exaggerated worry and tension. Each game morning he or she must make a Sanity roll. If it succeeds, the Agent's anxiety level for the day is mild and incurs no penalties. If the Sanity roll fails, the anxiety level is much more pronounced. Reduce physical skills by half and reduce intellectual skills by one-fourth.

If the anxiety is mild but the Agent enters a particularly stressful situation—physical violence or anything that has a chance of reducing SAN—he or she must immediately repeat the Sanity roll. If it fails the anxiety becomes more pronounced, with the usual penalties.

Panic Disorder

Any time the Agent enters a particularly stressful situation—physical violence or anything that has a chance of reducing SAN—he or she must make a Sanity roll to avoid the onset of panic. If the Investigator fails the roll, he or she suffers a panic attack that reduces all skills and characteristic rolls by half for one game hour.

An expert can bring a panic attack victim back to normal with a Psychoanalysis roll, taking 1D10+5 minutes.

Depression

Each game morning, the Agent can attempt a Sanity roll to shake the effects of depression for the day. If it fails, he or she suffers a penalty of −10% to −30% to all skills and characteristic rolls; roll 1d3 x 10 to determine the penalty for that day.

Depression impairs powers of concentration. For each day that the Agent is in a depressive state, he or she is effectively incapable of skimming a Mythos tome. As long as the Agent suffers from depression as an indefinite insanity he or she gains no Research Modifier bonuses for INT or EDU (see *Call of Cthulhu* Sixth Edition, page 141).

Any time the Agent goes through a particularly stressful situation—physical violence or anything that has a chance of reducing SAN—he or she must make another Sanity roll immediately after the situation is over. If it fails, the Agent immediately returns to a depressive state for the rest of the day.

Treating Depression

Effective treatment of depression requires long-term treatment under the care of a psychiatrist. The Agent must visit the psychiatrist on at least a weekly basis, undergoing therapy and taking carefully-monitored antidepressant prescriptions. After 1D8 weeks, the psychiatrist can attempt a Psychoanalysis roll and a Pharmacy roll. If both succeed, they find a treatment regimen that works well for the Agent. If either one of the rolls fails, treatment must continue for another 1D8 weeks before the psychiatrist can try both rolls again. As long as the Agent remains on an effective regimen, he or she receives a +30% bonus to Sanity rolls to avoid a depressive state. This bonus does not apply to other Sanity rolls.

A depression patient is wise to avoid stress. Any week in which the Agent must attempt a Sanity roll does not count toward the 1D8 weeks of treatment.

Temporary Relief

Investigators suffering from anxiety disorders—PTSD, generalized anxiety disorder, or panic disorder—can take a few steps to alleviate their worst episodes. They often turn to friends and loved ones who can act as sounding boards and offer gentle reassurance, and sometimes this helps. They may also or alternatively turn to alcohol and other depressants for faster and far riskier relief. These rules options put that relief in game terms.

Note that while these methods can provide some relief for anxiety disorders, they do little to alleviate depression, particularly in game terms, because depression and anxiety present very different physiological conditions. Drugs relieve anxiety, for example, by depressing the central nervous system. That doesn't exactly help a depression patient; the best one can hope for is a euphoric side effect or relief from the anxiety that sometimes accompanies depression.

Depression patients are instead often prescribed antidepressant medication, which can offer significant long-term relief. Unfortunately, antidepressants take weeks to become effective. Poorly-informed depression patients sometimes take them expecting immediate relief, only to sink deeper into depression when the "cure" seems to have no effect. We'll leave those possibilities in the hands of the player and Keeper.

For all those reasons, the following remedies address only anxiety disorders.

A Friendly Voice

By far the healthiest way to relieve anxiety is talking to a loved one, trusted friend or a psychological or spiritual counselor who knows your condition and has plenty of patience and good will to spare. An Agent who seeks out a friendly voice must make a Luck roll. This becomes much more difficult with repetition. Each additional attempt within one game week is at half the Luck roll. If you use the Relationship rules from page 302, a Relationship rating can replace the Luck roll, and you can try once per day without reducing the odds, as long as it has not become strained due to a failed Sanity roll.

If the Luck or Relationship roll succeeds, the Agent finds the right friend to help him or her through the trouble.

A friendly voice allows the Agent to repeat a failed Sanity roll to stave off the daily penalty for post-traumatic stress disorder or generalized anxiety disorder. A friendly voice heard after the onset of a severe PTSD flashback or a panic attack allows the Agent a Sanity roll to end the episode early. It takes 1D10+5 minutes.

A friendly voice is much less likely to succeed if the Agent lies about the source of the stress. If the Agent lies about the source of the stress, he or she must make a Persuade or Fast Talk roll to convince the friend or mentor to attempt to help.

Alcohol, Cannabis and Opiates

Alcohol, cannabis and opiates are all powerful central nervous system depressants. By depressing the nervous system they can relieve the symptoms of anxiety and physical pain, but they sharply impair mental and physical capacities.

As a readily-available central nervous system depressant, alcohol is an ever-popular choice to reduce anxiety and stress. It is also physically addictive.

Cannabis—most often smoked as marijuana—is a mild hallucinogen with euphoric properties and relatively mild side

Fellow Investigators

If you are using the background options for relationships, an Agent can call on another player character with whom he or she has a relationship rating to serve as a friendly voice in a crisis. See "Relationships with Agents," page 304.

If you're not using those background options, a fellow player character can help out if the anxiety sufferer's Luck roll succeeds, as above; if the Luck roll fails, the other Agent is too distracted or under too much stress to muster the patience and empathy necessary to talk the character down. (If the one being approached has the Psychoanalysis skill, he or she can attempt that instead of the suffering character's Luck roll.)

If the Luck roll succeeds, each Agent must then attempt a Sanity roll. If both succeed, the "friendly voice" rules apply and the anxiety sufferer gains a +10% bonus to resulting rolls. If either Agent's Sanity roll fails, however, the Agent cannot serve as a friendly voice. If both fail, the Agent cannot serve as a friendly voice and each Agent loses a point of Sanity.

Depressant Effects

Dosage	Sanity Roll Modifier	Skill Modifier
Moderate	+10%	–10%
Heavy	+20%	–20%
Very heavy	+30%	–30%

The Sanity roll modifier applies only when attempting to resist PTSD flashbacks, anxiety attacks or panic attacks. The skill modifier applies to all skills.

effects. Its illegality in most countries is a concern for most government agents.

Opiates primarily include morphine and its offshoots such as codeine, oxycodone, hydrocodone and heroin. They are primarily used as painkillers and, thanks to their euphoric effect, as recreational drugs. They are powerfully addictive, especially in their strongest forms, morphine and heroin.

Hydrocodone and oxycodone are readily available as prescription painkillers. Many physicians prescribe them as a matter of course, and an Agent can obtain a valid prescription from a doctor with a Persuade or a Fast Talk roll. Of course, a player character who is a physician or pharmacist can write scripts for them, too. It's up to the Keeper to decide if that draws trouble from the doctor's employer or the DEA.

Morphine is more powerful but is more difficult to obtain. An Agent won't get it with a single visit to an accommodating doctor, unless the doctor is willing to knowingly commit a felony. But it is available in any hospital if an Agent cares to break into the drug lockers or bribe a nurse. In combat zones, morphine is readily available in military medical kits.

Heroin enters the brain more rapidly and has the most immediate and powerful effects. It is patently illegal and is not available from any legitimate source, but an Agent could get some by trolling for drug dealers on the streets or in certain shady social circles.

For an Agent suffering post-traumatic stress disorder or panic disorder, using one of these depressants—alcohol, cannabis or an opiate—provides a bonus to the Sanity roll required to avoid a flashback or a panic attack, but incurs an equivalent penalty to all skill rolls for 2D6 hours. The modifier is 10% for a moderate bout of drinking, or 20% for heavy drinking, or for using cannabis or a mild opiate.

Heavier use calls for a Know, Pharmacy, Medicine, or First Aid roll. If the roll succeeds, the Agent stops before unconsciousness sets in; the Agent gains +30% to the affected Sanity rolls and –30% to all skill rolls.

If the roll fails, the Agent falls unconscious and must make a CON x 5 roll. If that succeeds, the Agent remains unconscious for 2D6 hours. If the CON roll fails, the Agent slips into a coma. The Agent can attempt another CON x 5 roll once per 24 hours. If it succeeds, the Agent wakes up. If it fails, the Agent remains unconscious for another day. If the CON roll is 96–100, the Agent enters cardiac arrest and dies unless treated immediately with a successful Medicine roll.

What constitutes "mild," "moderate" or "heavy" use of a depressant is largely up to the GM and player. These drugs all build tolerance, so a heavy dose for a new user might be only mild for a frequent user. Note that depressants have a cumulative effect; add a mild amount of liquor to a mild amount of marijuana and you might have a major depressant effect.

For an Agent suffering generalized anxiety disorder, an intoxicant can reduce the symptoms of pronounced anxiety but incurs penalties to all actions thanks to intoxication.

Alcohol and opiates are physically addictive. An Agent who routinely uses either one to reduce the impact of an anxiety disorder must make a Sanity roll once a game month. The first time the Sanity roll fails, the Agent gains addiction to the substance as an indefinite insanity. (An Agent who routinely uses both could well wind up addicted to both.)

Benzodiazepines

Benzodiazepines such as Valium and Xanax offer substantial, immediate relief of anxiety by depressing the central nervous system. Their side effects are usually less pronounced than other depressants such as alcohol, cannabis and opiates. They are prescription drugs, and an Agent can obtain a prescription from a doctor with a Persuade or Fast Talk roll, or from a player character who's a physician or pharmacist.

One hour after using a benzodiazepine an Agent can make a Sanity roll, this time with a +20% bonus, to alleviate the effects of a failed Sanity roll for an anxiety disorder. In addition, for the rest of that day the Agent gains a +20% bonus to resist a panic attack or a violent PTSD flashback. However, the Agent must also make a CON x 5 roll or suffer lethargy for the day, gaining a −10% penalty to all skill rolls and characteristic rolls.

Because benzodiazepines don't have intoxicating effects to the same degree as other depressants, patients using them occasionally exceed the dosage or combine them with opiates or alcohol, seeking more immediate and powerful relief. This is extremely dangerous. All three drugs suppress the central nervous system, and taken to excess or taken together they can quickly cause coma or death.

An Agent who uses a benzodiazepine during a stressful operation—such as an investigation of the supernatural—must make another Sanity roll. If it succeeds, the Agent takes the correct dosage. If this Sanity roll fails, the Agent must make a Know, Pharmacy, Medicine, or First Aid roll. If the roll succeeds, the Agent thinks better of overdosing and there's no further effect.

If the roll fails, the Agent takes another depressant, such as alcohol or an opiate, or takes more of the benzodiazepine than is healthy. After an hour the Agent passes out and remains unconscious for 2D6 hours.

If the Know roll result is 96–00, the Agent takes more of the benzodiazepine than is healthy and *also* takes another depressant such as alcohol or a harder drug. After 1D16 x 10 minutes the Agent slips into a coma. The Agent can attempt a CON x 5 roll once per 24 hours. If the CON roll succeeds, the Agent wakes up. If it fails, the Agent remains unconscious for another day. If the CON roll is 96–100, the Agent enters cardiac arrest and dies unless treated immediately with a successful Medicine roll.

Benzodiazepines are physically addictive, and long-term use can cause depression. An Agent who routinely uses them to reduce the impact of an anxiety disorder must make a Sanity roll once a month. The first time the Sanity roll fails, the Agent gains addiction to benzodiazepines as an indefinite insanity. The second time the Sanity roll fails, the Agent gains depression as an indefinite insanity.

Smoking and Other Compulsions

Anxiety sufferers often take on habits that have no physiological effect on the disorder but still provide minor relief. In obsessive-compulsive disorder these habits are called rituals; in other forms of anxiety they are not quite that pronounced but quickly become addictive behaviors. (And in some cases, such as smoking, they are physical addictions.)

In game terms, an Agent takes on the compulsion as an indefinite insanity. The Agent must indulge the compulsion once every 24 hours for 1D10 rounds to the exclusion of all other actions. If the Agent goes 24 hours without indulging the compulsion, he or she suffers a −20% penalty to all Sanity rolls, characteristic rolls, and skill rolls.

Each day that the Agent indulges the compulsion, he or she gains a +10% bonus to the daily Sanity roll to resist the penalties for post-traumatic stress disorder and generalized anxiety disorder.

An Agent with post-traumatic stress disorder or panic disorder can indulge the compulsion to gain a second chance to resist a PTSD flashback or panic attack.

There's no benefit for a depression sufferer.

TODD 2010

APPENDIX C: Background Options

Shane Ivey

These background options help establish the personal history of an Agent. They define the things that are most important in the Agent's personal life and measure how much he or she has sacrificed already on behalf of Delta Green.

The background options include *Relationships*—the most intimate ties to other characters—and *flashbacks* to past Delta Green operations.

Each player character begins with five background options. Choose each from this list:

Establish new Relationship: Establish one Relationship at 40%.

Strengthen a Relationship: Add 20% to an existing Relationship.

Gain one Flashback: See "Flashbacks," page 305.

Relationships

In the game, Relationships are very close personal ties with other characters, sometimes NPCs and sometimes player characters. Agents can call on Relationships to see them through emotional crises and even to regain Sanity. Relationships are generally with adults, not children; a Relationship represents a character who has the experience, emotional strength, and dedication to support the Agent in a crisis.

Each Relationship has a percentile rating, like a skill or Sanity. When the Agent calls on the Relationship, the player must make a Relationship roll on percentile dice.

Calling on Relationships

An Agent can call on a Relationship to help him or her through a crisis; to regain perspective and stability; and to provide some other kind of help despite personal risk.

An Agent can call on a Relationship to serve as a "friendly voice" to talk him or her down from an anxiety episode—to stave off a PTSD flashback or a panic attack. See "A Friendly Voice" on page 297 for details. The Relationship roll replaces the Luck roll required to find a friendly voice; repeated attempts don't halve the roll like they do a Luck roll.

An Agent can also call on a Relationship to gain much-needed perspective and stability. This can be attempted only during play—not between games—and it can be attempted only once per scenario (or once per game month, whichever comes first), no matter how many Relationships the Agent has. If the Relationship roll succeeds, the Agent gains 1D3 SAN. However, this cannot increase Sanity beyond POW x 5; if the Agent's Sanity is already that high, the Relationship roll automatically fails.

Finally, an Agent may need to call on a Relationship for other emergencies during the game. If the Agent asks the subject of the Relationship to do something unreasonable—something that will risk legal trouble or physical, economic, or psychological harm to the subject—it requires a Relationship roll. If the roll succeeds, the subject of the Relationship agrees to help the Agent despite the risk.

What Does a Relationship Mean?

So a character has a Relationship of 20% with her boss at work, 45% with her ex-husband, and 70% with the local physician who moonlights as a curator of occult texts. What exactly do all those numbers represent?

Use this chart for a very rough sense of how to play Relationships.

rating	*description*
01–25%	Close acquaintance; someone who *might* take risks for you—but probably not.
26%–50%	Longtime colleague or family once removed; someone who might be there when you're in need, as long as you don't push too hard.
51%–75%	Close friends or immediate family; someone who will probably be there as soon as you call for help.
76%–99%	Extraordinarily close bond; twins, spouses, parent, child, or lifelong best friends.

If agreeing to help won't just risk harm but will certainly cause some kind of harm, reduce the Relationship rating by half before rolling. If agreeing to help might actually benefit the NPC in some way, add a bonus to the chance of success—anything from +10% (for a minor benefit) to double the chance (for a tremendous gain), depending on how beneficial it will be.

Relationship Trouble

Like Sanity, a Relationship can deteriorate or grow stronger. A Relationship deteriorates when an Agent calls on it too often and when it fails to come through for the Agent.

When an Agent calls on a Relationship and the Relationship roll fails, there's a chance that it becomes strained and bitter. The Agent must immediately make a Sanity roll. If it fails, the Relationship loses 1D10 points. Failing the Sanity roll does not cost the Agent SAN points.

When an Agent calls on a Relationship and it succeeds, give the Relationship a check, like a skill check. However, a Relationship does not improve with use like a skill. If the Agent calls on the Relationship again while it still has the check, the Relationship loses 1D10 points whether the Relationship roll succeeds or fails. The Agent can remove the check only by working to improve the Relationship (see below).

Finally, strong Relationships depend on honesty. Any time an Agent calls on a Relationship and doesn't want to divulge the reason that the Agent needs the help, the Agent must make a Persuade roll to avoid talking about it or a Fast Talk roll to lie about it. If the Agent chooses Persuade and the roll fails, the Relationship loses 1D10 points whether the Relationship roll succeeds or fails. If the Agent opts for Fast Talk and the roll fails, the Relationship roll automatically fails and the Relationship loses 1D10 points.

Improving a Relationship

A Relationship can grow stronger if an Agent puts himself or herself at risk to support it. The Agent must do something significant on behalf of the subject of the Relationship. It takes time, work, and empathy. Like gaining an experience check, improving a Relationship can happen only during play, not between games.

Usually the player will say that the Agent wants to do something to build the Relationship. The Keeper should then come up with the details and what it will take to succeed. How this all plays out is entirely up to the Keeper. It doesn't have to literally be the Agent calling up the friend and saying, "How can I help you?"

Once the player says he or she wants to improve the Relationship, the Keeper should make a note of it and work an opportunity into the game later—maybe when it's convenient, or maybe when it's not convenient for the Agent at all. The opportunity should not come up more than once per game session for any given Agent.

Of course, the Keeper might have the subject of a Relationship approach the Agent for help on his or her own. That's an excellent option if a player has not done anything to support a particular Relationship in a long time.

Backgrounds and Established Characters

The Keeper should feel free to let player characters who have already seen play take background options along with new player characters. Established characters probably already have in-game relationships with each other or with NPCs; in that case, the Keeper probably should require that most of the character's five background options be Relationships, not flashbacks. After all, an established character probably already has a few encounters with the Mythos to remember! The Keeper may even want to give a particularly long-lived character more background options to represent in-game relationships that just feel like they ought to have high ratings.

Up Close and Personal

A Relationship roll assumes that the Agent can speak to the subject of the Relationship only by phone or video chat, or in passing; it assumes that it's a challenge to establish a close one-on-one connection. If they speak in person, in private, double the Relationship rating before rolling.

Relationship Risks

Harm to the Relationship subject	Agent SAN loss
Legal trouble	0/1
Catastrophic legal trouble	0/1D4
Lifelong legal trouble	0/1D6
Temporary insanity	0/1
Indefinite insanity	0/1D4
Permanent insanity	0/1D6
Minor injury	0/1
Major injury (half HP or more)	0/1D4
Violent death	0/1D6

Building a Relationship takes risk and sacrifice on the part of the Agent, and it requires either a successful skill roll or a roll with another Relationship. This could be a request for some kind of emergency help (such as with a skill the Agent doesn't have, so the Agent must request help from someone else), or an attempt to convince a fellow player character to look the other way while the Agent handles personal business during the mission. It could be an Accounting roll to go over the Relationship subject's tax records, a Medicine roll to diagnose a disease off the record, or a Persuade or Law roll to get a lawyer off the subject's back. It could be an appeal for advice requiring a Psychology roll to come up with some useful insight. The details depend on the nature and history of the Relationship.

If the effort succeeds, the Agent can attempt a Sanity roll—stable Agents maintain stronger Relationships. If that succeeds, the Agent gains one point of Sanity (but this cannot go higher than the Agent's POW x 5), the Relationship gains 1D10 points, and the player can remove a check from the Relationship, if it has one. If the Sanity roll fails, the Relationship stays the same.

If this all happens during an investigation—at a critical time, when the Agent could instead be pursuing a lead, interviewing a witness, keeping watch on surveillance, or conducting research—and the friend or loved one recognizes the lengths the Agent is taking, and the effort succeeds, the Agent gets a +20% bonus to the Sanity roll.

The Risks of Relationships

As valuable as Relationships can be, the fact that they mean so much to an Agent makes them dangerous. If the subject of a Relationship suffers physical or emotional harm due to the Agent's actions or by trying to help the Agent, the Agent must make an immediate Relationship roll. If it succeeds, the trouble hits the Agent hard. The Agent must make a Sanity roll according to the Relationship Risks table.

These SAN losses are not cumulative with the standard SAN losses in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules. If the subject of a Relationship is murdered, there's no need to roll for the standard "witness a friend's violent death" loss in addition to the Relationship Risks penalty.

Relationships With Agents

One Agent can call on another to serve as a friendly voice in an emotional crisis or to try to regain Sanity. In fact, the best candidate for a friendly voice may be a fellow player character, someone who has experienced similar horrors and knows exactly what the victim of the anxiety disorder has suffered. But all those factors may also make a fellow Agent the worst possible candidate, because they can serve as immediate reminders of the trauma.

Use the standard Relationship rules to see if the characters are close enough for one to serve as a friendly voice for the other. During their talk, however, each Agent must attempt a Sanity roll.

Flashback Event

SAN loss	Example Events
1–2	encounter a member of a lesser race; see someone you know to be dead; commit cold-blooded murder that you think is justifiable; skim a powerful Mythos tome; see a genuine piece of sorcery
3–4	suffer severe torture; commit cold-blooded murder of an innocent; survive a sorcerous attack
5	spend a whole night buried alive in a coffin, apparently left for dead; encounter a shoggoth or a member of a greater race
6	have your mind forcibly switched to another body; be killed and then brought back to life; narrowly avoid an encounter with a Great Old One

If both succeed, the "friendly voice" rules apply and the anxiety sufferer also gains a +10% bonus to resulting Sanity rolls. If either Agent's Sanity roll fails, however, the Agent cannot serve as a friendly voice. If both fail, the Agent cannot serve as a friendly voice and each Agent loses a point of Sanity.

No Relationship roll is needed when one Agent calls on another for help in an emergency—resolving that is entirely up to the players.

An Agent can improve a Relationship with another player character by serving as a friendly voice or helping in an emergency; see "Improving a Relationship," above. Since emergencies come up fairly often in Delta Green, Relationships between Agents can grow rapidly.

The risks of Relationships apply, too. Considering the dangers in many investigations, those risks are particularly sharp when your Relationship is with another Agent.

When a new player-character Agent is introduced in play, every other Agent gains a Relationship with him or her at 20%, and that Agent gains a Relationship at 20% with each of the others.

Flashbacks

Most Delta Green games, even those starting from scratch with all-new characters, assume that the Agents have some prior experience with the supernatural. First they went through some horrible event that brought them to the attention of Delta Green. Then Delta Green's leaders steered them towards a follow-up encounter with something awful. After they proved a time or three that they could cope with horror without running straight to their superiors, spouses, counselors or YouTube, they were brought in as full agents.

What exactly happened in those prior cases? Usually a player just hand-waves something with some minor monster from the rulebook, and it rarely afterward plays a later part in the campaign.

With this rules option you can do one better than that.

When the players are stuck for a piece of information, for a clue that they should have gotten but they haven't looked in the right place, or a crucial piece of intelligence about a supernatural threat, they sometimes have one last recourse: Their memories.

With a flashback an Agent gains some important clue by thinking back to a past horror—and replaying that horror in the game. Flashbacks are available to any Delta Green Agent or Friendly, whether the character has been in play before or not.

The clue revealed by a flashback could hint at an important fact in the current investigation, or it could simply be a way to give out-of-character player knowledge of the Cthulhu Mythos to the character.

Do not try to define the exact nature of this past horror ahead of time. That would defeat the whole purpose. Wait until the Agent undergoes the flashback. Then you can find out something important and terrible about that character's past and relate it to terrors in the present.

When you allot one or more background options as flashbacks, just note the number available. You'll find out what they are when they happen.

If an Agent takes a flashback as a background option, give that character 5% in the Cthulhu Mythos skill. Each additional flashback adds 1% to the skill. This skill is available at any time, whether or not you have actually played out the flashback.

Triggering the Flashback

A flashback can be triggered by the Keeper or requested by a player. The Keeper always has the final say on whether a flashback is appropriate at that stage of the investigation. That means a desperate player might beg for a flashback but be turned down, and a flashback may hit a character without the player ever requesting one.

In a flashback, an Agent learns a single, important piece of information and loses Sanity. The Keeper and player work out the details of the scene based on the nature of the clue and the amount of SAN lost. As always the Keeper has the final say, but when generating an encounter like this on the spur of the moment the player might have an idea too good to waste.

After playing out the flashback scene, the Agent loses 1d6 SAN from the stress of reliving the horror. Do not check for temporary or indefinite insanity as a result of the SAN loss. With a flashback, assume that any insanity happened at the time, not as a result of this memory.

The group as a whole should experience no more than one flashback per game session. It's important that flashbacks remain an interesting tool, not a crutch. They should enhance investigation without replacing it.

The Clue

In the flashback the Agent learns one specific fact about the Mythos, like the kind gained from using a Mythos book as reference (*Call of Cthulhu* Sixth Edition, page 93). This is a single, important piece of information provided by the Keeper, and the Keeper has tremendous flexibility in deciding what it should be.

The only real limitation on the clue is that it can't change the character; it can't affect the Agent's characteristics, skills, spells, or current hit points or magic points.

It can't be sudden knowledge of how to cast a spell, in other words, but it could be knowledge of how find instructions for the spell. It can't add to a combat skill, but it might tell you what kind of attack would be most effective.

Perhaps most importantly, it could provide an insight into the current investigation.

What Happened

Now for the interesting part: What exactly happened all those years or months ago? That's up to the Keeper and the player.

The clue itself is the most important thing that determines what happened in the flashback. It gives you the most important ingredient of the scene, the piece of information toward which the flashback plays out. If the Agent remembers something about Deep One mating habits, the flashback obviously involves unhealthy exposure to the intimate lives of Deep Ones.

Remember, this is just one brief scene that's inserted into the main action of the game. Don't try to flesh it out or give it too much detail.

Just how horrific was the event? That depends on the amount of SAN lost. The Sanity loss need not match up exactly to the ordinary SAN cost of encountering a supernatural horror, but the higher the Sanity cost, the more dire the memory. For some suggestions, see the Flashback Event table.

Scene or Summary

So, how do you play out a flashback? There are two ways to approach it. First, the Keeper and player can play the scene out in the traditional way: The Keeper sets the scene, the player says what the Agent is doing, and the Keeper describes what happens as a result. Second, the Keeper and player can simply sum up what happened. It's the difference between seeing events play out on stage in front of you or seeing a character talk about the events after the fact.

Playing the flashback scene out takes time, both before the game—the Keeper needs to be prepared to play out a short encounter—and during it. There's also a risk of leaving the other players bored as they wait to involve their characters in the action again. It's possible to let the other players temporarily take roles of NPCs in the flashback scene, but giving the NPCs playable detail may take more prep work by the Keeper. Or players could play their current (or past) characters in the flashback, if the Agent in question knew them back then.

For the Keeper, there's the primary challenge of not killing the Agent. But that is not hard to get around; the Keeper can either fudge rolls (although that becomes a little harder if other players are playing NPCs) or else let the character have it, but end with ". . . and you came to in the hospital with no idea how you survived." When playing out the scene the Keeper should not call for ordinary Sanity rolls. Instead simply pick and choose the most appropriate moments to assign that flashback's SAN loss.

Summing up the flashback is less immersive and fascinating, but it's certainly quicker. The Keeper and player start with the ingredients of the flashback: the characters or monster encountered, the information the Agent learned, and the limitations on how the flashback can and cannot change the Agent. Either the Keeper narrates what happened, or the player narrates what happened but the Keeper has veto power in case the narration would change things too dramatically. "Actually, you *thought* you had incinerated the high priest, but in fact. . . ."

Either way, the Keeper shouldn't feel too terribly constrained in the present by events that are narrated in flashbacks. After all, memories of traumatic events are terribly unreliable. The Keeper might want to revisit an old flashback sometime later with what *really* happened that awful night.

Gaining More Flashbacks

What if a player uses up all the flashbacks allotted in character creation but still wants another one? Fair enough. With the GM's permission, a player character can gain a new flashback—but with the strain of its emergence at the forefront of the memory the character becomes more distant and reserved, and his or her Relationships suffer. Deduct 40 points from the character's Relationships. The player can divide the loss among Relationships however he or she likes—a few from each Relationship, or all from one Relationship that suddenly falls apart thanks to the remembered trauma.

If a character doesn't have enough Relationship points, remove what's left of the 40-point loss from his or her current Sanity after the flashback.

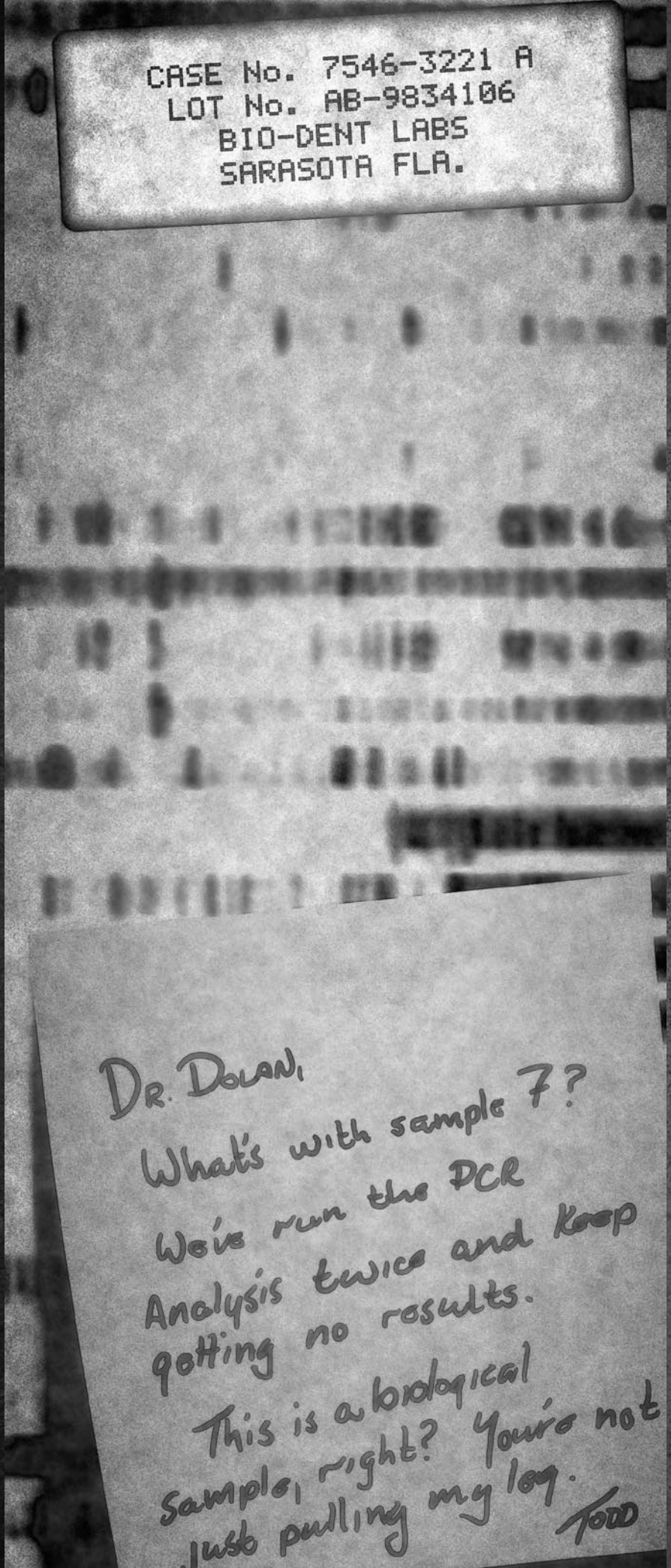
Flashbacks and Skills

As another optional rule, Agents can "reveal" previously unknown skills by describing their use in flashbacks. If you use this option, then for each flashback allotted as a background option the Agent may choose to set aside up to 20 skill points at character creation and not assign them to any skills. They can be from occupational skills or personal interest skills.

When the Agent has a flashback, the player can choose one skill that's featured prominently in the remembered event and add 20 skill points to it. You cannot do this with a skill that's already at 70% or higher.

What if it's a skill that the character has attempted to use before but failed because he or she had no skill points assigned to it? There's no need to retroactively change anything; just say that the character was off his game those other times, or wasn't concentrating well because of the trauma associated with using that skill, and didn't feel like talking about it those times.

If that's still unsatisfactory, the Keeper can always veto a flashback skill gain.


CASE No. 7546-3221 A
LOT No. AB-9834106
BIO-DENT LABS
SARASOTA FLA.
Dr. Dolan,
What's with sample 7?
We've run the PCR
Analysis twice and keep
getting no results.
This is a biological
sample, right? You're not
just pulling my leg.
Todd

APPENDIX D: Forensic DNA Analysis

Graeme Price

Deoxyribonucleic acid is the master instruction code for life. It is found in all cells of the human body except red blood cells. It also provides a powerful tool for identification and discrimination of individuals. With the exception of identical twins, particular patterns in DNA are essentially unique to individuals (identical twins have different fingerprints, however).

The history of forensic DNA analysis essentially began in 1984 when Alec Jeffreys and colleagues at the University of Leicester discovered that cutting human DNA with bacterial enzymes gave different-sized fragments for each individual. This happens because of sequence variations in DNA called polymorphisms.

The polymorphisms examined by forensic DNA analysis are essentially repeated sequences of various sizes in the non-coding (called "junk") DNA. The number of repeated sequences varies at each polymorphism site (called a locus). Jeffreys developed a method of discriminating between individuals by detecting these polymorphisms. His method is known as Restriction Fragment Length Polymorphism (RFLP) analysis.

RFLP requires DNA to be cut by bacterial enzymes, run out on a gel and then transferred to a filter. The size of each polymorphism is detected by using radioactively-labeled short DNA sequences (called probes) that bind to the target locus.

Initially, probes were used that bound to many loci (Multi-Locus Probes), giving a "barcode"-like pattern of 20-30 bands. This was state of the art from about 1986 to 1989. But from 1989 to the mid-1990s, MLP analysis was supplemented by Single-Locus Probe (SLP) technology, which gives many fewer bands but (for complicated technical reasons) has greater discriminatory power than MLP. However, both RFLP-based techniques require a relatively large amount of intact DNA, such as a blood sample. RFLP is still used in some cases, but has generally been replaced by more modern, cheaper, faster and more accurate methods that require much less DNA.

More modern methods rely on a preparatory technique called the Polymerase Chain Reaction (PCR), which is able to increase the number of copies of DNA present in a sample by a factor of several million. This means that only tiny amounts of DNA are now needed for forensic analysis. The most commonly used PCR-based technique relies on amplification of Short Tandem Repeat (STR) loci. Each STR locus is a repeat of a number of short DNA sequences. There are a limited number of possible repeats at each locus (a locus with a given number of repeats is called an "allele"). By looking at many loci simultaneously, the allele at each locus can be identified. This is done by analyzing the STR-PCR product with an automated machine that fluorescently labels the PCR products and runs them through a sophisticated detection apparatus (a capillary electrophoresis column). The read-out looks like a series of spikes on a histogram, with each spike corresponding to a given allele. This can easily be indexed and uploaded to computerized databases. The advantages of STR analysis are that it requires miniscule amounts of DNA, meaning that it can be used to examine old or partially degraded specimens, and it can be partially automated meaning that samples can be processed and analyzed in a day or two, rather than the weeks that RFLP analysis can take. STR analysis was introduced in 1994 and is now the method of choice in US and UK forensic laboratories.

Another, less widely used DNA analysis technique relies on examining mitochondrial DNA (mitochondria are sub-cellular organelles inherited through the maternal line and are very tough, so mtDNA can survive even when normal genomic DNA has degraded).

Future advances in forensic DNA testing will probably utilize even finer variations between individual genomes, especially single base changes known as Single Nucleotide Polymorphisms (SNPs), but it is likely to be some years before this is adopted.

Making a DNA Match

The term "DNA fingerprinting", originally coined by Jeffreys, is something of a misnomer. Actual fingerprints are unique and have never been shown to be identical between two individuals (even identical twins). On the other hand, relatively large stretches of DNA can be identical between two individuals (especially if they are related).

Fortunately, DNA is contained within chromosomes and humans have 23 pairs of chromosomes inherited from each parent, for a total of 46. As chromosomal inheritance is essentially random, there are over eight trillion potential combinations of chromosomes that can be derived from a single mother and father pair. As each chromosome contains STR loci, each individual inherits these STR loci from each parent.

Now, at each STR locus there will be a number of possible alleles and many individuals would have the same allele at a given locus. But if multiple loci are examined, the probability of any two individuals having the same allele at each locus decreases dramatically. In fact, if enough loci are examined the chances of two persons having the same STR pattern at all loci is astronomically small (typically values greater than one in several trillion if 13 loci are used: in other words, statistically speaking, it is likely that no two individuals with the exact same 13 locus STR pattern have ever lived).

The problem with this is that it is a probabilistic calculation. It is theoretically possible that two persons *could* have the same STR pattern, just extraordinarily unlikely. Currently, DNA evidence presented in court must include random match probability information (an estimation of the likelihood that the scene of crime DNA and that of the accused are a coincidental "random" match). This contrasts with fingerprint analysis, where a match is absolute (not probabilistic). Thus, the phrase "DNA fingerprint" should be more accurately termed "DNA profile".

Crucially, there are some racial considerations involved in the interpretation of a DNA profile. Different racial groups have a different distribution of alleles at each locus, meaning that a given allele may be fairly frequent in one racial group but not another. An allele occurring in perhaps 10% of Caucasians might be extremely rare in Han Chinese populations. It is not possible to conclusively state that a given DNA profile originates from an individual of one race or another, but this does figure into the random match probability calculations.

Unfortunately, these calculations are only as good as the amount of data used to determine the allelic frequency in the population. The smaller the population used to derive the frequency of a given allele, the less reliable the random match calculation will be—a caveat that has been exploited by defense attorneys. In contrast, as one STR locus is present on the Y-chromosome (that is present only in males), it is possible to assign the subject's gender and approximate age to a DNA profile. These facts can often be used to narrow down the suspect list.

DNA Databases

Early forensic DNA applications relied on analyzing a specimen obtained from a crime scene and the suspect DNA at the same time to make a direct comparison (and hopefully a match). In the more recent era this has been superseded by the use of computerized databases that contain DNA profiles from a large number of individuals. These databases include the British National DNA Database (NDNAD),

which was established in 1995, and the US Combined DNA Index System (CODIS), which began as a FBI pilot project in 1990 before becoming fully operational in 1998.

CODIS profiles are derived from a 13-locus STR DNA typing system. A DNA profile from a crime scene can be compared to all other profiles on the database. This can allow a presumptive match between a crime scene and a known offender to be made. Subsequent samples could then be obtained from the offender and tested side by side with the crime scene sample for definitive matching. Alternatively, profiles from two crime scenes could be matched, linking the crimes to a single perpetrator.

The British NDNAD also contains so-called elimination profiles from volunteers who provide specimens to eliminate themselves from an investigation. However, these elimination samples may link the volunteers to other crimes. In the UK, DNA profiles are routinely taken from those charged with crimes (even if subsequently acquitted of them). By the end of 2007 the NDNAD contained over 4.5 million profiles, and may eventually contain profiles of around 25% of the adult male population. This raises significant human rights questions.

Obtaining DNA Samples

Generally, DNA can be obtained from almost any bodily fluid (blood, semen, tears, saliva, vaginal fluid) or tissue. Hairs are a special case: Normal "genomic" DNA is present only in cells in the hair follicle at the base of the hair shaft (the follicle is often still attached when the hair has been forcibly yanked out, but not if the hair has been cut), although mitochondrial DNA is present throughout the length of the hair shaft. Usable DNA can be extracted from teeth and bone marrow for years after death (even millennia under some circumstances), making it a valuable tool for identifying bodies.

In normal criminal investigations, DNA is sampled by swabbing the area thought to contain DNA evidence using a sterile cotton wool bud. However, if the material is a dried-on stain, the whole garment is sent to the lab.

Surreptitious DNA sampling (which is inadmissible as evidence unless sanctified ahead of time by a warrant or court order) can be done from pretty much anything that comes into contact with bodily fluids, such as a glass that the person drank from or a discarded tissue.

It is critical in court cases that a documented chain of custody is maintained for DNA evidence (indeed for all forensic evidence) to prevent the risk of contamination with foreign DNA that could mislead the investigation (or be used to convict an innocent suspect). Contamination is potentially a major problem with PCR-based methods where tiny amounts of DNA are amplified to give usable amounts. Here, contamination can result in false signals that mask the real evidence. One reason that access to crime scenes is limited is to prevent inadvertent contamination of evidence by investigators.

A different problem is that of degradation. As DNA is a biological material, harsh chemicals (such as bleach and acids) can damage it to the point where it cannot be analyzed (although this is much more difficult than it sounds, so "cleaning up" crime scenes is not often effective!). Bacterial and mold growth can also destroy DNA.

The presence of multiple human DNA in a sample (such as semen from two people) will be fairly obvious (and the test results may be sufficient to allow database matching of the individuals).

The presence of non-human DNA in a sample probably means that the analysis fails to pass the laboratory's quality control standards; the test comes up as a technical failure and is inadmissible as forensic evidence, because it indicates that the sample was contaminated.

Note that in this case, contamination with "non-human DNA" can have plenty of mundane explanations (the presence of animal blood, plant material, environmental bacteria or fungi, for example). In all likelihood, the forensic laboratory will note this on the report and perhaps send the sample to a reference laboratory to identify the origin of the non-human contaminants. This might require specialist techniques, and can prove difficult or impossible even under the best circumstances. The presence of contaminating non-human DNA will be regarded as an irritating complication rather than proof of alien monstrosities.

Of course, in the universe of *Delta Green* there are many less mundane explanations for non-human DNA. DNA is likely to be found in species that are related to humanity (Deep Ones, Servants of Glaaki, Ghouls, Tcho-Tchos, etc.) and even in the more humanoid of the utterly inhuman (such as Sand Dwellers and Serpent People). Whether or not DNA is present in the more exotic Mythos life forms is a matter of speculation that is beyond the scope of this article.

DNA and Delta Green

DNA evidence is powerful. Sometimes it is sufficient to obtain a conviction even in the absence of any other evidence, although it is more usual to be used as supporting evidence. DNA analysis can be used as a potent tool by Investigators with access to the appropriate technology. Primarily, it would be usable to search for and potentially identify human agents of the Mythos (after all, many Mythos creatures don't possess DNA and even if they did, by definition it wouldn't be human). For unscrupulous Investigators, planted DNA evidence could be used to incriminate a suspected cultist at a crime scene—but DNA is a double-edged sword. After all, Delta Green agents tend to end up in places where they shouldn't be, and often get injured and leave traces of their own DNA. This is a special problem for Investigators who are members of the federal law enforcement community, as their DNA is probably already on the CODIS database for exclusion purposes. If they had no reason to be at a crime scene, this could lead to a variety of awkward questions—and Cell A hates cleaning up that sort of mess. Worse, it could lead external agencies directly to their door.

APPENDIX E: Running Delta Green

Dennis Detwiller and Shane Ivey

One of the most crucial tasks of the Delta Green Keeper is to fashion the information presented to the Agents in a way that they are never completely certain about their situation. That is the nature of conspiracy—uncertainty, doubt, distrust. Without these elements, the game is simply a modern-day dungeon crawl.

Here are some guidelines to present the mysteries of Delta Green in ways that will surprise, engage and challenge the players.

Mystery and the Mythos

Players familiar with *"The Shadow Over Innsmouth"* or the Deep Ones will jump to immediate conclusions when confronted with bug-eyed locals who worship the sea. The Keeper should not just sit back and let that player knowledge inform how their characters react to evidence in the game. If it's information their Agents do not or cannot know, they can't use such information in the game, period. After all, the *Agents* know only what they've been exposed to in the narrative of the game, not in some short story or game their *players* have read. It's the Keeper's job to harshly discourage such talk at the table and suppress such information to keep it from infecting the gaming experience.

But there are plenty of steps a Keeper can take to keep things just as mysterious for the players as for their characters.

Never Clearly Label Creatures

This is *terribly* important. Never call the creatures that the Agents discover by their "name". Assigning a name to something lessens any impact it might make.

Remember Lovecraft: "The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear, and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown."

As far as the Agents are concerned, any creature they encounter could be *anything.* Don't lessen that uncertainty by assigning it a definitive name.

Of course, the Agents will want to call it something, so be certain there are dozens of names to choose from in occult literature to match any creature. Deep Ones could be called "Sons of Dagon," "Children of the Fish-Wife," "the Sea's Children," "Aquatic Humanoids," "People of the Reef" or whatever you come up with. There could be five conflicting descriptions and twenty different names—even names that overlap with multiple creatures (human perception is flawed, after all)—leaving the Agents guessing on every front.

This ambiguity is great for surprise situations. For example, if the player finds a spell called "The Call of Dagon" and uses it, will it summon a Deep One, Dagon or even Cthulhu himself? Before trying it, the Agent shouldn't know for sure. This misinformation can be as deep or destructive as the Keeper can imagine.

Don't Elaborate

When presenting horrific things in description, don't elaborate too much. *Describe* but don't *define*. Let the players ask questions but modify your answers to play up their uncertainty and fear.

Never definitively answer a question about a supernatural event. Be evasive in your descriptions, keep the Agents unsettled and uncertain.

Never say something like, "The Black Cod shaman casts a Wrack spell on you." Instead, *describe it*. "As his voice increases in intensity your arms begin to tremble, as if some invisible force was pulling them inexorably towards your sides." Describe but don't define. Your description should horrify, not inform.

Remember, the Cthulhu Mythos is beyond human understanding. Only the insane understand it; only the insane will have all the answers.

Knock Them Off Balance

If you notice a pattern to the Agents' methods, their enemies might notice it as well.

Never let the Agents use the same methods more than once or twice without the enemy hitting back, either directly or indirectly. If you don't want a supernatural bent to such knocks, kick them in the teeth with official or public recognition. Have the local police question their official reason for being in the area and their obsession with whatever they're investigating. Or worse, have local law enforcement contact the Agents' superiors!

As the Keeper, it is your responsibility to firmly place the fly in the ointment.

Keep Them Guessing

Wait for the Agents to get comfortable in their suppositions—let them arrive at a hypothesis—and then take what they know and turn it on its head.

Get them confused and off-balance before the big supernatural secret is revealed. Even better, reverse what they believed up until that point! Be clever. Out-think the Agents. After all, you have all the cards and they have none. It should be easy to maneuver them. Just don't change the facts of the case. It's one thing to give them conflicting or contradictory information about a case, but changing the underlying facts half-way through a scenario is a sure way to infuriate your players.

If they become too suspicious of the Black Cod tribe too quickly, have a Black Cod local contact the Agents for help, have the Elders call the Agents in to investigate a crime on the island, or present the Agents with information that contradicts all they *thought* they knew.

When the Agents are certain of the situation, turn it in on itself so they don't know which way is up. This is more than a recommendation—it is the very *definition* of a Keeper. It's your *mandate.*

Clues and Complications

Delta Green adventures almost always begin as mysteries. Agents and Friendlies work together to uncover the source of some supernatural horror, pooling their expertise and scanty resources to find it and then praying that they'll have the nerve to put it down.

Characters are defined by the skills that they use to pursue and confront the horror, and scenarios are built around challenges that require those skills. But there's a certain art to how you, as Keeper, call on Investigators' skills during play.

When should you actually call for a skill roll to see if the characters uncover a piece of information—and more importantly, when should you not require one? And what are the alternatives? The issues seem simple, but addressing them in play can be tricky.

Bonuses and Multipliers

For the Keeper, it's always tempting to call on a straightforward skill roll. The characters have come into a library looking for data—let's see if their Library Use skills are up to the challenge! The element of chance makes it exciting. Success rewards the player for having sunk points into the skill. Requiring a roll adds a visceral sense of challenge that makes success a little more savory. After all, those percentile dice are the heart of the *Call of Cthulhu* game engine.

But if you demand a roll, there's a chance that it will fail. And there are some times when you don't want the characters to fail. There are times when the Agents need a particular fact before they can expose themselves to the horrors at the heart of their investigation. Good *Call of Cthulhu* games have staggered to a halt because a player blew a skill roll at the wrong time.

To keep an investigation on track, Keepers should consider tweaking skill rolls to take into account the nature of the clue and the nature of the investigation. If the players zero in on a particular clue, or if they have their situation well under control and have plenty of time to focus on the search, a Keeper might grant a skill bonus or a skill multiplier, depending on the difficulty of obtaining the clue.

There is also the matter of multiple Investigators all of whom have the same skill. Do you let each character make that Spot Hidden roll, or do you have them combine their skills and execute a single roll? If the other player characters have the same skill and want to help, each of them adds a bonus to the active character's skill. At the Keeper's discretion this might also be accomplished using NPCs to help the Investigators. The bonus to be added to the active character's skill roll equals one-fifth of the helper's skill—so if you have Archaeology of 40% and you're assisting another character who's going to actually make the Archaeology roll, you add 8% to that character's chance. There may be a limit to how many Investigators can assist, but it's always up to the Keeper. You shouldn't expect to have four or five Investigators all searching a six-foot alcove at the same time.

If bonuses bring the skill over 100% there is still a chance to roll a fumble—but even a fumble should only result in a botched search or test that will have to be repeated, resulting only in a loss of time, not the loss of an entire avenue of enquiry.

If the clue is that the victim's blood has too much hemoglobin and the players state that they are going to test the deceased blood for anomalies, they are zeroing in on the obscure clue in the victim's blood. Perhaps the Investigator's Biology roll should be doubled for this skill roll.

If the clue is something concealed inside a book in a library, the Investigator's Spot Hidden skill should be doubled if a player suggests that all the books be flipped through to check for notes. The player can still fumble the roll and miss the one slip of paper concealed in an entire library, but at least their chance of success was increased by doing more than just saying "We search the room," and rolling some dice.

Character actions might obviate any need for a roll at all. Where a standard Spot Hidden roll might be required to find an envelope taped to the bottom of a desk drawer, why should the player have to roll at all if he or she says, "I pull out the desk drawers and check to see if anything as been attached to the back?" That should be an automatic success.

Naturally, all these bonuses and freebies should disappear when things have begun to come unraveled, when the Agents are under pursuit or their false identities have started to wear thin. When they're in a hurry, when things are desperate, then it's purely down to their skill ratings and the luck of the dice.

Failures and Complications

Even with a skill bonus or multiplier, there's still that chance of failure. As Keeper, you can turn that to your advantage by following one simple rule: *Always make failure just as interesting as success.*

Never answer a failed skill roll with "In that case, nothing occurs to you. Never mind." A skill roll represents a character using his or her expertise in the game world. Look on it as an opportunity to flesh out the character and the world, whether it succeeds or it fails.

Any time you're about to ask for a skill roll, decide ahead of time not only what the players learn if they succeed, but also what

they learn—and what non-player characters learn about them, and what impact they have on the situation—if they fail.

A failed skill roll first and foremost tells the players that the skill is relevant to the situation, but for whatever reason that particular character just isn't sorting it out. That implies that another character with the skill might have better luck or better concentration, or the same character might succeed with another, later attempt—but make that a separate scene, where the player chooses to stay focused on that challenge instead of pursuing something else, to make it more interesting than a dull repetition of the roll.

A failed skill roll also ought to come with some sort of complication, some negative repercussion for the character getting in over his or her head.

For instance, a failed skill roll can tell the players something about the clue that they're after, but not the whole story—and it might be part true and part false. The greater the skill (even though it failed), the greater the portion of information should be true, but there should always be that lingering question as to what part isn't quite right. The player knows that the roll failed, and the character knows that he or she isn't seeing the whole picture. You can use that misinformation to divert the Investigators toward a side encounter that won't solve the scenario but might be entertainingly dangerous, and that results in the players realizing just where they went wrong.

A failed skill roll might imply some complication in the character's private life. A supervisor realizes that the character is in the wrong part of the country; an anonymous Homeland Security bureaucrat flags a character's false ID as suspicious; the character's husband finds incriminating receipts and suspects infidelity. If you use Relationships from Appendix C, they can be perfect fodder for complications.

Trust No One

"Conspiracy" implies many things, but without the *constant* help of the Keeper, it is simply a label. Delta Green is an illegal conspiracy in the U.S. government which has fought the darkness for almost seventy years. In that time it has murdered, blackmailed, kidnapped, tampered with evidence, destroyed archaeological treasures, interfered with official investigations, assassinated political figures, burned towns to the ground and worse, in the pursuit of purging supernatural threats from America and the world—a task which many in the organization believe is sisyphean in scope. Agents might find themselves stealing, robbing, destroying property or even murdering in the name of Delta Green.

For decades, it has also used up its personnel like bullets in a gun—fire and forget. No one in the cell structure is safe from expediency, and Delta Green is the definition of expedience.

The Delta Green conspiracy is neither altruistic nor self-loyal. It will turn on its constituents as needed, offering up Agents as sacrificial lambs to prevent exposure, silencing witnesses who get a whiff of too much darkness, or compromising entire cells to the enemy to "remove" them if it must. Delta Green will not hesitate to sacrifice its own in the face of the horrors of the Mythos, to prevent such powers from spreading or gaining power and influence.

Even worse, it will use existing Delta Green Agents to carry out such tasks.

The Agents should *never* regard A-Cell as benevolent suppliers of high-tech gear, intel and manpower. A-Cell are invisible, and they haunt any significant investigation like bad news. No one who knows anything about Delta Green wants to involve A-Cell in an investigation. When a missive or communiqué from A-Cell turns up, it means one of two things: Either A-Cell has noticed how poorly the investigation has gone and is about to take steps to correct it, or it is about to ask the Agents to do something very dangerous.

Smart Agents remember the truth: No one is trustworthy.

Anyone or anything could compromise the investigation.

It's not *if* you are going to be betrayed, it's *when*.

Rules Cheat Sheet

Interrogation

See *Delta Green: Eyes Only.* Roll according to the style of interrogation.

Skill	Time Required	Notes
Bargain	1D6 hours	To exchange information for some service or money.
Fast Talk	1D6 minutes	Good for small bits of information, not details. With each failed roll the subject gets an Idea roll to detect the attempt.
Persuade	1D6 hours	May not work at all; depends on the subject; Keeper's discretion.
Psychology	n/a	Affects Bargain, Fast Talk or Persuade. Add 10% to chance if successful; subtract 10% if not.

Torture

See *Delta Green: Eyes Only.* May not require a roll; the simple use of pain and force may convince the victim to cooperate. Keeper's call. If not, the torturer rolls Persuade and the victim rolls POW x 5%.

	POW x 5 Succeeds	POW x 5 Fails
Persuade Succeeds	Victim chooses whether to cooperate.	Victim tells what he thinks the torturer wants to hear, whether it's the truth or not.
Persuade Fails	Victim chooses whether to cooperate.	Victim tells what he thinks the torturer wants to hear, but it definitely is not the truth.

A Psychology roll attempted 1D6 hours after the torture has stopped can determine whether the victim was deliberately lying.

If the torturer's Persuade roll is also a successful First Aid or Medicine roll, the victim takes only 1 HP damage from the torture. Otherwise the amount of damage depends on the severity of the torture. The victim and the torturer each must make the indicated Sanity roll.

Severity	SAN Loss	Damage	Time Required
Mild	1/1D6	1D6	1D6 hours
Moderate	1/1D8	1D8	1D4 hours
Severe	1/1D10	1D10	1D3 hours

Calling On Relationships

- Can serve as a Friendly Voice in an anxiety or panic attack.
- During game play, once per game month, can provide much-needed perspective and stability. Recover 1D3 SAN.
- Call on aid in an emergency.
- If in person and in private, double the chance of success.
- If the Relationship is with another Investigator, see the rules for details.

How to Damage a Relationship

After calling on it, give the Relationship a "check" like a skill that's been used successfully. If you call on the Relationship again while it has the check, the Relationship automatically loses 1D10 points.

If the Relationship roll fails make a Sanity roll. If it fails, the Relationship loses 1D10 points.

If you lie or withhold important information, roll Persuade or Fast Talk. If Persuade and it succeeds, make the Relationship roll normally. If Persuade and it fails, make the Relationship roll but the relationship loses 1D10 points. If Fast Talk and it succeeds, make the Relationship roll normally. If Fast Talk and it fails, the Relationship roll automatically fails and loses 1D10 points.

How to Improve a Relationship

Must be attempted during play, and it must be something major. Make a Sanity roll. If it succeeds, the Relationship gains 1D10 points and loses a check if it has one. If it fails, the Relationship is unchanged. If this happens during an active investigation, at a critical time for the Investigator, the Sanity roll is at +20%.

Relationship Risks

Harm to the Relationship Subject	SAN Loss
Legal trouble	0/1
Catastrophic legal trouble	0/1D4
Lifelong legal trouble	0/1D6
Temporary insanity	0/1
Indefinite insanity	0/1D4
Permanent insanity	0/1D6
Minor wound	0/1
Major wound (half HP or more)	0/1D4
Violent death	0/1D6

Truth Drugs

See *Delta Green: Eyes Only.* Requires a Persuade roll, taking 1D3 hours, and a POW x 5% roll by subject.

	POW x 5 Succeeds	POW x 5 Fails
Persuade Succeeds	What the victim says is mostly false.	What the victim says is mostly true.
Persuade Fails	What the victim says is mostly true.	What the victim says is mostly false.

A Psychology roll at least 2D6 hours after the use of drugs can determine whether the victim was deliberately lying.

This page may be reproduced for personal use only.

Rules Cheat Sheet

Burst Fire

Subtract the "tens" digit in the attack roll from the "tens" digit of the chance to hit. That's how many bullets hit the target.

Disabling Wounds

When a character takes a wound for more than half his or her total hit points, the player can ask to make it a disabling wound instead of a normal wound. If the Keeper agrees, make a Luck roll. If it fails, you take full damage as usual. If it succeeds, you take half damage but also suffer a disabling wound.

- Immediately roll CON x 5% or be knocked unconscious.
- Each round, make a CON x 5% roll or lose one hit point. Stops when treated with First Aid or the CON roll is equal to or lower than your CON.
- Roll on the Disabling Wound table.
- After combat, lose 0/1D4 Sanity.
- If the wound inflicts more than half your total hit points even after being reduced, things are worse. See the rules for details.

1D20	Disabling Wound
1–2	Leg wound (left): –4 STR, –4 Move
3–4	Leg wound (right): –4 STR, –4 Move
5–6	Leg wound (left): –2 STR, –2 DEX, –4 Move
7–8	Leg wound (right): –2 STR, –2 DEX, –4 Move
9–10	Arm wound (left): –6 STR
11–12	Arm wound (right): –6 STR
13	Arm wound (left): –4 STR, –4 DEX
14	Arm wound (right): –4 STR, –4 DEX
15	Abdomen wound: –4 STR, –4 CON
16–18	Chest wound: –6 CON
19	Head wound: –4 APP; –20% to Spot Hidden rolls and ranged attacks
20	Head wound: –4 INT; –20% to Listen rolls

Taking Cover

If you are attacking normally, attacks against you are at half chance.

If you are attacking cautiously, at half your normal chance, attacks against you are at 1/5 chance.

If you are not attacking at all, you have full cover.

Suppression

If you take a hit—or would have taken a hit if not for cover—roll POW x 5%. Subtract 5% from the chance for each point of damage the attack inflicted. If it fails, you must use your next action to get fully behind the nearest cover as quickly as possible. If there's no cover close enough to get there in one round, you must go prone. After spending one action going prone or going to cover, you can act normally.

Called Shot

Half chance to hit. Choose one effect.

- Impale, as if you'd rolled 1/5 the normal chance.
- Strike a sensitive area; victim must roll CON x 5% or be stunned for 1D6 rounds.
- Choose a particular hit location or some other effect, up to the Keeper.

Martial Arts

Instead of increasing damage, you can use Martial Arts skill to replace a characteristic roll or a skill roll. See the rules for details.

Sanity Loss for Killing

See *Delta Green: Eyes Only.*

Type of Killing	SAN Loss
In immediate defense of yourself or another.	0/1D4
Killing a known murderer or murderous enemy in cold blood.	0/1D6
Accidentally killing an innocent or the wrong person.	1/1D8
Killing an innocent in cold blood for any reason.	1/1D10

This page may be reproduced for personal use only.

Index

A

AACE *See* Americans Against Covert Enemies
Acadie 132, 133, 159
A Cell 70, 82, 83, 97, 99, 100, 102, 103, 104, 110
Acolyte 173, 174, 175, 176, 179, 180, 181, 186, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 199, 200, 201, 208, 209, 212, 215, 217, 230, 232, 235, 236, 238, 240, 246, 247, 258, 270, 282, 284
Acosta, Oscar 80, 81
Agent Alphonse *See* Joseph Camp
Agent Brown 100, 102
Agent Graham *See* William Raymond Weeks
Agent Lewis *See* Sam Raines
Agent Nancy *See* Jean Qualls
Agent Nick *See* Sam Raines
Agent Nolan *See* William Cassidy
Aklo 37, 66, 72, 73, 204
Al'hu Ai 22, 29, 40
Ali, Ibrahim ibn 55, 63, 71, 72, 73, 76, 77
Alta Vendita 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 178, 187, 199, 203, 204, 205, 236, 248, 267, 279
amarok 139
Americans Against Covert Enemies 236, 237, 243, 244, 245, 246, 254, 259, 260, 277, 278
Anchorage, Alaska 14, 16, 44
Annealed, The 222
Antoniwicz, Chas 175, 196, 197, 244, 246, 260, 277, 284
Appear Human 74
Argasta, Allen 26, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45
Ascend to Higher Plane 74
Ash, Roger 184, 189, 199, 200, 201, 205, 212, 224, 225, 227, 228, 229, 234, 235, 258, 262, 275, 278
Astom Niturba 223
Atlantis 167
Azathoth 39, 72, 73, 78, 135, 136, 160, 161, 166, 171, 172, 173, 174, 176, 179, 183, 185, 186, 188, 198, 199, 209, 214, 254, 279, 284, 285
'Azathoth and Others' 185

B

B'aal 146, 147
Bacon Grinder, The 144, 150
Balfour, François-Honoré, Comte d'Erlette 86
Barrowman, Adam 67, 68, 70, 78, 79
Bigfoot 131
Bishop of Fear 180, 195, 236, 240, 244, 245, 246
Bishop of Greed 181, 190, 247
Bishop of Hate 180, 181, 192, 215
Black Cod people 8, 10, 13, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 28, 29, 32, 38, 39, 41, 43, 49
Bloated Woman 222, 258
Bonaparte, Napoleon 118, 169
Bradford, Coulter "Colt" 175, 201, 202, 249, 281
Brasseur, Engvald 175, 192
Brew Carotid Poison 74
Brew Domination Serum 74
Brew Elixir Vitae 74
Brew Liao Drug 75
Bride of Nyarlathotep 187
Broche, Guillaume 175, 181, 190, 192, 204, 215
Brotherhood of Dion 258
Brotherhood of New Potential 214, 224, 225, 226, 233, 242, 243, 246, 260, 262, 279, 280

C

Call, the 29
Call Bugg-Shash 123
Call/Dismiss Yibb-Tstll 123
Camp, Joseph aka Agent Alphonse 67, 70, 97
Canadian Security Intelligence Service aka CSIS 138, 141, 146, 152
cannibalism 26, 35, 95, 96, 97, 113, 126, 132
Cassidy, William aka Agent Nolan 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 113
CDC *See* Centers for Disease Control
census 19, 29, 142
Center for Sleep Treatment. *See* Keskus Nukkua Kohtelu
Centers for Disease Control aka CDC 16, 19, 20, 21, 39
Ceremony of the Rose 205
Cervelli, Vincenzo 175, 179, 194, 204, 247, 249
Cha'atl 7, 8, 9, 18, 23, 27
Cha'atl Gáwtall 15, 16, 19, 46
Chapel, The 183
Child of Nyarlathotep 186, 209
Children of the Fish-Wife 6, 8, 17, 20, 21, 22, 34, 314. *See also* Black Cod people
Children of the Worm 52, 54, 82. *See also* Disciples of the Worm
Chill of the Wendigo 136
Choudhury, Roshan Chandra 76, 77, 78
Church of Interlife 180, 192, 195, 202, 214, 229, 232, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 242, 243, 253, 263, 281
CIA 97, 101, 148, 175, 214, 216, 222, 259, 260
Clark, Allison 144
Command Serpent 75
Communications Security Establishment 142
Compound 82 68, 69, 78, 79, 80
Comte d'Erlette *See* Balfour, François-Honoré
Constance, Debra *See* Jean Qualls
Consume Likeness 97
Contact Deity/Yig 75
Contact Yibb-Tstll 123
Contact Yugg 75
Craig, Alaska 12, 13, 14, 19
Crawling Chaos, the *See* Nyarlathotep
Create Barrier of Naach-Tith 123
Create Talisman of the Higher Plane 75
CSIS *See* Canadian Security Intelligence Service
'Cthaat Aquadingen' 119, 157
Cthulhu 2, 35, 36, 37, 38, 60, 136, 175, 200, 204, 207, 213, 250, 285, 314
Cult of Transcendence 2, 165, 166, 167, 171, 172, 175, 178, 179, 180, 181, 183, 187, 188, 189, 191, 192, 193, 195, 201, 203, 205, 207, 208, 215, 216, 224, 225, 228, 231, 232, 236, 239, 243, 248, 251, 252, 279, 282, 286
'Cultes des Goules' 86, 112, 114
Cypress Security 258

D

Dagang, John 22
Dagon 32, 34, 35, 38, 72, 73, 78, 157, 248, 250, 267, 268, 285, 314
Dalhousie, John 127, 128, 134, 135, 149, 150, 157
'Dalhousie Files' 135
Daoloth 246, 253
Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath 103, 112, 114, 118, 119, 135, 179, 189, 191, 229, 262, 263, 266
Daughters of Hippolyte 222
Dawes, Jonathan 134
Deep One 14, 20, 21, 22, 23, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 44, 60, 72, 73, 74, 78, 190, 212, 214, 251, 267, 268, 306, 314
Deep One Reproductive Element 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 44
Delightful Heavenly Banquet Society 258
Delta Green 2, 6, 15, 19, 32, 34, 35, 41, 43, 49, 52, 53, 54, 57, 61, 63, 67, 70, 78, 81, 82, 83, 93, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 109, 110, 111, 113, 114, 115, 122, 123, 125, 141, 146, 148, 160, 176, 177, 222, 223, 228, 231, 243, 246, 248, 251, 255, 259, 264, 265, 267, 268, 269, 271, 273, 278, 279, 282, 284, 285, 286, 289, 292, 301, 302, 305, 306, 311, 313, 315, 316, 317, 318
DeMonte, Antoinette 86, 87, 90, 92, 96, 98, 101, 111, 112, 113, 115, 116, 118
DeMonte Clan 2, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 98, 101, 102, 104, 105, 109, 111, 114, 115, 116, 119, 120, 121
DeMonte, Claudette 115, 116
DeMonte, Eliza 120, 121
'DeMonte Grimoire' 112, 114
DeMonte, Luc 118, 119
DeMonte, Martin Alexander 116, 117
Detachment M 128, 129, 130, 140, 156
'De Vermis Mysteriis' 52, 58
Devil-Fish 8, 9, 10, 15, 17, 18
Disciples of the Worm 2, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 58, 59, 63, 64, 66, 70, 71, 72, 73, 76, 82. *See also* Children of the Worm
DNA 34, 35, 39, 67, 88, 131, 176, 211, 212, 309, 310, 311
Donnerkvist, Hans 181, 186, 210, 211, 213, 214
Donnerkvist, Muriel 212, 214
Dorian Gray Society 199, 203, 207, 224, 225, 230, 231, 232, 258, 264, 265, 279, 280
Drake, John 97
Dreamlands 91, 93, 94, 109, 113, 116, 118, 123, 175, 180, 184, 192, 195, 196, 214, 229, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 253, 264, 277, 278
Duchess of Staffordshire *See* Rittingham, Marjorie
Dunwich Group 246
Dylath-Leen 180, 181

E

Edna Bay, Alaska 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 40, 45
Edna Bay Seismic Survey 39, 40
Empty Hood, the 195, 196, 238
Encinanto, Marisa 233, 234, 235, 275, 279
Environmental Policy Impact Commission aka EPIC 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 162
Esoteric Order of Dagon 34, 250
essential saltes 155, 160, 161
Exalted Circle 248

F

Fang of Yig 75
Farm, the 69
Fate, the 167
FBI 14, 15, 16, 19, 42, 43, 60, 93, 97, 98, 99, 102, 103, 110, 121, 122, 148, 208, 217, 220, 222, 229, 230, 231, 240, 246, 255, 260, 264, 268, 270, 273, 311
'Fête du Nouveau Monde, La' 99, 112, 114
Final Marriage, the 173, 177, 178, 186, 204, 206, 209, 278, 285
Find (Contact) Serpent Folk 75
Folding, the 183, 284

G

Gaagáay Chíin jáa 8, 21, 22. *See also* Children of the Fish-Wife
Gate of Changes 178, 188, 189, 191, 192, 204, 206, 207, 225, 247, 248, 249, 255, 281, 284
gaturia 184, 207, 231, 232, 258, 265
G Cell 82, 99
Ghatanothoa 60
Glass, Lionel 175, 179, 181, 185, 190, 191, 201, 232, 247, 248, 249, 252, 253, 255, 258, 281
'Ghoul Manuscript, The' 91, 93, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 109, 114, 116, 118, 121
Godley, Lucas 53, 67, 78
GPS 11, 142, 261, 284
Gradinari 223
Greater Deep One 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 37, 38
Greater Edna Bay Insurance Company 39, 41
Greater Marriage 173, 180, 181, 186, 187, 190, 204, 209, 212
Grenon, Étienne 133, 157, 159, 160
GRU 126, 129, 130, 149, 235
'Gundulic Grimoire, The' 119
Guúsuu, Jennifer 26, 41, 43

H

Hacienda, the 63, 71, 73, 76, 78, 83
Haida 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20, 22, 23, 25, 26, 27, 28, 41, 44, 45, 49
Haida Gwaii 6, 8, 16, 17, 28
Harmati, Nathan 167, 175, 180, 182, 185, 190, 191, 192, 194, 203, 215, 222, 235, 236, 238, 240, 243, 258, 259
Heche, Thomas 175, 194, 195, 217, 282, 283, 284
Hegedus, János 148, 155, 160, 161
HELP *See* Human-Extraterrestrial Liberation Project
He-Who-Swims-With-Corpses 17, 22, 23, 26, 27, 28, 32, 35, 38, 39, 43, 44
Hibernate 75
hidebehind 131
Higher Plane, the 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 63, 72, 73, 75
Higher Plane gate 58, 59, 63
High Lodge 199. *See also* Alta Vendita
Hlgayáa 29
House in Stockholm, the 172, 181, 182, 183, 186, 199, 200, 201, 203, 207, 209, 213, 214, 230, 278, 284, 285. *See also* Vagnopotus Manor
hu-ghoul 88, 90, 91
Human-Extraterrestrial Liberation Project aka HELP 236, 237, 240, 241, 242, 243, 269, 270, 274, 277, 278, 279
Hurricane Katrina 93, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 11, 115, 121, 254
Hyperborea 66, 73, 137, 139, 142, 145, 166, 167

I

'Ibrahim's Chronicle' 73
ichthyosis 18
Idiopathic Ventricular Fibrosis Syndrome aka IVFS 19, 20, 21, 39
Illescu, Arthur 19, 42
Illuminati 169
Impregnation 31, 32, 33, 43
Innocent, the 175, 199, 200, 201, 278, 279
Innsmouth, Massachusetts 5, 6, 8, 21, 31, 32, 34, 125, 314
International SOLUTION 222, 223
Inuit 129, 137, 139, 145, 146
Ithaqua 126, 128, 130, 132, 135, 136, 140, 142, 145, 149
IVFS *See* Idiopathic Ventricular Fibrosis Syndrome

J

'Journal of Reinhold Blair, The' *See* 'Robson Journal, The'
JSP! *See* Just Say Please!
Juneau, Alaska 26, 41, 43
von Junzt, Friedrich 52, 59, 82
Just Say Please! 175, 203, 214, 241, 247, 248, 255, 256, 257, 258, 270, 271, 273, 281

K

K'amahl, Mark 16, 25, 26
Kámal Peak 10
Karotechia, the 160, 195
Kátl, Joe 16, 26, 41, 43
Keskus Nukkua Kohtelu aka Center for Sleep Treatment 232, 235
Ketchikan, Alaska 6, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 24, 39, 41, 42
Ketchikan Seafood, Inc. 16, 18, 19, 42
Kildaaw, Martin 16, 21, 25, 41
King, Mackenzie 129, 130
'King in Yellow, The' 152, 185, 232, 233, 234, 235, 261, 275, 279, 280
'Kitab Al Azif' 73
Klawock, Alaska 12, 13, 14
Kluane 131

L

Labonte, Phillip 134, 145, 150, 151, 152, 155
Lamplighters 175, 180, 181, 191, 203, 212, 216, 224, 228, 234, 240, 242, 247, 248, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 271, 272, 273, 275, 281
Lane, Bernhard 138, 147, 153, 154, 157, 158
Lee, Mark 15, 48, 49
Leggett, Charles 135, 155, 161
Leng 180, 204, 236
Lesser Deep One 31, 32, 33, 35
Lesser Marriage 173, 190, 199, 204, 208, 209
Liberty Machine 228, 229, 230, 260
Limbo Stalker 64, 65, 66
'Livre d'Ivon' 132, 134, 135, 137, 155, 157
Lloigor 253
Lodge House 15, 27, 48
Lomar 137, 138, 139, 142, 145, 166, 167
Loranger, Jean-Baptiste 148, 155, 159, 160, 161. *See also* Étienne Gregor

M

Majestic-12 32, 34, 35, 54, 148, 243
Marks, Luther 98, 99
Marriages, the 207
Martines, Joaquim 26, 41, 43, 181
McDyer, Robert 128, 129, 130, 131, 140
McKinnon, Neil 138, 154
M-EPIC 2, 125, 126, 130, 131, 133, 134, 135, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 161, 163
'Michelle Remembers' 137
Mi-Go 74, 207, 241, 242, 243, 253
M-INFO 133, 134, 135, 137, 139, 145, 150, 151, 152, 155, 156, 157
Montgomery, Clifford *See* Phillips, Steven
Moodie, John 126, 127, 128
Mordiggian 2, 86, 93, 94, 95, 112, 114, 117, 119
Mormo 222
Morse, Theodore 97, 98, 196, 277
Motion, The 252, 253, 254
M-Section 126, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 143, 144, 148, 149, 154, 155, 157, 159, 160
Mu 74, 75, 166, 167
Matumba, Félicien 79, 80
Mitchell, Avery 52, 54, 82, 83
'Mysteries of the Worm' 52, 135, 152, 155, 161

N

Nang Juuhlan-Jaa, Old Mary, aka the Widow 23, 24, 25, 26
NATO 142
Navigate Higher Plane 72, 73, 77
Nazi 185, 193, 194, 195, 234, 283
N Cell 97, 99, 102
'Necronomicon, The' 73, 119, 123, 258, 267
Neighborly Eye 246, 277
Nemmers, Henry 175, 186, 197, 198, 205, 207, 213, 232, 235, 279
New Beginnings 137, 246, 277
New Cha'atl *See* Cha'atl Gáwtall
Niot Abur Am'st 219
North West Mounted Police aka NWMP 126, 127, 128
NWMP *See* North West Mounted Police
Nyarlathotep aka Astom Niturba aka the Crawling Chaos aka Niot Abur Am'st 72, 73, 78, 136, 159, 166, 167, 168, 171, 172, 173, 175, 176, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 195, 197, 198, 199, 200, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 216, 217, 219, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 230, 236, 248, 258, 279, 283, 284, 285
Nyhargo Dirge 123
Nyogtha 86

O

'Obscure Deities of the World' 135, 157
ODESSA 195, 284
Olassie Trail 128, 130, 142
Operation New Day 173, 190, 215, 216, 217, 218, 220, 221, 242, 243, 254, 260, 273, 282, 283
Operation Redbone 110, 122
Oringo, John Tyler 26, 41, 43, 178
OSS 125
Outer Gods 71, 116, 123, 166, 171, 175, 189, 200, 201, 206, 207, 215, 227, 253, 270

P

P Division 125
'P'Dwahr M'Ankanon Nyarlathotep' 166, 167, 168, 171, 172, 173, 178, 183, 184, 198, 203, 204, 205, 230, 279, 284, 285
PharMethuselah, Inc. 67, 68, 69, 70, 78, 80
Phillips, Steven aka Clifford Montgomery 225, 279
PISCES 125, 129, 146, 147, 157
'Pnakotic Manuscripts' 166
Prenn, Ludovic, Baron 167
Prince of Wales Island 6, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 16, 45, 47
Prinn, Ludvig 52, 54, 58
Psychological Testing 150

Q

Qualls, Jean aka Debra Constance aka Agent Nancy 93, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 113
Queen's Privy Council 126, 138, 140, 141, 163
Quicken 75
Quiet the Worm 54, 75

R

Raines, Sam aka Agent Nick aka Agent Lewis 102, 103
Ramshaw, Lyle William 195
Red Caribou 129
Reed, Andrew 146, 147, 148
Regulators 28
Reorient 177, 178, 179, 180, 181
Rittingham, Marjorie, Duchess of Staffordshire 146, 147, 148
Ritual of Devotion 136
Ritual of Knowledge 136
R'lyeh 37, 125, 136, 157, 184, 212
R'lyeh glyph 37
'R'lyeh Text' 73
Road of Souls 207
'Robson Journal, The' aka 'Journal of Reinhold Blair, The' 136
'Roi en Jaune, Le' 185
Rose-Zombie 205
Royal Canadian Mounted Police aka RCMP 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 141, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 150, 153, 154, 155, 157, 158, 163, 179

S

'Sacred Chaynges of Nyarlat Hotep' 203, 204
Sasquatch 131
SaucerWatch 242, 243
Savage Glass 206
Secret Senate 175, 189, 214, 224, 225, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 261, 274, 275, 279
See of Fear 166, 191, 192, 214, 236, 237, 246, 277, 281
See of Flesh 166, 188, 189, 199, 214, 224, 225, 235, 247, 258, 278, 281
See of Greed 166, 190, 201, 203, 214, 224, 237, 247, 248, 258, 270, 281
See of Hate 166, 173, 175, 189, 190, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 222, 236, 248, 250, 258, 273, 282, 283
Send Sacred Snake Of Yig 76
Serber, Emily 13, 19
Serpent Person 71, 73, 74, 75, 76
'Seven Cryptical Books of Hsan, The' 136, 137, 155, 157
Sharpe, Egbert 181, 192, 204, 215, 222, 223, 236, 238, 249
'Shrewsbury's Notes on the Celaeno Fragments' 157
Shub-Niggurath 86, 103, 112, 114, 117, 118, 119, 179, 222, 224, 227, 228, 229, 235, 249, 260, 261, 262, 263, 285
Sila 126, 128
Singh, Ravinder 147, 152, 153
Skoptsi 126
SMERSH 160
Sodalité Bacchante, La 235
St. Claire, Andrew 175, 185, 189, 190, 192, 202, 207, 215, 217, 221, 222, 248, 273, 283, 284
Stillwater, Manitoba 127, 128
Store, Richard 134, 145, 154, 155, 156, 160, 161
Summon the Black 123
Sylph Group 235

T

'Tablets Of Ancient Mu, The' 74
TakeBack.org 246
Talisman of the Higher Plane 72, 73, 78
Tarot Killer 132, 133, 134, 155, 157, 158
Templar 86, 167, 168, 169, 198, 199, 235, 279
'Testament of the Wizard Ssssustchzaal' 73
'Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New-England Canaan' 136, 157, 185
TLSG *See* True Love Study Group
de Tours, André 167, 175, 178, 183, 203, 205
transcended master 166
True Love Study Group aka TLSG 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 261, 262
Tsathoggua aka Zhothaqquah 134, 135, 136, 155, 156
'Tunneler Below, The' 185
Turcotte, Louis 133, 157, 158

U

Ubbo-Sathla 253
'Unaussprechlichen Kulten' 52, 54, 59
University of Fairbanks 30, 39, 42, 43

V

Vagnoptus Manor 171, 172, 182, 183, 186, 194, 199, 204, 207, 213, 284, 285
Venomous Glance 76
Voodoo 92, 99, 101, 112, 113, 114, 116, 117
Voudou 88, 89

W

Wainwright, David 131, 134, 138, 157
wendigo 131, 132
werewolf 139, 158
White Fire 173, 215, 216, 217, 220, 221, 222, 242, 243, 275, 276, 277, 282, 283
Widow, the *See* Nang Juuhlan-Jaa, Old Mary
Weeks, William Raymond "Billy Ray" aka Agent Graham 99, 102, 103, 104, 110, 121, 122, 123
Whelman, David 19, 42, 43
Whitestone, Benjamin 149, 159
Worm Mother 53, 54, 59, 64, 65
worms 35, 53, 54, 56, 57, 58, 59, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 71, 73, 76, 77, 151
Wrangell, Alaska 13, 14, 24, 41, 48

X

Xaat'aa 24
Xaatgáav Skíl *See* Black Cod people
Xaat Kíl 8

Y

Yakashima, Toshiru 175, 201, 249, 255, 281, 282, 284
Y'golonac 230, 231, 265, 266, 285
Yig 39, 71, 72, 73, 75, 76, 78, 135, 191, 255
Yithian 181, 190, 191, 228, 241
Yog-Sothoth 161, 204, 223

Z

Zewami, Nola 202
Zhothaqquah *See* Tsathoggua
Zolyar 132, 160
zombie 88, 94, 95, 101, 111, 113, 115, 205

Selections translated from Hans Donnerkvist's taped sessions made by Dr. Nora Sundelius of the Institute:

HD: Water is the key, the filthy stream that opens us, closes us . . . Ella was wet inside, and they wanted her for that. Van Beveren, the bastard. Him and his masters, masters, oh his masters are so wet, so moist inside, they are all dripping sponges, they are all frozen fish melting, their stench and their reek and their liquids are everywhere . . . (incoherence) . . . Wanted my daughter! My sweet, good, pure, kind daughter, my kind daughter, they wanted her for all her wet blood, they wanted the blood inside her. Van Beveren, like their damned dog, sent to fetch her. He was wet inside too, I showed him his masters weren't the only ones who could make the wet inside come out. I'm talking about blood, the blood is everything, it's got our lives in it. I don't just mean you can die without it. Van Beveren did, and may he rot in hells like what they sent me through, to, the hell I'm in now, the hell they opened in my Ella, in Muriel too for all I know, sweet Muriel, did they rape you under the ice? Did they put their cold, wet disease in you, my love? (incoherence, break in tape)

* * *

HD: DNA. It's in us, it's in our blood, our semen, it's our life. The DNA, it's already corrupted, fouled—it's in the pollution we all carry. We are full of piss! We are bottles of (incoherence)! And they want to take bad us, our evil selves, the darkness in our DNA, they want to twist those curving spirals, make them worse, make them human evil that walks!

* * *

NS: Why were you so angry at Van Beveren? Had you met him before?

HD: Van Beveren—he was wet inside, the bastard. But at least he was warm, not cold, not like his masters. Oh God, his masters . . . are they mine too? Have they put their mark upon me, their ice in my blood to poison my mind from inside?

NS: What is their mark?

HD: If I thirst, do not give me water. It's full of microbes, you know. Little, foreign, invisible animals. They want to get inside us, break open our cell walls, make us liquid too, just like them. Amoebas! Protoplasm! I read it in a scientific journal. The flesh-eating disease, that's them. The Black Plague, that was them, that was them filling us with pus until our armpits and groins swelled with buboes—us, humanity!

NS: Hans, if you don't drink, you will dehydrate and die.

HD: Better that . . . We are all, alas, moist to a point. Some are moister. How could my good, sweet daughter, my good wife, how could such wet potential live in fine, fair bodies? There is beast in all, and they can bring it out—those things in the house with their clever penises, I had no idea what they were, what they were going to do, what they did and have done and are DOING RIGHT NOW! THEY ARE FUCKING YOU AND YOUR DAUGHTERS AND MOTHERS AND POLLUTING OUR DNA! (Incoherence. Break in tape.)

* * *

NS: Tell me about the men in the house. What do they do that is so horrible?

HD: Their particular evil is that they have taken what was alien and put it into human terms. They are the pipe through which the disease flows into all of us.

* * *

HD: I am sure that Van Beveren had been put through their 'process,' had been soaked in their (incoherent). He had human DNA left, though—human enough to cry, to weep, to beg mercy. Human enough to betray his masters, to tell me where they had taken my good daughter. Human enough to tell me how to get into that house. The folding. He drew me a map.

That house is the cesspit of the world, where all that is foul gathers in one stagnant pool. All that is wretched and cruel and dying and dead, it pours into that house and pours into our souls, transformed and renewed. That house is the penis with which they urinate upon the world.

When I came in, I had no idea. I knew men had taken my daughter, taken her to rape, perhaps—that was all. Van Beveren talked of the 'Old Ones'—I thought old MEN! Old men I could stab, could crush, could humiliate for what they had done to my girl . . . I took a gun! A gun! A gun to shoot the ocean, a gun to shoot all the world's decay.

* * *

NS: What did you find in the house?

HD: I found my daughter. (silence)

NS: Didn't that make you happy?

HD: (low moan)

NS: Was she glad to see you?

HD: She was in a wedding gown, and she was all wet all over, all her wet from inside was on the outside of the gown.

NS: When you say wet from inside . . .

HD: The blood, the blood! My daughter was all bled out, walking in that damnable white dress, and pulling her hair along . . . and her head by the hair!

NS: Why was she pulling her hair, Hans?

HD: Her head was attached! To her hair, not her neck! NOT HER NECK!

NS: Hans, calm down!

HD: AND IT OPENED UP, HER HEAD OPENED, HER HEAD HAD BEEN MADE PREGNANT BY THOSE MONSTERS, BY THE OLD MEN, THEY HAD SOILED HER, HAD PUT THEIR DNA WITH HERS, AND IT HAD SIX LEGS! SIX LEGS!

NS: (into intercom) Waller, get in here NOW!

HD: I saw it and I cried . . . and then the old men found me . . . AND I'LL KILL THEM ALL! IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER, EVER DO, EVEN IF IT MEANS NOTHING, EVEN IF NOTHING DOES, I'LL DO IT BECAUSE I WILL, BECAUSE THEY POLLUTED HER, POLLUTED ME, POLLUTED ALL OF US . . . (sounds of struggle)

* * *

HD: The old men raped me you know.

NS: You've said before that they had . . . unusual genitals.

HD: Not like that. They raped me inside. (Patient tapped his head here.)

NS: This was in the house?

HD: After I'd found her. I was trying to run away, when I felt a hand on me, a cold breath in my ear.

NS: Who was it?

HD: An old man. 'I'm going to show you things, many valuable things,' he said. And then he put his illness inside me. (pause)

NS: Did he get into your blood?

HD: He got into my soul. He showed me things. MADE me things.

NS: What do you mean? How did he do this?

HD: He changed me—took me out of my own self, out of my skin and put me into . . . things.

NS: What sort of things?

HD: Moist things. Cold things. DIFFERENT things.

NS: Different in what fashion?

HD: Not like a man. The things I was showed me that pleasure and pain are the same. That moist is all everywhere, even when it's frozen. That nothing is everything is anything.

NS: What, specifically, do you remember him, or it, showing you?

HD: Better you don't know.

THE APOCALYPSE IS HERE

The men and women of Delta Green have pursued alien threats and SUPERNATURAL HORRORS around the globe. They think they're saving the world from horrific evil. But are they just saving it for something worse?

DELTA GREEN: TARGETS OF OPPORTUNITY is a conglomeration of evils, many of them whispered in hints and rumors since the earliest days of Delta Green.

BLACK COD ISLAND: An inhuman menace rises from the frigid waters of southern Alaska. Three hundred years ago the Haida Indians fought to stamp it out. They failed. Can Delta Green fare any better?

M-EPIC: A top-secret Canadian agency with a nationwide charter. Few of its members know its long history of using supernatural methods to battle the supernatural itself. Even fewer comprehend the terrible consequences that they face.

DISCIPLES OF THE WORM: Humanity has always quested for a means to defeat death. For some, it's an all-consuming obsession. For Delta Green, a loathsome 25-year-old case still demands an answer to a crucial question: When immortality is at hand, exactly what price is too high?

THE DEMONTE CLAN: Hurricane Katrina was one of the most devastating storms ever to strike the United States. It ravaged New Orleans and left the proud city a flooded wreck. For its victims, Katrina was an unspeakable tragedy. For Delta Green, Katrina was a chance to strike at a long-festering horror. The target is an old and influential family whose people are something other than human, who see New Orleans' plight as an opportunity of their own—and who have become quite skilled at destroying merely human enemies.

THE CULT OF TRANSCENDENCE: For centuries a cult of Nyarlathotep, the mind and soul of the Outer Gods, has conspired to change the world from behind the scenes, spreading its influence into the halls of power. Today its goals are more subtle and sinister than ever, guessed only vaguely even by its loyalest adherents. It may be the deadliest threat Delta Green has ever faced.

PLUS: A wealth of tools to add depth and horror to your Delta Green games: Combat Options, Stress Disorders, Background Options, DNA Analysis, and tips for Running Delta Green.

PAG2108
$39.95
ISBN 1-887797-31-9
FIRST PRINTING
PRINTED IN THE USA

PUBLISHED BY PAGAN PUBLISHING

DEVELOPED BY ARC DREAM PUBLISHING

LICENSED BY CHAOSIUM INC.

ISBN-13: 978-188779731-3
ISBN-10: 188779731-9