

HORROR ON THE
ORIENT-EXPRESS



BOOK II

THROUGH THE ALPS

Skills: Accounting 79%, Bargain 70%, Credit Rating 80%, Debate 50%, English 20%, Law 20%, Library Use 20%, Listen 45%, Psychology 40%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 65%, Turkish 45%.

Spells: Control Skin*, Deflect Harm, Enchant Knife, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Transfer Body Part*, Voorish Sign. * *new spells*.

Pet: Arturo's chameleon is his constant companion. He feeds it moths and butterflies from a jar in his pocket. This creature is totally unmagical, but stands its ground disconcertingly, and appraises investigators as though they were flies. Faccia uses it in the Transfer Organ spell.

Benito Andriani, Age 24, Faccia's Bodyguard

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 13 INT 10 POW 12
DEX 14 APP 10 SAN 60 EDU 4 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+1D4
Fighting Knife 50%, damage 1D4+2+1D4
9mm Beretta Pistol, damage 1D10

Skills: Bargain 20%, Concoct Assassinations 45%, Dodge 44%, Drive Automobile 75%, Fast Talk 35%, Follow Orders 55%, Hide 25%, Jump 45%, Listen 35%, Pick Pocket 30%, Psychology 30%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 55%, Sneak 30%.

SIX BULKY BROTHERS OF THE SKIN, Milan Chapter

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4
Grapple 55%, damage special
Club 65%, damage 1D6+1D4

Skills: Accounting 25%, Bargain 35%, Climb 45%, Credit Rating 40%, Debate 40%, Drive Automobile 30%, Fast Talk 30%, Hide 20%, Jump 40%, Law 15%, Listen 45%, Psychology 40%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 50%. As keepers wish, the pertinent skills of these executives might be considerably higher.

	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	DEX	POW	HP
One	13	15	15	11	13	11	15
Two	14	13	14	12	12	10	14
Three	14	14	14	11	12	11	14
Four	12	13	12	13	12	13	13
Five	13	12	13	14	11	14	13
Six	13	13	13	12	11	11	13

CATERINA CAVOLLARO, Age 27, ex-Opera Star

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 8 APP 11 SAN 40* EDU 17 HP 13

* *temporarily insane*.

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: Grapple 25%, damage special

Skills: English 43%, Sing 8%.

These statistics reflect Signorina Cavollaro after Faccia has cast Control Skin and Transfer Body Part on her; she is temporarily insane.

Transfer Organ

Replaces any human internal organ with its equivalent from another human, with the exception of the heart, which it cannot move or trade. This effect of this spell is permanent. To cast, it costs 1D8 Sanity points, 1 point of rowand 63 magic points. Both participants also lose 1D8 SAN, or 1D10 if unaware the transference was to take place. One of the participants can be the caster.

A living donor must be at hand; for the effect of the spel, it is inconsequential whether or not the donor agrees to the procedure.

A paste is made of blood from both participants, mixed with a little chameleon saliva. Then donor, receiver, and caster are surrounded by a group who link hands and recite an ancient poem; their words direct from them exactly 63 magic points drawn in nearly equal amounts from each chanter. This energy keeps the subject alive during the organ movement.

Using the paste, the spell-caster draws a symbol of the organ to be transferred on the respective chests of the participants. After an hour of meditation and visualization, the caster delves his or her hands into the donor body where the lines are marked. Pinching off major vessels and connecting tubes between thumb and forefinger, the organ is lifted out and placed on a circular stone table. This is repeated for the other person, then the parts are installed in their new bodies and sewn into place.

Control Skin

Allows the caster to meld, bend, and alter the skin of one general body area per casting. This spell costs 1D6 SAN and 5 magic points to cast, after which the caster must overcome the target's magic points on the resistance table unless the target is willing.

Areas correspond to the parts of the Sedefkar Simulacrum: head, torso, right arm, left arm, right leg, left leg. By spending 30 magic points, the entire body can be controlled. Simultaneous castings of body areas require only one Sanity roll, but each casting requires another 1D6 Sanity loss. The spell can change the appearance of a body area or areas enough to make an individual unrecognizable.

Ordinarily the spell affects the skin for 15 minutes, after which the skin reverts to its natural state; if a point of POW is expended along with the 5 magic points, the spell is permanent until undone with a second casting. The Brothers of the Skin use the spell as reward, punishment, and tool. It is essential to them.

at the men, his desire to have the torso overpowers all reason and restraint.

Allow the situation to play out. At some point Caterina Cavollaro's cloud of insanity dissolves and she realizes what is happening. The investigators can have time bought for them as she attempts to throttle her voice out of Arturo's throat. Arturo's companions come to his rescue, prying her off. She stumbles away, as Arturo Faccia sits down heavily, squeaking and coughing, but directing the Brothers after the investigators. They comply, and that is the last time they see him. Fenalik finds him first.

By this time the investigators should have found a cab and driven off. They have stolen a rather large piece of La Scala property, but the sum paid for it in France (50 francs) hardly leaves them open to criminal prosecution. Now they must hide the segment and get it aboard the Orient Express tomorrow afternoon.

Conclusion

The Express departure is delayed. Heavy snowfall in Switzerland has again blocked the tracks. This time the Orient Express arrives at Stazione Centrale an unacceptable five hours behind schedule. The Wagon-Lits staff are soothing and apologetic.

The train pulls out at half past six. The investigators hear a series of explosions behind them in the town. Looking out the windows of the Express, they see behind a magnificent fireworks display. Vitality returns to Milan as the investigators drag out the anvil that had been chained to its neck.

Each investigator gains 1D4 SAN for recovering the Torso of the Sedefkar Simulacrum. Correspondingly the penalty against idea, know, and luck roll successes increases to 10 percentiles if they now possess two parts of the simulacrum.

CATERINA CAVOLLARO

She is alive, but in a body seemingly foreign, and her voice gone forever with the death of Faccia. If the investigators learn the secret of the cult's Control Skin spell, they can return and restore her features to herself. Such restoration gains each investigator 1D8 SAN. But her voice is never restored.

Few believe the crazy old woman's tale at first, but Cavollaro gradually convinces friends with details that only she could know. If she cannot be happy thereafter, at least she is safe for the present.

POSTSCRIPTUM

Remarkably, the investigators are not pursued by Brotherhood thugs, even if their hotel is known. The reason why is soon clear, as the following article suggests. It is

accompanied by a photograph of Arturo Faccia, whom they recognize from their night at the opera.

The cause of Faccia's death is Fenalik, of course, though the body is enough mutilated that vampirism is not a foregone conclusion.

Player Handout #14

Milanese Man Murdered

Police revealed this morning that prominent Milan businessman Arturo Faccia was two nights ago the victim in a bestial slaying, in a seemingly isolated incident.

He had been at La Scala with friends for the opening night of "Aida" and had gone backstage to congratulate performers when he became separated from his companions.

His mutilated body was discovered late yesterday by workmen on the roof of our cathedral. An official at the diocese stated, "It is impossible for anyone to get up there at night. This is the Devil's work."

Milan police would not describe the wounds sustained, repeating merely that they seem the work of a deranged degenerate. Residents of the city are warned to exercise caution at night.

Signor Faccia was a widower, without children. He had recently returned from a business trip to Turkey.

Statistics

FATHER ANGELICO, Age 33, Priest & Translator

STR 10	CON 12	SIZ 16	INT 15	POW 10
DEX 12	APP 14	SAN 75	EDU 16	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: none he will use.

Skills: Anthropology 15%, Bargain 35%, Church Doctrine 40%, Church Law 30%, Climb 50%, Credit Rating 50%, Debate 55%, Dodge 35%, Drive Automobile 30%, English 50%, Fast Talk 20%, First Aid 38%, Hide 30%, History 35%, Jump 40%, Italian 75%, Latin 55%, Library Use 50%, Listen 45%, Make Maps 15%, Occult 10%, Oratory 30%, Psychology 40%, Sing 30%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 55%, Throw 50%.

MARCO BALDO, Age 30, Stage Doorman at La Scala

STR 17	CON 16	SIZ 18	INT 8	POW 10
DEX 10	APP 9	SAN 50	EDU 4	HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+1D6
Grapple 65%, damage special
Broken Chair 55%, damage 1D6+1D6

Skills: Bargain 10%, Climb 55%, Dodge 60%, Follow Orders 85%, Jump 55%, Protect Property 65%, Refuse Entry 45%, Spot Hidden 40%, Throw 45%.

ARTURO FACCIA, Age 67, Heads Milanese Brotherhood

STR 8	CON 9	SIZ 16	INT 14	POW 14
DEX 11	APP 9	SAN 0	EDU 15	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: Cult Skinning Knife 60%, damage 1D3+2.

resemblance to Cavollaro—perhaps she is related. If the investigator somehow deduces that this is Cavollaro, a new Sanity roll for 1/1D4 SAN is appropriate.

On either side of them are two uncomfortable looking, well-dressed, middle-aged men, four in all. Benito Andriani is not present; opera is hopelessly above him. Faccia may be recognized (another Spot Hidden) if the investigators met him at il Duomo.

The aria finished, he slumps forwards, breathing heavily. A new backdrop unfurls. The new scene is inside the temple of Phtah. Incense billows out into the audience as Radames strides in, followed by a group of priests, who present him with his sword, his sandals, his helmet—and then a spotlight comes up on what Faccia has dimly sought.

Radames' suit of armor is arranged on a large dressmaker's dummy, the seventh dummy from the costumers' room. The priests lift the amour off; for a second the bare torso swims under the spotlight. It has the look of opalescent marble. The investigators recognize the Torso intellectually, by the sheen and color appropriate to that of the Left Arm, but Arturo Faccia recognizes the Torso by the leap and thrill of his greedy, obsessive heart. He screams in ecstasy, even as the spotlight on the Sedefkar Simulacrum piece dies.

The investigators see that their goal is not thirty feet away, but the moat of the orchestra separates them from it. There is a commotion as the singer with Cavollaro's voice with four more men hurriedly leave their seats and head up the side aisle. The old woman totters after them. Presumably the investigators follow.

Finale

Faccia and his men try to get backstage, but it takes precious minutes for them to convince Marco that they are extras running late, part of the crowd in Act II, scene 2. There is ample time for the investigators to leave the house, then re-enter through the faulty door to the costumers' room.

Now it is a game of cat-and-mouse in the mazes that backstage at the opera and the streets of Milan can provide. The torso has been wheeled off stage by the time the investigators or the Brothers get to it. It can be wheeled along, or a resistance roll against STR 20 can pull the torso off its mounting. It is quite heavy (SIZ 9) to carry, though, and slows down anyone lugging it.

The Brothers are indifferent physical specimens even though most of their viscera comes from healthy dead men. They are confused and taken aback by Faccia's frantic, unexpected demands. Faccia, meanwhile, is left nearly hysterical by the totality of the answer to his prayers. With his perfect soprano voice screaming orders



From Faccia's old dry mouth spilled perfect notes.

If the investigators feel no interest in the dummy, the keeper should nonetheless remember this interview. Keepers who like to guide events might allow an idea roll to pursue the topic of the seventh dummy into the next sub-section.

FURTHER SEARCHES

The lower levels are closer to the stage. The Torso cannot be found in the ever-increasing hubbub and activity. Though stagehands may say that the dummy was thrown out, or bought by a collector, or mangled in an accident, the props manager knows exactly where it is—protected from the bustle behind enormous backdrops and destined for prop glory tonight. Alas, no one the investigators think to ask knows that.

BENITO'S ORDERS

If the investigators have been at all upsetting to Mr. Faccia, backstage provides perfect opportunities for his bodyguard, Benito Andriani. He attempts to conclude all investigations rather messily. Hurling prop spears, falling sandbags, and collapsing curtain bars might be used to permanently dissuade investigator snoops. If captured, Andriani could lead the investigators to Faccia.

SOMETHING NEW

The next morning, all the investigators who went to La Scala wake up with irritated checkerboard rashes across their stomachs and backs. This rash heals each day the victim remains away from La Scala, and worsens each time they return.

Opening Night

Eventually Marco finds the investigators and throws them out, as they seem to obstructing preparations. He tells them to get tickets and come back tonight. As it happens, they do.

Some 3,000 people eddy in the piazza, at the ticket windows, in the foyers, and in the salons of La Scala, but they make none of the animated chatter and gossip usual to opening night. These Milanese have dressed in black. They speak in hushed tones, and avert their eyes. The tone of the evening is funereal.

The bells ring and the somber crowd moves to seats and boxes. The investigators remain on the ground floor, front row center.

From the central chandelier, in which a dinner party could be comfortably held, to the six tiers of boxes which soar up to the shallow domed roof, to the sixty feet of crimson curtain that veils the stage, everything is of epic proportions. It is impossible not to feel dwarfed, and a little awed, by this place. The investigators should feel very small, indeed of the wrong scale.



Benito Andriani

It takes a full five minutes to get to the front row. Their seats are immediately before the orchestra, who by means of squeaks and strums and blurts are tuning their instruments.

At eight sharp, the conductor taps the podium with his baton, a thin sharp sound that finds every corner of the hall. The music begins, a melody familiar to the investigators from Cavollaro's impromptu recital aboard

the Orient Express. The curtain bunches up and up, and up, to reveal on stage a great hall of ancient Egypt. Priests sacrifice plaster lambs at the feet of a statue of Isis, whom they petition to choose a new Egyptian leader. Young warrior Radames sings of his hope to be chosen, and also that, upon his return from the fight against the Ethiopians, he may ask Aida (a captured Ethiopian slave, handmaiden to the Egyptian King's daughter) to marry him. Little does he know that Aida is a princess herself, the daughter of the Ethiopian king and leader. Radames is chosen as the new Egyptian leader and the priests take him away to be presented with his armor.

Aida's tortured aria, the one that the investigators by now know so well, begins. The understudy starts with none of the vocal power or presence of Caterina, but suddenly the whole opera house begins to hum with the resonance of the song. Everybody seems to be singing the piece themselves. Everybody tonight seems to have a secret wish.

Gradually, however, the investigators distinguish unmistakably the voice of Caterina Cavollaro herself, quite close to them. A Listen roll indicates that it is coming from beside them, over the central aisle.

There is a tall, elderly man, whom the investigators may recognize from the Duomo. He has a scarred neck. He sings in exactly the voice of Cavollaro. Perceiving that he sings with another's voice requires that the investigators receive Sanity rolls; lose 2/1D6 SAN. The crowd generally seems to have focused both on the performance and on their own petitions, so this extraordinary event goes almost unnoticed. From Faccia's old, dry mouth spill the perfect notes of a soprano in her prime, exactly as the investigators have heard them twice before.

Next to this amazing singer sits a large old woman, wizened and wrinkled enough to be his mother. She sits slack-mouthed, listening intently to the aria, as though trying to remember something important. A Spot Hidden reveals that her neck is also scarred. She bears a faint

rents. Then a landslide of severed wooden heads cascades down a dark corridor, and forces the investigators down an even darker passage. In the distance the squeak of wood against plaster sounds like giggling.

Only a successful POW x2 or less result on D100 keeps the investigators from becoming lost. Once they are lost, anything less than shouted demands for help are ignored. They feel that they are adrift in a madhouse, where the laws of reality have changed, that they are intruding on a world obsessed by its devotion to artifice and trickery. They are behind the scenes, party to the clockwork demon of art.

After a third group of slaves in foil chains skip past, or after a sidelong glance reveals a baleful eye as big as a dinner table glaring at them between the curtains, each investigator must receive a Sanity roll (lose 0/1 SAN) to resist the idea that their search has no significance or importance, that the theater is reality, and that illusion is the goal to which all activity is directed.

Paolo Rischonti

Rischonti was quoted in the newspaper article. If the investigators seek him out, he is backstage directing a hundred last-minute jobs. He can speak briefly with the investigators, but is obviously very busy.

If asked about the 'costumier's curse,' he will explain. In the last six years, La Scala has not been able to keep a costume designer for more than three months. Every new person fell ill, and furthermore suffered profound disillusionment with the falsity and facades inherent in the theatrical arts.

The illnesses include consumption, pneumonia, gastro-enteritis, asthma, appendicitis, and in a few cases a strange dermatitis on the chest. Management has done everything possible, but has never pinpointed the cause of these maladies. They are overjoyed because the most recent appointment has displayed no symptoms, and indeed seems as immune as the three old women who have worked in the costume department for more than fifty years. The new woman, Luisa Visconti, has been at the job for four months now.



Paolo Rischonti

Now the bad luck has moved on, culminating in the abduction of the great diva, Caterina. Rischonti thinks it is a bad idea to go ahead with *Aida*.

The Costumery

Anyone can give simple-seeming directions to the costume department: a left, a right, up three levels and you're there. To get there though, the investigators must weave their way along narrow corridors lined with anonymous doors, climb rickety flights of stairs, and make choices at intersections neglectfully unmentioned by their guides. Nonetheless, the journey to the costume department is a respite from the backstage madness—at least the people here are stationary and quiet.

The costumers' room is the size of a pullman, filled with material, pins, designs, and cotton. The costumes are stored elsewhere but manufactured here—six dressmaker's dummies are adorned with costumes in various states of development. If the dummies are inspected, all six are wooden.

Four women work here. One is young, Luisa Visconti; she smokes and draws at a desk. The others are the three elderly women from the cathedral—ancients dressed in black who busy themselves at the dummies like dwarves dressing magicians and princesses. They are tiny (SIZ 6) and work nimbly.



Luisa Visconti

Visconti will talk to the investigators, and speaks English, but her mind is on her designs. She is aware of the turnover of staff; in the last few years more than twenty have left, one after the other, an intolerable distraction. She is proud to have remained in good health long past the time that the others averaged.

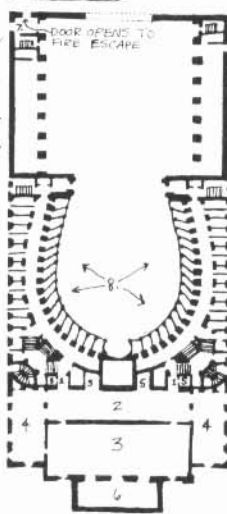
It is chilly in here. At the back of the room, a successful Spot Hidden reveals a door ajar, opening to a fire-escape landing bathed in weak sunlight. Visconti explains that it gives onto a fire escape and complains that it never closes properly.

If the investigators met the three old women at il Duomo, this time Visconti can act as translator. The trio speak in a simultaneous jumble of voices. They tell the investigators that the six dummies plus an absent seventh are "new" (six years are few if you've worked in the place for fifty years). The seventh dummy, the big one, has been taken downstairs somewhere and they're glad. Though it had no physical effect on them (they are too old and too sure of themselves) it makes them feel uneasy. Still, it was very useful. Costumes made on it never seemed to need adjusting.



THIRD FLOOR

1. ENTRY ROOM
2. GALLERY
3. LARGE ROOM
4. MEETING ROOM
5. SMALL ROOMS
6. TERRACE
7. COSTUME
8. BOXES



SECOND FLOOR

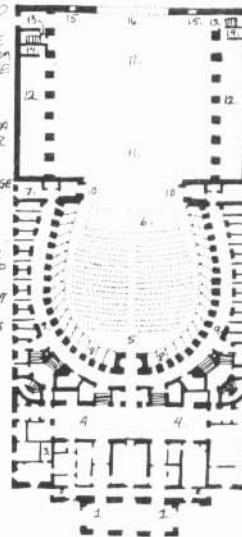
1. ROYAL BOX
2. ENTRANCE ROOM
3. SERVANTS ROOM
4. BALCONY FOR RELATIVES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY
5. COOKS
6. ENTRANCE
7. SERVANTS CORRIDOR
8. DINING ROOM
9. KITCHEN
10. PANTRY
11. CLOSET



NOTE: IF NO DOOR IS MARKED, IT IS NOT A ROOM ON THIS LEVEL, BUT A BRICK FOUNDATION.

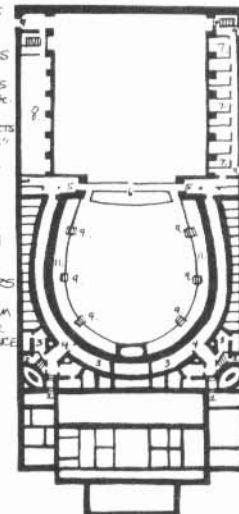
GROUND FLOOR

1. PORTICO
2. ENTRY PASSAGE
3. CLOAK ROOM
4. ELEVATOR
5. STALLS
6. ORCHESTRA
7. CONDUCTOR
8. BOXES
9. BOXES
10. FORE STAGE
11. STAGE + SCENERY
12. SCENERY + PROPS STORAGE
13. STAIRS UP + DOWN
14. LIME-LIGHT STORES
15. FIREPLACES
16. STAGE DOORS



BASEMENT

1. SERVANTS ENTRY
2. TOILETS
3. STOREROOMS
4. PASSAGES FOR CORPSES DE BALLETER
5. PITS FOR SPECIAL EFFECTS + "PHANTOMS"
6. PROMPTS BOX + FOOT LIGHTS
7. BALLET DRESSING ROOMS
8. ORCHESTRA DRESSING ROOM
9. STAGE DOORS
10. STAIRS UP
11. PARTY ROOM FOR AFTER PERFORMANCE



NOTE: IF NO DOOR APPEARS, IT IS NOT A ROOM ON THIS LEVEL, BUT A BRICK FOUNDATION.

Teatro alla Scala, Milan

Teatro alla Scala

Piazza del Scala is accessible via the Galleria, and has as its centerpiece a large statue of Michelangelo. La Scala itself is a bland-looking building from the outside—the famous opera house is merely large.

The investigators cannot gain entry to la Scala via the front doors, since these are locked until this evening—opening night. The best way in is through the stage door, to be found at the back of the building. Here a Fast Talk or Debate persuades burly (SIZ 18) Marco the doorkeeper to allow them in.

Inside, they soon lose sight of the stage door as strange sights intervene: a ten-foot-high wooden nose against a wall, which will be gone the next time they pass this way; pharaohs sit smoking cigars and playing cards; a trail of stage blood leads underneath a door. Sounds also echo along these walls: sets being built, singers exercising their throats, instruments being tuned, orders shouted and countermanded . . . activity is frantic as performance times nears.

The mood of the cast and crew is a mixture of sadness and confusion over the loss of their star, anticipation of great things done, and pre-performance excitement. Groups gather to cry or to sing together, creating oases and vortexes of sound that wash and intermingle along the corridors, starting and vanishing as suddenly as a desert stream.

Pictures of Cavollaro are stuck up everywhere, garlanded with roses and ribbons; it is as if the singer stares accusingly from every wall, every door. Members of the cast press their lips to these shrines as they pass, worshiping these icons as fervently as Father Angelico feared. The investigators are continually being run past, or shoved aside, or wailed at by wild-eyed singers as they carry on in the tradition of Italian grand opera.

Far from windows, vents, or outer doors, the atmosphere becomes increasingly surreal. A row of plaster limbs are dragged past, tied on a long rope, bumping and scraping. A huge chariot wheel covered in paste jewels suddenly rolls down the corridor, threatening to knock down the investigators (successful Dodge rolls to avoid losing a hit point). Egyptians sporting horrific battle wounds stroll by, cheerfully singing and chattering in tor-



Marco Baldo

Milan

MILAN IS THE BIGGEST CITY in northern Italy, the capital of the region called Lombardy, and after Naples the second-most populous city in Italy.

Milan has a long and celebrated history. In the 4th century it was made capital of the Holy Roman Empire, and so was pivotal to the development of early Christianity. In the following centuries its power grew and it continued to dominate local politics, culminating in the period from the 14th to 16th centuries when the Visconti and Sforza dynasties created the city anew, expanding and rebuilding in accordance with long-term plans. Il Duomo, the magnificent cathedral, was begun in 1387.

Milan's prosperity declined with the Spanish conquest of the 17th century and subsequent rule of the Hapsburgs into the 19th century. The advent of the Risorgimento (mid-19th century) and the unification of the regions of Italy into a single kingdom saw Milan develop once more into an intellectual and cultural focus of the country. By the 1920s it was well-established as the center of big business in Italy.

About 1890, Marxism was introduced to Italy, and it is illustrative of the ideological liberality of the Milanese authorities that papers such as *Avanti-Giornale Socialista* could enjoy wide readership without fear or repression.

As well as being receptive to new ideas, Milanese also enthusiastically pursue the latest styles. Milan is the fashion center of Italy, so there are (even for Italy) a seemingly disproportionate number of well-frequented clothing retailers in the central business district.

In 1897-99 the Edison Co. installed electric streetcar lines in the streets of Milan, which converge on the Piazza del Duomo much as irregular spokes about a central hub. The Duomo can be considered the very heart of Milan, its imposing beauty allowed space by the piazza before it. The streets that lie close by are packed with four- and five-story buildings, giving the impression of a series of geometrically regular and intersecting valleys.

Da Vinci's famous painting, "The Last Supper," can be found in the church of Santa Maria Delle Grazie, a ten minute tram-ride from the Piazza del Duomo. The picture depicts the moment after Christ has uttered the words: "One of you will betray me," and the surrounding groups of disciples look suitably amazed.

In 1923 Milan, much construction is underway. Buildings are going up or extended. The Duomo is having a facelift and workers scurry up and down scaffolding lugging pieces of pink and white marble to be replaced or cleaned. Some of the multitudinous statues are being removed also. On the outskirts of town, the University of Milan is under construction.

and cross themselves, but will not be drawn out any further. Keepers so-inclined might allow an idea roll here: is it coincidence that to cross oneself, one touches each extremity of the torso?



Father Angelico

A CRAZY OLD MAN

As the investigators turn to leave the cathedral, they hear clucking sounds. An old man has gone to his hands and knees beside a pillar, obviously looking for something. If they ask to help, he is startled and stands suddenly—a glass jar tumbles from his coat to the tiled floor, shattering and scattering its contents, which consist entirely of dead butterflies and moths.

The man, thin and well-dressed, hurries away. If the investigators remain, they see a chameleon appear and feast on the insect banquet, its independently-moving and strangely-scaled eyes maintaining constant vigil. Then it slips behind a person or a font and disappears. Faccia and his pet rendezvous later on the roof.

If the investigators make a fuss chasing either Arturo or the chameleon, priests move to restrain them. By the time the investigators make plausible excuse, man and lizard are safely away.



Arturo Faccia

A Midnight Episode

As the investigators prepare for bed, Caterina Cavollaro's voice echoes through the halls of the Galleria, singing the same aria that she performed on the train.

Led out of the Galleria, they see police and groups of people, running down narrow streets and into piazzas, but the tall buildings and cobbled streets make it difficult to discern from where the sound comes, though everyone hears it.

A successful Listen roll causes the investigators to turn into a particular alley. As they move down the dim, narrow street, a dry scuttling sound attracts their attention; a successful Spot Hidden roll reveals a chameleon lurking in the shadows. The creature diverts attention

from Faccia, for it is he singing, and allows him to evade the investigators' notice.

The aria is heard a few more times that night, but stops after a while. Everyone goes to sleep. That night, they dream of singing reptiles.

The Performance

IN THE MORNING, THE INVESTIGATORS wake to notice that the mural set into the wall of the Galleria above their rooms seems to have been vandalized; now the Egyptian woman appears to scream at the approach of the Egyptian man, who now has something like a small monkey or cat painted as sitting on his shoulder. Later in the day, the investigators return to see the mural as they saw it originally, the day before. Was the perception from this morning a trick of light, or some indefinable influence?

The Disappearance

The newspapers are full of Cavollaro's disappearance, which all have now decided must be a criminal act, and not some prank or absent-mindedness on her part: *CAVOLLARO ABDUCTED, OPERA STAR MYSTERY, GIVE AIDA BACK!*

The stories include reports of last night's singing, with speculations and interviews. Of particular interest is the following.

Player Handout #13

Cavollaro's Disappearance: Another Tragedy?

Rosario Sorbello, director of La Scala, announced today that "Aida" would open tonight with understudy Maria Dimattina appearing in the title role.

Sorbello, in response to comments regarding the "ghost voice" of last night and other reputedly unnatural occurrences, said "There is no substance to these stories. They are mere gossip and old wives' tales."

Paolo Rischonti, props manager for the opera, told a different tale. "We thought our troubles were over," he said, "when the costumiers' curse ended with the preparations for Aida, but now the bad luck is on the set itself. People are being injured or falling ill, and props are disappearing. Where will this end?"

Tonight's performance is booked out, but the opera is scheduled over the next four weeks.

dressmaker, acquiring six wooden sewing forms at the same time.

It has been used by the costumers at La Scala since, who admire it for its solidity but not for the way it resists pin-sticks. Because of its hefty construction it has been removed from the costumers' room to be used onstage, in Act 1, Scene 2 of *Aida*.

Centro di Milano

Following sub-sections describe major landmarks utilized in this scenario, including il Duomo and la Galleria Vittorio Emanuele.

LA GALLERIA VITTORIO EMANUELE

This beautiful arcade opened in 1877. Soon after, its designer Giuseppe Mengoni plunged to his death from the arch that overlooks the Piazza del Duomo. The Galleria is of cruciform arrangement and covered by a hemicylindrical construct of steel and glass. There is a central dome of the same materials. The walls are three tall stories high.

The long arms of the Galleria connect the Piazza del Duomo to the Piazza del Scala; these three architectural achievements form the "centro di Milano."

There are several cafes in the Galleria, Biffi's being the most famous. Other shops are occupied by retailers of clothes, leather goods, jewelry, books, etc. The Galleria is always crowded, but the investigators notice the people's apathetic movement. (See illustration on back cover.)

THEIR HOTEL ROOMS

As promised, Cavollaro booked beautiful rooms for the investigators, right above Biffi's on the third floor, at the crux of the Galleria. She wired ahead for the rooms, but has not yet occupied the suite she booked for herself.

From their balconies the investigators see Milan coming and going below, faces bowed, brows furrowed. Above a mural pictures ancient Egypt—a man approaches a seated woman. Just yards below this, and set all around the Galleria's walls, is statuary.

Their rooms have shelves of guide books to the main attractions of Milan—"The Last Supper," the Sforza Castle, the many churches and gardens, the glorious cathedral, even a book regarding Teatro alla Scala, the opera house.

This last is well-thumbed. It attributes to Verdi the belief that singing along with an aria at La Scala can cause one's fondest wish to be granted. The book contains drawings and illustrative photographic plates. One, pertaining to costume design, includes a picture of a small woman arranging a suit of armor on a large dummy. Though the investigators have no way to know, the dummy is the torso from the Sedefkar Simulacrum.

IL DUOMO

This huge Gothic cathedral took 500 years to build, starting in 1387. The facade houses five sets of massive double doors and is 73 meters across and twice again as long. The great, squat base rises to the astonishing delicacy of 98 spires, a nimbus of needle shapes straining to the sky. The pink and white marbles enhance the movement toward heaven.

Inside the cathedral, 52 pillars support a roof that covers sarcophagi, shrines, fonts, pews, and areas of colored light streaming in via the stained windows.

In daylight hours, one can reach the roof by stair, and from there Milan can be viewed spread out, orderly and untroubled. In warmer weather Arturo Faccia spends hours here, gazing out over the city which he increasingly owns, wondering beneath which inscrutable roof hides the prize of a portion of the simulacrum.

Before the Duomo is the Piazza del Duomo, a tiled open area the size again of the cathedral. The Piazza is a meeting place for locals, tourists, and pigeons alike. To one side of the Piazza an arched entrance opens into the Galleria.

In the Cathedral

If the investigators enter the magnificent cathedral, they meet some interesting people.

In the Duomo, the investigators are seized upon by a priest, Father Angelico, always eager to practice his English. He shows them the wonders of sculpture and architecture which the building boasts. Angelico is a large-boned, vigorous, broad-faced man who seems as much athlete as priest, but a disconcertingly sensitive streak is apt to reveal itself at any time.

As the tour goes on, like most Milanese these past few years, Father Angelico loses energy and enthusiasm. Finally, near tears, he apologizes to them for his weakness, and out tumbles his theory of the Collapse of Milan.

"We Milanese have lost much faith in the One True God. Our lack of animation stems from a soulless devotion to appearance instead of substance. In these dim days, we worship actors and singers. As attendance at mass declines, La Scala's audiences increase. La Scala is the house of evil!" Bewilderingly, he breaks into tears.

Other people in the cathedral are in tears. Near the doors stand three tiny, ancient women in black who work at the costume department at La Scala. Weeping, they light candles for Cavollaro's return, whose picture they proceed to hang from a votive rack. They have no English, but can be followed to La Scala or questioned in Italian with the help of Father Angelico. If questioned concerning evil at La Scala, they glance at one another

mountains. An overcast accumulates. Fog and smoke obscure the outlines of an industrial city. A few patches of green appear and disappear abruptly—they are the scattered parks of outer Milan. Then the Orient Express pulls into Stazione Centrale.

Symptoms of the City

The station looks like a bomb has hit it. Rubble lies about in heaps. Gray dust covers everything. The train stops, breathes its last gasps of steam, and all falls quiet. Nobody is on the platform: the station is remarkably empty. Eventually, just when they suspect Milan has become a ghost town, two drowsy-looking porters appear with baggage carts, and then subdued groups of people shuffle past to dutifully welcome relatives and friends.

If asked, a porter can explain that the new government has decided that the station's decor be substantially changed, and much of it is being pulled down before the upgrading can begin. A successful Psychology roll, however, identifies the tenor of the city as very contrary to the expected energy and bustle. What has happened?

CATERINA CAVOLLARO

No one seems to have much energy even for gossip, but that limited talk centers around Caterina Cavollaro. Though stories differ, most agree that when she disembarked from the Orient Express, a black car with chauffeur was waiting to collect her. She got in, and has not been seen since. Rumor has it that in the car was an old flame. Responsible staff at La Scala are offended that she has now been in Milan for a full day or more, and has not yet arrived for rehearsals.

By the late afternoon papers, the first fears that she has been abducted are being voiced.

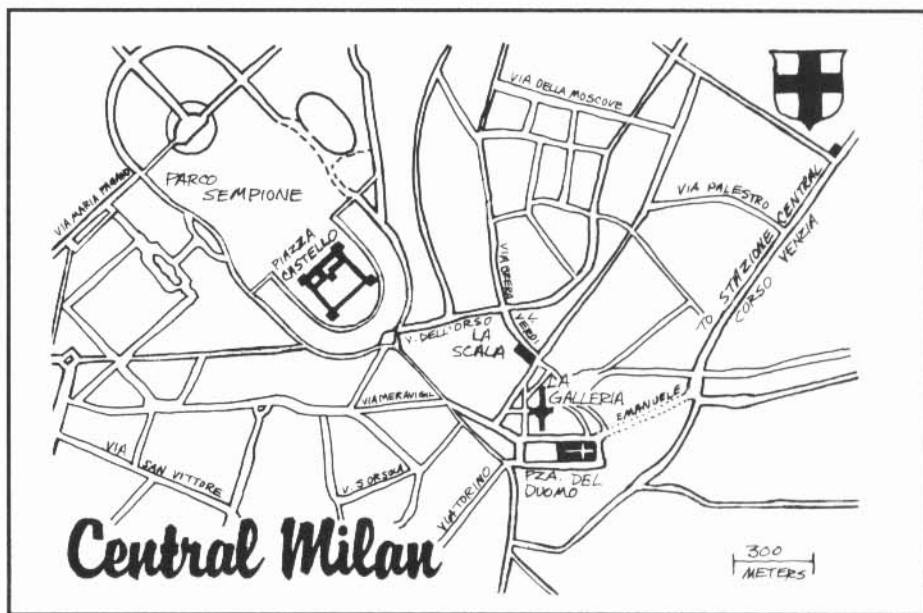
THE SHELL OF THE CITY

It is important at this stage that the prevailing atmosphere in Milan be apparent to the investigators. This first day should see them established not only in their rooms, but in the feeling of the city.

The initial impression of emotional emptiness increases. The investigators feel more and more that Milan

is a hollow city, and that while the brick and mortar is sound, the flesh and blood is not. Milan has neither brashness nor vivacity. In the pale winter light, Milan is a gray city growing dimmer. The architecture and streets are impressive and imposing, but the inhabitants are unable to match such grandeur. Immaculately dressed, they start lightning-fast conversations, then languish into embarrassed silence after superficial topics (weather, work, health) have been touched upon.

The investigators see people slumped over cafe tables, exhausted; people leaning heavily against the walls and posts, crying; the break-up of couples and of old friends, turned to sullen anger; the open admiration of physical beauty changed to envy and sniggering lust. The contrast between such spiritual poverty and the elegance of dress is keen, and puzzling. But Milan is still incongruously fashion-conscious.



A successful Psychoanalysis roll (or Treat Disease, in a pinch) indicates that the Milanese seem to suffer from a type of depression similar to the delayed shock often experienced some months after someone very close has died. The shock coincides with the intellectual realization that the beloved has really gone. As they move through the city, the investigators perceive this everywhere.

THE CAUSE

This is all the effect of the simulacrum Torso. As the largest piece of the simulacrum, its effects are felt even in isolation from the rest of the parts. It has been in Milan six years, since Paolo Rischonti, props buyer for La Scala, bought it at the closing-down sale of a Parisian

and elderly rich, whose generous contributions fund its ghastly activities.)

Abducted, Signorina Cavollaro was taken to a warehouse on the outskirts of the city, and there Faccia cast Control Skin on her to make her unrecognizably aged and haggard. He then cast Transfer Organ to exchange their lungs and vocal chords. Cavollaro remains alive so that Faccia can get his own voice back after the experiment.

The two spells performed, Miss Cavollaro suffered both the loss of her appearance and her prized voice. The shock has left her temporarily insane, an amnesiac.

With his new ability, Faccia has decided to practice at night on the deserted streets, where the timbre of the echoes can be glorious. He too has tickets for the opening night of "Aida," where he will sing the aria with the original star's voice, and simultaneously with the understudy.

Faccia is well-protected from inquiry by his reputation for commercial success. One bodyguard, Benito An-

driani, is not a Brother and knows nothing of the connection with the cult. Andriani will have the job of warning off the investigators if they intrude into Faccia's plans. Remarkably, Faccia has not much thought about what Benito thinks of Faccia's new and svelte female voice.

Investigator Information

THE TRANSITION FROM open fields and farms to factories and houses can be seen from the windows of the dining car. As buildings become more numerous, the sky loses the deep clear blue present in the

Italy in the 1920s

Passports

All travelers entering Italy must carry a passport, bearing a photograph of the passport owner. The wife and young children of a passport holder may travel on his passport. No visa is required for British travelers, but United States of America passports require a visa stamp (which can be obtained in London, before departure).

Customs

Everything except used personal clothing is subject to duty, especially food, tobacco, jewelry, new clothes, and playing cards. In practice, small quantities of food and tobacco may be duty-free as a courtesy if declared. Prohibited imports include salt and saccharin. Firearms must be declared and require police permits, or customs retains them until a permit is obtained. A person carrying a firearm without a permit is liable to arrest.

Although antiques can pass without difficulty, customs officers will attempt to prevent the removal of important artistic treasures: this may create problems for the investigators as they take pieces of the simulacrum out of Italy.

Police

There are three levels of police in Italy: the Vigili, or metropolitan police force whose jurisdiction is a single city; the Carabinieri or gendarmes who may be found country-wide; and the Militi, or Fascist Militia. Either the Carabinieri or Militi may carry firearms.

Money

The monetary unit in Italy is the lira (singular, lire plural), which is divided into 100 centesimi. In abbreviation, the lira is written of as L or Lit. About 5 lire equal U.S. \$1, or 25 lire equal 1 pound sterling. However the value of the lire is quite depressed, so that the local value of £1 is equivalent to L110 or more. In game terms, keepers could allow investigators to purchase black market goods at one-fifth of the usual price if paying in sterling, with a commensurate chance of being caught and arrested.

Government

After the Great War, many Italians felt that the gains made during the war were thrown away over the treaty-table. Benito Mussolini exploited this angry nationalism. In 1919, he gathered together groups of youths and veteran soldiers into units modeled upon military com-

mandos. Their official name was Fasci di Combattimento, but they became known from their uniforms as Blackshirts. Blackshirts were initially used to break strikes, and to harass Communists and Socialists. This militancy would later turn against all non-Italians. Local police and officials often turned blind eyes to the Fascists' activities, either in sympathy or from fear.

In 1921, Mussolini formed the Partito Nazionale Fascista (National Fascist Party). Initially they had relatively minor representation in the parliament, but were very influential for all that; no other party could form a government without PNF support. In October 1922, Mussolini was made Prime Minister by Victor Emmanuel III. After changes to the electoral laws, the Fascists polled two-thirds of the vote in the 1924 elections. After the murder of a member by fascist toughs, those parties in opposition withdrew from parliament in protest. By January, 1925, Mussolini had assumed the title Il Duce, and was the dictator of all Italy.

Mussolini's rise to power was opposed in Italy and overseas. In 1926, at least three attempts were made on his life. In the last of these, the would-be assassin was stabbed and beaten to death by an infuriated crowd.

VII. MILANO



Note For Note

Wherein the investigators learn of a darkness that has spread over this vibrant city, and the investigators locate the Torso during a less than hilarious night at the opera.

by Bernard Caleo

WHILE THE INVESTIGATORS SLEPT, drifting snow held up the train at Brigue, near the north end of the Simplon tunnel. The track cleared, the Orient Express arrives in Milan half an hour late, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

Scenario Considerations

This adventure assumes that the investigators arrive at least a day later than does diva Caterina Cavollaro. Their visit to Lausanne causes the delay. The opening night for "Aida", for which they have seats reserved, occurs the second night of their stay in Milan.

If the investigators skip Lausanne and arrive with Caterina, the keeper must orchestrate her abduction from under their noses. If they are held up in Lausanne and arrive after Cavollaro said that "Aida" was scheduled to start, postpone opening night until the investigators can be there: no one will be inconvenienced. Management doubtlessly postpones opening night in the hope that Signorina Cavollaro reappears.

BROTHERS OF THE SKIN

Unless the Duke has opened the topic, this chapter represents the first chance for the investigators to hear of the Brothers of the Skin. No specific encounter provides for this—perhaps a captive yields the name, or perhaps it is overheard. Thereafter, continue to mention the name, as it becomes dramatic: the players deserve to know that hereafter they must deal with the organization of madmen whispered of by Prof. Smith in London.

Keeper Information

Caterina Cavollaro has been abducted by Milan's chapter of the Brothers of the Skin. A gaunt, elderly man, one Arturo Faccia, heads it.

Faccia met Selim Makryat in 1906 on a business trip to Turkey, and thereafter returned to Milan to draw a group of Brothers from the ranks of wealthy businessmen and politicians. Faccia owns several factories on the outskirts of Milan, which other Brothers now operate, exploiting the workmen to the utmost.

Faccia is obsessed with the power possible were the entire Sedefkar Simulacrum found and assembled, and has done all he can locate the piece that reputedly exists in Milan—mystics have repeatedly told him that one piece of the simulacrum is in, or has been in, or will be in the city. The persistence of these vague reports has ignited his fantasies and whetted his appetites, and he has spent years in searching for the artifact.

As he inexorably ages, he has come to believe a local superstition. It is said that singing an aria along with the singer on the La Scala stage grants one's fondest desire. In his madness, the simulacrum has come mean immortality, and he has seized upon the la Scala superstition as the key. To improve his chances, he has seized Cavollero's beautiful voice as well, using the spell Transfer Organ.

(Cultists ordinarily transplant lungs, livers, kidneys, and so on—surgery otherwise impossible in the 1920s. Such life-saving transplants have allowed Faccia to convert Brothers who would otherwise have laughed at him. Thus the Milan chapter is composed of the middle-aged

He opens his valise, and from it pulls a length of ordinary braided horsehair rope, unusual only in that it has been woven into itself, to form an unbroken loop several feet across. Murmuring a few words, he then picks up his valise, flicks the rope circle above his head with a curious gesture, then lets it drop over him; as it drops, he disappears, along with the chair around which it passed.

It happens so swiftly that most diners do not notice. The waiter does, but his aplomb does not crack. "Gentlemen," he remonstrates, "what has he done with our chair?"

The Duke, as the Jigsaw Prince, has a role to play in the penultimate adventure, "Blue Train, Black Night."

Conclusion

If the investigators gain the scroll, allow each one 1D6 Sanity points. If they should kill the Duke, each gains 1D8 Sanity points for killing such a monstrous entity. If they somehow manage to save one or both Wellingtons, allow another 1D4 Sanity points.

Since there has been so little conscious time aboard the train, and so little service, no Sanity award occurs for this leg of the trip.

The Baleful Influence of the Left Arm continues to decrease investigator idea, know, and luck thresholds by 5 percentiles, reducing their chances to receive successes with such rolls.

Statistics

EDGAR WELLINGTON, Age 35, Occultist

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 13
DEX 15 APP 11 SAN 38 EDU 15 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: none; if attacked will not defend himself.

Skills: Accounting 60%, Bargain 40%, Credit Rating 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 7%, French 65%, German 45%, Occult 40%, Psychology 15%.

WILLIAM WELLINGTON, Age 28, Taxidermist

STR 10 CON 9 SIZ 13 INT 9 POW 14
DEX 14 APP 6 SAN 23 EDU 12 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Fist* 65%, damage 1D3

* *Attacked, all his frustrations seethe to the surface and he fights like a berserker, swinging until he drops.*

Skills: Stare Unnervingly 100%, Taxidermy 85%.

MAXIMILLIAN von WURTHEIM, Age 26, Confidence Trickster

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 16 INT 14 POW 15
DEX 14 APP 18 EDU 11 SAN 75 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 75%, damage 1D3+1D4

Skills: Credit Rating 40%, Debate 65%, Fast Talk 80%, English 60%, French 50%, German 70%, Oratory 75%.

DUC JEAN FLORESSAS des ESSEINTES, Age 90, Duke/Jigsaw Prince

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 18 POW 19
DEX 13 APP 15(2) SAN 0 EDU 20 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Knife 75%, damage 1D6+1D4
Sword Cane 70%, damage 1D6+2+1D4

Armor: his body is enchanted. Melee attacks and weapons slide off his flesh without causing damage. Bullets striking him do minimum damage. Enchanted weapons do normal damage. His head, however is vulnerable—any attack result which is 10% or less of the attacking skill percentage does normal damage to the head, regardless of the kind of attack.

Skills: Credit Rating* 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Dreaming 80%, Dodge 40%, English 70%, Fast Talk 78%, French 90%, German 80%, Hide 50%, Occult 75%, Oratory 55%, Sneak 45%.

* *The police of various cities suspect him of many crimes, all unprovable.*

Spells: Animate Skin*, Brew Dream Drug*, Control Skin*, De-transference*, Dominate, Enchant Flesh*, Enchant Item, Enchant Knife, Graft Flesh*, Melt Flesh*, Shrivelling, Voorish Sign.

* *new spells; most are found at the end of the Constantinople chapter.*

Sanity Loss: lose 2/1D6+1 for seeing the Prince's body uncovered.

SAMPLE MOB in Dream Lausanne

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+1D4
Club 45%, damage 1D6+1D3
Knife 45%, damage 1D4+2+1D4

	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	DEX	POW	HP
One	13	12	14	13	15	11	13
Two	13	12	12	11	14	11	12
Three	12	13	13	10	13	13	13
Four	15	11	11	10	12	11	11
Five	14	13	11	9	10	10	12
Six	13	10	12	10	9	12	11

then has them arrested for assault, accusing them of having murdered the Wellingtons in Lausanne. Though the evidence at the murder scene may be enough eventually to implicate the Duke, not the investigators, the weeks the investigators spend in Swiss jails might cost a little Sanity. The Duke meanwhile hides in his private realm, to reappear in the penultimate scenario of this campaign.

- If they give him the real scroll, the investigators lose a vital clue about the simulacrum; nonetheless, they retain the translation, which is good enough for their immediate purposes.
- If they give him the fake scroll, he accepts, since he has no idea what the scroll looks like and does not know of the existence of the forgery—an idea roll can prompt this last approach.
- If they do not give him either scroll, he may very well return to his own table, then Shrivel one or two investigators, to frighten the rest into compliance.



"What has she done with our chair?"

- If they do not give him either scroll, he could still allege their involvement in the deaths of the Wellingtons, and have them arrested. Maximillian von Wurtheim will probably back up his story, though just how closely the Lausanne police listen to these citizens of dubious reputation is up to the keeper.

If the investigators give him either the fake scroll or the real scroll, he takes it without a second look—both look and feel right. He looks at his Orient Express timetable. "Well, I see we are nearly out of range. I must depart."

Brew Dream Drug

This spell allows the magician to create a drug which facilitates entry into some world of dream. Casting the spell and making the drug takes about five hours and costs 2 Sanity points and 4 magic points to cast. After the first, each additional draught made costs one additional magic point; thus to make 5 draughts would cost a total of 6 magic points.

The drinker of a draught falls asleep very quickly, for about four hours; the subjective length of the dream may be long or short, and memories of the dream may be distorted. Importantly, all who drink of the same drug together are together in the dream.

By the origin and proportion of the ingredients, the caster may make dream entry into a specific area correlative to the waking world, such as a specific city, or to any random place or universe.

A large number of herbs are used in its creation, some commonplace, others mystical and difficult to find. The end result is a thin brown liquid which acts as a mild narcotic, making the mind of the user more relaxed and therefore more in tune with the land of dreams.

This drug does not concern the Dreamlands of Earth, and cannot be used to go there, except by accident.

Enchant Flesh

It allows the caster to preserve and ensorcel 1 SIZ point of the skin and flesh of a victim. The flesh must

be cut away with an enchanted knife and immediately thereafter the spell must be cast upon the skin. The spell takes five minutes to cast and costs the user 10 magic points and 2D4 SAN. The block of flesh so-ensorcelled is now immune to most forms of damage (firearms still do minimum damage, enchanted weapons do normal damage). Furthermore, the flesh will age instead of the caster, adding one year to his or her life.

Unless applied with a Graft Flesh spell, the ensorcelled flesh lasts for (POW of victim) x2 weeks; after that it loses its magical properties and goes the way of all flesh. If Grafted, the flesh lasts forever.

Nominally, then, 10-11 such flesh blocks can completely armor an average-sized human.

This obscene variant of the Enchant Item spell was created by the Duke himself, combining teachings of the Skinless One with other magicks of the Mythos. Selim would kill the Duke for this spell, if he knew he had it. Only the Duke knows Enchant Flesh.

Graft Flesh

This spell allows the caster to graft a piece of Enchanted Flesh to his or her body, and have the flesh and its armoring effects last forever. The spell costs 10 magic points and 2D6 SAN to cast. The lengthy ritual involves two hours of chanting and prayer. The caster must remove from his or her own body a corresponding area of skin (costing 1D4 hit points) before the Enchanted Flesh can be Grafted. After the spell has been cast, the Enchanted Flesh properties become available to the user forever.

The scroll is the gibbering testimony of a madman. The typescript takes ten hours to read with comprehension, and carries a Sanity loss of 1D4 SAN, conferring Cthulhu Mythos of 2%. The scroll that Sedefkar wrote requires a successful Arabic and a successful Old Turkish roll to understand, and takes 40 hours to comprehend, causing the reader to lose 1D6+1 SAN and gain 5% Cthulhu Mythos.

The scroll's author is Sedefkar the Osmanli. From his descriptions of his city, he lived in medieval Constantinople. Once he refers to the imminent arrival of 'the white destroyers,' and so a second successful History roll dates the scroll as just before the Fourth Crusade, at the start of the thirteenth century.

A paper version of this scroll is included as a separate item in the box; the player version is not found in the handouts booklet.

Player Handout #12

A Sample Passage from the Scroll

I have seen the powers which stalk the night and strike fear into the hearts of all those who worship the false god. I know Him and I worship Him. The Skinless One has spoken to me. He whispered secret words into my heart of hearts and I know what I now must do. I have seen It in visions and It is all that my Lord said It was. In my dreams I have seen Its perfection striding above the ruins of cities. Kings and countries have fallen before it. Even gods must fall before It. I recognized the first time I beheld it as an object of power. Power that would bring the world to its knees. It glistened like the finest pearls. It woke when I flayed alive the wretch who sought to steal my treasure from me. That night He came to me for the first time and told me what to do. I meditated before Its glory. All praise to the One without Skin. I performed the seventeen devotions and opened It for the first time. Within the artifact was soft and smooth. As I ran my hand across Its inner surface it felt like the skin of a newborn babe. I offered four children as sacrifice to my Master. Then I used it for the first time. In His wisdom the Lord of Naked Flesh had made It to my height. In all modesty I believe It was made in my image. Blessed is the chosen of the Skinless One. I have been careful to keep It untarnished. The substance is the color of purity and should not be tainted by that which is unclean. "

The Perilous Lunch

In the dining car, the waiter seats the investigators at an empty table. They slump into the elegant, high-backed chairs, feeling comfortable for the first time in ages. As they await their entrée, they overhear a conversation from the next table. The waiter asks the diner, "Will Monsieur be dining alone today?" The response is "No, I think I will eat with my friends." It is the Duke's voice.

The waiter re-seats him next to the investigators. The Duke smiles warmly, placing a small valise at his feet as he does. "Gentlemen, if you will excuse my hurried bluntness, I come to the point. I want the scroll. You will give it to me or you I will destroy. Your answer promptly, please; I have little time."

FOILING THE DUKE

The Duke, imagining he has them cornered, acts as arrogantly as did the Prince. His presence suggests a variety of responses and situations.

- The investigators can attack him, which is not a smart move unless they have a lot of magic. Combat in the close quarters of the dining car surely means the death of innocent bystanders, but not necessarily the Duke, since melee weapons do no damage to him, and firearms do only minimum damage; enchanted weapons do normal damage.
- If they fight him, the Duke does his best to turn the tables on them by resisting non-violently. If he can, he

Summarizing the Scroll

This scroll was written by Sedefkar the Osmanli. It concerns an item in his possession, the Sedefkar Simulacrum. In this scroll, Sedefkar prophesies that he is soon to lose the simulacrum, and so praises it and makes a record of it in a set of five scrolls.

This scroll is the first of the five, and is referred to as the Scroll of the Head, being the thoughts and history of Sedefkar. The four missing scrolls are the Scroll of the Belly, concerned with the worship of a being known as the Skinless One; the Scroll of the Legs, a series of body-affecting magicks, the foundation on which Sedefkar's power was built; the Scroll of the Right Arm, a ritual which awoke the statue, and is the driving force of Sedefkar's power; and the Scroll of the Left Arm, containing a ritual which balances this power, a necessary ongoing sacrifice.

The scroll is a rambling, insane document. The author has not set down events in any form or order, making it difficult to follow. The most detailed description in the document dwells on the torture and skinning of human beings.

"Were he to bring forth the scroll, I should have reason for clemency. But he persists in deceit! He mocks and despises my suzerain will!

"I call upon the Judge to consider the crimes of the accused, and to determine him guilty as charged!"

After this speech the Prince looks smug, as he should, for he shall surely win. The investigators must rely on their own convictions regarding freedom of speech in order to refute this charge. They might like to argue that knowledge on its own cannot be considered harmful and that only the exercise of knowledge can do harm. This final charge is another attempt by the Prince to locate the scroll.

The Verdict

All speeches delivered, the judge continues to stand there and wheeze. What happens next depends on the players' score. If they score less than seven points total, the judge stiffly raises his arm and points his stump (the hands are missing, remember, and a thin fluid trickles from them) at the Prince.

The Prince laughs and dances about. "I've won! I've won!" like a child. The crowd goes wild. He then turns to Wellington, saying "Where is it, you snivelling piece of dung?"; to which Wellington replies, "I hid it." At this point the investigators begin to fade out, and they wake up wherever it was they fell asleep. They lose 1D6 SAN each as they realize they failed to save Edgar and get the scroll.

If they get seven or more points, the judge raises his arm and points to the investigators. Edgar Wellington's chains vanish and the investigators have won. The Prince is visibly angry, and stamps around the stage. The investigators are now free to leave. The crowd has been silent, as though stunned. They part to let the group through.

As they leave the square, the investigators hear the voice of the Prince say, "Today we have seen justice only partly done. What of the foreigners who defended the criminal? What of their conspiracy? Find them and bring them to me!" The crowd roars in response. The investigators had better run through the empty streets. The entire town is now on their heels.

THE ESCAPE

Edgar Wellington says that the scroll is hidden in his shop. Behind them, they hear the din of the pursuing mob. Inside shop, he scrambles to the body of a stuffed bear, cuts open its chest, and rips wads of packing from within it. Outside, people gather in the street; fists bang on the door. From inside the bear, Edgar retrieves the real scroll. The hammering on the door grows in volume, and it starts to splinter at the hinges. Edgar clutches the scroll to him,

refusing to give it up, and follows the investigators out the back door as the front door gives way.

Returned to the endless plain, the investigators see the train now heading in the opposite direction, slowing beginning to move. If they run they can catch it. They get onto the train just as the first of the mob burst out of the back door of the shop, blinking in the harsh light.

The mob races after the train, gaining on it at first, then falling just short as the Express picks up speed. On board, Wellington and the investigators are irresistibly drawn back to their cabins. And there they all fall asleep.

The Waking World

THE INVESTIGATORS AWAKE ON the real train. On the floor of one cabin lies the Scroll of the Head and the typed English translation of it within, both held by the hands of Edgar Wellington. Edgar Wellington is now only a dream; he fades away the first time they leave him alone in the compartment or the first time he leaves the compartment.

If the latter, it is rather awful to watch him realize that he is now fading into utter extinction: lose 0/1D3 SAN to see this, complete with whatever wails or pleas for help the keeper thinks appropriate, over however much time seems dramatic. Of course Wellington is merely dead; the investigators meet greater horrors in the days to come.

Looking out the window or at their watches, they see that they have slept for up to four hours. They are due to arrive in Milan just past midday. Impress upon them their hunger and thirst; they want nothing more than to go to the dining car and get some food—lunch, if they took the drug immediately after boarding in Lausanne. They certainly don't need more sleep, and the compartment is even more crowded with their strange guest.

ABOUT THE SCROLL

Nonetheless, they may wish to look at the scroll, and perhaps to examine it in Edgar Wellington's company—as dialogue, he may relate some of the material immediately below. What the investigators can see and understand for themselves is related in the player handout which follows after a few paragraphs.

Wellington's scroll is the Scroll of the Head. It is accompanied with a full typed English transcript—Edgar could not read Arabic, and so paid for a translation.

The Trial

THE PRINCE CLEARS HIS THROAT and he announces that the trial has begun. The proceedings consist of three arguments advanced by the Prince. After each argument, the investigators have opportunity to refute the Prince's arguments, and to advance their own. The verdict of the Judge then follows.

In the proceedings, the keeper should be as flexible as possible. This trial is in a city of madness, so there are no rules. The investigators can speak for as long as they like, and say whatever they think is appropriate in Edgar's defense. The investigator responses given are only suggestions. If they find a charge difficult to refute, an idea role can set them on the track. Allow as much roleplaying as possible. A successful Debate roll might increase their score on the grounds of eloquence, but it does not lessen the need for them to speak creatively for the defense.

Uncomfortably, the keeper must be both prosecution and judge. The investigators will naturally be curious about the hideous judge who merely wheezes throughout the trial, making no sign as to having heard what has been said. They will not know whether he is a genuinely impartial figure or if he is magical puppet of the Prince.

Luckily for the investigators, the judge is indeed impartial—he's a statue, after all. In assessing a speech, rate each with between one and four: as a scale, 1 = poor, 2 = fair, 3 = good, 4 = brilliant. A successful Debate roll after a speech raises the score by one point no matter what the content of the player speech.

Don't be too harsh. Don't expect the investigators to deliver watertight refutations; they are doing this without preparation. By the same token, don't let them sit there, saying nothing except "Um, can we make another Debate roll?" It is a trial, it is meant to be hard, but it is also meant to be fun. If the investigators use their heads, then reward them. If they don't, then you can chop them off, figuratively speaking.

Now it's time for the trial. The Prince speaks.

THE FIRST CHARGE

"People of Lausanne! This traitor has refused to cooperate with the duly assigned officers of the realm, in that when he was summoned to present himself before the people's court of Lausanne," he giggles, "he did kick, scream, and protest mightily, and thereby create an uproar in the street, to wit causing unnecessary trouble for officers assigned to conduct him to the court.

"Such behavior aims at undermining the authority of my rule and represents a challenge to the law of my will.

Were he innocent, he would be meek. Were he meek, he would be released . . . in due course. These ancient precepts of my rule being violated, I call for the judge to find him guilty of this charge."

The judge makes no reply, but continues to breathe asthmatically.

The Prince waves his hand to the investigators; they may respond.

Obviously resisting arrest is an insincere charge. Edgar Wellington was woken from his sleep and dragged into the street, not knowing what was happening, and so the investigator who speaks for Edgar should argue along such lines. Law rolls, successful or not, are useless because the trial and the legal system here have no relation to practices in the real world; this is true for all skills relating to human knowledge. In such an imperious place, they'll hardly be wrong if they say what they feel.

THE SECOND CHARGE

"People of Lausanne! The accused is a foreigner, and that his spirited defenders cannot deny. There the Englishman stands, living testimony to his guilt. We of Lausanne pride ourselves on our purity of blood; it is our strength and our glory, for it allows us to feel united under the common purpose of my will. His presence among us is like a cancer, drawing other foreign bodies," he gestures to the investigators, "who must be cut out!"

Though the crowd cheers wildly at these words, the Prince's charge is so ridiculous that it can be attacked in many ways. If they accuse the Prince of being a foreigner himself, he claims to have lived here always, as in Dream Lausanne he has. The Prince in fact will not deny that in to Lausanne first came the Helvetian Celts, then the Romans, then the Burgundians, and then the Holy Roman Empire, though the Prince recognizes no subsequent Swiss nation, only himself. Aside from this, the player can speak of the pointlessness of racism, etc.

THE THIRD CHARGE

"People of Lausanne! We accuse the treacherous enemy before us with the possession of forbidden knowledge. Who knows what secrets a foreigner hides? —and yet hide them he does. This guilty man, before us today, seeking only to deceive us, seeking only his own devious advantage and not the advantage of his Prince or his people, entered our sacred realm in possession of that which only I, as ruler, may obtain.

"What does he plot? Why such concealment? Why hide cunningly what is mine by fiat? There must be some devious reason to do so. He must be punished, for he has secreted the scroll somewhere within this princely realm, like a mine ready to explode beneath our foundations.



Geier

The Jigsaw Prince

hat. No one volunteers; if an investigator does, nothing is inside.

■ *As revealed in the Constantinople chapter, this stage stunt refers to the awful fate of Professor Smith.*

SIXTH EVENT

At a strangely quiet intersection, the investigators witness a disturbing scene. A gigantic chessboard has been set into the cobblestones, and at either side of the board stands a motionless statue, one black, one white—the players. They are humanoid, yet featureless, and androgynous. On the board people occupy the positions of chess pieces. Each person carries a knife. These ‘pieces’ begin to move as if a normal chess game was taking place. As one piece takes another, the victor cuts the throat of the loser (lose SAN 0/1). Play speeds to inhuman quickness; soon the board is littered with corpses, the black player triumphing over the white. After the final move which grants the black player victory, the white player cracks noisily and falls to pieces, and the black-player statue gratefully turns its head to regard the investigators.

■ *The scene summarizes the competition between Mehmet and Selim which is concluded in the Constantinople chapter.*

SEVENTH EVENT

In the middle of a deserted square, another statue stands. It is large (SIZ 20) and made of wire with what appears to be rags hanging from it. As they get closer they notice that the wire has been crazily woven into a human shape, and that the rags are scraps of flesh snagged on cruel barbs and hooks; lose 1/1D3 SAN to see this.

From the head emerges the sweetest sound the investigators have ever heard. It is like an angel singing, a voice of perfect clarity. The sound brings tears to the eyes of the listeners, and they flee weeping from the square before their hearts can break.

■ *This incident refers to the Milan chapter.*

For Whom the Bell Tolls

After they have wandered for a bit, a bell begins to toll in the town’s center. People stop whatever they are doing, and rush towards the source. The human stream eventually fills the Place de la Palud. In the center is a large platform upon which stand three figures: a bronze statue (it is the statue from the cathedral, of Otho of Grandson); a hooded, robed figure; and Edgar Wellington, his hands bound in chains. The hooded figure raises its arms and the crowd falls silent. The figure then speaks, a male voice, horribly familiar.

“Before us stands a man accused of grievous crimes. His criminal conduct in withholding what is due to us renders him our enemy, and hence he must stand trial before us.” At this point the figure casts back his hood and stands revealed as the Duke.

“As Prince and protector of this realm, I appoint myself the judicial representative of the people of Lausanne,” he giggles, “and will see that this rogue gets his just desserts.” At this point the crowd goes wild, cheering the Prince and cursing Wellington. “Is anyone willing to take the part of the criminal in these proceedings?” There is a deathly silence throughout the square.

The investigators should at this point volunteer themselves for the defense. If they do not, Edgar will be found guilty.

If they volunteer themselves, they must walk to the stage, drawing hostile stares and hisses from the crowd. The Prince raises his eyebrows, and nods to the investigators, apparently unconcerned, but a successful Psychology roll shows that the Prince is furious to be so-impeded.

He turns to the crowd and asks, “Is there one among you who wishes to offer himself to justice?” The front ranks of the crowd go berserk as they vie for the Prince’s attention. He gestures his choice, and the crowd falls upon the chosen, beating him to death. There are hideous noises beneath the surging mass of people but eventually one person comes forward with the bloody skin of the volunteer; lose 2/1D6+1 SAN to see this.

The Prince accepts the skin with a smile and drapes it over the statue, muttering words beneath his breath. Suddenly the skin seems to merge with the bronze statue, and it begins to breathe. Its eyes open and gaze ahead glassily. The Prince says to it, “You are the overseer. Determine the guilt or innocence of the accused at the conclusion of proceedings.”

A SHORT INTERVIEW

So far, Wellington has not said a word. He stares at the floor, trembling. The Prince magnanimously allows the investigators to talk to the criminal before the trial begins.

He tells them that he arrived here a few hours ago in order to retrieve the scroll, hidden here. He was resting in his room in the shop when the Prince’s men broke in and dragged him away. He does not know for what he is on trial, nor why his friend has turned upon him.

Wellington does not know that in the waking world his body is dead, nor will he believe it if told.

His sanity is perilously low. He can offer the investigators no help except to pathetically beg them to save him. “I will give you the scroll, I promise. The Prince has said he will torture me whether or not I give it to him.”

had in their hands, provided the technology of the item is no greater than 1400 A.D.

The compartment looks the same except the light is off, and the blind drawn. Harsh white light shines from around the edges of the blind. No amount of pushing or shoving raises the blind.

The train is moving slowly. Once they leave their compartment, they can see that the blinds are closed all along the corridor, as are the blinds in the other cabins. Down the corridor they can see that all the other cabin doors are open, except one.

The closed door has been nailed shut, and the smell of rotting meat comes from behind it—this is Fenalik's cabin. No amount of force budes this door and, as they try the door, the train halts. The door at the end of the carriage opens, and brilliant bright light streams in.

Stepping out of the train, the investigators find themselves in a wasteland. The harsh light fills the sky and comes from no identifiable source. All around them extends a limitless plane the color of ash. The air smells bitter and metallic, and the only sound is their own breathing. Free-standing, about thirty yards from the train, is a door. The door seems strangely familiar, but the investigators cannot place it. As they walk towards it, dust rises from their steps and it makes them sneeze painfully. The door is open.

Through the Door

The door opens into the back room of the Wellingtons' taxidermy shop. The shop is reassuringly familiar, yet it is not the same shop they left hours ago. Here everything is more primitive. In place of electric lights, for instance, torches burn on the walls.

Exploring the rest of the shop, the investigators find the door to the upper floor is immobile and that the animals which fill the front room have been so crudely preserved that many of them are decaying.

Out in the street everything seems familiar yet undeniably different. Dream Lausanne is like a gothic nightmare of the real thing. People still rush to and fro (they are always too busy to speak to the investigators), but in medieval costume. The sky has a rich purple tint, like a permanent dusk. Street intersections are occasionally adorned by gibbets, many of them occupied. Everywhere the investigators perfectly understand the language and the writing, though it is not English, or French, or recognizably anything else.

Keepers should add whatever craziness they feel appropriate to the setting.

Dream Clues

As they wander about, partly dazed but still on the lookout for Wellington, the group has encounters which foreshadow events to come in the campaign.

FIRST EVENT

A gaping fissure splits the middle of an empty street. From the fissure an icy wind blasts outward, moaning down the street. Players cannot go up the street as the wind is so strong.

■ *This refers to the 'bora,' the cold wind in the Trieste chapter.*

SECOND EVENT

A group of grotesquely-clothed people passes, masked and cowed, costumed as Death, an Angel, a medieval Soldier, a Lion, a Turk, an Assassin, and a Rustic Lass and Rustic Lad. They are flagellants, who wind in procession through the chaos, weeping tears of blood from startling, expressionless, china-blue dolls' eyes. They chant in Latin as they move, and the reek of incense and a distant cacophony of bells follows them. As the bells reach a crescendo, the Lion figure sprouts wings and flies away, closely pursued by the Soldier. Their bloody tears fall on the investigators from above and scald them.

■ *This vision refers to the automata from the Venice chapter. A successful History roll here reveals that a winged lion is the symbol of Venice, a city which surrendered to a soldier, Napoleon, in 1797.*

THIRD EVENT

One street is strewn with flowers and bulbs which give off clear, sweet smells. They are garlic plants. A Spot Hidden roll notes that no shadows exist in this street.

■ *This alludes to Fenalik in various chapters.*

FOURTH EVENT

An old woman stirs a huge black cauldron, and offers the investigators dinner. If they look into the pot they find it full of skinned, writhing human limbs, slightly steaming: Sanity loss to see this 0/1 SAN.

■ *This refers to Baba Yaga in the Belgrade chapter.*

FIFTH EVENT

A street magician displays an empty hat. He inserts first his right arm, then his left, then his right leg and finally his left leg into the hat. Each time he does this his limb is taken by the hat and vanishes. Finally, collapsing to the ground, laughing hysterically, the magician asks for someone from the audience to retrieve his limbs from the

Wellingtons, and surely will mention the investigators to them.

The Simplon-Orient Express comes through at 6:45 A.M., and they might be wise to get on it.

THE SCROLL

The scroll is probably the first thing that the investigators examine. It is elaborately tied, and sealed with fresh red wax. Just looking at the outside, a successful Archeology roll tells the investigators that the scroll is a fake, and that the only reason it looks old is because Edgar must have baked in an oven for awhile. If they bother to break the seal, the scroll is in fact blank—or at least *seems* to be blank, the keeper might suggest, in order to keep the investigators from destroying this useful item outright.

THE RECEIPT

The receipt bears today's date, and is from a local stationer. It is for sealing wax and fine parchment, the instruments of Edgar's simulation.

THE GREEN BOTTLE

The container of dream drug is about the size of an ink bottle. The investigators, of course, will not understand what it does until they read the diary. The contents looks remarkably like muddy water. Holding it up to a strong light, an observer can detect tiny silvery particles suspended in the dank fluid.

THE DIARY

Much of the diary chronicles the pain that Edgar felt in his everyday life, but it also fills in missing pieces concerning what occurred last evening. It takes about an hour to read. Most entries are short.

The diary shows that the Duke interested Edgar in the occult, and provided him with the dream drug, initially saying only that it would combat insomnia. Edgar relates how he visited Lausanne in his dreams, a different Lausanne, and how anything he clutched in his hands as he slept would go into the dream with him. He hid the scroll in his Dream Lausanne shop for safe keeping.

A LOGICAL CONCLUSION

If the investigators need it, allow an idea roll to suggest explicitly that Edgar Wellington took the dream drug to recover the scroll, and was murdered while under the effect of the drug. The logical conclusion is that his waking-world spirit is still adrift in Dream Lausanne, and might be found there.

Taking The Drug

The diary plainly indicates that to get the Scroll of the Head, they must follow Edgar Wellington into Dream

Lausanne by taking the dream drug. The magical drug can be taken in any way the user might desire; swallowed, injected, rubbed into the skin, and so on.

Some investigators will not take the dream drug. Ignore these cowards. No one really knows what dose to take, so things could well get a bit tense until a volunteer goes first. A small sip or a mouthful, the result is the same: the person smiles warmly, says "That tastes awful," gazes about contentedly, and then collapses to the floor unconscious.

Alarmed colleagues are glad to see (use a First Aid roll) that the volunteer has merely fallen into heavy sleep. The keeper should then encourage the rest of the group to join her or him. Sweet dreams.

DREAM DRUG LOGISTICS

Enough drug for all the investigators to take it always should exist.

The investigators might take the drug in their hotel room, or on the train next morning (or, for that matter, at any future point in the campaign). The remainder of the scenario assumes that they take the drug while on the Express; they cannot afford to sleep in and miss the train next morning, since the police may want to detain them indefinitely, but on the other hand they should take it as soon as possible, or the Duke will get the scroll.

If they don't take the drug on board the train, modify the opening and closing scenes of their dream adventure. This is simple to do. If they take the drug on the train, follow the text. If they take the drug in Lausanne, they wake up in Dream Lausanne in the place where they took the drug. See also the Dream Drug entry accompanying the Duke's statistics at the end of this scenario.

Neither the Dream Lore nor the Dreaming skills are of any use in Dream Lausanne, which is unconnected to the Dreamlands. Any skills increase rolls prompted by the Dream Lausanne episode are limited to those for Bargain, Climb, Debate, Dodge, Fast Talk, Hide, Jump, Listen, Occult, Oratory, Pick Pocket, Psychology, Ride, Sing, Sneak, Spot Hidden, Swim, Throw, and Track.

Dream Lausanne

THE DREAMERS WAKE in their compartment in the same positions as when they took the drug. They wear whatever clothes they had on when they took the drug (bad luck if pajamas), and hold whatever they

sizing them up, he saw them as little threat) and to pay Edgar Wellington a call.

Edgar, meanwhile, had gone out only to get materials to make a fake scroll. At six o'clock, his forgery complete, he hides the new scroll beneath his bed and takes a tablespoon of dream drug (and a jolt of morphine), to retrieve the real scroll from its hiding place in Dream Lausanne.

While Wellington slept, the Duke arrives. William lets him in, and the Duke explains that he is going upstairs to have a chat. William, who has been cleaning a small deer, goes back to his work.

The Duke enters Edgar's room, finds him asleep, and notices the spoon, bottle of dream drug, and morphine kit beside the bed. He reads Edgar's diary, which reveals where the scroll is hidden in Dream Lausanne. Satisfied, he stops searching, thus missing the fake scroll under the bed. He decides to kill Edgar and thereby trap him in the Dream Lausanne with the scroll. He is injecting Edgar with a massive overdose of morphine when William opens the door to see if they'd like tea.

William goes berserk and attacks, but the Duke forces him into the kitchen and wounds him fatally with a butcher knife. He slices away a piece of William's skin for his own use, and leaves the shop.

At home, the Duke goes through the rituals required to attach William's flesh to his body. He then rests and prepares to enter Dream Lausanne, to find Edgar and get the scroll.

If the keeper wishes, William is not entirely dead.

Things Get Nasty

The cafe closes at twelve and von Wurtheim bids his dupes a fond good night, once again apologizing for the absence of the others. It will sort itself out in the morning, he assures them. But what has happened to Wellington and the Duke?

The investigators probably return to 50 St. Etienne, to see the Wellingtons, as they may have no idea of the Duke's address—and if they already do, then they have no wish to meet this sorcerer again.

It is overcast; as they walk there, a cold rain begins. When they arrive at the shop, the street is very dark. A gas light on the corner sheds a fitful light. The front door of the shop is slightly ajar. If the investigators close the door behind them, then the police watch notices nothing, and makes no investigation. If the police enter, they interrupt the investigators and discover the murders days earlier than they might have.

Within, everything is dark and ominous. Did the investigators think to bring along flashlights? —too late now. The claws of the stuffed beasts seem to grab at every

coat; their glassy eyes glaring menacingly in the dim light from the street. With a successful luck roll a light switch can be found.

The downstairs is just as the investigators remember. Upstairs, everything is in chaos. In the kitchen, William is dead by stab wounds to the belly and back, a bloody knife dropped beside him. His shirt has been ripped open at the front, and a large flap of skin has been cut from his chest. The expression on his face is one of utmost horror: Sanity loss 1/1D6 SAN to see this.

Edgar's body lies cold and dead upon his bed (SAN 0/1 to see). Medical doctors or pharmacists suspect drug overdose as the cause of death; an examination of the corpse uncovers two fresh needle marks, one among many in the left arm which Edgar (being right-handed) probably made, and a single one in the right arm, difficult to Edgar. Murder would be a logical conclusion.

Ferretting around reveals the following clues; the keeper may decide whether or not some or all clues need finding with die rolls.

- Edgar's diary, open on the floor where the Duke left it.
- A receipt, left on Edgar's writing desk.
- A green bottle of dream drug, mostly full, on which is a label, 'Dream Lausanne.'
- An empty morphine bottle and below, on the floor, an emptied syringe.
- The fake scroll, hidden beneath his bed.
- At the keeper's option, William has scrawled in blood the letters *DUC* somewhere, though intelligent players will have long since not needed this intrusive clue.

Some clues can be noticed and then left behind, but the diary, the receipt, the green bottle, and the fake scroll need to be taken.

If the investigators left the front door open, when their search is well-advanced there is a loud knocking at the front door, and a voice in French calls for Monsieur Wellington. It is the police. Unless the investigators think they can explain themselves, perhaps with a successful Credit Rating roll, they will have to run for it—through the back door, past the disemboweled carcass of the small deer on William's worktable, out into an alleyway, and into the night.

Investigating the Clues

Back at their hotel, the investigators may expect that the police will soon be on their track. Maximillian von Wurtheim, who always looks for advantage, is likely to race to the police next morning when he reads of the death of the

same door into an identical empty house; at first it will seem as though the door opened onto itself, and that they have gone nowhere. Stepping out into the street, they see that the outside has changed. Leaving the house, they can explore Dream Lausanne and encounter any of the events listed below in the sub-section "Dream Clues." The keeper must decide if Wellington has been taken prisoner yet.

THE TAXIDERMYP SHOP

If the investigators return to visit Wellington, the shop is shut and a closed sign hangs on the door. There are numerous passers-by and schoolchildren now, discouraging any attempt to force entry.

LOOKING IN THE LIBRARY

They might go back to the library. Hunting specifically for Mythos books, two successful Library Use rolls and the rest of the afternoon (the library closes at five) rewards the investigator with a moldy old copy of *Unausprechlichen Kulten*.

If an investigator searches newspaper back issues, and receives both a successful Read French and an Idea roll, he or she notices that the suicide rate in Lausanne has risen from virtually zero before 1914 to one death every month after 1918. This may be ascribed to the effects of the war, or something new and sinister is occurring locally.

An Evening with Max

The planned meal, discussion, and examination of the scroll at Le Chat Noir never occurs. Only the third member of the 7:30 Club arrives, Maximillian von Wurtheim. Max strolls in at eight, introduces himself, and furnishes apologies for the Duke and Wellington, explaining that both men have been delayed by last-minute business, and will be along as soon as possible.

The Duke has put him onto the investigators as potentially-profitable targets.

The meal at the cafe is excellent, unassuming, and cheap. A conversationalist who does not know the meaning of the words 'draw breath,' von Wurtheim entertains the investigators by relating his life story. This story may

be summarized or embroidered as the keeper wishes; Maximillian is not met again.

Blond hair, blue eyes, and six feet tall, von Wurtheim's Prussian lineage is quite apparent. He is not wealthy, nor does he enjoy work, so to survive he lives by his good looks, his innate charm, and the kindness of others. He is a confidence man.

MY LIFE, ACCORDING TO MAX

The story he tells the world is long and involved. It involves an ancestral fortune, a father who dies on his way to change the will, an evil brother who hates Max—all the right ingredients. This heart-wrenching tale lasts three hours; to von Wurtheim's credit, he always tells it well, and the investigators may find themselves quite engrossed, though by the end of it no one believes a shred of it.

As he concludes, the investigators will be presented with the bill—"Ach! My friends, I am sorry, I have left my wallet at home," says von Wurtheim. "Would you be so kind?" He also wonders aloud what keeps the other two. There is nothing for it but to wait until closing time. Perhaps Wellington and the Duke should be visited in the morning. He orders a final round of drinks and coffee, and smiles, "Now, tell me of yourselves."

MAX'S TRUE STORY

At an early age, Maximillian Brüllig decided that the poverty he was born into was not to be his station in life. He decided that those who possessed the wealth owed him some, and he has built his life around that belief. His earliest jobs were in various fine German hotels. By careful observation he learned the habits and patois of the nobility. Upon reaching the age of seventeen, he stopped working, changed his name, and since then has masqueraded as one born to rule.

Behind the Scenes

Until today, Edgar had not mentioned the Sedefkar Scroll to the Duke, not wanting to rouse the Duke's ruthless greed. He hopes that bringing the Duke into the negotiation boosts the price the investigators will pay. What Edgar doesn't know is that the Duke really does want the scroll, and doesn't plan to pay for it. What no one but Edgar knows is that he plans to defraud everybody and skip the country, leaving the remittances to support his brother.

While the investigators are trapped in Le Chat Noir with von Wurtheim, dark deeds occur. The Duke wants the scroll. His fictitious business meeting was merely an excuse for him to give the investigators the slip (after



Maximillian

The Duke points out one of the oldest statues, that of Otho of Grandson, who was killed in a judicial duel in 1398. The hands of the statue are missing. This statue becomes important later when the investigators enter Dream Lausanne.

A separate short tour exhibits the crypts of the church; a successful know roll identifies some of the cathedral's foundations as from buildings long antedating the era in which the great church was built.

CANTONAL MUSEUM AND LIBRARY

The next stop is the Musée Cantonal (60 centimes admission), nearby. Inside this large, recently-constructed, Italian Renaissance-style building is a collection of freshwater conchylia presented to the museum in 1840 by M. de Chaentier; Roman coins, medals, vases, etc., from the ancient settlement on the site of Lausanne; and the cantonal library. The library has over 120,000 volumes.

The order and completeness of the collection, and the large number of people using the facility impresses the investigators.

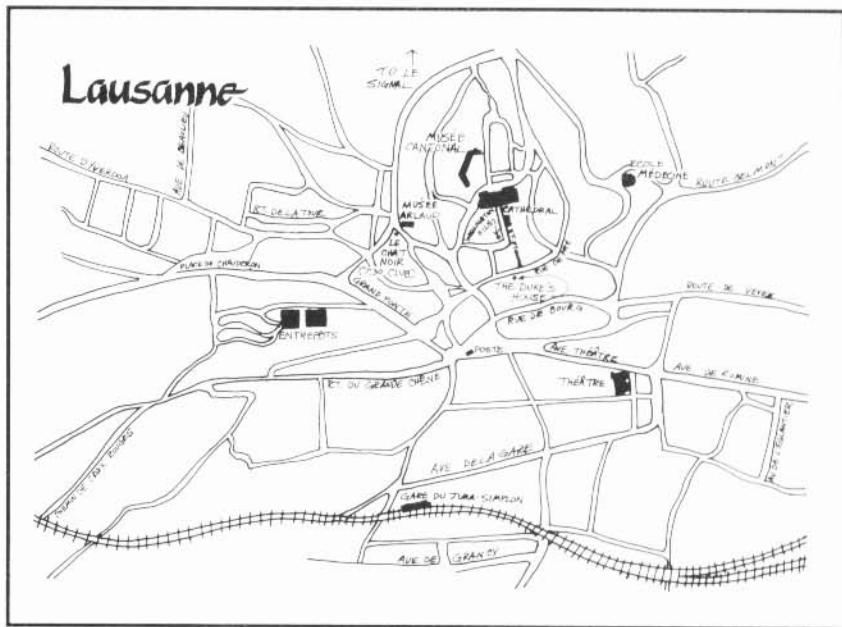
LE SIGNAL

The air now sunny and clear, an uphill stroll of about a kilometer brings them to a marvelous belvedere overlooking all of Lake Geneva. Alpine vistas stretch in every direction. Far to the southeast, the Duke points out the highest Alps, gleaming with fresh, deep snows. "Beyond them," he gestures grandly, "Italy."

LE CHAT NOIR

After strolling several kilometers in the crisp air, tourists need a bite to eat. The Duke leads them to the evening rendezvous. Le Chat Noir is a large, fiercely French cafe, near the Musée Arlaud (which has a fine gallery of European oils), looking out over the Place de la Collège. The cafe offers good food, good local wine, and a convivial atmosphere. It is a ten to fifteen minute stroll from the cantonal museum.

Having led them to the cafe, the Duke bids them farewell. He has a business appointment in half an hour, but says he will see them at about eight o'clock this evening. He offers to organize a more extensive tour for tomorrow.



The Rest of the Afternoon

It is possible that the investigators do not entirely trust the slippery charms of the Duke, and that they may decide to follow him to his house.

He resides in a small two-story town house close to the center of the city, along the Rue du Pré. Every window is barred and the curtains are all drawn. The place is a veritable fort. The only access is from the front. Forcing the front door is difficult (STR 35), but not impossible, and a successful Mechanical Repair roll could unlock the door. The chances of a passer-by are 40% during the day, 15% in the early evening, and 5% at night.

Inside the house are a series of empty, dusty rooms. There is almost no furniture, no carpets, no doors, no signs of habitation. Tracks in the dust lead to a room upstairs, in which rests a chaise lounge and a wool throw. The tracks lead to the only interior door in the house. The door is locked.

The heavy wooden door is of Renaissance-era make, dark-stained and carved with classical figures returning from a successful hunt. Appropriately, the Duke has imprisoned the souls of suicide victims within the door, affording a foul form of defense for scaring away intruders. Any who touch the door suddenly feel incredibly powerful surges of depression, despair, and screaming horror. A Sanity roll must be made, costing 1D3/1D6 SAN. Investigators who go insane from the result become suicidally depressed. Destroying the door (45 hit points) sets the souls to rest.

Stepping through the door, each investigator loses 5 magic points in entering the dream reflection of Lausanne. They find themselves stepping out through the

investigators farewell, as he has many things to do today, including fetching the scroll.

Before he ushers the company out the door, he asks the Duke if he has the time to furnish the investigators with a brief tour of the city?

"Yes, yes, dear chap, of course, I do," replies the Duke. The investigators presumably have nothing better to do, and accept the company of a man who will prove to be their implacable enemy.

Duc Jean Floressas des Esseintes

The Duke is the last in a long line of boorish French aristocrats; he was a weak and sickly child, the culmination of centuries of inter-marriages, and in adulthood he is decadent and degenerate. His obsession with the artificial, and disdain of the natural, is well-chronicled in J.K. Huysmans' novel *A Rebours* [Against Nature]. This short novel shows what the Duke is really like. Huysmans' novel ends with des Esseintes changing his artificial existence on the advice of a doctor, but he did not long follow that advice.

From 1880 onwards, the Duke became interested in the occult. Tiring of charlatans and tricksters, he sought out obscure texts which hinted at tangible powers and terrible realities. How it pleased him to pierce the lawful and ordered surface of Nature to find true evil and corruption hidden beneath!

He learned of the Brothers of the Skin. Enrolling in the cult, he promised much in order to gain power over his own flesh. The knowledge given to him by Selim Makryat allowed him to transcend his physical weakness. By replacing his own skin with the flesh of others, des Esseintes gained a form of immortality and a limited invulnerability. It has also transformed him into a monstrous parody of the human shape.

Now his body sags and bulges unnaturally, and a multitude of keloid scars criss-cross his entire frame, marks which he is careful to conceal in the waking world but which prompt him to be called the Jigsaw Prince in Dream Lausanne. Only his face is untouched.

Reveling in his new life, the Duke studied deeply. By chance he found a French translation of the *Cthaat Aquadingen*, and from it he learnt of the lands of dream, and how to enter them. But instead of the Lovecraftian Dreamlands of Earth, des Esseintes toured more immediate dream worlds closely related to the waking world.

His first experiment was in Paris. The Duke found himself wandering through a darkly-distorted reflection of that city, a dream of Paris, partly idyllic, mostly nightmare. He was lucky to escape alive from the horrors that lurk in the city's rich history. Experience showed that the

age and current population of the actual city were guides to the relative vividness of that city's dream image. Thus a large old port city would have a vivid, potent dream image, whereas a small rural village might have no dream reflection at all.

After war broke out, entering the dream images of cities became extraordinarily dangerous, as the collective fears and nightmares of fearful populations stalked those streets. Des Esseintes laid low during the war, making tidy profits from a large munitions portfolio.

Post-war, his curious longevity (a ninety year old man who looked forty), and a string of unsolved murders which clung around him made it advisable to leave France.



Duc des Esseintes

After careful consideration, des Esseintes took his war profits to Lausanne, whose tranquil medieval reflection he conquered. There he became a cruel despot, the Jigsaw Prince, and his madness slowly corrupted the dream image of Lausanne. Turning the dream inhabitants into instruments of his will has left the waking people of Lausanne gloomy and despondent.

In this scenario des Esseintes is referred to as the Duke in the real world segments, and the Prince in the Dream Lausanne segments.

A Tour

The Duke, in showing them the sights, also takes the measure of the investigators. The tour serves to acquaint the investigators with the town and to get them comfortable with the Duke. He appears to be warm and affable, offering cigarettes and sharing jokes. A successful Psychology roll concerning him suggests only that the Duke is a man of many facets, not all of them visible.

THE CATHEDRAL

Walking up from the shop, the Duke takes them to the Cathedral (35 centimes admission). This huge Gothic edifice is one of the best examples of its type, built in 1235-75 and consecrated by Pope Gregory X. Situated upon a terrace, the investigators have to climb 160 steps to get to it. Inside, the huge vaulted nave soars more than twenty meters above. A variety of monuments and stained glass windows decorate the interior of the church.

On the subject of the scroll, Edgar Wellington listens intently to whatever the investigators have to say. He says that he has been unable to uncover much, though a successful Psychology roll suggests that Wellington knows more than he admits.

- He acquired the scroll during the war, trading it from a Frenchman in exchange for rations and cigarettes. The owner was named Raoul Malon, who said only that it had been in his family for some time, and who is otherwise of no consequence in this campaign.
- The scroll is a confusing mixture of Turkish words written in Arabic letters, and he has been unable to translate little of it. (This is not true; he has made a complete translation, though not an insightful one.)
- The scroll refers to an artifact known as the Sedefkar Simulacrum, a human-sized statue either made in or found in the rubble of Byzantium.

- Of the simulacrum, its last owner was a French nobleman, a Comte Fenalik, who lost it after arrest and imprisonment just prior to the French Revolution. All trace of it has since vanished.

Edgar says that his research hit a dead end, and that now he is willing to part with the scroll he possesses. Then he begins to discuss the price. Since a fair amount of their money has already gone into Edgar's drug habit, he aims for as high a price as possible, starting at 250 pounds sterling—U.S. \$1,250.

The investigators are very unlikely to negotiate seriously without first seeing and examining what they want to buy. When they ask to see the scroll, the front doorbell rings, interrupting negotiations.

The Duke Arrives

Edgar strolls downstairs to get the door, leaving the investigators alone with William, who feels unusually social today, and communicates by taking out his notebook and scribbling out inanities such as "A fine day today" and "Welcome to Lausanne."

Edgar returns ten minutes later with a large Frenchman, introducing him as "my old friend, the Duc des Esseintes." The Duke is a dapper, rotund middle-aged Frenchman. His hair is dark and well groomed, his moustaches are tastefully waxed. His eyes are a watery blue. His spats are impeccable.

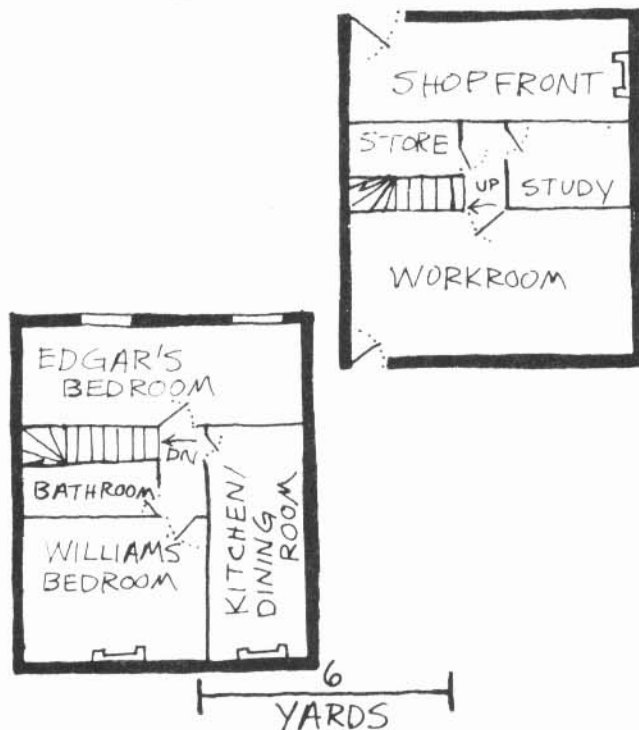
Edgar describes the Duke as an amateur occultist like himself, and who is also interested in the scroll. Des Esseintes, feigning indifference, replies that he would like to see the scroll before he makes a bid.

Edgar responds that he would love to oblige except that it rests in a bank vault at present. Amicably he suggests that the investigators come along to a meeting of the 7:30 Club tonight, where a deal can be made regarding the scroll, and a pleasant evening had by all.

The 7:30 Club is an informal discussion group which meets on occasion in a local cafe. The regular membership is three, both the Duke and Edgar being members, and whenever possible they bring along outsiders to enliven the conversation.

Having said all this, Edgar apologizes for the fact that he must bid the

50, Rue St. Etienne



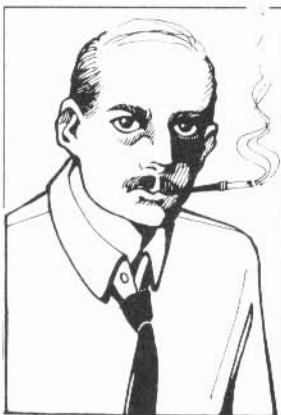
His generosity is amplified if any of the investigators can receive a successful Credit Rating roll, or if any wear obviously valuable jewelry or well-tailored clothing, since Wellington needs money and hopes to defraud these visitors.

EDGAR WELLINGTON

Edgar is only thirty-five, but appears to be in his fifties. Little hair remains on his head, and dark circles ring his eyes, giving him a haunted look. He is a chain smoker, never seen without a Gitanes cigarette in his mouth. There is something about his movements that speaks of bullying, but the man is perfectly polite and, in his way, shy. His addiction to morphine has lately intensified.

Wellington served in the Great War, and was emotionally destroyed by the butchery he witnessed. Returning to England, he found life at home impossible. His friends were dead, and his family (with the exception of his brother, William) could not understand the returned soldier's pain. He left with his invalid brother and their savings, and found sanctuary in neutral Switzerland. By this time he had developed a mild dependence on morphine, to ease his insomnia.

They settled in Lausanne, for its mix of smallness and cosmopolitan life. The presence of a reputable sanitarium



Edgar Wellington

gives him hope of remedying his brother's condition. He and his brother established a taxidermy shop for additional income, but each receives several hundred pounds a year from the family, remitted by a London solicitor.

EDGAR WELLINGTON'S HOBBY

Though he will not reveal the extent of his knowledge to the investigators, he has an intense interest in the occult. In Lausanne, he met the Duc des Esseintes, who has supplied him not only morphine but a drug which cures Edgar's sleeplessness and frees him to wander in Dream Lausanne.



William Wellington

WILLIAM WELLINGTON

The war unbalanced Edgar and burdened William, his brother, with permanent physical injuries. Head wounds left him mute, and paralyzed the muscles in his eyes so that now he can only stare straight ahead; he must move his head to focus on something moving, rather like a panning camera. Several metal plates which replace portions of his skull were surgically inserted under difficult conditions, and now distort the shape of his head.

William's injuries and low sanity have left him docile and unemotional. He goes through the motions of life mechanically, and appears content to do so. He is not meant to be a major player in this vignette; he should be used to unsettle and disturb the players. Keepers of ghoulish bent might have William always wear a hat, to hide his scars. That should intrigue any investigator who notices the alien shape of William's head.

Taking Tea

After some small-talk, the investigators will broach the subject of the Sedefkar Simulacrum, or the scroll about which Edgar wrote to the Loriens. Before Edgar can reply, the door to the parlor opens and in walks Edgar's brother, William.

William nods to the guests as Edgar introduces them. Edgar appends the introductions by explaining that William's war injuries have left him mute. William then serves himself a cup of tea and sits down at the table, staring at the investigator who was previously talking. This is his way of saying "Please continue." William keeps staring throughout the conversation, hopefully upsetting the investigators.

Lausanne

The small city of Lausanne is located in the French-speaking area of Switzerland; many of the 70,000 inhabitants also speak German. For reasons of beauty, climate, and hospitality, Lausanne has drawn foreign settlers for more than a century: currently more than one in seven residents are not Swiss. The town is built upon hills that descend to the shore of Lake Geneva (Lac Léman), making the majority of the streets fairly steep. Horse-drawn cabs can be hailed from the station and a tram line runs through the city. In keeping with the feel of the scenario, a lone voice calls out hourly from the cathedral, between 8 P.M. and 2 A.M. each night.

In Lausanne currently meet what will be the signatories to the Treaty of Lausanne, later in 1923, which in effect establishes the Republic of Turkey, and writes *finis* to the Ottoman Empire.

VI. LAUSANNE



Nocturne

Shadowed by death, our heroes travel in comfort to Lausanne, and there meet several interesting characters, acquire a scroll, and have a very bad dream.

by Nick Hagger

EDGAR WELLINGTON'S LETTER to the Loriens should have intrigued the players. Who is Wellington? What is the scroll he says he owns? Does it have to do with the scrolls Dr. Smith mentioned? What does Wellington know about the Sedefkar Simulacrum? The Orient Express pulls into Lausanne at 6:45 A.M., and departs soon after that in a whirl of smoke and steam, leaving the investigators in a vague group, bleary after the party a few hours before.

A open cafe beckons nearby; as the investigators settle in with croissants, coffee, and warm milk sprinkled with chocolate, perhaps they scan the newspapers and study the scene beyond. This moment of calm is a good time to pass along to each the point of Sanity earned by Orient Express passage from Paris to Lausanne.

The rising sun struggles to pierce the dense blanket of mist shrouding everything. The atmosphere is daunting, alienating; the investigators, finishing their breakfast, momentarily feel very much alone and out of place. As they step outside, a sleepy-eyed porter, Jean-Claude, appears. In the warmth of his office, he can advise them about hotels, transport, and other useful things.

The day is far too early to go calling, and the air too murky to do profitable sightseeing. Presumably the investigators hire a cab, find a decent hotel, check in, and catch up on their sleep.

Rue St. Etienne

N^o. 50 proves to be in a cobblestone courtyard slightly removed from the street, a quiet corner in a placid town. A weathered sign marks the building.

Wellington Fils
Taxidermie
50, Rue St. Etienne

The shop window is dark and lacking a display. Heavy crimson curtains prevent any view of the interior, and similar curtains cover the window in the door. A small sign in several languages declares that the shop is open, but the door is locked. Ringing the bell soon brings Edgar Wellington in response.

Entering, the investigators step into another world. A blazing fire keeps the room uncomfortably hot. Animals of every description pose in surreal, conflicting tableaux. Large vases overflow with dried lavender and other aromatic flowers, but beneath these rich, heady scents are more disturbing odors of decaying flesh, damp fur, and formaldehyde.

Unless the investigators have planned ahead and have written or sent a telegram to Edgar, explaining their purpose, he presumes they are customers. If they speak English, he warms to them in any case, and invites them upstairs for tea.

If they have already contacted him, he is quite excited by their arrival, and makes hurried introductions, again inviting them upstairs. Either way he pumps them for information about England and their travels, all the while being a very generous host.

Skills: Biology 50%, Chemistry 20%, Cooking 60%, English 70%, First Aid 95%, Latin 15%, Psychology 45%, Treat Disease 85%, Treat Poison 70%.

VERONIQUE LORIEN, Age 31, Historian and Mother

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 14
DEX 10 APP 15 EDU 17 SAN 70 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +0.

Skills: English 65%, German 60%, History 65%, Law 45%, Latin 35%, Library Use 65%.

QUITTERIE LORIEN, Age 3, Daughter

STR 5 CON 9 SIZ 4 INT 13 POW 15

DEX 7 APP 15 EDU 2 SAN 75 HP 7

Damage Bonus: -1D6.

Skills: Enchant Adult 95%.

CATERINA CAVOLLARO, Age 27, Opera Star

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 12 APP 16 SAN 60 EDU 17 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: none.

Skills: Credit Rating 80%, English 43%, Enjoy Life 85%, Fast Talk 63%, Sing 98%.

Strangeness on the Train

ALTHOUGH HE CAN HIDE almost indefinitely in or upon the Orient Express, Fenalik must come out sooner or later to feed. The evidence he leaves in his wake, coupled with his singular moods and thirsts, may make the investigators aware that someone is following them. That it is the undead Fenalik should not be unveiled before the climax of the Sofia chapter; however, the following section presents a number of incidents which the keeper may care to insert into the narrative to indicate the presence of a mysterious pursuer.

ITEM: Walking the fog-bound streets of some old European city, the investigators hear heavy dragging footsteps echoing their own. A search behind them finds no trace that anyone was ever there.

ITEM: Should one of the investigators or other passengers own a pet, one night aboard the train the animal vanishes from its locked kennel cage. There are no bloodstains; the pet has quietly disappeared, leaving the staff dumbfounded and scurrying with apologies and compensations.

ITEM: Amidst the glitter of the dining car one night, a random investigator senses they are being watched from somewhere nearby. No one in the carriage is paying them any attention, but the investigator knows someone is there.

ITEM: One night the investigators encounter a fellow passenger apparently sleepwalking. The person stands on the rattling platform between two carriages, unseeing eyes staring into the rushing darkness, muttering "You called me, I came," again and

again. Wakened, the somnambulist is confused and embarrassed, remembering nothing of the dream which dragged him from bed.

ITEM: Returning to their berth or hotel room, the investigators find a human outline under the sheets of their bed. Under the covers is every piece they possess of the Simulacrum, lovingly polished and laid out in proper position. No doors or windows have been forced, and there is no other evidence of an intruder. Did the Simulacrum try to reassemble itself?



Fenalik the vampire

ITEM: Opening a window of the train for a refreshing breath of cold night air, an investigator instead gains a lungful of some foul and pestilential odor. It is soon replaced by a reeking gust of engine smoke.

ITEM: The sound of some animal snuffling outside his or her door wakes an investigator. Opening the door shows that nobody is there; nor does the night-conductor recall seeing anyone in the passageway for over an hour. Was it the half-remembered echo of a dream?

ITEM: During the night in a hotel, an investigator makes a grisly discovery after hearing a muffled moan from the next room. Investigation reveals a suicide, a pale bloodless body floating in bath-water turned crimson. The wrists have been slashed open, the hands are nearly severed. But the only razors to be found are in a cabinet on the far side of the room. How strange that this person could cut open their veins and stagger across to the bath without spilling blood on the way.

ian soprano whom Veronique Lorien praised so highly, and her many Parisian admirers are seeing her off.

She came off-stage at L'Opéra little more than an hour ago, and now she is on her way to Teatro alla Scala, Milan's famous opera house, to perform the title role in Verdi's *Aida*.

Signorina Cavollaro is still excited after the performance, and about her journey to her beloved Milan. She and her friends sit up in the salon car, drinking and laughing. The investigators may join them, and will be welcomed as if they were old friends. Some of the Express staff discretely hover about, at her invitation.

Cavollaro's compartment proves to be next to the investigators. She speaks to them in glowing terms of the beauty and generosity of Milan. She promises to show



Caterina Cavollaro

A Benefit

When the investigators ride the Express, they loll in the lap of luxury and perfect service; at the keeper's option, allow each to regain 1 SAN for any leg of the Orient Express trip in which nothing-untoward happens.

them the city, to take them to "The Last Supper." ("What? No, no—Da Vinci's! And yes, the food is very good in Milan.") She even insists on booking rooms for them at the most beautifully-situated hotel in the world, in the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele. Presumably this is possible because the investigators plan to stop in Lausanne to see Edgar Wellington.

At about two in the morning, Cavollaro sways to her feet, and says she will be back in a moment. Fifteen minutes later she sweeps in, dressed in a silver gown, eyes heavily darkened with mascara, with an ankh on a chain about her neck. She announces that she would like to sing them the aria she will be performing three nights from now. The gathering claps their hands in delight.

This song is important to her, she says, because it was *Aida* she saw at Teatro alla Scala when she was five—her first opera. She was transfixed. Believing a tradition her

grandmother told her of, she sang along with this aria, keeping in mind her fondest wish so that it might come true. She had entered La Scala that evening wanting a horse, but then the opera started and she knew she wanted to be a singer more. And so, she says laughing, for her, the opera has always been magical.

In the aria she is about to sing, she explains, *Aida* is divided in loyalty between the man she loves, Radames, and her father Amonsro, who are the two opposing leaders in a great war between the Egyptians and the Ethiopians. She sings, the aria so clear and rich that the tone and the words etch into the investigators' memories. Years later they find themselves humming or singing the glorious melodies of that night. Cavollaro explores the very limits of human song and the human soul.

When she finishes to thunderous applause, she approaches the investigators and offers them front-row tickets for opening night (three days away) in gratitude for their company. Caterina reminds them that she will book them rooms in a hotel in the Galleria, the very center of Milan. With that and "A domani" ("See you tomorrow") she goes off to bed.

The entertainment is ended, but the evening goes on. Strangers become friends, and friends become intimates. A high-stakes game of cards evolves in one corner. And the train roars on through the night.



Perhaps you play poker?

Statistics

REMI VANGEIM, Age 27, Sorbonne Student and Essayist

STR 13	CON 14	SIZ 15	INT 16	POW 13
DEX 10	APP 14	EDU 17	SAN 65	HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Bargain 45%, Debate 60%, English 60%, French 95%, German 70%, Greek 20%, Latin 45%, Library Use 40%, Linguist 60%, Old French 65%, Spot Hidden 40%.

CHRISTIAN LORIEN, Age 33, Doctor and Father

STR 15	CON 14	SIZ 13	INT 16	POW 13
DEX 12	APP 14	EDU 19	SAN 65	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.



Roses of Evil

suffered and died here. Lose 0/1D3 SAN to witness this. If Christian or Veronique are present, they are shocked and upset to learn what underlies their happy home.

As the investigators wander through this ghastly prison, they eventually become aware of dim light ahead, coming from the final room. A successful Make Maps roll locates this room as exactly beneath the outer wall and gate.

THE ROOM OF THE ARM

The faint glow comes from roses of fantastic colors—aquamarine, violet, orange, and grass-green. These flowers hang from thick rose vines which have an oily black sheen and drip black ichor from long thorns. The vines have grown through the remains of those who died here so that they support the bent and twisted skeletons, which are thus tormented even in death. At the base of the mass lies the left arm of a statue. It glows faintly. The entire scene costs 1/1D4 SAN to see.

This is the Left Arm of the Sedefkar Simulacrum, lying where it crawled to nearly 150 years before, when the soldiers broke up the statue as incidental loot. Its disgusting influence has worked upon the vegetation, warping and twisting what was natural.

Although it doesn't look it, the black ichor is merely surplus sap oozing from the plant under the influence of the arm. The investigators must cut through the vines to get to the arm. Take care to avoid being pricked: a roll of DEX x5 or less on D100, or lose 1 hit point; failing, roll CON x5 or less on D100 to avoid a POT 8 infection. Cutting away the vines completely enough to avoid all damage takes about twenty minutes.

As soon as the vines are cut and the arm removed, the rose blossoms begin to decay. They cannot be saved, nor do cuttings taken later grow.

It is now after sundown. If the keeper wishes, or with any roll he or she finds appropriate, the investigators become aware of a thin mist concentrating in the room (a hand inserted into the mist is made unusually cold, nothing more). This is Fenalik. He is watching, biding his time as he determines what he will do. He cannot turn into mist during daylight hours.

The arm is smooth and relatively featureless, like china, and cool to the touch. When taken away from the roses, it ceases to glow. Once they lift the arm, the mist in the room swirls about, momentarily blinding the investigators. Then it flows eerily out the hall and disappears up into the open air.

If the keeper wishes, give the left arm handout or a photocopy of it to the investigators.

The Baleful Influence

From this time on, the investigators own each portion of the simulacrum they uncover. Until they stop being owners of a segment, the segment uniformly lowers their individual success thresholds for idea, know, and luck rolls by five percentiles each. As they accumulate additional pieces, the thresholds decrease by accumulating five-percentile steps. Thus a successful luck roll result for an investigator of POW 16 would be x5 that or less—80 or less. If the investigator is among the collective owners of three segments of the simulacrum, he or she must receive a roll result of 65 or less for a success, since $80 - 15 = 65$.

Should an owner don the entire simulacrum, the Baleful Influence vanishes.

CONCLUSION

Fenalik has decided to let the investigators live. He will allow them to gather the statue pieces for him, and he will watch over them in his own fashion.

Appropriate state and religious officials should be notified regarding the large number of unburied bodies which lie in the ancient cellar. Once the requirements of decency are satisfied, the Loriens can live out their lives free of the influence of the arm. When the arm is removed from the property, Christian's scar disappears, Veronique's arthritis recedes, and Quitterie's sleep goes undisturbed.

The investigators receive 1D4 SAN each for recovering the Left Arm of the Sedefkar Simulacrum.

All Aboard

THE FOLLOWING SECTION introduces events in Milan, yet a chapter away. Keep track of the number of days which elapse in Lausanne, since developments in Milan depend on the passage of a believable length of time.

The Orient Express pulls out of Paris' Gare de Lyon station around midnight. Those boarding make in themselves a brilliant assembly but, especially tonight, a large crowd is gathered on the platform, throwing roses at a vibrant young woman. She is Caterina Cavollaro, the Ital-

DINNER

Dinner is cooked by Christian Lorien, and is excellent. Veronique Lorien comes down and is introduced to the investigators. They can see that her left hand is really bent and twisted by the arthritis. A pleasant meal is had by all, except for Quitterie, who went to bed early.

In conversation, Veronique asks the investigators if they like opera; she mentions this because last night she and Christian went to see the famous soprano Caterina Cavollaro sing at the Paris Opera House. It was a wonderful performance.

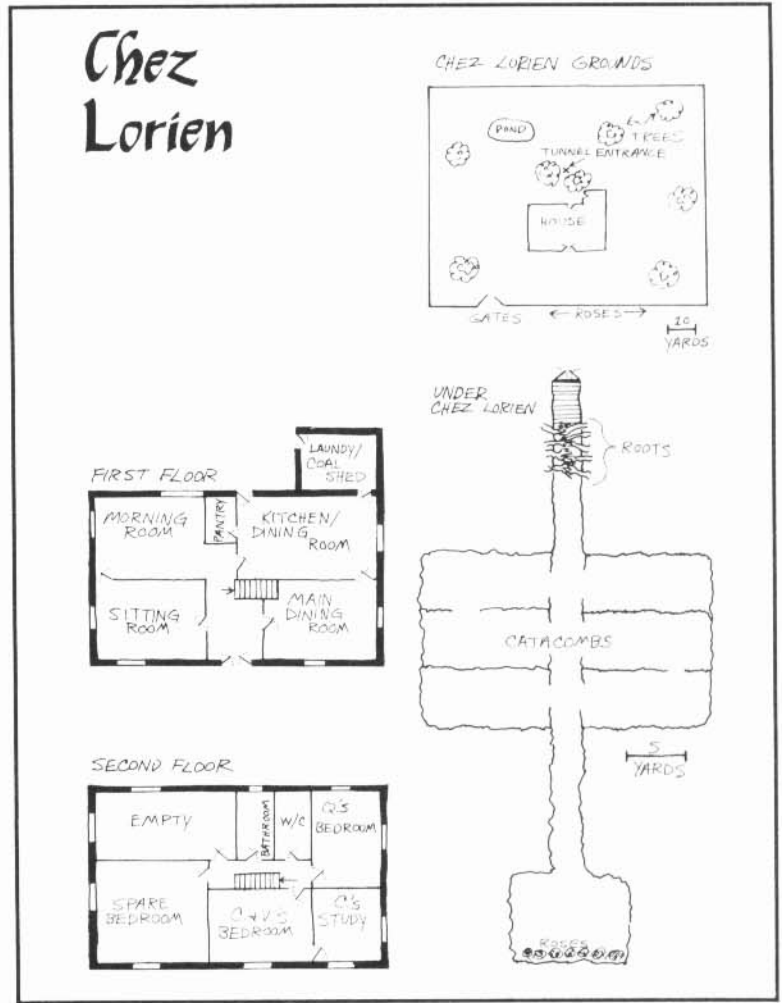
After dinner the investigators can show the Loriens the plans of the old house, if they haven't done so already. Upon seeing the drawings, both become excited and willing partners in the investigators' plans to discover whether the cellars of the old house still remain. The keeper must determine how much the Loriens can help; Christian has patients to attend; Veronique is crippled and yet must look after Quitterie.

A scream from upstairs interrupts the conversation. Quitterie runs down crying as Veronique races to her aid. Clinging to her mother, Quitterie explains that she saw a boogie man at her window. Investigators can see that Quitterie's arm is still livid from the spilled coffee this afternoon. Putting it all down to a bad dream, Christian takes her back upstairs, explaining that no one could climb up the side of the house just to stare in her window.

Unfortunately, Christian Lorien is wrong. Fenalik has followed the investigators. He is presently toying with the idea of killing them all, but has adopted the wait-and-see approach, in case they lead him to the simulacrum.

Les Fleurs du Mal

The night passes uneventfully. The morning is clear and relatively warm. Using the old gate entrance as a base point, a successful Make Maps roll locates the position of the cellar steps in fifteen minutes; otherwise, 1D4 hours and a successful luck roll are needed. The top step is under nearly two feet of earth and charred brick, near the base of a largish oak tree. They must dig. Excavating the long staircase takes the whole of this winter's day; the sun is low and a cold wind is rising when they clear the last shovel of earth away from the 18th step and the old steel door reveals itself at the bottom.



Chains and crowbars are necessary to budge the door, which has both rusted into its frame and become wedged under collapsed brickwork. The door opens with a successful STR x2 or less roll for an individual. Upon opening the door, damp cool air greets the investigators.

The hall beyond leads back toward the walls and outer gate. The foundations of Fenalik's mansion were made by excellent masons and is quite sound, although the roots of nearby trees have pushed through some joins in the stone work, bulging through like thick, pallid snakes, and making movement difficult at points. With a successful Spot Hidden, the investigators notice that each exposed root terminates in a five-way juncture, like arms ending in hands.

Rooms empty off the hall to either side, but there are no wine racks or mounds of old furniture. As the investigators walk down the passage, each room proves to be a prison cell. Some doors are locked, but through the peep holes skeletons can be seen beyond. They realize this is not an ordinary cellar. Several larger rooms contain torture implements, cages, and yet more skeletons—many



Christian Lorien



Veronique Lorien

tigator (keeper's choice), and sits on her or his knee, demanding to be entertained.

As Christian Lorien makes coffee, call for a Spot Hidden roll. Investigators who receive successes notice a particularly nasty scar on the back of his left hand which disappears up his sleeve. If asked about it, he explains that when cutting the roses back last year, he injured his hand on the thorns and, despite his best medical efforts, the wound become infected. He was ill for a number of weeks.

Over coffee, Lorien continues to chat with his guests. If they have been honest and have mentioned either the simulacrum or Sedefkar, he recognizes the terms, but cannot remember where. He goes upstairs to ask Veronique if she recalls the names. He explains that his wife is resting in bed; the cold weather has bought on a severe attack of arthritis and he has given her a mild sedative to ease the pain. The arthritis manifests only in her left arm and hand, but do not advance this information unless the investigators ask for it.

THE LETTER

He returns a few minutes later with a letter, which he shows to the investigators. It is addressed to the occupants of the house, it is written in French, and was posted in Switzerland.

Player Handout #11

50, Rue St. Etienne
Lausanne, Switzerland

To whom it may concern,

I realize that I am a complete stranger and that this letter may well mean nothing to you. My name is Edgar Wellington, and I am researching the history of a statue known most commonly as the Sedefkar Simulacrum. I recently came into possession of an old scroll which presents an intriguing description of the item. This piqued

my interest, and I am now endeavouring to trace the simulacrum. My search has lead me to your address.

The name is probably meaningless to you but, through my researches, I have learnt that the last recorded resting place of the piece of art was in the house that occupied your land in the late 18th century. The statue was a unique Arabian artifact, lost during the events of 1789. Its last owner was a German nobleman who once lived where you live today.

Please, I ask that if you have heard any local stories regarding this item, or maybe found any traces of the old house and its possessions on your land which might give a clue as to the eventual fate of the object, would you be so kind as to write to me with a summary of the information.

I apologize for the rather strange nature of my request, but I feel that I should pursue whatever leads remaining to me. I hope that you will not go to any great length regarding this.

*Yours most sincerely,
Edgar Wellington*

Lorien explains that the letter was indeed meaningless to them. It arrived six months ago; owing to one thing and another he has not yet replied to it. He is happy to let the investigators copy what they will from the document—it is not addressed to anyone in particular, after all.

AN ACCIDENT

While the letter is being discussed, Quitterie accidentally jolts the arm of her chosen investigator. Hot coffee spills onto Quitterie's left arm and the investigator's lap. The coffee is not so hot that either is scalded, but the liquid is hot enough to cause discomfort. Quitterie screams like a demon—it is as if her arm has been cut off. Apologizing, Lorien fetches a cloth for the investigator, then hushes his daughter and takes her into the bathroom, where he cleans and soothes her, and puts sweet-smelling lotion on her arm. Remarkably, a long line of inflamed skin can be seen on her left arm.



Quitterie Lorien

Christian asks the investigators how long they intend to stay. If they need to stay in Poissy overnight, he offers them dinner. If the group is small, he also offers to put them up for the night. If the group is larger, he still offers them dinner and then drives them to a hotel in the town.

doesn't understand the vampire, Fenalik becomes frustrated and hurls the interogee across the room (lose 2D6 hit points). He vanishes, perhaps to return again the next night, again asking questions in the darkness, perhaps of another investigator. Whatever the outcome, meeting Fenalik for the first time is an unsettling experience, and costs 1/1D4 SAN. See his illustration near the end of this chapter.

Poissy

POISSY IS TWENTY-EIGHT KILOMETERS northwest of Paris, on the Seine, between the river and the Forêt de St. Germain. Investigators can get there by train, tram, or hired car. This small town was once the favored residence of St. Louis. The church of Notre-Dame (built 1130-1140 A.D.) contains the worn font of St. Louis—worn from the belief of residents that scrapings from the font when drunk with water would cure fevers.

In the town hall, the investigators can learn from 18th century documents where the Comte's villa once was. Officials and clerks may be rude and unhelpful to stumbling foreigners who lack good French or a native French translator. An investigator must receive a successful French roll and a successful Fast Talk or Debate in order to pore over the deeds and titles of the village at the time of the Revolution. Keepers must judge whether or not offers of bribes would be taken amiss.

Granted access to these valuable records, a half day and a successful Library Use roll pin down the former location of the Comte's villa, on the outskirts of town. If they have not already found plans to the long-gone villa, the investigators can find them here; the investigators are able to make copies.

Chez Lorien

The site is surrounded by a large crumbling brick wall, obviously of 18th century work. The walls are in part supported by massive climbing rose

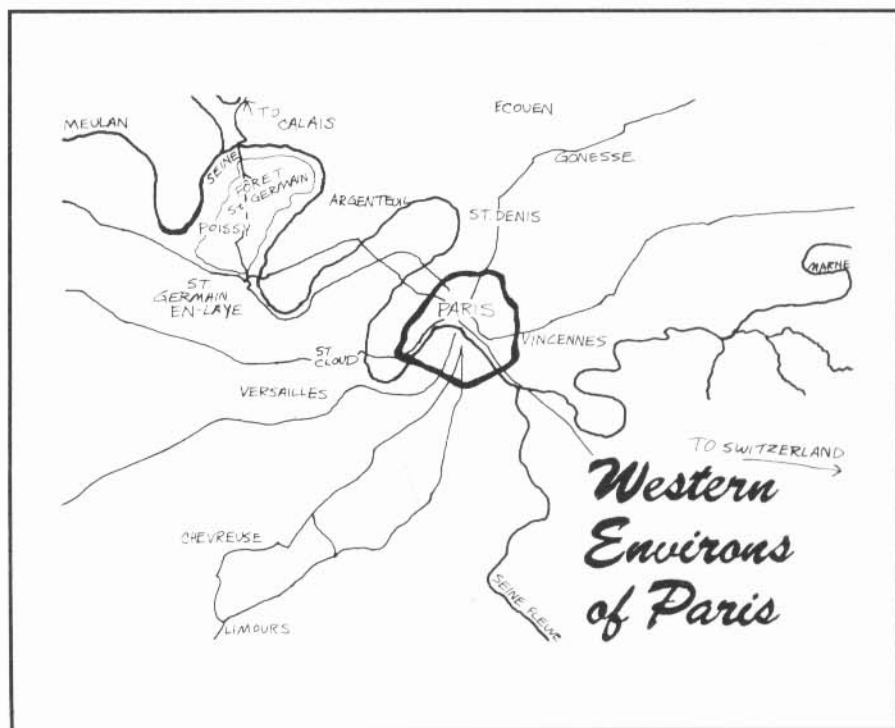
bushes which cover them. They would be incredibly beautiful in the spring, a wall of roses, their perfume filling the area; but now, in winter, they are grim and forbidding, having been pruned back and resembling twisted and knotted barbed wire. Through the gateway (there is no gate) a small, two-storied brick house can be seen. Smoke rises from the chimney, and a warm, comforting light fills the downstairs rooms.

The documents that the investigators have studied make it plain that the razed mansion of Comte Fenalik once stood where the small home now waits.

MEETING THE LORIENS

This is the house of the Lorien family, Christian, Veronique, and Quitterie. Christian is the town doctor. He moved here after completing his training in Paris. Veronique married Christian while he was an intern and she studied history at the Sorbonne. Their child of three years is Quitterie. She is a bundle of energy; curious and beautiful, she attaches herself to whomever interests her at the time, parents or visitors. The Loriens are a happy and contented family, unaware of the horror that lies beneath their house.

The Loriens greet the investigators with a mixture of caution and curiosity. Inviting them in out of the cold, Christian takes the investigators into the kitchen and puts on some coffee. While he does, the investigators can tell their story and explain to him why they have come to visit. Quitterie stands by her father's legs, watching the investigators intently. After a while, she selects one inves-



■ Delplace was probably killed by a fault in the electroshock machine, but no one knows for sure, because Leroux next morning, hoping to prevent scandal by withholding the details of Leroux's Grand-Guignol-style electroshock device. Perhaps the patient on whom Delplace worked was killed at the same time.



Paul Mandrin

■ In the previous week, Delplace had been preoccupied in studying a patient he kept in his private wing. Mandrin does not know which patient it was, but the new observations began after the Guimart incident.

■ He recalls the last thing Delplace said to him, as he left work the night of his death. Delplace passed him in the corridor and Mandrin said goodnight. Delplace was preoccupied. "It is within my grasp, Mandrin," he said. "Each of us holds the key to our whole racial memory. In our dreams we speak languages we have never known. Soon I shall have the proof."

■ Mandrin has fresh scratches on his face, from one of the patients. "Yes, it is dangerous work," he tells them. "A little time ago I found Guimart, a colleague, slumped in the basement, bleeding from a terrible wound one of the patients had dealt him. His right wrist was slashed badly. It is not known who attacked him, for when Guimart recovered, his mind was gone. Now he is an inmate, like so many others. This job is a demon, I tell you."

■ Mandrin urges them not to tell Dr. Leroux about this meeting. He wants another job, but needs a good reference from this one.

Life Inside

GUIMART

This orphaned bully and pervert knew nothing before his unfortunate meeting with Fenalik. Lacking clear legal authority at present, the staff will not grant an interview with him. Neither his room nor landlady have anything to reveal.

The investigators could have themselves committed, which would enable them to talk to Guimart, but their sanity may not withstand the stay in Charenton—a night close to Guimart might be a night in Hell.

COMMITMENT

Commitment should not prove a difficult task for seasoned investigators. A referral from a doctor will gain individuals voluntary entrance and observation, but in order to get this, the investigator must suffer a genuine mental affliction or convince them with a successful Fast Talk roll.

Failing this, the investigators might impersonate vagrants. The police often transferred them to asylums if they were bellicose or aggressive. Any intelligent scheme should be allowed to work.

Wards of the State find their incarcerations unpleasant. They are placed in large wards filled with all types of people, ranging from the truly insane to the simply unfortunate. Though the psychotic and violent are isolated, the strong still prey upon the weak, and individual cases are often neglected or handled without insight. Each day in such surroundings requires a successful luck roll to avoid losing 1 SAN. Eventually even the healthiest patient is worn down to permanent insanity. They remain in Charenton until they are collected by relatives or manage to escape.

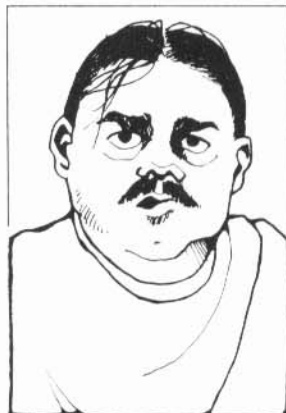
Those who were referred by a doctor receive better care. As private patients they will be given treatment by the staff—immersion baths and massage therapies were often practiced—and their accommodations are commensurate with the amount of money they pay for care. The cure rate for private patients here is 70%.

Nonetheless, once inside the asylum, the keeper is at liberty to inflict on the investigators whatever horrors he or she desires. Did Guimart have some friends?

FENALIK APPEARS

Those in the public wards have a chance to meet Fenalik. At the keeper's wish, the vampire visits one or more investigators late at night. He is curious to learn why they are here; perhaps he overhears them mentioning the Sedefkar, or maybe senses their relative sanity and wishes to know what they seek.

In the dark, Fenalik hovers above the bed of the investigator, slowly coalescing out of smoke. He gently caresses his or her face with icy hands and stinking fingernails, and begins to question, first in Latin and then in French, asking who, what, where and why. If the investigator answers, Fenalik slowly fades away, leaving his lingering touch upon his or her heart. If the investigator



Guimart

pince-nez pops out and he accused them of scandal-mongering. The investigators are thrown out.

An Important Clue

In the anteroom to Dr. Leroux's office are several open crates; in them are some of Dr. Delplace's books and other personal effects from the several offices and the laboratory that he occupied. The boxes are left here under the eye of Madame Rogniat, secretary to the acting director, a bulky woman of quick intelligence.

Madame Rogniat is uncommunicative. Observant investigators notice that the lid of one crate is partly open. A successful Spot Hidden notices a bound journal or diary, on the blue chip-board cover of which a few words have been written.

*E. Delplace
Événements 1923*

The investigators may notice the crates as they enter or leave the offices. Madame Rogniat will not allow this material to be looked at or touched, but she may put on her hat and leave the office for a moment, or be diverted in any number of ways; let the players come up with anything reasonable. A successful skill use of some sort—Fast Talk, perhaps, if they speak French, or a Sing roll if they don't—can seize her attention for a moment while another investigator surreptitiously reaches into the crate, and then removes and conceals the journal.



Mme. Rogniat

If the roll to get her attention fails, then call for a DEX roll to remove the book. If the second roll fails as well, the chance is lost.

Player Handout #10

The Journal of Dr. Delplace, excerpts

ENTRY — *A dismaying event last night. A male nurse, one Guimart of 4th Ward, entered the cellars without authorization, and there, after suffering a painful wound to his right arm, collapsed. Another nurse, P. Mandrin, investigated Guimart's absence and, after some time, discovered Guimart on the floor, in severe*

shock. Treatment was prompt and efficacious, but upon regaining consciousness this morning, Guimart began raving to me about 'creatures of the night' and the 'attack of the dead.'

For the moment, I have placed him in room 13, and notified his landlady of his indisposition.

Alas, with Guimart was another man, one unknown to this institution, and in tragic physical condition. Many grave questions must be answered.

ENTRY — *I began to question Guimart about the stranger. Is he a patient? What is his name? How long had Guimart kept him down there? Had Guimart kept the stranger there for a long time? Long enough that the mortar sealing the room had cured to such condition? Had he given him nourishment? How had he survived?*

I am moving the stranger to my private wing, for the moment treating the man as an inconsequential derelict until more evidence is found.

ENTRY — *Even in a fresh bed the stranger's appearance is horrifying. Given small amounts of broth, he merely regurgitates it. He takes no nourishment, yet lives in a catatonic state. Would electroshock revive him?*

ENTRY — *After several applications, the stranger woke, but so weakened that he could not move. He whined and begged in different, and very old forms of Greek and Latin . . . tales of cities crumbling, and of other, darker things. He also spoke gibberish of a sort which seems vaguely Slavic, repeating the names Marosh, Gorgynia, and Sofia. What a mystery man! It is almost easier to think we have tapped some form of group mind or racial memory.*

After a few inconsequential notations, the journal ends. All the entries quoted are dated just before Delplace's death.

Paul Mandrin

The Charenton institution is so large that persistent investigators can find discontented employees. The investigators might do nothing more than skulk about and talk to staff going to and from work. Most do not talk, but eventually one is pointed out who will: a pudgy, furtive man about thirty years old—Mandrin.

He has a worried air, and walks quickly toward the rail station, but he stops when called. It was Paul Mandrin who found Guimart in shock and bleeding his life away, and the incident has troubled Mandrin since. A promise of cab fare home is all that he needs; he takes the investigators to a nearby cafe. Over a bottle of decent wine, Mandrin is glad to talk.

nate accident. The staff greets other lines of inquiry with civility.

OLD RECORDS

If the investigators convey their interest in Comte Fernalik, the investigators are permitted to search through patient records dating up to 1810; later records are thought potentially distressing to families and friends. If one or more investigators are medical men, all the records except current cases and those of political sensitivity are made available if the investigator proposes a line of study which seems to warrant such a survey.

Only with successful Library Use and French rolls can sense be made of some notations. After the entry of his name in the rolls, no further mention of Comte Fernalik appears, not even notice of his death. An idea roll inaccurately suggests that perhaps he died soon after being admitted, before proper bookkeeping began.

Dr. LEROUX

If the investigators present a good account of themselves (and receive a successful Credit Rating or Debate roll) Dr. Leroux, Delplace's successor, grants them a brief audience. He dresses conservatively and well, as might be expected in such an important post, emphasizing a personality concerned with boundaries, authority, and punctilious observance of regulations.



Dr. François Leroux

He politely discusses any aspect of the asylum with them, but if they concentrate on the death of Delplace, his

Paris & The French

KEEPERS WILL HAVE individual conceptions of Paris and things French. This chapter runs more smoothly using those ideas rather than text descriptions. Nonetheless, some general points are true.

This is the densest city in Europe. Within the fortifications of Paris, an area of only 30 square miles, are nearly three million people, and a million more in the suburbs without.

Paris is the quintessence of urban sophistication. After its reconstruction by Baron Haussmann in the 1850s, Paris was truly a modern city. Its long boulevards are lined with elegant terraces. The meandering little streets of the medieval city have been pushed out of sight, though the wandering visitor easily finds charming back streets.

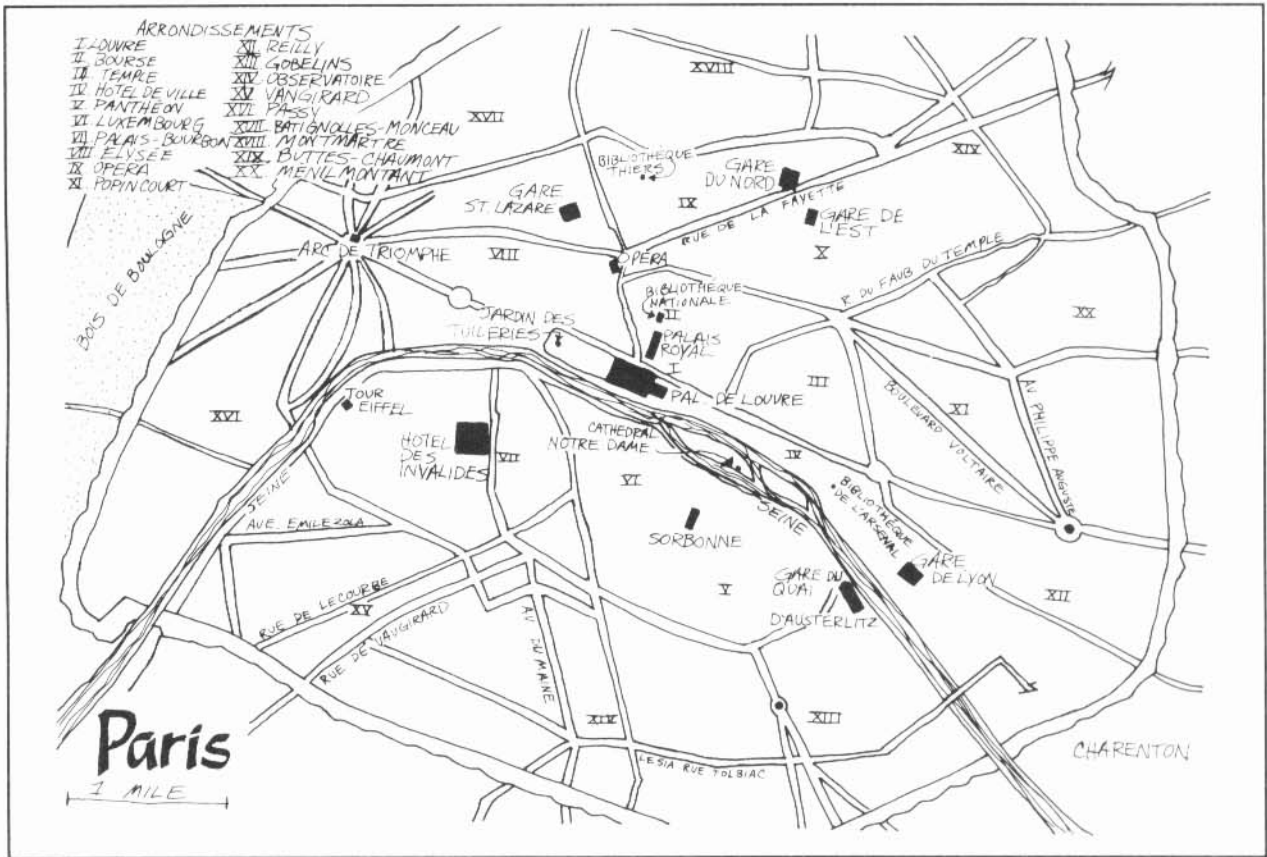
The aesthetic appeal of such a mixture of grandeur and intimacy is obvious, and it attracts every person of taste. The investigators may mix with the *haute bourgeoisie*, sampling the huge variety of shops, boutiques, and restaurants that this great capital city offers to those with money. They may situate themselves on the Left Bank, mingling with the artists who reside

there; English-speaking expatriates in Paris in the 1920s include Joyce, Hemingway, and Fitzgerald.

A guidebook of the time comments, "Forms of politeness are more ceremonious in France than in Great Britain or America." This is true more or less all along the Simplon route. "Men doff their hats in restaurants and cafes, and frequently also in shops, picture-galleries, and the like, though in the theatre they keep them on until the curtain rises. They greet each other by raising their hats. Gentlemen are expected to salute a lady before she bows to them, and, in speaking to her, to remain uncovered until requested to resume their hats. The hat is raised also to any lady passed on the stair of a flat and when a funeral is passed in the streets. Evening dress is usual at the Opera and at dinner in the first-class hotels and restaurants. The afternoon (after 3:30 P.M.) is the proper time for formal calls and for the presentation of letters of introduction, which should never be sent by post. The usual dinner-hour is about 7:45 P.M." In other nations, the dinner hour may well be 10 P.M. or later.

Hotels of every type abound in Paris, from the de luxe to humble pensions. The Carlton (19 Avenue Kléber) and the Majestic (119 Avenue des Champs-Élysées) are among the best. Restaurants and cafes arguably offer the finest food in the world. Taxis are abundant (except, of course, when you want one) and there is a network of buses and trams. The Métropolitain, the Parisian subway system, criss-crosses the city.

Though the actual situation is made somewhat more complicated by the existence of what amounts to commercial and regional coinages, the French franc is in denominations of from 5- to 500-franc paper notes; one hundred centimes make up a franc. The currency trades at about 20 francs to the British pound, but the franc may be discounted by private parties at up to half again that rate. The franc is the nominal currency of operation aboard the Orient Express, though the currency of the nation within which the train is present will be accepted without demur, though the exchange rate may be uncomfortable.



At Charenton

SEALED AND FORGOTTEN in a cellar, Fenalik dreamt. His body lay on cold stone, mechanically consuming spiders, slugs, snakes, or rats that crept too close to his awful, gaping mouth. He dreamt of cold, of a hunger that would consume the world, and in dreaming he consumed his own memories. He forgot who or why he was. He became a slug, a spider, a snake, a rat—pure instinct. Without the Ritual of Cleansing, Fenalik began to change. His body twisted and warped, and skin hung from his frame like loose clothing. His bones bent and his spine curved until he wasted away in a hunched heap on the floor. Fenalik slept for more than a hundred years.

In employing Martin Guimart as a nurse in 1921, Dr. Delplace unintentionally brought fresh horror and madness to the lives of his patients. A weak man who preyed upon those weaker than him, Guimart found opportunities in the asylum to his liking. After he secured the patients each night, Guimart regularly chose one to take underground, there to be sexually assaulted, then returned to the proper ward. Chasing a screaming patient through

the cellars was a cat-and-mouse game that amused him greatly. Guimart one evening noticed the glint of gold from within a small niche in a bricked-up doorway. His greed overrode his lust, and he took the patient upstairs and returned with a crowbar.

Breaking through the bricked entry, Guimart found Fenalik's twisted body sprawled on the floor, mouth gaping wide. In his greed, though, Guimart noticed only the thick gold rings that adorned its hands, and began to break off two of the fingers to get at the largest rings. It was then that Fenalik struck. Wildly, grimly, in utter silence, the way a spider strikes at a beetle, his arm shot up, and squeezed Guimart's hand, nearly severing the wrist; then it fell back. Blood pumped from Guimart's wound, and the nurse went into shock. Another orderly, Mandrin, found him, as is related below.

In The Asylum

The asylum at Charenton, the Maison Nationale de Santé, is in its current form an enormous structure with roofs and arcades in the Italian style. This institution, founded in 1631, has just changed directors, so the staff feels the upheaval and is reluctant to answer inquiries. They have instructions from Dr. Leroux not to discuss Dr. Delplace's death, which everyone agrees was a tragic and unfortu-



Comte Fenalik

ceration at Charenton. Their attention turned in either direction, the investigators can learn a bit more about both—but to learn much more, they must go to Charenton and Poissy.

Researching the Asylum

The asylum at Charenton still exists, still protecting the sane from the insane, and vice versa. It is perhaps most famous to late 20th century theater-goers as the final homes of Jean Paul Marat and Comte Donatien Alphonse François de Sade.

A search through recent newspapers, with a Library Use roll, turns up an obituary of the asylum's director, and dedications from friends and colleagues. The article is only a week old. The following is a representative dedication. For more information, see the "Charenton" section further below.

Player Handout #9

DR. ETIENNE DELPLACE

We mourn the loss of our esteemed director, Dr. Etienne Delplace, a man of the highest professional standards and a true pioneer in the field of neurology. His loss by tragic accident comes as a great blow. We at the hospital extend our heartfelt sympathies to his family, hoping that they may overcome their grief in time. Dr. Delplace will be missed by the Charenton community, Paris at large, the glorious nation of France, and civilized men everywhere.

— Dr. François Leroux, Acting Director.

Researching the Villa

Three successful Library Use rolls turn up a bit of information. The Comte's villa was a well-documented architectural oddity. Accounts describe it as a potpourri of architectural styles, ranging from classical Greek and medieval buttresses to fresh-built broken towers imitating Gothic ruins, similar to the English fashion of decorative ruins on country estates.

A set of plans made by a Parisian builder detail the layout of the house, down-leading stairs indicating the existence of an unmapped cellar area. A cameo etching of the mansion's front view exists; studying the drawing gives the investigators the creeps and costs 0/1D2 SAN. The lines of the building are subtly crazed and seem not to be the product of a rational mind.

elapsed. Successful rolls may accumulate from day to day.

The divisions-by-day of the following sub-sections is nominal.

DAY ONE

One Library Use roll must succeed as they search through common references and modern histories of the period, looking for reference to Comte Fenalik and the statue. A success indicates that the investigators have made a thorough search of available resources and have laid all necessary ground work for the research.

A number of court histories refer to an unspecified scandal in the queen's court on the eve of the Revolution, when a man of the minor nobility was apparently involved in an indiscretion with the queen. After a palace uproar, the fellow was executed without trial. The man was a German count named Fenalik.

DAYS TWO-THREE

Four successful Library Use rolls must accumulate to unearth the diary of a member of the queen's court. It discusses the Fenalik incident and its outcome.

For the most part, the diary records the petty intrigues and affairs which plagued the court. But it also relates an incident involving a "Comte Fenalicheque" in June, 1789. Damaged by water, parts of the manuscript are now illegible.

Player Handout #6

The Comte was like a sun amongst us, shedding his light and making all rejoice in his pleasures. His feasts are said to be the most lavish and lascivious yet seen in our city . . .

It was then that it became apparent that much evil was afoot, and the Queen became angered. The King's men did raid the house, and much was destroyed, and the Comte was arrested . . .



Remi Vangeim

DAYS FOUR-FIVE

After five successful Library Use rolls have accumulated, the investigators take a side trip to the Bibliothèque de l' Arsenal, not far from the Place de la Bastille. The library takes its name from being housed in what remains of the ancient arsenal of Paris, built by Henri II.

Here they can read the diary of the captain who led the assault on Fenalik's mansion in Poissy, a suburb west of Paris. The officer, one Louis Malon, seemed to have been shaken by the experience.

Player Handout #7

When we arrived, the feast was still in progress, men and women were rutting like rabid dogs. We chased them out, arresting the ones who were not able to vouch for themselves. I sent Huilliam and five others to capture the Comte, while I entered the chambers beneath. I cannot bring myself to describe what I saw there, save that we had entered a cesspool and it was Hell. God protect us.

Many devices of torture lay in many chambers. One of my men found a strange Nuremburg Virgin, which was locked. Fearing to find a fresh occupant, we smashed it open, but within we found only the stinking refuse of some poor wretch long-dead.

It was a dark day when noble vermin such as Pfenalik did descend upon Poissy, and if God does not punish him for his sins, then the King surely will. It was with a just heart that I did give the order to burn the house and those who remained within, though the Comte did howl and scream as though his very soul was burning. We then took him to the place that would be his new home. There may he rot.

DAYS SIX-SEVEN

The last piece of evidence that the investigators can find is the journal of Lucian Rigault, a physician to the Queen. Locating this mention requires the accumulation of five successful Library Use rolls. The journal is in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

Player Handout #8

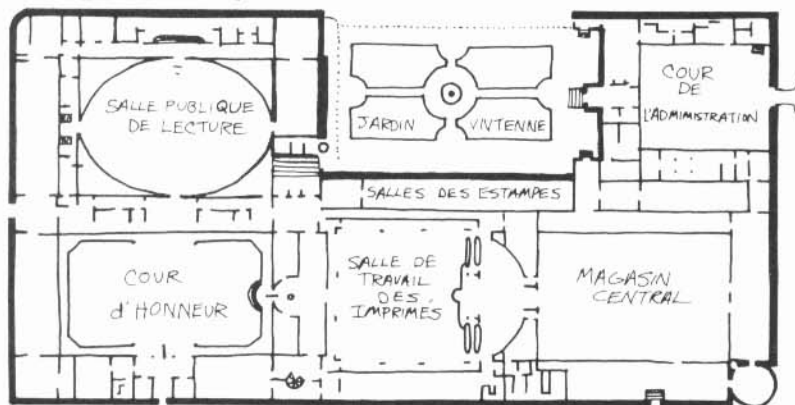
Two nights later the soldiers of the King went in force to the Comte's villa, to halt his excesses. After they burned his mansion, they brought the Comte before the King's deputy, who then ordered me present to deliver an opinion.

Comte Fenalik was screaming and writhing; it was easy to see that he was mad. As a nobleman and a madman, he could not be executed, so I suggested that a merciful King might place Fenalik in Charenton. The King's deputy apparently decided upon this course, and arranged that Fenalik be taken there. Later the King expressed his approval, and the disposition was made permanent. The last I learned of him was that he had been locked away in a cellar, because he had attacked other patients.

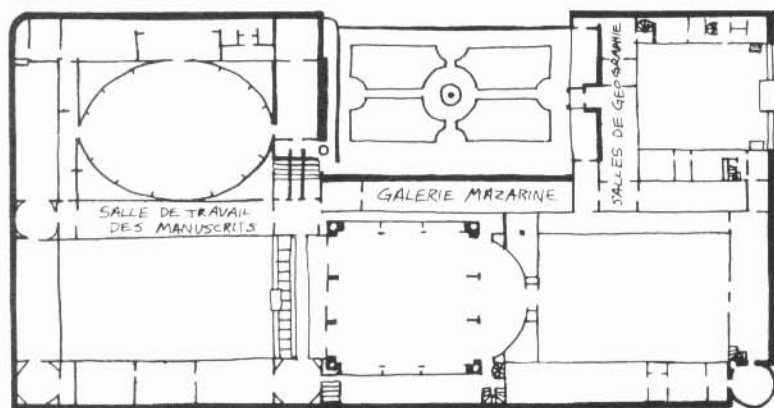
Research has thus turned up two interesting points to investigate, Fenalik's villa in Poissy, and Fenalik's incar-

Bibliothèque Nationale

GROUND FLOOR



UPPER FLOOR



POSSIBLE AID

The materials they require are in storage, needing the assistance of a skilled librarian to retrieve. The documents are in French; investigators of little skill in that language should employ an aide, preferably one comfortable with the penmanship of the period.

One such person is Remi Vangeim, a student at the Sorbonne, who could use the work. He can be contacted via the library, the investigators' embassy, the university, etc. He is a tall, nervous, red-headed fellow in gold-rimmed glasses.

Vangeim is no fool—he knows a good deal when he hears one, and he knows when he is being exploited. If the investigators treat him well, he works hard for them; if they don't pay well, his translations are desultory and his conversations with librarians casual, and he actually spends part of each day writing essays for *L'Humanité*. He will not work for less than 20 francs per day; he will not work well for less than 50 francs per day. If the investigators negotiate honestly, he is glad to openly state these requirements.

In the Library

Once seated, investigator access to the fabulous wealth of the library is still limited. Holding so many unique materials, this institution exists as much to preserve as to distribute. The librarians are not fools: they will not turn the investigators loose to ransack their old and fragile manuscripts, nor are they interested in helping casual and dilatory browsers.

The information that the investigators seek is not easy to find. Specific reference to the Sedefkar Simulacrum, and its owner occurs only in pre-Revolutionary documents. It was a crazy time, and many things were lost or deliberately destroyed; the investigators should never be certain of finding precise testimony. Let the players experience in some small way the tedium and puzzlement as well as the triumphs of original historical research.

Researching Comte Fenalik

If the investigators employ Remi Vangeim, use their Library Use skills, not his; they are directing him in the search.

In order to make the library searches realistic, a number of Library Use rolls are needed. The minimum number of days required for the rolls is given at the start of each new piece of information. Each failed roll adds an extra day to that number, as investigators are confronted by dead ends and chase spurious leads. Only one Library Use roll can be attempted by each player each day. The need for a translator adds an extra day to the total time

V. PARIS et POISSY



Les Fleurs Du Mal

Wherein the investigators learn some of the strange history of the Sedefkar Simulacrum, and uncover their first segment of it, if they persevere.

by Nick Hagger with Bernard Caleo for Cavollero and Christian Lehmann and Richard Watts for Fenalik

THE INVESTIGATORS are now in France. At this stage, the players should have no special sense of urgency or of pursuit. Their investigators should be encouraged to take their time, to explore, and to learn what they can before confronting the dangers to come.

In each stop-over on this campaign, not just Paris, let the players decide the sort of accommodations they want, and to determine what their investigators wish to pay. Then give the hotel a name and a street address, and sketch its location for the players in relation to the other places the investigators visit. Record this information; the investigators who survive might return in the future.

STOPPING IN PARIS

The investigators must visit Paris in order to board the Simplon-Orient Express, the route of which, as poor Beddows noted, complements in comfort the likely locations of portions of the Sedefkar Simulacrum.

Professor Smith's all-too-brief summary of where to go did not indicate what to do, but library facilities in Paris are enormous, famous around the globe. Personal knowledge or inquiry recommends the Bibliothèque Nationale as the natural place to begin research; the Bibliothèque Thiers, near Montmartre, has an excellent collection of histories and materials especially concerning Revolutionary and post-Revolutionary France.

Bibliothèque Nationale

The collections of this great library are located in the center of Paris (58, Rue de Richelieu). The seventeenth-

century building houses vast collections of books, medals, maps, prints, and more. The holdings, begun under Louis XII and enlarged as the private library of successive monarchs, were further enlarged during the Revolution, when the libraries and records of all convents and monasteries were forcibly seized, and placed here to be used by all the people.

After the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale is the greatest library in the world. Its equivalent of the British Museum Reading Room is the Salle de Travail des Imprimés, open 9 A.M. to 4-6 P.M., by season. It is closed Sundays and holidays. It seats 344 readers beneath nine blue faience domes. Applicants must obtain a ticket from the secretary of the library, which indicates the subject to be pursued; foreigners must include a reference from their ambassador or consul. The reader registers each day, and requests books by form; 10,000 reference volumes are available at hand. No books are handed out in the hour before closing.

If the investigators have been using the library at the British Museum, then proof of this coupled with a letter from their ambassador proves sufficient to gain access, but not immediately. Zeal and bureaucracy being what they are, it takes the investigators three days to be authorized. Smart investigators wrote ahead, securing their library passes while still in London.

While waiting, they can sight-see and become comfortable in Paris, visiting the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame cathedral, and so forth, and perhaps making an excursion to Versailles.

Listen 35%, Psychology 45%, Remain Imperturbable 85%, Spot Hidden 60%.

MEHMET MAKRYAT, Age 39, Disguised as Professor Smith

STR 18 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 18 POW 18
DEX 14 APP 14* SAN 0 EDU 16 HP 15

*2 as the burnt man.

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: .38 revolver 70%, damage 1D10
Cult Skinning Knife 90%, damage 1D3+2+1D4.
Fist/Punch 45%, damage 1D3+1D4
Quoit (thrown) 65%, damage 1D8+1

Skills: Bargain 45%, Climb 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Disguise 38%, Dodge 60%, Drive Automobile 40%, English 60%, Fast Talk 45%, French 45%, Hide 80%, History 25%, Library Use 40%, Linguist 20%, Listen 70%, Oratory 45%, Pick Pocket 25%, Pharmacy 20%, Psychology 40%, Skin Human 90%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 85%, Throw 70%, Track 40%, Treat Poison 30%, Turkish 90%.

Spells: Animate Flesh Thing*, Call Avatar of Skinless One*, Contact Skinless One*, Control Skin*, Create Flesh Creeper*, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Melt Flesh*, Skin Walker*, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Transfer Body Part*, Turn To Skin.*

* new spells; see the statistics in the Constantinople chapter of Book III for a fuller run-down, but for now see the nearby box discussing Control Skin.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D3 for viewing the burnt man aspect.

ARTHUR BUTTER, Age 51, Train Spotter

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 16 POW 12
DEX 11 APP 15 EDU 17 SAN 60 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Oratory 31%, Train Lore 78%.

HENRY STANLEY, Age 41, Missing Train Spotter

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 14
DEX 12 APP 8 EDU 15 SAN 57 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Hide 27%, Train Lore 58%, Whimper 87%.

RANDOLPH ALEXIS, Age 59, Long-Missing Occultist

STR 10 CON 13 SIZ 9 INT 17 POW 18
DEX 11 APP 5 EDU 19 SAN 0 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Rusty Knife 87%, damage 1D3.

Spells: Create Gate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Elder Sign, Shrivelling, Voorish Sign.

Skills: Bargain 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 21%, Debate 61%, Fast Talk 69%, German 49%, Hide 37%, Latin 68%, Library Use 43%, Occult 66%, Psychology 45%, Sanskrit 34%, Sneak 44%, Spot Hidden 56%.

TEN DEAD PASSENGERS, Aboard the Doom Train

Since the Passengers are already dead, damaging one in excess of his or her hit points has no effect, unless the stated intent of the investigator is to dismember. Judged partly by the means used, each dismemberment might require a Sanity roll for the successful attacker.

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Grapple 30%, damage special
Doom Kiss 20%, damage death by loss of soul

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	14	12	11	9	1	12
Two	14	16	11	9	1	14
Three	13	18	12	9	1	15
Four	14	15	12	9	1	14
Five	11	14	13	9	1	14
Six	15	15	9	0	1	12
Seven	15	12	10	9	1	11
Eight	12	13	12	9	1	13
Nine	14	13	11	9	1	12
Ten	16	12	14	9	1	13

A Word for the Keeper

The keeper now has concluded his or her first or second session of play in this campaign, and should have an understanding of the game styles of the players, and have also made tentative deductions concerning the capacities of the investigators. It is not too soon to emphasize to the players that their investigators must develop ways of recording and communicating what they learn. After they find the first part of the simulacrum, the preservation of the accumulating objects becomes metaphorical for the passing-along of all information, and the question may begin to answer itself.

After Venice or Trieste, the mortal reasons for preserving information should be apparent. When the players begin to treat each scrap of information or each deduction as treasure, then the point has been absorbed.

RESOURCES

The encounter with Randolph Alexis supplies the keeper with a character introduced into the campaign but not defined in it by function. Other such characters exist in the campaign, and keepers are urged to abstract or create more, as they desire. Nothing need be done with them unless and until a specific used develops in the course of the campaign; they are then ready to use, as decorations, as metaphorical door-openers and door-closers, or as components in a supplementary narrative scheme.

Statistics

Dr. JULIUS SMITH, Age 54, Paraphysical Researcher

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 11 INT 17 POW 17
DEX 10 APP 12 SAN 75 EDU 21 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: none.

Skills: Archaeology 80%, Anthropology 10%, Astronomy 10%, Bargain 40%, Bon Mot 88%, Chemistry 10%, Credit Rating 70%, Debate 60%, Detect Fraud 45%, English 85%, Fast Talk 35%, French 80%, German 80%, History 45%, Hyperphysics 05%, Italian 85%, Library Use 50%, Linguist 60%, Listen 40%, Maneuver For Knighthood 60%, Norwegian 65%, Occult 25%, Oratory 45%, Parapsychology 25%, Pharmacy 20%, Photography 45%, Physics 15%, Psychology 55%, Spot Hidden 75%.

JAMES BEDDOWS, Age 62, Manservant to Dr. Smith

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 16 INT 11 POW 10
DEX 12 APP 13 SAN 32 EDU 15 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+1D4

Skills: Bargain 55%, Clean Shoes 75%, Cook 65%, Dodge 35%, Drive Automobile 30%, Etiquette 90%. Fashion 75%.

Control Skin

Allows the caster to meld, bend, and alter the skin of one general body area per casting. This spell costs 1D6 SAN and 5 magic points to cast, after which the caster must overcome the target's magic points on the resistance table unless the target is willing.

Areas correspond to the parts of the Sedefkar Simulacrum: head, torso, right arm, left arm, right leg, left leg. By spending 30 magic points, the entire body can be controlled. Simultaneous castings of body areas require only one Sanity roll, but each casting requires another 1D6 Sanity loss. The spell can change the appearance of a body area or areas enough to make an individual unrecognizable.

Ordinarily the spell affects the skin for 15 minutes, after which the skin reverts to its natural state; if a point of POW is expended along with the 5 magic points, the spell is permanent until undone with a second casting. The Brothers of the Skin use the spell as reward, punishment, and tool. It is essential to them.

Doom Gate

Opens the way to or from a capsule universe, the conditions of which vary by casting, or re-opens the way to or from a particular capsule universe if and only if the caster employs a linking object of reasonable significance—in the adventure, Randolph Alexis's handkerchief on the back of the train set's mounting board did the job.

Save for Randolph Alexis, no man known alive knows how to set up the spell, though Mehmet Makryat now owns the books from which Alexis drew his information. Once the spell is set up physically, as has been seen, then anyone can activate it making the required number of circuits, even without intending to.

Setting up the spell requires 2 POW, 6 magic points, and Sanity ranging from 3 to 10 points, depending on the relative awfulness of the universe requested.

Activating the spell costs 3 magic points. Passing through the Gate so-created costs an additional 3 magic points, plus however much Sanity charged in the original set-up. Passing through the Gate to return to earth also costs 3 magic points.

Doom Gate operates as a special or keyed form of the Gate spell.

London Researches

THE INVESTIGATORS MAY WISH to do some research. The place to go is the Reading Room of the British Museum Library. Lacking membership in the Peerage, investigators need academic references, a clear statement of need specific to Museum Library holdings, and a waiting period of several days or weeks to allow study of their applications.

Careful research uncovers little. On the subject of the Sedefkar Simulacrum, a Library Use roll draws a blank; on an INT x3 or less roll on D100, some relevant information is deduced to exist in the Bibliothèque Nationale, in Paris.

Concerning the Sedefkar Scrolls, a successful Library Use roll followed by a POW x5 or less result on D100 locates them as being in the Topkapi Museum in Constantinople, just before the Great War.

Research lines that the investigators suggest may be of considerable interest: all of the information concerning the Orient Express, the construction of the Simplon Tunnel, the current political situation in Yugoslavia, etc., etc., is quickly available, as are mountains of information concerning every stop the service makes.

A PORTENT

On the second or third day, the investigators notice a scholar slumped over his books, hat still rudely on his head, apparently dozing. Were the Reading Room busy, or were the man snoring, attendants would have wakened him. But outside the skies are pouring, and most scholars have remained at home.

At some time during the investigators' day, the fellow slowly tumbles off his chair and lays unmoving on the floor. Beneath the hat, beneath the overcoat, beneath the shoes and socks is a skinned corpse costing 1/1D6 SAN to view.

These are the remains of Beddows, although immediate identification is impossible to make. Attached to the corpse is a note written in modern Turkish.

The Skinless One will not be denied.

It is inscribed on human skin, Beddows' in fact. The find causes a scandal, closing the Reading Room for the day. No one knows how the cadaver was placed in the Reading Room, though interns at nearby University College Hospital are immediately accused. The Coroner is able to

identify the corpse as James Beddows after astute police work in tracing the new half-soles on Beddows' shoes.

If the investigators never go to the Reading Room, the newspapers cover the grisly discovery, but the investigators do not learn of it until reading a back issue of *The Times* while in Constantinople.

Makryat left this dubious present for the investigators to stoke their paranoia. From time to time during the journey to Constantinople and back, the keeper should slip in the odd threat or warning written on more of Beddows' back, just to keep the investigators on their toes, prompting them to be circumspect, and thus avoid the cult's notice until the investigators arrive in Constantinople with the entire simulacrum.

Leaving England

Eventually the investigators must leave for Paris and points beyond. From London to Paris, first-class tickets cost a little under £6. The trip takes about eight hours.

The Boat-Train takes them as far as Calais. The land portion of this trip is by rail. The train travels leisurely but without stopping through the English countryside, through Kent, across the Romney marsh grasses, and finally into Dover, a journey requiring a little under two hours to make. First-time English travelers find themselves nonplussed by the comparative dash: few trains in this part of England run without intermediate stops.

At Dover, passengers board the ferry for the coast of France and the city of Calais. There are general rooms aboard the ferry but passengers may have pre-arranged private first- or second-class berths. A first-class ticket aboard the Orient Express does not ensure a first-class cabin on this ferry; passengers must make such arrangements separately.

The crossing ordinarily requires a few hours, but adverse seas and violent storms occasionally make passage much longer—tales of hellish winds and of waves pitching ships about like match boxes are the stock of every seasoned British traveler.

Once at Calais on the French side of the Channel, passengers board a train which is not the Express itself, but one which includes cars which will be linked with the main body of the Simplon-Orient Express. As Orient Express passengers, the investigators ride in such a car. There are often two, known as Calais coaches.

If the investigators have booked on an Orient Express service via the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits, then they may make the stopover in Paris as part of a break from their continuous journey. Otherwise they may wish to take a local service and secure their Simplon-Orient Express tickets in Paris.

The journey has begun.

Alexis has forgotten that the figure-eight pattern is configured in three-dimensional space—hence the ramps and elevations that Albert Alexis built into his train set. An idea roll suggests this if the investigators don't think of it. They instruct Alexis from memory, and excitedly he gathers bones and bloated organs to chock under the meaty circuit.

Now they need a train. Alexis proffers a human heart, with gray and green arteries dangling. The heart must be pushed around the track for 1D50 revolutions.

If the players have not called for a Psychology roll before, ask for one now. A success indicates that Alexis is insane and extremely dangerous. Had the investigators not come on the scene, Stanley soon would be slaughtered and devoured.

Before the spell is complete, the dead passengers mount a fresh assault, drawn by all the fresh souls. Some climb out of the first carriage and stumble across the roof of the second. One slips off, into the gray void, starting his own world-line of flapping arms and kicking legs. A half-dozen smash through the side windows from above, and clamber into the second carriage.

The investigators must keep the meat-pattern safe and in motion. When the attack takes place, 1D10 circuits of the heart are left to go. Each circuit takes one round. If two people act together, they can accomplish two circuits per round by situating themselves on opposite sides, and passing the heart between, each completing half a circuit. Those pushing the heart in these last rounds must receive successful DEX x5 rolls. Failure means the circuit was not completed that round. A result of 00 breaks the meat-pattern; it must be repaired and started anew (requiring 1D50 circuits to be complete).



Henry Stanley "An Englishman is nothin' without 'is hat."

Back to Earth

The last circuit made, investigators feel the sudden thrum and click of car wheels rolling and clattering over solid iron rails and wooden sleepers; out of the windows they see dark English countryside on a late winter's morning. The dead passengers cringe and gibber, and cease their assault. Some sit or fall suddenly, as the motion drains out of them. Alexis leans against the window, suddenly old and tired, his face suddenly aged, his body shrunk, his

back bowed. Each investigator loses 3 magic points for the return trip.

Call for Listen rolls. Those with successes hear desperate whistle blasts from ahead; the Doom Train is indeed steaming outbound from London on its old track, but a coal train is struggling ahead on the same track, and an alert brakeman has sounded the alarm.

Collision is imminent and nearly unavoidable.

If an investigator immediately pulls the emergency cord, there is no effect—the dead engineer and fireman long since abandoned their posts, and no one is left to actually slam on the brakes. If an investigator runs through the cars, scrambles over the tender, and knows what lever to pull in the cab, a successful luck roll halts the Doom Train before collision.

Otherwise, to save themselves, the investigators must leap from the train into the muddy fields beyond. Those with successful Jump rolls lose 1D3 hit points from the impact; those with failing Jumps take 1D6 damage.

Investigators who ride out the collision on the train lose 4D6 hit points—the massive locomotive and coal cars slam together with fatal, metal-twisting impact. The locomotive boiler ruptures. Stanley always jumps, and is saved, as is Randolph Alexis. All others aboard the Doom Train die. Steam rises from the wreckage and flame licks the splintered coaches. The dead passengers are at peace at last. The collision has occurred about sixty miles northwest of London.

Since the collision scene will raise many questions, survivors may wish not to remain at the site. An inn is not far away; perhaps they stay there a few days, while the line is cleared, and then make their way back to London on an ordinary train.

CONCLUSION

Investigators gain 1D6 SAN each for rescuing Henry Stanley, though that worthy checks into a sanitorium for a few weeks. He is not so keen on trains now; on his return to Ipswich and Mrs. Atkins, he faces down police questions, throws away his train books and memorabilia, and takes up stamp collecting.

The keeper should keep this episode in mind, though. One or more investigators may have learned enough about the Doom Gate procedure to be able to duplicate it at some later time, when it could become a way out when all hope seems lost.

Similarly, Randolph Alexis still lives, though thoroughly insane, lording it over his amazed and decrepit wife for the moment. There may come a time when he is heard from again.

When the other investigators charge in, the disconcerted dead draw back for a moment, then begin smiling and cooing with pleasure, and reaching for these new opportunities. No more than two passengers per round may try to grapple an investigator; against such slow-moving attacks, an investigator may Dodge twice in a round.

The investigator may try once per round to break one successful Grapple by receiving a success on a STR against STR resistance-table roll. Failure to break a Grapple gives the grappler one chance per round for a kiss.

Keepers who enjoy it can extend the fighting as long as they like, but all after a few minutes the curtained door between the first and second carriages bangs open, and a man cries, "Through here! Quickly!"

Another great sigh passes through the attacking dead. Each investigator must withstand another round of grappling before he or she can reach the opening. Strange symbols are sketched on the door, principal among which is the inverted ankh. When all the investigators are in, the man bangs the door shut, while the dead passengers moan outside, unable to pass the sigils.

"Welcome to the 9:15 A.M. to Liverpool," pants the man, "although we are currently running, um, rather late. My name is Randolph Alexis."

The Second Carriage

Alexis is little-aged after a quarter of a century, but ragged. He wears his original 1897 suit, now dirty and worn. He is a small man, bald-headed, and thin; his eyes burn with feverish intensity. He is quite insane, though no player should be told that outright. Riding the Doom Train and enduring its necessary menu has scoured him; now even the passing of time is changed indefinitely and unalterably for him.

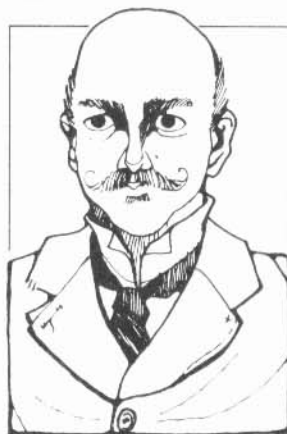
The second carriage is deserted, dusty, silent. Alexis leads them along the passageway. The compartments are empty, save the last three, the last of which is considered in the next sub-section.

In the first of the three compartments are shredded clothes and some scattered and gnawed bones; Alexis shrugs. "A man has to eat," he says. Still, a successful Spot Hidden roll spies an engraved watch fob bearing the letters A.A. Randolph may have needed to eat someone, but did it have to be his own dead son?

In the second compartment is Henry Stanley, who is sickeningly grateful to see other living humans. Alexis leads them in here.

Outside is a universe gray like fogged photographic plates, through the vapors of which cut innumerable blue-black world-lines of the Doom Train, circling and twisting one dim swathe around the next.

This great wad of passage extends as far as the eye can see—in patches that means many or hundreds of miles. As the investigators watch, the Doom Train palpably moves against the world-lines beyond, whose segmented lengths curl in a dark, gigantic serpentine. Like a ticking clock, the Doom Train lurches forward at regular intervals, and each movement becomes another segment. If they check their watches, however, each watch has stopped.



Randolph Alexis

"When we first came," Alexis remarks in abrasive, nasal tones, "this place was empty of the Train. I see now one day when it will be filled, and then there will be no room for more. When will that be? Time is different here; it seems to me no more than a month since I made my great error, and yet my register," he points to the ceiling where thousands of tiny ticks have been made with uncompromising regularity, "shows so many

episodes of long sleep that I calculate confidently the year to be late 1911."

Alexis and Stanley tell their stories, and answer questions as they can. Alexis has been on the train since 1897. Some passengers who had held out for years have now degenerated, for unknown reasons; perhaps he will, too. Until Stanley arrived, Randolph Alexis had no companion for a very long time. Alexis managed to seal himself into the second carriage, with wards that the dead could not broach. Stanley is frightened, and less than sane; trains have lost all appeal to him. Judging by the skeleton of Albert Alexis, Stanley has good reason to fear.

The Plan

Alexis tells the investigators that he has been working on a way to return the train to earth, but lacks the library he had at his home, and cannot get the pattern right.

His escape project is in the last compartment of the carriage. It is a huge design in a twisted figure-eight pattern, spread flat on the compartment floor, fashioned of human intestines and other offal (SAN 0/1D3). The pattern seems identical to that of the train set. Alexis fusses over it, and says there is something wrong with it, as it will not work. He knows that it can work, because Albert must have succeeded somehow.

way see Henry Stanley pressed up against the glass of the second passenger car, eyes wide, mouth screaming.

The First Carriage

Also returned aboard the train, the bland, blank faces of the passengers darken and become insistent. As the train begins to pull out, their eyes roll up until only the whites are exposed, and like sharks they close in around the abducted investigator. They reach out slowly, expectantly. Their skins are bluish and cold, their hair matted and coarsened, and their lips, eyes, and nails unnaturally livid. They smell of old, wet wood. They sigh expectantly. Their garments scrape softly one against the other like gatherings of moths.

Each investigator now must decide whether or not to leap aboard the first car. So little extra time exists that it is fair to press for individual decisions by the players without allowing conferences. Those aboard have no way of knowing where they're going, or when they can get back; but, since the train returned for Albert Alexis and Henry Stanley, and now for the investigators, an idea roll can deduce that the train could return yet another time.

ON BOARD

The narrative presumes that the investigators, or some of them, board the train. If they abandon their friend to his or her fate, they can always change their minds and summon the train again, given time to think. The keeper determines whether their friend has been kissed when the train returns, or whether he or she has found safety.

Anyone aboard the Doom Train loses 3 magic points as it leaves this universe, and 3 Sanity points as his or her situation becomes clear.

Aboard the train, the investigators see that the passengers have cornered the abducted investigator at the other end of the passageway that runs alongside the compartments. He or she fights valiantly against the languid clutch of the dead, but sooner or later must tire; the dead passengers do not tire. Bloody-minded investigators might hack them apart, but the ordinary attacks of guns and knives have no effect. The dead passengers must succeed in the end, and one inevitably will force his or her lips against the investigator's, and suck out the soul. The investigator then becomes one of the dead, while that one whose attack succeeded breathes in the scrap of life, and turns malevolently and ingeniously against any living within reach.

The dead passengers are stupidly persistent, but without strength or passion, capable of being disabled but not hurt. Like flies, they can be swatted away, and like flies they return. Dead passenger statistics exist at the end of this chapter.



"Come with us. Come with us."

The Train Set

THE TRAIN TRACK IS MOUNTED on hardwood board, large enough and heavy enough to need several men to comfortably move it. The track is in a peculiarly-twisted figure-eight pattern. There is no scenery, but a series of ramps alters elevations on the circuit. A large new battery provides the power. The model is a small brown and black train, in the style of the 1890s, with two wooden and metal coaches, a massive black engine, and a tender. Each car bears a different serial number and is different in small ways.

On the underside of the board is pinned a gentleman's handkerchief, apparently to protect the surface the train set is laid on. The initials *R.A.* are on one corner of the cloth.

If any investigator specifically says that he or she thoroughly examines the cars, strange symbols of unknown meaning are found to have been scratched on the undercarriage of each car.

If the investigators destroy the train set without summoning the Doom Train, the trapped and cursed occupants must continue to wander in another dimension. Their ghosts haunt the investigators who participated, and they see the train nightly in dreams in which Henry Stanley is glimpsed in one window, screaming. Each night the dreamer loses a point of Sanity until driven into madness. The only way to stop this is to build a second train set—as any good medium or mystic will charge a sovereign to advise.

RESEARCHING THE ORIGINAL

The toy train is modeled on the London-Liverpool express of 1897. In that year, an express derailed, at the cost of many lives. The details of the deadly crash can be found in newspapers of the period or in any good book on railway disasters. Arthur Butter can relate the details, though talking about this train wreck distresses him.

The train derailed northwest of London under strange circumstances, and the engine, tender, and the first two carriages were never recovered from the river in which they were presumed lost. The remaining carriages were totally wrecked. Over one hundred people were killed or lost. Police and railway investigators speculated about anarchist involvement, but no cause for the disaster was ever shown. The diving team found nothing to recover, but the river had been high from unusual rains; writers speculated that the missing coaches had been carried downstream. An unnamed official observed that seventy-odd ton locomotives, at least, were unlikely to drift down-

stream or to drift anywhere, but there are those who find the supernatural in everything. The matter rested, and was forgotten.

The Doom Train

It does not matter which way the train is placed on the tracks, nor in what order the coaches are hooked together behind the tender. Nothing happens until the model train inscribes 1D50 circuits of the course, or as the keeper wishes—the number needed to call forth the phantom train can differ with every summoning.

Once the model train has run the needed number of courses, the real train of which the toy is a replica inevitably arrives, and cannot be prevented or delayed. If the spell is cast out of doors, the entire doom train appears; indoors, the physical limitations of the room in which the train is summoned determine the dimensions of the Gate and the amount of train segment visible at any one time. The investigator acting as summoner loses 3 magic points. The complete description of the spell is found near to Randolph Alexis' statistics at the end of this chapter.

Shimmering track, and the shunting of a large locomotive in a gathering cloud of steam announce the arrival of the train. Engine and coal car pass through objects in the room and disappear into the wall at the other side. Once the first passenger car comes into view (there are only two), the train stops. Sanity loss to witness the arrival of the Doom Train is 1/1D6 SAN.

The train is full of people dressed in 1890s costume. They glide off the train as though onto a platform, and ask the investigators questions, the answers to which they do not listen.

"What time do we reach Liverpool?"

"Where is the conductor?"

"What has been the delay?"

"How has the day become so cloudy and dark?"

"Is another train following? My husband (wife) was to be on board."

Swirling round, drawn like water to a drain, the passengers close around the investigator who set the toy train in action and has thereby become the summoner. They speak as one, "Come with us. Come with us." That investigator is suddenly powerless to resist; indeed, no physical action is taken on the part of the passengers—after they surround the investigator, the summoner finds himself or herself in nineteenth-century dress and on board the train, in the first carriage, surrounded by dreadful companions.

Meanwhile the other investigators (INT x1 rolls or less to keep watching their friend) hear cries for help coming from the second carriage. Those who look that

itself out." With a successful Credit Rating roll, the sergeant adds that absolutely no evidence of burnt human bone or tissue was found in the room, nor blood, nor sign of violence. "Scarpered out the window, and there's no doubt."

The toy train set was inspected for possible electrical faults. None existed. The voltage was insufficient to cause electrocution. Still, to be absolutely sure, the set, including the track, has been passed on for expert examination to the London Train Spotters' Association, in the person of Arthur Butter, president. The sergeant can supply Mr. Butter's address if requested. In any case, the train set is part of the Stanley estate; ownership of it devolves to Stanley's heirs, whomever they might be.

London Train-Spotters

The headquarters of the association is in Arthur Butter's home in Camberwell. He is a friendly man, upset about the disappearance and possible death of Henry Stanley. "Mr. Stanley was a quiet and likable chap, and a long-time member of the Association."

Butter makes a face if asked about the train set. He says that he ran the beautiful set once, for a moment, to satisfy the police, but that it reminds him of Henry Stanley, and that allows him no pleasure of it.

"Actually," he says tentatively, "the set is in rather poor taste; the model depicts an actual train which wrecked in '97 on the Liverpool run, with great loss of life." Butter does not think that Stanley knew this. "He had a keen eye for the authentic, but not much interest in history, if you divine my sense, gents. It is a gorgeous model, even for a pound sterling."

Butter has put the set in his cellar, leaning against the wall. If the investigators receive a successful Credit Rating roll among them, Butter offers to allow them to borrow the model train and track. "Might be you'll find something, perhaps. As for me, I'll be pleased when the police call round for it." Make what arrangements of custody the players will find reasonable.

If the Credit Rating rolls fail, Butter still offers to let them use it in his basement.

If the investigators have by this point booked their tickets aboard the Simplon-Orient Express, or have decided to travel upon it and tell him so, Butter cheers up, and proceeds to wax rapturous about the wonders of such a trip, overcome with enthusiasm and awed envy. If the Credit Rating rolls failed before, he now ignores his own perceptions, and forces the train set on them. Further, there is to be an Association dinner this evening, and he strongly invites the investigators. "There'll be lots of things to learn about trains," he says.



Arthur Butter

THE ASSOCIATION DINNER

The dinner, attended by awkward, enthusiastic men in ill-fitting suits, is an interesting, if unexciting evening. Instead of saying grace before the meal, Butter asks the members for a moment's silence to pray for the safe return of their friend, Henry Stanley. There are six courses, followed by brandy and cigars.

Keepers may wish to reward the investigators' attendance with tidbits and traveler's tips about the Orient Express service, gleaned from the front of this book. Much of the conversation is boring technical detail, filled with arcane evocations of boilers and valves, and cryptic discussions of locomotive wheel arrangements, but some words are sound.

- The Orient Express staff is the finest in the world, will assist in every emergency, and they handle the paperwork involved in border-crossings;
- The station in Milan is presently being remodeled;
- Bandits once attacked the train in Bulgaria;
- Snow can halt the train's progress through the mountains in the Balkans;
- The Simplon tunnel is the longest in the world, at over twenty kilometers in length, and 65 people died during its construction;
- Attendants at Sirkecki Station in Constantinople are notorious for losing baggage;
- A little bribery smooths progress across some European borders, but don't try it in France;
- Association member Walter Partridge, who has a cough and is not in attendance tonight, plans to ride the Simplon-Orient Express this season.

More about Walter Partridge can be found in the *Strangers on the Train* booklet in this box.

some interesting books of the keeper's choice. When Makryat had learned what he could from the installation, he sold train and track to the hapless Henry Stanley, who inadvertently called the Doom Train upon himself.

As Stanley's landlady acknowledges if questioned, there was no fire, and she does not know from where the smoke she saw emanated. It was from the engine of the Doom Train, the firebox still consuming the same coal shoveled into it in 1897.

The Alexis Family

A successful Occult roll recognizes the name Randolph Alexis. He was an occultist of some notoriety, with links to both the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn and to the Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight. He shared this interest with his son, Albert Alexis, who also dabbled in the dark arts.

A successful Library Use roll turns up a recent volume on British occultists which notes that father and son both met unfortunate ends: Alexis senior died in a train derailment while traveling to Liverpool in 1897, while Alexis junior disappeared from his home in 1917, believed murdered by person or persons unknown—a few drops of dried blood were found, and the smoke-filled room suggested that the assassins had tried to burn the house in order to conceal their crime.

The Bed-Sitting Room

Henry Stanley lived in a bed-sit in Stoke Newington. The police have long gone. Outside on the pavement is a large chalked sign.

SEE THE DEATH ROOM 6d.

Another sign, handwritten and in the front window, reads *ROOM TO LET*. Stanley's landlady, Mrs. Constance Atkins, has made a tidy profit showing the room to the curious at sixpence a go.

Mrs. Atkins is a firm, vigorous woman, found in hair-curlers and dressing gown no matter what the time of day. She flaps around the investigators the length of their stay saying things like, "Ever so strange it was," and "Quiet type, they're all a bit odd you know, my husband was just like that," and "Here's a photo of Mr. Stanley—I keep pictures of all my lodgers."

She says that Stanley came home at six o'clock, in time for tea. He was excited because he had purchased a new train set ("Imagine, a man of his age!"). He went upstairs at seven, and she did not see him again. He could not have left the house without walking through the sitting room, where she sat reading the latest issue of *Silver*

Screen Stars. A bit later she heard him cry out, and a sort of rumble happened. She knocked straight away, but he was gone, and the room was full of smoke. The window was closed and bolted from the inside.

If asked about the train set, she says that the police took it, since it was an electrical device and seemed to be the only thing in Mr. Stanley's room that might have done him harm.

She answers any other questions with utter glee and little regard to fact. She firmly believes that her tenant has been burnt to a crisp, though where he has gone to she can't imagine. Still, a woman alone has to get her rent one way or another.

Any investigator who pays sixpence can examine the room ("Mind that you don't take anything"). It is a standard cold-water bed-sitting room of the kind inhabited by lonely people everywhere. There is a door in the east wall, and a window in the west wall. The abiding interest of the occupant was trains. The room is full of books and pictures about railways, engines, projects, and history.

Interestingly, the tops of some items bear a thin layer of black soot. And there are dark sooty streaks across the ceiling, in a pattern from north-west to south-east, though Mrs. Atkins has said quite definitely that Mr. Stanley did not smoke. There are bubbles under the wallpaper as though it had been steamed. And a successful Spot Hidden sees long black parallel smudges on the dark floral carpet; these parallel smudges run north-west to south-east also, and a successful know roll notes that they are the width of train tracks apart.



Mrs. Atkins

The Local Police

The dutyman happily supplies all public information concerning Stanley's disappearance, but he knows nothing of the Makryat triple murders, or any connection of that crime with Stanley's disappearance. "That's a matter for those what knows more than me, sir," he says.

If an investigator can receive a successful Fast Talk, Debate, or Law roll, they can talk to the sergeant responsible for the Stanley case, who believes that Stanley has faked his own disappearance. "No doubt we shall learn Mr. Stanley's motive for his deception within the following weeks, sir. This sort of matter has a way of working

IV-b. LONDON and BEYOND

The Doom Train

Wherein persistence in investigations prompts our heroes to climb aboard two very different trains.

by Geoff Gillan, with Mark Morrison

THE DOOM TRAIN SUB-PLOT IS a red herring which consolidates the occultist background of Makryat's activities and advances the theories of Dr. Smith; Makryat's shop sold the train set that is the catalyst of the piece.

ANOTHER FINE MESS

The day after the Makryat Multiple Murders appear in the newspapers, a new bizarre story stirs the press.

Player Handout #5b

Man Disappears In Cloud Of Smoke

Spontaneous Human Combustion?

Link To Triple Murders Case?

Police are today investigating the disappearance of Mr. Henry Stanley, 41, of Stoke Newington, who was reported missing last night by his landlady, Mrs. Constance Atkins.

She alleges that she heard a cry from Mr Stanley's upstairs room at eight o'clock. He did not answer to her knocking, and when she opened the door the room was full of smoke, and there was no sign of him.

Mr Stanley is not married. He is a noted train enthusiast and member of the London Train Spotter's Association.

His disappearance may be a case of spontaneous human combustion. Police have refused to comment on this. Similar cases have been reported in England earlier this century. The most recent known was that of Mr J. Temple Thurston, who burned to death in his home in Dartford, Kent, in 1919.

It has been revealed that a model train set found on the scene had been purchased last week from the shop of Mehmet Makryat. That child's toy may have caused the fire.

Readers may recall that three bodies, all identified as Mr. Makryat, were found earlier this week in a Chelsea hotel room. Police have not ruled out the possibility of a link between the two cases.

Keeper's Background

In 1897, Randolph Alexis, occultist and murderer, fled north on the Liverpool express, pursued by London enemies. Hoping to escape cleanly, he attempted to conjure a Gate through the engine-ward wall of his first-class compartment. Disastrously, the cast went wrong. Along with himself, the forward half of the train hurtled into another dimension and utterly vanished, while the rear half derailed into a river at nearly sixty miles an hour, destroying it and killing all but a handful of passengers. Authorities claimed that the front portion of the train sank into the mud and could not be reclaimed, but they themselves did not believe the story.

Twenty years later, driven by the rumors surrounding that extraordinary event and having immersed himself in his father's powerful but unsystematic studies, Alexis' son Albert created another Gate. From his studies he believed that his father still lived, frozen in time in another dimension, and hoped to retrieve him. He keyed the new Gate into a toy train set which had been specially made and painted to be a replica of the missing portion of the train.

Each piece of the resulting model was configured with arcane symbols. After the train inscribed a number of circuits on the tracks, the barrier to the nether dimension collapsed. Burdened with his father's sources, the son repeated much of his father's mistake. Now Albert inadvertently summoned back the original train itself, and was swept up by it as it flashed into and out of existence over the length of the track set-up. Then train and son vanished.

The toy train set languished. A year ago, nearly penniless and no longer with any hope, Mrs. Alexis had the courts declare her son dead and decided to auction his possessions along with her husband's. Makryat discovered the purpose of the train set and bought it, along with

him only vaguely. If shown pictures of the three dead Mehmetts, they identify none of them as the Mehmet they knew: Makryat always affected a disguise as an elderly man.

EMBASSY OF TURKEY

Given reason to do so, the clerk at the Turkish embassy can furnish Makryat's age and birth date (much too young to be the elderly man Londoners knew), his Brophy Lane address, and the recent renewal of his passport.

But the clerk does nothing more; the Turks resent the speculation in London's press concerning Turkish corruption and inadequate passport controls. They angrily maintain that the Makryat passports are forgeries, not duplicates, and that they are therefore a British problem.

If the investigators spend the time and effort to befriend the well-dressed young clerk, Mustapha Köprülü by name, they get one piece of intriguing news: though the Ambassador never acknowledges it, all files containing photographs or personal information for Mehmet Makryat have disappeared.



Mustapha Köprülü

drawers are half-empty of clothing. Investigators who suppose that Makryat has moved out, abandoning the premises, will not be wrong.

A CURIOUS ACCOUNT-BOOK ENTRY

Makryat's account books and records are shelved underneath the counter. Purchase invoices show that most of his goods were imported from Turkey and the Middle East, or bought from London auction houses.

A successful Accounting roll notices an incongruous consignment note, *one Wrightson special-commission train set*, purchased from the estate of Randolph Alexis some months before. In the ledger of current shop sales, the last item sold was *one Wrightson special-commission train set*, delivered to a Mr. Henry Stanley, Stoke Newington, for one pound. Though Makryat's records are extensive, there are no other trains, toys, etc., ever listed as purchased or sold.

A successful History or Occult identifies Alexis; see "Researching the Original" in the next

A FINAL NOTE

After the investigators leave London, Mehmet returns to the shop at night for a bit of renovation before following after them. This shop comes back into play when the investigators return to London at the end of this campaign. See "The Fog Lifts" in the *Constantinople* book.

MAKRYAT'S SHOP

A shop belonging to an M. Makryat exists in Islington. The police have the address, as does the Turkish embassy, as does the London telephone directory, and as do the many guides to London. The *Antique Buyer's Guide* lists it; checking with Sotheby's or any established auction house could also uncover the reference.

In Islington, neighboring shopkeepers say that the shop is run by an old Turk, who just a few days ago closed it and has not returned. They remember him as a taciturn old fellow.

The brick shop is two-storied. A small *closed* sign rests in the shop door's window. If the investigators break in, they find the ground floor showroom filled with unremarkable pieces of Egyptian, Arabic, and Persian brasswork, rugs, and ceramics, some clearly reproductions. The upper floor is living space, for one man of quiet habits. The police found nothing of note here, though thoughtful investigators may be interested that there are no books in the building of any sort, except ledgers. A successful INT roll notices that Makryat's property also lacked luggage, other than a old leather satchel with a broken handle, and that some of the bedroom dresser



"Here is what I remember of my researches:

"Paris was where the statue was dismembered.

The owner was a noble, Comte Fenalik, who lost it just prior to the French Revolution. Some part of it may still be in France.

"Napoleon's soldiers carried a piece into Venice when they invaded that city. It was sold to Alvise de Gremanci.

"Another fragment made its way to Trieste at the same time. I do not know what became of it, but look up Johann Winckelmann at the museum there.

"I think there may be a piece in Serbia. Start at the Belgrade Museum, Dr. Milovan Todorovic is the curator.

"One part was lost near Sofia during the Bulgarian War in 1875. At that time things of value were hidden from the invaders, so it may be buried somewhere.

"The final piece was in circulation in Paris just after the Great War, and was sold to someone from Milan. I do not know who.

"That is all I can tell you. You must try to collect it. When you have it, there is only one sure way to destroy it, and destroy it you must. You must. Take it back to its original home, a place in Constantinople known as the Shunned Mosque. There are niches there, in which it once lay. A ritual which will destroy it utterly is included in a set of documents known as the Sedefkar Scrolls, but I have been unable to consult them.

"I am sorry, my friends. For you, for me, for us all. Please do this for me. Go. Go quickly. God help you."

His voice is all but gone. He coughs. Beddows hands him a glass, from which the man on the bed sips, then falls back onto the pillow, eyes closed.

A BELIEVABLE BRIBE

Beddow's eyes are downcast. He silently opens a cupboard, and extracts a valise. Within are 200 new Bank of England £5 notes, one thousand pounds sterling. He hands over the case.

"Gentlemen, my master is in mean circumstances by choice, to evade those wicked men. He wishes to contribute to your success, and desires no accounting. Before this dreadful attack, he had planned to travel via the Simpon-Orient Express. The Orient Express services offer the finest, fastest, and most reliable rail transport on the Continent. And my master is accustomed to comfort."

Beddows clears his throat and falls silent. He answers questions as best he can, but steadily urges the investigators to set off with all speed. Makryat has briefed him carefully, and Beddows does not give the game away. Concerning the Sedefkar Simulacrum, he offers nothing.

Any attempts to follow the Professor after this meeting fail.

If the investigators return to the bed-sitting room, a family has moved in. They do not know the previous tenants, nor where they went.

MAKRYAT UNCOVERED

If the investigators turn suspicious during the meeting and force Mehmet's hand in some way, he surreptitiously summons a Fire Vampire and pretends it has found the Professor. He fakes his own death, and in the ensuing chaos he kills Beddows and escapes.

The Multiple Murders

The multiple murdered Mehmet's were Makryat's henchmen, traveling on wrongfully issued passports. They had been scouring Europe, seeking out the Sedefkar Simulacrum. Their missions completed, Mehmet summoned them to London and murdered them to prevent knowledge of his maneuvers in Constantinople. Leaving the bodies with their identification intact rashly alerts the police to his significance.

If the investigators wish to check further into the killings of the three Makryats, the following avenues can be explored.

THE CHELSEA ARMS

The three bodies were found at this hotel; however, staff there have nothing to add. They refer the investigators to Scotland Yard and Inspector Fleming.

SCOTLAND YARD

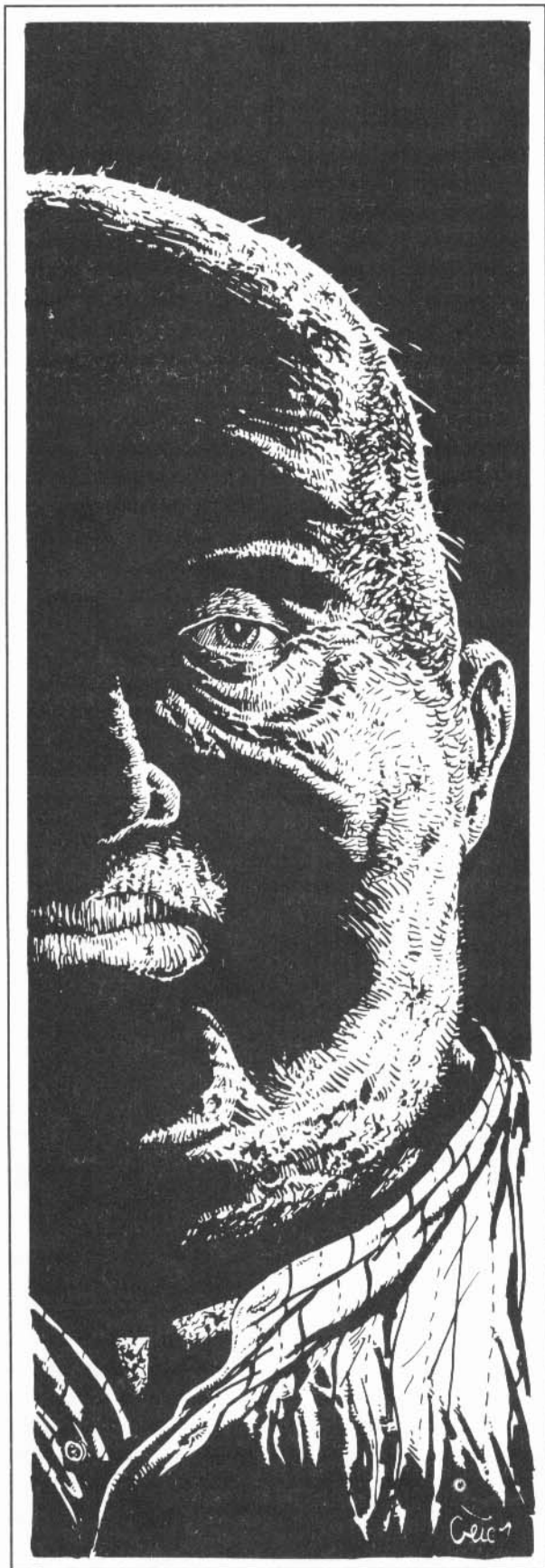
Inspector Fleming of the Yard is disinclined to see the investigators, but he listens if the investigators give him reason to think they can help with what he concedes is a puzzling case.

Since the investigators almost certainly have nothing to offer in exchange, he is unlikely to give them privileged information. However, allow one Fast Talk roll each day to pick up information from others intimate with the case. Three points can be learned.

- On each corpse was the identical telegram sent from Paris, saying *MEET ME IN LONDON AT ONCE. URGENT. M.*
- Vital details of the slayings were withheld from the press. Each corpse had been partially skinned—one the torso, one the arms, and the last, the legs.
- Mehmet Makryat's shop and home are at 3 Brophy Lane, Islington. A police search turned up nothing.

MAKRYAT'S LIFE

The only people in London with any knowledge of Mehmet's day-to-day existence are neighboring shopmen, art dealers, and the staff at the Museum of Art. All remember



The Burned Man

Cheapside, a low-class area of London, hardly the area that Smith would frequent.

The Burned Man

The address in Cheapside proves to be a bed-sitting room in a grimy building on an undistinguished street. When the investigators knock on the door, Beddows cautiously opens it. A successful Psychology roll emphasizes his nervousness, but this state is easily explained by concern for his master and their present hair-raising position.

Makryat is within. To further his ruse, he has disguised himself as a badly-burned Smith, casting a cult spell, Control Skin, to stretch and contort the flesh in horrifying ways.

Inside the room the drapes have been pulled, shutting out as much light as possible. The figure of the Professor can be dimly seen on the bed. Anyone nearing him discerns the intense burns on his face (SAN 0/1D3). A successful idea roll suggests that Smith looks different because his sideburns and moustache have been seared away.

The Professor struggles to sit up. He greets them in a gasping wheeze not at all like his normal booming voice. As he addresses them, his tone grows hoarser and hoarser, until the last sentences are barely audible. It is soon obvious that he will be unable to respond to questions afterwards. In this way Makryat can avoid cross-examination.

His speech is repeated below.

Player Handout #5a

What Professor Smith Says

"Thank God you have come. Because of my injuries, I cannot bear to talk for long, so please listen, and Beddows will answer questions for me.

"I have been on the trail of an occult artifact of great malevolence, the Sedefkar Simulacrum. It is a statue, a source of great magical power. Evil power.

"At the end of the eighteenth century it was taken apart, and the pieces scattered across Europe. I planned to retrieve the pieces, and to destroy it.

"Last night Beddows and I were attacked in our home by Turkish madmen. I think they too seek the simulacrum, but for foul purposes. We barricaded ourselves indoors, so they tried to burn us alive, but we got away. I am afraid to come out of hiding, for these men would stop at nothing. Beddows has a plan for us to escape, but the less said of that the better.

"My notes were destroyed in the fire, unless the Turks have them. They must not be allowed to recover the statue. I ask you, my friends, to collect it before they can reach it.

With a successful Spot Hidden roll, the investigators notice that their congratulatory conversation is being observed by a dark, mustached man in his late thirties. He wears a moustache bushy enough to be classified as 'foreign' in the investigators' minds. Noticing that he has been observed, Mehmet Makryat makes a gesture of apology, and disappears into the crowd.

The Plot Thickens

Mehmet Makryat has lived in London for some time. He was interested that Smith was to lecture, and managed an invitation—by theft or by murder, perhaps, for either comes easily to him. Noticing their conversation with Smith, he studies the investigators over the next several days. He selects them to be the pawns in his recovery of the Sedefkar Simulacrum and in the elimination of his father, Silem Makryat.

What Mehmet learns and how he learns it depend on previous accomplishments of the investigators, but a group possessing free time and independent means is necessary to his plans; it may be an amusing bonus if investigator successes against the Mythos justify Makryat's personal enmity.

More days of patient sleuthing show that Smith's isolation makes him a proper target. Makryat sends a dimensional shambler to deliver the hapless Smith to the Shunned Mosque in Constantinople. There Smith becomes an anonymous gift, never to return. The poor man knows nothing about the simulacrum, skin-changing, or the Brotherhood; lucky investigators may survive to meet in Constantinople what is left of him.

Makryat then confronts Smith's faithful manservant, Beddows. Beddows is told, and is offered quite explicit proof, that if he does not help Makryat in his abominable deceptions, Professor Smith will never be seen again. With Beddows' frightened assistance, Smith's London home is torched and police suspicions directed toward the manservant. Finally, Makryat summons and murders the three pseudo-Makryats, erasing his own tracks. The plan is in motion.

The Newspapers

Two newspaper articles interest the investigators. The first is on the front page, jumping out and biting the investigators in the most discrete manner possible if they're reading *The Times*, and in the most vulgar, lurid fashion if it's *The Scoop*. The second story requires a successful Spot Hidden roll to notice.

Player Handout #2

Man Dies Three Times in One night

Three Bodies In Hotel.

Each Man Carries Same Identity.

Three slain men were discovered last night in a London hotel, each bearing positive identification as Mr. Mehmet Makryat, of 3 Brophy Lane, Islington. Each had been stabbed through the heart.

Maids at the Chelsea Arms Hotel discovered the remains. The room also was registered in the name of Mr. Makryat.

Bona fide papers identify the trio as one man, the Mr. Makryat who is a Turkish antique and art dealer doing business in this city.

The victims bear superficial resemblances, and each had passed as Mr. Makryat since independently arriving in London three days ago.

Confusingly, the real Mr. Makryat, or at least the man described by neighboring shopkeepers as Mr. Makryat, cannot be found. Police request that he come forth.

The passports of these Turkish nationals record independent world-wide travels for each man over the past three years.

Inspector Fleming of Scotland Yard is at a loss to describe the meaning of the bizarre mystery, but is eager to converse with any other Mehmet Makryats still living.

Player Handout #3

Professor's Home Burns

Fears For His Safety.

Professor Julius Arthur Smith, a figure well-known in academia, was sought today following the burning of his home under mysterious circumstances.

Missing also is Dr. Smith's manservant, one James Beddows. Witnesses saw a man resembling Beddows run from the house just before the fire broke out.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Dr. Smith or Beddows is requested to contact Detective Sergeant Rigby at Scotland Yard's Arson Division.

THE MESSAGE

Whether or not the investigators notice the Smith article, they become acquainted with the situation after an envelope is slipped under the door that evening.

Player Handout #4

Come at once. I haven't long. For god's sake let no-one follow you. J. A. Smith.

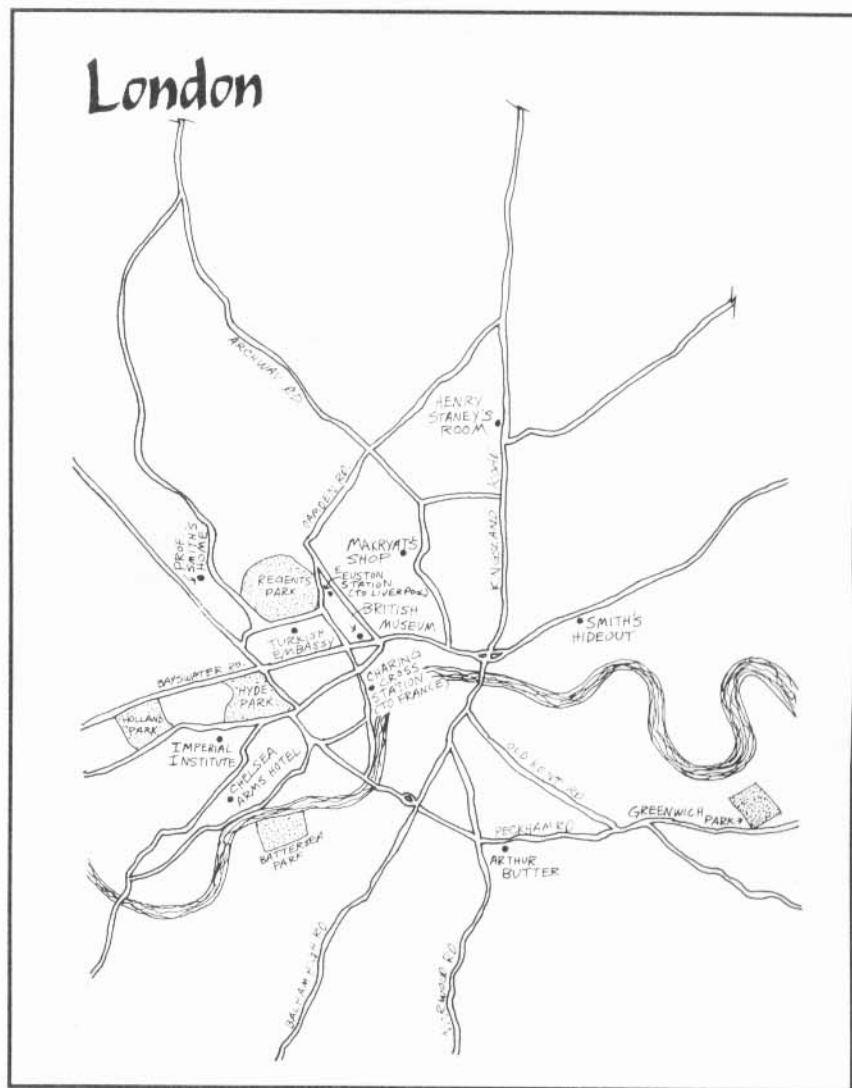
The message within is written on the back of Professor Smith's calling card. The impression of Smith's signet ring has been left on a blob of wax closing the envelope. A successful idea roll recalls such a ring being worn by Smith. On the front of the calling card is an address in

out a ripple passing across the sail of the fishing boat; when 16mm cinematograph film of it is speeded appreciably, the ripple seems normal while the ocean waves become ridiculous. So does the staircase descent of the Norwegian woman seem less unusual when speeded up. The horse drawing the hansom cab switches her tail casually, as if discouraging flies, rather than making seemingly malevolent and mysterious gestures.

- Historically, each of these three apparitions was held to have disappeared, not to have been killed or destroyed, though this observation could not be said true of every apparition.
- Comparatively, instances of touchable, solid apparitions rarely occur. He was unable to observe any such. "One might wait many lifetimes for a chance," Smith speculates.
- Such apparitions seem not to be uniformly preserved. The south of England, he notes, has been settled by man for many thousands of years, yet the vast majority of haunting seem to have been produced in the past five or six centuries. Only a handful survive from Roman times.

Smith concludes by observing that in the past thirty years science has begun to learn about that which cannot be seen or normally sensed, and that some behavior on the atomic level is impossible in the greater world. He has come to think that haunting offer clues to so-far indefinable ways of arriving at or opening a way into other dimensions.

"It is my belief that such hauntings represent clues concerning a natural universe much larger and much stranger than we imagine. The walls of what we perceive as normality have a subtle flexibility. Occasionally, and I greatly hope for understandable reasons, conditions allow inter-penetration. The spectral haunting I have discussed represent attempts—perhaps random, perhaps purposeful, certainly unsuccessful ones—to return to this time and space by elements of it somehow removed.



"If we are energetic, and not a little lucky in our observations, students of parapsychicality may one day be able to move up and down time, or to travel globally with minor effort, or to perceive that which at present lies completely beyond our senses. Whether that which waits beyond is lightness, or darkness, or simply different, or evoked by our unstated desires remains the supreme question which, for the present, each must answer for himself."

SUMMARY OF EVENTS

Dr. Smith is attempting to introduce scientific methodology into the study of magic, especially concerning the possible variety of Gates. Alas, his results will be interrupted and lost almost immediately, because of Makryat's interference. It is possible that Smith drops a word or turns a phrase that allows an important idea roll later in the adventure.

three such events, while in other years none occur. The trustees, true to their charter and no doubt chuckling in discussion over cigars and port, encourage idiosyncratic and even amusing studies, but by individuals nonetheless able to convey proofs either inherently astonishing or startling in implication. In collective effect, the trustees judge nominees by Barnum's criterion, "Amaze me."



Prof. Julian Smith

Nominees need not be subjects of the Crown; Curie and Marconi spoke here, as did Count von Zeppelin and Edison. Though the event was semi-secret then, Dr. Cavor is rumored to have lectured some months before his disturbing disappearance, levitating a raisin made luminous for purposes of demonstration. A few years from now the trustees select an American astronomer, who demonstrates that the matter of the universe is scattering out like pellets from a fowling piece.

The great formal dinner occurs in the Imperial Institute, in Kensington. The Upper East gallery's stultifying reference collection of standard commercial products is put away in favor of tuxedos, gowns, splendid dress uniforms, glittering jewels, gleaming sabres, and waxed moustaches.

Tonight the speaker is Dr. Smith. His rigorous skepticism and methodical analysis earn him high reputation as a debunker of mediums, spiritualists, fortune-tellers, prophets, holy sites, apparitions, and so on. He has steadfastly refused to give the investigators any hint of his topic for tonight.

Smith is droll, an entertaining and precise man who recounts with relish the clever deceits (and his cleverer exposures) of charlatans and pretenders. Laughter is general and ongoing.

Smith states that money is usually not the motive for the misrepresentation of impossible powers or events; more usual is the chance for individual notice or recognition of personal qualities, preservation or defense of spiritual belief, or social benefit to the community—as many definitions, actually, as there are individuals.

"There proves to be, however," and here his voice turns serious, "categories of repetitious phenomenon offering no simple elucidation. I refer to the 'poltergeist,' to the 'traveler' who suddenly finds himself dozens or thousands of miles or years from where he stood moments before, and to the 'haunting.' My presentation tonight concerns the last.

"I say 'haunting' and not 'ghost' or 'spirit' because alone of such epiphenomena, haunters can be buildings, lanterns, coaches-and-fours, swords, and so on, as well as men, women, dogs, bears, processions, even armies. World-wide, the store of casual anecdote concerning haunters is enormous.

"And I say 'epiphenomena' because the haunters are not linked with specific observers, and the haunting presumably occurs with or without human witnesses, as we shall see. Thus perception of such an event is secondary to the event itself—epiphenomenal to it.

"The essential characteristics of haunters are simple: the person or thing must have existed, must have disappeared in some sense, and then must reappear once or many times. The location of the phenomenon may stay the same, or may change; that which reappears may be partial and insubstantial, or be as solid and real-seeming as any member of tonight's illustrious gathering. No other conditions are needed."

Dr. Smith then discusses three hauntings in detail—a Breton fishing boat, a Norwegian woman, and a London hansom cab. Slides of each event are projected. Each incident was studied and photographed simultaneously from at least three positions, allowing accurate scaling of the apparitions. The good doctor is able to demonstrate several characteristics shared by the three.

- The three apparitions do not coalesce from points, as most tales describe, but slowly emerge whole from invisible planes, as if passing through what Smith terms the 'curtains of perception.'
- Each is semi-transparent. He traces the clear passage of a wave through the fishing boat, for instance, and shows that the image causes no froth or ripples: it does not resist the water. In other slides, the audience sees the second or third photographers through the image of the apparition.
- Each apparition glows appreciably, as Smith demonstrates by isolating the reflections from nearby objects. Sampling attributes part of the glow to ionization, but not all. Careful indexing of the reflections indicates that the level of ionization varied randomly during each event.
- The rate at which these three apparitions manifested motion was in comparison to normal movement slowed by a consistent half in each case. Smith points



Beddows

IV-a. LONDON



Dancers in an Evening Fog

*Wherein the investigators visit the seat of empire,
answer the call of an old friend in need, and a lengthy
journey becomes desirable.*

by Geoff Gillan, with L.N. Isinwyll

THE INVESTIGATORS SHOULD ALREADY be in London. They may have just completed another adventure there, or an interesting auction may be occurring, or they may be conducting research, or a London acquaintance, Professor Smith, may have invited them especially to attend his Challenger lecture.

The narrative assumes that Professor Smith and his manservant Beddows are in use; keepers using other characters must amend player handouts appropriately, or create new ones.

If possible, build Smith into an adventure before running this set of scenarios. If replacing him, use a character already known, perhaps a semi-retired investigator. The investigators should trust Professor Smith or his replacement; previous association can easily accomplish this.

If the keeper replaces Smith with another character, so Beddows should be replaced by a favorite student, perhaps, or a loyal companion. Freedom is nearly complete here, since neither Smith nor Beddows return as substantial characters.

Keepers should be familiar with *The Campaign Book* before proceeding further.

Player Handout #1

What You Know about Your Friend, Prof. Smith

Professor Julius Arthur Smith, Litt.D., Ph.D., is 54, a heavy-set Englishman, a scholar who now devotes

himself entirely to research. He is famed for his whiskers and great curling moustaches that give him the air of a friendly walrus. His disgusting preferences in tobaccos (especially his favorite, a foul, obsidian-hued Balkan Sobranje), his erudite after-dinner stories, and his hearty laugh are trademarks.

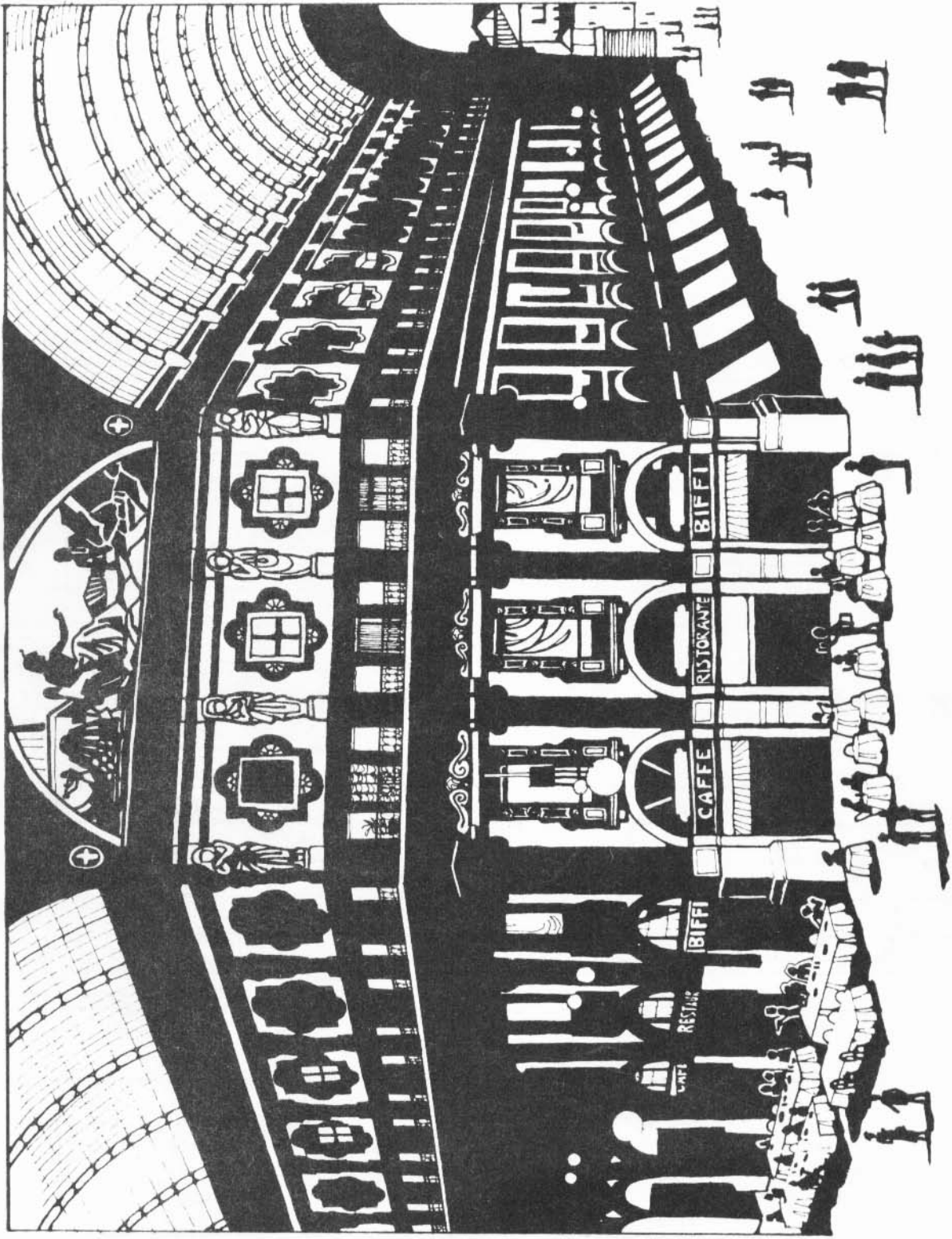
Dr. Smith has lived and traveled extensively on the Continent. His specialties are European languages and archaeology; his Litt.D. was conferred by the University of Vienna. In the past, he has aided you in rendering difficult translations. Now his attention has shifted to matters parapsychological, with excellent result.

The professor maintains a town house in St. John's Woods, where he resides when in London. At present it is undergoing renovation, to enlarge his library, and so the investigators must stay at a hotel.

When in London, Smith spends most of his time lecturing at the University of London or reading at the British Museum library. His country home is an estate not far from Cambridge. Margaret, his wife, died in 1919. These days his manservant Beddows, who is at once friend, assistant, and confidant, is his only companion.

The Challenger Lecture

While the investigators are in London, Professor Smith invites them to the latest Challenger Trust Banquet-Lecture, a formal affair hosted by the trustees, who select speakers of clear voice, sound mind, and impeccable credentials to report on original researches or inventions of theoretical or practical importance. These evenings are held roughly once a year, though some years see two or



La Galleria Vittorio Emanuele (VII. Milano)