

A Dead Whale or a Stove Boat

A One-round Call of Cthulhu Adventure

by Greg Detwiler

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This is a standard RPGA Network tournament. A four-hour time block has been set aside for this event. Begin by passing out the player characters; pass them out based on class only, not revealing gender or race. Instruct the players to leave the character sheets face down until you have read the introduction. Then, tell them to study their character sheets, select spells, and notify you when they are ready to begin the adventure.

It is a good idea to ask each player to put a name tag in front of him or her. The tag should have the player's name at the bottom, and the character's name, race, and gender at the top. This makes it easier for the players to keep track of who is playing which character.

The actual playing time will be about three hours. Make sure you use the last 20 to 30 minutes of the event time block to have the players capsule their characters for each other and vote. The standard RPGA Network voting procedures will be used. Make sure you have finished voting before you collect the players' voting sheets. This way you will not be influenced by their votes and comments.

The players are free to use the game rules to learn about equipment and weapons their characters are carrying.

A note about the text: Some of the text in this scenario is written so that you may present it as written to the players, while other text is for your eyes only. Text for the players will be in *bold italics*. It is strongly recommended that you paraphrase the player text, instead of reading it aloud, as some of the text is general and must be adapted to the specific situation or to actions of the player characters.

A Dead Whale or a Stove Boat is a Call of Cthulhu adventure that takes place in the year 1843, being a "Mythosized" version of the great American novel *Moby Dick*. (Indeed, it might be called the great American novel, being the first novel written by an American to receive international acclaim.) The novel itself could be said to be about a monster-hunting expedition, just like the standard Call of Cthulhu scenario, and that's just what this is. Who the real monster is, however, is something else again...

Keeper's Information

As might be guessed above, the investigators are all members of the *Pequod's* crew, hired on to help Captain Ahab hunt down the great white whale Moby Dick, who bit off one of his legs. However, Ahab shouldn't have been hunting the white whale to begin with, so the accident was his own fault.

Moby Dick is not a true whale, but a monster of the Mythos, totally indifferent to human morals and

standards. As such, he does not go out of his way to attack humans for the fun of it, only wreaking terrible vengeance when they attack him first. Ahab, however, was a dark-souled being to begin with--hence the disastrous hunt that ended in the loss of his leg--and his crippling has only made matters worse. Now Ahab will literally do anything to destroy his enemy, including enlisting the aid of the beings of the Mythos.

Ahab has been given certain powers by the monsters of the Mythos, including the ability to mentally dominate his own mongrel crew. Only the investigators have a chance of resisting his evil influence. Although on the face of it, their goal is to kill Moby Dick, things get more complicated later on, to the point where it may seem that it is Ahab, rather than Moby Dick, who must be opposed. Although the world would no doubt be a better place if Moby Dick were slain, there is actually very little chance of Ahab and his crew pulling this off, and a very good chance that they will all get killed in the process. No matter which of the two powerful antagonists is regarded as the greater menace, the first priority of the investigators is to keep themselves and the rest of the *Pequod's* crew from getting wiped out in their battle.

Ahab in this adventure is based strongly on the character in the original novel and in John Huston's 1956 movie version, with Gregory Peck in the starring role. Melville's original Ahab was such a demonic character (which was faithfully reproduced in the movie) that it actually took very little effort on the part of this writer to finish the job. If a scene shows his evil, but no actual Mythos elements are present, then it was simply lifted from the book and/or movie. In his madness and his ability to dominate others, the Keeper should portray Ahab as something of a New England version of Hitler. By the time the two great enemies are face-to-face, there should be considerable doubt in everyone's minds as to which is the champion of Good, and which of Evil, because both are evil, each in his own way.

Players' Information

All the players (and their characters) know so far is that they have signed on for a routine whaling voyage, spending up to three years away from home. As the adventure begins, all six investigators (accompanied by Ishmael, Queequeg's harpooner groupie) are making their way through the dock area of Nantucket, Massachusetts en route to their ship, the *Pequod*, named after an eastern tribe of Indians (the ship's figurehead is that of a painted Indian brave with a mohawk hairdo). This ship is barbarically decked out with the bones of her previous victims, with even the ship's tiller being constructed from the jawbone of a sperm whale. A

noble-looking ship, but with a disquieting touch of melancholy about her.

The Prophet

Read or paraphrase to the players the following:

As you approach the ship, an old man seems to jump out at you from behind a pile of rope. His sun-tanned face bears the marks of an old attack of smallpox, his hair is unkempt, and there is a wild look in his eyes. His clothes are ragged, and you can see all too plainly that he is missing half of his left arm. With a furtive glance toward your ship, he approaches you.

"Shipmates, are ye thinking of shipping in that ship?" the old man asks with a nod at the Pequod. When someone assents, he continues, "When ye signed the papers, was there anything mentioned about signing away your souls? Or perhaps ye ain't got any souls; I've heered of men like that. Have ye seen Old Thunder yet?"

In response to an inquiry, he will explain that "Old Thunder" is a nickname for Ahab among the local seamen. "He's sick, you know that?" If anyone says something to the effect that he'll be well again before the ship sails, the old man will laugh derisively and hold up his crippled arm. "Ahab well again! On the day he's well again, this arm will be well again!"

By now, the investigators should be sick of talking to the old fellow, and will attempt to move on. Even if they do, he will tag along behind them, saying "Did they mention to you how he lost his leg, according to the prophesy? Did they tell you what mischief was worked in his soul? No, they didn't; how could they? Who knew it? Not many, I guess. But, if ye must go, ye must go. 'Morning, shipmates, 'morning. May the heavens bless thee." If anyone thinks to ask him his name, he will portentously reply "Elijah (after the Biblical prophet); my name is Elijah." When leaving, he will back away from the party, repeatedly bowing his head in a mockery of respect.

ELIJAH, Age 80, Dockside Prophet

STR 5 CON 10 SIZ 6 INT 10 POW 8
DEX 9 APP 3 EDU 4 SAN 25 HP 8

Damage Bonus: -1D6.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Anthropology 55%, Art (Sing: sea chanties only) 75%, Bargain 60%, Conceal 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Dodge 18%, Fast Talk 55%, Hide 60%, Listen 55%, Natural History 55%, Navigate 65%, Occult 55%, Persuade 45%, Pilot Boat 65%, Sneak 65%, Speak English 65%, Spot Hidden 70%.

Notes: Elijah is a veteran seaman who has been driven insane by a combination of his experience of occult and Mythos events and the loss of his left arm to a sperm whale. In fact, late in his sailing career, he even sailed with Ahab, learning things about him he hardly dares mention, even when he knows it will be written off as the babblings of a lunatic.

ISHMAEL, Age 25, Sailor and Would-Be Author

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 9 INT 10 POW 8
DEX 15 APP 12 EDU 14 SAN 40 HP 11

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Knife 25%, damage 1D4+2+db

Fist/Punch 30%, damage 1D3+db

Grapple 30%, damage 1D6+db

Skills: Accounting 35%, Anthropology 30%, Art (Sing: sea chanties only) 25%, Art (Writing) 40%, Bargain 25%, Climb 45%, Conceal 35%, Dodge 30%, Fast Talk 40%, First Aid 25%, Hide 35%, History 45%, Jump 30%, Latin 25%, Library Use 35%, Listen 35%, Natural History 40%, Navigate 35%, Persuade 50%, Pilot Boat 35%, Sneak 25%, Speak English 70%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 40%, Throw 30%.

Notes: Ishmael is the son of a good family that fell on hard times while he was in his teens. As a result, he is far better-educated than the average poor sailor, and even has some literary skills. In the future, he will write a number of novels under the pen name of "Herman Melville", including (of course) Moby Dick. When his family's finances went belly-up, he went off to sea, both to support himself and to see all the places in the world that he read about. Already a veteran seaman with several long voyages under his belt, he is an absolute stranger to whaling, and feels toward his new friend Queequeg adoration akin to hero-worship. He is friendly and eager--perhaps too eager--to please, being constantly underfoot. Whenever an investigator asks for some seaman in general to do something, he will hear the words "Call me Ishmael" from our eager volunteer, until the investigators (and their players) are heartily sick of him. Queequeg and Starbuck have it the worst, as he shares the same whaling boat with them.

The Captain and His Quest

For a week after leaving Nantucket, the investigators see no sign of their captain, Ahab, though at night they can hear him thumping about (due to his artificial leg of whalebone) on deck. He never walks about in broad daylight, which may lead the investigators to wonder what else he does on deck.

During this time, the investigators make the acquaintance of their shipmates on this voyage. The *Pequod* has a crew of about 30, of which the most memorable (aside from Ahab, Ishmael, and the

investigators themselves) are the ship's carpenter, Perth the blacksmith, an old Manxman (man from the Isle of Man, off the English coast), the cook, and the cabin boy Pip.

SHIP'S CARPENTER, Age 57

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 9 INT 9 POW 8
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 7 SAN 40 HP 10

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Wood Axe 45%, damage 1D8+2+db

Hatchet 55%, 1D6+1+db

Hammer 55%, 1D4+1+db

Knife 40%, 1D4+2+db

Fist/Punch 45%, damage 1D3+db

Grapple 45%, damage 1D6+db

Skills: Accounting 20%, Anthropology 45%, Art (Sing: sea chanties only) 35%, Bargain 55%, Carpentry 70%, Conceal 55%, Dodge 24%, First Aid 55%, Persuade 45%, Spot Hidden 50%, Swim 40%, Throw 30%.

Notes: The carpenter is a seasoned veteran of the sea who sticks to his woodwork and minds his own business otherwise. He works in bone---including whalebone---as well as wood, having constructed the *Pequod's* tiller and Ahab's leg, and he is also good at setting broken limbs. His name is Thomas, but no one ever refers to him as that.

PERTH, Age 60, Blacksmith

STR 13 CON 16 SIZ 10 INT 8 POW 10
DEX 15 APP 6 EDU 12 SAN 50 HP 13

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Hammer 60%, damage 1D4+1+db

Knife 30%, damage 1D4+2+db

Fist/Punch 35%, damage 1D3+db

Grapple 40%, damage 1D6+db

Skills: Accounting 40%, Anthropology 30%, Art (Sing: sea chanties only) 30%, Bargain 50%, Blacksmithing 70%, Dodge 30%, First Aid 25%, Swim 40%.

Notes: The owner of a thriving blacksmithing business on shore, Perth didn't go to sea until a few years ago, after his wife, three children, and older brother were all dead. Burned all over from the sparks of the forge, he now ignores them, because as he says, he is scorched all over, and one cannot scorch a scar.

MANXMAN, Age 76, Sailor

STR 8 CON 13 SIZ 8 INT 10 POW 10
DEX 13 APP 8 EDU 9 SAN 35 HP 11

Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Weapons: Flensing Spade 55%, damage 1D8+2+db

Knife 60%, damage 1D4+2+db

Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+db

Grapple 50%, damage 1D6+db

Skills: Anthropology 65%, Art (Sing: sea chanties only) 70%, Bargain 60%, Climb 55%, Conceal 50%,

Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Dodge 26%, Fast Talk 55%, First Aid 45%, Hide 50%, Listen 50%, Natural History 45%, Navigate 55%, Occult 45%, Persuade 45%, Pilot Boat 65%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 50%, Throw 40%.

Notes: The Manxman is the stereotypical "old salt" who is a veritable library of seaman's wisdom and superstitions. Of course, in a Call of Cthulhu adventure like this one, the "ignorant superstitions" are anything but. He's seen a lot of strange things on the high seas, and on the various islands he's visited---some Mythos-related, some not. He tends to ramble on, but he is not truly senile yet, nor entirely driven insane by what he's witnessed over the years. If he can be rescued from Ahab's influence, he would make an ally who can give useful advice, and thus a tool for the Keeper to dispense needed ideas to clueless players of the investigators.

"COOK," Age 45, Ship's Cook

STR 11 CON 9 SIZ 9 INT 10 POW 7
DEX 18 APP 9 EDU 8 SAN 35 HP 9

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Meat Cleaver 55%, damage 1D6+1+db

Butcher Knife 50%, damage 1D6+db

Knife 35%, damage 1D4+2+db

Fist/Punch 30%, damage 1D3+db

Grapple 30%, damage 1D6+db

Skills: Anthropology 20%, Art (Sing: sea chanties only) 40%, Bargain 35%, Climb 25%, Conceal 40%, Cooking 60%, Dodge 20%, First Aid 30%, Persuade 30%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 30%, Throw 35%.

Notes: "Cook" is an ex-slave who at this late date was one of the last slaves to be kept in the northern states. His master died when he was a young man, freeing him in his will, and he took to the sea at once to indulge in his newfound freedom to the utmost. He gets along with nearly everyone, but has a standing feud with Stubb over the second mate's ideas of whale cuisine. (The cook in the original novel was a stereotypical "old black codger", so I took the liberty of fixing him up a bit.)

PIP, Age 12, Cabin Boy

STR 6 CON 8 SIZ 6 INT 7 POW 3
DEX 13 APP 8 EDU 6 SAN 15 HP 7

Damage Bonus: -1D6.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Art (Play Tambourine) 40%, Art (Sing: sea chanties only) 30%, Climb 60%, Conceal 45%, Dodge 26%, Hide 40%, Jump 45%, Listen 50%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 40%.

Notes: A runaway slave from Alabama, Pip initially stowed away on the *Pequod* when it put into Savannah, Georgia once to repair some storm damage. When caught by the crew, he looked so forlorn that they took pity on him, and Ahab made him his cabin boy. Aside from running errands for the captain, Pip entertains the

crew with music from his tambourine. Neither his courage nor his sanity is worth much, however, and this cruise promises to be a major ordeal for him. (The character in the original novel went insane, and with not a Mythos monster in sight, either.)

Two Dozen Common Seamen

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Knife 45%, damage 1D4+2+db

Flensing Spade 30%, damage 1D8+2+db

Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3+db

Grapple 50%, damage 1D6+db

After the week has passed, Ahab comes up on deck in broad daylight. Read or paraphrase the following to your players:

"At last you get a good look at your captain: a tall man, powerfully-built despite the extreme age that his gray hair hints at. He is clean-shaven, enabling you to see clearly the long white line of an old scar running down from the edge of his hairline to the full length of his face and neck, to disappear at last beneath his shirt. His high, broad frame is supported by one flesh-and-blood leg and a barbaric-looking artificial leg carved from the jawbone of a whale. He does not seem to feel the wind or the sting of the salt air, merely standing there grimly with the mark of some inner crucifixion deep in his soul, staring at the horizon with fixed intensity.

After standing still for a few minutes, Ahab will tell his officers to gather the crew together. When the thirty-odd officers and sailors have been assembled, he will ask, in a strong voice, the following questions:

"What do ye do when ye see a whale, men?"

If the investigators don't know the proper answer, a common sailor will shout "Sing out for him!" with a chorus of his mates backing him up.

"And what do ye do next, men?"

"Lower away, and after him!"

"And what tune is it ye pull to, men?"

"A dead whale or a stove boat!"

"Good!" Ahab exclaims in apparent approval. Reaching into his pocket, he pulls out a golden doubloon worth \$16 in American money. "You are all to look for a white whale; a whale as white as snow. See ye this Spanish gold ounce? Whosoever of ye raises me a white whale, with a wrinkled brow and a crooked jaw, and three holes punctured in his starboard fluke, he shall have this gold ounce, my boys!" As the crew cheers this news, he takes a top-

maul and nails the coin to the mainmast, as if to provide a constant reminder.

At this point, the players for Starbuck, Queequeg, Tashtego, and Daggoo should all make Idea rolls. If they succeed, they will remember the following facts:

- Queequeg: Once saw at a distance a white whale called Moby Dick, whose hide was struck full of harpoons thrown by unsuccessful hunters.
- Tashtego: Once saw at a distance a white whale called Moby Dick, who fan-tails curiously before diving underwater.
- Daggoo: Once saw at a distance a white whale called Moby Dick, which quickly spouted forth a curious spout, all bushy like a whole shock of wheat.
- Starbuck: Has heard of a white whale called Moby Dick, said to have been the whale that took off Ahab's leg.

If the investigators mention this to Ahab, he affirms: ***"Death, men, ye've seen him! It's Moby Dick: Moby Dick who dismasted me, who brought me to this dead stump I stand on now. Aye, and I'll chase him around Good Hope, and round the Horn, and round the Norway Maelstrom, and round perdition's flames before I give him up. This is what ye have shipped for, men: to chase that white whale on both sides of land, and over all sides of earth, till he spouts black blood and rolls fin out. What say ye, men, will ye splice hands on it? I think ye do look brave."***

A strange tingle will run over the investigators at these last words, for Ahab is casting the new spell Mass Mesmerize on the entire crew. In order to resist it, each investigator must overcome Ahab's POW with his own POW on the Resistance Table. Any who fail join with the crew in a general chorus: ***"Aye, aye! A sharp eye for the white whale; a sharp lance for Moby Dick!"***

Ahab now orders Pip to fetch a massive pewter flagon, filled to the brim with grog (watered-down rum), then shouts for the harpooners to get their weapons, while the mates get their lances. He passes the flagon around to the common seamen (everyone but the investigators), urging them all to take a swallow. "Drink and swear, me hearties!" When each man has had his turn, the flagon is pretty well drained.

Next, Ahab orders the mates to step forward and cross their lances. That done, he stretches out his right hand in a clawlike gesture. "Let me touch the axis. D'you feel it? That same lightning that struck me, I now strike to this iron! Does it burn, men? Does it burn?" Unless the investigators playing the mates successfully match their POW against that of Ahab on the Resistance Table again, it does seem to burn in their hands, although no wounds or other marks will be made.

"Harpooners, break your weapons! (By this, Ahab means to take the hafts out of the socketed heads.) Turn up the sockets!" When the socketed harpoon heads are turned, so that the hollow portion of each resembles a goblet, he pours most of what grog remains into them, then lifts the flagon to his own lips. "Drink and swear, men. God hunt us all, if we do not hunt Moby Dick to his death!" Now it is the turn of the harpooneer investigators to make a second POW roll. Failure means they enthusiastically swear along with Ahab.

CAPTAIN AHAB, AGE 60, Insane Whaling Captain

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 11 INT 18 POW 18
DEX 13 APP 8 EDU 15 SAN 30 HP 13

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Harpoon 80%, damage 1D8+db

Lance 70%, damage 1D12+db

Flensing Spade 75%, damage 1D8+2+db

Musket, Smoothbore 40%, damage 1D10

Knife 45%, damage 1D4+2+db

Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+db

Grapple 60%, damage 1D6+db

Spells: Contact Cthulhu, Contact Deep Ones, Contact Star Spawn of Cthulhu, Dominate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Elder Sign, Enchant Lance (variant), Enchant Stone Tablet, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Flesh Ward, Implant Fear, Mass Mesmerize, Shrivelling, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Voorish Sign.

Skills: Accounting 45%, Anthropology 55%, Art (Sing: sea chanties only) 75%, Astronomy 35%, Bargain 40%, Conceal 65%, Credit Rating 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 50%, First Aid 50%, Hide 50%, History 45%, Listen 65%, Natural History 70%, Navigate 70%, Occult 60%, Persuade 55%, Pilot Boat 75%, Spot Hidden 70%, Swim 65%, Throw 65%.

Notes: A violent and vicious-minded man to begin with, Ahab attacked Moby Dick even though it was obvious to all that this supernatural whale was best left alone. He paid the price with the loss of his leg, and his crippling has sent him completely over the edge. A New Englander, he was a natural for learning of the Cthulhu Mythos and the power its beings can provide, and he's spent years under the tutelage of first Fedallah (see below) and then other agents of the Great Old Ones, literally selling his soul for the power to destroy his massive enemy. Needless to say, he sees his ship and his entire crew as expendable during his quest. To give you an idea of how violently berserk he can become, consider how he lost his leg (taken directly from the novel). He was still intact when Moby Dick stove in his whaleboat, but then he seized the line-knife (a 6" blade used to cut the harpoon line connecting the boat to the whale in emergencies) and lunged at the

whale, trying to stab it to death. Then Moby Dick bit his leg off!

New spell:

MASS MESMERIZE: a more powerful version of the original Mesmerize spell. Like the original, it works on all beings with human blood in their veins, including hybrids such as deep ones and serpent people. The major difference is that up to a hundred people can be temporarily controlled by this spell, and it works through the caster's speaking voice, not his eyes. It costs the caster 1D10 Sanity points, but no magic points, and he must have at least 50% Occult and 50% Cthulhu Mythos. The spell takes several minutes to cast, during which time the caster must be speaking directly to his intended targets.

The caster must overcome the target's POW with his own POW on the Resistance Table. If successful, the target becomes subject to commands spoken by the caster, even suicidal ones. Mesmerization lasts for 1 minute for each point of INT the caster possesses, then ends. If the INT of the target is higher than that of the caster, successful POW against POW Resistance Table rolls must be made every 1D10 combat rounds, or the spell is broken. Due to the nature of Ahab's requirements---a competent whaling crew to kill Moby Dick---when Ahab devised this spell, he further improved over the original by preventing the victims' physical action skills from being halved.

A Dry Run

Although Ahab's main goal on this voyage is to kill Moby Dick, he will also stop and kill any other whales he meets, as this is his job. And so it is that one day the mast-header in the crow's nest shows "Thar she blows!" in the time-honored fashion, to reveal a sperm whale swimming tranquilly along. Ahab will cross to the ship's rail as eagerly as any to look, only to have a look of savage disappointment cross his face as he sees only a plain dark-skinned whale. Still, he will order all boats away, for even an ordinary sperm whale has blubber to be boiled down for oil, and teeth to be used in expensive scrimshaw carvings and other items.

As the investigators man their boats and pull away from the ship, they get a surprise: Ahab is going along with them, in a whaleboat of his own! More surprising still is the fact that no one has seen any members of its crew until now. Four Asiatic-looking men are the regular crew, all wearing oddly-shaped shoes and turbans with twin bulges in the material, while manning the tiller is a tall, somber, vulture-lean man wearing a similar turban. This is Fedallah, a Man of Leng passing himself off as a Persian mystic and secret worshipper of the Great Old Ones, who is both commander of the

odd-looking boat's crew and Ahab's former magical mentor and liaison with the horrors of the Mythos.

All four boats are soon in pursuit of the whale. In the initial stage of the hunt, the harpooners are stationed in the bows of each whaling boat, while the mates man the tillers. Ahab stays in the bow of his boat throughout, as both harpooner and lancer; he doesn't want to miss any part of killing Moby Dick, and going after other whales is good practice. Once within range--about 10 yards--everyone with a harpoon hurls it at the whale, and if the barbed weapons hit, they stick in its body. The wounded whale will naturally take off, dragging the boats attached to it via the harpoon lines along in a "Nantucket sleigh ride". Roll 1D3 to determine how many hours this lasts before the whale finally tires.

Once the harpoon is firmly fastened in the whale's body, the harpooner and mate change places. During each hour of the "sleigh ride", the man at the tiller must make a successful Pilot Boat roll, or else the boat will capsize as a result of being dragged along by the whale. Make one roll at the very start of the ride, when the mate is the one at the tiller, and at least one more after that, an hour later, when the harpooner is at the helm. When the whale finally tires, the boat's crew rows right alongside it, enabling the mate to thrust his long, unbarbed lance into the whale's chest region. If the strike is successful, the whale will lose 1D20 hit points per combat round each round after the hit, due to internal hemorrhaging of the heart and/or lungs, until it finally dies. Multiple lance wounds from the other mates will hasten the process, of course, and every time the whale is lanced, the harpooner must make another successful Pilot Boat roll to avoid having the boat flipped over by the whale's death throes.

After the whale is dead, all the investigators have to do is tow the 60' carcass back to the ship, lash it alongside, butcher it while also using the flensing spades to beat off the sharks, boil down the oil, set what's left adrift, stow away the barrels of oil in the hold, and wash away the blood and guts afterwards. Nothing to it.

FEDALLAH, Age 37, Man of Leng, Ahab's Assistant and Mentor

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 12 INT 17 POW 17
DEX 17 APP 10 EDU 15 SAN 50 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Harpoon 55%, damage 1D8+db
Flensing spade 45%, damage 1D8+2+db
Scimitar 55%, damage 1D8+1+db
Knife 65%, damage 1D4+2+db
Fist/Punch 30%, damage 1D3+db
Grapple 50%, damage 1D6+db

Spells: Contact Cthulhu, Contact Deep Ones, Contact Star Spawn of Cthulhu, Dominate, Dread Curse of

Azathoth, Elder Sign, Enchant Stone Tablet, Shrivelling, Voorish Sign.

Skills: Anthropology 65%, Astronomy 50%, Bargain 55%, Chemistry 45%, Climb 75%, Conceal 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 35%, Dodge 34%, First Aid 60%, Hide 60%, History 55%, Jump 65%, Library Use 45%, Listen 70%, Medicine 35%, Natural History 70%, Navigate 45%, Occult 50%, Persuade 65%, Pilot Boat 55%, Ride 35%, Sneak 75%, Speak English 75%, Speak Leng 90%, Speak Pharsee 90%, Spot Hidden 75%, Swim 60%, Throw 55%, Track 45%.

Notes: Fedallah is a Man of Leng who, along with his followers, passed through a portal in the Arabian Desert connecting the Dreamlands with the waking world. Due to a similar culture, they passed themselves off as Persians while exploring the waking world, first encountering Ahab at the port of Basra. The crazed captain had already decided to employ the black arts to aid in the hunt for Moby Dick, but he had no real teacher until Fedallah took him under his wing. Ahab enthusiastically plunged into the forbidden lore of the Mythos, until he became more powerful and influential than his mentor; Fedallah's too crazy now to care. A tall, lean, somber man, he carries about him an air of gloom, and when standing, he always seems slightly bent over, irresistibly reminding all who see him of a vulture.

FOUR "TIGER YELLOW BARBARIANS", Ahab's personal boat crew

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 8 INT 7 POW 5
DEX 12 APP 9 EDU 6 SAN 25 HP 9

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Flensing Spade 35%, damage 1D8+2+db
Knife 45%, damage 1D8+2+db
Fist/Punch 25%, damage 1D3+db
Grapple 40%, damage 1D6+db

Skills: Anthropology 30%, Bargain 30%, Climb 60%, Conceal 45%, Dodge 24%, First Aid 30%, Hide 50%, Jump 55%, Listen 60%, Natural History 45%, Navigate 30%, Occult 30%, Pilot Boat 25%, Ride 25%, Sneak 55%, Speak Pharsee 65%, Spot Hidden 55%, Swim 35%, Throw 40%, Track 35%.

Notes: These creatures are really men from Leng, and devoted followers of Fedallah. Now they will do anything for their master, including murdering anyone deemed a threat. Only Fedallah can speak with them, and he will pretend before the rest of the crew that he and they are Persians.

SPERM WHALE

STR 55 CON 45 SIZ 45 INT 3 POW 10
DEX 3 APP 5 HP 45

Move 40 swimming

Damage Bonus: +5D6.

Weapons: Jaws 65%, damage 3D12+db
Tail 50%, damage 4D12+db
Head Ram 65%, damage 5D12+db
Armor: 8-point hide and blubber.
Skills: Echo-Locate Prey 80%, Swim 100%.

Sinister Hint #1

Now that the *Pequod's* crew has its first whale under its collective belt, one would think that things would be a bit more relaxed on board ship. However, the investigators should become more and more perturbed as time goes by, as a series of rather sharp hints points to the fact that Ahab has sold out to the forces of darkness.

The first clue comes when the three mates---Starbuck, Stubb, and Flask---sit down with Ahab for breakfast the day after they finish cleaning up after the whale. Each of the three investigators should make a Spot Hidden roll. In the event of success, they will see on the floor of the captain's cabin the dim outlines of a pentagram, drawn in chalk and hastily erased. A successful Occult or Cthulhu Mythos roll after that will tell them that Ahab must have been using it to summon aid from beyond; although the pentagram is traditionally associated with the "mundane" occult, a Cthulhu Mythos roll will reveal that it may also be used to summon certain unknown beings of the Mythos (traditional occultists borrowed the pentagram symbol from the Mythos). If anyone is rash enough to call the captain's attention to it, he will deny that it is there, accusing the offending character(s) of letting his imagination run away with him. After this, of course, Ahab will be more on his guard, making further investigation perilous. Any investigator who has previously been mesmerized by Ahab may now try once per day from now on to shake off the spell's effects, with this revelation having such an effect that it appears on the Resistance Table that his POW is one step higher than before.

Sinister Hint #2

Ahab's constant clomping around on the deck at night will be noticed by everyone on board, not just the investigators, but only the latter might dare to try and do something about it by asking the captain to put some kind of wadding on his ivory heel. If the investigators don't think of this on their own, give them an idea roll to at least suggest things would be much more bearable if Ahab would wad his leg. Even if the investigators don't dare go that far, they should still be curious about what else Ahab does on deck when nobody else is around. If anyone decides to spy on Ahab at night, it will take a successful Sneak roll to get away with it.

If any investigator goes up on deck, then before he can announce his presence (assuming he wanted to talk), he will hear his captain muttering mystical-sounding phrases beneath his breath, all the while looking out to sea. (Ahab has actually been speaking with certain Deep Ones to gain intelligence as to Moby Dick's location, but the investigators will have missed the appearance of the Deep Ones themselves). If the investigator approaches Ahab now to talk about wadding his leg, he will be met with savage suspicion. "What do ye on deck at this time of night?" Even if the investigator came up to spy, rather than ask that Ahab muffle the sound of his ivory leg somehow, if he is discovered he might use that pretext as a cover story if he makes a successful Idea roll. It will also take a successful Fast Talk roll to convince Ahab that this was indeed what he came up for. In case of failure, immediate attack results. If the Fast Talk succeeds, Ahab says the following:

"Am I a cannon-ball, (insert investigator's name here), that thou wouldst wad me that fashion? But go thy ways; I had forgot. Below to thy nightly grave; where such as ye sleep between shrouds, to use ye to the filling one at last. Down, dog, and kennel!" This last sentence should be spoken in a tone of utter scorn.

If the investigator decides to make vocal objection to being called a dog, Ahab will respond "Then be called ten times a donkey, and a mule, and an ass, and begone, or I'll clear the world of thee!" The investigator may well decide to beat a hasty retreat while the beating is good, but if he does not, the decision may be made for him. Ahab will advance menacingly on him while casting the spell Implant Fear, which means the investigator must match his POW against Ahab's on the Resistance Table. In the event of failure, he scurries below deck like a yellow cur. If he succeeds and stands his ground, things could get ugly. Ahab will, however, be surprised that someone has actually resisted his magic, causing him to regard the investigator with a bit more respect---and suspicion. After this, mesmerized investigators may attempt to throw off the spell once per day as if their POW number on the Resistance Table was two steps higher.

Sinister Hint #3

A week or so after the *Pequod* sets sail for the South China Sea, Pip will come down at a time when all six investigators are lounging around below decks, telling them that Ahab wants to see them. He is clutching his left arm and grimacing slightly with pain as he does so, and if anyone asks the reason, he says "It's the same reason you're going to be hurtin' soon: the captain's making everyone give blood." Pip will explain that Ahab gave Perth a collection of fragments of old

harpoons and lances to melt down and forge into new weapons, even going so far as to donate his own razors ("The best of steel here, for now I shall neither shave, sup, nor pray til---but here---to work!") to form the barbs on the harpoon. He also told Perth not to temper the steel in water when he was finished, but to give them "a proper baptism."

When the investigators go up on deck, they will each be nicked on the left arm, causing a trickle of blood to run down and be caught in a bowl. When the new harpoon and lance are completed, Ahab himself will temper them in blood, shrieking at the top of his lungs "Ego non baptizo te in nomine patris, sed in nomine diaboli!" as he does so. A successful Occult roll will reveal that this is a garbled version of a Latin term meaning "I baptise thee not in the name of God, but in the name of the Devil!" The blood and chant are required for a special spell: A limited version of Enchant Lance, which only bestows its benefits on the weapon in the case of one particular opponent, in this case Moby Dick. On the positive side for the investigators is the fact that Ahab's new harpoon and lance will thus have no special powers if they should be used against them.

By now, it should literally be painfully obvious to the investigators that Ahab has turned to using the dark arts in his quest against Moby Dick. If for some reason your players don't seem to be able to put two and two together, tell them straight out if any of them make a successful Idea roll. Oh, and any investigators who are still mesmerized may attempt to throw off the effects once per day as if their POW number on the Resistance Table was three steps higher than it really is.

The Storm

Ahab will insist on cracking on sail to reach the South China Sea as swiftly as possible, as he has reason to believe that Moby Dick will be swimming there at this time of year. Other whales can be seen, day by day, but Ahab will not stop to hunt them until Moby Dick has been slain. Once the *Pequod* is in the Bay of Bengal, not even the threat of an imminent typhoon will persuade Ahab to "lie to" for awhile. On the contrary, once the storm hits, he will demand that they take advantage of this "heaven-sent" wind and speed on, resisting all requests to shorten sail that the investigators will make if they make a successful Pilot Boat roll. With a full spread of sail in a storm, the canvas sails can be ripped apart by the powerful winds. Even worse, one or more masts could break off, while worst of all is the prospect of capsizing.

Ahab's domination of the crew will still be complete at this time, with any investigator efforts to break this mental rule foredoomed to failure. This is a

set-up to let the players---and their investigators---know precisely how far over the edge Ahab is, and how willing he is to sacrifice his ship and its entire crew in his quest for vengeance. Stopping him now would also deprive the players of a really cool scene. The common sailors of the *Pequod* will not question his orders, even when he refuses to toss the lightning rods overboard. It must be noted here that on a sailing ship, the regular lightning rods atop the masts are each attached to a long length of chain wrapped around the mast. When a storm hits, the chains are unwrapped and the loose ends dropped overboard to trail in the vessel's wake. Trailing lightning rods from the masts into the sea would slow the ship down, and the ship must not slow down, but make all speed for the South China Sea and the fateful rendezvous with Moby Dick.

The violence of the typhoon is so extreme that each investigator must make a successful Strength roll to avoid being swept overboard. Anyone washed overboard must then make a successful Swim roll to get close enough to the ship for a rope ladder to be tossed down to them, and after that, a successful Climb roll to actually get back on board. If the Swim roll is made, but not the Climb roll, the investigator will be dragged along through the water for the next round until he can try again, and will have to make a successful Strength roll to maintain his grip on the ladder. If that fails, he will have to start all over again with a successful Swim roll.

If any investigator makes a successful Listen roll, then above the roar of the storm he will hear an ominous creaking from the mainmast, which has the most canvas spread out on it. Clearly, the mainmast is in imminent danger of being snapped off like a toothpick by the force of the wind. Even if this information is brought to the captain's attention, though, Ahab will still refuse to shorten sail. "Loftiest trucks (sails) were made for wildest winds, and this brain-truck (topsail) of mine now sails amid the cloud-scurd. Shall I strike that? Oh, none but cowards send down their brain-trucks in tempest time!"

By now, the investigators should be rather unhappy. They are stuck on a wildly pitching ship in the middle of the ocean during one of those "dark and stormy nights" that inexperienced authors write about, drenched to the skin, and only able to view objects intermittently in the lightning flashes, besides having a lunatic for a captain. Now, just when they are wondering what else can happen, their unspoken query is answered.

The tops of the three masts of the *Pequod*, with no lightning rods protecting them, are now tipped with fire. Each of the tri-pronged lightning rods, which are not properly "grounded" in the sea, has a flickering white flame at the tip of each prong, so that each appears to be a brace of three giant candles. The white flame,

which does not burn, spreads its pallid light over the entire ship. Note that this is a perfectly natural phenomenon, known as St. Elmo's Fire. It is harmless, but it strikes superstitious fear into all sailors at this period in history, and is known simply as "the corposants". If your players don't know about it from reading *Moby Dick* or some weather book, there is absolutely no need for you to tell them this.

"The corposants! The corposants!" the *Pequod's* crew will begin shouting, while the investigators will clearly hear the old Manxman's voice crying "The corposants have mercy on us all!"

"Aye, men!" Ahab will cry, sensing the terror of his crew, and determined to end it, "look up at it; mark it well. The white flame but lights the way to the White Whale!" Then, with no further ado, he will seize the dangling links of the lightning rod of the nearest mast, but instead of tossing them overboard to provide proper grounding, he holds onto them, even wrapping them around his wrist once. "I would fain feel this pulse, and let mine beat against it; blood against fire!" At a sudden burst of lightning, the flames rise to three times their previous height, which moves Ahab to scream "Leap, leap and lick the sky! I leap with thee; I burn with thee; would fain be welded with thee; defyingly I worship thee!" A short distance away, Fedallah will be kneeling on the deck, his head sunk as if in prayer, involuntary shudders wracking his lean frame as Ahab shakes the links.

At another blast of lightning, a huge wave sweeps across the deck, requiring everyone to make another Strength roll to stay on board. Once everyone has been taken care of--possibly by being hauled on board again--one of the common sailors will shout to Ahab "Thy harpoon! Thy harpoon! Look!" It will be seen now that the wave tore off the leather sheath covering Ahab's harpoon, which is securely fastened to his own whaleboat. Now, as is obvious to all, the mysterious fire of the corposants has spread to it. The barbed head and exposed metal haft of Ahab's new-forged harpoon are now all aflame with the eerie fire; not burning or melting, but alight with the silent, smokeless fire that flickers like ghostlight.

If any investigator tries to take advantage of this occurrence to start a general uprising, Ahab will act swiftly to quell it. Note that if no player has the wit to think of it, the Manxman will say "An omen! Turn back, old man, God is against thee!" This will be rapidly chorused by the crew. Snatching the blazing harpoon from its resting place, he will wave it about like a giant torch, causing the common seamen to scatter in panic. If the investigators try to stand firm, he will heft it properly and threaten to impale the first man who so much as tries to loosen a rope's end. Then he will say the following:

"All your oaths to hunt the White Whale are as binding as mine; and heart, soul, and body, lungs and life, old Ahab is bound. And that ye may know to what tune this heart beats, look ye here. Thus I blow out the last fear!" Taking a short but deep breath, he will then blow out the electrical flame on the harpoon as if it were a birthday candle, then brandish the weapon on high while screaming an incoherent cry of triumph, all the while lit up by flashes of lightning. And the crew will cower and slink away.

One postscript to this scene. When the storm has blown itself out next morning, it will be seen that the lightning has ruined the compasses by eliminating the magnetic field of the needles, a process known as "turning the needles." As soon as he learns of this, Ahab improvises his own compass by knocking the head off an old lance, repeatedly striking the metal haft with a top-maul (large hammer), then placing the smallest of the sail-maker's needles on top of it and striking it with lesser blows. After that, he will take a piece of linen thread and tie one end to the lance haft and the other to the needle, letting the latter dangle freely. Sure enough, as anyone can see by means of the early morning sun, after some initial turning the needle points north and continues to do so. "Look ye, for yourselves, if Ahab be not lord of the level loadstone! The sun is east, and that compass swears it!" The common sailors will be awed by this display of power, and Ahab stands on the quarter-deck drinking in their silent praise. Even your players may want you to repeat the description so they can write it down, as it's a pretty useful trick in just about any game system.

Becalmed, Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered

Or

What a Difference a Day Makes

By the time the storm is over, every sail in the rigging will have been shredded into uselessness and whipped away by the wind, while much of the rigging will also be gone. Of course, the *Pequod* has sizable stocks of rope and canvas below, so she can be fully outfitted again with a day's work, but it does take that day's work to do so, with Ahab raging at every minute of delay. And he has reason to rage; the weather's getting worse. Once the *Pequod* gets underway again, she gets within a day's sail of the South China Sea, and is then brought to a complete halt by a sudden calm. Now Ahab really has a reason to rage!

Several weeks go by, during which the ship is becalmed. The *Pequod* has years' worth of food and water aboard her, so there is no threat of starvation and thirst, but with no work to do in the rigging and no

whales coming by to go after, the crew gets bored quickly. Since they are in the tropics, they have to deal with the oppressive heat, which makes going below a nightmare. Tempers fray, and the investigators, as the ship's officers, have to break up a fight every few hours; Ahab doesn't even notice, being too preoccupied with staring at the horizon on the off chance his enemy will appear. The cook whiles away the long days meticulously scrubbing and cleaning the galley until it is relatively spotless. And time passes slowly on board ship, with the entire crew gradually going stir-crazy.

Although prolonged heavy exertions in the tropical heat can be fatal, Ahab begins to hint that he will have the crew tie their whaleboats to the *Pequod* and tow the ship along if a wind doesn't arise soon. A successful Idea roll will warn the investigators of the risks involved, but Ahab is long past the point where he will listen to cautious advice. He paces the decks day and night, raging at the delay. And indeed, there is nothing to do, and nothing to look at but the monotonous blue sea. Well, almost nothing; if any investigator makes a successful Spot Hidden roll, he will see a patch of ocean that seems a bit more disturbed than the surrounding sea, as though it were slightly boiling, and filled with bubbles. If anyone calls Ahab's attention to it, he will simply ignore them in silence, though another Spot Hidden roll made at the time will reveal that his hands clench the railing with what appears to be frustrated fury.

Things start happening one day at suppertime. The candles are already lit, for night falls swiftly in the tropics, and the crew is sitting down for a hearty meal of tough salt beef, moldy cheese, and ship's biscuits ridden with maggots and spread with rancid butter, all washed down with slightly green water. While everyone is "enjoying" the meal, an accident happens. Everyone must make a successful Dexterity roll, one at a time; the first investigator who fails is "it". If everyone keeps making his DEX rolls successfully, single out Second Mate Stubb, since he's the only investigator the cook doesn't get along with. Whoever the designated victim is, he spills some of his food on the galley floor, which "Cook" has devoted the past month to cleaning with single-minded thoroughness.

Time stops, as the cook sees what has happened. His mouth works soundlessly for a few seconds as he glares at the offender. Then, in a chillingly calm and toneless voice, he says, "You spilled food on my nice, clean floor." He then repeats this phrase, but more loudly, and then repeats it a third time in a regular shriek. After the shrieking stops, he goes for the investigator's throat (treat as a Grapple attack which does damage (see Cook's stats)). Breaking free requires matching one's STR against that of the cook on the Resistance Table. The other investigators can, of course, come to their companion's aid, in which case

their combined STR will be matched against that of the lone cook.

If the cook's grip is broken, he will hurl himself at the investigator again and again, until he is forcefully restrained. If enough resistance is shown to him, he will sullenly back off, but when everyone's back is turned, he will arm himself, and the next thing anyone knows, he will turn up with a meat cleaver in each hand (since he has the highest possible Dexterity, he should be regarded as ambidextrous) and launch himself at the offending investigator again, screaming "Die, befouler, die!" There should then be a bit of a battle, until the cook is subdued and helpless.

While everyone is busy binding both the cook and any wounds that have been inflicted, the sailor at the masthead will shout "Thar she blows! The White Whale! Thar she breaches!" This should be enough to get everyone crowding along the railing, eager to get a glimpse of Ahab's mighty foe. Read or paraphrase the following to your players:

*At first you see nothing but what appears to be a pallid white light underwater. The light rapidly increases in intensity until it is almost blinding, even dimmed as it is by the water. Then can be heard a low rumbling sound, a type of subterranean hum. And then the brilliance becomes truly blinding, as a vast form, trailing a wide array of ropes, lances, and harpoons, shoots lengthwise, but obliquely from the sea (i.e., he rises at a slight angle). The breaching whale leaps at least thirty feet into the air, showering blinding white light on the ocean, the overcast skies, and the *Pequod* herself, giving everyone the appearance of a bleached corpse.*

Although it may be pure imagination, it seems to you that the White Whale hangs motionless in the air for longer than it should before gravity drops it back into the sea. But even once more submerged, its brilliance is not diminished, lighting up the night until one could easily read by this unnatural luminescence. And yet, this light is not one you would want to read by, for its very brilliance is an unusual pallor, being just the same shade of white associated with bleached corpses.

MOBY DICK, Mythos Monster (Greater Independent Race)

STR 100 CON 75 SIZ 100 INT 25 POW 35
DEX 10 HP 88

Move 35 swimming

Damage Bonus: +16D6.

Weapons: Jaws 100%, damage 6D12+db

Tail 100%, damage 8D12+db

Head Ram 100%, damage 10D12+db

Armor: 10-point hide and blubber; regenerates 3 hit points per round.

Spells: Despite his high INT and POW, Moby Dick knows no actual spells. However, he does have the innate power to throw off an eerie sheen of bleached, corpse-like white light in all directions. When engaged in combat against any fellow monster of the Mythos, as opposed to mundane creatures such as humans and human cultists, all his attacks do double damage.

Sanity Loss: 1/1d10 SAN loss for seeing Moby Dick.

Moby Dick is a Mythos monster that is totally indifferent to Humanity unless provoked, but that's easy enough to accomplish; just sticking him with a harpoon will do the trick. Ancient writings such as the *Necronomicon* hint that he was created in prehistoric times by the Elder Things as the first of a series of living weapons. Because they not only had frequent problems with their shoggoths, but also fought wars with the Mi-Go and the Spawn of Cthulhu, they designed him to do extra damage to creatures which are not entirely "natural". However, he was far more intelligent than they'd allowed for, and refused to take orders, swimming off and taking up an independent, if lonely, existence. His resemblance to sperm whales, which themselves were designed by the Elder Things as aquatic coursing beasts and mounts, fools a lot of human whalers into going for him, even though they always regret it in the end.

At the sight of his enemy, Ahab's features will twist into a savage snarl, as the entire crew hears a howl of bestial rage from him. Then he seems to regain at least partial control of himself, just long enough to shout the command "Away all boats! In and after him!"

The Final Showdown

Here is where the investigators have the opportunity to save the *Pequod's* crew from certain destruction. Although Ahab has used magic on the crew to bind them to his purposes, the spell's strength has been weakened somewhat by the countervailing magic in the eerie white light of Moby Dick, who was custom-designed to oppose Mythos magic and monsters. Thus, although the whaling men will still follow Ahab's orders blindly if nothing happens, the investigators have a chance of preventing them from committing suicide if they are persuasive enough.

This will be a battle of oratory, rather than one of brute force. One of the investigators must make an impassioned speech to the *Pequod's* crew---which must actually be made, so the role-players can really ham it up here---against the folly of attacking Moby Dick. If the investigators do not come up with this on their own, the first player to make (or come closest to making) his

idea roll suggests it. When the speaker is done, he must match his skill at either Fast Talk or Persuade number against Ahab's Persuade number of 55 on the Resistance Table. A successful roll means the crew is freed of Ahab's mental influence; failure means they accompany him into battle against the White Whale. Not only that, but even if the investigators themselves are not overcome by Mass Mesmerize, they will either have to go along as well or be attacked by the entire crew, including Fedallah and his men, with Ahab backing them up magically if he has to.

Incidentally, if the investigators get the bright idea of physically attacking Ahab when persuasion fails, he will defend himself with all his skills at magical and physical combat, backed up by Fedallah and his "tiger-yellow barbarians." The crew will be initially bewildered and stand watching, but if Ahab's side seems to be getting the worst of it, they will rally to their captain's aid. When this happens---if it does---the investigators will have one chance, and one chance only, to fall back in line and support the attack. If they've botched things up this badly, then continued resistance will only mean death.

If the investigators fail, it is still too early for them to despair. Moby Dick is a patient being, who realizes full well who the prime mover behind this assault is. On the first day of the chase, he will swim rapidly away from the *Pequod*, which is still becalmed. The boats will give chase, but Ahab and his mystic-piloted boat will draw ahead of the others. Once he's too far away for the other boats to support him, the White Whale will turn and charge, seizing Ahab's boat in his jaws before the captain can launch a harpoon and crunching it in two. He will then swim away, leaving the remaining whaling boats to rescue the captain and his boat crew. Moby Dick will not turn up again until the next day.

The day after the initial encounter with Moby Dick, the wind will return, no matter what else happens. Ahab will order his crew to the attack once again, and the investigators will have another opportunity to talk them out of it. If they fail a second time, then when the boats go out, the White Whale will deliberately try to kill Ahab, but fail. He will, however, kill Fedallah and the other men of Leng, smashing the captain's boat for the second day in a row. After that, he will submerge and come up under each of the other boats in quick succession, upsetting them without (by a lucky chance) hurting anyone. Don't simply tell the players this; let them play it out. When Ahab is fished out of the drink, it will be discovered that his whalebone leg has snapped from the stress of the attack, so that the carpenter will have to work all night to replace it for the next day's struggle.

If it becomes necessary for a third attempt in a row to dissuade the crew, have those investigators who can make an Occult roll. Those who succeed will realize

that the third day is the final one; when three days take up one continuous chase, the first is the morning, the second noon, and the third the afternoon and the end of the thing, be it what it may. This will lend a note of grim urgency to the affair, as well as letting the players know you're done letting them off easy.

If the investigators and the rest of the *Pequod's* crew go after Moby Dick this time, the White Whale will decide it's no more Mister Nice Guy. Not only will he launch an all-out attack on all of the whaleboats, but once he's staved them all in---and he will stave them all in this time, no matter what Ahab or the investigators may do---he will then turn and ram the *Pequod* itself repeatedly until it sinks with all remaining hands on board. Everyone drowns except for lucky Ishmael, who treads water long enough for a passing ship to pick him up and take him back to America to write the first "great American novel."

If the investigators manage to free the crew from Ahab's spell, no matter which day they do it on, he will be livid with fury. Ahab will promise to kill everyone when he returns victorious, and Fedallah (if he's still around) and the men of Leng will swear to help him. This might provoke the investigators into a hasty physical assault on them, though this is not really necessary; Moby Dick will take care of that little problem for them. There is, of course, no reason for you to tell them this.

With no one to row his boat, it looks like Ahab is stymied in his desire to attack Moby Dick, but this isn't quite accurate. Flinging his arms skyward, he will shriek aloud one terrible word in a language no one can identify, not even those investigators who have the Occult and Cthulhu Mythos skills. There is now no doubt that the water was excessively bubbling and foamy at one particular point near the ship, for the cause of this disturbance now surfaces right beside the *Pequod*.

The water on the starboard side of the *Pequod* is now replaced by a massive black mass of iridescent bubbles, dotted here and there with scores of temporary eyes and a dozen or more temporary limbs: a shoggoth. This terrible sight will cause everyone to lose 1D20 SAN, or only 1D6 SAN if they make a successful roll. Working alone, Ahab will now lower his personal whaleboat into the very center of this horrid mass, which will not crush it, but gently support the weight on its back. It will then bear the boat, slowly but steadily, onward against Moby Dick. As it does so, the crew of the *Pequod* hears Ahab's final words:

"Oh, lonely death on lonely life! Oh, now I feel my topmost greatness lies in my topmost grief. Towards thee I roll, thou all-destroying but unconquering whale; to the last I grapple with thee; from hell's heart I stab at thee; for hate's sake I spit my last

breath at thee, thou damned whale! Thus, I give up the spear!"

As Ahab hurls his enchanted harpoon at Moby Dick, the White Whale gives off a blinding flash of light. When everyone can see again, it will be noticed that although the whale has been struck, the harpoon line is fouled, and Ahab will stoop to clear it. As he does so, a loop appears in it out of nowhere, seemingly, to settle around the captain's neck. He will disappear into the sea, garroted and hurled overboard at the same time. Moby Dick will then attack and smash the whaleboat to splinters, as the now-stricken shoggoth beats a hasty retreat. A vendetta of unusual savagery has ended in the only way it could.

Conclusion

Saving the *Pequod's* crew from certain destruction nets the investigators a Sanity award of 1D10+3 SAN points each, with a single point deducted for each extra day it takes to do the job (a 1D10+2 award if success comes on the second day, and only 1D10+1 if the investigators squeak by at the last minute on the third day; the players have to receive some kind of penalty for fooling around and wasting time).

In case anyone's interested, the revised outcome of this voyage naturally means that Moby Dick is not going to be written. However, by way of compensation, Ishmael will be so profoundly impressed by what he sees that he will become the premier Mythos investigator of the century, and as an old man, he will inspire both a young Professor Henry Armitage at Miskatonic University and a dreaming dilettante named Randolph Carter into entering the field as well.

STARBUCK, Age 35, First Mate

STR 15 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 16 POW 10
DEX 14 APP 15 EDU 12 SAN 50 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons:

Lance 65%, damage 1D12+db
Flensing Spade 45%, damage 1D8+2+db
Musket, Smoothbore 35%, damage 1D10
Knife 55%, damage 1D4+2+db
Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1d3+db
Grapple 35%, damage 1D6+db

Skills:

Anthropology 40%	Art (Sing: hymns and sea chanties only) 55%
Bargain 45%	Climb 55%
Credit Rating 45%	Dodge 28%
Drive Carriage 45%	First Aid 40%
Latin 20%	Listen 30%
Natural History 45%	Navigate 70%
Occult 35%	Pilot Boat 60%
Speak English 70%	Spot Hidden 35%
Swim 50%	Throw 55%.

Notes: A tall, slender man, constant exposure to the elements has caused you to appear older than you really are. A native of Nantucket and a Quaker, you are by far the most cautious man on board the *Pequod*. No gung-ho heroism for you! For you, courage is a staple necessary for the voyage, like salt beef or flour: there when required, and not to be foolishly wasted. Indeed, you will have no man in your own whaling boat who is not afraid of whales. Whaling to you is merely a dangerous way to make a living, and you have no intention of joining your father, your brother, and the hundreds of other men whom you know to have been killed by whales. After all, you have a young wife and son to support. You can bear any physical hardship with equanimity, yet mental strains---such as a battle of wills between you and Ahab---are too much to bear. Your main thought on this voyage: "If only I were man enough to stand up to that devil Ahab!"

STUBB, Age 29, Second Mate

STR 17 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 12 POW 14
DEX 17 APP 11 EDU 10 SAN 70 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons:

Lance 55%, damage 1d12+db
Flensing Spade 35%, damage 1D8+2+db
Musket, Smoothbore 40%, damage 1D10
Knife 70%, Damage 1D4+2+db
Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+db
Grapple 55%, damage 1D6+db
Head Butt 25%, damage 1D3+db

Skills:

Anthropology 35%	Art (Sing: sea chanties only) 65%
Bargain 60%	Climb 65%
Conceal 55%	Cook 45%
Credit Rating 40%	Dodge 34%
Fast Talk 70%	First Aid 35%
Hide 55%	Jump 35%
Listen 35%	Natural History 35%
Navigate 60%	Pilot Boat 55%
Speak English 65%	Persuade 65%
Sneak 65%	Spot Hidden 55%
Swim 70%	Throw 70%.

Notes: The exact opposite of your superior Starbuck in temperament, you are an utterly reckless, carefree, devil-may-care sort of fellow. You have a highly-developed sense of humor, and would tie a bow in the Devil's tail for a joke. (Your Conceal and Hide skills are the result of a lifetime's worth of practical jokes.) A native of Cape Cod, you love smoking, and keep a dozen pipes beside your bunk; when off-duty, you smoke them all in succession. You are firmly convinced that the tobacco smoke is what keeps you healthy---sort of a disinfectant, and you even put a pipe in your mouth in the morning before putting on your trousers. (Note: If you blow a First Aid roll when tending someone else, you'll decide that what he needs is a nice, healthy puff of tobacco smoke right in the face.) The closest thing the *Pequod* has to a resident gourmet, you always eat part of every whale that is taken, even the relatively unappetizing sperm whales, and you have a standing feud with the ship's cook over how best to cook whale meat; he always beats steaks to tenderize them, while you like them tough and rare, the sides barely seared by a glowing coal. You also like the brains of young whales, mixed with flour and baked to taste, and you favor pickled whale fins and flukes (tail fins).

FLASK, Age 23, Third Mate

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 8 POW 10
DEX 13 APP 8 EDU 8 SAN 50 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons:

Lance 45%, damage 1D12+db
Flensing Spade 30%, damage 1D8+2+db
Musket, Smoothbore 30%, damage 1D10
Knife 40%, damage 1D4+2+db
Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+db
Grapple 40%, damage 1D6+db

Skills:

Anthropology 30%	Art (Sing: sea chanties only) 45%
Bargain 35%	Climb 40%
Credit Rating 35%	Dodge 26%
Fast Talk 30%	First Aid 25%
Hide 30%	Listen 25%
Natural History 30%	Navigate 55%
Pilot Boat 50%	Speak English 65%
Persuade 40%	Sneak 25%
Spot Hidden 35%	Swim 40%
Throw 50%	

Notes: You are a ruddy-faced little fellow, short and stout, and you compensate for your lack of height by being particularly aggressive toward whales, as if they had insulted you and your entire family merely by being so huge. Your endurance is second only to Starbuck's, and the crew nickname you "King-Post", after the short but stout bracing timber. Your personality fits it as well, as you are as stubborn and determined as they come. You are also a fast eater, due to necessity: all three mates eat dinner at Ahab's table, and everyone helps himself in the order of rank. Thus, you're the last person to get at the food, and since the meal ends the moment Ahab (who was first at the feast) gets up, you have less time to eat than any of the other officers. Your home town is Tisbury, on Martha's Vineyard.

QUEEQUEG, Age 34, Harpooneer

STR 15 CON 16 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 18
DEX 18 APP 10 EDU 15 SAN 65 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons:

Harpoon 70%, damage 1D8+db
Flensing Spade 55%, damage 1D8+2+db
Tomahawk/Pipe 55%, damage 1D6+1+db
Knife 50%, damage 1D4+2+db
Fist/Punch 40%, damage 1d3+db
Grapple 30%, damage 1D6+db

Spells: Contact Nodens, Elder Sign.

Skills:

Anthropology 30%	Art (Sing: sea chanties only) 40%
Bargain 30%	Climb 65%
Conceal 55%	Cthulhu Mythos 25%
Dodge 36%	First Aid 35%
Hide 60%	Jump 60%
Listen 65%	Natural History 35%
Navigate 35%	Occult 40%
Pilot Boat 45%	Sneak 65%
Speak English 50%	Speak Polynesian 75%
Spot Hidden 70%	Swim 75%
Throw 75%.	

Notes: You are a son of the king of Kokovoko, an island in the South Pacific. Long ago, the sight of passing ships filled you with a longing to see more of the world, so when a whaling ship put in, you asked to be made one of the crew. When the captain refused your request, you simply stowed away, not being discovered until the ship was too far from land for you to be sent home. Starting out as a common seaman, you took advantage of the fact that the spear is the favored weapon of your tribe to become a harpooneer, nailing your comrades' boats to the mightiest monsters of the sea. But you know of darker monsters, as well. Your uncle was High Priest and taught you a few of his secrets. Your tribe has had occasional wars with a hideous tribe of human/Deep One hybrids. You can work limited magic with the aid of Yojo, your deity, or rather the pocket-sized carved wooden model of him. On this trip you have a special handicap: a young American named Ishmael whom circumstances forced to share your room at an inn in New Bedford when you were between voyages. This boy knows absolutely nothing about whaling---indeed, he says he wants to go whaling just to see what it is like---and is almost certain to get himself killed if somebody doesn't look after him. At least he's had general experience of the sea in the merchant marine, so you can trust him to take the wheel or the helm without fear of his running the ship aground, if nothing else. When chasing whales, both you and Ishmael accompany Starbuck in his boat.

TASHTEGO, Age 27, Harpooneer

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 11 INT 11 POW 15
DEX 17 APP 9 EDU 11 SAN 55 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons:

Harpoon 65%, damage 1D8+db
Flensing Spade 50%, damage 1D8+2+db
Knife 70%, damage 1D4+2+db
Fist/Punch 35%, damage 1D3+db
Grapple 40%, damage 1D6+db

Skills:

Anthropology 35%	Art (Sing: sea chanties only) 35%
Bargain 25%	Climb 70%
Conceal 45%	Cthulhu Mythos 20%
Dodge 34%	First Aid 35%
Hide 60%	Jump 55%
Listen 70%	Natural History 35%
Navigate 45%	Occult 35%
Persuade 20%	Pilot Boat 40%
Sneak 65%	Speak English 55%
Spot Hidden 70%	Swim 50%
Throw 60%	Track 65%.

Notes: You are one of the last Indians still living on Martha's Vineyard, from the westernmost point, Gay Head. Your people have long supplied nearby Nantucket with harpooneers, who are known generically as "Gay-Headers". As your ancestors hunted moose, bison (the eastern species, not the better-known plains version), and bear, so do you and your fellows hunt whale. Tall and lithe, you are second only to Queequeg in agility. As a native of New England who does not dismiss old legends as superstitious nonsense as the descendants of Europeans do, you know something about both the general occult and the horrors of the Mythos; not enough to be of much value against them, but enough to deprive you of peace of mind. You are the harpooneer in Stubb's boat.

DAGGOO, Age 30, Harpooneer

STR 18 CON 18 SIZ 16 INT 10 POW 13
DEX 13 APP 10 EDU 10 SAN 50 HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons:

Harpoon 60%, damage 1D8+db
Flensing Spade 55%, damage 1D8+2+db
Knife 60%, damage 1D4+2+db
Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3+db
Grapple 50%, damage 1D6+db

Skills:

Anthropology 30%	Art (Sing: sea chanties only) 30%
Bargain 20%	Climb 50%
Conceal 45%	Cthulhu Mythos 15%
Dodge 26%	First Aid 25%
Hide 40%	Jump 45%
Listen 60%	Natural History 40%
Navigate 40%	Occult 35%
Persuade 25%	Pilot Boat 35%
Sneak 35%	Speak English 50%
Spot Hidden 65%	Swim 50%
Throw 80%	Track 50%.

Notes: You are the largest and strongest man on board the *Pequod*, standing six feet five inches in height. A pair of large, hoop-shaped gold rings in your ears are your chief pride and joy. Coming from the west coast of Africa (and first shipping on board a whaler you found lying in an isolated cove), you still have all your old skills and strength, which you attribute to the fact that as a youth, you killed a lion in single combat and ate its flesh. Your tribal traditions speak of both black magic in general and the Cthulhu Mythos; the city of Gharne is far from your homeland, yet not far enough. In the most unusual matching on the *Pequod*, you are the harpooneer for short little Flask.