

Agony At Sea

A one-round Call of Cthulhu d20 Adventure

by Ramon Delgado

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This is a RPGA Network adventure game. A four-hour time block has been allocated for playing the game (or this round of the game), but the actual playing time will be about three hours.

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.

Pass out the player characters based on class, gender, and/or race. Instruct the players either to prepare their characters now, or wait until you read the introduction, depending on the requirements of the scenario as described below. When they have prepared their characters, you may continue with the game.

Scoring the game for RPGA points: The RPGA has three ways to score this game. Consult your convention coordinator to determine which method to use:

1. *No-vote scoring:* The players write their names and numbers on the scoring packet grid, you fill in the top of the grid. That is all. No one is rated. This method is used for people who are just playing for fun.
2. *Partial scoring:* The players rate the game master and the scenario on their player voting sheet, and provide personal information, but don't vote for other players. The game master rates the scenario and completes personal and event information, but does not rate the players as a team or vote for players. This method is used when there is no competition, but the convention coordinator wants information as to how the game masters are performing, or the game master wants feedback on his or her own performance.
3. *Voting:* Players and game masters complete the entire packet, including voting for best player. If this method is used, be sure to allow about 15-20 minutes for the players to briefly describe their characters to the other players, and about 5-10 minutes for voting. This method is used when the players want to know who played the best amongst them, or when the adventure is run in tournament format with winners and prizes. Multi-round adventures usually required advancing a smaller number of players than played the first round, so voting is required for multi-round adventures.

When using Voting, rank the players in order of your voting choice while they are completing their forms, so that you are not influenced by their comments on your abilities.

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

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.

KEEPER INTRODUCTION

This is a one round Call of Cthulhu module which takes place aboard the *H.M.S. Titanic* during the night of April 14th, 1912; the night the famous ocean-liner is fated to sink. The characters represent six of the over 2,200 passengers and crew aboard the steamship. They are caught up in the chaos of the disaster, but also find themselves involved in a horrifying sub-plot. Note that though the investigators know they are traveling aboard a steamship, they are not immediately aware of its name. The fact that the ship is the *Titanic* is revealed in the first encounter.

The adventure begins at 11:30 PM on the night of the 14th, minutes before the disaster. The characters are relaxing after a late dinner on one of the lower decks. Suddenly they witness a bizarre event on a lower deck. Running to investigate, they become aware of a second, more horrifying sight; a huge iceberg bearing down on their vessel. The *Titanic* is struck and the investigators find themselves amid the chaos and confusion of that tragic night.

Ordered to return to their cabins, don life jackets and prepare to evacuate the ship, the investigators once again witness strange and, sometimes, horrifying scenes. The ship's crew are too pre-occupied with abandoning the doomed liner and the investigators quickly realize that, if they are to find out the cause of these incidents, they, themselves, must investigate. Clues left behind at each scene point to a passenger whose quarters are on the lower decks.

The mysterious passenger is Professor Rolando Batista, a mage from a cult of Nyarlathotep in northern Spain. While traveling to America, the mage discovered a colleague aboard the *Titanic*. This man, one Arther Pennington, was in possession of a tome known as the Book of Dzyan, a powerful and informative book concerning Cthulhu Mythos. Batista spent the journey getting to know Mr. Pennington and luring him into his confidence. Within a short period of time, they were both looking over the book. Using his spellcraft, Batista learned the nature of the manuscript and other artifacts in Pennington's possession. During these castings, he also became aware of the impending disaster. The professor decided to use this as a cover for getting rid of Pennington and stealing his artifacts.

He intends to perform a ritual outlined in the tome, using the ship as a sacrifice, and escape with his new-found powers. The investigators have three hours and five minutes to find out Batista's plans, stop his ritual, banish his servants from earth and escape the *Titanic*.

NOTE: Real time relates to game time on a minute by minute basis, so keep close track of the 3 hr and 5 minute playing time. 55 minutes are set aside for startup, breaks and scoring. Travel time is to be ignored.

This table lists events, in chronological order, as they occur while the ship sinks. As real/game time moves on, describe each event as it corresponds to the investigators' position on the ship. Areas noted here are underlined in Encounters and marked with the corresponding time. Flooded areas are unattainable by the investigators, and any approach reveals dark icy waters moving up towards them.

0	11:25 AM - Playing session begins.		
+0.15	11:40 PM - The <i>Titanic</i> strikes an iceberg on the starboard bow.	+1.50	1:15 AM - The tilt of the deck grows steeper as boiler room #4 is flooded. The pool on deck F forward overflows its basin and sends a rush of water through the Turkish Baths, Squash Court and third class rooms. Dining tables in bow-section of deck E (third class - steerage) crash towards front of dining room and a grand piano smashes through into the cabins. Deck chairs and furniture slide down towards the bow. Steerage passengers forcing their way through the ship find escape routes to decks D and C. In the bow, decks E, F and G plus the forward storage & boilers are underwater.
+0.25	11:50 PM - Water rises 14 feet in the first six compartments and the ship begins to list towards the bow. Alarm is sounded.	+2.15	1:40 AM - Most of the lifeboats are away and passengers are crowding the stern of the ship. The rowing machines, bikes, electric horse and weights in the gymnasium smash through the forward bulk head and into the First Class Grand Stairway on the boat deck. Boiler room # 5 is flooded causing an explosion that rocks the ship and collapses a forward section of decks D and E. Second class cabins in the bow of deck D are flooded.
+0.40	12:05 AM - A distress is sent out and the lifeboats are uncovered. Ship's crew begin clearing all quarters and guiding passengers to the deck. Lower deck, steerage passengers, are told to remain calm and stay below decks. Bow barber shop is submerged.	+2.40	2:05 AM - The last lifeboat is lowered and the last rocket fired off. The tilt of the deck makes walking difficult. Water pours into boiler room #6 and onward into the engine room. Four grand pianos smash across the first class dining room on deck D, followed moments later by the tables, chairs and two of the wet bars.
+1.00	12:25 AM - Lifeboats begin loading women and children first. Water has reached boiler #3 and a huge cloud of steam blasts through the forward part of the ship, across the bridge and out funnel #1. The band is ordered to continue playing.	+2.47	2:12 AM - The last radio message goes out and the Captain declares every man for himself. Deck C in the bow is flooded and water moves up decks D, E and F towards the center of the ship. On Deck F, goods stored in the rear storage compartment, including 30 cases of golf clubs and a Renault auto, break loose and crash towards the bow.
+1.20	12:45 AM - The first lifeboat, with a capacity of 65, is lowered away holding only 28 persons. The first of eight distress rockets are fired. Several stairwells in the bow, leading up from the lower levels (E & F), are chained shut to hold off a panicked rush of steerage passengers onto the upper decks. These trapped passengers make their way towards the center and stern of the ship.	+2.53	2:18 AM - The turbine room floods and, as power is cut off, the ship's light blink once and go out. Water pours over the bow onto the deck. The forward funnel collapses, crushing many people on B and C decks.
		+2.54	2:19 AM - The ship breaks in two. The bow sections sink within seconds, but the stern falls back into the water and levels out for a few moments. Only the very rear areas of

decks C, D, E and F are yet to be flooded. Passengers begin to jump over board.

+3.00 2:25 AM - The stern section rises into the air as the remains of the ship begin to slip under. Water rushes back down decks C, D and E for a few moments as the ship slides into the near-frozen water. Rear anchors, chains, cranes and the remaining funnels crash forward into the water. Suction drags many swimmers under the waves; death by drowning is almost instant. Those remaining in the water freeze to death within a few minutes.

+3.05 3:30 AM - The first rescue ship, the Carpathia, is sighted. It begins picking up lifeboats within 40 minutes.

Remember to keep the chaos and confusion of the disaster in the investigators' minds, since it is all anyone else has on theirs. When encountered, passengers are either panicking or denying the truth. Crewmen concentrate on evacuating at first, then helping passengers, and, finally, saving themselves. Both groups believe it's just a drill at first, but worry, fear and panic follow quickly. So, even when in a crowd, the investigators are virtually alone. No one listens to them, many tell them rumors or give contradicting instructions. While in the lower decks, the number of people encountered dwindles, but every so often bands of lost 3rd class passengers appear, well past panic and nearing hysteria, looking for a way out and babbling all at once in several dozen languages. No ones helps the investigators, may hinder, and some openly assault them.

Introduction "A Midnight Cruise"

The cruise has been a pleasant one for all of you. The luxury liner has lived up to its reputation as a floating hotel, and the crew has cared for your every need in such a manner as to make the most efficient bell-hop envious. The food delicious, the rooms spacious, the dancing, entertainment and socializing all serving to make your trans-Atlantic crossing as enjoyable and carefree as possible.

This evening in particular, has been especially noteworthy. The ship has sailed into cooler waters and, since most passengers have take refuge in the interior of the vessel, the ship's crew has outlined a program of athletic events, games of skill and chance, and various other diversions. So inviting were these events, in fact, that very many attended the early

supper and very few are expected for the late dinner. After a strenuous day of this invigorating activity, an elaborate dinner has been prepared; rumors abound that even those passengers in second class and steerage have been provided something special with which to break their evening's fast.

The dinning rooms, as palatial as they may have been throughout the journey, have become quite empty and cold this late in the evening. The level of echoing quiet, combined with the haunting refrain of the band's entertainment has nearly overcome you. You have decided to take some air, however cold, and now find yourself on one of the upper decks, gazing out at the black sea and thick mist moving swiftly by.

Let the players turn over their character sheets and begin reading.

Encounter One "We're Aboard the What ?!!!"

The ship's motion, salt air, and cold wind serve to wash away the thick gloom of the abandoned dining area and the accompanying hint of loneliness. Although you are not completely alone, other passengers are scattered about the deck, compared to the atmosphere of the dinning room, you are virtually in a world of your own. After some time, you look away from the hypnotic glint of the sea and study those around you.

The investigators may now interact with each other. Allow them to introduce themselves, interact and generally get the feel of their characters. Near the time for the *Titanic* is to strike the iceberg, the following happens:

You are standing and conversing on the port side of C deck, just shy of the stern. Above you, the steady roar of the funnels releasing smoke and steam is almost drowned out by the rush of water against the hull. Suddenly, this almost familiar background is broken by the muffled sound of a door being slammed open on the deck below. Curious to see who else might be taking in the night air, you glance down at the noise.

Almost immediately you see the silhouette of a man moving against the background of hall lights. Then the sight is cut off as the door is shut. Still, in that brief glimpse, you could have sworn you saw a large bundle on the man's back. Still looking at the lower deck, your eyes are just becoming adjusted to the dark when a fog horn blows above. Startled, your attention is diverted for a moment and, before you can look back, a low muted wail drifts up from the sea,

instantly drowned out by the crashing of its passage. Down on the deck below, a pair of blazing eyes stare back at you.

The man is Prof. Batista and he is disposing of Mr. Pennington's body in the icy sea. When he notices the investigators on the upper deck watching him, he casts the spell *cause fear*.

Your eyes link with his, falling into the depths of his stare. Suddenly you are standing back on deck, but it is a deck vastly changed. The ship is listing badly towards the bow and there you can see icy black water following over the rails. The night is alive with the glare of signal rockets, shrieking sirens and the screams of hundreds of people. Even as you watch, paralyzed with fear, you see hundreds of people pressed towards the ship's rear, some plummeting or jumping into the frozen death below. A pitiful number of heavily overloaded boats row away, leaving a wake of bodies as the desperate attempt to follow, only to succumb in minutes to the black, cold depths. Then, as the ship begins its final plunge under the waves, a laughing voice cuts through the night, silencing even the band that you still seem to hear. The figure with the blazing eyes is there again, standing on an upper deck, watching your fate, confident he shall survive. And you know it to be true; you know for a fact that, somehow, he can escape the inevitable. Then he is gone and you are left to your doom. The ship plunges and, as you are at once frozen, crushed by the depths and drowned, the vision is over. You are back on the deck, shaken, but still alive, for now.

The characters are gripped by the soul-chilling fear of the spell, save vs. Sanity or loose 1d6% pts. Regardless of the roll, the characters are unable to focus on anything for a few moments and lose complete concentration, long enough for Batista to move back into the lower decks and for the investigators to miss the collision.

Once they regain their senses, the investigators recall the vision and the strange feeling that it may have been real. Those who look over the rail, and make a successful Spot check (DC 18), notice an iceberg just fading off into the distance. Now they realize that the "vision" is indeed very real and they are doomed unless they can find the stranger and learn his way off the stricken vessel. Should they attempt to escape the *Titanic*, the Keeper should make it evident that they have no chance. Women and children are given first priority; the crew and male passengers allow no one else off. In addition, bad luck plagues anyone attempting to sneak or force their way onto a lifeboat.

When the characters investigate the lower level, they find a small scrap of paper, neatly folded and lying in what appears to be a pool of thick liquid. The paper is a copy of the ship's first class menu (**Player Handout #1**) marked in pencil in several places, most washed out by the liquid. Only the words "room service" and an "X" by the Pate De Foie Gras are clearly legible. The liquid is readily identified as some type of hair oil/tonic ointment. A successful Knowledge (Pharmacy) check DC 15 identifies it as a select and expensive type. The investigators may investigate the menu at the first class galley or the ship's barber shop.

Ship's Galley Deck D Mid-Section (abandoned at 1:15 AM) - A late shift of stewards and waitresses remain to serve the late dinner guests. They do not know anything of the menu, other than it's a menu from the early supper. If persuaded, via a successful Bluff or Intimidate check, they wake the earlier shift and ask them. A young steward, John Grey, remembers a tall gray earlier shift and ask them. A young steward, John Grey, remembers a tall gray-haired man with an accent that was very insistent on overseeing his friend's dinner preparations. The steward recalls it specifically because he was not told either of the gentlemen's cabin numbers. Instead he delivered the food to a small study on Deck E Aft.

Forward Barber Shops Deck E (Closed 10:30 PM, Flooded 12:05 AM) - The empty barber shop is locked, but if broken into reveals the following: A record of charges to individual cabins. Going through the list, the investigators can see that seven passengers had bottles of hair tonic charged to their rooms. Samples of each are scattered about the shop and may be matched to Professor Pennington's purchase after a few moments. His room is listed as Deck E No. 103.

Encounter II "Abandon Ship & An Assault"

About the time the investigators have checked either one of the two possibilities above, the warning sirens are sounded. The corridors are suddenly full of pursers, stewards, maids and officers announcing that all passengers must report to their cabins, don life jackets and report to their corresponding lifeboat stations, as indicated by notices in each cabin. No one of the crew stops to listen to anyone or anything, they have more on their minds than a "simple mystery" can intrude upon.

Sirens screech across the night, scattering the silence of a ship at sleep. Suddenly the corridors are filled by crew members awakening passengers and giving out instructions. Within moments the flood becomes a torrent, as dazed and drowsy passengers stagger out of their rooms and into the glare of corridor lights.

The investigators may take whatever actions they choose, but are constantly harassed by members of the crew who insist that they return to their cabins and don life jackets. The investigators may also want to return to load up on equipment, arms and supplies. If they do not go now, there is a chance that each investigator's room may be flooded or blocked off by debris by the time they do. There is a base 50% chance that if they return to their rooms after this encounter, they will find that the room and all its contents are lost. By 2:05 AM their rooms are gone. This encounter takes place as the investigators move through the lower corridors, either returning from their rooms or moving towards the next site; the study or Pennington's cabin.

The corridors seem eerily quiet despite the sirens still screaming out on deck. You move through debris covered halls, abandoned by passengers who had the luxury of being in their rooms when the emergency occurred. The list of the ship towards the stern is easily visible and you are beginning to suspect that the emergency is much more serious than you thought. When you hear approaching footsteps, you are comforted that, at the least, you are not the only ones down here. A group of men turn the far corner and move purposely towards you. Only at the last moment do you see the strange, warped faces, the gleam of hate in their eyes, and the primitive weapons they draw from under their garments.

Mr. Batista has been rewarded by Nyarlathotep with several Tcho-Tchos servants, which he smuggled aboard as servants, then hid. He has now dispatched them gather the investigators, dead or alive. Batista is always one to look for omens, and the fact that six people witnessed his first sacrifice, immediately followed by the iceberg, must mean that they are to be his second. Chanting "Blood & Souls for the Crawling Chaos," and drooling with blood lust, they attack with spiked clubs. These creatures do not surrender or retreat and, when defeated, collapse into ash.

Tcho-Tchos (4): Medium-size Humanoid; HD 1d6+2; hp 6; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Atks +2 melee (1d8, spiked club), +3 ranged (1 + poison, blowgun needle); SA Poison; SQ Shzor shzong; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +0; Str 12, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Hide +5, Innuendo +1, Knowledge (occult) +3, Listen +1, Move Silently +5, Profession (cook) +4, Sense Motive +1, Spellcraft +2; Power Attack, Point Blank Shot, Stealthy.

SA: *Poison*—Fort save DC 15; initial damage 1d6 temporary Con and convulsions; secondary damage 2d6 temporary Con. Convulsions impose –2 penalty on attacks.

SQ: *Shzor shzong*—When tcho tchos ingest this mushroom, which they do before a serious fight, they become immune to death from massive damage, and allows a tcho tcho to function when its hit points fall in the range 0 to –9 with no penalties (and it does not fall unconscious).

The Tchos have nothing of interest on them, but they are covered in some type of soot or black dust. Batista had them hiding in the coal bins under the Rear Storage Hold (2:25 AM) on Deck F. They also have red boils on their necks.

Encounter III "Death Amidst Chaos" The Study Deck E Mid-Section

After finding the clue to this room, the investigators can locate it easily. The cabin does not flood until 2:19 AM and sinks when the rear section of the ship vanishes at 2:25 AM. The room is the site of a horrifying scene.

The door to this chamber appears to have been locked tight. However, the buckling of the deck as the Titanic lists further into the sea, has popped open the door. The deck around you is ominously quiet, but for the creaking of stressed wood, the dull twisting of pressed steel and the far off, often nightmare-like, cries of those trapped on the decks below you. As you approach the door, a faint light shines from within, flashing and tilting, no doubt a lantern moving with the swept of the ship.

Then, as the investigators are about to open the cabin door.

A sudden lurch of the vessel further squeezes the door. Pushed beyond all tests, the solid oak panel bursts into the companionway, revealing a grisly scene. A body hangs suspended from a the tattered light cord about its neck, the bulb still flashing it brightness, when not blocked by the tattered corpse as it swings with the ship's motion. The man, for it can be recognized as one.... barely, is dressed in the bloody remains of a ship's steward. With growing horror, you

realize that his head has been skinned down to the bone, sections of skin scattered about the dinner tray below it, while the remainder of his body has been burned in several places. The stench of stale blood, burnt flesh and salt air mingles with the aroma of roast duckling and apple sauce.

Batista was interrupted in his study while reading the Book of Dyzan by a steward on the late shift, who sought to take away the remains of the earlier meal. Taking advantage of the opportunity, Batista captured the poor man and performed ritual torture while reciting certain rites. These rites gave him knowledge of the book's contents and access to several new spells. Those viewing the scene must make a Sanity check or loose 2/1d4+1 Sanity.

A search of the many books in this room yields, after 10 minutes and a successful Research check (DC 10), a small diary with the last entry dated April 11, 1912. This was a notebook of the late Prof. Pennington. Being absent-minded, he had a habit of writing things down whenever possible. When he first met Mr. Batista, he was so overwhelmed by the man's presence that he forgot where he had put this book. A few minutes reading is enough to confirm to the investigators that the late Prof. Pennington had access to a strange work of ancient origin - Atlantis being hinted at. A successful Knowledge (Occult) (DC 10) or Cthulhu Mythos (DC 10) check reveals the work as the Book of Dyzan and a hint of further secrets. Mentioned several times is an artifact needed to complete an unspecified spell (The final teleportation spell, which Batista hopes to use to escape the ship). The artifact itself is not described in detail. Reading the notes costs 1d6 Sanity and adds 4% to Cthulhu Mythos.

A Spot or Search check (DC 15) reveals an additional clue in the steward's pocket - a note he scribbled to himself to charge the dinner to Deck D #223. A last clue is hidden in the remains of the dinner. A successful check vs. Knowledge (Chemistry, Medicine, or Pharmacy) DC 15 reveals that the Pate De Foie Gras was drugged with a strong sedative.

Encounter IV "Mysterious Mr. Pennington" Deck E #103

Pennington's cabin is located in the mid-section of Deck E above the Turkish Baths (1:40 AM) and below the first class Dining Room (2:05 AM). It is partially flooded by 2:05 AM requiring a Dex check DC 10 from each investigator to remain standing during their time here (a Dex check DC 10 is required every time an event happens on the time table).

The oak door to this second-class cabin is ajar and whips back and forth with the motion of the stricken liner. Within is a modest cabin, brimming with open chests, bags and assorted trunks. The bed looks hardly slept in and the cloths closet, easily seen through the open door, reveals several sets of indistinct clothing hastily hung. Clothing, furniture and brick-o-bract lie scattered about, as do several books and stacks of maps.

Pennington's cabin shows the markings of being hastily searched. The bags, trunks and chests have been opened, the contents disarrayed; some of the trunks' lids are not closed properly. Batista, after performing the rites in the study, realized that a key element was needed to perform that last, most powerful rite. The Book of Dyzan described a mystic circle used to call the great Nyarlathotep and receive his blessing. The key to the circle is a symbol to be placed in the circle and traced in blood with an oak staff. Without this symbol, the reciter of the spell must wait until several hundred souls are released from their mortal shells before he is granted the last powers of the tome. One of these includes the ability to teleport, which Batista intends as a way off the ship. Obviously, he was more than reluctant to wait until the ship's last seconds, when all aboard die, before teleporting off. His search was successful, but fast and sloppy.

An empty, velvet lined case on the bed holds the shape of a large square object - the book - and a smaller circular one - the symbol. A Spot check DC 15 or Search DC 10 finds, under the velvet, Pennington's second notebook and a key. The book's start date is April 12th with the last entry on the 14th, today's date (**Player's Handout #2**). Beside mentioning Mr. Batista in detail, and his interest in the ancient book, it also details two ritual spells; Teleport and The Fist of Yog-Sothoth*. Reading the book costs 3 Sanity and adds 2% to Cthulhu Mythos. An Int check DC 15 allows the reader to cast them without the usual learning process (note the Teleport requires the circlet to work). The key is for the Deck E Study and has a tag, written by the absent-minded Pennington, detailing the directions there.

While searching the room, Batista was disturbed by a crewman who heard the noise within. Entering, he sought to warn what he perceived as a passenger to flee and forget his worldly goods. Batista drained the man's life into his staff, eating his soul for its magic power. The body is stuffed under the bed; a human-like skeletal figure, with skin stretched tight against its bones and a red welt on its chest. The eyes are sunken into its head and its mouth frozen in a scream of abject terror. A Sanity check is required for seeing the body - 0/1 loss.

Encounter V "Panic and the Walking Dead"

Once the characters have found clues leading to Batista's room, they most likely head there. Batista's cabin, D #223, is past the second class dining room and remains accessible until the very end of the *Titanic's* life. As they approach it, strange things begin to happen.

The ship's passageways seem eerily silent as you approach the area of the mysterious Mr. Batista's cabin. Neither the chaos of the upper decks nor the damage of those lower seem to have touched this section of the vessel. The shrill cries of those on the upper decks has faded long minutes ago and there is no sign of the rising waters here. Were it not for the silent, empty halls and the slowly rising slope of the bulkheads, you would not suspect anything was amiss. Then, a chill touches your skin and raises the hair on your necks. A strong sense of wrongness washes over you, filling you to the core with a foul taint of impending evil.

Coming around a corner, you arrive at a dining hall wherein several people are gathered in a tight group. The image of third class passengers comes to your mind - you have seen more than enough on the other decks. But these people are different. Whereas the others were frightened, some even hysteric, these folk appear to have been pushed over the edge. Their eyes look past you and, looking into them, you see nothing staring back at you. These men women and children seem more like empty vessels than human beings. Empty vessels shambling aimlessly about the room in compete silence. Then your attention is draw to a sudden movement.

At the far end of the hall, atop the grand staircase, a tall, elegantly dressed man with slightly greying black hair is holding another man at bay with a cane.

These people have been witness to several mind shattering events - being woken in the middle of the night to a sinking ship, locked in their section as the water rose quickly around them, then, after breaking free, losing their loved ones in the mad rush to the boats or in the frozen sea. Now they are doomed aboard this floating grave, trapped in this area of evil taint and they just witnessed Batista draining the life force of an unlucky passenger. They are suffering a form of temporary madness - mass shock. Any sudden, violent action may set them off into mass hysteria or catatonia. At present they form a living wall between the

investigators and their suspect. Allow the investigators to take one action, then read the following:

The man with the cane turns towards you, a look of startled surprise evident on his face. It is now that you see an eerie glow about his cane. With a smile he presses it against his victim and you watch, horrified, as the poor man's body shrivels. The drained husk slips down the wall.

Any violent action on the investigator's part, such as firing a shot or assaulting a passenger, is enough to push these people over the edge. Only by moving slowly and gently through the potential mob, who block, bump into and constantly babble at the investigators, can they approach Batista. The hall is 40' wide by 80' long and requires two rounds of slow moment to cross. By the second round, if the investigators have not set the mob off, Batista does so by casting an *cause fear* on them. Roll 3d12 to determine how many passengers become hysterical, clinging to the investigators, screeching about the room, smashing furniture etc. The remainder become catatonic, falling to the floor or huddling in corners, oblivious to the world around them.

The hysterical passengers reduce the investigators' advance by two rounds per five persons or portion thereof. As a group, they also have a 55% chance of inflicting 1 hp per round, due to thrown furniture, broken glass, or random attack, to each investigator. Dodging lowers this chance to only 10%, but double the length of time required to cross the room.

Passengers (3d12), human Com1 (hp 4)

OPTIONAL ENCOUNTER:

If the investigators are making good time, Batista turns the dead man into a zombie.

Batista is still visible to you through the maddening chaos. He seems to be hovering over the corpse. Then, suddenly, he reaches out and kisses the dead thing on the mouth. Before your startled eyes, the dead man's empty eyes blink and he rises to his feet. Batista points towards you and then vanishes down a corridor. The thing that was a dead man picks up a chair leg and moves slowly towards you.

Seeing Batista drain the passenger requires a Sanity check - 0/1d4. The zombie rising from the dead also requires a Sanity check - 2/1d10.

Zombie (1): Medium-size Undead; HD 2d12+3; hp 16; Init -1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (-1 Dex, +2 natural); Atks +2 melee (1d6+1, slam); SQ Undead, partial actions only;

SV Fort +0, Ref -1, Will +3; Str 13, Dex 8, Con --, Int --, Wis 10, Cha 1.

Feats: Toughness.

SQ: Undead Qualities— Immune to poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, disease, death effects, necromantic effects. Ignore mind-influencing effects. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, ability drain, energy drain, or death from massive damage. Immune to anything requiring a Fort save unless it can affect objects. Darkvision 60 ft. *Partial Actions Only*— Can only take a single partial action in a round.

Batista, Grandmaster Cultist of Nyarlathotep: Medium-size Human; HD 10d6+20; hp 58; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Atks +9/+4 melee (1d4+1 + 1 Int damage, enchanted cane); SA spells, enchanted cane; SQ Mad certainty, Active *flesh ward* spell (damage reduction 10/+1, absorbs 50 points max, lasts 90 minutes); SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +10; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 16, Wis 17, Cha 14, Sanity 29.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +7, Cthulhu Mythos +10, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (archaeology) +10, Knowledge (biology) +16, Knowledge (occult) +11, Knowledge (history) +10, Knowledge (religion) +10, Listen +12, Research +13, Search +10, Sense Motive +11, Speak Spanish +9, Spot +15; Alertness, Combat Casting, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Skill Emphasis (research).

Spells: black binding, cause fear, dominate person, enchant item, flesh ward, hypnotism, look to the future.

SQ: Mad Certainty—Acts despite temporary insanity, rather than going into an insane state. Sanity is still damaged.

Equipment: Enchanted Cane—stores a pool of “ability points” that may be used to pay the ability damage cost of any spell. The cane draws one of these “ability points” from a target on a successful hit, causing 1 point of Int damage. Currently the cane stores 39 points.

Note: If he was forced to cast *cause fear* earlier, subtract 2 points from the cane’s total, and 1d4 Sanity from Batista.

Batista was once a brilliant historian and archeologist. His skills in these fields would have earned him a Professorship at many respectable schools, but he would have none of it. Always a loner, Batista considered himself too far above the common man to waste his time teaching inferiors. This egotistical frame of mind was ripe for seduction by the Great Old Ones. Years ago, during a dig in Syria, Batista came under the influence of Nyarlathotep. Since then he has walked many dark paths, gained a great deal of power and never looked back.

The current situation is his most ambitious scheme yet. The need to gain the Book of Dzyan's powers and the overpowering urge to save himself have driven him to take chances he never would have normally. The number of spells he has had to cast within the last few hours has driven him mad. Batista is consumed by his own self-importance and worth. He is a megalomaniac obsessed with gaining more and more power. In his mind he has predicted the future, played with helpless souls, instilled the fear of his greatness on those beneath him and risen the dead. Although he now has the circlet and could teleport away, he has one thing left to do. His last and greatest accomplishment is to contact his master, and gain his blessing before departing the doomed ship. Having gathered enough magic to finish the rite, he believes that nothing and no one can stop him.

Encounter # VI "The Ritual"

The investigators have one final chance to stop Batista before he finishes the rite and teleports to some other place on earth. He is casting the spell in the rear storage area on deck F.

Having gotten past Batista's animated creature, you quickly follow him through the corridors to the rear of the stricken ship. Though the trail is easy to follow; a line of cold evil almost visible to the naked eye, the steeply tilted passageways make movement difficult. Finally you arrive in what appears to be a storage hold.

Obviously intended for delicate and/or expensive goods, the hold is now a jumbled pile of crates, boxes, bags and other objects. Barrels of ale, wine and beer lie broken, their contents pooled in a corner. Several cases of golf clubs, tennis rackets, and other sports equipment are broken and piled against the near wall. And, in the midst of all this, in a circle of arcane symbols, and holding a large book, stands Batista. His face illuminated by the pentacle of candles lying in the circle, he recites words which no human voice should be able to form, then closes the book. His blood-soaked cane stands by itself in the center of the circle, suspended over a circlet of intricate design.

The investigators may move forward to engage Batista, but as they do, four Tcho-Tchos move out of the shadows to block their path. Have each player make a LUCK roll every round they're in the room. With each success, give them the appropriate Handout #3.

Tcho-Tchos (4): Medium-size Humanoid; HD 1d6+2; hp 6; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Atks +2

melee (1d8, spiked club), +3 ranged (1 + poison, blowgun needle); SA Poison; SQ Shzor shzong; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +0; Str 12, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Hide +5, Innuendo +1, Knowledge (occult) +3, Listen +1, Move Silently +5, Profession (cook) +4, Sense Motive +1, Spellcraft +2; Power Attack, Point Blank Shot, Stealthy.

SA: *Poison*—Fort save DC 15; initial damage 1d6 temporary Con and convulsions; secondary damage 2d6 temporary Con. Convulsions impose –2 penalty on attacks.

SQ: *Shzor shzong*—When tcho tchos ingest this mushroom, which they do before a serious fight, they become immune to death from massive damage, and allows a tcho tcho to function when its hit points fall in the range 0 to –9 with no penalties (and it does not fall unconscious).

Batista, Grandmaster Cultist of Nyarlathotep: Medium-size Human; HD 10d6+20; hp 58; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Atks +9/+4 melee (1d4+1 + 1 Int damage, enchanted cane); SA spells, enchanted cane; SQ Mad certainty, Active *flesh ward* spell (damage reduction 10/+1, absorbs 50 points max, lasts 90 minutes); SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +10; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 16, Wis 17, Cha 14, Sanity 15.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +7, Cthulhu Mythos +10, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (archaeology) +10, Knowledge (biology) +16, Knowledge (occult) +11, Knowledge (history) +10, Knowledge (religion) +10, Listen +12, Research +13, Search +10, Sense Motive +11, Speak Spanish +9, Spot +15; Alertness, Combat Casting, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Skill Emphasis (research).

Spells: black binding, cause fear, dominate person, enchant item, flesh ward, hypnotism, look to the future.

SQ: *Mad Certainty*—Acts despite temporary insanity, rather than going into an insane state. Sanity is still damaged.

Equipment: Enchanted Cane—stores a pool of “ability points” that may be used to pay the ability damage cost of any spell. The cane draws one of these “ability points” from a target on a successful hit, causing 1 point of Int damage. Currently the cane is empty because of the current ritual. If the ritual is prevented before it starts, the cane has 39 points less any used in a previous encounter.

Note: If he was forced to cast *cause fear* earlier, subtract 2 points from the cane’s total, and 1d4 Sanity from Batista. Subtract any damage taken in a previous encounter from his *flesh ward* spell.

The final rite has cost Batista all the points stored in his cane and most of his remaining Sanity (this it is lower

than in the previous encounter). He is very absorbed in this ritual, does not take his attention from it unless he is attacked. He will defend himself with spells as best as he can.

If the rite is allowed to finish, the image of Nyarlathotep appears (Batista is nowhere powerful enough to summon the real thing), blesses Batista and grants him the spells and power needed to escape. It does not attack, but seeing this image requires a Sanity check 1d10/3d10. It makes Batista permanently insane.

Amist the dust and light of Batista's ritual there moves a tall, forboding figure, outlined in dark fire and exuding a foul evil, as of all the charnel pits on earth opening at once. From this darkness steps an enormous monster, its three cloven hoofs clicking on the steel floor. Clawed appendages and a single long blood-red tentacle take the place of its face. A ragged beak protrudes from under a tri-lobed red eye.

The exact length of the ritual varies, depending on how much time is left before the *Titanic* sinks. It is normally four rounds long, but always ends at 2:24 AM, one minute before the ship sinks. To stop the ritual, the investigators must force Batista out of the circle, which can be done several ways:

- Ignore his guards and fire weapons until he is slain, his guards crumble into ash, then move him.
- Slay his guards, then grapple or kill him.
- Ignite the alcoholic liquids in the hold, slaying the Tcho-Tchos outright and allowing an attack on Batista.
- Drive the Renault through the guards and strike Batista. The auto inflicts 2d10 damage and has a chance to hit equal to the skill level of the driver- a hit pushes him off.
- A successful lasso roll plus a resistance roll pulls him off.
- Lastly, the investigators may push him off with the Fist of Yog-Sothoth spell.

Note that the cirlet, which is needed to Teleport to safety, is destroyed by igniting the liquid or driving the Renault over the circle.

Once Batista is slain or incapacitated, the investigators are free to cast the Teleport Spell, using either the cirlet or Jasper Tuner's heirloom, and escape. If they did not learn the teleport spell or do not have either item available, they go down with the ship. This is also the result if Batista is allowed to finish the rite, in which case he escapes and leaves them to their fate, though they may not be sane enough to perceive it.

Conclusion

A - The investigators survive -

A blinding flash of light and a warped twist of the very fabric of reality and you find yourselves on a grassy hillock overlooking a vast expanse of white cliffs - Dover, England. The nightmare is over and you have lived to tell the tale. Relief turns to near hysterical laughter as the fact that you are alive sinks in through the shock of what you have been through. Then comes the sobering thought of all those who did not escape as you did. The laughter dies and, without a word you start to walk. What direction doesn't matter, civilization must be close at hand. By the time you see the first house, you have agreed that no one shall ever hear of your ordeal - for who would believe it?

Months later you learn a disturbing truth. Your names never appear on the list of those lost. In fact, all records of your connection with the Titanic are nowhere to be found.

B - The investigators are on the ship when it goes down:

The ship lists badly towards the bow and there you can see icy black water following over the rails. You are driven up the open air where the night is alive with the glare of signal rockets, shrieking sirens and the screams of hundreds of people. Even as you watch, paralyzed with fear, hundreds of people press towards the ship's rear, some plummeting or jumping into the frozen death below. A pitiful number of heavily overloaded boats row away, leaving a wake of bodies as the desperate attempt to follow, only to succumb in minutes to the black, cold depths. Then, as the ship begins its final plunge under the waves you are at once frozen, crushed by the depths, and drowned, one of countless others.

The End

Dinner Menus of the Titanic



First Class - April 14, 1912

Hors Doeuvre
Varies
Oysters

Consomme Olga
Cream of Barley

Salmon, Mousseline Sauce, Cucumber

Filet Mignons Lili
Saute' of Chicken, Lyonnaise
Vegetable Marrow Farcie

Lamb, Mint Sauce
Roast Duckling, Apple Sauce
Sirloin of Beef, Chateau Potatoes

*Room
Sauce
2*

Green Peas - - Creamed Carrots
Boiled Rice
Parmentier & Boiled New Potatoes

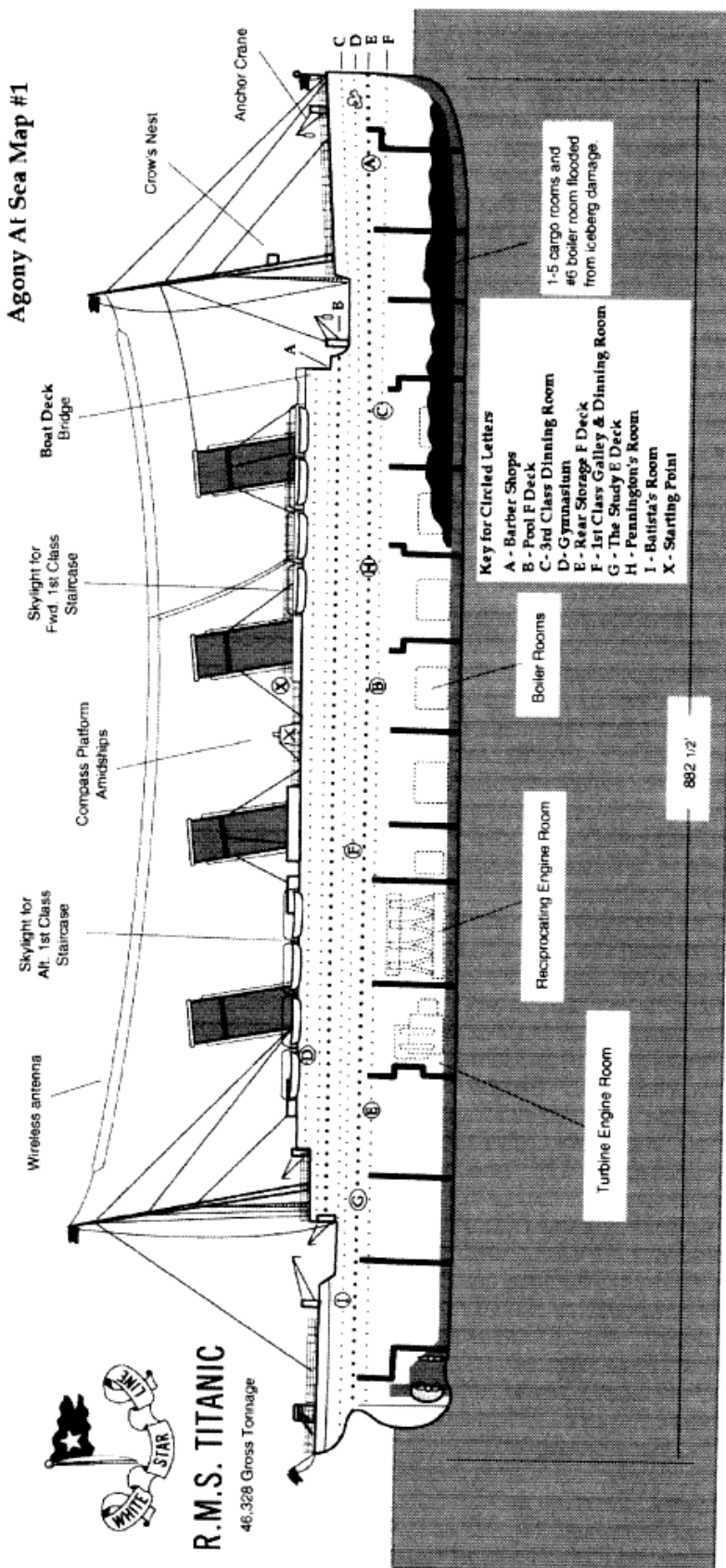
Punch Romaine

Roast Squab & Cress
Cold Asparagus Vinaigrette
Pate De Foie Gras ~~x~~
Celery

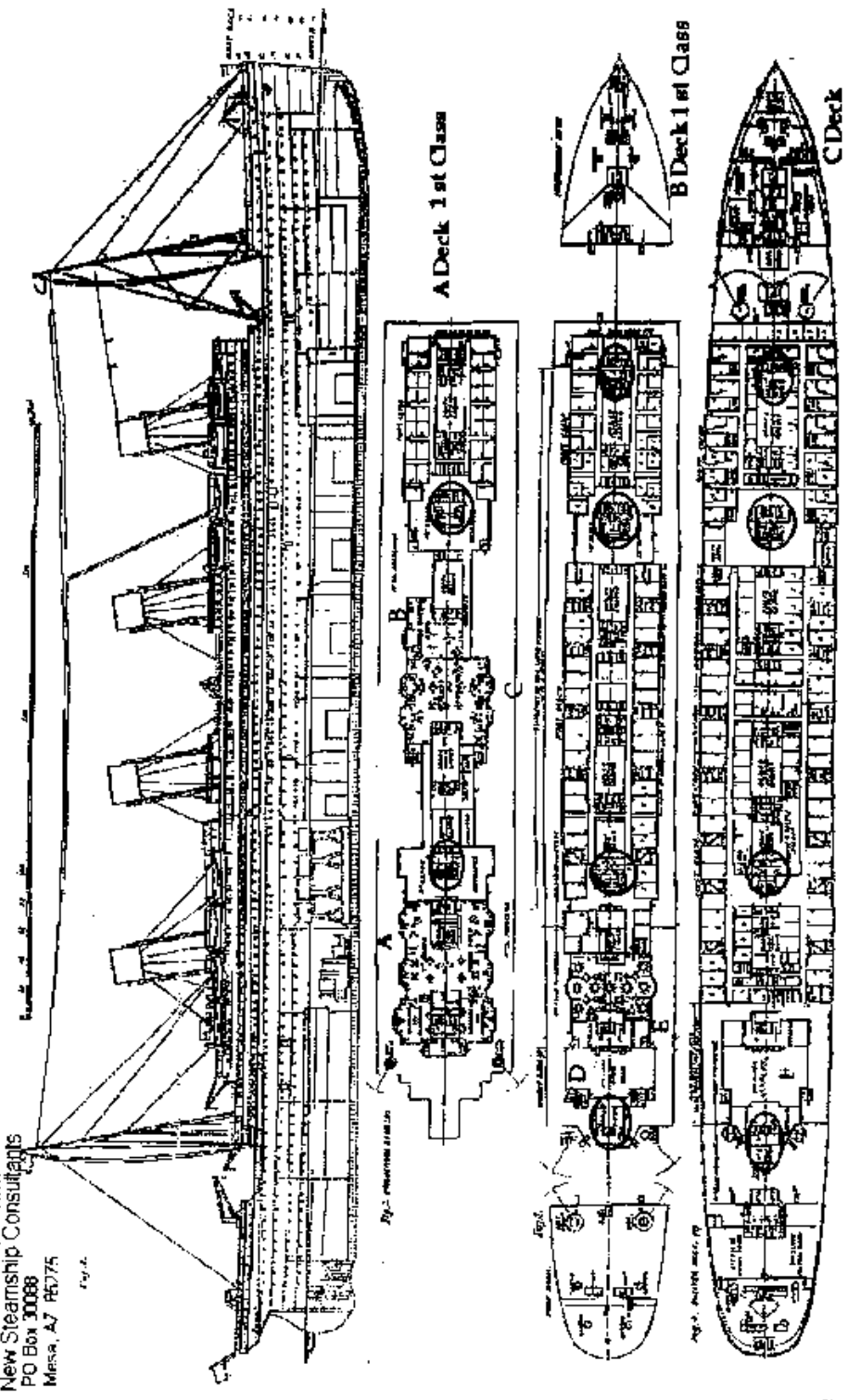
Waldorf Pudding
Peaches in Chartreube Jelly
Chocolate & Vanilla Eclairs
French Ice Cream

*Room # 372
M.R. 50572*

Agony At Sea Map #1

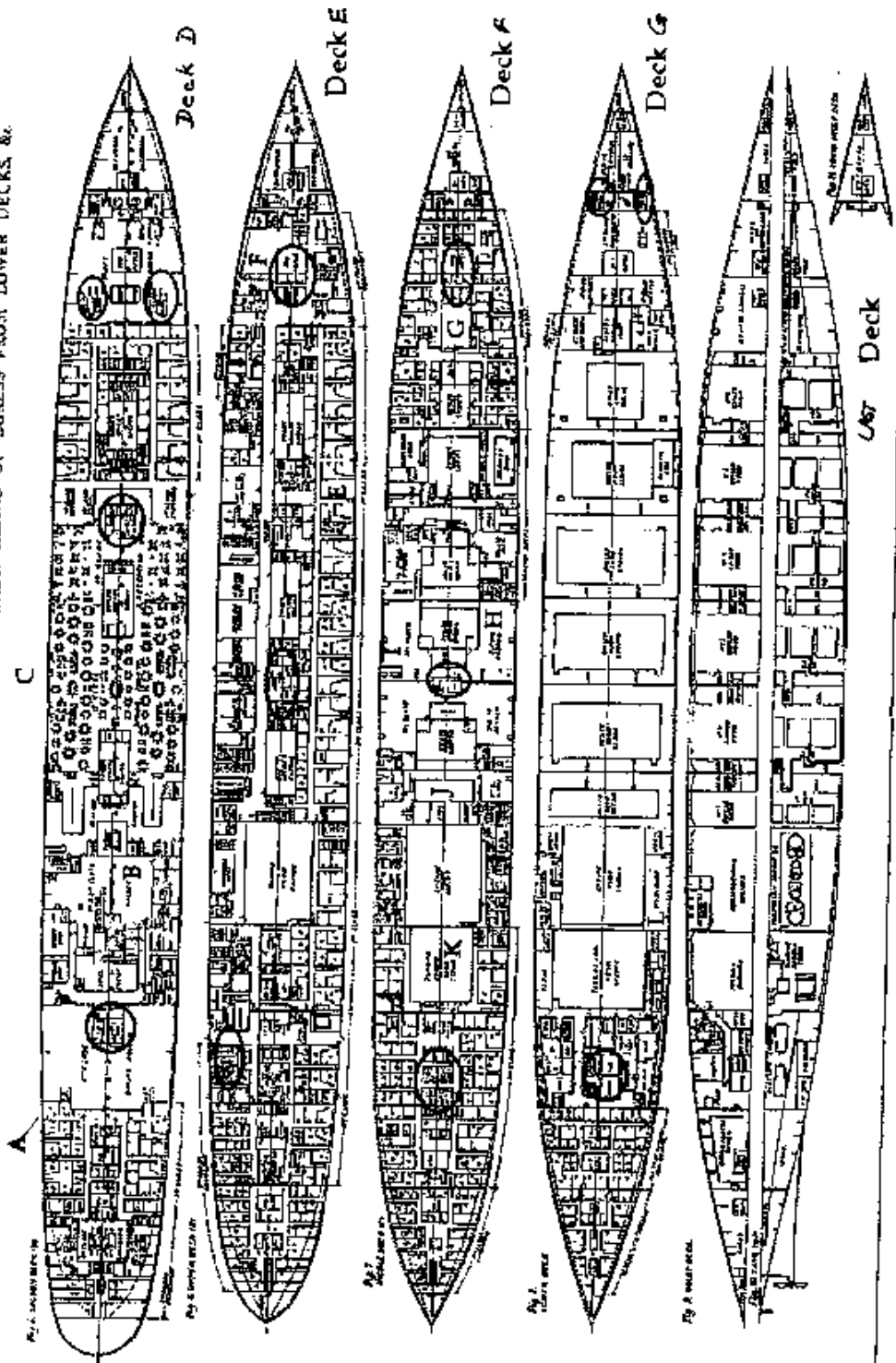


INQUIRY INTO THE LOSS OF THE "TITANIC": LONGITUDINAL SECTION AND PLANS SHOWING BULKHEADS, MEANS OF EGRESS FROM LOWER DECKS & Plans are available from New Steamship Consultants PO Box 30088 Mesa, AZ 85275



- Key A - 1st Class Smoking Lounge
 B - Reading Room
 C - Lounge
 D - 2nd Class Smoking Lounge
 E - Paritisan Cafe
 F - 2nd Class Library
- Circled Areas indicate staircases
- Agony at Sea Map #2**
 May be used by Players and DM

INQUIRY INTO THE LOSS OF THE "TITANIC" PLANS SHOWING BULKHEADS, MEANS OF EGRESS FROM LOWER DECKS, &c.

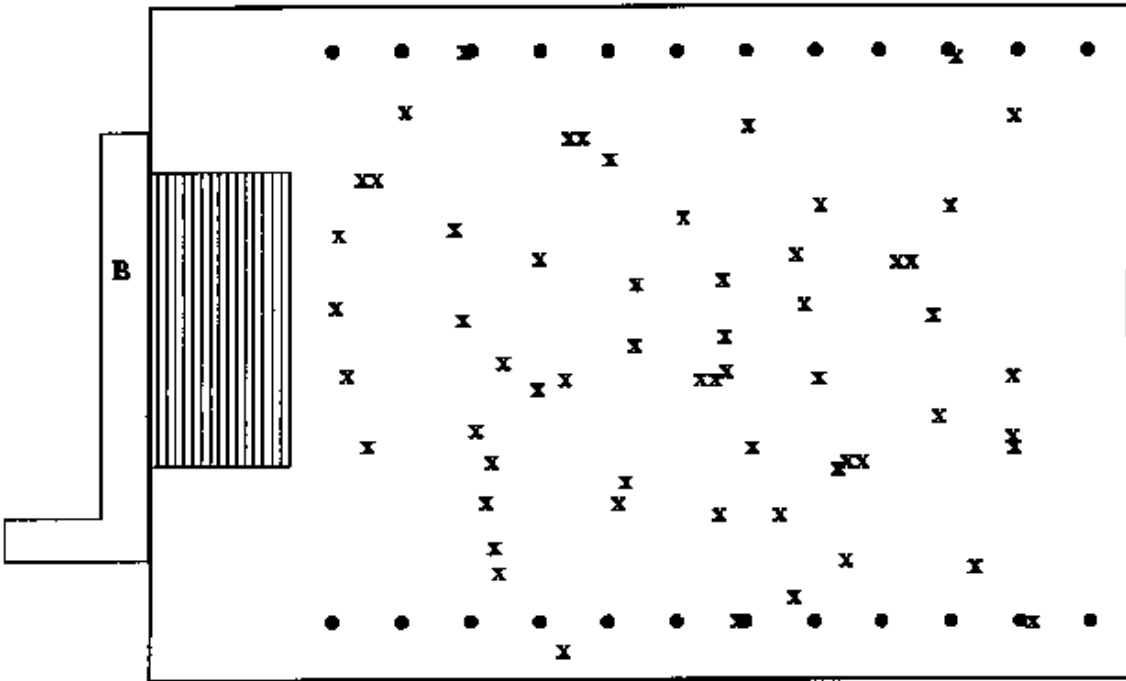


- Agony at Sea Map #3**
- Circled Areas Are Main Staircases
- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| A - Batista's Room | G - 3rd Class Dining Room |
| B - 1st Class Galley | H - Turkish Baths |
| C - 1st Class Dining Room | I - Squash Court |
| D - Pennington's Study | J - Pool |
| E - Pennington's Room | K - Rear Storage |
| F - Forward Barber Shops | L - Coat Storage |

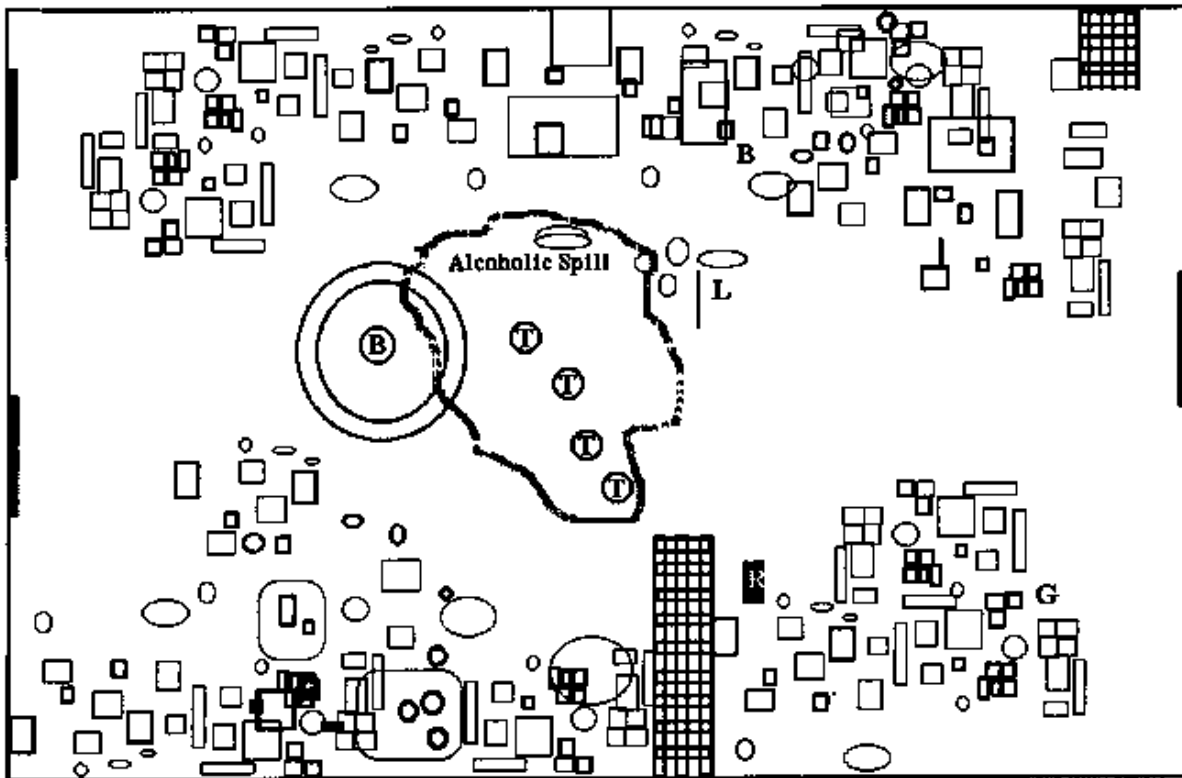
Agony at Sea Encounter #V

B - Batista

X - Hysterical Passengers



Agony at Sea Encounter VI



R- Renault Auto

L- Lasso

B- Bow

G- Guns

Ⓣ Tycho-Tycho

Ⓟ Batista

Prof. Pennington's Notebook found in his Cabin (Encounter #IV)

Second Notes on the Tome Known as the Book of Dyzan Dated 04/14/12

I was again pre-occupied in my study of this puzzling book when Mr. Batista surprised me in the study. He has an uncanny knack for knowing when I am pondering this book. Still, I cannot fault him in his interest. The amount of knowledge he has gathered about these type of works is amazing; I doubt I could have accomplished half of the translation or interpretation of the work had I not had his help.

Today Mr. Batista seemed more than a little anxious to get in with the work. He made some small mention of the little time we had remaining. I failed to comprehend this statement, as we still had another few days at sea, but I later surmised that he met this period as exceedingly short, compared to the amount of time I had already spent on the work. I once again repeated my offer to have him join me at university; his expertise being of utmost value to my work and I being sure the senior staff would not object to seeing to his needs. Rather, I expected them to welcome him with open arms and ask Mr. Batista to join our research staff, at no small income. Still, he refused my offer, politely, if somewhat firmly.

Noted today: Although we had already translated the major portion of a lengthy ritual of some type and were nearing its completion, the learned Mr. Batista insisted on moving onward to a second, more complex sequence of entries. Although uncertain about the sudden change, I yielded to his expertise and we proceeded with the new ritual. It was very exciting indeed to see Mr. Batista take such an interest in the works after the recent lull in his attention. So intense was his concentration, in fact, that we worked all day and well into the night without break. I mentioned this fact at our conclusion of the ritual, and Mr. Batista insisted he be allowed to make arrangements in the first class galley for us to break our fast. Upon his departure, and seeing as, in his haste and concern for our refreshment, he had left with the translation of the second ritual, I undertook to copy it here. Also, as his absence was rather longer than I had expected, I undertook to finish the first ritual. It is with a certain pride that I also add the completed first ritual to this workbook.

Player's Handout #3

Distribute to the players as they make a successful LUCK roll within the storage hold.
Suggestion: Make name tents with envelopes ahead of time, and place these within.

Ester Turner: Amidst the jumble of smashed sporting equipment, you note a high-powered bow.

Jasper Turner: You notice that your family heirloom is identical to the cirlet in the pentagram.

Emet DuBois: A Renault auto is partially buried in the debris and you see that the keys are in it.

Rebecca St. John: Scattered amidst the broken cartons is a pile of equipment, including your rifles.

Michael Christenson: You notice that the Tcho-Tchos are standing on the spilled acholic liquids.

Mrs. Ester Turner, Dilettante

Gender: Female Birthplace: Stanford, England
 Defensive Option Level: 6
 Hair: Long, auburn Eyes: Green Age: 36

Description: You are a very sophisticated, elegant woman with flowing auburn hair and deep green eyes. You carry yourself with a dignity and glaze which others cannot but admire.

Ability	Score	Mod	Saving Throws			Ability	Misc
			Type	Total =	Base	Mod	Mod
Strength	9	-1	Fortitude	+2	+2	+0	
Dexterity	14	+2	Reflex	+7	+5	+2	
Constitution	10	+0	Will	+4	+5	-1	
Intelligence	14	+2	Sanity:	45			
Wisdom	9	-1					
Charisma	13	+1					

Armor	Base	Defense	Dex	Misc.
Class	Base	Bonus	Mod	Mod
15	= 10	+3	+2	

Hit Points: 26

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Melee	Base	+ Str	Ranged	Base	+ Dex
Attack =	Attack	Mod	Attack =	Attack	Mod
	+2	+3		+5	+3

Skill	Total	=	Ranks	+ Ability	+ Misc
				Mod	Mod
Diplomacy (Cha)	+13	=	10	+1	+2
Drive (Dex)	+8	=	6	+2	
Gather Information (Cha)	+5	=	4	-1	+2
Innuendo (Wis)	+2	=	3	-1	
Knowledge (art) (Int)	+10	=	8	+2	
Knowledge (local-London) (Int)	+8	=	6	+2	
Knowledge (Pharmacy) (Int)	+10	=	8	+2	
Listen (Wis)	+6	=	7	-1	
Pilot (Dex)	+3	=	1	+2	
Research (Int)	+10	=	8	+2	
Ride (Dex)	+10	=	8	+2	
Speak French (Int)	+11	=	9	+2	
Spot (Wis) (cc)	+3	=	4	-1	

Languages: English, French

Feats: Dodge, Trustworthy, Wealth (x2)

Equipment:

Stylish & expensive dinner dress, with accompanying jewelry including your family's heirloom necklace

Income : 7100 / year Savings : \$11,000
 Banked : \$50,000 Stocks & Bonds: \$65,000
 Property: House in Manchester, Villa in Southern France, Summer House in New York

Colleges Degrees: Associates Degree of Stanford

Roleplaying Information/Background:

You were born to a very successful family and have spent all your life in absolute luxury. Your family, friends and acquaintances have always been from among the elite of the social world. Early on in life you kept yourself busy by establishing yourself and your family in the right circles. Now you are firmly entrenched in the front rank of European and American society. Your children are comfortable, if not necessarily happy, in pre-arranged marriages with families listed among the top five percent of who's who. Everything that a woman of taste and fashion would want is within your grasp, still you are not happy.

When you achieved all your goals, you found that having was not as entertaining as striving. You want for nothing and, as such, have no goals, challenges or excitement left in your life. To get out of this rut, you have indulged in various activities, hobbies and pastimes, but few have kept your attention for long. This cruise is the latest in a series of trips designed to divert your attention and possibly indulge your jaded mind. It is not working very well. You would give anything, risk everything, do whatever it takes for one real adventure, one lasting memory.

Quote: "Well, well, well... isn't this just all the rage. Whatever shall I do to exceed it? Perhaps nap?"

Jasper: Your husband and about as much the daring adventurer as he is a romantic. That is to say, not at all. His driving business ambition got you all you could want, but you resent the how it fills his life and you envy his fulfillment. Nagging him about it is an interesting divergence. He tries to avoid or loose you, but nothing can separate you, or you may miss something.

Mr. Christenson: Father Michael; yes you know he's a priest. It slipped out one night on the cruise when you found him, drunken and staggering on the deck. Poor soul lost his way and thinks he can find it in a bottle. At least he has a goal and you must make him realize his luck.

Mr. DuBois: Little toad, however did he get on this section of the ship? Stole his ticket or won it in a game of chance, no doubt. His very present is an insult to your senses and his obvious fawning is enough to make you ill. You crush his every word with a cutting remark, or subtle rebuke.

Ms. St. John: Here is the woman you are deep inside. An adventurous, daredevil of a woman who makes a story just by being there. Her looks, style and composure are wanting, and she takes your well meaning advice on clothes, make-up and accessories as insults. You live precariously through her, doing as she does, taking the risks she does, while reatining the class and sophistication which are your signature.

Mr. Cartright: This is the Cartright you've heard about? The Cartrights of Texas? How the good lord must like his little amusements to confer such wealth and position on a nobody from nowhere. Why, the old fool doesn't even wince when you show off your obvious refinement and correct use of wealth and position. A condescending tone only brings about a gap-toothed grin. You dislike him even more, now that your husband has formed a friendship with the man.

Mr. Jasper Turner, Esquire, Company Executive

Gender: Male Birthplace: Yorkshire, England
 Defensive Option Level: 8
 Hair: Black, with little gray Eyes: Blue Age: 45

Property: House in Manchester, Villa in Southern France, Summer House in New York

Colleges Degrees: Business Degree from Oxford, Studied at Stanford

Description: You are a well to do man about town. Black hair with just the right amount of gray to look distinguished. You are confident in yourself and your position, investing in new projects merely as a form of testing yourself. Little cracks that old-world composure.

Ability	Score	Mod	Saving Throws				Ability	Misc
Strength	6	-2	Type	Total =	Base	Mod	Misc	
Dexterity	16	+3	Fortitude	+7	+6	+1		
Constitution	12	+1	Reflex	+5	+2	+3		
Intelligence	17	+3	Will	+7	+6	+1		
Wisdom	12	+1						
Charisma	9	-1	Sanity:	55				
Armor		Defense	Dex	Misc.				
Class	Base	Bonus	Mod	Mod				
	16 =	10	+3	+3				

Hit Points: 42

Initiative: +7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Melee	Base	+ Str	Ranged	Base	+ Dex	
Attack =	Attack	Mod	Attack =	Attack	Mod	
	+2	+4	-2	+7	+4	+3

Skill	Total	=	Ranks	+ Ability Mod	+ Misc Mod
Bluff (Cha)	+12	=	11	-1	+2
Diplomacy (Cha)	+10	=	11	-1	
Drive (Dex)	+9	=	6	+3	
Forgery (Int)	+5	=	2	+3	
Gather Information (Cha)	+7	=	8	-1	
(cc)					
Intimidate (Cha)	+9	=	8	-1	+2
Knowledge (business) (Int)	+14	=	11	+3	
Knowledge (local-London) (Int)	+10	=	7	+3	
Listen (Wis)	+10	=	9	+1	
Research (Int)	+11	=	8	+3	
Sense Motive (Wis)	+15	=	11	+1	+3
Search (Int)	+12	=	9	+3	
Sleight of Hand (Dex)	+7	=	4	+3	
(cc)					
Spot (Wis)	+11	=	10	+1	

Languages: English

Feats: Improved Initiative, Persuasive, Point Blank Shot, Skill Emphasis (Sense Motive)

Equipment:

Very stylish and expensive dinner tuxedo, with accompanying jewelry including a family heirloom, a silver circlet which holds your gold plated Derringer - a conversation piece.

Income : \$77,100 / year Savings: \$11,000
 Banked: \$50,000 Stocks & Bonds: \$65,000

Roleplaying Information/Background:

You were born to a successful business family and, after tending to your education, spent the middle portion of your life in expanding the family's interests. After your business became a world wide conglomerate, you sought to produce some heirs. Finding a suitable woman of the right house was not difficult for a man such as you. An arranged union, a suitable courtship period and a few years of married life led to three very respectable and proper children. The business firmly placed in their capable hands and all married to the most lucrative spouses, you have retired to private life. Still, you keep yourself busy by dabbling in new ventures and enterprises.

Retirement has been impeded only by the constant reminder that you are married. These reminders come in the form of a continuous stream of thinly veiled attacks from the exasperating woman whom you took into your home. Her jaded, over-indulged desires have you whipping from grand trip to outrageous enterprise in an effort to find her contentment. Still, she is your wife and you must keep up appearances. This cruise is the latest in a series of trips to America. You are tired of travel, but she insisted and a public dispute would be scandalous to your family.

Quote: "Really, well, if you insist I shall see to it. Now, shall I get back to my work, or is it necessary to belay the point by further pointless chirping?"

Ester: Your wife is a spoiled woman with a thirst for the new and exciting. Once a quiet, demur socialite with nothing but her family and social position in mind, she has become a glutton for exotic diversions. You have learned to agree with most of her decisions, and have arranged anything she has asked for, as long as you are left alone afterwards.

Mr. Christenson: He seems to be a rather odd, though good-natured fellow. He appears to have had some formal education, but is reluctant to talk about it. His constant refusal to speak more than a few curt words reminds you of the how you answer Esther, and you don't care for it at all.

Mr. DuBois: An obvious attempt by this man to ingratiate himself with his betters. You have little time for his babble and care less for his company. You have made a career of avoiding little schemers like him, and are insulted that you are forced to endure the likes of him aboard ship.

Ms. St. John: What has the world come to? This woman has some need of a good old-fashioned boarding school. She does not know her place, and insists on speaking, acting and carrying on as if she were a man. Worst of all, she expects to be treated as an equal, even in manly affairs such as finance, business and education. Wouldn't she rather be home cooking or tending children?

Mr. Cartright: Old Cartright is from the " New Money " of the colonies. He seems a good fellow, very well mannered, if a bit gruff. He has, for all his lack of education, a cunning business sense and a naturally imposing personality that you had to work for. Best of all, your wife obviously doesn't care for him, and leaves you alone when you are together.

Michael Christenson, Priest

Gender: Male
 Defensive Option
 Hair: Brown

Birthplace: Hartford, Pennsylvania
 Level: 7
 Eyes: Blue Age: 34

Banked: \$500
 Property: none

Stocks & Bonds: nil

Colleges Degrees: St. Mary's, Vatican Seminary

Description: You are a handsome man of good stature; refined and educated, though your constant brooding puts off most conversationalists. Normally well groomed, you have been seen with your brown hair unkempt and your cloths in disarray. Your blood-shot eyes are really blue.

Ability	Score	Mod	Saving Throws				Ability	Misc
			Type	Total =	Base	Mod	Mod	
Strength	13	+1	Fortitude	+8	+5	+3		
Dexterity	13	+1	Reflex	+3	+2	+1		
Constitution	16	+3	Will	+7	+5	+0	+2	
Intelligence	13	+1						
Wisdom	10	+0						
Charisma	14	+2	Sanity:	50				

Armor Class	Base	Defense Bonus	Dex Mod	Misc. Mod
14	= 10	+3	+1	

Hit Points: 51

Initiative: +1 (Dex)

Melee Attack	Base	+ Str	Ranged Attack	Base	+ Dex
+4	+3	+1	+4	+3	+1

Skill	Total	=	Ranks	+ Ability Mod	+ Misc Mod
Bluff (Cha)	+7	=	3	+2	+2
Concentration (Con)	+12	=	9	+3	
Diplomacy (Cha)	+13	=	9	+2	+2
Gather Information (Cha)	+4	=	0	+2	+2
Intimidate (Cha)	+4	=	0	+2	+2
Knowledge (religion) (Int)	+11	=	10	+1	
Knowledge (local-Hartford) (Int)	+7	=	6	+1	
Knowledge (Occult) (Int)	+9	=	8	+1	
Listen (Wis)	+10	=	8	+0	+2
Performance (Oratory) (Cha)	+12	=	10	+2	
Research (Int)	+7	=	6	+1	
Sense Motive (Wis)	+8	=	8	+0	
Speak Latin (Int)	+8	=	7	+1	
Spot (Wis)	+4	=	2	+0	+2

Languages: English, Latin

Feats: Alertness, Iron Will, Persuasive, Trustworthy

Equipment:

Dark, demur, out of style suit of expensive cut. A whisky flask in the right breast pocket. A silver crucifix and rosary beads around your neck. A dog-eared bible, your first, in your left jacket pocket; a letter to your family, which you never had the strength to mail, folded in it.

Income: \$1,100 / year

Savings: \$110

Roleplaying Information/Background:

You are from a well to-do, though not wealthy, Philadelphia family. Since you were a child the family has taken great pains to bolster your education in whatever way possible. No sacrifice was too great for them, so long as the eldest boy became the pride of the Christensons. After your tenure at St. Mary's, you were carted off to the seminary and, later, to study at the Vatican school in Rome. You were to return as a Cardinal, Bishop or, at least, a Monseigneur.

Well, now you're on your way back, but not as they or you planned. Looking back, you realize it was almost inevitable. Since your early teens, when the strict, disciplined life of a future-priest was drilled into your head every waking moment, you had needed an escape. When family, friends and co-workers refused to see you other than as a man of the church, you sought a friend that would accept you as you really were. A bottle was there waiting. It was your friend when no one else would listen or understand, your confessor when you spoke what no one could hear, and your freedom, when the shackles of a stifling life-style were too much for a young boy. The bottle was always there and your faith, already tested beyond endurance, went into the bottle.

The Vatican had been gentle, but firm, just, but unrelenting. You were given a week to pack and clean up your affairs. As a last favor, they left it up to you to explain. It would have been better if they did it themselves, for you don't have the strength. As the ship draws closer to your homeland, the bottle has gotten a firm hold on you. Lately, a flask is with you at all times.

Quote: "Sick? No, I don't suffer from a physical ailment. And this flask, it doesn't cure anything."

Mrs. Turner: Condescending rich sob. This woman actually believes that you are lucky to have fallen from grace, for it gives you a goal - something to reach for. It would be laughable if not so sad. As a last act of pity, you are trying to instill in her a desire to aid others, a task with many challenges and no end in sight.

Mr. Turner: This man desperately needs some one to talk to. He is always at odds with his wife, but chooses to give in quietly, in return for peace and quiet. You resent his having given up on her so easily and return his few attempts at conversation with short, curt answers.

Mr. DuBois: Poor fellow is attempting to move up in life in the only way he knows how. You're not blind of course, you know he is a schemer and conniver, but a harmless one. You pity the man for his poor station in life, while the blue -blood in you despises his presence.

Ms. St. John: This woman is more worthy of praise than you can bring yourself to say. She had the strength to go against all modern conventions, stand up to her family and choose her destiny. If you had such strength, you would have been a master musician, instead of a failed priest.

Mr. Cartright: A crusty Texan from the old school. He reminds you of your father, though you feel you can talk to him. He seems to know your need and is acting the part you expect. He is too polite to open up the subject first, and you are too weak.

Emet DuBois, Social Climber

Gender: Male Birthplace: Bourdeux, France
 Defensive Option Level: 6
 Hair: Black Eyes: Brown Age: 32

Colleges Degrees: De La Wamba University

Description: You are a medium-sized, un-imposing man of little distinction and less position. Your oiled black hair, thin moustache and small eyes have the look of a cunning man, not to be trifled with. That's what you believe, though others have referred to you as a weasel.

Ability	Score	Mod	Saving Throws				Ability	Misc
			Type	Total =	Base	Mod	Mod	
Strength	12	+1	Fortitude	+3	+2	+1		
Dexterity	11	+0	Reflex	+5	+5	+0		
Constitution	12	+1	Will	+6	+5	-1	+2	
Intelligence	14	+2						
Wisdom	9	-1						
Charisma	12	+1	Sanity:	45				

Armor	Defense	Dex	Misc.
Class	Base	Bonus	Mod
13	= 10	+3	+0

Hit Points: 31

Initiative: +0

Melee	Base	+ Str	Ranged	Base	+ Dex
Attack =	Attack	Mod	Attack =	Attack	Mod
	+4	+3	+3	+3	+0

Skill	Total	=	Ranks	+ Ability Mod	+ Misc Mod
Appraise (Int)	+10	=	8	+2	
Balance (Dex)	+7	=	7	+0	
Bluff (Cha)	+10	=	9	+1	
Diplomacy (Cha)	+9	=	8	+1	
Drive (Dex)	+3	=	3	+0	
Gather Information (Cha)	+8	=	4	+1	+3
Hide (Dex) (cc)	+2	=	0	+0	+2
Knowledge (art) (Int)	+8	=	6	+2	
Knowledge (local-London) (Int)	+8	=	6	+2	
Move Silently (Dex) (cc)	+4	=	2	+0	+2
Pilot (Dex)	+3	=	3	+0	
Ride (Dex)	+6	=	6	+0	
Search (Int)	+12	=	8	+2	+2
Sense Motive (Wis) (cc)	+4	=	3	-1	+2
Speak English (Int)	+8	=	6	+2	
Spot (Wis) (cc)	+2	=	3	-1	

Languages: French, English

Feats: Iron Will, Sharp-eyed, Skill Emphasis (Gather Information), Stealthy

Equipment:

Dark suit- cheap imitation of a famous Italian tailor. Sport cap, red oak cane and large travel attache. Case contains your knife, false stock certificates and business cards.

Income: \$2,100 / year Savings: \$200
 Banked: \$50 Stocks & Bonds: nil
 Property: nil

Roleplaying Information/Background:

You are from a poor Bourdeux family. Born to the lower class, you were never satisfied with your station. Early on in life you took up with the " wrong sort " and made a name for yourself. That it was weasel, toad or crony made no difference to you. You continued your studies as best you could, dealt with the underworld and rose in the eyes of your contemporaries. After a time, you gathered enough resources and capitol to venture into a more imposing world.

At first it was difficult, but gradually you were accepted into the ranks of the middle class. Your investments and small enterprise were moderately successful, but you used every opportunity to ingratiate yourself into the community. Never taking sides, you worked both ends against the middle. Still, you were never completely accepted; every misstep brought a reminder of where you came from and to where you could end up. After a time you realized that only those born to it could remain stationary. Your only hope was to continue an upward trek. The upper class, however, were a tougher nut to crack.

The middle class earned their place, the upper class were born to it. This one fact, simple and straightforward is the source of your failure. No matter how you present yourself, no matter how successful or worthy your enterprise, no one of the inner circle would see you as more than a useful subservient. Normally you could handle this and turn it to your advantage. But these stuffed shirts have had years to develop their armor and you are just starting your assault. As you need it to be accepted as an equal, just once, and gain their trust and your are in. However, the wealthy are not as impressed with success as they are with grace, style, fashion, taste and etiquette, most of which are just so many words to you.

Quote: "The Times, is it sir? Yes, sir, right away, sir! Here you are. No, not a steward sir, just a traveler like yourself. Name's Emet DuB... well, ah..... good day to you too.....sir."

Mrs. Turner: Talk about your upper crust, this woman is the upper icing. She walks about as if you are lucky to breath the same air she does. Still, a good word could do no harm.

Mr. Turner: Not as bad as his wife, but even he barely tolerates you. Too polite to tell you off, he has developed a the useful ability to avoid, divert and ignore your presence.

Mr. Christenson: Michael, a traveler like yourself and, from what you can tell, at or near your station. What's his secret? Accepted, and him a drunk - you must know how.

Ms. St. John: A kindred spirit, at least you think so. Born into the elite, she has ostracized herself by her choice of vocation. She may be a stepping stone. You appeal to her need for a confidant and sympathize with her need for acceptance. When she steps up, so may you.

Mr. Cartright: Watch out, the sheriff is in town. This American " cowboy " millionaire is the worst thing you could think of; like you, a man from the streets, but he walked into money. He is of the elite - money like his cannot be ignored - but he sees right through you. You join in with the jeers others make about him, but only until they notice you, then you join his side.

Rebecca St. John, Adventurer

Gender: Female Birthplace: Fargo, North Dakota
 Offensive Option Level: 9
 Hair: Light blond Eyes: Dark brown Age: 28

Description: Tall, with light blond hair, tanned skin and dark brown eyes, you are a very imposing woman for your time. Few have said it to your face, but you are more broad shouldered and heavily muscled than most men.

Ability	Score	Mod	Saving Throws				Ability	Misc
			Type	Total =	Base	Mod	Mod	
Strength	14	+2	Fortitude	+4	+3	+1		
Dexterity	16	+3	Reflex	+6	+6	+0		
Constitution	15	+2	Will	+4	+3	-1	+2	
Intelligence	14	+2						
Wisdom	15	+2						
Charisma	16	+3	Sanity:	75				

Armor Class	Base	Defense Bonus	Dex Mod	Misc. Mod
14	=	10	+1	+3

Hit Points: 58

Melee Attack	Base	+ Str Mod	Ranged Attack	Base	+ Dex Mod
+9/+4		+7/+2	+10	+7	+3

Skill	Total	=	Ranks	+ Ability Mod	+ Misc Mod
Animal Empathy (Cha) (cc)	+5	=	2	+3	
Climb (Str)	+10	=	8	+2	
Craft (cooking) (Int)	+7	=	5	+2	
Hide (Dex)	+8	=	5	+3	
Jump (Str)	+12	=	8	+2	+2
Listen (Wis)	+12	=	10	+2	
Move Silently (Dex)	+13	=	10	+3	
Repair (Int) (cc)	+4	=	2	+2	
Research (Int)	+10	=	8	+2	
Search (Int)	+12	=	10	+2	
Spot (Wis)	+12	=	10	+2	
Swim (Str)	+10	=	8	+2	
Tumble (Dex) (cc)	+11	=	6	+3	+2
Use Rope (Dex)	+11	=	8	+3	
Wilderness Lore (Wis)	+12	=	10	+2	

Languages: English

Feats: Acrobatic, Dodge, Point Blank Shot, Track, Weapon Focus (pistol)

Equipment:

Expensive, stylish, yet very outdoorsy clothing. Long riding coat. English hiking boots and West African jewelry. Riding crop under left arm and, occasionally, reading glasses.

Income: \$7,100/year Savings: \$1,000
 Banked: \$5,000 Stocks & Bonds: nil
 Property: Apartment in New York City, Lodge in Colorado, Cabin in Kenya

Colleges Degrees: Berkeley - Social Science Degree

Roleplaying Information/Background:

The St. Johns are a normal farming family from North Dakota. A normal family that owns several thousand acres. From early childhood you found yourself working with your brothers around the farm. Not something a young lady normally did, but no one seemed to mind. Besides, neither you nor your brother did the really hard or dirty work. Then, suddenly, everything changed.

As you entered your teens, free time to work the land was replaced by various courses and studies including modern dance, art, history, cooking and other domestic and boring skills. Your mother took the time to explain that, while a child was expected to play in the dirt, a young lady need to learn how to run a household. Especially if she was to marry and raise her own family. It was only years later that you realized that this "if" was a definite and your marriage had been arranged. You never took to the new life well and protested it with all your strength.

Every argument or protest was rewarded with a further limit on your freedom. Finally, when an opportunity presented itself, you left home with a distant cousin, destined to make a name for yourself. Three years later, on the Congo, a letter arrived informing you that you had been disinherited.

Life as an adventurer has not been easy, especially for a woman. Still you have fought through the prejudice of dozens of countries and have made a reputation in the fields of hunting, tracking, animal lore and survival.

Quote: "Yes, a woman. Why? Because it needs doing right. Why not before? Because we didn't think of it and couldn't be bothered if we had."

Mrs. Turner: A thoroughly wretched woman with too much time and money and too little imagination. She wants to experience life and adventure, while wallowing in the lavish lifestyle her husband has provided for her. What worthwhile thing has she ever accomplished on her own.

Mr. Turner: A proper gentleman. Direct, hard-working and ambitious, he has provided for his family in the only way he knows how. His accomplishments are note-worthy, but dull in the extreme. Putting up with his wife is worthy of praise, but the boorish, old-fashioned opinions he holds about you are beneath notice.

Mr. Christenson: This man is suffering from a loss of self. You have seen the like of him before; men loosing their edge, mistrusting their abilities and second guessing their instincts. Many recover, too many do not. From the way he hits that bottle, only a miracle can save him.

Mr. DuBois: You never cared for obnoxious ladder climbers, still this little weasel of a man seems to grow on you. His social status hurts him as much as your profession does you.

Mr. Cartright: Texas millionaire who is the only one to accept you as you are. He is not as condescending as the others, and his good-natured ribbing is welcome in light of the behavior of the others. He is not as thick as his accent, but as sharp as his stare.

Benjamin "Boxcar" Cartwright, Oil Baron

Gender: Male
 Offensive Option
 Hair: Brown

Birthplace: San Antonio, Texas
 Level: 11
 Eyes: Brown Age: 51

Description: By all standards you are a big man, conforming to the stereotypical American cowboy. You walk with a slight gant, from a youth spent in the saddle and speak in slow, measured stanzas. Your brown hair is receding and you keep it under a wide-brim hat.

Ability	Score	Mod	Saving Throws				Ability	Misc
Strength	14	+2	Type	Total =	Base	Mod	Mod	
Dexterity	18	+4	Fortitude	+8	+7	+1		
Constitution	13	+1	Reflex	+7	+3	+4		
Intelligence	17	+3	Will	+5	+3	+2		
Wisdom	15	+2						
Charisma	11	+0	Sanity:	75				
Armor			Defense	Dex	Misc.			
Class	Base		Bonus	Mod	Mod			
	16 =	10	+2	+4				

Hit Points: 52

Melee	Base	+ Str	Ranged	Base	+ Dex
Attack =	Attack	Mod	Attack =	Attack	Mod
	+11/+6	+9/+4		+14/+9	+9/+4

Skill	Total	=	Ranks	+ Ability	+ Misc
Appraise (Int)	+15	=	12	+3	
Bluff (Cha)	+10	=	10	+0	
Ride (Dex)	+18	=	14	+4	
Diplomacy (Cha)	+14	=	14	+0	
Climb (Str)	+12	=	10	+2	
Intimidate (Cha)	+12	=	12	+0	
Knowledge (oil business) (Int)	+17	=	14	+3	
Knowledge (Occult) (Int)	+13	=	10	+3	
Listen (Wis)	+14	=	12	+2	
Operate Heavy Machinery (Dex)	+14	=	10	+4	
Pilot (Dex) (cc)	+10	=	6	+4	
Sense Motive (Wis)	+16	=	14	+2	
Spot (Wis)	+12	=	10	+2	

Languages: English

Feats: Endurance, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Rapid Shot, Weapon Focus (pistol)

Equipment:

Expensive, stylish, and modern clothing. Long overcoat and riding boots with silver spurs. Whisky flask, Cuban cigar case (3), ivory platted lighter and Indian fetish bracelet.

Income: \$105,000 / year Savings: \$90,000
 Banked: \$500,000 Stocks & Bonds: \$1,650,000
 Property: Castle in Scotland, Keep in Austria, Mansion in Houston

Degrees: Never finished High School

Roleplaying Information/Background:

You were born on a horse, at least that's what your mother always told you. She raised you by herself when your father died and you have never been able to do enough to thank her. At the age of fourteen you left school and went to work at newly opened refinery. Several years later you were part owner of your own drilling rig. A couple of years after that you made some wise investments and ended up owning the company you first started working for. By the time you were thirty, you had made your first million and purchased your mother a proper house. She was very surprised, after all, she thought you were attending school all those years.

Once you entered the world of the rich and famous, you learned one thing right off; never trust the "blue-blooded" elite. Those folk who were born into wealth were rarely worth a damn. They walk around as if the world owns them a living, and turn their noses at those who actually labored for what they had. At first you hid your dislike behind the polite upbringing of a true Texas gentleman. The jabs and subtle insults you endured without resorting to their level would have made your mother proud. After a while, they realized that behind that grinning facade was a shrewd, cunning man who was laughing at them. The better folk turned heel and welcomed you to the inner circle, the petty avoided you, but a select few joined in the laughter. These were worthy of your friendship.

Quote: "Well, back where I come from there's a saying. 'If you can't say something nice, say it with a smile.' People hate it when you just smile at them, its polite, but unnerving."

Mrs. Turner: A woman who belongs at the pinnacle of Blue-Blooded snobs. She seems to be offended that you are not up to her standards, then openly insults you and has the nerve to become upset when you do not stoop to her level.

Mr. Turner: This man you can count among your friends. He is a polite, highly educated businessman with a sense of propriety. He is also cunning, intimidating and has one of the best poker faces you have ever seen. He has worked for what he has and takes nothing for granted. but best of all, his wife hates you and your friendship infuriates her.

Mr. Christenson: A boy who went in over his head and is now drowning in his failure. He is a man of the cloth, or was - you've seen enough ministers to know one when he speaks. If you had a son, he may have ended up like him, pressed to hard by his dad. When the time is right, he'll open up, until then you need to control his need for the bottle.

Mr. DuBois: Frenchy is too obvious in his attempts to get to know you and the other wealthy passengers. His like is never one you cared for. He is a fence-sitter, never taking sides until the winner is chosen and riding others' coat-tails to the top.

Ms. St John: A woman with a solid head on her shoulders. She set out to do a thing which others disapproved of and, damned if she didn't do it. The adventurous lass would have made a fitting wife thirty years ago, now she is the daughter you never had.