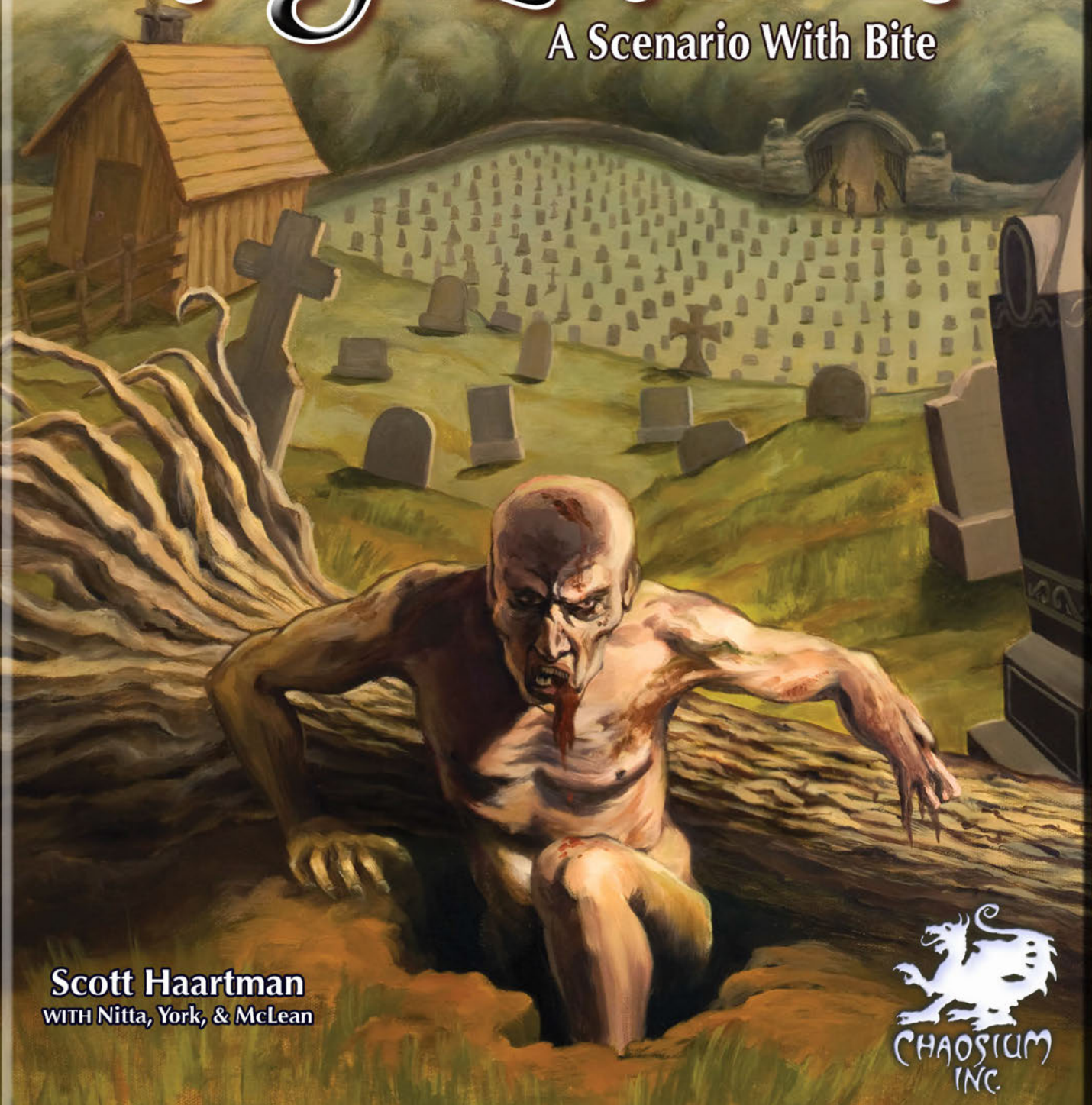


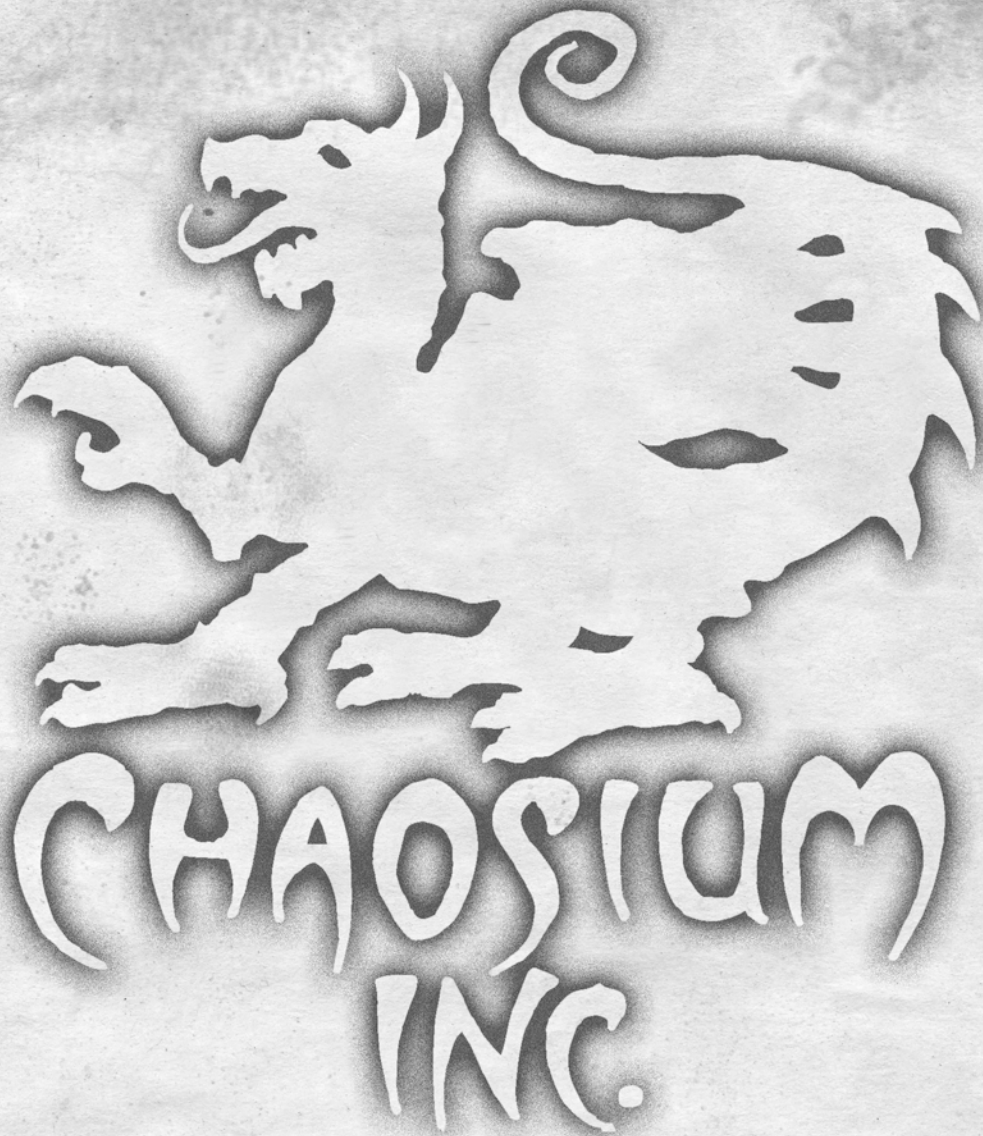
# CANIS MYSTERIUM

A Scenario With Bite



**Scott Haartman**  
WITH Nitta, York, & McLean





**We hope you enjoy  
this Chaosium publication,  
and thank you for purchasing this  
PDF from [www.chaosium.com](http://www.chaosium.com).**

# CANIS MYSTERIUM

A Scenario With Bite

By Scott Haartman

Edited by Meghan McLean

Cover Art by Colin Nitta

Interior Art by Eric York





# Foreword

To all intrepid adventurers: welcome. *Canis Mysterium* is an adventure scenario for the *Call of Cthulhu*<sup>™</sup> roleplaying system designed to be played in one or more gaming sessions. This scenario is suitable as an introduction to a new campaign or can easily be worked into an established storyline. As written, this adventure is set in and near Arkham of October of 1930, making Chaosium's *The Compact Arkham Unveiled* supplement particularly helpful.

In *The Werewolf of Coldwater Falls*, the investigators are called upon to research the strange psychology behind a man exhibiting canine behaviors, discovered with the shinbone of a missing girl dangling from his maw.

In *Addendum: After Coldwater Falls*, several scenario seeds are offered to keepers who wish to expand and continue the events in this gaming adventure, perhaps giving birth to a brand new campaign or providing handy subplot sessions to pre-existing campaigns.

It is recommended that if new characters are being created for this scenario they have Arkham, Massachusetts as home; and ties to Miskatonic University (particularly the Psychology department) are encouraged. However, keepers should feel free to take liberties when drawing their players into the events of these adventures.

Sincere thanks are offered to Mr. John Dalton, Mr. Glenn Klapperich, and Mr. Greg Lanier whose play at BradCon 2011 inspired the original short adventure from which these scenarios were drawn. Gentlemen, I am indebted.

—*Scott Haartman*



*Canis Mysterium* is published by Chaosium Inc.  
*Canis Mysterium* is copyright © 2013 by Chaosium Inc.; all rights reserved.  
*Call of Cthulhu* is the registered trademark of Chaosium Inc.  
Similarities between characters in *Canis Mysterium* and persons living or dead are strictly coincidental.

Except in this publication and related advertising or unless otherwise agreed to, artwork original to *Canis Mysterium* remains the property of the individual artist, and is copyright under that artist under his or her separate copyright.

This Chaosium Inc. product contains no Open Game Content.  
No portion of this work may be reproduced in any form without written permission.

For more information on Chaosium publications, please visit [www.chaosium.com](http://www.chaosium.com)

Please do not phone in game questions; the quickest answer may not be the best answer. Our website always contains the latest release information and current prices. You can join our emailing list on the Chaosium website.

Chaosium publication 23124.  
ISBN-10 1568823843  
ISBN-13 9781568823843

Follow us on Twitter @Ab\_Chaosium  
The Twitter logo is the property of Twitter.

Published in May 2013



## Table of Contents

Background . . . . .	5
Entry Points to the Scenario . . . . .	9
Coldwater Falls . . . . .	10
The Blue Diner . . . . .	15
Lockhart Boarding house . . . . .	16
Dupree's Workshop . . . . .	18
Trouble at the Jail . . . . .	19
The Miller Farmstead . . . . .	21
St. Agnes Church . . . . .	22
The Cemetery . . . . .	23
Aftermath . . . . .	27

# The Werewolf Of Coldwater Falls

## Background

The events of this adventure are driven by the story of Tobias Lurtz, an orphan left on the doorstep of the Lurtz family farmhouse just outside of the small town of Coldwater Falls, Massachusetts. He was discovered by the Lurtz family with a note from his mother, claiming to be a distant cousin, offering a cryptic apology and suggesting the infant would be better off with relatives than “a woman like me who done what I done.” His mother was never heard from again.

The Lurtz family kept Tobias, but his childhood was anything but happy or carefree. Tobias grew to be a large and unattractive child. He received many disdainful looks about town and was often called a bastard to his face. The Lurtz’s also proved to be a particularly cruel adoptive family. They worked young Tobias very hard on the farm and the “outsider” was often teased and bullied by his cousins. Any wrongdoings, real or imagined, were met with severe and frequent beatings, until young Tobias became a withdrawn, sullen, resentful young man who harbored no love for anyone. In 1911 a mysterious fire broke out at the Lurtz farmhouse; Tobias was the only survivor. When the constable interviewed him about what had happened, the thirteen-year-old simply raised one eyebrow and shrugged.

With nowhere to go, Tobias was taken in by Father Leclair of Coldwater Falls’ St. Agnes church. The priest was tough but fair with his new ward, but Tobias remained a child full of disdain and mistrust. Father Leclair taught Tobias his numbers and letters, finding the young man quite intelligent and motivated when not under the leering eyes of classmates at school. Tobias proved particularly ad-

ept with languages and his lessons progressed from English to the priest’s native French and even Latin.

In spite of his achievements under the priest’s tutelage, Tobias’ teenage years were peppered with numerous run-ins with the law: fighting, breaking into homes, stealing money and sacramental wine from the church – and each time Father Leclair intervened before the consequences became too severe.

In 1917 the U.S. entered the Great War, and Father Leclair was supportive when 19-year-



Tobias, Lone Survivor of the Fire

old Tobias wanted to enlist. The priest hoped a taste of military life would bring a sense of discipline and honor to the troubled young man. Tobias' language skills were put to good use in France until he was dishonorably discharged for fraternizing with the enemy and trading stolen goods on the black market. After two years in federal prison, Tobias returned in shame to Coldwater Falls.

The townsfolk were openly hostile towards Tobias, adding "thief" and "traitor" to the litany of regular barbs and curses flung at him throughout his childhood. Father Leclair thought it best to ease tensions by putting some distance between Tobias and the angry citizens of Coldwater Falls, arranging for him to learn a trade from a carpenter friend in nearby Clark's Corners.

Father Leclair remained hopeful for Tobias the next few years as the young man appeared to thrive in his new occupation. He wrote of preferring brick laying to carpentry, of enjoying being out-of-doors in the fresh air and sunshine, being given a project and then left alone with his thoughts while he worked. But eventually trouble found Tobias again and he was dismissed from his job when his advances on a client's teenaged daughter were rebuffed. Tobias then crushed the girl's pet kitten between two bricks and left it on her doorstep for her to find.

Father Leclair was dismayed but not entirely surprised to learn of the incident. When Tobias returned to Coldwater Falls, there was something in his demeanor, something cold and soulless, without remorse or empathy for what he had done (and what he was capable of) that chilled the priest to his core. This time there was more than compassion or pity for this troubled young man



Father Leclair



Tobias Lurtz



Ghoul

when the priest offered him a job as caretaker of the church's cemetery, which lay on the outskirts of town at the edge of the ancient woods; it was fear and a desire to be as far away from this troubled child who had grown into a deeply disturbed man. Tobias accepted the job and took up residence in the small shack in the rear of the graveyard, removed from the judging eyes of the townsfolk.

The next few years passed quietly for Tobias. Often, many long days would pass before he saw another living soul, be it a group of funeral attendees or a lone mourner come to tend to a departed loved one's grave. Father Leclair would occasionally come to bring him food or work supplies, or deliver news of an upcoming service, but the priest's social visits became shorter and fewer each year. Tobias didn't mind. Shortly after taking up residence on the cemetery's grounds he purchased three wolf-hybrid pups from a country farmer who bred them. He kept them hungry and raised them harshly so they'd grow into large, vicious beasts who helped insure his privacy. He planted a small crop of corn on the side of his shack each year, telling the Father it helped supplement his meager diet, but in reality he was cooking up moonshine in a still he'd cleverly concealed in a hidden chamber he'd excavated under his home.

The one person Tobias was social with was Harlan Dupree, a once-successful sculptor who turned to drink when his wife passed away, forcing him to eke out a living carving headstones in isolation to survive. Tobias and Harlan would occasionally cross paths during funeral preparations and their mutual hatred for the judgmental glares of Coldwater Falls townsfolk and love of home-



## Scenario Timeline

- **1898:** The infant Tobias is abandoned by his mother and adopted by the Lurtz family.
- **1911:** Thirteen-year-old Tobias is the only survivor of the Lurtz farmhouse fire. He is taken in by Father Leclair of St. Agnes church.
- **1917:** Tobias enlists in the US Army and goes to war at age 19.
- **1918:** Harlan Dupree's wife passes. Dupree falls into a depression and turns to drink. Eight-year-old Clementine goes to live with her aunt.
- **1919:** Tobias is dishonorably discharged for misappropriating US Army property. He is also suspected of a number of violent acts associated with black market dealings, but these are never proven. He serves two years in federal prison.
- **1921:** Father Leclair arranges for 23 year-old Tobias to learn the building trade.
- **1922:** Tobias is dismissed from his job for making sexual advances on a client's teenaged daughter and murdering her pet kitten when rebuked. Father Leclair arranges for Tobias to become caretaker at the Coldwater Falls cemetery
- **April, 1930:** Tobias rescues the ghoul from under a fallen tree in his cemetery. Over the next five months, Tobias learns Ghoul-speak and other blasphemous knowledge from his new friend, rendering him completely insane. The two plan to raise an undead army to exact Tobias' revenge on Coldwater Falls and reunite the ghoul with his pack.
- **August, 1930:** Tobias enlists the aid of Harlan Dupree, giving him gold and moonshine in exchange for carving magical symbols on the headstones in the Coldwater Falls cemetery. Tobias does not share his plan with Dupree but swears the drunkard to secrecy.
- **Tuesday, October 7, 1930:** Dupree discovers his wife's ring in the payment Tobias gave him. Overcome with grief, Dupree goes to his estranged daughter, Clementine, who turns him away. Dupree leaves the ring with his daughter. He confronts Tobias, but the sight of the ghoul shatters his fragile mind and he adopts the behaviors and mannerisms of a hideous wolf-creature. That evening Dupree attacks young Bethany Miller under a full moon.
- **Wednesday, October 8 1930:** Dupree is spotted by a shopkeeper gnawing on Bethany's shinbone. Dupree is captured. Miskatonic is contacted.
- **Thursday, October 9 1930:** Play begins as Miskatonic administrators ask the investigators to look into the "Werewolf of Coldwater Falls"

brewed corn whiskey made them amicable, if tentative, companions.

The years passed until a fateful day seven months ago, when a spring storm raged across the New England countryside. A tall, old elm was uprooted from the soft, wet cemetery earth and collapsed part of the fieldstone fence running around the perimeter of the grounds. Tobias never enjoyed working in that particular back corner, so close to the ancient, dark wood that encroached the fence. There were nights he heard strange noises from the trees — the padding of wide, flat feet or sometimes the clack of hooves on stone; high throaty voices that spoke words he couldn't understand. Tobi-

as often blamed the sounds on his moonshine or the nightmares he'd had as long as he could remember, but he still avoided that particular corner of the grounds whenever he could. That day he took his axe intending to chop up the felled elm only to discover the roots had been ripped up exposing a crude tunnel, and a creature pinned under the trunk. It was roughly the size of a man but clearly not human. Naked, dog-faced, and injured by the tree, the ghoul lay injured, snarling, abandoned by his pack, left for dead. In spite of the shock to his mind to see such an inhuman, unnatural thing, Tobias felt unexplained kindred with the ugly, lonely thing, and he helped free the blasphemous creature.

## Residents Of Coldwater Falls

Harlan Dupree (55) - Drunkard, sculptor, stonemason, “werewolf”

Tobias Lurtz (32) - Cemetery caretaker, vengeful madman

Constable Archibald Clark (47) - Lawman

Deputy Amos Pitts (26) - Obliging Right-Hand Man

Phil Kretz (33) - Hardware store owner, first to sight Dupree

Eddie Wickman (28) - Owner and operator of the Blue Duck Diner

Bethany Miller (8) - Dupree’s victim

Jacob (34) and Hannah (28) Miller - Bethany’s grieving parents

Clementine Dupree (20) - Harlan Dupree’s estranged daughter

Esmeralda Lockhart (46) - Boarding house owner, Clementine’s maternal aunt

John Smith (42) - Traveling encyclopedia salesman staying at the Lockhart boarding house

Father Henri Leclair (53) - Catholic priest; Tobias’ mentor

Margaret O’Connel (62) – Gossip-prone Church Lady

a plan which would reunite the wounded ghoul with his pack and simultaneously grant Tobias power and revenge on those who had done him wrong throughout his tortured life.

The ghoul’s plan was to invoke arcane energies and animate the corpses in Tobias’ graveyard. The necromantic ritual was sure to draw the attention of the ghoul’s packmates and provide Tobias with an army of the undead, who would exact his revenge on sleepy Coldwater Falls. The ritual required magical symbols to be carved on the headstones which would focus and direct the spell into the corpses below. Tobias enlisted the aid of the sculptor Harlan Dupree, offering to pay him a sackful of gold and silver trinkets in exchange for carving the arcane runes. Dupree didn’t ask how the caretaker had come by so many treasures, especially when he was promised a steady supply of moonshine to augment his payment.

The weeks passed as Dupree worked on more and more tombstones by cover of night or at his home workshop. Then Dupree made a discovery that shook him to his core: among the gold bits and trinkets Harlan had given him was the engagement ring he had given his wife — a ring Dupree knew was buried in Tobias’ cemetery when his wife had passed away years before. The thought of anyone defiling his sweet wife’s grave was too much for his moonshine-addled mind to bear. Dupree stumbled across town to beg forgiveness from his estranged daughter, but when she turned him away, tired of his continual drunkenness, he resolved to confront Tobias.

Dupree was in a rage by the time he reached the caretaker’s shack. He said he wanted no more

The helpless ghoul allowed Tobias to offer him aid and, in the human’s weakness, sensed an opportunity. As the ghoul grew stronger and his injured forearm healed, they ventured together into the cemetery — above ground and below, through the sprawling network of tunnels the ghoul and his former pack had dug. They broke into coffins and Tobias added grave-robbing to his list of sins, as well as even more deplorable acts. The ghoul taught Tobias the rituals of flesh; cannibalistic rites which invoked a host of horrifying, sanity-draining racial memories long lost to humans but retained by our ghoulish cousins. Learning Ghoul-speak robbed Tobias of his remaining shreds of sanity, and as the weeks went by, the two hatched



The symbol

## Canis Mysteriorum

dealings with Tobias, whatever he was up to, nor anyone who would engage in such foul, unholy enterprises as defiling the resting places of the dead. When Dupree threatened to call in the authorities, Tobias knew what had to be done. He let out a guttural yowl, and when the ghoul arrived, the very sight of him was too much for Dupree's exhausted, fragile mind. He could not accept that this blasphemous thing could exist, and the only defense his psyche could contrive to stave off annihilation was to fight fire with fire and become the very thing before him. Dupree burst through the door and sprinted across the cemetery grounds on all fours. He no longer believed himself to be human; he was a hideous canine creature. And surely such monsters thirst for blood.

Early the next morning, shopkeeper Phil Kretz was making ready to open his hardware store for a typical day of business when he saw Dupree huddled on the stoop of his store. Thinking the sculptor was drunk again, he reached out to shake his shoulder and wake him. He was shocked when Dupree bared his teeth, snapping and snarling, guarding something beneath him. Kretz ran to get Deputy Amos Pitts and together they subdued the sculptor in a blanket and dragged him to a holding cell at the Constable's office a few doors away. They were horrified to discover the treasure Dupree had been guarding was the shinbone of Bethany Miller, a local farmer's daughter, who last night had been unfortunate enough to encounter the madman on her way from the outhouse back to bed.

Meanwhile, Tobias and his "friend" calculate what is needed to continue their necromantic undertakings without further help from Dupree.



Harlan Dupree

## Entry Points To The Scenario

Play begins on Thursday, October 9th, 1930.

The simplest way to draw the investigators into the adventure is if one or more has ties to Miskatonic University, especially the Psychology department, which, at this time, is an area of emphasis within the School of Biology. Alternately, one or more of the investigators could have ties to the Coldwater Falls constable, or perhaps call Coldwater Falls their childhood hometown.

Presuming the original premise, one or more of the investigators are notified that they are wanted in the Hoyt Administration Building, ominously known around campus as "Three Thirty-Three", referring to the building's address on Arkham's West College Street. (More information on Miskatonic University can be found in the *Complete Arkham Unveiled*, pp. 54-67) When they arrive, the investigators are shown into the office of University President Dr. David Addleson. With him are Dr. Conrad Miller, head of the School of Biology and Dr. Jeremy Manson, Professor of Abnormal Psychology. Facing this trio of solemn figures would be unsettling to any Miskatonic student or professor, and the grave looks on their faces underscore the effect.

### Read Aloud:

Dr. Miller is the first to speak. "Welcome, thank you for coming. Before we begin, I trust you are capable of exercising discretion regarding today's conversation, are you not?" When the investigators agree, he continues. "Thank you. I believe once you've heard what we have to say, you'll agree we face a very delicate situation, but an opportunity for the university as well."



Phil Kretz



Archibald Clark

Dr. Manson speaks next. “Yesterday I was contacted by Constable Clark of Coldwater Falls, a small farming town west of Arkham. He was desperate for my attention. He said he’d been in touch with every sanatorium and hospital from New York to Boston and there’s not an empty bed to be found since the stock market crash last year. They’re full to brimming with suicidal businessmen and investors. Apparently he’s holding a man in his jail exhibiting some rather... extraordinary behaviors.”

Dr. Miller interrupts, “‘Extraordinary,’” with a snort. “The man believes he’s a some kind of wolfman! He’s suffered a complete psychotic break!”

The professors go on to explain how local stonemason Harlan Dupree was found early yesterday morning snapping and snarling at shopkeepers. “The delusion is complete and total,” says Dr. Manson, “He walks on all fours, he won’t speak a word. They say he even eats out of a bowl, refuses utensils! Not a shred of human behavior left in him!”

“But it gets worse,” adds Dr. Manson. “Apparently the man attacked a young girl before he was discovered. They found him... well.. he was gnawing on part of her leg when they found him.”

These words linger heavily as the room falls silent. Dr. Miller explains that the constable has done his best to keep the story out of the papers out of respect for the family, and so far he’s managed to do so, but still has no idea what to do with the madman locked up in his jail cell.

Dr. Manson points out that as tragic as these events are, they represent a much-needed opportunity for the university. “To be frank, the psychology program at Miskatonic is in peril. You, as well as anyone, understand the level of academic skepticism that exists for this fledgling field of study.

What’s more, the stock market crash last year has effected enrollment numbers — not only for this department, but for the rest of the university as well. The constable has done a bang-up job of keeping the story out of the papers, but I guarantee the story will break eventually. And when it does, think of what a feather it would be in Miskatonic’s cap to be intimately involved with such a high profile case.”

Dr. Addleson adds, “The university has the opportunity to stand at the forefront of the psychoanalytic field. And with enrollment numbers dropping the way they are, we want the name ‘Miskatonic’ on the lips of every prospective student out there.”

Presuming the players agree to act on behalf of the university, the administrators go on to explain their expectations: assemble a small, trustworthy team composed of gifted psychology students, research experts, writers, or those skilled in sleuthing, to travel to Coldwater Falls and meet the constable, examine the “werewolf”, investigate his personal history as well as the origin of his delusion, and prepare their findings for academic publication. If any of the investigators can drive, the university will happily loan them one of the university’s four-seater Model T sedans. Otherwise they will have to take the Aylesbury bus [128] which departs from Arkham tomorrow (Friday) morning at 10:30 AM, (or wait until it departs again on Monday).

## Coldwater Falls

This sleepy town of 833 (created specifically for this adventure) lies approximately 60 miles west of Arkham, between Dean’s Corners and Dunwich on the Aylesbury Pike road. A bus departs



Deputy Amos Pitts



Coldwater Falls

Arkham on Mondays, Wednesdays at Fridays at 10:30 AM bound for Aylesbury. After a brief stop in Dean's Corners, the investigators arrive in Coldwater Falls at approximately 1:30 PM. Driving takes 3 to 5 hours, depending on the weather, skill of the motorist and current condition of the muddy, rutted Aylesbury Pike.

Coldwater Falls was founded in 1640 and takes its name from a rocky two-foot drop in the Miskatonic River on which the town was built. The town's original economy was centered around a grain mill powered by the falls, but the town has seen any number of industries come and go in its day: farming, lumber, and leather tanning. Today the town mostly serves as a business hub for farmers working lands north and south of the river, and a successful textile mill which employs about one hundred people.

By the time they arrive in Coldwater Falls, the investigators will be tired and sore from the slow, bumpy drive. They have instructions to meet with Constable Clark as soon as they arrive in town and the constable dashes out of his office at the first sign of a bus or unfamiliar vehicle coming down Main Street, asking: "You the folks from the school?" He looks mightily relieved when the investigators confirm that they are.

Constable Clark hands off the Investigator's bags to Deputy Pitt and then leads them into the Blue Duck Diner a few doors down from his office. The restaurant is roomy and pleasant; Constable Clark takes a lonely table towards the back and asks Eddie, the owner, if he could seat any customers far enough away to insure privacy.

The constable answers any questions the investigators pose about Dupree or his past and the circumstances of his capture. The constable says there are search parties of volunteers out combing the woods for the rest of little Bethany's remains, but so far they've come up empty-handed. He confirms that Dupree has taken no human action since his capture. He's used no words, only panted, growled, whimpered, and yelped. He keeps his fingers curled into his palms to form his hand into a "paw" and only walks on all fours, never upright. If asked, the constable confirms that Dupree sleeps on the floor, curled up like a hound dog, and even whimpers in his sleep. "Maybe he's dreaming about chasing men who think they're rabbits" jokes the lawman.

**Constable Archibald Clark, Level-headed Public Servant**

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

## A Suspicious Salesman

Mr. John Smith, Suspicious Salesman

STR 13   CON 14   SIZ 13   INT 20   POW 9  
DEX 12   APP 8   EDU 21   SAN 45   HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Attacks: Throw encyclopedia 25%, damage 1D4-1

Skills: Library Use 90%, Know anything A-M 87%,  
Know anything N-Z 15%, Underline in Ink 98%,  
Sell encyclopedia 05%

John Smith is a red herring NPC. Keepers are encouraged to call for Spot Hidden rolls frequently, wherever the investigators go throughout the adventure. If spied, John Smith is dragging a large, heavy trunk and fanning himself with his bowler as sweat rolls down his thin face.

He is a terrible salesman but is enraptured with the idea of knowing everything and thus is working his way through all 22 volumes of the Acme Deluxe Universal Encyclopedia, which he is also attempting to sell door-to-door (he's currently reading his way through the letter 'M'). A successful Spot Hidden roll while examining Mr. Smith up close reveals a purple discoloration on the knuckles of his right hand. This is, in fact, ink stains from his favorite pen which he uses to underline interesting facts he reads in his encyclopedias and wants to learn verbatim.

He is extraordinarily socially awkward and always gives the impression of trying to hide something or escape questioning when, in fact, he simply has no clue how to converse with another human being. Absolutely cornered, he fumbles with his glasses and spews trivia he has memorized about a seemingly random topic beginning with 'M'.

- “Magpie’ is a generalized term referring to certain birds of the family Corvidae including crows and jays.”
- “Mustard was used in ancient Egyptian and Greek civilizations as a spice and was believed to have medicinal properties.”
- “Montana was the 41st state to enter the union; it’s capital is Helena and the official state tree is the Ponderosa pine.”
- “Michelangelo was born in 1475 and is widely considered the greatest sculptors, painters, and architects of the Italian Renaissance.”

- “Morphine is a chemical compound derived from opium, named after Morpheus, the Greek god of dreams because of its sedentary properties and the state of euphoria it produces in subjects.”
- “The Tragedy of Macbeth was written by William Shakespeare sometime between 1603 and 1607. It is believed it was first performed at the Globe Theatre in April, 1611.”

Should the investigators attempt to search his room while he is out, they find his door is always locked. Should they somehow gain access, They find clean shirts, ties, and underclothes, a briefcase containing blank encyclopedia order forms and business cards, and the L-M volume of the Acme Deluxe Universal Encyclopedia left open on the bed to a page describing moon phases. Several facts are underlined in purple ink, including a paragraph describing the legendary effect of the full moon on lycanthropes, or werewolves in the vernacular. A successful Spot Hidden roll reveals most other pages up through letter M have passages underlined in purple, but there are no underlines beyond the open page.

Keepers are highly encouraged to use Mr. Smith as comic relief, a means to push stuck investigations forward, to provide lighthearted contrast to approaching dramatic twists, or for any other reason which seems useful and appropriate.



## Canis Mysterium

**Damage Bonus:** +1D6

**Weapons:** Fist / Punch 75%, damage 1D3+db;

Kick 35%, damage 1D6+db;

Grapple 55%, db Special;

.45 revolver 65%, 1D10+2.

**Skills:** Dodge 65%, Drive Auto 50%, Fast Talk 65%, First Aid 55%, Fishing 80%, Hide 70%, Law 35%, Library Use 25%, Listen 65%, Persuade 65%, Psychology 65%, Ride 65%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 60%.

### Deputy Amos Pitts, Obliging Right-Hand Man

STR 15 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 12  
DEX 13 APP 9 EDU 15 SAN 40 HP 12

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist / Punch 70%, damage 1D3+db;

Kick 35%, damage 1D6+db;

Grapple 60%, db Special;

.45 revolver 55%, 1D10+2.

**Skills:** Dodge 35%, Drive Auto 50%, Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 50%, Law 30%, Library Use 40%, Listen 55%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 60%, Ride 70%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 60%.

If asked, the constable reveals the following leads for the investigators to follow:

- Dupree was once a gifted sculptor who owned a thriving business carving religious statuary for churches. Twelve years ago (1918) his wife took ill and passed away. In his grief Dupree turned to drinking which cost him his business and his daughter.
- Dupree's daughter, Clementine, now lives with her maternal aunt, Esmeralda Lockhart, and works at her boarding house southeast of town. She was eight when her mother died and is now 20. She is tired of her father's drunken antics and half-hearted attempts at reconciliation, and for years has kept her distance from him.
- The morning Dupree was discovered and captured, he was carrying the well-gnawed shin of Bethany Miller in his teeth. The leg was identified by the powder-blue sock it still wore. The girl's father, Jacob Miller, came looking for the constable that morning to report his daughter had disappeared from her bed and confirmed the sock belonged to little Bethany. He became very angry and grim when he learned his daughter's fate.

- The Miller family farm is south of town. The constable can give detailed directions.
- Dupree sent his religious sculptures all over the country, even some overseas. A few of his pieces are still in St. Agnes Catholic Church here in town.
- After he lost his business, Dupree cobbled together a meager living by carving names and dates on headstones.
- Dupree maintained a workshop east of town, where he lived alone.

The constable, if asked, characterizes Dupree as a harmless but tragic figure. "He was a talented man. But sad since his wife passed. So very sad." Constable Clark estimates Dupree usually spends, on average, one or two nights per week sobering up in his jail cell. He'd wander town making a general nuisance of himself, then begin either wailing and crying uncontrollably, or quietly pass out on a doorstep.

Constable Clark allows the investigators access to Dupree at any time, only asking that they don't open the door to his cell, saying the deranged man has tried to charge through the opening and escape every time it is opened.



Dupree is a madman!

The Constable's office is a small but functional one-room office with creaking wood floors, two desks, a bulletin board, a potbelly stove warming a coffee pot on top, a file cabinet, and several stuffed fishing trophies on the walls. A small cell furnished with only a cot is built into the back wall next to a broom closet. If the investigators inquire about the presence of food and water bowls on the floor of the cell, the constable simply shrugs and says, "Can't let him starve now, can I?" Dupree is curled up asleep on the floor under the cot and panting with his tongue out when the investigators first see him. He is dirty and unkempt, his fingers curled in so his hands resemble paws. His knuckles are badly scraped and caked with blood, presumably from running on all fours. He stirs when he hears the Constable's boots stride across the floor, then snaps and snarls at the strangers, paces the cell, and sniffs the air. He snaps at anyone who approaches the bars. Investigators must make a SAN Check the first time they encounter Dupree in person and bear witness to his complete and utter loss of all human traits, for a 0/1D4 SAN loss.

Anyone who observes Dupree for at least an hour can make a **Psychology** roll. Success tells the Investigator Dupree is completely convinced his delusion is real and fully believes himself to be a canine. One could theorize his mind invented this persona to protect himself from psychological shock (a form of Disassociation from overwhelming trauma), but there is no apparent reason he would adopt the mannerisms of a wolf-man, rather than become a personality who had not experienced anything disturbing. He gives no response to language other than snarls and snaps. There is no indication of human behavior whatsoever. What's more, Dupree's disposition is highly aggressive. The Constable says they had to toss a horse blanket over the man's head to protect themselves from his snapping jaws and it then took three grown men to drag him into the cell. If given the opportunity, Dupree will attack anyone who approaches, attempting to knock them to the floor, latch on to their neck, and rip out their jugular vein with his teeth.

### Harlan Dupree, the "Werewolf" of Coldwater Falls

STR 14   CON 10   SIZ 12   INT 4   POW 12  
DEX 13   SAN 0   HP 12

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

#### Weapons:

Bite: 30%, damage 1D4+db+ special.

If Dupree manages to successfully bite the neck of



Clementine Dupree

his victim, the next round he will attempt a second Bite roll, success indicates that he has ripped out the victim's throat, causing an additional 1D4 bleeding damage per round until attended to.

**Skills:** Intimidating growl 70%, Knockdown: 40%, Listen 65%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 60%.

**Sanity Loss:** 0/1D4 Sanity Points (first encounter with Dupree only).

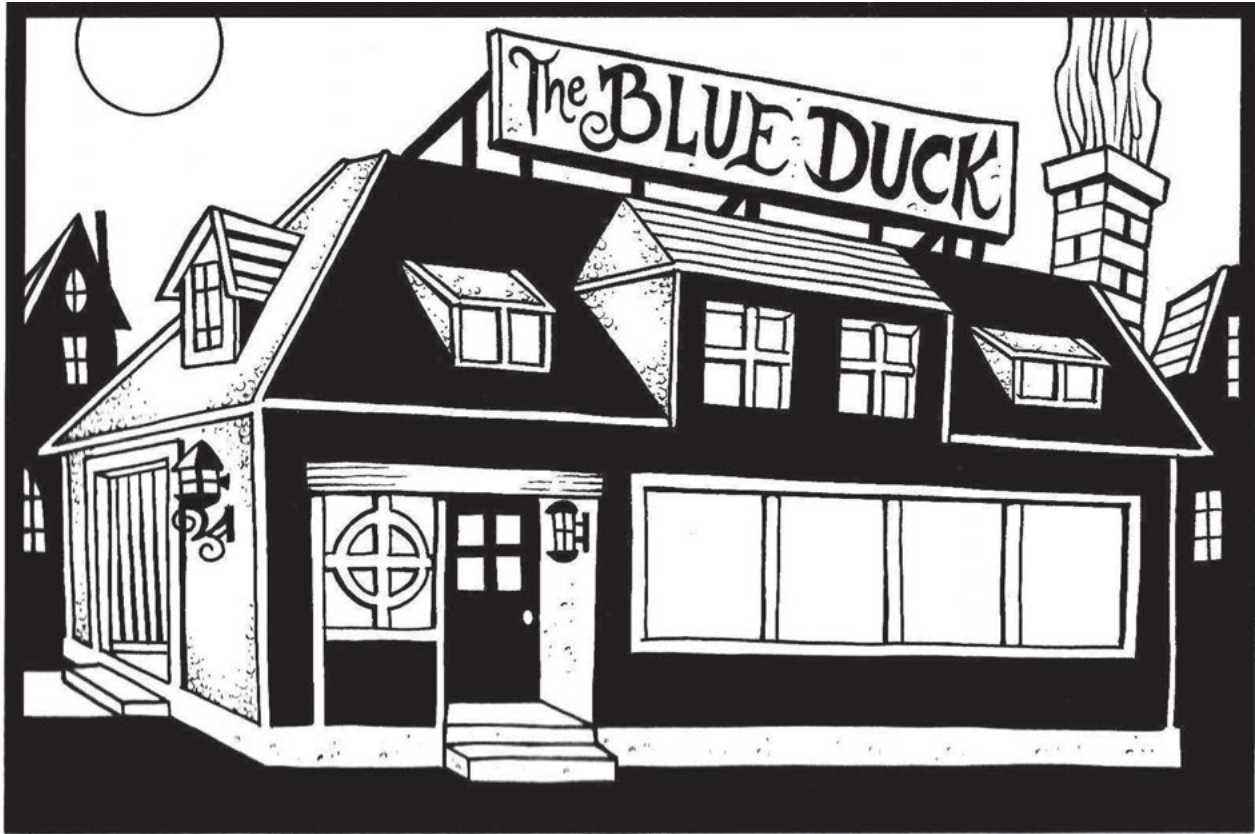
There is no benefit to observing Dupree for more than an hour. Traditional psychological assessment techniques and theories are useless on a subject who exhibits no human behaviors and does not respond to spoken language, apart from snapping and snarling at anyone who approaches him. The rational part of Dupree's mind is completely absent, and he will not understand or cooperate with any form of treatment. Physically, Dupree is human; he has no supernatural strength, speed, or constitution, and responds normally to sedatives.

When the investigators are satisfied, the constable can point the way to Lockhart House, a boarding house owned and operated by Esmeralda Lockhart and the only lodging for rent in town. Dupree's daughter, Clementine Dupree, was taken in by Esmeralda, her maternal aunt, twelve years ago after her mother passed away. She has lived and worked at the boarding house ever since. The constable says he made arrangements for rooms as soon as he knew the investigators were coming and has already sent Deputy Pitt ahead with their luggage.

The constable offers his services at any time the investigators need directions or information.

Before heading over to the boarding house, they might decide to talk with Phil Kretz, the hardware store owner two doors down from the constable's office.





The Blue Duck

ble, who first spotted Dupree and helped the constable and deputy capture him.

"I thought he was just drunk again," says the shopkeeper. "Folks round here find Harlan sleeping it off on some stoop or another couple-a mornings a week. Plum scared the bejeezus outta me when he started a snappin' and barkin' at me. I done high-tailed it down the street fast as I could. I'm just lucky Archie and Amos were up early, I dunno what that crazy old fool woulda done if'n he'd got hold of me proper." If asked about Bethany's shin bone, Phil gets a far-off look in his eye and speaks with pain in his voice. "Oh, that. First I just thought it was a stick but then you could see there was this little blue sock still on the foot end of it..." The shopkeeper shakes his head, slowly. "I can't imagine what Jacob and Elizabeth are goin' through. Can't imagine it."

Phil's shop is small but decently stocked with all the basics for farming and building. His prices are 20% higher than one might find in Arkham or other, more civilized, parts of the world. He carries a few sporting goods for hunting and fishing, including a double-barrel 12 gauge shotgun, two small-game .22 lever-action rifles, and a .30-06 bolt action rifle. He sells no handguns. Phil carries ammunition for all the guns he sells and can probably dig up a box or two of rounds for anything the in-

vestigators may have brought with them for double the usual price.

Always the businessman, Phil will be sure to mention he owns a four-seater Model T he would be happy to rent out for a dollar-fifty per day (plus gasoline) should the investigators need transportation around Coldwater falls.

### Phil Kretz, Shopkeeper

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

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist / Punch 50%, damage 1D3+db;

Grapple 60%, db Special

**Skills:** Accounting 40%, Drive auto 55%, Fast Talk 65%, First Aid 55%, Persuade 60%, Ride 50%, Spot Hidden 60%.

## The Blue Duck Diner

Young Eddie Wickman is the owner, proprietor, and head cook of the Blue Duck Diner. With its scenic view of the falls, the Blue Duck is the preferred location for Coldwater Falls locals to meet, greet, rub elbows and spread local news.



Esmerelda Lockhart

The Blue Duck is a sizable restaurant seating seventy-five. The tables are tightly packed but deep booths along the walls and windows have high backs and provide fairly adequate privacy for sensitive conversations. The Duck opens at 5:30 AM and closes from 2:00 to 4:00 so Eddie can squeeze a nap and some fishing into his afternoon before the dinner rush at 5:00. Meat and potato dishes are the standard lunch and dinner fare, but pancakes and eggs are the morning crowd pleasers.

Coldwater Falls locals are friendly folk and prone to gossip. Seeing the investigators in friendly talks with Constable Clark is enough to ingratiate them into most conversations. The following rumors and bits of local news (some true, some false) have the Blue Duck buzzing.

- Little Bethany Miller went missing Tuesday night, and the constable so far has only found her leg. (**True**)
- That old drunk Harlan Dupree got himself a bad batch of moonshine and went on a rampage; Constable Clark has him locked up right now! (Bad moonshine: **false**; Dupree in jail: **true**)
- A group of doctors is coming from Boston to look old Harlan over and find out what loosened his screws so bad! (**False**, the investigators are the rumored research team)
- Father Leclair was seen headed to the jail with his holy water and crucifixes all set to exercise a demon outta that old drunk Harlan Dupree. (**False**)
- Little Bethany went missing Tuesday night. Tuesday was a full moon. Now Harlan Dupree

is acting like a wolf! (Actually, all are **true**, just not necessarily related)

- Phil Kretz from the hardware store got himself bit tryin' to help drag old Harlan into the jail cell and now Father Leclair wants him to stay away from town until the next full moon. (Completely **false**)
- There's an encyclopedia salesman staying out at the Lockhart boarding house so scared of his own shadow he can't even tell nobody about his books he wants to sell! (**True**)

## Lockhart Boarding House

Situated just southeast of town, this sprawling, three story wooden colonial structure was built by Hannibal Lockhart, the owner of the Lockhart Lumber company, some thirty years ago. The company failed after Hannibal died in 1909, but his spinster daughter, Esmeralda Lockhart, converted their home into a boarding house and has lived and worked there ever since. Twelve years ago she took in her niece, Clementine Dupree after Clementine's mother died of pneumonia.

Not many travelers venture through Coldwater Falls, but Esmeralda is known far and wide as an excellent cook, and her boarding house has a devoted following of traveling salesmen who sometimes go out of their way for a taste of her pot roast and peach cobbler. Business also picked up a couple years ago, shortly after the very pretty Clementine celebrated her eighteenth birthday.

Esmeralda meets the investigators on the front porch as they arrive. For three decades she has worked day in and day out as owner, bellhop, handy-woman, housekeeper, gardener, and chef; she has little time for gushing pleasantries. "You must be the folks from Arkham, I reckon. Deputy Pitt brought your things a spell ago. Everything's already upstairs. Clementine'll show you the way, I isn't got time myself. Dinner's at five sharp, roast chicken tonight. Let me know by three if you'll be joining us or cold cuts'll have to do. Clementine!!" If the hostess notices any of the investigators appreciating the attractive young woman who appears, she'll lean close and say, "My niece is a pretty flower, wouldn't you agree? Don't go thinking she'd look nice on your lapel or you'll be sleeping out back with the mule."

Esmeralda may well be the only resident of Coldwater Falls that hasn't heard about Clementine's father's lapse into madness or his involvement in the death of little Bethany Miller. The landlady

## Canis Mystrium

very rarely leaves her property out of fear she will be robbed blind by an unscrupulous guest or vagrant. Instead, she relies on her niece to get supplies and news from town. Clementine was on such a visit to town yesterday afternoon when the love-struck Deputy Pitt told her the entire story, including the group of expert investigators coming from Miskatonic University to examine Clementine's father. She is desperately, painfully curious about what the investigators have learned.

### Esmeralda Lockhart, Irascible Hostess

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 16 POW 14  
DEX 10 APP 15 EDU 13 SAN 70 HP 12

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Attacks:** Kick 35%, damage 1D6;

Cast Iron Skillet 45%, damage 1D8.

**Skills:** Accounting 30%, Cooking 75%, Credit Rating 70%, Detect Romantic Intentions 90%, Fast Talk 75%, First Aid 60%, Eavesdrop 80%, Ride 50%, Spot Hidden 55%.

### Clementine Dupree, Sheltered Lass

STR 9 CON 13 SIZ 8 INT 13 POW 15  
DEX 15 APP 17 EDU 10 SAN 75 HP 11

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Attacks:** None.

**Skills:** Cleaning 65%, Cooking 40%, Daydream 90%, First Aid 50%, Listen 60%, Spot Hidden 45%, Keeping Opinions to Herself 70%.

Clementine shows each of the investigators to their rooms on the second story. The house is clean and brightly lit, with simple yet tasteful decor. The rooms are small but serviceable, each with a deep, soft bed, armchair, writing desk, wash basin, high-boy dresser, and coat tree. There is a shared water closet at the end of the hall.

As the investigators are being shown to their rooms, the water closet door opens and a thin, rat-faced man emerges. He wears thick glasses which make his eyes appear to bulge, the effect underscored by his expression of surprise to see so many people in the hall. Clementine begins to introduce him as Mr. John Smith of the Acme Encyclopedia company, a traveling salesman who is the only other guest currently staying at the house. "He's a first time guest as well," says Clementine. "But we hope to see him often in the future!" Smith looks around awkwardly at the gallery of faces staring at him, appears flustered, then quickly enters his room and

shuts the door behind him. Everyone can plainly hear him throw the bolt and set the chain.

If the investigators asked about Harlan Dupree's background, they are most likely aware that Clementine is his estranged daughter. If not, she will be discovered going through one of the Investigator's belongings, hoping to learn what the investigators have discovered about her father. She is too shy and withdrawn to question them directly.

However the conversation begins, it takes little prompting to get Clementine to open up, albeit in whispered tones with furtive glances towards the door; the girl fears she'll be discovered by her Aunt Esmeralda.

Clementine describes childhood before her mother's death as happy and quiet. She was enthralled with her father's sculpting work, but found it disturbing to be surrounded by the gothic religious statuary that so often littered the yard around her father's workshop. She was eight years old when her mother contracted pneumonia and passed away. Her mother, Elizabeth, had been the joy of Harlan Dupree's life, and her untimely passing drove him into a depression so deep he could not work or care for young Clementine. He drank constantly to numb the pain of loss, so mere weeks after her mother's death, Clementine went to live with her aunt at the boarding house.

At first Dupree visited his daughter often, promising he had quit his drinking for good. He was going to rebuild his business and take his daughter back home again. Yet time and time again he failed. His visits to the boarding house became deplorable displays of drunken grief, the failed sculptor sobbing and begging forgiveness, then growing angry and cursing the heavens for taking his beloved too soon. Before long Esmeralda put an end to the visits, saying they were no good for young Clementine to witness and bad for business. As a teenager, Clementine would secretly visit Dupree's workshop during her supply trips into town, but the years of drinking and grief had taken their toll, and he was no longer the man she remembered her father to be.

If asked, Clementine says it has been three years since she last saw her father — that is, until this last Tuesday night (October 7th).

The investigators should get the sense Clementine is not only willing, but eager for the opportunity to discuss her father, but before she can continue, Aunt Esmeralda unexpectedly interrupts. Voice booming, she orders the girl to get back to work, and shame on you city folk for distracting an impressionable girl from her responsibilities.

If Esmeralda wasn't desperate for the income the investigators represent, she'd toss them out of the house by door or window, whichever was handier. But instead, she declares the players should learn the meaning of responsibility, and sets them to various tasks in the barn: collecting eggs, slopping pigs, shoveling manure, and the like. Eventually they notice Clementine peering down at them from a third story window, mouthing the words, "I'm so sorry." She points to her wrist, then off to the northwest. A successful **Idea** roll suggests Clementine wants to talk with the investigators again later in town. She waves and disappears from the window.

## Dupree's Workshop

The investigators easily find Dupree's workshop and home east of town, about half a mile south of the Miskatonic River. The grounds include a one-level house that has fallen into severe disrepair, and a large area to the back of the house surrounded by a high wooden fence. No gate in the fence is evident; apparently one must go through the house to enter the yard behind. However, the fence planks are riddled with open knotholes and it is easy to see a grove of statues and headstones haphazardly strewn throughout the yard. A successful **Spot Hidden** roll allows a player to notice a fence board loose enough to push aside, creating a usable entrance for characters SIZ 12 or smaller. The fence can be scaled with a successful **Climb** roll; on a failure the Investigator falls and takes 1D4 damage from exposed rusty nails, which rip clothing and puncture skin.

Little can be seen of the interior of the house through the single, dusty window on the porch. If the investigators knock, no one answers. The door has no lock.

Dupree's shack has two rooms. The front room is a living space furnished with a bed, rocking chair, a small multi-purpose table set against the wall, and a stack of peach crates stacked four high next to the fireplace. Papers protrude through the slats in the crates. If examined, they appear to be a hodgepodge of business receipts and orders from various churches, cemeteries and funeral homes for sculpture commissions, ranging in date from 1902 to 1918. Intermixed with these papers are hundreds of design sketches done in pencil, pastel, and charcoal. They include recognizable Christian subjects such as Christ, Mary, the apostles and various angelic figures. Some sketches are labeled as various saints, others represent headstones or religious

monuments; even whole mausoleum designs can be found. There are several empty earthenware jugs that have rolled under the bed, all of which smell strongly of alcohol. Searching this room reveals nothing more of interest.

The back room of the house is an eat-in kitchen. There are canned goods on the shelf and a loaf of hard, dry bread on the table. The sink can be filled by a hand pump, which produces clean, cold water. A wood-fire stove holds a cast iron skillet that is caked with the dried remains of what was probably some kind of stew.

A back door opens into the large weed-choked yard the investigators could see through the fence. The yard somewhat resembles a small graveyard with perhaps five or six dozen statues and headstones scattered about in various stages of completion. An open-sided work shed dominates the right side of the yard. The cleanest and newest-looking headstones are either blank, or engraved with names and birth dates but lacking a date of death. A few articles of clothing bounce in the breeze on a clothesline near a rusty wash tub. The faces on the statues all carry saddened, tortured expressions. The overall effect is chilling; investigators must make a successful SAN Check or loose 0/1 Sanity Points — just enough to give them a good case of the willies and a strong desire to leave this place quickly.

The work shed is filled with chisels and sculpting tools of all sizes and description. There are heavy leather gloves on the workbench and an apron, as well as goggles for eye protection. The shed is wired for electricity from a small generator standing outside, providing power to a single bare light bulb dangling from the ceiling; a drill with large, diamond-tipped bits; a table-top radio set; and a wheel grinder; presumably for keeping the hand tools sharp. The floor is covered with tiny, sharp chips of grey and white stone; any investigator wearing open-toed or -sided shoes must make a **Luck** roll if they step inside the shed, or suffer painful cuts on their feet which reduce running speed by half for the next day and make climbing anything more difficult than stairs or a ladder almost impossible.

Successful **Spot Hidden** rolls reveals two significant findings in the work shed:

- Tucked away in a crudely-built workbench drawer is a large book, which appears to be a style guide for tombstone lettering. Each page of the large, portfolio-style volume represents a different style typeface. Hand-written notes and sketches in the margins indicate the book has been in use a long time. Leafing through the pages, the investigators find a sheet of paper



that appears to be a page torn from a sketchbook or diary significantly smaller than the style guide. Hand-drawn on this paper is a strange symbol that resembles a triangle imposed over a circle with branches curling off the sides and a flaming eye at the center. No history, occult, religion, anthropology, archeology or language rolls will provide any insight. A successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll suggests the symbol has something to do with a death ritual or spell involving necromancy, but no further details can be determined.

- A particular floorboard under the wooden workbench is clean of any stone chips. Investigating the board reveals that it is loose and can be moved to reveal a small hidey-hole beneath. Inside, the investigators find a small bag cut from a flour sack that clinks and clanks as it is lifted. Untying the grapefruit-sized bag reveals several dozen bits of miscellaneous jewelry, including rings, bracelets, necklaces, watches, earrings, tie clips, and the like. Mixed among the jewelry are tiny, irregularly shaped bits of gold with pointy, broken points jutting out of a central lump. A **Medicine** roll or an **Idea** roll made at half suggest they are tooth fillings. This realization initiates another **SAN** Roll resulting in 0/2 Sanity Point loss.

Any investigator specifically examining the field of statuary outside, may make **Spot Hidden** rolls to notice about a dozen headstones that bear a small circle-and-triangle symbol identical to the sketch hidden in the lettering style book. The symbol is approximately three inches in diameter, is only present on grave markers (not statuary), only on the newest-looking pieces closest to the house and work shed, and is carved into the underside of each tombstone, so as to face into the ground when the marker is set in place.

As the investigators conclude their search, each should make a **Listen** roll. Successful players hear heavy footfalls coming from inside the house. Allow the players one chance to devise a hasty plan. Seconds later Deputy Pitt steps out of the hovel's back door to face whatever plan the players have improvised.

"Jeez Louise," says the deputy, "You folks gave me quite the scare, I tell you what. Constable said I might find you here if'n you weren't at the Lockhart House. He says you best come right quick, there's trouble at the jail! The search party found the rest of that girl! C'mon!"

## Trouble At The Jail

(Note: the following events at the Coldwater Falls jail may be utilized by the keeper at any point during play as a way to pick up the pace of a slow-moving game or offer new leads to players who are stuck for what to do next. Deputy Pitt is a very resourceful officer of the law and is sure to find the investigators no matter how far off-track they wander.)

The investigators follow Deputy Pitt back into town to find an angry crowd of more than a hundred clogging the street in front of the Constable's office, shouting at Constable Clark and a Catholic priest, who have placed themselves between the mob and the front door of the office.

"I'm not kiddin', now," says the constable. "You folks've elected me to keep the peace four terms running and that's what I intend to do today. So go on home, now, get."

Protests rise from the mob. "How can you protect that monster in there?"

"He's a man," replies the priest in a heavy French accent, "same as you — same as me."

"That's no man in there," said one voice, rising above the others. Deputy Pitt identifies the speaker as Jacob Miller, the victim's father. "I was with the group out in the woods that just found her. My girl. My beautiful little girl. She's shredded. She's ribbons. I'm a God-fearing man most Sundays, Father. But today I don't see no choice but an eye for an eye!!"

The response from the mob is deafening. Over the raised fists, the investigators see Constable Clark put one hand on his revolver and holds the other hand high. "Let's get this straight, once and for all. We don't know what happened to old Harlan. He's been harmless enough all these years. And ain't nobody gonna lay a finger on him until we figure it all out. And to help do just that," he says with a wave toward the investigators; "we called these folks here out from the college in Arkham to sort out peas from carrots."

A man at the front of the mob yells towards the players, "Well how the hell you people gonna do that?"

Above the rising din, Deputy Pitt says, "You best get up there and do some explaining or this is gonna get ugly."

The players should now select one from their ranks to speak with the voice of reason and convince the mob to disperse. Allow one player of the group's choosing to extemporize a speech to calm the murderous mob, culminating in an **Oratory** or



The Angry Mob

**Persuade** roll. A success disperses the mob — for the time being. They are willing to give the investigators another 24 hours to continue their investigations.

Failure results in the mob closing ranks and advancing on the investigators and company. The threat to life and limb should feel imminent, until shots ring out from the street. Deputy Pitt has fired warning shots into the air, breaking the spell of violence.

Whatever the case, the crowd breaks apart as people wander silently away. Jacob Miller remains behind, face red. He glares at the constable and the priest, and each investigator in turn. At last he turns away, spits on the ground, and strides off.

The constable invites those remaining inside. Dupree quietly sleeps in his cell. Deputy Pitt locks the door and keeps an eye on the window. Constable Clark pushes aside some logs from the fire bin next to his potbelly stove and produces an unlabeled bottle and uncorks it. “I keep this for medicinal purposes,” he says. “After that, I think we could all do with a little shot of health.”

The constable introduces the investigators to Father Henri Leclair of St. Agnes church down the street. He’s been the spiritual leader of Coldwater Falls for twenty-five years and can answer the following questions, if asked:

- Harlan Dupree was once a good man and a solid member of the community. Perhaps a bit eccentric, being an artist, but a devoted and loving family man who rapidly sank into alcohol and depression when his wife died.
- Dupree’s deceased wife, Elizabeth Dupree, is buried in the Coldwater Falls cemetery south of town. The cemetery was built on the grounds of the original church, which burned down almost 70 years ago. The new church was built in town but the cemetery remained where it was.
- Father Leclair says he is friendly with cemetery caretaker Tobias Lurtz, who tells him that Elizabeth and Harlan’s daughter, Clementine, visits her mother’s grave about once a month, bringing fresh flowers each time. (A successful **Psychology** roll hints that the priest is not telling the whole truth about something. In truth, the priest feels a pang of guilt for glossing over his relationship with the caretaker, remembering how deeply disturbed Tobias was in childhood and the trouble he’s already encountered as an adult.)
- Clementine has lived and worked at her aunt’s boarding house since her mother died, 12 years ago. She attends mass, alone, weekly. She has

## Canis Mysterium

many male admirers but has so far steered clear of romance.

- To the best of Father Leclair's knowledge, Clementine rarely, if ever, sees her father. He believes she is embarrassed by his drunken displays and deeply hurt by years of broken promises.
- Several of Dupree's sculptures are in use at St. Agnes. The investigators are welcome to come see them anytime they wish.

### Father Henri Leclair, Devoted Clergyman

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 17 POW 13  
DEX 10 APP 13 EDU 19 SAN 61 HP 11

**Damage Bonus:** None.

**Attacks:** None.

**Skills:** Credit Rating 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 8%, Local History 50%, Library Use 75%, French 95%, English 55%, Latin 45%, Oratory 60%, Turn the Other Cheek 85%.

## The Miller Farmstead

The Miller pumpkin farm lies south of Coldwater Falls proper, about a quarter mile from the old cemetery. Dense woods encroach from the south and west, giving the investigators a feeling of claustrophobic discomfort as they approach.

They are greeted by Hannah Miller, Bethany's mother. If the mob confrontation from the previous section, Trouble at the Jail, has not yet occurred, Mrs. Miller will react much differently to inquiries than if she recently received confirmation of her daughter's violent death. Keepers should alter their performances of her character appropriately, depending on the circumstances of your gaming session.

In any case, the investigators find Mrs. Miller being comforted by her neighbor, Mabel Freeman, who lives one farmstead to the north. Hannah Miller explains that her husband is not home at the moment. He is not doing well coping with their daughter's disappearance (or death, as timing may dictate) and refuses to sit at home "doing nothing." However, Mrs. Miller is happy to speak to the investigators if there is anything she can do to move their investigation forward and bring a swift resolution to these painful events.

When interviewed, Hannah Miller can provide the following information:

- On Tuesday night, young Bethany went to bed soon after dark, about 7:00 PM. Her bedclothes included her favorite pair of powder-blue socks to keep her feet warm.
- Hanna and her husband, Jacob, went to bed a while later, about 8:30. At that time, Bethany was sound asleep.
- A little before midnight, Hanna awoke when she heard a scream coming from the yard. She and her husband checked, but Bethany wasn't in her bed. Both her bedroom door and the back door of the house were left open. Bethany had the habit of leaving doors open behind her if she got up to use the outhouse next to the barn during the night.
- They searched the yard and all around the farm, but there was no sign of Bethany. Jacob woke the neighbors to help him search while Hannah rode to town to fetch the constable. At first light search parties were formed to scour the woods.
- Hannah is very concerned about her husband. Bethany was his pride and joy, and if anything happened to her she fears it would "turn him inside out."

The investigators are free to examine Bethany's room and/or the yard if they wish. They find a typical 8-year-old girl's bedroom on the second floor. Hannah says that nothing has been touched since Bethany disappeared. Even her bed covers remain tossed aside, away from the door, as though the girl got out of bed to go downstairs.

If any Investigator specifically examines the yard between farmhouse and the outhouse, a successful **Spot Hidden** roll finds blood on the grass. A **Track** roll identifies the place Dupree dragged the girl into the woods. The trail grows cold roughly 20 yards into the tree line, but they were headed in the direction search parties discovered (or will discover) Bethany's corpse.

At any time the investigators are wandering through the farmhouse, a successful Spot Hidden made at half skill allows them to notice a gun rack in the hall with enough pegs to hold four rifles but the second space from the top is empty. Mrs. Miller can confirm the rack is usually full. She says her husband's favorite .30-06 hunting rifle is missing, and has no idea where it might be. A search of the house, yard, or barn does not turn up the missing gun.

## Hannah Miller, Mourning Mother

STR 8    CON 9    SIZ 11    INT 13    POW 9  
DEX 13    APP 12    EDU 12    SAN 39    HP 10

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Attacks:** None.

**Skills:** Pumpkin Farming 55%, Cooking (General) 50%,  
Cooking (Pumpkin Recipes) 85%, Fret 65%, Wring  
Hands 80%.

## St. Agnes Church

This aging but well-kept church is the last structure one passes as they leave Coldwater Falls westward towards Aylesbury, approximately two miles down the Pike. It is a small but classic wood-frame design, the epitome of a simple country church down to the steeple and stained glass windows that line the sanctuary on either side. It is cold in winter, hot in summer, drafty in spring and stuffy in the fall. The pews are hard and the organ out of tune. It is truly a house of Faith.

The investigators find Father Leclair raking leaves in front of the church. A silver-haired woman is cleaning the stained glass set in the church's entry, and eyes the investigators with great curiosity as they approach. If the mob confrontation from the earlier section, Trouble at the Jail, has not yet occurred, the middle-aged priest introduces himself amicably. If they have already met, he greets the investigators warmly, then tells the cleaning woman he will join her shortly and invites the group into the parsonage next door for tea. The cleaning woman says nothing, but watches the investigators



Hannah Miller

keenly as they cross the lawn and disappear into the priest's small home.

Apart from the information described in Trouble at the Jail, Father Leclair has no further information about Harlan Dupree. "The word from the constable is 'no change'. What could have happened to that poor soul?"

If asked about the cemetery caretaker, Tobias Lurtz, Father Leclair shrugs dismissively. "Tobias has had his fair share of difficulties in life, but he serves his church and community well. I find him pleasant enough to work with when I'm arranging funeral services and the like. Why do you ask?" Another successful **Psychology** roll tells the player that the priest is reluctant to talk about Tobias, but cannot ascertain why. Is he being protective? Is he afraid? There is no way to know for certain, but it's clear the good Father will not share any more than he already has.

Father Leclair gladly lets the investigators into the church if they wish to see the sculptures Dupree sculpted. The priest leads them into the sanctuary and excuses himself to attend to church business, saying the investigators are free to stay as long as they like. There are fifteen white marble sculptures in total, representing the fourteen Stations of the Cross, the final hours of Jesus' life. The statues are positioned in small niches around the perimeter of the sanctuary, plus a fifteenth sculpture depicting the Resurrection placed behind the altar. Each statue is approximately three feet in height. It is obvious how talented a sculptor Dupree once was. Close inspection of the statues reveals highly detailed faces, many expressing such extreme emotion and realism that anyone failing a POW check must either turn away or begin to weep silently. Regardless of how long they search, the investigators find no arcane symbols hidden anywhere on the statues, not even under their bases.

Before long, the cleaning woman, Margaret O'Connell enters and begins wiping down the wooden pews and kneelers with wood polish. She is extremely chatty; a first-class snoop and gossip. A life-long member of St. Agnes, she leaps at any opportunity to share all she knows about Tobias Lurtz tortured childhood, his relationship with Father Leclair, his dishonorable discharge, how he was fired from his construction job for murdering a girl's cat, and his eventual solitary life at the cemetery. Margaret knows nothing about the ghoul or Tobias' plans for revenge, but she is very aware the priest is at his wits' end. She strongly (and correctly) believes Father Leclair is afraid of Tobias, but feels



sympathy for him and a sense of responsibility for the man he helped raise.

At any time the keeper requires, Father Leclair enters and overhears just enough of what Margaret is saying to call her away from the group for a private chat. He scolds her for gossiping. She will say no more to the investigators if she encounters them again.

### Clementine, Redux

When the investigators have exhausted all leads, or for some other reason come to an investigative impasse, the keeper should initiate the climax of the story by having Clementine Dupree breathlessly appear. (If the players are back at the boarding house, Clementine slips one of them a note in a folded napkin or under a door: "Meet me at the chicken coop in 10 minutes!")

When the girl catches her breath, she says, "There you are! I'm sorry about my aunt. She's so over protective! I may not have much time before she realizes I've been gone too long. If I may ask, what have you learned about my father?"

When the investigators have summarized their findings to date, Clementine clicks her tongue. "I don't know, it doesn't seem like much to go on. But perhaps this will help..." She then goes on to describe her last encounter with her father, on Tuesday evening, the night Bethany Dupree disappeared, mere hours before Clementine's father abandoned his humanity to take on his canine persona. "It was late, about ten o'clock. I was outside closing the shutters when I saw a figure running towards me at full speed. I was frightened. I wanted to go inside, but it was a full moon that night and then I could see it was my father. It'd been three years since I'd spoken to him so against all better judgment I stayed where I was to talk with him."

She then describes how desperate her father seemed to speak with her. He gushed apologies, rambling incoherently about having made a deal with the devil himself. "Oh me!" he wailed. "What have I done? What have I done? I bargained with Satan himself for gold and liquor! Clementine! Forgive me! I didn't know, didn't realize! What he must have done! Oh, that devil! My sweet Elizabeth! She can't even rest in peace!"

Clementine says she tried to calm her father, make sense of what he was saying, but she could smell corn whiskey on his breath and thought he was drunk to the point of insanity. "Go away, you old lush!" she yelled at him. "You only bring trou-

ble when you come around. You shame me and you shame my mother. Let her rest in peace!"

"She can't!" wailed Dupree. "She can't! That devil won't let her! Oh, me! What have I done!"

Just then, Clementine says, her aunt came to investigate the racket. Trembling, her father pushed something small into Clementine's hand. "Sweet daughter, keep this safe. It belongs with you. Keep it pure! I'll avenge your mother! Tobias! I'm coming for you!" And with that he turned and bolted once again into the night.

"This is what he gave me," says the girl, producing a gold engagement ring. "It was caked with dirt, but I cleaned it," she says. "This was my mother's ring. See here? You can read the inscription: 'Elizabeth and Harlan — always'. This is my mother's ring, I recognize it from when I was a child. But I don't know how my father would have acquired it. That ring was buried with my mother twelve years ago!"

### The Cemetery

By now it should be abundantly clear to the investigators that all avenues lead to the Coldwater Falls cemetery and all resolutions lie with its resident caretaker, Tobias Lurtz.

Regardless of what time of day the investigators arrive, the cemetery appears spooky and ominous. The burial grounds are roughly fifty yards front-to-back and eighty yards across; the well-tended sod peppered with hundreds of white and grey headstones arranged in long rows. A five-foot-high fieldstone wall built by volunteers from St. Agnes' congregation surrounds the entire grounds, seemingly the only defense against the dark tree line that closes in along the back of the grounds. An eight-foot wrought-iron gate guards the only entrance to the grounds. It is unlocked from 8:00 am to twilight daily. If the investigators wish to enter the grounds outside of these hours, they need to be let in by either Tobias or Father Leclair, or they can scale the wall. At five feet high it is not a difficult climb, but the unanchored fieldstones can come loose unexpectedly and are slick with moss, so scaling the wall can be slow going and caution is necessary. Off to the east, the last scorched, weed-choked remains of the original church's foundation can be seen just outside the wall.

The only other feature of note is a small building way off in the back corner of the property. It appears to be a one-room caretaker's shack. A small



Wolf Hybrid

pen can be seen to the side of the structure, and dried up stalks of October corn wither and die to the rear. There are no cars or horses present, no signs of life anywhere to be seen, save for a curl of dark smoke coming from the stovepipe chimney of the shack.

There are no roadways inside the cemetery grounds, so the investigators must proceed inside on foot. The lawn is well-kept, but the ground is rarely flat. Rather, it seems to pitch and roll irregularly. This is due to the extensive ghoulish tunnels which run under the cemetery, which frequently collapse and are re-dug by the graveyard's underground tenants.

If the investigators thought to ask either Clementine or Father Leclair roughly where Elizabeth Dupree's grave was located, they easily find it within a few minutes. With no directions, they can make one collective **Luck** roll for the group representing 20 minutes of searching. Eventually they find an ornately carved headstone near the center of the grounds, easily the most detailed and intricate in sight. It reads:

*ELIZABETH MARY DUPREE  
1884 - 1918  
BELOVED WIFE AND MOTHER  
"HEAVEN GAINS ITS MOST BEAUTIFUL  
ANGEL"*

While searching, the investigators may decide to search for magical symbols on headstones. A successful Spot Hidden is required, but success indicates that roughly 10 to 15% of all headstones are marked. An **Idea** roll suggests that only newer graves carry the sym-

bol; markers for those who died approximately ten years or more years ago appear free of the magical symbol.

Now far from the main gates, the investigators hear snarling and barking coming from the direction of the caretaker's hut. Charging full speed across the lawn are the three enormous wolf-hybrid hounds Tobias has raised from puppies. He keeps them hungry and treats them cruelly so they are vicious and sure to scare away after-hours trespassers, as well as anyone snooping around his hidden moonshine still.

### Wolf-Hybrid Hounds, Canine Masters of Intimidation: Agatha, Lilith, and The Crone

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 9 POW 10  
DEX 13 MOVE 12 HP 11, 10, 10

**Attacks:** Bite 30%, damage 1D8

**Armor:** One point fur

**Skills:** Spot Hidden 60%, Track by Sent 80%, Intimidate Enemy 50%

Tobias spotted the investigators suspiciously examining Elizabeth Dupree's grave, and set his "beauties" on them to appear more helpful and friendly



An unusual symbol on the bottom of a grave

## Canis Mysterium

when he comes to call them off, which he does after getting a sick thrill out of watching the investigators scatter and run terrified for a few rounds.

Tobias calls his dogs and apologizes profusely. He ties up the dogs in the back of his shack and offers the investigators a cup of coffee while he attends to any bites, cuts, or scrapes they have suffered.

The caretaker brings them inside his little hovel and makes polite conversation as long as is needed until he learns what the investigators are looking for and what they already know. The shack is a one-room dwelling with a fireplace, wood-slat floors, a thick area rug, a bed, and several wooden chairs surrounding a circular table. A thick, naked stick next to a knife on the mantle indicates whittling is one of Tobias' hobbies. Several piles of books are stacked on the floor next to the bed covering a wide array of topics from history to poetry; the Farmer's Almanac to novels written in French. The space is untidy but not dirty. An **INT x2** roll reveals that the potbelly stove, which outside appeared to emit dark smoke from its stovepipe, is unlit and even cold to the touch. In actuality, Tobias has a hidden corn whiskey still in a small crawlspace excavated under his floorboards, and has cleverly routed its exhaust through a hidden stovepipe running up through the floor, through the potbelly stove, and out the roof. In fact, a **Spot Hidden** roll reveals the hidden exhaust system ever so slightly visible under the feet of the cast iron heater, a good indicator that something interesting exists underground.

Months of communing with the ghoul and casting cannibalistic death magic spells have completely robbed Tobias of his sanity. After a few minutes he has heard all he needs to be convinced the investigators pose a threat to his plan. His willpower slips and his tone and demeanor



change if asked about Harlan Dupree, Bethany Miller, or anything related to his revenge plot.

"Harlan? Harlan Dupree?" — Tobias suppresses a giggle — "No, I ain't seen him in many a moon. I mean, outside our common profession, that is. You know what line of work he was in, right? Dead people?" Giggle. "Yeah, sure. People die, he puts their names on a stone. I dig a hole and toss 'em in... that's quite a sound, you know? When a soft body hits bottom. Not really a thud — more of a smack and a squish. A body gets soft inside, you know. I mean after it...." The caretaker stares off into space. A moment later, just as the investigators are getting concerned, he speaks again.

"Sure, Harlan, that ol' dog. A good friend. Shame what happened to 'em. But hell, I don't need him. I got me another friend. A friend what's good to me. What knows things. Can teach me things. Like what's down deep in the under. How to get there. You get that under in your nails, in your teeth. It's wet. Smells like dead. But you don't stop, you just keep going, keep diggin'. You can't see but you don't need to, neither, just use yer nose. It knows. Then you start to come up, up from the under. Hard up. Straight up. You hit that wood, give a knock. Anyone home?" He lets loose with an insane giggle. "Hell, you know ain't no one there but manners count. So you start pushing. Pushing up, pushing through. You hear the crack, feel it give. Keep going, up through the wood, then the satin. You know you're close so you go faster.... faster... you use your hands, your teeth, keep going, past the cotton, then you reach the soft, the bloat. Then when you take that first bite... oh, that first bite. She's a beaut. You let it run down your face, down your chin... you lick it all up. You're a changed man. Inside and out. C'mon, let's go take you to meet my friend."



Hearing this insane tirade results in a Sanity Check risking 1/1D4 Sanity Point loss. Tobias rises from his chair and strides quickly across the grounds, ignoring all attempts to talk to him as he heads for the far southwest corner where the investigators notice a large fallen elm that has crushed part of the stone wall, its up-ended roots exposing a deep, dark pit underneath.

If at any point the investigators try to block Tobias from reaching the fallen tree, he pushes them aside and continues on. If tackled, grappled, or otherwise physically restrained, he begins to call out in Ghoul-speak, making loud rasping, throaty, bark-like grunts, shouting them in the direction of the elm. If unhindered, he calls for the ghoul when he reaches the pit. A moment later, the ghoul climbs out of the hole, snarling, maw dripping, his one wounded, withered useless arm pulled in tightly against his chest. At first sight of a human he leaps, and all hell breaks loose.

### Tobias Lurtz, Tortured Madman

STR 15 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 12  
DEX 13 APP 8 EDU 13 SAN 0 HP 12

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Magic Points:** 12

**Attacks:** Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+db;

Bite: 35%, damage 1D4+db.

**Spell:** Temporal Rip: Costs 1D6 Magic Points and 1D2 Sanity Points (see sidebar) instant cast.

**Skills:** Dodge 26%, Listen 25%, Command Wolf Hybrid 80%, French 30%, Latin 15%, Construction 55%, Spot Hidden 40%.

### The Ghoul, Unclean Tutor

STR 16 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 13 POW 13  
DEX 13 APP 8 EDU 13 SAN 0 HP 12

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Attacks:** Claw 30%, damage 1D6+db (only one claw attack per round due to injury)

**Bite:** 30%, damage 1D6 + worry damage (forego claws in future rounds. A successful bite latches on to the target doing 1D4 bite damage automatically on successive rounds unless the fangs are released with a STR vs. STR resistance roll, one attempt per round.)

**Spell:** The ghoul can cast the Temporal Rip spell (above) but foregoes it unless absolutely necessary, preferring to taste living human flesh with his bite.

**Skills:** Dodge 26%, Listen 25%, Spot Hidden 55%.  
Tobias' Hovel

Perhaps not all of the investigators follow Tobias as he heads the way to the fallen elm, or perhaps the survivors of the ghoul attack return to search the caretaker's home. Regardless of the means or timing, a successful **Spot Hidden** roll locates a secret trap door under the throw rug, opening to a small, excavated room beneath the shack, approximately eight foot square with earthen walls and floor. There are kerosene lanterns at the ready, allowing the players to explore the hidden room.

Most of the space is filled with a corn whiskey still, heated by a cleverly designed furnace box which pipes it's smoke up into the shack, tapping into the potbelly stove's exhaust pipe, a clever way to keep the illegal moonshine still hidden. There are many earthenware jugs, some full, some empty, exactly like the ones found under Harlan Dupree's bed.

A small hole has been carved into the dirt wall behind the still, approximately two feet in diameter, forming a crawlspace tunnel that leads off into the darkness towards the center of the cemetery. Even considering entering the hole requires a Sanity Check resulting in a 1/1D4 Sanity Point Loss. However, any Investigator who steels him- or herself to the task can crawl through the tiny tunnel approximately 15 yards before it opens into a small, root-



Tobias' Shack



Cemetery Showdown!

filled chamber approximately six by six feet and roughly five feet high. There is just enough room for two average sized humans to huddle together. A crude symbol has been drawn on the dirt floor with mustard-colored sand, matching the symbol Dupree carved on so many gravestones. The room also contains candles, matches, a mason jar with more of the strange mustard-colored sand, and a small, wicked-looking knife carved from flint, its blade stained black with dried blood and dirt. This is where Tobias and the ghoulish plan to cast the necromantic spell to raise the inhabitants of the cemetery. If the investigators take the spell components and rub out the symbol on the floor, it will be impossible for Tobias to complete his plan. If the chamber remains undiscovered, and Tobias, the ghoulish, or both escape the investigators, a dreadful fate will befall the citizens of Coldwater Falls in a few short days (see Aftermath, below).

A small wooden box contains a few wartime treasures Tobias managed to sneak back to Coldwater Falls: a book of French poetry, a silver picture frame, and an ornate German pickelhaube helmet with brass spike on top (and a suspiciously large dent in the back). Tucked away inside the pages of the poetry book are a few dozen loose pages handwritten in French. These are the Bapaume Pages and contain the secrets of the Temporal Rip spell. (See

the boxed text on page 19 and the section *Cornered* on page 30 for details.) Any Investigator examining the poetry book can attempt an **INT x2** roll. Success allows the Investigator to realize the piece of paper with the necromantic symbol discovered in Dupree's workshop is a perfect match for the pages of this volume.

## Aftermath

Investigators who survive the cemetery showdown must tend to their physically and mentally injured companions. There is plenty of strange evidence that must be forgotten, reported, or destroyed.

There are a bevy of people the investigators are expected to report to. Clementine wants to understand the fate of her father. Constable Clark needs to be satisfied the law has been upheld. Father Leclair must be told the fate of his young friend. It is left to the keeper's discretion whether his is outraged, saddened, or relieved to learn Tobias' fate.

There is also the matter of the university, and what is to become of Harlan Dupree. Fortunately, when the investigators return to town, they are treated to good news in the form of a Western Union telegram:

## The Bapaume Pages and Temporal Rip Spell

In August of 1918 the French town of Bapaume was liberated from the Germans by Allied forces after four years of occupation. Tobias Lurtz was stationed in Bapaume and used his French language skills to become a very effective supply officer there, as well as an equally effective black marketeer, a profession that eventually led to his dishonorable discharge and prison sentence. During one such trade he acquired a book of poetry and discovered a sheaf of several dozen loose, hand-written, unbound pages written in French tucked inside. Upon closer examination, he became fascinated with references to ancient god-like beings and gaining the ability to manipulate enemies.

After his arrest, Tobias was able to pass off the Bapaume Pages as his personal effects, and as such were returned to him when he was released from prison and returned to Coldwater Springs.

Tobias spent years trying to understand the Pages and tap into the power they promised, without success. That is, until he encountered the wounded ghoul in his cemetery.

Sensing Tobias craved power and revenge, the ghoul helped Tobias become magically adept enough to understand and cast a powerful attack hidden within the Pages.

The spell, called a Temporal Rip, suspends the target in a hole torn out of space-time. The victim appears frozen, surrounded by a jagged darkness through which can be observed the blackness of space dotted with ancient stars long extinguished.

The caster can maintain the spell at no additional cost, provided the target remains within line-of-sight and the caster can maintain the somatic hand gesture with his arm fully outstretched. Dropping line-of-sight or lowering one's arm breaks the effect. When released, the victim returns to normal space-time feeling sick and weakened for 1D4 rounds (all checks performed at half skill) and moves at half speed, with no knowledge of any time having passed.

Tobias memorized and practiced the gestures and incantations required to cast the spell quickly. Armed with the power to control his enemies, Tobias felt prepared to exact his revenge on Coldwater Falls.

TO CONSTABLE CLARK AND COMPANY. STOP.

A SPACE IN OUR ABNORMAL PSYCH WARD HAS BECOME AVAILABLE. STOP.

WILL ACCEPT YOUR MAN ASAP. STOP.

AMBULANCE WILL ARRIVE BY TMRW EVE. STOP

SIGNED DR. REGINALD HIGHTOWER - INPATIENT ADMISSIONS COORDINATOR ARKHAM ASYLUM, ARKHAM MASS.

ENDSTOP

Constable Clark appears exhausted and relieved. He says he and Deputy Pitts can maintain the peace and keep Dupree safe until the ambulance arrives.

Clementine Dupree consents to allow the investigators ongoing access to study her father and research his condition. University officials are thrilled to have ongoing access to Dupree. The investigators have produced the feather in the university's cap they had hoped for.

But lastly, keepers should be keenly aware of the fates of Tobias and the ghoul. If either or both survive the climactic encounter at the cemetery, they lie low for a few days to recuperate from their injuries and to make sure the investigators have left town. They then return to the graveyard and slink into the tunnels under cover of night. Deep in the earth, they have already prepared a hidden ritual chamber to perform the necromantic magic to raise an undead army. Dupree may not have provided as many symbols as they may have wished, but there

### Man V. Mother Nature: Humanity Loses!

Boston — The rural town of Coldwater Falls suffered the fate of Sodom and Gomorra earlier this week when rare earth-tremors struck in the middle of the night. Residents living somewhat outside of the town's center report the quakes began shortly after midnight, lasting less than one minute, damaging property and starting several fires that quickly raged out of control. The quake also appears to have disturbed the wildlife in the nearby dense forest, given the hundreds of mutilated bodies trampled, gored, or consumed. State officials estimate casualties in the hundreds, and many dozens more rendered catatonic or blathering nonsense, evidently suffering from nervous shock of the horrifying night.

are certainly enough marked gravestones in the cemetery to raise a sizeable force. And in a few days' time, that's exactly what they do.

Play concludes when the investigators discover a disturbing headline splashed across the Arkham newspapers a week later, see "Man V. Mother Nature," above.

Any investigator who reads this account must make a SAN Check, losing 1/1D4 Sanity Points for comprehending true fate of Coldwater Falls.

### Addendum: After Coldwater Falls

The events that take place in Coldwater Falls need not necessarily end when the investigators return to Arkham. The following scenario seeds are offered to keepers interested in extending this scenario into other possible adventures for their players to enjoy.

### Escape!

An ambulance and two orderlies arrives in Coldwater falls to collect Harlan Dupree and transport him back to Arkham Asylum for treatment and study. They sedate the "wolf-man" for the trip, but vastly underestimate his constitution. The next day, the ambulance is found crashed into a tree just outside of Arkham. Both orderlies are dead, their throats ripped out, and Dupree is nowhere to be found. The investigators are called back to help capture the madman before he strikes again.

### Fatherhood

Blind rage has taken over Jacob Miller's senses. Unable to face the loss of his beloved daughter, Bethany, he's hell-bent on taking out that sick monster Dupree and anyone who defended him: The constable, Deputy Pitts, Father Leclair, and those meddlers from Arkham, too. But he'll need more power than his trusty .30-06 can provide. What secret discovery has Jacob found in the woods that will grant him the revenge he craves? And at what price?

### Cornered

The Temporal Rip spell found in The Bapaume Pages is a powerful weapon against one's enemies, but what is the hidden cost of power? When the spell shreds the very fabric of space-time, it draws the attention of a Hound of Tindalos who considers this little corner of the universe its own private yard to protect, and, like any good guard dog, it attacks anyone who comes too close to its territory. In this case it has caught the scent of one of the investigators who was suspended in space-time at the cemetery. The clock is running out as the investigators must discover what creature is after them and how to stop it before they wind up in the asylum... or the morgue!

(Note: it may be particularly fun to combine this scenario with Escape!, above. After Dupree escapes, the investigators work with the police to stop a rash of murders throughout Arkham... only to discover the Hound of Tindalos is hunting them while they hunt for Dupree!)



## Papers, Please

After returning to Arkham, the investigators must decide what to do with the Bapaume Pages. They turn to Dr. Henry Armitage of the Miskatonic University Library who has an expert reputation about such things given the widespread notoriety of his special occult collection. After taking one look at the Bapaume Pages, Dr. Armitage is shocked to discover they are part of an immensely powerful and dangerous Mythos tome he has been searching for ever since the Dunwich Horror. He insists the investigators follow the trail which leads them all the way to France in search of the rest of the blasphemous book. But who else is after those arcane secrets for their own use?

## Out of Touch, Out of Time

Baffled by what they witnessed in the Coldwater Falls Cemetery, the investigators pore over the Bapaume Pages and experiment with the Temporal Rip spell. At long last one of them meets with success! The problem: if casting the spell without a target to essentially “cork” the hole created in space-time, one actually creates a highly unstable dimensional gate, which can produce any number of unwanted effects:

- The experimenting Investigator becomes a missing person as he or she is sucked through the gate to an unfortunate location: prehistoric earth, Yuggoth, or perhaps the Dreamlands. What secrets will the other investigators uncover as they search for their missing comrade?
- A curious Investigator accidentally swaps souls with an Egyptian sorcerer across 6,000 years of time. The sorcerer believes he can utilize stolen knowledge from the future to gain untold wealth and power in his own time, and goes on a destructive crime spree to collect arcane knowledge. (How handy to have the Miskatonic University library so close by!) He even finds a way to travel home, but must be stopped before he alters history and traps the bewildered player in ancient Egypt forever.
- An Investigator, desperate to protect himself during a deadly speakeasy brawl, creates a Temporal Rip which sucks a Dimensional Shambler into Arkham. Now the police have slaughter to unravel, and what trouble will the investigators

stir up as they poke around Arkham’s seedy underbelly?

- The investigators return to Arkham and attend a funeral for a colleague, relative, or perhaps even one of the investigators that perished during the confrontation with Tobias Lurtz in the Coldwater Falls cemetery. A sharp eye catches a glimpse of one of Tobias’ necromantic ritual runes on a headstone — dated 1680! A bit of research reveals the person buried in that grave was accused of witchcraft. The deeper the investigators dig, the closer they get to the Witch Cult. Will Keziah Mason (The Compact Arkham Unveiled, page 71) see them as a threat – or allies? Is there a plot brewing to raise an army of undead, or does the Witch Cult have their eyes set on only raising one specific person from the grave? And, more importantly, for what purpose?

These ideas should help any inspired keeper nudge their players down the path they first set foot upon in Coldwater Falls. To one and all, happy adventuring!



# COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

## Boxed Text

Bapaume Pages  
and Temporal Rip Spell . . . . .28-29

Man V. Mother Nature . . . . .29

Residents of Coldwater Falls . . . . .8

Scenario Timeline . . . . .7

## Sections

Aftermath. . . . .27

Background . . . . .5

Entry Points to the Scenario . . . . .9

The Blue Diner . . . . .15

The Cemetery . . . . .23

Coldwater Falls . . . . .10

Dupree’s Workshop. . . . .18

Lockhart Boarding house . . . . .16

The Miller Farmstead . . . . .21

St. Agnes Church. . . . .22

Trouble at the Jail . . . . .19

## Creatures

Ghoul . . . . .7-8, 24, 26

Wolf Hybrids . . . . .6, 24

## Locations

The Blue Duck. . . . .15

The Cemetery . . . . .23

Coldwater Falls . . . . .11

Dupree’s Workshop. . . . .18

The Jail . . . . .19

Lockhart Boarding House . . . . .16

The Miller Farmstead . . . . .21

St. Agnes Church. . . . .22

Tobias’ Shack . . . . .26

## Non-Player Characters

Amos Pitts [Deputy]. . . . .10, 13

Archibald Clark [Constable] . . . . .10, 11

Bethany Miller [Missing Child]. . . . .9

Clementine Dupree  
[Dupree’s Daughter] . . . . .14, 17

Esmerelda Lockhart  
[Boarding House Owner] . . . . .16-17

Father Leclair [Priest]. . . . .6, 21

Hannah Miller [Mourning Mother] . . . . .22

Harlan Dupree [Madman]. . . . .6, 14

John Smith [Salesman]. . . . .12

Phil Kretz [Shopkeeper] . . . . .9, 15

Tobias Lurtz [Troubled Man]. . . . .5, 26

## Tomes and Spells

Bapaume Pages . . . . .28-29

Temporal Rip Spell . . . . .28-29

# Nothing goes with *Call of Cthulhu*...



## ...better than a few Secrets!

# CHAOSIUM

[www.chaosium.com](http://www.chaosium.com)





CHAOSIUM  
INC.

# CANIS MYSTERIUM

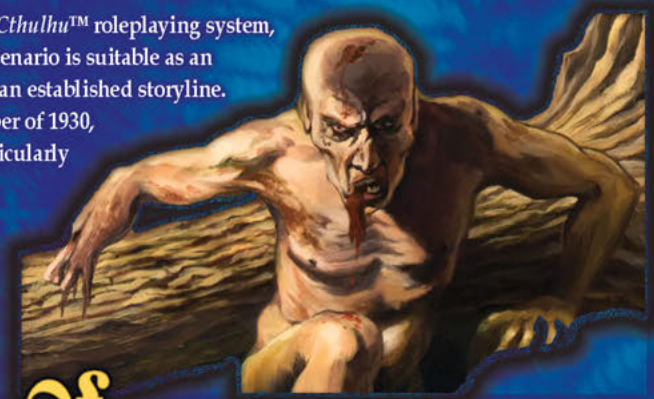
## A Scenario With Bite

*Constable Clark, of Coldwater Falls, was desperate for attention. He'd been in touch with every sanatorium and hospital from New York to Boston, and there's not an empty bed to be found since the stock market crash last year. They're full-to-brimming with suicidal businessmen and investors. The man he is holding in his jail exhibits some rather extraordinary behaviors. His delusion is complete and total – he walks on all fours and he won't speak a word. They say he even eats out of a bowl and refuses utensils! Not a shred of human behavior left in him.*

*The man attacked a young girl before he was discovered. He was found... well... gnawing on part of her leg!*

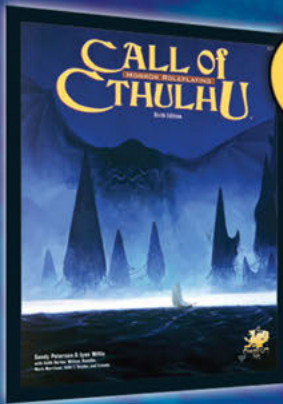
CANIS MYSTERIUM is an adventure scenario for the *Call of Cthulhu*™ roleplaying system, designed to be played in one or more gaming sessions. This scenario is suitable as an introduction to a new campaign, or can easily be worked into an established storyline. As written, this adventure is set in and near Arkham of October of 1930, making Chaosium's *H.P. Lovecraft's Arkham* supplement particularly helpful.

Several scenario seeds are offered to keepers who wish to expand and continue the events in this adventure, perhaps giving birth to a new campaign or providing handy subplot sessions to pre-existing campaigns.



## CALL of CTHULHU

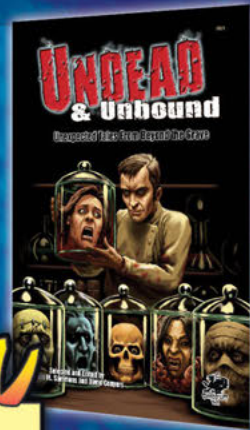
HORROR SOURCEBOOK



*Call of Cthulhu*® is a roleplaying game based on the works of H.P. Lovecraft in which ordinary people are confronted with the demonic beings and forces of the Cthulhu Mythos.

There are now thirty books in the well-received *Call of Cthulhu*® Fiction line. Some titles trace the evolution of Mythos concepts or the works of noted authors, while others are all-new short story anthologies.

## CTHULHU FICTION



ISBN-10: 1568823843

ISBN-13: 978-1568823843

5 1095



9 781568 823843

For a complete listing of Chaosium titles and other cool items, please visit our website at [www.chaosium.com](http://www.chaosium.com)



Printed in the USA

