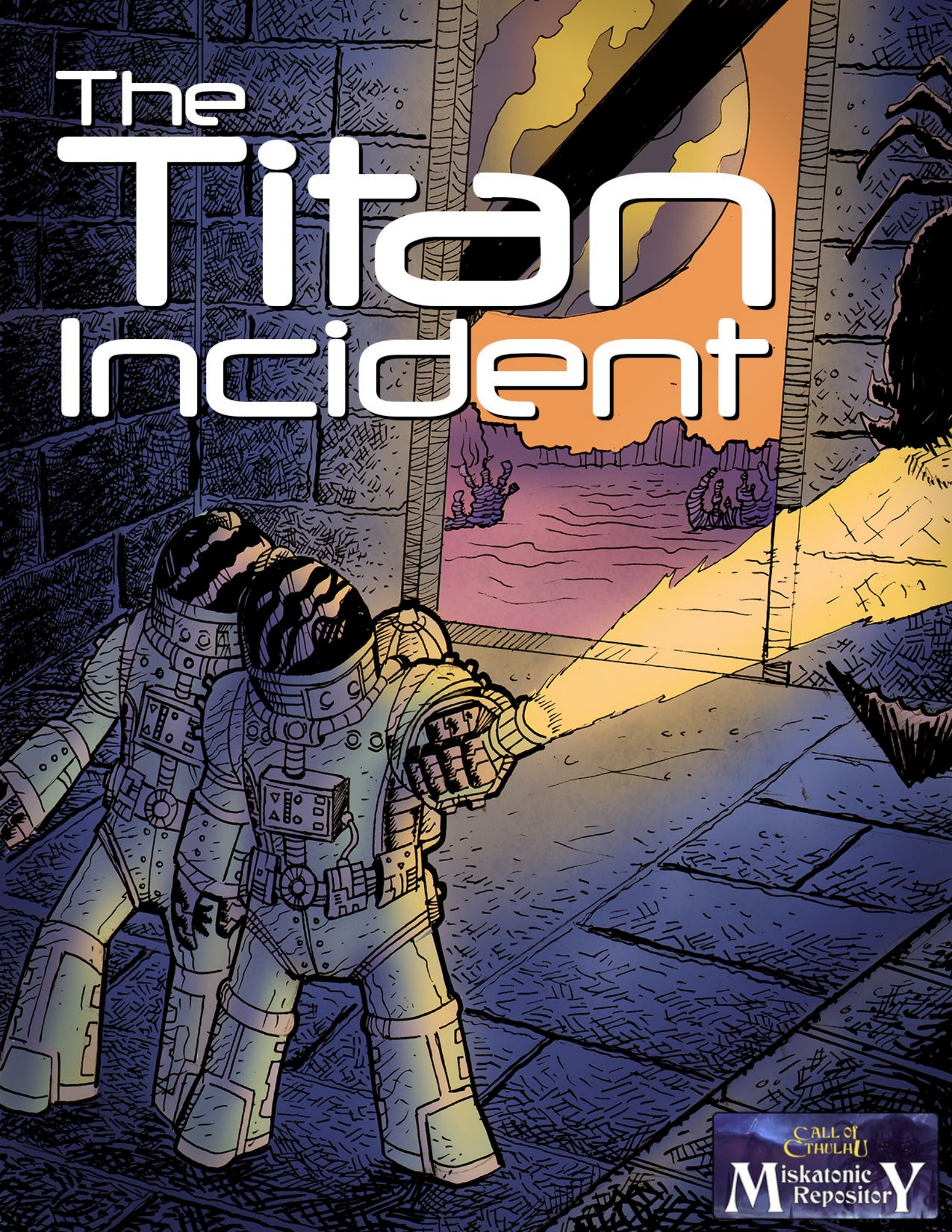


# The Triton Incident





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# INTRODUCTION

By the waning years of the 22<sup>nd</sup> century, humanity has expanded beyond Earth, establishing colonies on Mars, Ceres, and the moons of Jupiter and Saturn; the latter of these being largely penal or mining colonies, taking advantage of the isolation and mineral wealth of these moons. One such colony, known as Benedict's Rest, was established on the shores of the north polar sea of Ligeia Mare on the moon Titan, in the year 2169. Originally a penal colony that used convict labor to harvest liquid methane, Benedict's Rest was bought out by a German energy conglomerate, Richter Dynamics, and expanded; now, in 2189, contract, or "free" miners outnumber convicts 5 to 1—158 free miners to 31 convicts.

The colony's productivity, formerly the highest of any Richter colony site, has dropped 19% in the last month with no reasonable explanation provided. In the same period, the colony medic, Dr. Henry Holzer, has died; the administration has been vague regarding cause, though it has been intimated that he committed suicide. Over the objections of colony administrator James Kingsley, Richter Dynamics has sent a team of corporate troubleshooters to investigate these two issues and make recommendations to revive productivity.

This scenario is intended to be completed in a single session of play, and was designed for use at conventions with four-hour time slots, using the pregenerated characters provided.

# KEEPER'S INFORMATION

In addition to the methane-pumping rigs of Benedict's Rest, Richter Dynamics is running a secondary, illegal mining site, 75 miles from Benedict's Rest, using only convict labor. This site, named "Waystation," is kept secret from the free miners; here, hydraulic fracturing is used to access underground cyclohexane deposits. Hydraulic fracturing on planets or moons possessing an atmosphere is strictly illegal by order of the Space Nations (the successor to the United Nations), but Richter Dynamics considers the likelihood of being caught and prosecuted slim and the potential profits extremely attractive. Six-man teams of convict miners are cycled in and out of Waystation on six-day shifts via a magnetic rail-line, staying in barracks on-site when not resting.

One of the investigators, junior executive Neil Owens, has already been briefed on the existence of Waystation, and the nature of operations there, before arriving on Titan. He has also been made aware that productivity at Waystation has dropped to 0 in the last three months—and that Richter Dynamics is far more concerned about this than the 19% decrease in methane collection.

Productivity has dropped to zero at Waystation because, during the course of operations, a buried alien structure was exposed and breached. This structure, a sphinx-shaped temple carved from basalt, is dedicated to Nyarlathotep in the guise of the Great Ice Sphinx, and was built by an alien race that has been effectively extinct for millions of years. A half-dozen of these aliens, henceforth referred to as the Evangelists, were preserved in suspended animation inside the frozen temple; they revived when the structure was breached and quickly began to forcibly convert the convict miners to the worship of the Great Ice Sphinx. They telepathically "force-fed" religious imagery coupled with a hypnotic command to serve into the convicts' minds, compelling a religious mania.

Since breaching the temple, the convict laborers and the overseers who work Waystation have become enthusiastic disciples, receiving revelations from the Evangelists and offering obeisance to the Great Ice Sphinx. They spend their shifts in the temple, communing with their "new god," and upon returning to the remaining penal wing of Benedict's Rest, discuss their new learning among themselves, preaching their interpretation of "the gospel of Titan" to any in earshot.

Driven mad by these creatures, the overseer on the original shift, a man named Hendricks, was compelled to smuggle one of the Evangelists back into Benedict's Rest, delivering it to the colonial administrator, Kingsley. Exposed to the creature's missionary efforts, Kingsley fell completely under its sway, developing a Messiah complex and convincing himself that he had been specially chosen to spread the message of the Evangelists. Aware that not everyone is ready for his message, Kingsley can still put on a façade of normality, though this masking behavior will not hold up to scrutiny or much stress.

Meanwhile, David Montrose, the head of security, has become a paranoid wreck. Confused and terrified by the voices he's hearing in his head, he's become suspicious of everyone around him, spending most of his time in his quarters. He's become a heavy drinker, trying to drown out the voices in whiskey. He cannot disguise what he's become and feels a deep sense of shame combined with a feeling of helplessness; of being trapped in events too big for him to deal with.

# CONDITIONS ON TITAN

It is worth noting the conditions on Titan, as it is likely that by the climax of the scenario, the investigators will have ventured outside the relative comfort of the colony. Titan is inhospitable to human life, with an average daytime temperature of -290° Fahrenheit (-172° Celsius) and an atmosphere composed primarily of nitrogen and methane. The atmosphere is largely opaque, resembling a thick, orange-tinted fog. Due to this, all **Spot Hidden** rolls made to see something outside are considered Hard. While winds stir the upper atmosphere of Titan at a speed of 270 miles per hour, at ground level they slow to a breezy 8–10 miles per hour. The ground is soft and spongy, composed largely of loosely-packed methane snow.

Finally, gravity on Titan is much lower than on Earth, owing to the moon's much smaller size and less dense composition. For reference, an object weighing 100 pounds on Earth would weigh 14 pounds on Titan. While NPCs appearing in this scenario have been trained and conditioned to live and work in lower gravity environments, the investigators may find themselves struggling to maintain control and composure on the Titanian surface. The environmental suits in the colony have attached magnetized boots and safety lines to further ensure against miners bouncing off, out of control.

# ARRIVAL ON TITAN

The investigators are arriving on Titan in a chartered corporate drone-shuttle, which departed from the regional headquarters on the Jovian moon of Ganymede. It has been a 70-hour flight for the investigators, and despite the company's efforts at providing for their comfort during the trip, the investigators will be more than ready to stretch their legs and consume something other than microwaved meals and instant coffee.

The “fasten seat belt” sign lights up as the investigators begin to feel the first tremors of turbulence; the shuttle has entered Titan’s atmosphere. Investigators looking out the windows can see only dense, orange clouds for most of their descent. It will only be once they’ve dipped into the troposphere that the clouds will thin enough (though the sky maintains its orange hue) for them to begin to see the ground below them—miles and miles of windswept dunes of methane snow, broken by knife-like volcanic ridges of icy stone, open craters belching “lava flows” of liquid water, ammonia, and methane that freeze into fantastic shapes as they pour down the slopes.

Successful **Hard Spot Hidden** rolls will allow the investigators their first glimpse of Benedict’s Rest as it comes over the horizon—a squat collection of dark gray pre-fabricated buildings clustered on the icy shores of Ligeia Mare, Titan’s largest sea of liquid methane. Huge storage silos tower over the colony and miles of pipeline, spreading like the tentacles of some vast octopus, extend out over the sluggish, yellow-tinted waves, linking subsidiary pumping stations to the central complex.

The shuttle glides in for a landing on a brightly-lit pad, connecting with a heavy thump as the magnetic landing gear engages. With an almost deafening hiss of hydraulics, the entire landing pad begins to sink into the ground, two halves of a protective dome rising up to shield the pad and shuttle from the elements. With the meeting of the two halves of the dome, the “fasten seat belt” sign goes dark and the shuttle door opens with a soft hiss of escaping air pressure. A mobile staircase has already been wheeled into place for the investigators’ use.

A young man, sandy-haired, fresh-faced, and dressed in the short-sleeved uniform coveralls of the colonial security division, is standing at the bottom of the staircase to meet them, a small, bus-like vehicle parked behind him. Introducing himself as Officer Robert Tyson, he explains that he’s been asked to show the investigators to the quarters that they’ll use for their stay at Benedict’s Rest, and that it’s been anticipated that they’ll want to refresh themselves after their long flight and that they are encouraged to shower and take a nap if they feel so inclined. He also notes that one “day” on Titan is the equivalent of almost 16 Earth days, and so the colony runs on Berlin time; by his watch, it’s currently 11:30 in the morning. Gesturing to the bus, he asks the investigators to board so he can take them to their quarters in the administrative building.

Officer Tyson takes the investigators down a long hallway connecting the landing bay to the rest of the colony. Branching tunnels are labeled with their destinations: the penal sector, contract miner housing, maintenance sector, atmosphere scrubbing plant, administrative center, security center, maglev launch, and others. Turning down the tunnel to the administrative center, they soon arrive at a suite of apartments for visiting officials. Upon arrival, Tyson distributes magnetic “visitor pass” ID cards to the investigators, which will need to be swiped to enter various areas; these passes are currently registered as “all-access,” meaning the investigators can go anywhere in the colony with them.

The investigators will likely wish to question Tyson on a number of topics:

- **On how soon they can meet with Kingsley:** Tyson assures the investigators that Kingsley is looking forward to discussing matters with them, and he will meet with them as soon as possible; the administrator is currently finishing up a monthly meeting with the

colony’s accounting team but will meet with the investigators as soon as he’s done.

- **On Dr. Henry Holzer’s death:** Tyson politely admits that he doesn’t know much about it, but his understanding is that Dr. Holzer experienced a heart attack or something similar. While not a doctor, Sergeant Montrose examined the body and made some preliminary conclusions before bagging the body for shipment back to Earth. Dr. Holzer’s remains are currently in cold storage in the medical center and will be loaded onto the shuttle with the investigators when they leave.
- **On meeting with Sergeant Montrose:** Tyson will hesitate for a moment and then state that Sergeant Montrose has been ill and confined himself to his quarters recently, but he will check to see if he is feeling up to receiving visitors. Successful **Psychology** rolls will confirm that Tyson is not being completely honest with this statement; putting pressure on Tyson (for example, with a **Persuade** or **Intimidate** roll—Sergeant Caldwell will require a regular success, while the other investigators will require a **Hard** success) can force him to reveal that Montrose has begun drinking heavily over the last three weeks and has become a shut-in.
- **On possibly starting their investigation without meeting with Kingsley first:** Tyson will discourage this, stating firmly that Kingsley wishes to discuss their investigation with them before they start and that, while Kingsley does not believe an investigation is necessary, he does want to make sure the investigators have everything they need to conduct it thoroughly.

Upon arriving at the suite of apartments reserved for visiting officials, the investigators are divided between two identical three-sleeper apartments; each consists of three bedrooms containing a single twin bed, nightstand, desk and chair, connected to a common area with a couch, wall-mounted television, table, and three folding chairs. A bathroom consists of a sink, towel rack, toilet, and shower stall. Most surfaces are unadorned light gray plastic, with the bedding, towels and couch cushions being cheap cotton and darker gray. An intercom system is provided, allowing them to call Tyson to bring them to Kingsley’s office.

Any investigators choosing to lay down for a nap will experience disturbing nightmares. The Evangelist living in Kingsley’s office has been alerted to the investigators’ arrival and is aware they represent a threat to the expansion of the Sphinx-Cult. It responds by reaching out with its telepathy and probing the investigators’ sleeping minds. Due to the distance between Kingsley’s office and the investigators’ apartments, it cannot use its telepathy on alert investigators, only sleeping ones. The probe will manifest as dreams of a burning crimson orb held seemingly inches from the investigator’s face, while a harsh, grating voice demands over and over again to know who the investigators are and what they want. Experiencing these visions necessitate a **SAN** check for 0/1 Sanity Points.

## MEETING KINGSLEY

When the investigators are ready, Tyson will escort them up to the top floor of the administrative complex and inform Stacy Hennecker, Kingsley’s secretary, that the investigators are there to meet with Kingsley. She is in her early 40s, her brown hair lightly streaked with

gray and cut into a fashionable bob. She smiles and presses an intercom button on her desk and then shakes her head and presses another. “I’m not used to him being in the new office yet,” she says by way of apology.

The investigators are shown, not into an actual office, but a small conference room that has been hastily refitted to serve as a temporary office. Administrator James Kingsley greets the investigators warmly at the door, ushering them inside as he asks Tyson to wait outside the door.

Kingsley is a heavyset, bearded man with red hair shot through with gray (the snapback cap he’s wearing hides his receding hairline), wearing a Hawaiian shirt and khaki slacks. He pours himself a tumbler of bourbon from a drinks cabinet shoved into one corner of the room and offers the same to the investigators (“it’s the good stuff, from Earth. Not watered down shit like you’d get on some of the other colonies out there”) before sitting down at his desk.

“As you may have noticed, I don’t waste a lot of time on protocol. I’m interested in results, just like you are. I get it – Corporate sent you down here because we had a low month. But the fact is, a low month here is just as good as a high month on most of the other colonies. We all know that Benedict’s Rest is one of the top producing mining sites operated by Richter Dynamics, and the miners here have the bonus checks in their pockets to prove it. And it’s been that way since I took over as administrator a year ago. So, since I know you probably can’t wait to get off this windy iceball, what do you need from me to get you back in your offices as quickly as possible?”

Questions about Dr. Holzer’s death are met with a sympathetic shrug and a comment that Kingsley had liked Holzer and considered him a good man; he offers the suggestion that some individuals just don’t take well to life past the Asteroid Belt. “They get out here and something goes screwy – heart gets bad, GI system acts up, lose a few screws up top. I’ve seen it plenty of times. And you know, a lot of these colony doctors – they’re a lot like old Western doctors or ship’s doctors. Running from a malpractice lawsuit or something like that. Maybe he got wind something like that was catching up to him.” Successful **Psychology** rolls will reveal that Kingsley is holding something back regarding Holzer’s death.

If asked, Kingsley can confirm that Holzer’s body is in cold storage in the small morgue attached to the medical center. If the investigators request a copy of the colony’s financial records to go over, Kingsley is happy to provide them but admits that it will take a little bit of time for the colony’s accounting department to pull and collate the records for the investigators’ perusal. He asks that they return to his temporary office tomorrow morning at 10 o’clock to pick up the records. (These records will be doctored, as can be recognized with a successful **Accounting** check, to make it appear that after a low month the colony’s earnings are back on an upswing.)

While Neil Owens, one of the pre-generated investigators, is aware of the existence of Waystation and the cyclohexane mining operation, the author hopes they will have the good sense not to openly ask Kingsley about it at their first meeting. If they do, he will deny vehemently the existence of any secondary site, remind the investigators that Benedict’s Rest is not licensed for cyclohexane extraction, and disclaim any notion of cyclohexane mining at a secondary site as the stuff of conspiracy theories circulated by “extraplanetary preservation” activist groups.

With the meeting adjourned, Kingsley invites the investigators to move freely throughout the colony and talk to anyone they like. Anyone requesting to continue to speak with Kingsley (for example, Neil

Owens, who will likely want to discuss Waystation privately) will be politely informed that he can spare them just a few more minutes of his time. In truth, he is fatigued and nervous from maintaining the illusion of normalcy and wants to be able to slip away and accept communion from the Evangelist in the form of a fresh burst of telepathic euphoria.

Any investigator attempting to use a social skill (**Charm**, **Fast Talk**, **Intimidate** or **Persuade**) to influence Kingsley and *failing* on their roll will trigger a slip in Kingsley’s defenses; in the course of the conversation, Kingsley will inadvertently reference “immortal souls,” “the End of Days,” or similar apocalyptic language. Pursuing this will result in Kingsley losing the façade entirely, urging the investigator to join him at “church services” the following day at the colony’s interfaith chapel, and informing them, very matter-of-factly, that the apocalypse is near and only those who have heard “the True Words from the Prophet’s lips” will be able to be saved. His delivery is low on actual details and intended to tantalize the listener and make them want to attend and learn more; he will not go into greater detail here.

Once he regains his composure, however, Kingsley will realize he likely said too much and will begin arranging to have the investigator in question dealt with by the Evangelist.

## SPLITTING UP

From here, the investigators are likely to break up into smaller groups to cover more ground and focus their individual investigations on what is most relevant to their interests. The author’s experience in playtesting has been that Sergeant Caldwell and Dr. Lazarine frequently pair off to visit the medical center, while Dean Harrison, Alfred Behrendt, and Moses Goodkind examine one or more of the methane pumping stations, looking for evidence of mechanical failure. Neil Owens, in the author’s experience, frequently either stays behind to question Kingsley further, or goes to speak with off-duty miners.

## THE MEDICAL CENTER

The medical center is a relatively small, cramped area, befitting its penal origins. There is a single examination room, a computerized office, a refrigerated supply closet, a small surgical suite and a recovery room with five beds separated by paper curtains. There is also a cold storage “morgue” connected to the surgical suite. Adjacent to the medical center is the doctor’s apartment. Overall, the medical center is prepared to handle most common injuries one would encounter in a prison or industrial environment, but not much more.

If the investigators want to examine the medical center’s inventory, those records are on the computer in the office and easily accessible. A successful **Accounting** or **Medicine** roll will determine that the records have been doctored; a significant quantity of morphine is missing and its absence covered up in the inventory records.

## EXAMINING HOLZER

The mortal remains of Dr. Henry Holzer are zipped up inside of a body bag inside a cold storage locker in the medical center, his magnetic ID badge clipped to the bag. Examining the body thoroughly will require a successful **Medicine** roll and three hours of work. His skin is bluish, especially in his extremities, and his pupils are tightly constricted;



his lungs are full of fluid. The evidence suggests Holzer drowned or suffocated to death. There is also a “fresh” (i.e., having been performed just before he died) injection mark in the bend of Holzer’s left elbow. The medical center does have the required facilities to run a toxicology exam on Holzer’s blood; investigators with **Medicine** above 50% can take a sample and program the computer to analyze it without needing to roll. Otherwise, **Medicine** and **Computer Use** rolls are required. The analysis will take thirty minutes to finish processing.

The toxicology report will show that Holzer had a very high concentration of morphine in his system at the time of death; it appears he died of overdose-induced respiratory failure. That Holzer was abusing morphine will come as an extreme shock to Dr. Lazarine, who knew him as an extremely clean-living individual.

## IN HOLZER’S APARTMENT

Checking Holzer’s personal computer in his apartment will require a successful **Computer Use** roll to get past the password protection (Dr. Lazarine can guess the password with a successful **Idea** roll). Once inside, the investigators can easily pull up his financial records and other documents.

A document entitled “Absolution” stands out as unusual; the last saved revision was the day of his death. In it, Holzer lays out the existence of a secondary site, worked entirely by convict laborers, using high-risk illegal extraction techniques and being compelled to treat men injured at this second site; when he tried to report this illegal operation, he was blocked by Montrose, the head of security, and Kingsley, the administrator. Later entries get very strange, reporting hearing voices and recurring nightmares that kept him from sleeping, and how he begins to use morphine to quiet them as best he can (Handout #1). It remains unclear if his overdose was accidental or an act of suicide.

## CHECKING THE PUMPING STATIONS

At least two of the investigators are going to want to visit the pumping stations; there are five, scattered around the rim of Ligeia Mare, linked to the central facility by miles of pipeline, spreading out like a spider’s web. Each of the five pumping stations is worked by a crew of ten men per shift and is accessible via high-speed magnetic rail.

A central hub station forms the ground level of the administrative building, with six rails converging on a central turntable, allowing a magnetic trolley to be angled and launched down six numbered tunnels, with Rail 6 marked with a large, illuminated sign reading, “Under Construction, No Unauthorized Entry.”

Upon arriving at the destination station, investigators will need to don a space suit, complete with heavy magnetic boots and multiple head-lamps built into the helmet, in order to actually examine the pumps. These suits are designed to be easy to put on or take off, with the main portion of the suit (complete with attached gloves and boots) being pulled on like a bulky pair of coveralls and zipped up the front, an insulated flap snapping into place to protect the zipper from freezing. The helmet screws into a reinforced collar, and the air supply and batteries powering the suit’s lamps and heaters are worn like a

backpack. A large reinforced window in the station allows investigators to view the pump from a distance without putting on a space suit or exiting through the airlock. There are racks to hold a dozen space suits, and at any given pumping station there will be three or four unused suits.

Upon exiting through the airlock (which requires five minutes’ time to transition from the oxygenated atmosphere of the colony to Titan’s atmosphere), the investigators will find steel-plated walkways bolted into the ice to walk on, the magnets in their boots providing enough attraction to keep them from bouncing off with each step. Additionally, a tether connected to the suit can be clipped to a series of raised railings, connected to the walkways and to the platform the pumping machinery is mounted on, to further ensure against anyone taking an uncontrolled leap.

The investigators, upon examining any given pumping station, will immediately notice that the pumps are understaffed; at each site, 7-8 men, all free miners, are trying to do the work of 10, which immediately explains the drop in productivity. Examining the machines themselves will reveal that they’re in good condition for now, but that being run understaffed is causing maintenance checks and routine service to be missed. In about three months, the machines will begin breaking down catastrophically if they are not better maintained. If this is brought to a supervisor’s attention, they will only shrug and say that they’re doing the best they can with the orders they’ve received from Kingsley.

Questioning the shift supervisors (recognizable by the red stripes on their spacesuits) will receive the answer that they’re having to run short shifts because a few men from each site are being pulled to assist in construction on a sixth pumping station; talking to the miners themselves, the investigators will be told (as long as the supervisor isn’t in earshot) that the general suspicion is that it has something to do with a new religious group in the colony; none of the men who are “working Pump 6” have been seen since they were invited to join the sect. The miners can’t say much about it, as the group is very secretive and members don’t speak about what they do in their meetings, but describe membership as “life-changing.” Some of the miners even think that Kingsley is part of this religious group.

**Idea** checks or **Psychology** rolls will recall that it’s not so unusual for exposure to deep space to trigger religious experiences; psychologists refer to it as “Space-Rapture.” Some physicians attribute it to cosmic radiation affecting the human brain, while more philosophical types believe it’s a reaction to being forced to acknowledge how small and insignificant humans are in the universe.

## TALKING WITH MINERS

The best place to talk to off-duty miners is in the entertainment district, specifically, at the bar “The Claim Jumper” and the strip-club/brothel “Jack’s Play.” They can confirm what the investigators learned at the pumps—that productivity is down because every shift is down 2-3 men, with claims that they’re building Pumping Station 6, and that all the men who aren’t at their usual posts have either joined this religious group, or just gone missing, their status in the system listed as “Contract Terminated.” It will also be confirmed that Kingsley has been seen going to and from the group’s meetings.

Because of these sudden instances of “contract termination,” none of the miners are willing to speak out against Kingsley or the religious

group, at least not publicly. They'll share what they know in hushed whispers over drinks, but no more than that. **Psychology** rolls will reveal to the investigators that the miners are more afraid of losing their jobs than anything else; they won't do anything to help the investigators that will risk their livelihoods.

Asking about anything similar to Dr. Holzer hearing voices or strange dreams will require a successful **Persuade** or **Fast Talk** roll; people are understandably reluctant to talk about it. If drawn out, some miners—all of whom have worked Pump 5 recently—will mention that they have experienced unusual intrusive thoughts at the end of their shifts. These thoughts have included powerful urges to take off running across the ice fields towards the south-west or to disconnect their oxygen supply. The miners also report a sensation of being watched while at Pump 5; colony employees, such as maintenance workers, if questioned will report feeling a similar sensation in the administrative building.

Workers are reluctant to say much about the religious group, as they suspect, with Kingsley involved, anyone who said anything negative would face repercussions including being released from their contracts. Initiation into the sect is by invitation only.

## FINDING MONTROSE

The investigators may notice that they have neither seen nor heard from the head of security in the colony, Sgt. David Montrose. If the investigators pay a visit to the main security office, Officer Tyson will be happy to speak with them.

The security office is located in an outlying section of the central compound, a relatively small office with connected barracks for security officers, of which there are a total of eight serving Benedict's Rest. A five-by-five bank of monitors connects to security cameras throughout the facility and takes up a significant portion of one wall. As Tyson puts it, "There used to be more officers stationed here when we were strictly a penal colony, but with fewer and fewer convicts each year, there hasn't been a need. Heck, there's a weapons locker here full of riot gear that I don't think has been unlocked except for annual cleaning in the past ten years. We just nightsticks. Don't need more than that when the worst you deal with is a guy who can't hold his liquor."

The weapons locker contains seven 12-gauge pump action shotguns, eight boxes of 20 lethal rounds, eight boxes of 20 non-lethal rounds, eight riot vests (8 points of Armor, cannot be worn under space suits) and eight nightsticks.

*Note: 12-gauge Pump Action Shotgun, damage 4d6/2d6/1d6 if using lethal ammunition, range 10/20/50 yards, 1 use per round, 5 bullets in magazine, Malfunction 100. Nonlethal ammunition deals 2d6 damage up to 10 yards and 1d6 damage beyond that.*

If the investigators pay a visit to Montrose's quarters with Officer Tyson, they'll find him barricaded inside his rooms, unwashed, drunk, and paranoid. He won't open the door but an intercom allows for communication. He raves about hearing voices and having images "beamed into" his head by unnamed persecutors. A **Psychology** roll will identify these beliefs as common signs of paranoid schizophrenia. The voices, he'll say, endlessly talk about how small and weak and worthless he is in the grander scheme of the cosmos and commanding him to serve a higher power, that he must beg the Sphinx to convey him through the Gate that is Yog-Sothoth, for only in the Court of

Azathoth, with his name penned in the black book of Nyarlathotep, can he find true, absolute meaning. Montrose is very scared—half of the thought of going insane, and half of the possibility that he's not. He's drinking as hard as he can to try and silence the voices in his head.

In the midst of his ranting, Montrose will mention that "this all began when Waystation went screwy." He will sink into sullen silence in response to focused questioning, refusing to elaborate on this point unless he's brought another bottle of whiskey. If he's brought a bottle, he'll open his door just enough to seize it, revealing a haunted, haggard face. "Waystation broke into a cave and released some kind of monsters. Some of them are in the colony now. They screw with your head. They might already be screwing with yours." Successful **Psychology** rolls will reveal that Montrose absolutely believes this to be true.

Any attempts to break down the door or force Montrose out of his room will be met with Montrose's suicide. He has a shotgun in his quarters, loaded, and has been contemplating using it as the ultimate escape from the voices he's hearing in his head. If the investigators try to force the door to his quarters, Montrose will put the gun in his mouth and pull the trigger, fearing that the investigators are working under orders from Kingsley or the Evangelists. Investigators witnessing Montrose's suicide, or finding his body afterwards, must make a **SAN** check for 0/1D4+1 Sanity Points.

Searching Montrose's quarters turns up a dozen empty bottles of bourbon. A successful **Spot Hidden** roll will find, stuffed under his mattress, a loose bundle of crumpled papers covered in handwritten notes (Handout #2).

## CHURCH SERVICES

Investigators showing up at the colony's interfaith chapel, either at Kingsley's invitation or based on descriptions given by other miners, will find the chapel simply a large room with about seventy-five folding chairs set up in a semi-circle, facing the middle. A full sixty worshippers—a mixture of contract and convict miners as well as a few security personnel and a number of other colonial employees, especially from the administrative offices—sit in the front rows, leaving only a few empty seats in the back of the room.

Kingsley enters the room, wearing a roughly-stitched gray robe made from bedsheets over his usual informal clothing. Standing in the middle of the semi-circle, he begins to preach what at first sounds like fairly standard millenarian fare but which quickly takes a turn for the bizarre:

- There is a coming apocalypse that will destroy human life in the solar system.
- A runaway planet, called Nemesis, will enter the solar system and trigger cataclysmic activity on every world it passes.
- The Egyptians knew about Nemesis and preserved their kings and priests to revive once Nemesis had passed.
- The beings that lived for millions of years on Titan foresaw the coming of Nemesis, and their god, the Great Ice Sphinx, taught them how to survive: by passing through the Gate of Yog-Sothoth, and seeking refuge in the Court of Azathoth.
- Kingsley was chosen by these beings to serve as their prophet, to teach mankind how to reach the Gate of Yog-Sothoth.





Investigators scanning the faces in the crowd and succeeding on a **Psychology** roll will get the sense that everyone present is a true believer, absolutely convinced of the veracity of Kingsley's preaching.

## COMPUTER RESEARCH

The investigators may turn to the colony's computer system to follow up on multiple areas of research. As stated previously, if the investigators requested financial records for the colony to examine, what they will be provided with will be doctored, as a successful **Accounting** roll will reveal. If the investigators want to try and pull up the undoctored records on the computer station in their apartment, it will require a Hard success on a **Computer Use** roll. If the investigators break into the accounting offices in the administrative building during "off" hours (necessitating **Stealth** and **Lockpicking** successes), it will only require a regular success on a **Computer Use** roll to access the records on one of their computers. Alternately, an investigator could attempt to talk one of the accountants into providing the real records; this would require an Extreme success on their chosen social skill (**Charm**, **Fast Talk**, **Intimidate** or **Persuade**), as the accounting department has been brought under the sway of an Evangelist, and know that doctoring the records protects their new master.

Investigators looking into reports of miners going missing can pull up the records for the miners in question with a successful **Computer Use** roll. All of the miners listed are marked as having had their contracts terminated. There is no explanation as to why, nor is there any record of the missing miners having left the colony on any previous shuttle. For all intents and purposes, it is as if the miners simply vanished. Expanding the search to include all contracts terminated within the last two months will reveal over two dozen colony employees, including maintenance workers, security personnel and administrative employees, who had their contracts inexplicably terminated and for whom there is no record of them having left the colony.

Any investigator wishing to investigate Kingsley's temporary office and search his computer there will either need to break in during off hours (and while the investigators have "all access" ID badges, they cannot swipe their way into Kingsley's temporary office or personal quarters. These locks can be bypassed with a Hard success on a **Computer Use** roll or a regular success on an **Electrical Repair** roll) or talk their way past Stacy Hennecker, Kingsley's secretary. As she has been converted by exposure to an Evangelist, she is devoted to protecting Kingsley and the burgeoning cult of followers and will be difficult to bypass, necessitating an Extreme success on the investigator's social skill. Searching Kingsley's computer will, with a successful **Computer Use** roll, turn up plans to transport "the prophets of Titan" to Ganymede with the investigators when they leave Benedict's Rest, so that the executive board of Richter Dynamics can be converted and the company's full resources directed towards "executing humanity's passage through the Gate of Yog-Sothoth."

## RADIOING FOR HELP

The investigators may attempt to call the Richter Dynamics regional office for help with the situation they have encountered on Benedict's Rest, or simply to report in. Once radio contact is established, it takes an average of 36 minutes for a message from Benedict's Rest to reach the office on Ganymede, and a similar amount of time for a reply to arrive.

Reports of alien life are unlikely to be believed by operators on Ganymede, as no extraterrestrial life has yet been discovered in the Solar System. Investigators will need a Hard success on a **Persuade** roll to convince the company that the colony has been infested by aliens. Reports of Kingsley going crazy, without reference to aliens, will be believed on a regular success with **Persuade** or **Fast Talk**.

If convinced of trouble, the company will send a team of four additional security officers, but it will be approximately 100 hours before they arrive at Benedict's Rest.

## CONFRONTING THE EVANGELIST

The investigators will come in contact with the Evangelist living in Kingsley's former office in one of three ways: either Kingsley will ask an investigator to meet him there, if he feels the investigator has learned too much; they will be invited up as part of an "initiation" into the

cult; or if the investigators decide they want to find out why Kingsley suddenly moved out of his office and into a conference room.

Kingsley's office has been trashed by its new occupant: broken furniture, torn up carpeting, the thermostat turned as far down as possible (the investigators' breath will plume in the chill air), and most disconcertingly, the picked-clean bones of three human beings are scattered around the room, splintered and sucked dry of their marrow. Only Kingsley's large, antique wooden desk remains intact.

Upon an investigator entering the room, the Evangelist will lift itself up on its two hindmost pairs of legs from behind the desk, glowering with its single compound eye. The alien insect is about the size of a golden retriever, covered in a bulky, translucent blue-gray exoskeleton, and has four slender walking legs and a pair of more robust forelimbs ending in powerful digging claws. Its single dome-shaped compound eye, which glows reddish-orange, is surrounded by multiple pairs of antennae and other appendages, leaving no mouthparts readily visible.

Faced with a single investigator, it will attempt to overwhelm their mind and compel them to serve the Ice-Sphinx. If they successfully resist, it will attack with its claws, trying to rip them apart; as far as it is concerned, any investigator that will not become a pawn is useful only as food.

Faced with multiple investigators at once, especially those coming in aggressively, the Evangelist will attempt to convert the first armed investigator to enter the room and compel them to defend it, lashing out psychically or with its claws from behind the desk.

Should an investigator try to shoot out one of the windows in Kingsley's office, they will find it presents much greater problems for themselves than for the Evangelist. While not the extreme "explosive decompression" that would occur if the colony was surrounded by the vacuum of space, there is a pressure differential between the interior of Benedict's Rest and the atmosphere of Titan, and any broken window will be blown outward by the equalizing of pressures. Exposure to the cold, methane-rich atmosphere of Titan is treated as a Deadly attack, dealing 2D10 damage per round of exposure.

Furthermore, in the event of a breach, automated systems activate, sealing off the breached area with heavy pneumatic doors that slide into place. Every floor of every building in Benedict's Rest, as well as the ends of every tunnel or hallway, can be sealed off in this fashion depending on the location of the breach, to minimize the damage done.

## CONFRONTATION AT WAYSTATION

Sooner or later the investigators will conclude that the source of the problem lies at Waystation. The investigators may recall (with a successful **Geology**, **Chemistry** or **Mechanical Repair** roll) that cyclohexane, the hydrocarbon being harvested at Waystation, is extremely volatile, suggesting a means of dealing with the aliens.

Boarding the rail car and setting it for Track 6 will take the investigators through a buried tunnel at high speed, traversing the 75 miles separating Benedict's Rest from Waystation in about fifteen minutes, depositing them at an enclosed station identical to the one they were shown previously. Through the window, the hydraulic fracturing rig can be seen, rising from behind a row of prefabricated

barrack-style buildings; however, the derrick has obviously been pulled out of the ground and cast to one side.

The investigators will need to go outside to inspect the rig in full; to this end, there are six environmental suits lined up on racks next to the airlock door. These suits contain a four-hour air supply and protect against the cold of Titan. Additionally, the thick padding provides investigators with four points of armor; however, an attack with an impaling weapon that exceeds this armor will potentially puncture the suit and expose the wearer to the extreme cold and thin atmosphere of Titan (treat exposure as a Deadly form of injury, dealing 2D10 damage per round of exposure).

Entering the fracking site, the investigators will find a central cleared area, which would normally be where the fracking pump would stand, has been excavated into a circular pit fifty feet wide and fifty feet deep, exposing a dark stone structure, standing out in stark relief against the brilliance of the methane ice. At the northern end of the area stand the removed derrick and several hundred feet worth of pipes, along with a now-iced over bulldozer. To the east stand four gigantic storage silos, each more than sixty feet tall and thirty feet in diameter; three marked "Fracking Fluid" and the third marked "Cyclohexane." On the far side of these silos, there is a landing strip and a watch-tower used to guide cargo carriers in to land. The watch-tower is currently unoccupied. To the south are a storage shed and a small administrative office. On the western edge of the pit are four barracks-style buildings, and on the other side of them is the rail-station by which the investigators arrived.

## THE BARRACKS

As these are closest to the rail station, it is likely the investigators will examine these buildings first. These are four squat, prefabricated buildings, densely insulated against the cold. An airlock separates the interior from the exterior, big enough for six people to enter at once. Three of the buildings contain enough bunk beds to sleep 12 each, as well as a chemical toilet. Only the southernmost shows signs of recent inhabitation.

## MESS HALL

The fourth barracks-style building in line is a kitchen and mess hall. Six 50-gallon drums labeled as "High-Protein Pottage" stand in one corner behind the serving counter, and a number of gas stoves line one wall, each topped by a large pot. Most of the room is taken up by benches and long tables.

## STORAGE SILOS

Examining the storage silos to the east of the pit, the investigators will find them filled with over a thousand gallons of their respective contents. There are large heating elements connected to the fracking fluid tanks, intended to bring the contents up to a boiling state; activating these heating elements is as easy as pressing a button. A successful **Mechanical Repair** roll would, if the investigators chose, bypass some of the safety mechanisms connected to the tanks and allow superheated fluid to be released under pressure. Anything caught in the spray would take 2D10 damage per round for three rounds before the pressure subsided; escaping the spray requires a **Hard DEX**



roll, as the boiling liquid turns the ground beneath the victim's feet into a slushy, sucking morass.

Ultimately, fracking fluid (or liquid cyclohexane) sprayed from these tanks will pour into the pit.

## THE STORAGE SHED

A narrow and unheated outbuilding, the storage shed to the south of the pit contains numerous spare parts for most of the machinery associated with the fracking rig, as well as for the bulldozer. Successful **Spot Hidden** rolls will notice scrape marks on the floor, suggesting that some heavy equipment was dragged out of this building recently.

## ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING

A 30-foot long building with a high-frequency radio antenna on top and large windows for observing the rig. Inside there is a desk, three comfortable chairs, a drinks cabinet with a bottle of whiskey and three tumblers, and a private toilet. In the bottom drawer of the desk is a flare gun and a single flare.

## THE PIT

The pit in the center of the rig site has been dug down into the ice, forming a roughly-circular hole fifty feet in diameter and fifty feet deep. Ladders have been hammered into the ice on the west and south sides of the pit, and the sounds of hammering and the crackle of arc-welders can be heard as the investigators approach.

Down in the pit, six figures—all dressed in the orange-striped environmental suits of convict laborers—mill about like ants, working diligently at chipping or burning away the ice encasing the black stone structure. Exposed so far is a section of wall with an open doorway in it, flanked by a pair of low, parallel stone extensions, the ends of which have been carved into claws; a triangular shape above the doorway can be made out dimly through the semi-translucent ice. **Idea** checks recognize this structure as resembling a Sphinx; **SAN** 0/1D6 for this revelation.

Investigators wishing to bluff their way into the Pit may do so with a successful **Fast Talk** roll; On a failed roll, the investigators draw suspicion; if failing a Pushed **Fast Talk** roll, they immediately reveal their attempted ruse and an alarm is raised. The convict-cultists will try (armed with various tools, including chainsaws and blowtorches) to herd the investigators into the structure, only getting violent if the investigators aggressively refuse to go in. Killing two of the cultists (remember that breaching their suits by doing 5+ points of damage with an impaling weapon deals 2D10 damage per round from exposure—and watching someone experience flash-freezing alive is worth a **SAN** check of 1/1D4) will cause the remaining four to fall back. Any attempt to converse with the convict-cultists will be met with the phrase, “the prophets are expecting you.” The convict-cultists will follow the investigators into the sphinx, barring their escape.

## INSIDE THE SPHINX

Entering through the doorway between the Sphinx's paws brings the investigators into a single long gallery, some forty feet long by

twenty feet wide, lined with pillars and with a vaulted roof. The floor is scattered with human bones and torn clothing. The walls are covered in carved images of various alien races; it is not always easy to tell, but they seem to be offering reverence or worship towards a faceless sphinx. In some panels, the sphinx seems to be alive and interacting with its worshipers—crushing them underfoot. The Evangelists are depicted as feeding on the corpses left in the sphinx's wake.

A generator and several jury-rigged heating elements have been moved from Waystation into the Sphinx, warming the interior of the temple; liquid methane drips down the walls and pools on the floor of this chamber.

At the far end of the chamber is a statue of a faceless sphinx, roughly ten feet long and five feet tall, atop a trapezoidal plinth. Anyone examining the statue closely can notice, with no roll necessary, that the statue is more insect-like than an earthly sphinx would be: the legs are jointed like an arthropod's and the body is depicted as covered in an interlocking exoskeleton of armored plates. The “headdress” draped over the featureless oval serving as the sphinx's head appears, on close inspection, to be a coiled mass of dreadlocks or antennae spilling over the eidolon's shoulders.

Surrounding the statue of the sphinx, crawling over and chewing on human bones, are five Evangelists. They will begin advancing on the investigators as soon as they enter the chamber, attempting to use their





mental powers to compel them into servitude. If possible, they will focus their efforts on one or two armed investigators, trying to drive them to kill their companions.

If the investigators have not otherwise incapacitated him, Kingsley emerges from behind the statue, his gray robe stretched tight over a spacesuit, welcoming them with a friendly tone of voice. He identifies the Evangelists as “prophets of the one true God of the universe,” and teachers whose words mankind must heed if they are to survive in the wider universe. He offers the investigators a demonstration of the “greater cosmic truths” that these prophets have taught him.

He then begins casting the spell *Contact Ice-Sphinx*, a variation on the *Contact Nyarlathotep* spell. This will take 1D6+4 rounds of chanting (the cultists will intervene if the PCs try to interrupt the casting; let this fight add tension to the climax) and a roll of 30% or less on a D100. If Kingsley is successful, the statue becomes flesh and manifests as the Great Ice-Sphinx (costing everyone present 1D10/5D10 SAN), attacking and crushing Kingsley before turning its attention to the investigators. If he completes the ritual but fails the Hard **POW** roll, Kingsley incinerates from the inside out, dying horribly (and costing viewers 1D3/1D10 SAN). In this situation, the Evangelists will telepathically communicate the idea that Kingsley was “unworthy” and resume their attempts to mentally dominate and convert the investigators, in the hopes that one of them will prove more useful for getting the Evangelists off-world to spread their alien faith.

If the investigators manage to stop the ritual from taking place all together, neither of these events come to pass, but the investigators will find themselves between the furious Evangelists and the convict-cultists, who will enter a frenzied state at the Evangelist’s command. This may result in a terrifying last-stand on the part of the investigators if they choose to stand and fight despite being outnumbered and likely less well-armed than the convict-cultists. More likely (one would hope), the investigators will attempt to push past the convict-cultists and flee. Keepers should reference the chapter on Chases in the *7<sup>th</sup> Edition Call of Cthulhu Keeper Rulebook* beginning on page 130. Waystation and the sphinx-temple offer some unique obstacles and opportunities for a climactic chase. As there are no magnetic panels in the temple or the pit, the investigators can leap up to thirty feet in a single bound, gaining a bonus die to **Jump** checks (though requiring a successful **DEX** check to land without stumbling, or to leap and grab hold of the ladder leading up out of the pit). Failing a pushed **Jump** or **DEX** roll, however, may result in an investigator spraining an ankle or wrist during a landing, damaging their helmet or air supply by impacting the temple ceiling, or simply wildly overshooting their target and finding themselves bouncing and tumbling out of control across the Titanian ice for a round.

## CONCLUDING THE SCENARIO

This scenario can end in two possible ways. Either the investigators are successful, clear the infestation of Evangelists from Benedict’s Rest, and put Kingsley’s religious movement to rest; or they fail, and are killed, driven mad, or destroyed by Kingsley’s apocalyptic vision.

The simplest solution is to dump the tank of cyclohexane and ignite it. Dumping cyclohexane into the pit and igniting it (for example, using the flare gun in the office) will create an explosion that will blast the temple apart and kill everything inside—and dealing 8D10

damage to everything within a hundred-yard radius. Waystation will be destroyed completely in the blast, and surviving investigators will face disciplinary action from Richter Dynamics; only Waystation’s illegal nature saves the investigators from facing criminal prosecution for destruction of company property.

### AUTHOR’S NOTE

Yes, igniting a flammable substance that is not contained under pressure will normally create a big “whoosh!” of flame without causing an explosion per se. However, it is the author’s opinion that physics should not be allowed to stand in the way of a dramatic and satisfying ending to a scenario.

## REWARDS

- Killing the Evangelist in Kingsley’s office: +1D4 SAN
- Destroying the Temple and/or killing the Evangelists inside: +1D6 SAN
- Seeing the Great Ice-Sphinx come to life and defeating it: +1D10 SAN

# CHARACTERS AND MONSTERS

## Convict Cultists

STR 60    CON 70    SIZ 60    DEX 40    INT 50  
 APP 45    POW 50    EDU 35    SAN 0    HP: 13  
 DB: 0    Build: 0    Move: 8    MP: 10

### Combat

Ice Pick                    30% (15/6), 1D6+1  
 Brawl                      50% (25/10), damage 1D3  
                                   or improvised club 1D6  
 Chainsaw                 20% (10/4), damage 2D8  
 Dodge                      40% (20/8)

### Skills

Climb 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 8%, Intimidate 55%, Listen 45%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Operate Heavy Machinery 25%, Psychology 15%, Spot Hidden 50%, Stealth 40%.

**Armor:** 4 Points of Spacesuit

## The Evangelists, *Alien Zealots*

STR 55    CON 70    SIZ 45    DEX 65    INT 60  
 APP —    POW 85    EDU —    SAN —    HP: 11  
 DB: 0    Build: 0    Move: 9    MP: 17

### Combat

**Attacks per round:** 1

**Fighting attacks:** The Evangelists prefer to attack their foes from as great a distance as possible using spells, favoring Evangelical Mindblast. However, if forced into combat, the Evangelists rely on their heavy, clawed forelimbs, battering their target with them in an attempt to tear them apart.

Brawl                      50% (25/10), damage 1D6  
 Dodge                      32% (16/6)

**Armor:** 4 points of thick exoskeleton

**Spells:** Contact Great Ice-Sphinx (Contact Nyarlathotep), Dominate, Enthral Victim, Evangelical Mindblast (as per the Mindblast spell on page 260 of the *7th Edition Call of Cthulhu Keeper's Rulebook*, but the temporary insanity experienced by the target takes the form of a religious experience or epiphany).

**Sanity Loss:** 0/1D6 to see the Evangelists.

## James Kingsley, *age 52,* *Colonial Administrator turned Messiah*

STR 45    CON 55    SIZ 55    DEX 60    INT 65  
 APP 55    POW 60    EDU 72    SAN 30    HP: 11  
 DB: 0    Build: 0    Move: 6    MP: 12

### Combat

Brawl                      25% (12/5), damage 1D3  
 Dodge                      30% (15/6)

### Skills

Accounting 45%, Appraise 35%, Computer Use 45%, Credit Rating 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, Fast Talk 59%, Law 42%, Mechanical Repair 52%, Operate Heavy Machinery 38%, Psychology 60%, Spot Hidden 62%.

**Spells:** Contact Great Ice-Sphinx (Contact Nyarlathotep)

## Security Officers

STR 60    CON 65    SIZ 60    DEX 50    INT 60  
 APP 50    POW 50    EDU 55    SAN 50    HP: 12  
 DB: 0    Build: 0    Move: 8    MP: 10

### Combat

Brawl                      60% (30/12), damage 1D3  
 Dodge                      40% (20/8)

### Skills

Accounting 20%, Charm 20%, Climb 25%, Credit Rating 40%, Firearms (Shotgun) 60%, Intimidate 55%, Law 15%, Listen 45%, Psychology 15%, Spot Hidden 50%, Stealth 40%, Track 15%.

## The Great Ice-Sphinx, *Avatar of Nyarlathotep*

STR 400    CON 250    SIZ 250    DEX 95    INT 430  
 APP —    POW 500    EDU —    SAN —    HP: 50  
 DB: +7D6    Build: 8    Move: 10    MP: 100

### Combat

**Attacks per round:** 1

**Fighting attacks:** The Great Ice-Sphinx bashes and batters foes with its enormous front claws.

Claw                      85% (42/17), 10D6+7D6

**Armor:** 8 points of dense exoskeleton.

**Spells:** Nyarlathotep knows all spells. For further information, see the *7th Edition Call of Cthulhu Keeper's Rulebook*, pages 323-324.

**Sanity Loss:** 1D10/5D10 Sanity points to see the Great Ice-Sphinx come to life.

# HANDOUT #1

It happened again last night. Hearing voices at night, right on the edge of sleep. Like a chorus of whispering people, all speaking in unison - no - chanting. The voices were chanting. I'm not sure if I heard them with my ears or if the sound was in my head. Maybe I'm working too hard. But those chanted phrases - I've never heard anything like them.

.....  
I've managed to transcribe some of what I've been hearing. It's grim, to say the least, and baffling in the extreme:

"The highest fulfillment of man is to become food for the crawling things that burrow and crawl in human flesh, unceasing in mindless hunger, remorseless, undefiled by reason. The vermin of the tomb they are pure, their purity elevates them above the putrefying pride of the human race.

The destiny of man is merely to be the nourishment of the Riddle that is Nyarlathotep, the Dweller in Darkness, the Crawling Chaos. Both First Courtier and Jester of the Court of Azathoth, the Dweller in Darkness capers madly to appease that unseeing Lord. It is only the most tender of mercies that Yog-Sothoth, the One-in-All and All-in-One, the Alpha and Omega, the one who is both the Gate and the Key that Unlocks it, does not throw back the curtain separating human reality from the Court of Azathoth.

By crawling upon your belly like a mindless scuttling thing, you shall rise up in awareness of truth, as you gnaw upon your own decaying flesh and your mind is forever purged of the corruption of human values. Cleanse yourself and supplicate yourself before the All-Conquering Lord that is Nyarlathotep."

What does that even mean? Who - or what - is Nyarlathotep? Where is this Court of Azathoth? I can't find any reference to them. How could my subconscious mind have created these things from whole cloth?

I'm ashamed of myself - in my weakness, desperate to quiet my mind and actually sleep for a change, I dosed myself with morphine last night. It was the only thing in the medical wing that might help. I can't let this become a habit.

.....  
Kingsley has found religion; some people do in space. Something about the vastness of the galaxy triggers a need for divinity; I've seen some psych studies done on the subject, but it's nothing I've delved too deeply into. I sat in on one of his "sermons" to observe.

He made reference to passing through the Gate of Yog-Sothoth to reach the Court of Azathoth. Has he - is it possible - is he hearing the same voices I am?

Have I dosed myself tonight already? I can't remember. I don't feel relaxed and the voices continue to beat against my brain like tides on a beach. I'm going to go prepare a sedative for myself. I need to compose myself.



## HANDOUT #2

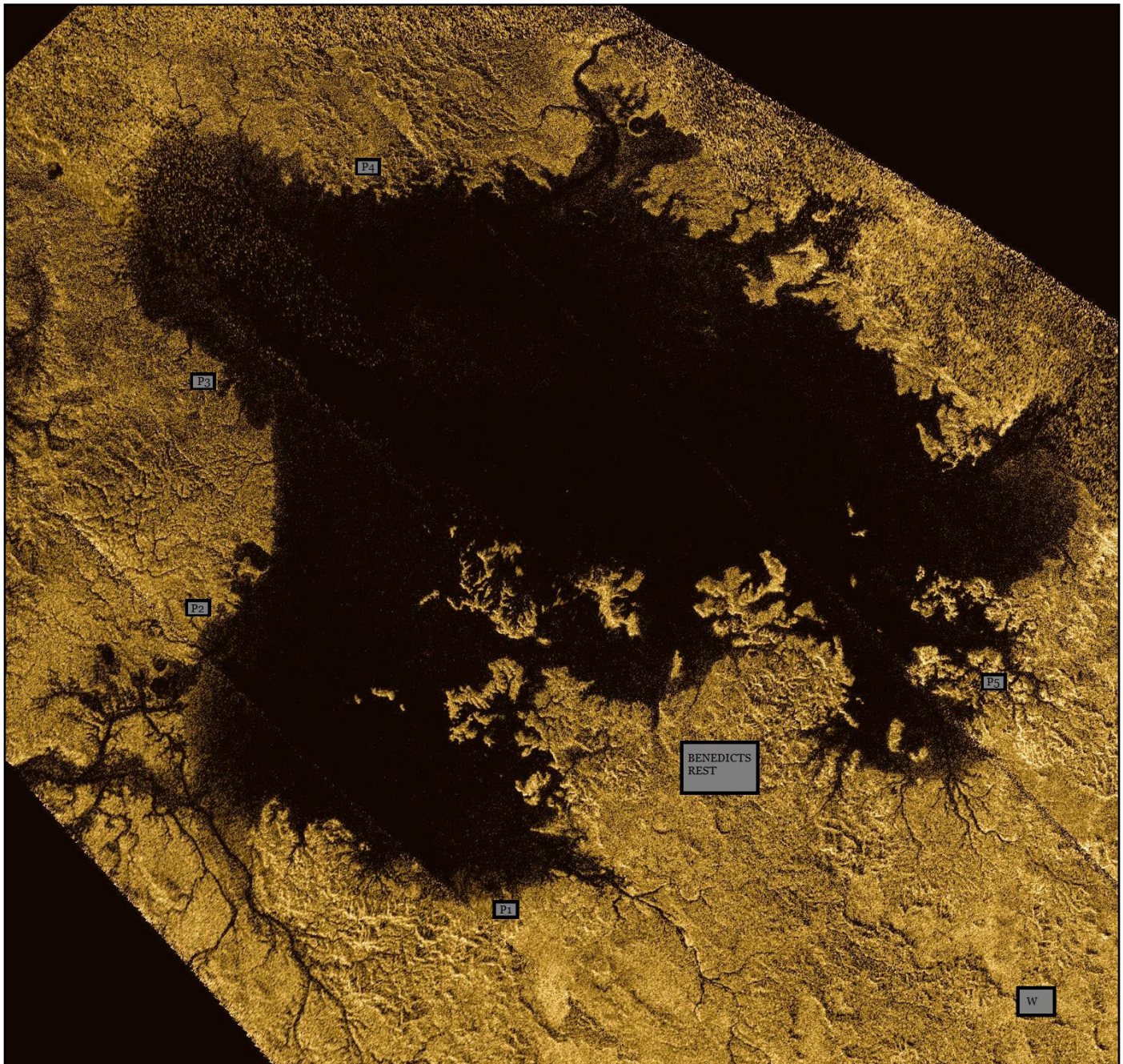
What the hell was that? I don't even know what just happened to me but my eyes burn and my head hurts and there was something in Kingsley's office that he wanted me to see and I swear I know I saw whatever it was but I can't remember anything between entering his office and stumbling back into my room here. There's like a mumbling in my head and I don't know what's causing it.

Nightmares. Nightmares every night and even maybe when I'm awake now. Same dream every time. Ice fields under an orange sky – must be Titan. Huge blocks of black stone being dragged by some kind of big bugs. They're building something and in the dream I know what they're doing is the most important thing in the universe but I can't figure out what it is. Something big on four legs – not six like the bugs – is right behind me but I can't turn around. Every time I close my eyes I see burning red eyes staring at me. Too many burning red eyes.

The mumbling is resolving itself into voices now. They keep telling me how small and worthless I am, how the universe doesn't give a shit about me or any of humanity. That we need to prove ourselves worthy of attention. Attention from who? I hear names but they don't mean anything. Yawg-sothoth, aza-thoth, nigh-are-la-tho-tep. Something about an Ice Sphinx. The voices are telling me I need to go to the Sphinx and prove myself worthy. I can't take this anymore. Whiskey shuts the voices up for a while at least but god damn they are getting louder and harder to drown out. I keep getting this idea that something is watching me and whenever I let my guard down it's beaming – I don't know how else to describe it – these images of bugs and sphinxes and gods of outer space into my brain to torment me. Am I going crazy?

What if I'm not?

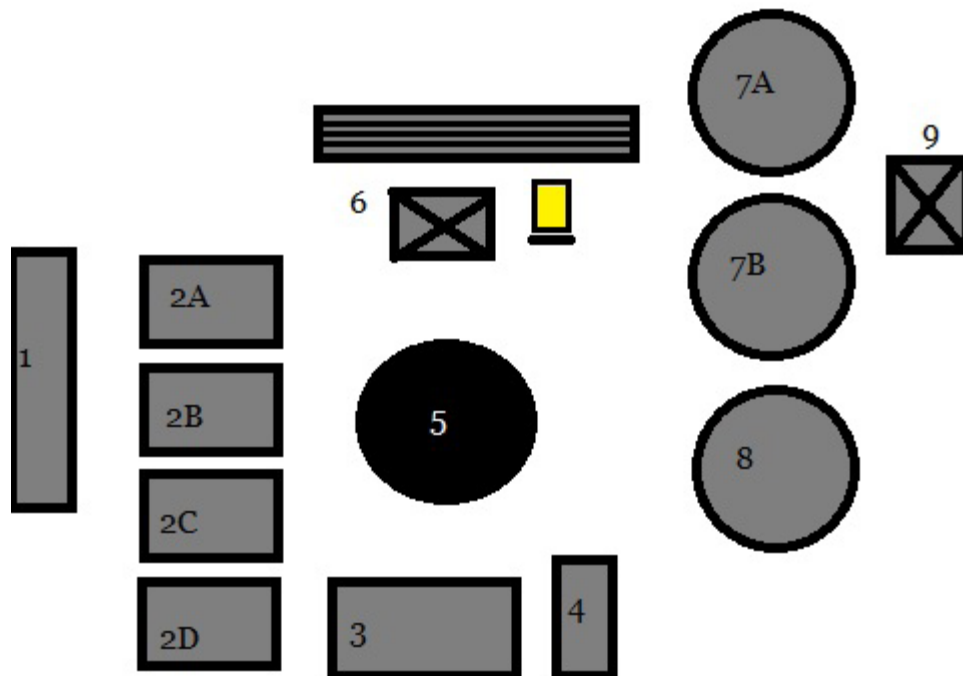
## MAP: LIGEIA MARE REGION



*Map shows the relative locations of Benedict's Rest, Pumping Stations 1-5, and the Waystation site (W).*



# MAP: WAYSTATION SITE



## Waystation Map Key:

- 1) Rail Station
- 2) Barracks
- 3) Administrative Building
- 4) Tool Shed
- 5) Pit
- 6) Removed Derrick, pipes, bulldozer (frozen over)
- 7) Fracking Fluid silos
- 8) Cyclohexane silo
- 9) Watchtower



# PRE-GENERATED INVESTIGATORS

## Dr. Elizabeth Lazarine, age 46, Physician

STR 55    CON 60    SIZ 65    DEX 55    APP 50  
 INT 80    POW 50    EDU 82    Luck 50    SAN 50  
 HP: 12    DB: 0    Build: 0    Move: 6    MP: 10

### Combat

Brawl            45% (20/8), damage 1D3  
 Dodge            27% (13/5)

### Skills

Art (Cello) 25%, Computer Use 40%, Credit Rating 40%, First Aid 60%, Library Use 40%, Listen 40%, Medicine 70%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 60%, Science (Biology) 50%, Science (Chemistry) 50%, Science (Pharmacy) 50%, Spot Hidden 45%.

You are a talented and dedicated doctor, but bedside manner has never been your forte; even in medical school, you had a reputation for being cynical, sarcastic and abrasive. Your attitude towards it has always been, if your work is good, the rest doesn't matter. It's led to you being let go from more hospitals than you're comfortable admitting—and led you to seek work in the colonies. Alcohol was a frequent companion for many years, but you've been working hard to turn yourself around on that front.

Before you crawled completely down the neck of a bottle, you'd been in a relationship with another doctor, a compassionate and brilliant man named Henry Holzer. He broke it off because of your drinking, which convinced you to give it up. You were shocked to learn of his death, and jumped at the opportunity to become the new physician at Benedict's Rest. Fearing foul play, you're hoping to learn more about what happened to him.

## Sergeant Richard Caldwell, age 49, Colonial Marshall

STR 60    CON 60    SIZ 80    DEX 55    APP 50  
 INT 70    POW 45    EDU 60    Luck 65    SAN 45  
 HP: 14    DB: +1D4    Build: 1    Move: 6    MP: 9

### Combat

Brawl                                    60% (30/12), damage 1D3+1D4  
 .45 Automatic "Enforcer" Pistol    60% (30/12), damage 1D10+2  
 Dodge                                    27% (13/5)

### Skills

Computer Use 40%, Credit Rating 20%, Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) 50%, First Aid 40%, Intimidate 70%, Law 50%, Locksmith 21%, Operate Heavy Machinery 21%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 50%, Stealth 40%.

Marshalling's dirty, thankless work but someone has to do it, and the way you figure it, that someone might as well be you. For the past twenty-five years, you've worked to keep the peace and ensure order out there in the Big Empty. You've faced down jayhawkers on the Cydonian plain and settled labor disputes on moons from Io to Enceladus. It's a lonely job, patrolling the farthest reaches of man's expanse into space.

And it's a job, you're beginning to realize, that is best left to younger men than you.

Five years ago, you got married and promised her you'd start calling in favors to get a permanent position closer to Earth. It hasn't happened yet, and she's losing patience with you. Every call home comes with the cost of seeing how much your son has grown in your absence and the disappointment in her voice as you tell her it'll be another month before you see home again. You've got a surprise planned for her after this Titan job, though—you've made arrangements to retire from the Marshalls with full honors and pension. Just one last case, something about a dead colony doctor. Then you'll be home. Besides, you've heard about an old Academy friend of yours, David Montrose, is in charge of security at this site. It'll be good to see him again, though it's puzzling that he'd allow something like this to happen on his watch.

## Neil Owens, age 31,

### Junior Executive - Special Projects, Richter Dynamics

STR 45    CON 60    SIZ 60    DEX 75    APP 60  
 INT 70    POW 40    EDU 70    Luck 40    SAN 40  
 HP: 12    DB: 0    Build: 0    Move: 8    MP: 8

### Combat

Brawl            25% (12/5), damage 1D3  
 Dodge            37% (18/7)

### Skills

Accounting 60%, Appraise 25%, Computer Use 50%, Craft (Forgery) 25%, Credit Rating 60%, Fast Talk 50%, Law 40%, Library Use 40%, Listen 40%, Persuade 70%, Psychology 50%, Sleight of Hand 40%, Spot Hidden 45%.

You're being sent by the Richter Dynamics corporation to oversee a minor investigation into a sudden and, so far, unexplained drop in productivity; Benedict's Rest has been one of the corporation's most lucrative methane-harvesting colonies, and while the colony is still turning a profit, a dip like that in production can't be allowed to go unaddressed. While the engineer and the xenogeologist do most of the real work, you're there to be a smiling, understanding face, assuring the miners that their jobs aren't on the line as long as production picks back up.

More importantly, you're there because Project Waystation has gone completely silent. Waystation—your pet project, incidentally, and your chances of promotion to a VP position depend on its success—is a secret sub-station of Benedict's Rest, using hydraulic fracturing to illegally extract cyclohexane (a valuable hydrocarbon). This little pumping station, staffed with convict labor, was on track to produce as much profit in four months as Benedict's Rest produces in a standard earth year. But Waystation missed its last delivery and isn't responding to calls. You need to figure out what's gone wrong and get Waystation back online and on track—your future is at stake.

You just need to figure out a way to correct it without revealing its existence, especially to the Marshall you've been saddled with.

**Dean Harrison, age 53, Engineer**

STR 75 CON 70 SIZ 65 DEX 45 APP 45  
 INT 90 POW 45 EDU 76 Luck 65 SAN 45  
 HP: 13 DB: +1D4 Build: 1 Move: 6 MP: 9

**Combat**

Brawl 45% (22/9), damage 1D3+1D4  
 Dodge 22% (11/4)

**Skills**

Art (Technical Drafting) 40%, Climb 40%, Computer Use 50%, Credit Rating 40%, Electrical Repair 60%, Electronics 21%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 70%, Operate Heavy Machinery 50%, Science (Engineering) 60%, Science (Physics) 50%, Spot Hidden 45%.

This is some bullshit. Thirty years working for Richter Dynamics, you can smell bullshit a few million miles away. As you understand it, you—and a couple other people: a Marshall, a doctor, some hot shot kid executive—are being sent to a mining colony on Titan to look into an unexplained drop in productivity. In your case, it's to check to see if any of the pumps are damaged in any way. You're pretty sure you already know what the problem is—someone got pissed about a contract and turned off a pumping station in retaliation. You can't say that you blame them; for however many tens of millions of bucks the company makes off every one of these little hydrocarbon-pulling stations, they pay their employees like crap. You've been fighting to get a raise for the last five years.

In fact, this is it. If you're right—if some mid-level company bureaucrat turned off the pumps for a day or two because he had his shorts in a twist over something—you're filing for early retirement and telling Richter Dynamics where they can stick their next engineering assignment.

**Alfred Behrendt, age 45, Xenogeologist**

STR 80 CON 85 SIZ 60 DEX 55 APP 70  
 INT 65 POW 60 EDU 85 Luck 55 SAN 60  
 HP: 14 DB: +1D4 Build: 1 Move: 7 MP: 12

**Combat**

Brawl 25% (12/5), damage 1D3+1D4  
 Dodge 27% (13/5)

**Skills**

Art (Photography) 25%, Climb 40%, Computer Use 60%, Credit Rating 40%, Library Use 50%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Operate Heavy Machinery 50%, Psychology 40%, Science (Astronomy) 50%, Science (Chemistry) 60%, Science (Geology) 70%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Ah, Titan, largest of Saturn's moons and the only moon in the solar system with a substantial atmosphere. You've never been there before, but you're excited to see the satellite now. Granted, you probably won't be able to do as much sight-seeing or in-depth examination as you'd like; you are there at the behest of the Richter Dynamics corporation, after all. Something about examining inefficiencies in their methane-harvesting pumps, you were told.

You imagine the inefficiencies come from the equipment not being equipped for the rigors of running in  $-179.2^{\circ}\text{C}$  conditions. Hopefully, you and the engineer, Harrison, can devise a solution together.

**Moses Goodkind, age 36, Safety Inspector**

STR 70 CON 60 SIZ 65 DEX 45 APP 75  
 INT 80 POW 60 EDU 70 Luck 55 SAN 60  
 HP: 12 DB: +1D4 Build: 1 Move: 8 MP: 12

**Combat**

Brawl 25% (12/5), damage 1D3+1D4  
 Dodge 22% (11/4)

**Skills**

Computer Use 40%, Credit Rating 40%, Electrical Repair 50%, First Aid 50%, Law 70%, Library Use 60%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Navigate 30%, Operate Heavy Machinery 50%, Psychology 60%, Science (Chemistry) 40%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Another day, another corporate assignment. You're not sure anyone ever listens to you, but you do your job regardless and file your reports on the safety precautions in place—or not in place, more frequently—at off-world mining sites. Your efforts at keeping workers throughout the solar system safe on the job sometimes seem inadequate in the face of corporate hunger for profits, but you do what you can.

You understand the current assignment is a follow-up on an unexplained drop in productivity, you assume, due to some sort of mechanical failure. So far no one has been hurt on the job, and you're hoping you can keep it that way.