

Arctic Dreams

A One-Round Call of Cthulhu d20 Adventure

by Robert Hobart

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This is a one-round tournament scenario for Call of Cthulhu. The setting is the Soviet Union in January 1932. The forced-labor teams constructing the White Sea-Baltic Canal have discovered some strange archeological ruins. An international team of politically suitable experts (the investigators) has arrived to examine the ruins. Unknown to anyone, what they have actually stumbled across is a threat to the sanity of the entire world.

INTRODUCTION:

The time is January 1932. A few weeks ago, the Soviet Ministry of Science made a startling announcement. "Workers and citizens" of the Soviet Union had made a dramatic discovery while working on a canal designed to link the White and Baltic Seas. Buried beneath the frozen soil of the northern taiga they had discovered the ruins of a city, a city so ancient that its existence must call into question all theories regarding the origination of human civilization.

The world archeological community has so far reacted with some skepticism to these claims, so the Soviet government has assembled a team of experts and journalists, drawn equally from their own country and the West, to examine the find and pronounce on its authenticity. You are that team, and after several harried weeks of travel you now find yourselves together aboard a Soviet train on the way to the supposed archeological site.

KEEPER'S INFO

The ruins are the long-buried remnants of Kanothia, a rogue colony of Hyperborea which worshipped an evil dreamlands entity, Axlo-Rogai. This is a creature of pure nightmare, a congeries of madness and delirium which dwells in the hideous Vale of Pnath beneath the Dreamlands. The people of Kanothia were gradually driven mad by their worship of such an entity, and finally tried to open a direct gate to the Dreamlands so that Axlo-Rogai could come through to Earth. A few citizens realized the danger and managed, at the last minute, to seal the gateway within the temple. The colony soon died out, its inhabitants drifting away into

the wilderness, and their structures crumbled into ruin...until now.

This scenario uses several skills, concepts, and spells from the *Complete Dreamlands* rules. These are summarized on the Keeper's Handout for the benefit of those who do not own the Dreamlands supplement. (Note that Axlo-Rogai's Dreamlands spells are found in the Cthulhu rulebook itself.)

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

The ruins of Kanothia have been discovered by workers on the White Sea-Baltic canal project. This was a massive engineering project undertaken in 1931-33, using the forced labor of hundreds of thousands of men – most of them ordinary people who had been condemned for one or another “political” offense. Conditions at the Canal sites were appalling, especially during winter (which is when the scenario takes place), and approximately 250,000 men died during the twenty-month construction period.

Foreigners inside the Soviet Union at this time were closely watched and supervised by the OGPU (predecessors of the KGB). In the scenario, one of the Soviet investigators is actually an OGPU agent assigned to watch the foreigners and prevent them from having unneeded or politically risky contact with the locals. The guards and officers at the construction site will also act to restrict the investigators' freedom of movement and in particular to prevent open communication with the prisoners. The Keeper should try to create an atmosphere of hostility and paranoia from the moment the tournament begins...which will make it all the more surreal when Axlo-Rogai begins to influence the waking world.

Arrival

The investigators' train pulls into the construction site at six a.m., and black night still prevails outside the poorly heated railway car. The pallid yellow-white of lamps and searchlights reveals the vague outlines of some kind of large encampment, and the investigators can see soldiers and guard dogs patrolling along the rail line. As they disembark, they are surrounded by the bitter cold and savage wind of a northern Russian winter. Amid the occasional eddies of loose snow a squad of troops comes forward to escort them, led by a thin, rather handsome young man – Lt Alexei Golkov, who introduces himself as “deputy Commissar, People's Corrective Work Camp #36.” Golkov invites them to accompany him to the administration building.

He is polite and civilized, but will brook no other course.

Golkov is of course an officer of the OGPU, and makes no attempt to conceal this fact. As such people go he is actually rather pleasant and personable, and was in fact shipped into the camp a few days ago for just that reason. His task is to supervise the investigators and shepherd them around the construction site. He is unaware of Vladimir's true identity, although as an experienced officer he knows one of the Soviet investigators is probably an OGPU plant. He will carefully control the investigators' access to their surroundings and, in particular, will not allow them to photograph anything outside of the archeological site itself.

Golkov hustles the investigators through the encampment, allowing them only a brief passing view of the crude wooden buildings which serve as barracks for this portion of the canal's vast prisoner workforce. With a successful Spot check DC 1-, the investigators catch a few glimpses of the prisoners marching off to work: long lines of men in dark, ragged clothing, trudging into the darkness with shoulders hunched and heads bowed, escorted by armed troops. If asked, Golkov describes them as “enemies of the people, redeeming themselves through labor,” and confirms that the canal (and the archeological discovery) lie in that direction. He will not permit the investigators to go there now, instead insisting that they settle into their quarters and then speak with the local commandant, Commissar Ogarsky.

The administration building soon looms ahead, a large and rather crude wooden structure, its yellow-lit windows staring blankly at the approaching strangers. The investigators are escorted to their quarters (three rooms, each with two beds – the Soviets did not expect a woman, so the investigators will have a chance to role-play their sleeping arrangements). After about half-an-hour, Golkov returns to escort them to breakfast and the Commissar.

Commissar Ogarsky

Stepan Alexandrovich Ogarsky is a Colonel in the OGPU and the commander of the camp which is building this portion of the canal. A pudgy, balding man in his late thirties, and a chain-smoker, Ogarsky is uncomfortable with the outside scrutiny his discovery has brought down on his head, and now wishes he had kept the discovery secret and destroyed the ruins. He is not a terribly educated or intelligent man, and tends to come across as crude, cold-hearted, and imperceptive.

Due to the sinister mental influence of Axlo-Rogai, Commissar Ogarsky has become somewhat unstable. His hands shake slightly at all times, and he sometimes

pauses in conversation as though listening to something. He will sometimes do odd little actions such as putting out a cigarette with his fingertips or staring intently at a spot on his desk. A Knowledge (Psychology) or Sense Motive check DC 15 suggests he has a fragile and fearful psyche.

Ogarsky will provide the investigators the bare minimum of co-operation, counting on the charming Lt Golkov to handle any public relations issues.

Golkov explains (on Ogarsky's behalf) that the discovery was made about a month ago, when a group of excavators unearthed the corner of a strange stone structure. The building was partially sealed in ancient ice, ice so pure and virgin that edible fish were still preserved within. (If asked how they know the fish to be edible, Ogarsky shrugs and remarks in a bored tone that the excavators immediately tore open the ice and devoured the fish. This rather shocking remark, delivered without any apparent concern, costs all investigators except Vladimir 0/1d2 Sanity.) Eventually the workers reported the find to their superiors. Investigation of the site has been limited to excavating a small portion of the structure, enough to locate a doorway partially blocked with ice. Since then Ogarsky has left the area undisturbed, at the orders of the Soviet Ministry of Science.

Interview with the prisoners who found the site.

If the investigators ask to speak with the excavators who made the original find, Ogarsky appears uncomfortable and mutters something about "schedules" and "security." Golkov will try to charm the investigators out of the idea by remarking on the amount of time it will take to track down the workers, commenting on how they must be anxious to view the actual site, and so forth. If the investigators are adamant, Golkov finally hustles them into a nearby office, where they wait for more than an hour. Finally, two witnesses are brought into the room, guarded by an armed soldier. Golkov accompanies to chaperone the prisoners and make sure they say nothing improper.

The two prisoners are identified as Viktor Chersky and Ivan Gorudich; they are described as "wreckers" serving ten-year sentences for sabotage. The two prisoners (known in Russian camp slang as "zeks") are thin, pale, and ill-nourished, Viktor obviously suffering from a severe cold, Ivan with eyes sunken and darkened by lack of sleep. Both are dressed in dark ragged garments which are clearly too thin for winter conditions, and both wear thin mittens with several holes.

Neither prisoner will volunteer any information, but if questioned by the investigators they will confirm

that they were part of the excavation team that discovered the ruins. They speak mostly in monosyllables, and limit their descriptions of the ruins to words like "big," "dark," and "foreign." If asked about the perfectly preserved fish, Viktor says nothing, and Ivan merely grunts in the affirmative. If any investigator inquires as to *why* the workers would devour ancient frozen fish, Viktor straightens a bit and stares directly at the questioner. "Why do you think!?" he demands. At this point Golkov steps in and declares the interview over, while the guard hustles the prisoners out. Golkov will try to smooth over the scene by pointing out that the prisoners are wreckers and cannot be expected to put a favorable face on the work of the Soviet Union.

Visiting the site, exploring.

The site is a shallow pit in the already deep excavation of the canal. Prisoners can be seen in the distance, laboring on other portions of the canal; in the immediate vicinity of the discovery site, however, the only laborers are the dozen who have accompanied the team.

Within the pit, the excavators have uncovered a large flow of solid ice, entombed within the permafrost for millennia. Gouges and hollows mark where the prisoners ripped frozen ichtyoids from the ice; other fish can be dimly seen farther in. A Knowledge (Natural History) check DC 15 can estimate, from the types of fish, that the age of the ice is over 700,000 years.

The corner of the stone structure sticks out from the ice. It is built of close-fitted stone, obviously well constructed. An arched doorway can just be seen, sticking up from the ice. The door itself appears to be metal of some type, dark gray and covered in strange hieroglyphics, and somehow left undamaged by its long imprisonment beneath the ground. A Knowledge (Archeology) check DC 10 confirms that the hieroglyphs and construction style are completely unknown.

Golkov defers to the investigators as to how they wish to proceed. The prisoners have picks and can clear the ice from the doorway in about twelve hours. If the investigators wish to move faster, or to excavate more of the structure itself, Golkov offers to send for explosives and engineers, although he warns that all the engineers in the camp are convicted "wreckers" and cannot be trusted to do safe or competent work. For the investigators' own protection, guards will have to be present. In fact, guards will always be present, no

matter what the investigators do or say; purely for their own protection, of course.

Despite Golkov's warnings, the prisoner-engineers prove to be quite competent, and a quick explosion clears the entrance safely. The investigators are now free to explore further.

Translating the Hyperborean Hieroglyphs

In order to make a successful translation of the Hyperborean writings, investigators must succeed at either a Cthulhu Mythos check DC 20, or both a Knowledge (Archaeology) and a Read Egyptian Hieroglyphs check DC 20. A Cthulhu Mythos roll also suggests that the language may be either Hyperborean or related to that tongue. Even with a success, however, the investigators can build only a vague, uncertain guess at what the hieroglyphs are saying – an accurate literal translation would require months of work, and the investigators will not be granted that time.

The Interior Entrance Chamber

Beyond the doorway is a large rectangular stone chamber, exited by three archways. The floor, walls, and ceiling are all built of smooth, close-fitted stone. An Archeology roll can determine these ruins are older than anything known today, even in Sumeria, and their construction is of a higher quality than anything seen prior to the 15th century. A Knowledge (Geology) check DC 10 estimates the structure as being, impossibly, hundreds of thousands of years old – far, far older than the earliest known human civilization, as a Knowledge (History) check DC 5 will confirm.

The walls are covered in Hyperborean hieroglyphics. These show a certain vague resemblance to Egyptian hieroglyphs, but are much more complex and include many abstract symbols which are more like writing than pictographs. If the investigators can manage a partial translation, as explained above, they can guess that this was apparently the antechamber of a religious shrine or temple of some sort.

Living Quarters

It is evident from the ancient, age-moldered furnishings that this was once a living/sleeping chamber. There are several pallets and chairs, all of a strange design not resembling anything in conventional archeological records (Knowledge (Archeology) check DC 10). The furnishings had evidently already undergone some decay before they were preserved by their isolation under the ice, and threaten to collapse in moldering wreckage at the slightest touch. A pair of corroded brass lanterns, each containing a frozen candle, rest on

small stone pedestals on the corners. There are more hieroglyphs on the walls and ceiling, and the investigators can deduce from these that this chamber housed junior temple personnel, acolytes or apprentices.

The Collapsed Chamber

This far end of this room (which faces north, if the investigators check a compass or make an Intuit Direction check DC 10) is partially crushed and collapsed, evidently by the aeons-long pressures of glaciers in past millennia. Judging from what little survives amidst fallen stone and mounds of ice, this was once a large worship or temple chamber. The wall through which the investigators emerge is covered in hieroglyphs which surround a large bas-relief mural. Although the colors of the mural have faded, the carvings themselves still give a vivid image of a large, prosperous city in a temperate river valley. The people inhabiting this city appear human, but close examination (or a Spot or Search check DC 15) shows certain odd features: long straight noses and elongated earlobes. A Knowledge (Anthropology) check DC 5 can certify that no human ethnic/racial group today displays such features. A Cthulhu Mythos check DC 15 identifies the types as Hyperborean, which is surprising; Hyperboreans were supposed to be limited to Greenland.

The hieroglyphs appear to be hymns and religious chants, and identify the city as "Kanothia." There are also references to a guardian deity or spirit of some sort named "Axlo-Rogai," which is credited with the city's prosperity and happiness. The deity cannot be identified from any historical religion, nor will a Cthulhu Mythos roll assist; however, a Knowledge (Dream Lore) check DC 10 will bring a sense of great uneasiness at the name, and a vague sense of recognition.

The Priest's Chamber

This chamber is sealed behind a bronze door, carved in elaborate hieroglyphs and symbols. A translation identifies this as the chamber of an important person, a leader of some sort. There are marks of vandalism on the outside of the door, as though someone tried to break in. The door can be broken open by making a Strength check DC 15, or with explosives; the latter option, however, will destroy the evidence within the chamber.

The air beyond is stale and musty, and it is evident that this chamber has been somewhat better preserved than the rest of the complex due to the sealed door. It is evidently the personal chamber of a single individual, complete with a bed, a low chair, and a table. An

ancient human corpse, shriveled and desiccated (lose 0/1d2 Sanity, except Vladimir) is sprawled in the chair. There are parchments (parchment, not papyrus, identifiable with a Knowledge (Archeology) check DC 5) on the table, along with a corroded brass lamp (burned out long ago, the blackened crisp of the wick lying in a frozen puddle of wax) and what might once have been a quill.

The corpse is in very poor shape – evidently the sealed door only barely preserved it until the ice age hit – but definitely shows the same features as the bas-relief in the temple: a long nose and large-lobed ears. Allow the investigators another Cthulhu Mythos check DC 15 if they missed the one before. A Heal check DC 15 or Knowledge (Archaeology) check DC 25 can hazard the guess that the person starved to death.

The parchments must be examined very carefully, lest they crumble with age. The hieroglyphs on them are of the same sort as that inscribed on the walls, but written in a shaky, uncertain hand. Translated, they identify the author as a deputy priest who claims to have prevented a great disaster or catastrophe of some kind. There are implications that the priest was forced to take action against his superiors, and that he feels some sense of great betrayal. In fact, it was this priest who led the effort to seal off Axlo-Rogai, later trapping himself in here rather than be torn apart by his enraged fellow-citizens. At the Keeper's option, the investigators might glean additional clues from the priest's writings, such as the true identity of Axlo-Rogai as a creature of nightmare and madness.

The Library

One wall of this chamber is covered with small stone alcoves, each alcove packed with rolled-up parchments. The opposite wall is covered with hieroglyphs and murals. The half-rotted wreckage of several pieces of furniture are scattered about the room, evidently damaged long ago before the ice came.

Three mummified corpses, withered away to little more than skeletons, are sprawled on the floor near the southernmost archway. From their postures they appear to have perished in a struggle – the hands of one are still clutching the throat of another. They are recognizably human skeletons, but a Spot check DC 15 detects the remnants of the same strange physical features (long earlobes, long straight noses) as seen elsewhere.

The parchments contain a huge potential wealth of information, but they are in even worse condition than those in the Priest's Chamber, and will crumble to ruin if the investigators try to unroll them. Methods for preserving such parchments do exist (unrolling them onto soft wax, for example), and the Archeologists

among the investigators are aware of such things. It is plain it will require many days, perhaps weeks of careful work to rescue the ancient knowledge stored herein. Sadly, Axlo-Rogai will not allow them that much time.

The wall-carvings offer more immediate rewards. They appear to be a history of Kanothia, told through pictures and text, and can be interpreted with a Knowledge (Archeology or Anthropology) check DC 15. The investigators can surmise from these that Kanothia was founded by outcasts, followers of a god not accepted by their rulers. They fled across a stormy ocean and founded this city, where they built this temple in praise of their guardian spirit. The last illustration shows several priests praying and genuflecting before a large disk-like structure, somewhat resembling an oversized mirror.

While the investigators are in this room, they begin to feel a sense of unease and anxiousness, although there seems no direct cause for it.

The Seal

The passage beyond the Library is blocked by a stone wall. The wall is obviously of cruder workmanship than the rest of the structure, and can easily be seen to have been added later. Two more mummified corpses are sprawled at the foot of the wall, their hands raised claw-like to rake at it.

Inscribed in the center of the wall is a large Elder Sign, its lines traced with gold. Peter can recognize it from his knowledge of the spell, or it can be identified with a Knowledge (Occult) check DC as an ancient symbol for warding and protection. A Cthulhu Mythos roll DC 5 identifies it with certainty. Below the Sign are hastily carved hieroglyphs that can be easily translated as a warning not to break the seal or open the wall.

The investigators, as good archeologists, should want to get past this obstacle. It will take at least a day for the prisoners to bring down the wall with picks and shovels. Dynamite will do the job much faster, but an Idea roll suggests the danger of destroying artifacts in the chambers to either side. Golkov will also express such concerns. Presumably the investigators opt for the safer route and spend the rest of the day investigating the accessible ruins before returning to the camp for the night.

While the investigators are in this area, the sense of unease they felt in the library intensifies, bringing with it a strange sense of urgency, as though there is some important task which must be done, and soon. Lose 0/1d3 Sanity. This is, of course, the telepathic influence of Axlo-Rogai, which is eager for someone to finally break the seal and release it into the world.

The Incident/Dinner

As the investigators return to the administrative building that evening, they hear a loud commotion from the nearby camp, followed by the staccato percussion of automatic weapons fire. Gun-flashes can be seen from the vicinity of some of the barracks buildings. Commissar Ogarsky emerges from the admin building and hurries toward the site of the confusion, accompanied by several guards. Golkov will not allow the investigators to accompany him, instead ferrying them into the admin building and guiding them to the rooms set aside for their use. If the investigators press him about the ruckus, which continues for almost half an hour, he suggests that saboteurs or kulaks (rich peasants) must be fomenting trouble in the camps. He then guides the investigators to another office which has been re-arranged to form a makeshift dining room.

Dinner consists of boiled potatoes of indifferent quality, brown bread, and small portions of fish and sausage...all washed down with the Russian national drink, vodka. The food is of average quality, and plentiful, both qualities which please the native Soviet investigators. The foreign investigators find the fare unimpressive, to say the least.

About halfway through the meal, Ogarsky arrives and seats himself. He is still wearing his heavy winter jacket, which is spattered with blood, and a Spot check DC 15 notices traces of blood on his hands as well (Sanity loss 0/1). He begins eating with concentrated attention and almost bestial appetite, ignoring all attempts at conversation. Golkov attempts to cover for him with his usual charming patter, but is obviously disturbed at his superior's behavior.

Traditionally Russian meals end in an endless series of toasts, but Ogarsky shows no interest in such activity, instead drinking with the same direct ferocity as he ate. As Golkov attempts to cover for him once again, the scene is interrupted by a loud shriek from the hallway outside. A thin ragged man, obviously a prisoner, bursts into the room. His eyes roll in his head and rivulets of foam dribble from between his clenched teeth. "It is waiting for us!" he shrieks, as a pair of guards charge in and attempt to subdue him. "It's hungry, so hungry, yes! It is coming soon!" The soldiers finally overpower him and haul him away.

After this disturbing incident, the meal comes to an uncertain and disappointing close. Golkov still tries to smooth things over, suggesting that the prisoner must have been driven mad by guilt for his "crimes against the workers and peasants of the Soviet Union." It is obvious, however, that even the indefatigable Golkov is

running out of explanations for events. The investigators are shepherded uneasily to their beds.

That Night

Late that night, the investigators are awoken by a tumult of noise from several different directions. The foul influence of Axlo-Rogai has driven scores of guards and hundreds of prisoners over the edge of madness, and now a massive free-for-all battle is underway throughout the camp. Several of the personnel within the admin building are also afflicted, and before the investigators fully realize what is happening, they are confronted by a crazed Lt Golkov. He is still in full uniform, his pistol holstered forgotten at his side, and blood courses out of deep scratches in his face – the result of his last victim.

"It's waiting for us, you know," he remarks conversationally, his calm tone at odds with his wild and barbaric appearance. "It's been calling us ever since we found the ruins. It hungers for us, for our souls, like a mjertovjek (vampire). Ogarsky has gone to meet it. You should go too."

If asked where Ogarsky has gone, Golkov gestures vaguely. "To the gate, the door. To open the way. Where else?"

If asked about his injuries, Golkov touches a hand to his facial scratches and smiles. "They were traitors, you see. To the people, to the state. So I dealt with them."

Golkov will answer other questions as deemed fit by the Keeper. He has a vague, instinctive understanding of what Axlo-Rogai is (a living nightmare) and what it wants (to invade the waking world), and always speaks unclearly and elliptically. But at some point during the conversation, he suddenly draws his gun. "It wants you too, you know," he remarks. "You're just to its taste. But not me, of course. No, I must remain pure." He sets the gun to his temple and shoots himself dead. Lose 1/1d6 Sanity (yes, even Vladimir – Golkov was a fellow OGPU officer, after all).

On the positive side, the investigators now have a 9mm automatic with six remaining bullets. If they think to check, Golkov has a spare clip with seven more rounds.

Searching the admin building discovers the bodies of several guards and other personnel, all killed in hand to hand combat – strangled, clubbed to death, and similar brutal measures (lose merely an additional 0/1d3 Sanity, since the investigators were probably expecting something like this). Commissar Ogarsky is nowhere to be found. If the investigators search for weapons, they can find three more 9mm pistols, each

with a spare magazine, and a single submachine gun with a fifty-round drum magazine. There is enough smashed furniture to equip them all with clubs. Other equipment available includes flashlights, oil lamps, and a variety of heavy winter clothing.

Outside the building, the investigators are greeted with a scene out of nightmare. In the cold white glare of the camp searchlights, prisoners run this way and that in small groups, covered in blood, physically tearing apart those they encounter. Guards with submachineguns also run about, randomly firing on those they encounter, laughing maniacally. From the distant guard towers come streams of tracer fire as machine-guns fire, some of them trying to suppress the riot, others merely joining the slaughter. Sanity cost for this midnight phantasmagoria is 1d2/1d10 (Vladimir automatically makes his roll).

While the investigators try to decide what to do, they hear the dull boom of a muffled explosion. A Listen check DC 10 determines it came from the excavation site. It does not take much thought to realize it must have been Ogarsky "opening the way."

Getting to the Site

Assuming the investigators are brave and decide to investigate the explosion, they must get through the chaos outside. If the investigators stick together and move quickly, they can probably make it safely to the site. They are subject to a few random pot-shots from passing madmen (1d4 shots at +1 ranged, random targets, 1d10+2 damage each). Further, if they did not stick together, the investigators are set upon by a pack of 1d6 maddened prisoners (human Com4, hp 14, +3 melee, 1d2 damage from hands and teeth), who attempt to tear them apart with bare hands and teeth.

The Keeper should encourage the investigators to keep moving quickly, avoiding getting bogged down in melees with the madmen. If they try to stick around and fight, they will attract more gunfire and more cannibalistic prisoners. Give them plenty of chances to break away and proceed to the ruins of Kanothia.

The Gate Opened

Ogarsky has used dynamite to break open the wall to the Gate Chamber. Smoke and dust burble through the tunnels, making the investigators cough and squint. Picks and other tools from the excavation are scattered in the hallway, along with fragments of stone and the tumbled bodies of several prisoners. Beyond the shattered wall they find a large circular chamber, featureless save for the Gate itself. This resembles nothing so much as a large mirror, set in a stone frame inscribed with various hieroglyphs. The surface of the

mirror ripples and pulses with a strange white light, and a low throbbing sound is audible (lose 1/1d6 Sanity). Commissar Ogarsky crouches before the Gate, whining and moaning, a pistol clutched in one hand. A crate sits next to him, containing the remainder of the explosives he used to shatter the wall. As the investigators approach he stands, grinning at them, and they see his face is covered in blood and one eye is gouged out (lose an additional 1/1d4 Sanity). "It is waiting for us, waiting," he shrieks, and leaps through the Gate.

The investigators may well decide to follow on their own. Those who do not find themselves fighting an irrational, internal compulsion to do so; Axlo-Rogai is calling through the gate, calling for victims to feed it. Each investigator who does not voluntarily go through the gate must make a Will save DC 17 each round they remain in this room, or find themselves compelled to pass through the Gate.

Axlo-Rogai continues to call for prey every round, forcing the investigators to continue their struggle until all are overcome. They can look around during the time they manage to resist, observing there are still a half-dozen sticks of dynamite in the crate along with blasting caps and fuses. Picks and other tools are scattered about. The hieroglyphs which cover the archway of the gate translate roughly as: "Here lies the realm of our supreme lord Axlo-Rogai, may he embrace us soon." An investigator who makes a Cthulhu Mythos check DC 10 can identify the gate as leading to some alternate plane of reality. A Knowledge (Dream Lore) check DC 10 can determine that the gate leads to the Dreamlands, and can hazard a guess at what effect the gate will have (modern equipment cannot exist in the dreamlands, and will be changed or destroyed by passage through the gate).

If the investigators stay out here long enough, Axlo-Rogai will come to them. In this case events jump directly to the "dream assault"; if the investigators survive that they can try to destroy the gate with tools or explosives. Of course, this is much less interesting and atmospheric than a trip through the gate, so hopefully the investigators are not so stubbornly willful.

On the other side: the Vale of Pnath

Each investigator loses one Sanity and suffers 1 point of Wisdom damage from each trip through the gate. As the investigators enter the Dreamlands, their modern equipment warps into antique counterparts: firearms becomes swords and daggers, flashlights become torches, clothing assumes an antique design lacking in

zippers and other modernities, and so forth. Equipment which has no medieval counterpart (such as dynamite) simply vanishes. These effects do NOT reverse themselves when the investigators reverse their journey.

Beyond the gateway lies the Vale of Pnath: an endless rolling plain of human bones, incalculably deep, surrounded by vast gray mountains peaks of immense height. The Gate appears as an ovoid of dim gray light, shedding almost no illumination on the surroundings. Other than that, the place is utterly lightless unless the investigators brought their own light-sources. The bones crackle and snap beneath the investigators' feet, and faint rustlings and shiftings can be heard in the distance. This place costs 1/1d4 Sanity if the investigators are in darkness, 1/1d6 if they have light. A Knowledge (Dream Lore) check DC 16 identifies the location, and recalls that the Vale of Pnath is stalked by gigantic bholes and other, less certain horrors.

The surface of constantly crumbling, shifting bones is difficult to cross, requiring a Climb check DC 12 to move at normal speed (otherwise the investigators move at half speed). If the Climb roll is fumbled (natural 1), the investigator takes 1d2 damage from sharp bones piercing his feet and legs.

Commissar Ogarsky can be heard blundering away through the darkness, moaning and mumbling to himself, his feet crunching through the limitless bones. Whether or not the investigators follow him, they soon become the targets of direct psychic attack by Axlo-Rogai.

Confronting Axlo-Rogai

Axlo-Rogai is a being of nightmare, feeding on human souls. Its favored attack is to weaken and immobilize its victims by dredging out their deepest fears and subconscious weaknesses, plunging each of them into their worst nightmare. It has no need to do this with Ogarsky, whose mind is already broken, but the investigators are made of sterner stuff. To inflict its nightmares on them, Axlo-Rogai must split its effort among the six party members, meaning that each individual investigator is making Will saves against a DC of 14.

The investigators are not initially aware that they have been forced into a nightmare. Instead, it should seem to them as though they have just woken FROM a dream, and the nightmare is their true reality. As the nightmares progress, they adjust themselves to the personalities and actions of the investigators trapped within them, with realistic nightmares growing more dreary and hopeless, while fantastic nightmares become

progressively more warped and surreal. The investigators' only hope is to fight back with the strength of their own souls, either by trying to impose their will on the nightmare's reality or waking up from it.

This is the emotional climax of the adventure. Take each player aside, read the appropriate nightmare sequence, and have the player role-play the ensuing nightmare for a few minutes. The goal here is to encourage role-playing and atmosphere; use the suggested nightmares as outlines and guides for building an interactive story with the players.

If an investigator effectively role-plays an attempt to resist the nightmare, s/he may make a Will save DC 14. Investigators who want to wake up must first make an Int check DC 15 to realize they are dreaming, and then make a Will save DC 14.

After each nightmare, the Keeper should rate that player on how well s/he handled the situation. Players are rated on a scale of 0-3 points, based on the following guidelines:

- 0 points = player is indifferent, fails to role-play
- 1 point = the investigator accepts the nightmare as reality and goes along with the reality it portrays
- 2 points = the investigator tries to resist within the nightmare, or tries to wake up, but fails the POW resistance roll
- 3 points = the investigator resists and successfully wakes/breaks the nightmare's hold

After all the players have role-played their nightmares, the Keeper should total the points to determine the outcome. On a total of 0-6 points, the investigators are defeated; Axlo-Rogai devours their souls, and the scenario is over. On a total of 7-11 points, the investigators break free from the nightmare, but at a terrible cost: they each lose 1d20 Sanity and a point of Wisdom. On a total of 12-14 points, they break free at a cost of 2d6 Sanity. On a total of 15 or better, they actually shock Axlo-Rogai with their spiritual strength, losing only 1d3 Sanity each and inflicting a loss of 2d6 hit points on the nightmare creature from the psychic backlash.

Aleksandr's Nightmare

You blink as you sit up in your cell, jarred awake by the clang of the door. The guards have arrived to haul you away to your next interrogation.

Yes, that's right...shortly after you returned from the Canal, you were arrested on suspicion of Anti-Soviet Agitation. The same charge on which so many of your academic colleagues have been arrested. But

unlike them, you are innocent. You are sure you must be innocent. How could a loyal communist like you step off the true path?

Your interrogator smiles politely as you take your seat across from him. You feel confident that he will soon recognize your innocence. After all, the government of the Workers and Peasants knows its friends.

He slides a sheet of paper across the table toward you. "Here, sign it," he says in a pleasant voice. "It's your confession."

"Confession of what?" you stutter.

"Your crimes, of course. What else? Sign on the line there at the bottom." He hands you a pen.

You stare at the confession, trying to read it, but it is a bad carbon on cheap paper. The letters are all but illegible.

"But...what have I done?"

He chuckles. "What haven't you done? It isn't important. We know everything." He leans forward, and his voice turns harsh and menacing. "Just hurry up and sign, you little traitor."

Stepan's Nightmare

You start awake, and after a moment of confusion feel an enormous sense of relief. You are in your apartment in Ulthar, and what you just experienced was merely a dream within a dream. Your body is sleeping safely in Moscow even now.

Your relief is abruptly broken as a party of short, foul-looking men in turbans burst into your room. They grapple you and muffle your cries with a thick, stinking cloth. You recognize them with a start of terror; they are the Men of Leng, servants of the Moon-Beasts, whom Randolph Carter warned you about so many years ago. They haul your struggling body through the night-darkened streets of Ulthar and onto one of the Black Ships, which promptly lifts anchor and rows away from shore. Within half an hour, such is the fearsome speed of the inhuman rowers belowdecks, Ulthar has vanished below the horizon.

The chortling Men of Leng drop you in a corner of the deck, not bothering to bind you. Why should they? All around is vast ocean, far too much to swim. They chuckle at you, and you know why; you are to be taken to the Moon, to labor as a slave for the vile Moon-Beasts forever. Despair fills you. Your dream-self will be trapped there forever. Sleep will no longer be an escape from the dreary misery of the waking world, but merely a visit to another realm of torment.

Vladimir's Nightmare

You wake with a start, and are immediately assailed by the stench of close-packed, unwashed humanity. Yes, of course; you are on a railway car, one of the prisoner transports known as "Stolypins." Your career is over, wrecked by that incident in Kiev a few weeks ago, and now you travel to the Arctic to live out your life as a camp guard.

You look through the bars at the close-packed prisoners, and heave a silent sigh of relief. At least you were not arrested, or you might be making the trip on the other side of the bars with those traitorous animals.

But wait...why is the train stopped? That must be what woke you from that strange dream. And where are the other guards? You are alone in the train's central corridor, alone except for the prisoners grunting and slaving on the other side of the bars.

Slaving, yes, for they no longer look like men, but like the bestial monsters, the volkulaku, of which your great-grandmother spoke in your childhood. They hurl themselves forward, gnashing their canine teeth, trying to reach you through the bars.

And the bars are breaking..!

Mirabelle's Dream

You sit up in bed, sweating and crying out, and realize it was only a dream. Of course, it was a dream, no such monstrous nonsense as that could possibly be real. That explains everything.

You climb out of bed and stumble around your tiny, stifling Paris flat, looking for the wine, and pour yourself a glass with shaking hands. The last of the wine, and no money to buy more, because your sewing jobs don't even earn enough to keep the larder full.

Yes, of course, all that about working for Progressive Weekly was a dream as well. How could you have believed otherwise? You aren't a writer or reporter, just a Paris girl left orphaned and penniless by a train accident. Papa and Maman are in Heaven, and you've been left here to face the empty days alone for the rest of your life.

A knock on the door. The whiney, querulous voice of the manager rings in your ears. "Mm. Chirac? I know you are in there. You owe me two months' back rent!"

"I will pay you next week, I promise," you lie, clutching the wineglass tightly.

The landlord opens the door with his pass-key and storms in, his pudgy little capitalist face red with anger. A piece of paper is clutched in his hand. Without looking you know it is an eviction notice.

Peter's Dream

As the nightmare being draws closer, a huge wormlike creature erupts from the ground, swallowing both the entity and your comrades in a single, all-encompassing gulp. You blunder away from the monstrous Bhole, your feet slipping and sliding on the endless bones, knowing it is useless to flee the gargantuan monster.

But then a clatter of falling bones reminds you: the ghouls dwell above the vale. You stumble toward the source of the sound, calling out in the meeping and gibbering language of the ghouls, and are rewarded by a rope descending out of the darkness. You seize it and are carried up, up, the thousands of feet to the warrens of the Dreamland ghouls.

The gray, rubbery doglike humanoids gather around you, meeping and gibbering curiously. You relate your tale, and the ghouls look surprised. "Does that mean you are here with your real body, not just your dream-self?" one of them asks.

"So it would seem," you confirm.

The ghouls exchange glances, and then stare at you with new interest. You notice some of them licking their lips with anticipation. "Haven't eaten meat fresh off the bone in a while," one of them gibbers, tittering to itself.

"Wait!" you cry frantically. "I'm your friend, not your lunch!" But they are no longer listening. They advance forward in a semicircle, pinning you against the ledge from which you arrived. Far below, you can hear the Bhole churning hungrily through the sea of bones.

Stephen's Dream

The crowd applauds as you stride to the podium. Yes, of course, you are here to accept the Nobel Prize for your work in Mexico. Your accomplishments have finally been recognized by the rest of academic community. What were you day-dreaming about just now? A trip to the Soviet Union? You would like to visit there someday, of course. Maybe now you'll be able to afford it.

You stand at the podium, basking in the roar of applause. They are all here, every anthropologist you have ever met or corresponded with, rivals and colleagues both. They fall silent and take their seats, waiting for your speech.

Your speech. Ah yes. You shuffle through your papers and realize – with some embarrassment – the pages of your speech seem to have gotten mixed up. While you struggle to sort them out, the silence of the audience grows deeper and more ominous, until the only sound in entire auditorium is the shuffling of your papers and your nervous, asthmatic breathing.

Suddenly one of the audience stands. You recognize him – Winthers, from the University of Chicago, one of your oldest friends. "If Dr Abromowitz doesn't have a speech for us, perhaps we should award the Nobel to someone else."

A chorus of agreeing shouts answers his words, and half the audience surges to its feet in a single motion. "Yes, give it someone else! To a real person, not a dirty Jew!"

They advance menacingly on the dais where you stand, and all their faces, even those of your oldest and closest friends, are contorted with hatred and loathing.

What Happens Next?

Assuming the investigators escaped the nightmare, they find themselves back in the bone-littered Vale of Pnath. Ahead, a despairing shriek is cut short as Ogarsky is devoured. The investigators can hear, can feel Axlo-Rogai coming closer, its foul essence weighing on their minds and numbing their emotions. They now have two choices: stay and fight Axlo-Rogai hand-to-hand, or retreat through the Gate and attempt to seal it before the nightmare being can pass through. Either course can succeed, and either can fail.

Investigators who suffer a Nightmare Effect as a result of the just-completed nightmare, or as a result of seeing Axlo-Rogai, find themselves sinking into the limitless bones of the Vale of Pnath. It is as though the bones have turned to quicksand, attempting to pull the investigators down into their dry, crackling depths. The investigators must make a Strength check DC 15 in order to free themselves from the grasping embrace of the bones. Non-affected investigators may help their stricken comrades, of course (granting a +2 bonus to their checks).

Fighting: If the investigators stay (those stricken by Nightmare Effects may have little choice), Axlo-Rogai arrives within two rounds. Even if the investigators have no light source, such is the psychic power pouring from the nightmare being that they can still see its ghastly outlines. The thing is a chaotic mass of shifting forms, human and inhuman, tentacles, spines, tails, wings, and less identifiable appendages forming, shifting, and re-forming in an endless cycle of madness. Countless eyes of every size and shape leer at the investigators, and mouths and other orifices drool greedily. Lose 1d3/2d8 Sanity.

Within the Dreamlands, Axlo-Rogai can be harmed by normal physical weapons. He is also vulnerable to spells, of course, and two of the investigators have access to some rather potent Dreamlands spells. Keep

in mind that investigators may use the Dreaming skill to create weapons with which to battle the nightmare. Axlo-Rogai retaliates by trying to grasp these troublesome mortals in his shifting, warping appendages and draw them in to be devoured. He will also use spells against investigators who are not grappled. Although such a battle is likely to be fatal to at least a few investigators, it IS possible to destroy Axlo-Rogai in this manner.

Defeated, Axlo-Rogai dissolves into writhing semi-liquid tendrils that drain down through the bones that floor the Vale of Pnath. A Cthulhu Mythos or Knowledge (Dream Lore) check DC 8 warns that the entity has been only temporarily destroyed, for a few days at most. Obviously, the Gate should be sealed or destroyed to prevent a recurrence of this event.

Fleeing: Assuming they are not trapped by a Nightmare Effect, or manage to break free from it, the investigators are free to run back to the gate and return to the waking world. Axlo-Rogai pursues closely, and it should be obvious that the investigators must seal or destroy the gate to prevent his invading the waking world. If not, a Knowledge (Dream Lore) DC 10 can suggest it.

The investigators have three rounds to act before Axlo-Rogai comes through the gate. The explosives used by Ogarsky are still available, assuming the investigators did not make the mistake of taking them through the gate. It will take a total of six rounds' worth of investigator effort (e.g. three rounds each from two investigators, two rounds each from three investigators, etc.) to set explosives to destroy the gate. Each investigator working on this must make a Demolitions check DC 10 or Int check DC 15 to successfully connect explosives, fuses, and detonation cord; failure means the explosives fail to detonate, and the investigators must spend another round (and another roll) trying to get things right.

Investigators of a more heroic bent can try to detonate the dynamite directly, by shooting it or by lighting a single stick (one Demolitions check DC 10) and using it to set off the rest. Such drastic methods allow little opportunity for the acting investigators to escape the blast.

Investigators attempting to destroy the gate with picks or other such tools must make a total of four total successful Strength checks DC 15. Up to three investigators may attempt to smash the Gate at the same time.

Another option is to create an Elder Sign on the gate. A Cthulhu Mythos check DC 10 (+2 bonus to this check if the investigator has Elder Sign on his or her spell list) can suggest this course of action. It will take two rounds of work and a successful Dex check DC 12

roll for Peter to chisel an Elder Sign into the Gate, after which he must make the sacrifice of Con. A blown roll means the Elder Sign is improperly scribed and fails to work.

Axlo-Rogai Emerges

If the investigators fled through the gate and failed to destroy it in time, Axlo-Rogai comes through into the waking world. Its indescribable form bulges and squirms through the gateway, making soft cooing sounds as it reaches out for the nearest prey. Here in the waking world, where it should not even exist, Axlo-Rogai exudes an inescapable aura of madness and evil, costing all within a one-mile radius 1d4 Sanity per round.

Axlo-Rogai is more difficult to destroy in the waking world. Melee weapons do only half damage; firearms do minimum damage. And of course, the investigators' more potent Dreamlands spells cannot be used here. If they do manage to reduce the nightmare being to zero hit points, its slimy black essence retreats through the Gate and reforms slowly, over several days, allowing them the time to destroy the Gate at last.

It is quite likely, if events have advanced to this point, that the scenario ends in the destruction of the investigators. Axlo-Rogai is loose on the world, and the future will be a twisting madness of nightmare come to life.

Victory

If the party succeeded in driving back Axlo-Rogai and sealing the gateway, they have "won" and prevented the nightmare being from invading this reality. Sadly, such supernatural victories do not always equate to practical ones. Soviet troops eventually arrive and suppress the camp riot with machineguns. After interviewing the investigators, Soviet authorities demolish the ruins and announce that the find was a hoax perpetrated by "anti-Soviet elements." The foreign investigators are unceremoniously ejected from the country; the native Soviet investigators are allowed to return to their normal jobs, but within a few years all of them are arrested on various false charges and shipped off to the labor camps.

The End

KEEPER'S HANDOUT: DREAMLANDS RULES

Dreaming Skill: This skill represents the ability to alter the reality of the Dreamlands, either by changing objects within the Dreamlands or creating new ones. In order to do this, the character must both make at least one skill roll and also suffer a certain number of Int damage determined by the Keeper. This may be accomplished in a single instant or over many years of dreaming, depending on how ambitious the creation is. The more complex and powerful the creation, the more time, skill rolls, and ability points are needed.

Typically, the ability points spent are equal to the most vital statistic of the object being changed/created. For example, the most vital statistic for a sword would be its damage, so the ability point cost would be equal to its maximum damage of nine. When changing/creating a living thing, the Int point cost is doubled.

Dreaming skill has one other application: within the Dreamlands, a successful roll can heal damage at the rate of 1 Int point for each hit point restored.

Dream Lore Skill: This skill is the character's knowledge of the Dreamlands, its inhabitants, geography, and history. Rolls on this skill can be used to identify a Dreamlands location, recall historical details about a particular time or place in the Dreamlands, identify a Dreamlands creature or deity, and so forth. It can also determine whether a being encountered belongs to the Dreamlands or the Cthulhu Mythos. In effect, it is the Dreamlands equivalent of History, Anthropology, Natural History, and Occult all rolled into one.

Nightmare Effects: Within the Dreamlands, normal insanity does not occur. Instead, whenever a character goes insane (temporarily or indefinitely), s/he suffers a Nightmare Effect.

As the name implies, a Nightmare Effect alters Dreamlands reality in some hideous way, painful or threatening to the investigator. Examples would include the inability to flee, clothing disappearing, some past threat or enemy suddenly popping out of nowhere, an item of equipment transforming into something loathsome or dangerous, and so forth.

Awful Doom of Cerrit (spell):

Components: V, S, F
Cost: 2 Wis damage and 3 Sanity
Casting Time: 1 action
Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft./2 levels)
Area: One creature
Duration: Concentration
Saving Throw: Fort negates each round

A silvery thread springs from the caster's finger and causes the marrow of the target's bones to run with molten lead. Each round the spell is maintained, the victim loses 1 point of Con permanently. Additional rounds cost 2 Wis damage.

Deflection (spell):

Components: V, S, F
Cost: Variable Int damage and 1 Sanity
Casting Time: 1 action
Range: Personal
Area: You
Duration: Concentration
Saving Throw: None

The caster waves his hand before himself and knocks aside offensive spells directed against him. The Int damage spent by the caster must be equal to or greater than the ability damage cost of the offensive spell in order to deflect it.

Lavender Spheres of Ptath (spell):

Components: V, S, F
Cost: Variable Wis and 1 Sanity
Casting Time: 1 action
Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft./2 levels)
Area: One creature
Duration: Concentration
Saving Throw: Fort negates each round

For every four Wis points put into the spell, the caster creates one lavender globe of energy, about the size of a basketball. The spheres drift toward their target at speed 30, following it for up to an hour. The spheres can leave the range of the spell. When a sphere touches anything, it explodes doing 3d6 damage to all living creatures within one yard. Any other spheres caught in the blast radius also detonate.

Throth's Stalwart (spell):

Components: V, S, F
Cost: Variable 4 Int damage and 3 Sanity
Casting Time: 2 rounds
Range: Personal
Area: One You
Duration: 10 minutes per level
Saving Throw: None

The caster radiates a subtle glow after casting the spell and throbs with puissance; he adds +4 to his Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution for the duration of the spell.

Axlo-Rogai, Living Nightmare

Huge Outsider

Hit Dice: 8d8+80 (116 hp)

Initiative: +6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 30 ft.

Armor Class: 16 (-2 size, +2 Dex, +6 natural)

Attacks: 1d4 grasping appendage +10 melee

Damage: 2d6+2 grasping appendage

Face/Reach: 10 ft. x 10 ft./15 ft.

Special Attacks: Improved Grab, Swallow Whole, Compulsion, Nightmares, Spells

Special Defenses: Damage Reduction, Sanity Drain

Saves: Fort +16, Ref +8, Will +12

Abilities: Str 15, Dex 14, Con 30, Int 30, Wis 22, Cha 20

Skills: Concentration +21, Cthulhu Mythos +30, Dreaming +17, Escape Artist +13, Intimidate +16, Knowledge (Dream Lore) +21, Knowledge (occult) +21, Listen +17, Search +21, Sense Motive +17, Spellcraft +21, Spot +17

Feats: Combat Casting, Improved Initiative

CR: 12

Sanity Loss: 1d3/2d8

Axlo-Rogai is a chaotic mass of shifting forms, human and inhuman, tentacles, spines, tails, wings, and less identifiable appendages forming, shifting, and re-forming in an endless cycle of madness. Countless eyes of every size and shape leer from its body, and mouths and other orifices drool greedily.

COMBAT

Axlo-Rogai is incessantly hungry and seeks to draw beings into itself to feed.

Improved Grab: To use this ability, the creature must hit with a grasping appendage.

Swallow Whole: If it gets a hold, it can draw a target into itself. Targets swallowed suffer 2d4 points of acid damage per round.

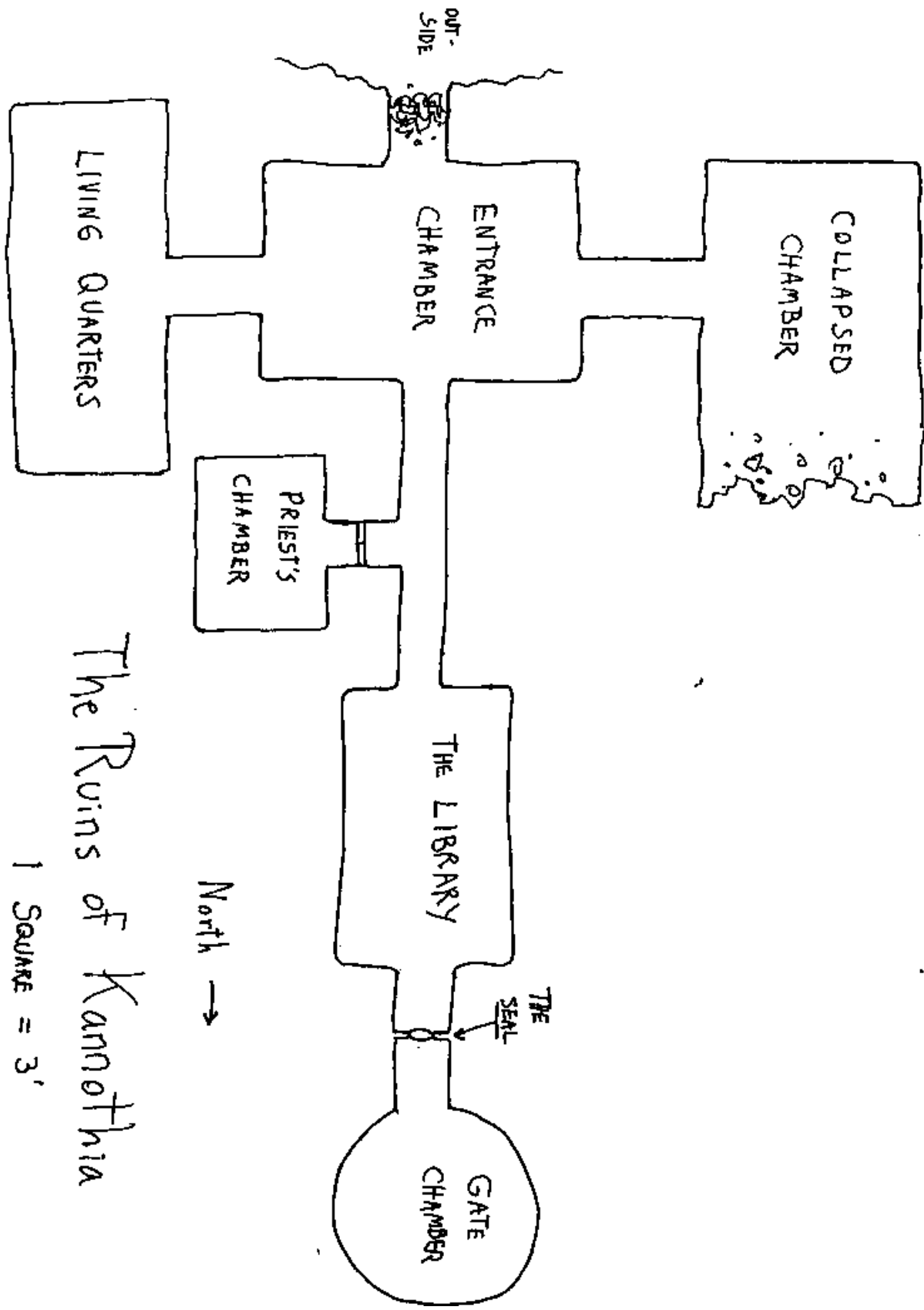
Compulsion: Axlo-Rogai can sense the proximity of prey, and will often attempt to subconsciously compel them into its presence. Its compulsion attack causes all beings within 100 ft. to make Will saves DC 20 or find themselves compelled to move towards Axlo-Rogai for 1d3 rounds, avoiding or eliminating any obstacles as efficiently as possible. Victims who have already been driven insane by Axlo-Rogai are automatically overcome by this power. This power works through magical gates.

Nightmares: When within 100 ft. of human prey, Axlo-Rogai can force its prey to experience terrible Sanity-draining nightmares, turning the worst fears of their subconscious against them. Targets must make Will saves DC 20 or be trapped forever in the nightmare, and Axlo-Rogai devours their souls. Axlo-Rogai can affect multiple targets by dividing his power; each additional target reduces the save DC for all targets by 1 (thus for six targets, the DC is 14). Those who succeed can break free of the nightmare, although at the cost of 2d8 Sanity loss.

Spells: Axlo-Rogai can cast these spells: Awful Doom of Cerrit (Dreamlands only), Mindblast, Black Binding (Dreamlands only), Red Sign of Shudde M'ell, Shriveling

Damage Reduction: In the waking world, Axlo-Rogai is difficult to destroy; he suffers only half damage from physical attacks, and firearms do minimum damage.

Sanity Loss: Those within one mile of the being suffer a Sanity loss of 1d4 per day as it eats away at their subconscious minds. If it enters the waking world, this power is increased massively, increasing the rate of Sanity loss to 1d4 per round.



The Ruins of Kannothis

Aleksandr Voinovich Krupatkin, Archaeologist

Gender: Male Age: 44
 Defensive Option Level: 4

Ability	Score	Mod	Saving Throws			Ability	Misc
			Type	Total =	Base	Mod	Mod
Strength	10	+0	Fortitude	+3	+1	+2	
Dexterity	09	-1	Reflex	+3	+4	-1	
Constitution	15	+2	Will	+5	+4	+1	
Intelligence	14	+2					
Wisdom	12	+1					
Charisma	12	+1	Sanity:	58			

Armor Class	Base	Defense Bonus	Dex Mod	Misc. Mod
11	=	10	+2	-1

Hit Points: 26

Initiative: -1 (Dex)

Melee Attack	Base	+ Str Mod	Ranged Attack	Base	+ Dex Mod
+1	=	+1	+0	+1	-1

Skill	Total	=	Ranks	+ Ability Mod	+ Misc Mod
Appraise (Int)	+6	=	4	+2	
Climb (Str)	+4	=	4	+0	
Dreaming (Wis)	+5	=	4	+1	
Knowledge (archaeology) (Int)	+12	=	7	+2	+3
Knowledge (history) (Int)	+9	=	7	+2	
Knowledge (anthropology) (Int)	+7	=	5	+2	
Read Egyptian Hieroglyphs (Int)	+6	=	4	+2	
Research (Int)	+9	=	7	+2	
Search (Int)	+11	=	7	+2	+2
Speak English (Int)	+9	=	7	+2	
Speak French (Int) (Int)	+9	=	7	+2	
Spot (Wis)	+8	=	7	+1	

Languages: Russian, English, French

Feats: Sharp-eyed, Skill Emphasis (knowledge—archaeology), Wealth

Equipment: Suitcase with four changes of clothes, heavy winter jacket, felt hat, felt boots, notebook and pen, padded case for holding archeological finds, pipe, tobacco pouch, matches, eyeglasses, magnifying glass, set of small excavating tools (brushes, rock-hammer, small picks, etc.), wallet with money and identity papers.

Roleplaying Information/Background:

You have been a faithful Communist since 1909, when you discovered the writings of Marx during your University studies. As a young man you participated in many protests and rallies against the Tsarist regime, and wound up spending several years exiled in Switzerland. There you continued your studies of archeology, met other Communists, and corresponded with fellow exiles like Vladimir Ilych Lenin, the man who would eventually bring liberation and socialism to Russia's benighted peasants. You never married, considering such bourgeois attachments a relic of the old, dying world of feudalism and

capitalism. When the Russian Revolution came you returned from exile, and even served briefly in the ranks of the Red Army during the Russian Civil War.

After the war you resumed your studies in Archeology. You are fascinated by the ruins and remnants of the past, and have spent months at a time excavating in the steppes and deserts of Soviet Central Asia. You have even managed to travel abroad and work in Egypt and Mesopotamia, a rare privilege in these uncertain times. You are published in numerous Soviet journals of science and academic life, and a couple years ago Pravda ran a long article on your life and accomplishments. You are sure none of this could have ever happened under the old Tsarist regime, when your politics would have wrecked your career.

Although the Soviet state has not yet achieved the ultimate goals of true Communism and the withering away of the state, you are sure that time cannot be far off. It would probably have been attained already, in fact, were the Soviet Union not so beset with misguided internal traitors and external enemies. The decadent capitalistic states of the west must be terrified of the success and prosperity of the Soviet Union, trembling at the example it offers to their own workers.

When the Ministry of Science announced the remarkable finds at the White Sea Canal, you felt sure you would be one of the experts called by the State and the People to confirm the truth. You were not wrong. You intend to do your best here to further the causes of both archeology and the Soviet State.

Stepan Gregorovich Leskov: A highly respected Soviet historian. You have read some of his works and find his politics to be completely proper. He seems rather gloomy and uncommunicative in person, however.

Vladimir Ivanovich Dybenko: A reporter for Pravda. You think well of Pravda, especially after that article they ran about you, and you feel sure his reporting will be fair, accurate, and loyal.

Mirabelle Chirac: This Frenchwoman is a journalist of zeal and integrity, writing for a periodical that strives to bring socialist honesty to the repressed proletariat of France. Her attitudes about marriage are refreshingly enlightened as well.

Peter Holloway: An English archeologist. Although he claims to be a political progressive, you find him much too bound to the decadent ways of his imperialistic home island.

Stephen Abromowitz: An American anthropologist and, disturbingly, a Jew. Despite your politics you retain a full dose of Russian suspicion toward Jews. You are sure this man cannot be the true socialist he claims to be.

Dreaming Skill: This skill represents the ability to alter the reality of the Dreamlands, either by changing objects within the Dreamlands or creating new ones. In order to do this, the character must both make at least one skill roll and also suffer a certain number of Int damage determined by the Keeper. This may be accomplished in a single instant or over many years of dreaming, depending on how ambitious the creation is. The more complex and powerful the creation, the more time, skill rolls, and ability points are needed.

Dreaming skill has one other application: within the Dreamlands, a successful roll can heal damage at the rate of 1 Int point for each hit point restored.

Stepan Gregorovich Leskov, Historian

Gender: Male
Defensive Option

Age: 53
Level: 6

Ability	Score	Mod	Saving Throws			Ability	Misc
			Type	Total	= Base	Mod	Mod
Strength	9	-1	Fortitude	+5	+5	+0	
Dexterity	8	-2	Reflex	+3	+5	-2	
Constitution	10	+0	Will	+6	+2	+4	
Intelligence	15	+2					
Wisdom	18	+4					
Charisma	11	+0	Sanity:	79			

Armor Class	Base	Defense Bonus	Dex Mod	Misc. Mod
11	= 10	+3	-2	

Hit Points: 26

Initiative: -2 (Dex)

Melee Attack	Base	+ Str	Mod	Ranged Attack	Base	+ Dex	Mod
+2	+3	-1		+1	+3	-2	

Skill	Total	=	Ranks	+ Ability Mod	+ Misc Mod
Bluff (Cha)	+8	=	6	+0	+2
Concentration (Con)	+7	=	7	+0	
Cthulhu Mythos	+2	=	2	---	
Diplomacy (Cha)	+7	=	7	+0	
Dreaming (Wis)	+11	=	7	+4	
Gather Information (Cha)	+6	=	6	+0	
Knowledge (history) (Int)	+14	=	9	+2	+3
Knowledge (archaeology) (Int)	+11	=	9	+2	
Knowledge (occult) (Int)	+11	=	6	+2	+3
Knowledge (Dream Lore) (Int)	+11	=	9	+2	
Research (Int)	+11	=	9	+2	
Speak English (Int)	+11	=	9	+2	
Spot (Wis)	+10	=	6	+4	

Languages: Russian, English

Feats: Dodge, Persuasive, Skill Emphasis (Knowledge—history), Skill Emphasis (Knowledge—occult)

Equipment:

Suitcases with six changes of clothes, heavy winter jacket, felt hat, felt boots, portmanteau full of papers and books, pocketknife (damage 1d3+db), wallet with money and identity papers.

Spells Known:

Awful Doom of Cerrit (Dreamlands only, see below), Deflection (Dreamlands only), Flesh Ward, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt

Roleplaying Information/Background:

You are an old man, tired and disillusioned. Once, in your younger days, you were a Communist, a true believer in Marx and Engels, who hoped and dreamed of the day when the workers of the world would rise up and claim what was theirs. Once you believed that the Russian

Revolution offered the greatest promise of hope and freedom the world had ever seen.

Once. No more. Now, looking around you, you see only terror, lies, and despair.

You keep your thoughts to yourself, of course. Only with your wife of thirty-four years do you trust yourself to speak clearly and honestly. Not even your children guess the depths of your disillusionment. And that is as it should be, for the Soviet State considers such doubts as treason. You have already seen more than a few colleagues disappear into the maw of prison and labor camps. Engineers in particular have been a popular target recently, accused of “wrecking” and sabotage, hauled before the public in elaborate trials that cannot be other than shows, distractions for a populace shaken by the failures of recent years.

You still pursue your studies in ancient history, specializing in the pre-Christian civilizations of Russia. You are always careful to couch your work in the safe phrases of Communist orthodoxy, and you have even attained a degree of success and public recognition. That worries you, for in these times such recognition can make one a target for the informants of the OGPU secret police. You would almost rather your work remained in obscurity, however valuable it might be to fellow historians.

Sleep has become your escape. In sleep you visit the Dreamlands, a realm of wonder and splendor, where the gray routine and miserable falseness of life cannot intrude. It can be a dangerous place, where your life and soul have been imperiled more than once; but the dangers are open and honest, and do not disguise themselves as benevolent friends. You have become somewhat famous in some of the Dreamlands realms, such as Ulthar and Celephais, and among fellow dreamers such as Randolph Carter, who you met in Ulthar many years ago. You have grown to welcome your retreat into sleep each night. There, at least, you can act without having to guard your every word and deed.

You are uncertain what to feel about this sudden expedition to the White Sea Canal. The discovery of an ancient civilization this far north could transform the study of antiquity and upset a hundred theories; but the prospect of such a discovery no longer grants you the excitement it might once have offered. .

Aleksandr Voinovich Krupatkin: This man, an archeologist, is a True Believer like you used to be, full of rigor and fanatic dedication. You find talking with him dreary and tiring.

Vladimir Ivanovich Dybenko: A reporter from Pravda. Although he follows the Party Line on politics (naturally), he seems a more relaxed and human conversationalist than Krupatkin. He does drink a lot, though.

Mirabelle Chirac: A French Communist, here to represent the international press. As though one reporter for a socialist weekly can “represent” the rest of the world. She seems very intense in her politics, a good match for Krupatkin.

Peter Holloway: Something about this English archeologist keeps nagging at you. You’re sure you’ve seen him somewhere before; but that’s impossible, because you’ve never left the Soviet Union, and this is his first trip here. Could it be...that you’ve met in the Dreamlands?

Stephen Abromowitz: The only American on the team, this anthropologist is also a Jew. That must be making life difficult for him here in Russia, where so many people dislike Jews. He seems – unsurprisingly – a bitter, unfriendly man.

Dreamlands Spells

Awful Doom of Cerrit:

Components: V, S, F

Cost: 2 Wis damage and 3 Sanity

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft./2 levels)

Area: One creature

Duration: Concentration

Saving Throw: Fort negates each round

A silvery thread springs from the caster's finger and causes the marrow of the target's bones to run with molten lead. Each round the spell is maintained, the victim loses 1 point of Con permanently. Additional rounds cost 2 Wis damage.

Deflection (spell):

Components: V, S, F

Cost: Variable Int damage and 1 Sanity

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Personal

Area: You

Duration: Concentration

Saving Throw: None

The caster waves his hand before himself and knocks aside offensive spells directed against him. The Int damage spent by the caster must be equal to or greater than the ability damage cost of the offensive spell in order to deflect it.

Dreaming Skill: This skill represents the ability to alter the reality of the Dreamlands, either by changing objects within the Dreamlands or creating new ones. In order to do this, the character must both make at least one skill roll and also suffer a certain number of Int damage determined by the Keeper. This may be accomplished in a single instant or over many years of dreaming, depending on how ambitious the creation is. The more complex and powerful the creation, the more time, skill rolls, and ability points are needed.

Dreaming skill has one other application: within the Dreamlands, a successful roll can heal damage at the rate of 1 Int point for each hit point restored.

Dream Lore Skill: This skill is the character's knowledge of the Dreamlands, its inhabitants, geography, and history. Rolls on this skill can be used to identify a Dreamlands location, recall historical details about a particular time or place in the Dreamlands, identify a Dreamlands creature or deity, and so forth. It can also determine whether a being encountered belongs to the Dreamlands or the Cthulhu Mythos. In effect, it is the Dreamlands equivalent of History, Anthropology, Natural History, and Occult all rolled into one.

Vladimir Ivanovich Dybenko, Reporter (OGPU Agent)

Gender: Male Age: 26
 Offensive Option Level: 6

Ability	Score	Mod	Saving Throws			Ability	Misc
Strength	17	+3	Type	Total =	Base	Mod	Mod
Dexterity	12	+1	Fortitude	+7	+5	+2	
Constitution	15	+2	Reflex	+3	+2	+1	
Intelligence	14	+2	Will	+2	+2	+0	
Wisdom	11	+0					
Charisma	10	+0	Sanity:	49			
Armor			Defense	Dex	Misc.		
Class	Base	Bonus	Mod	Mod			
12	= 10	+1	+1				

Hit Points: 38

Initiative: +1 (Dex)

Melee	Base	+ Str	Ranged	Base	+ Dex
Attack =	Attack	Mod	Attack =	Attack	Mod
+8	+5	+3	+7	+5	+1

Skill	Total	=	Ranks	+ Ability	+ Misc
Bluff (Cha)	+11	=	8	+0	+3
Craft (photography) (Int)	+6	=	4	+2	
Craft (writing) (Int)	+11	=	9	+2	
Diplomacy (Cha)	+7	=	7	+0	
Dreaming (Wis)	+3	=	3	+0	
Gather Information (Cha)	+9	=	9	+0	
Innuendo (Wis)	+7	=	7	+0	
Knowledge (Law) (Int)	+9	=	7	+2	
Knowledge (Psychology) (Int)	+11	=	9	+2	
Knowledge (dream lore) (Int) (cc)	+4	=	2	+2	
Research (Int)	+8	=	6	+2	
Sense Motive (Wis)	+8	=	8	+0	
Speak English (Int)	+9	=	7	+2	
Spot (Wis) (cc)	+1	=	1	+0	

Languages: Russian, English

Feats: Dodge, Point Blank Shot, Skill Emphasis (Bluff), Weapon Focus (pistol)

Equipment:

Two suitcases of clothes, winter jacket, felt hat and boots, three notebooks, fountain pen, pocketwatch, hip-flask of vodka, wallet with money and (false) identity papers, OGPU identity badge, concealed 9mm automatic pistol (damage 1d10) with silencer and two spare magazines, knife (damage 1d6+db) in thigh sheath.

Spells Known:

Dread Curse of Azathoth

Roleplaying Information/Background:

You grew up as an orphan in western Siberia, raised by your old grandmother. She told you endless tales of monsters and ghosts, the dark spirits of Slavic legend: the drought-causing upierczy, the

werewolf known as the volkulaku, and the purple-faced vampire called the mjertovjek. The stories terrified you, and many a cold night you were awakened by terrible nightmares in which the slaving volkulaku stalked you through the forests. She taught you a secret ritual that was supposed to drive the spirits away, and you still remember how you used to mumble the words to yourself before going to bed. Perhaps those terrible dreams were what made you so eager to embrace Communism, with its bold rejection of superstition.

In high school you were only an average student, but your ideological fervor (and denunciations of deviationists among your fellow students) brought you favorable attention from the authorities. At the age of eighteen you enlisted in the OGPU (or the Cheka, as it was known then), the Soviet secret police who protect the state from the traitors and spies who threaten it. You soon distinguished yourself as an eager and capable agent, and within a few years were promoted to lieutenant.

The dreams of your childhood still come occasionally, but you can usually drown them out with vodka. And your work gives you plenty of opportunities to work out your fears and frustrations; so many opportunities, in fact, that the sight of bloodshed and pain no longer disturbs you as it once did. The enemies of the State must suffer, must pay for their treason and cowardice. Must pay for your dreams.

You are a little nervous about your current assignment. You are pretending to be a reporter for Pravda, covering the strange archeological discoveries in the White Sea Canal project. Your actual mission is to watch the foreign scholars who have been sent to evaluate the find. Although they were carefully hand-picked for their ideological sympathies with the cause of socialism, there are no guarantees that some of them might not be Western spies under deep cover. And even casual contacts between Westerners and Soviet citizens might have undesirable consequences. You must prevent any such negative consequences from this visit. It could be a very difficult task – you know nothing about archeology, and thus have no way of knowing whether these foreigners are genuine scholars or spies. But you will succeed, for the sake of the socialist future. And for the sake of sleeping without dreams.

Aleksandr Voinovich Krupatkin: The dossier on this man reports that he is a faithful and predictable Communist. Of course, that could simply mean he knows how to hide his true feelings – and he’s been abroad, more than once. You’ll watch him carefully.

Stepan Gregorovich Leskov: Supposedly a respected historian and another loyal Party member. He seems more humanly three-dimensional in his behavior than Krupatkin, so you distrust him a little less.

Mirabelle Chirac: A French reporter. You don’t trust the French, and you don’t trust foreign reporters, no matter how sympathetically socialist they behave. If she was good-looking you might try to be friendly and charm her, but as it is you’ll just watch her carefully.

Peter Holloway: An Englishman. You hate Englishmen, with their snobby manners and their globe-spanning Empire. And this fellow sometimes looks at you with an odd expression that reminds you of your grandmother. You hope he does something that lets you have him arrested. We’ll see how arrogant he is once he’s inside Lubyanka Prison.

Stephen Abromowitz: An American Jew. You REALLY hate Jews. You intend to make sure this Abromowitz is arrested before he leaves the country.

Dreaming Skill: This skill represents the ability to alter the reality of the Dreamlands, either by changing objects within the Dreamlands or creating new ones. In order to do this, the character must both make at least one skill roll and also suffer a certain number of Int damage determined by the Keeper. This may be accomplished in a single instant or over many years of dreaming, depending on how ambitious the creation is. The more complex and powerful the creation, the more time, skill rolls, and ability points are needed.

Dreaming skill has one other application: within the Dreamlands, a successful roll can heal damage at the rate of 1 Int point for each hit point restored.

Dream Lore Skill: This skill is the character's knowledge of the Dreamlands, its inhabitants, geography, and history. Rolls on this skill can be used to identify a Dreamlands location, recall historical details about a particular time or place in the Dreamlands, identify a Dreamlands creature or deity, and so forth. It can also determine whether a being encountered belongs to the Dreamlands or the Cthulhu Mythos. In effect, it is the Dreamlands equivalent of History, Anthropology, Natural History, and Occult all rolled into one.

Mirabelle Chirac, Reporter

Gender: Female Age: 30
 Defensive Option Level: 4

Ability	Score	Mod	Saving Throws			Ability	Misc
			Type	Total	= Base	Mod	Mod
Strength	9	-1	Fortitude	+3	+1	+2	
Dexterity	14	+2	Reflex	+6	+4	+2	
Constitution	14	+2	Will	+5	+4	+1	
Intelligence	16	+3					
Wisdom	13	+1					
Charisma	10	+0	Sanity:	53			

Armor Class	Base	Defense Bonus	Dex Mod	Misc. Mod
14	= 10	+2	+2	

Hit Points: 32

Initiative: +6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Melee Attack	Base	+ Str Mod	Ranged Attack	Base	+ Dex Mod
+1	+2	-1	+4	+2	+2

Skill	Total	=	Ranks	+ Ability Mod	+ Misc Mod
Bluff (Cha)	+5	=	5	+0	
Climb (Str) (cc)	+1	=	2	-1	
Craft (photography) (Int)	+7	=	4	+3	
Craft (writing) (Int)	+10	=	7	+3	
Cthulhu Mythos	+1	=	1	+0	
Diplomacy (Cha)	+4	=	4	+0	
Dreaming (Wis) (cc)	+3	=	2	+1	
Gather Information (Cha)	+7	=	7	+0	
Innuendo (Wis)	+4	=	3	+1	
Knowledge (dream lore) (Int) (cc)	+4	=	1	+3	
Knowledge (history) (Int)	+7	=	4	+3	
Knowledge (law) (Int)	+6	=	3	+3	
Knowledge (occult) (Int) (cc)	+5	=	2	+3	
Listen (Wis)	+11	=	7	+1	+3
Research (Int)	+9	=	6	+3	
Speak English (Int)	+8	=	5	+3	
Speak Russian (Int) (cc)	+5	=	2	+3	
Spot (Wis) (cc)	+3	=	2	+1	

Languages: French, English, Russian

Feats: Dodge, Improved Initiative, Skill Emphasis (Listen)

Equipment:

Three suitcases with six changes of clothes, heavy overcoat, winter boots, fur hat and scarf, purse (contains notebook, pen, cigarettes, lighter, money, passport, and straight razor – damage 1d3, can impale), camera in leather-bound travelling case (with film and flash-bulbs).

Roleplaying Information/Background:

You grew up in a poor working-class family in Paris. Your father was a soldier in the Great War, and was away at the front for much of your childhood. After he returned he was changed, suffering from an unstable temperament and fragile mind; he drank heavily and often

abused his family. Your mother was a cowed and helpless woman who did nothing to stop him. You swore you would escape that life, studying like mad throughout your school years, and eventually won a scholarship to the Sorbonne. There, amid the feverish atmosphere of post-War depressions and youthful rebellions, you discovered the writings of Marx, Engels, and Lenin. You became a well-known activist and pamphleteer, participated in (sometimes violent) student demonstrations, and eventually joined the French Communist Party.

During your teenage years you had a strange and terrible experience, one you do not clearly recall. It had something to do with the sewers, perhaps. In any case, it left you with a permanent mental disorder: Panzaism. You cannot recognize or accept the supernatural; even if faced with the most ghastly and unimaginable events, you will attempt to rationalize them and provide normal, natural explanations for all that occurs. Of course, your politics only reinforce this tendency.

Since graduating from the university you have spent your life working for various Communist and Socialist newspapers and periodicals, most recently the "Progressive Weekly." Although none of the work pays well, you make enough to live on your own, without the need for some domineering boyfriend or husband. You have no intention of ever marrying or having children; your work for the Party is much more important.

You are overjoyed to finally be visiting the Soviet Union, the one country on earth that is actually trying to put Communism into practice. Although you have studied Russian and written many articles on the USSR, this is your first chance to actually see the country in person, and you intend to make the most of it.

Aleksandr Voinovich Krupatkin: A true Communist like yourself, who rejects the decadent ways of bourgeois society (like marriage). A pity he is so much older than you. Still, you would like to know him better.

Stepan Gregorovich Leskov: This aging Soviet historian seems to have no enthusiasm for politics, although he is a Party member. Perhaps he is simply tired or sick.

Vladimir Ivanovich Dybenko: A young reporter for Pravda. He seems rather crude and oafish, and you've spotted him taking a drink from a flask once or twice. You tried to talk to him about the plight of progressive journalism in the West, but he didn't seem very interested. You'd think Pravda would have sent a more seasoned journalist on such an important assignment.

Peter Holloway: This Englishman claims to be in sympathy with the progressive socialist spirit, but you can't shake the conviction that he is secretly laughing at you. How like the English, so priggish and chauvinistic.

Stephen Abromowitz: This American anthropologist is a fine scholar whose career has been unfairly crippled by his Jewish heritage. He has long since rejected that ancestral superstition in favor of more enlightened ideas, but that hasn't prevented the Americans from discriminating against him. He would be wise to stay in Europe, where people are more open.

Dreaming Skill: This skill represents the ability to alter the reality of the Dreamlands, either by changing objects within the Dreamlands or creating new ones. In order to do this, the character must both make at least one skill roll and also suffer a certain number of Int damage determined by the Keeper. This may be accomplished in a single instant or over many years of dreaming, depending on how ambitious the creation is. The more complex and powerful the creation, the more time, skill rolls, and ability points are needed.

Dreaming skill has one other application: within the Dreamlands, a successful roll can heal damage at the rate of 1 Int point for each hit point restored.

Dream Lore Skill: This skill is the character's knowledge of the Dreamlands, its inhabitants, geography, and history. Rolls on this skill can be used to identify a Dreamlands location, recall historical details about a particular time or place in the Dreamlands, identify a Dreamlands creature or deity, and so forth. It can also determine whether a being encountered belongs to the Dreamlands or the Cthulhu Mythos. In effect, it is the Dreamlands equivalent of History, Anthropology, Natural History, and Occult all rolled into one.

Peter Holloway, Archaeologist

Gender: Male Age: 35
 Defensive Option Level: 5

Ability	Score	Mod	Saving Throws		Ability	Misc
Strength	12	+1	Type	Total =	Base	Mod
Dexterity	13	+1	Fortitude	+5	+1	+2
Constitution	14	+2	Reflex	+5	+4	+1
Intelligence	13	+1	Will	+8	+4	+4
Wisdom	19	+4				
Charisma	14	+2	Sanity:	72		

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

Hit Points: 36

Initiative: +1 (Dex)

Melee Attack	Base	+ Str	Ranged Attack	Base	+ Dex
=	Attack	Mod	=	Attack	Mod
+3	+2	+1	+3	+2	+1

Skill	Total	=	Ranks	+ Ability Mod	+ Misc Mod
Appraise (Int)	+6	=	5	+1	
Climb (Str)	+5	=	4	+1	
Cthulhu Mythos	+2	=	2	+0	
Dreaming (Wis)	+6	=	2	+4	+3
Knowledge (archaeology) (Int)	+12	=	8	+1	+3
Knowledge (history) (Int)	+9	=	8	+1	
Knowledge (anthropology) (Int)	+7	=	6	+1	
Knowledge (dream lore) (Int)	+5	=	4	+1	
Repair (Int) (cc)	+3	=	2	+1	
Research (Int)	+9	=	8	+1	
Search (Int)	+7	=	6	+1	
Speak Arabic (Int)	+7	=	6	+1	
Speak Russian (Int)	+5	=	4	+1	
Spot (Wis)	+9	=	5	+4	

Languages: English, Arabic, Russian

Feats: Great Fortitude, Skill Emphasis (dreaming), Skill Emphasis (Knowledge—archaeology)

Equipment:

Five suitcases of clothes, winter jacket, Wellington boots, hat, pocketwatch, spectacles, several notebooks and pencils (stuffed in various pockets), tin case of eight cigars with matches, wooden case with assorted archeological equipment (magnifying glass, brushes, rock-hammer, small picks, and so forth), large billfold with money and passport.

Spells Known:

Contact Ghoul, Deflect Harm, Elder Sign, Lavender Spheres of Ptath (Dreamlands only), Throth's Stalwart (Dreamlands only).

Roleplaying Information/Background:

You were born and grew up in the great city of London, the son of a solicitor. Since your childhood you have been a lover of antiquity, and as a boy you often spent days at a time wandering through the British Museum. At the age of 10 you decided to be an archeologist, a decision which has never wavered since.

Your plans were put on hold, however, when Great Britain plunged into the Great War. You served in the ghastly mud and squalor of the trenches, struggling through months and years to keep body and mind intact; and it was there you began to Dream. In these dreams you visited strange and magnificent realms, places of unearthly beauty and terrible danger, a world both simpler and more wondrous than the dreary and war-torn waking lands. You have traveled through the Dreamlands almost every night for all the years since then, having many adventures and meeting beings both friendly and dangerous. You have even met Pickman, the legendary earthly painter who was transformed into a ghoul, and made friends with him and his inhuman comrades.

In the waking world, you emerged from the Great War whole in body and, thanks to your dreams, only lightly shaken of mind. You attended Caius College at Cambridge, pursuing your studies in archeology, and joining the circles of the politically progressive: those who had learned in the Great War to hate the rigid ways and ruthless power struggles of the old order. You admire the Soviet Union for its bold foray into the future, and wish your own government could have been friendlier to the USSR in its formative years.

You have been on several archeological digs in the Near East, delving into the origins of human civilization in Mesopotamia and Egypt. You are well-known and respected within your field, although many of your colleagues regard your politics as distinctly "dodgy." You, for your part, consider most of them to be stone-age Neanderthals unable to appreciate the needs and problems of modern society. Now, of course, you have the last laugh: because of your enlightened politics, you have been chosen as part of the team to confirm the spectacular archeological find in Russia's northern wastes.

Aleksandr Voinovich Krupatkin: A rather dreary Russian archeologist who never talks about anything but politics. You'd much rather discuss digs in Mesopotamia – you know this fellow's been there at least once – but you can't seem to get him out of his rut.

Stepan Gregorovich Leskov: An old Russian historian, he seems rather gloomy and out-of-sorts. At least he's willing to have a normal conversation.

Vladimir Ivanovich Dybenko: A strange man, hulking in size but oddly furtive in behavior. He has a look about him that reminds you of chaps who ran amok during the War. You'll keep an eye on him, just in case.

Mirabelle Chirac: A Frenchwoman but not, alas, an attractive one. She seems almost as intense about politics as that Krupatkin chap.

Stephen Abromowitz: An American Jew who seems dreadfully determined to NOT be a Jew. Personally, you could care less about anyone's religious beliefs. The Dreamlands are another matter, of course, but thankfully the Gods there cannot intrude on the waking world.

Dreamlands Spells:

Lavender Spheres of Ptath (spell):

Components: V, S, F
 Cost: Variable Wis and 1 Sanity
 Casting Time: 1 action
 Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft./2 levels)
 Area: One creature

Duration: Concentration
Saving Throw: Fort negates each round

For every four Wis points put into the spell, the caster creates one lavender globe of energy, about the size of a basketball. The spheres drift toward their target at speed 30, following it for up to an hour. The spheres can leave the range of the spell. When a sphere touches anything, it explodes doing 3d6 damage to all living creatures within one yard. Any other spheres caught in the blast radius also detonate.

Throth's Stalwart (spell):

Components: V, S, F
Cost: Variable 4 Int damage and 3 Sanity
Casting Time: 2 rounds
Range: Personal
Area: One You
Duration: 10 minutes per level
Saving Throw: None

The caster radiates a subtle glow after casting the spell and throbs with puissance; he adds +4 to his Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution for the duration of the spell.

Dreaming Skill: This skill represents the ability to alter the reality of the Dreamlands, either by changing objects within the Dreamlands or creating new ones. In order to do this, the character must both make at least one skill roll and also suffer a certain number of Int damage determined by the Keeper. This may be accomplished in a single instant or over many years of dreaming, depending on how ambitious the creation is. The more complex and powerful the creation, the more time, skill rolls, and ability points are needed.

Dreaming skill has one other application: within the Dreamlands, a successful roll can heal damage at the rate of 1 Int point for each hit point restored.

Dream Lore Skill: This skill is the character's knowledge of the Dreamlands, its inhabitants, geography, and history. Rolls on this skill can be used to identify a Dreamlands location, recall historical details about a particular time or place in the Dreamlands, identify a Dreamlands creature or deity, and so forth. It can also determine whether a being encountered belongs to the Dreamlands or the Cthulhu Mythos. In effect, it is the Dreamlands equivalent of History, Anthropology, Natural History, and Occult all rolled into one.

Stephen Abromowitz, Anthropologist

Gender: Male
Defensive Option

Age: 37
Level: 5

Ability	Score	Mod	Saving Throws			Ability	Misc
			Type	Total =	Base	Mod	Mod
Strength	11	+0	Fortitude	+4	+4	+0	
Dexterity	09	-1	Reflex	+3	+4	-1	
Constitution	10	+0	Will	+2	+1	+1	
Intelligence	15	+2					
Wisdom	12	+1					
Charisma	14	+2	Sanity:	68			

Armor Class	Base	Defense Bonus	Dex Mod	Misc. Mod
12 =	10	+3	-1	

Hit Points: 25

Initiative: -1 (Dex)

Melee Attack	Base	+ Str Mod	Ranged Attack	Base	+ Dex Mod
+2	+2	+0	+1	+2	-1

Skill	Total	=	Ranks	+ Ability Mod	+ Misc Mod
Appraise (Int)	+6	=	4	+2	
Demolitions (Int)	+7	=	3	+2	+2
Dreaming (Wis)	+3	=	2	+1	
Heal (Wis) (cc)	+2	=	1	+1	
Knowledge (anthropology) (Int)	+13	=	8	+2	+3
Knowledge (history) (Int)	+10	=	8	+2	
Knowledge (archaeology) (Int)	+8	=	6	+2	
Knowledge (occult) (Int)	+8	=	6	+2	
Knowledge (geology) (Int) (cc)	+4	=	2	+2	
Research (Int)	+10	=	8	+2	
Search (Int)	+9	=	7	+2	
Speak Russian (Int)	+8	=	6	+2	
Speak Spanish (Int)	+6	=	4	+2	
Speak Yiddish (Int) (cc)	+4	=	2	+2	
Spot (Wis)	+9	=	8	+1	

Languages: English, Russian, Spanish, Yiddish

Feats: Cautious, Skill Emphasis (Knowledge—anthropology), Toughness

Equipment:

Two suitcases of clothes, jacket, boots, hat, briefcase with books and papers, camera, wallet (money, passport, picture of wife).

Roleplaying Information/Background:

You were born to a prosperous Jewish family in New York City. Although your parents hoped you would join them in business, you eventually decided on an academic career instead. While in college you read Franz Boas' *The Mind of Primitive Man* and were immediately fascinated. You decided then to change your major from History to Anthropology, and eventually graduated Summa Cum Laude.

You excelled in other ways as well, leading New York University's fencing team to a national title. Yet despite all these accomplishments, you have always felt denied the recognition you are due. This has remained true since college, during the years you have spent studying the extinct cultures of Mesoamerica. Despite the frequent excellence of your work, you have never earned any awards or prizes from the rest of the academic community, and you wonder if your Jewish heritage may stand in the way of the fame and success you feel you have earned.

What is especially galling about this is that you are not a faithful or observant Jew; in fact, you are a socialist and an atheist, and your wife Margaret is a Gentile. You feel bitter sometimes that your ancestry, which you did not choose and have done your best to reject, still hampers your life in so many ways. You regard this as a sign of the failures of the religious, capitalistic West.

The call to visit the new archeological site in the Soviet Union could well be the career breakthrough you have been denied for so long.

Aleksandr Voinovich Krupatkin: This respected Russian archeologist has the same political beliefs as you, but he seems strangely unfriendly. You suppose it must be your heritage, weighing down your life once again.

Stepan Gregorovich Leskov: An older Russian, introduced to you as a famous historian. He seems tired and uncommunicative, but at least not hostile.

Vladimir Ivanovich Dybenko: A reporter for some Russian newspaper. You're not sure if he is hostile to you or not.

Mirabelle Chirac: At last, someone who understands. This woman has struggled bitterly against prejudice in her own country, just as you have in yours. She has suggested you should move to Europe to further your career, and you find that thought appealing.

Peter Holloway: An English archeologist; you've heard of him. Most Englishmen are anti-Semites who hide behind a veneer of snobbish manners, and you're sure this man is no exception.

Dreaming Skill: This skill represents the ability to alter the reality of the Dreamlands, either by changing objects within the Dreamlands or creating new ones. In order to do this, the character must both make at least one skill roll and also suffer a certain number of Int damage determined by the Keeper. This may be accomplished in a single instant or over many years of dreaming, depending on how ambitious the creation is. The more complex and powerful the creation, the more time, skill rolls, and ability points are needed.

Dreaming skill has one other application: within the Dreamlands, a successful roll can heal damage at the rate of 1 Int point for each hit point restored.