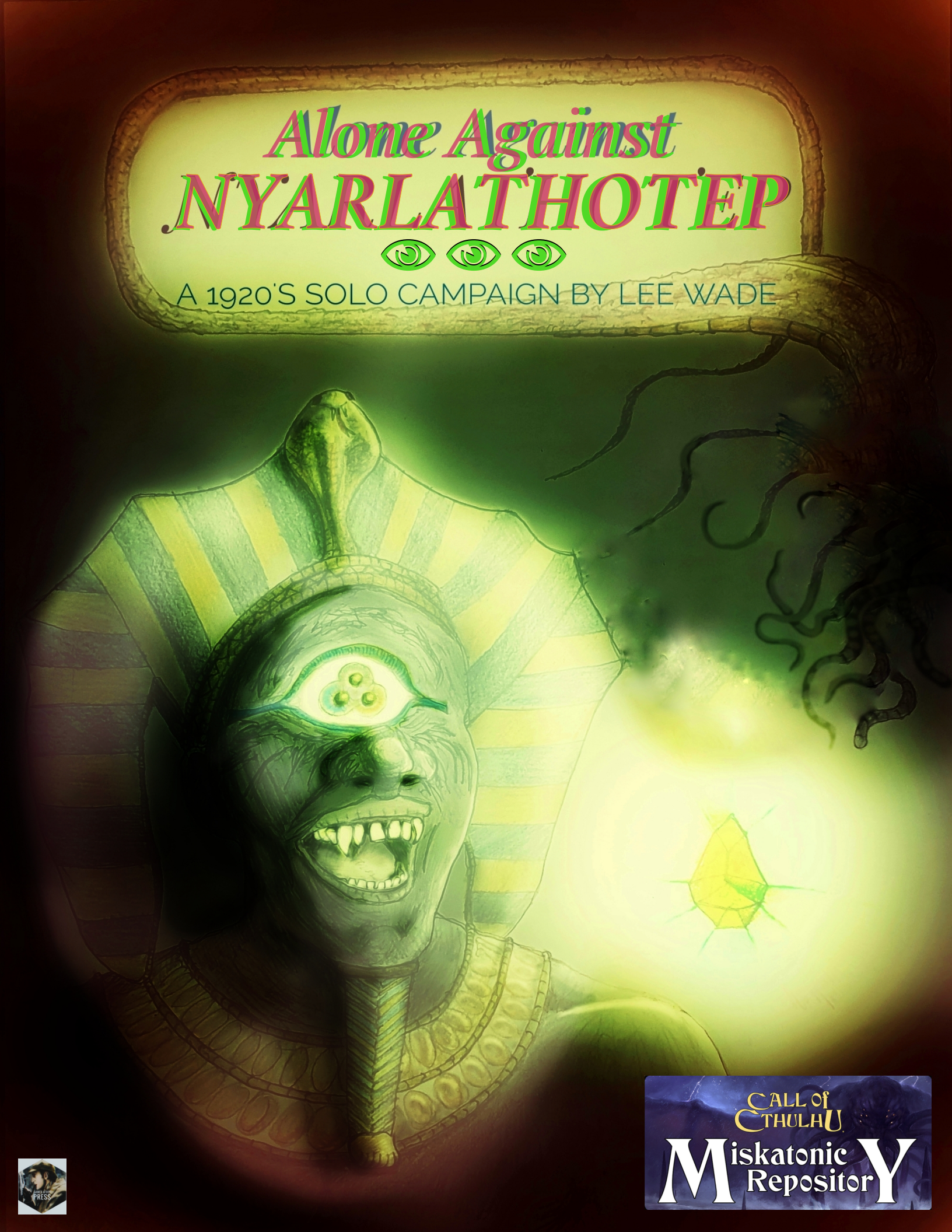
Alone Against NYARLATHOTEP

A 1920'S SOLO CAMPAIGN BY LEE WADE



Call of Cthulhu
Miskatonic Repository

A Classic Call of Cthulhu investigation into Cosmic Horror, For SOLO PLAY, set in 1925, Yorkshire.

Written & Illustrated by Lee Wade



Call of Cthulhu is a Trademark of Chaosium Inc. and is used with their permission via the OBS Community Content program.
For more information please visit Chaosium's website: www.chaosium.com
The *Miskatonic Repository Logo* is used under license. Investigator Sheets also used under licence.

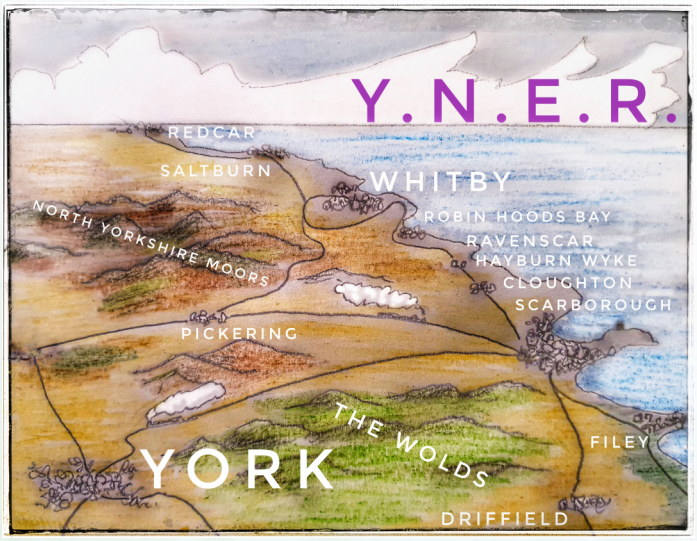
Alone Against Nyarlathotep, including illustrations ©2024 Lee Wade

Playtesting and PRE GEN support, K.J. Montgomery

Photographs are public domain. Copyright free. Credits Lee Wade & Frank Meadow Sutcliffe

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Overview 4
Keeper's Secret 4
Inspiration 4
What you Need 4
Initial Handouts 5
The PARTY 5
TTRPG Version 5
First Aid 5
Medicine 5
Logbook 6
Timekeeping 6
Equipment 7
Maps. 7
Sanity 7
Luck 7
Keeper Rulebook 8
Direct Access List 8
Reading Entries 8
Minimalist Option 8
CoC Basic Dice Rolls 8
Quick Definitions 9
Hints & Tips 9
The Game Begins 10
PRE GENS 314
TIMESHEETS 336
LOG BOOK 338
AUTHOR'S NOTES 339





Trigger Warnings

May contain:

Horror, Mental Health Imprisonment, Witch Persecution, Loss of Loved Ones, Self Harm, Murder, Paralysis, Police, Firearms, Mutilation, Severe Weather, Military Conflict, Animal Death, Hanging, Cannibalism, Supernatural, Body Horror, Possession, Occultism, Human Sacrifice, Demonology & Cosmic Horror.



Search FB, for "Alone Against Nyarlathotep"

For discussion, music, tips or help. Ideas, feedback, victories, bug reports, or any other support of the game and author.

Alone Against Nyarlathotep

OVERVIEW

This gamebook can be played by a single player, without needing a Keeper, using Call of Cthulhu RPG 7th Edition.The investigation will take several 3-4 hour sessions and is no small undertaking.

Depending on the investigator's actions and chosen lines of investigation, the story can develop on many different paths. There are hundreds of locations and numerous outcomes to explore. Dozens of items to find and allies to gain. Several companions to join your Party of intrepid investigators. Many modes of transport to ride and dark secrets to learn. Even several cosmic horrors to defeat.

Together Against Nyarlathotep

It may also be played with 2-4 players but advised you all stick together to avoid complexities. The minimum PARTY size equals the number of players. Use D6 as TimeDice.



KEEPER'S SECRET

Well, that would just spoil the mystery.

So, what is the Keeper's Secret?

INSPIRATION

This SOLO CALL OF CTHULHU RPG supplement was inspired by an appreciation of Lovecraftian tales combined with Chaosium's excellent 7th Edition RPG. As a forever Keeper, the author realised that many other Keepers out there wishing they could play a mysterious mythos campaign but don't have the opportunity. Often because of time constraints or struggling to find a comfortable group. I also realised that there are a great many newcomers to the CoC system who would like to see the game in action and learn how to run such games.

This is the supplement designed for those people. Aiming to provide massive options and a free roam element that is present in multiplayer, theatre of the mind gameplays. Attempting to write the perfect game is impossible, but the goal was to try to create something special.

Hopefully, you will enjoy the journey that this book will take you on. A tense journey into the unknown mythos. However, be warned, you will need to use all your wits, resources and sleuthing skills to overcome the Mythos and Old Ones.

Along the way, you will get accustomed to using the rules and making dice rolls that teach you how the mechanics of the CoC RPG System are used in an actual game. To help guide the dark story of your battle while alone against Nyarlathotep. Can you succeed against the odds?

WHAT YOU NEED

Every story about a mythos-based investigation always has a notebook. Filled with scribbled notes, careful observations, possible clues, rough maps and cryptic theories. You will make such a notebook while playing this SOLO Supplement.

You will need :

Notebook & Pencil

Dice. You will need 1D20, 1D12 4D10, 2D8, 5D6 & 1D4.

You can choose to create up to 8 Characters using the 7th Edition Call of Cthulhu RPG,KEEPER RULEBOOK.

If not use the 8 Stock PRE GEN's provided on p.314

Recommended:

Reading glasses. Comfortable chair.

Refreshments. Your imagination.

Quiet environment or eerie/period background music

INITIAL HANDOUTS

It is recommended to print out (draft) the HANDOUTS 1 file before play starts. This file includes the 8 stock PRE GENERATED Investigators, TIMESHEET and LOG BOOK. Although, they are included at the back of this book, too.

The PARTY

Although this is a Solo Game and your "Investigator" starts out "alone", during the gameplay, you may find other characters join your group. This is called your PARTY.

The maximum size of your PARTY is noted at different stages of the game. Sometimes you GAIN members to the PARTY and sometimes you LOSE them. They can often REJOIN, as noted in the text.

You always select one of the PARTY to be the "MAIN INVESTIGATOR" that has the most part to play in that particular part of the story. You may choose to change the MAIN INVESTIGATOR before moving to a different page/ entry. Note who is the current MAIN INVESTIGATOR in your notebook, or by putting a coin on that PRE GEN'S character sheet.

Some Rolls, or Tests, apply to all investigators in the PARTY. These often include SANITY Tests from witnessing horrific sights. A vision that only affected the MAIN INVESTIGATOR, for example, would not require each PARTY member to Test. Consider this when applying Tests and Rolls throughout the investigation.

If you are attempting a non-combat Roll, as a group, choose which of the PARTY members has the best Skill and only Test their Skill. Do not roll for each member of the PARTY. For example, only one person can pick a lock.

During the investigation, opportunities to replace members of the PARTY with other PRE GENs will arise. This can be sensible if particular investigators are badly injured or low on LUCK or SANITY. Clever use of available manpower from the pool of PRE GENs is another tool in your armoury against the machinations of Cosmic Horror. Yet, you may still find yourself "ALONE AGAINST NYARLATHOTEP."

The LEGACY of LOMBARD HOUSE TTRPG

If you enjoy this campaign and wish to run the Investigation as a Keeper for a real PARTY of players as a TTRPG, then consider the game is available on MISKATONIC REPOSITORY as a Bestseller.

.

https://www.drivethrurpg.com/m/product/432552

Also, find other ALONE AGAINST NYARLATHOTEP fans, report bugs, or provide feedback, HERE on social media.

FIRST AID

Outside of COMBAT, the PARTY may apply FIRST AID to its members harmed by a new injury (within the last hour). This action requires 1 TIME and allows a FIRST AID Roll.

2 Members of the PARTY may attempt to help the patient. If either FIRST AID Roll is a:

Success, the investigator HEALS 1 HIT POINT.

If Both Fail, the investigator is bandaged but not healed.

MEDICINE

Outside of COMBAT and only if at LOMBARD HOUSE, you may choose to put a wounded investigator to bed and attempt to treat them with MEDICINE. There could be several patients. This uses 1 Hour (+60 Minutes). Anyone you choose at the House (not necessarily in the PARTY) may Roll MEDICINE to attempt to heal the patient.

Hard Success, if an old injury, HEAL 1D3 HIT POINTS.

Success, if today's injury, HEAL 1D3 HIT POINTS.

Fail, recover 0 HIT POINTS.

Both FIRST AID and MEDICINE can only be successfully performed once per injury.



LOG BOOK p338

This game requires a certain degree of bookkeeping. You must document each ENTRY number that you turn to in your own NOTEBOOK, along with ideas and observations.

At times, you may be asked to return to the previous ENTRY. That is why you must keep a log of the ENTRY numbers you visit. Also, you may be asked if you have been to an ENTRY before, which will change the outcome.

While anything you GAIN/LOSE or changes to HIT POINTS, SKILLS, SANITY, or STATISTICS immediately, on the correct investigator sheet. Mark off the ammunition you expend, too.

The LOG BOOK also tracks ELDRITCH POINTS, TITLES, LUGGAGE and the DIRECT ACCESS LIST (D.A.L.)

Also, log any ALLY you gain or lose. They are not specific to a specific investigator, so all members of the PARTY benefit. It can be a piece of information, an animal, or a person. Keep your LOG BOOK up to date if something changes and needs logging.



TIMEKEEPING p336/7

At the beginning of the game, no TIMEKEEPING is required. However, as the game progresses, it becomes vital to keep an accurate track of the time and date. This is done with a new mechanic using a Dice called the TIME DICE, which moves across the TIMESHEET to log time passing. Print the File.

LONG GAME - Use a D8 - each turn is 4 mins

HARD GAME - Use a D6 - each turn is 5 mins

The TIMESHEET is included in "HANDOUTS file 1."

The TIMESHEET is divided into squares, each representing half an hour, (30 minutes). The TIMEDICE is placed in the current time square.

The number the dice shows indicates the progress through the half hour. If the TIMEDICE reads 1, it is on the hour or half hour. Each number on the TIMEDICE represents 4 or 5 minutes of actual time, depending on the dice type (D8 or D6). Use a D8 to explore more of the game.

Every time you turn to a new ENTRY, add 1 to the TIMEDICE. If the ENTRY states "COMBAT" it represents mere seconds, so the TIMEDICE does not turn. This is also true for referring to any MAPS, or any ENTRY number, marked with a * after the ENTRY number (eg. 74*)

If the TIMEDICE is already on maximum dice value, it is moved to the next square and reset to 1. Any excess TIME is added on. If the TIMEDICE moves to a new square and that box has a number in it. This is called a SCHEDULED EVENT. Turn immediately to that ENTRY after resolution.

Some Entries denote a random TIME period, Roll a separate indicated dice and add this value to the TIMEDICE.

You may not undertake a task/ENTRY for which there is not enough available time before a SCHEDULED EVENT. Do something else, or WAIT (move dice to event).

Some Entries indicate +30 minutes. In this case, move the TIMEDICE to the next square on the TIMESHEET and retain the same number on the DICE.

Some Entries indicate +60 minutes or more, then slide the TIMEDICE 2 or more squares along the TIMESHEET, one square per half hour. For example, 2 hours is 4 boxes.

Some Entries will indicate for you to move the TIMEDICE to the next SCHEDULED EVENT, move directly there and set the TIMEDICE to 1.

Some Entries indicate to move the TIMEDICE to the next DAY and the new set of squares. Set to 1.

You may choose to WAIT at any stage. Add to TIMEDICE or even move it to the next SCHEDULED EVENT.

When you finish a session, write the number of the TIMEDICE in the square that it is positioned on the TIMESHEET. Next session, you can see where to continue.

EQUIPMENT

Standard mode:

Requires less paperwork and bookkeeping. Carry unlimited items as a pool amongst the PARTY, except weapons. Each Investigator may have a personal weapon specific to them and also carry 1 large weapon. Everything else is shared amongst the PARTY.

Investigators are limited in how much equipment they can carry. Each can carry only 1 LARGE item, such as a rifle, shotgun, or submachine gun and ammunition.

Hard Mode:

The number of additional smaller items they can carry is up to the higher first digit+3 of STRENGTH or SIZE.

eg. STR 75 and SIZE 50, could carry 10 ITEMS plus an SMG.

Investigators can have an unlimited number of items stored in their LUGGAGE. Whenever they return to their Bedroom, they may leave items or pick up items from the PARTY LUGGAGE.



MAPS

Some MAPS are just a visual aid, while LOCAL MAPS have a grid overlayed with coordinate numbers. There is a mechanic, in the game to allow you to visit the locations using vehicles.

If you wish to find a GRID REFERENCE using a LOCAL MAP, remember to find the 3 figure coordinates by their order of :

RED (MAP NUMBER)

WHITE (X coordinate, ACROSS)

BLUE (Y coordinate, UP)

Remember “RED, WHITE & BLUE”

SANITY

This story allows the investigators to be exposed to mind-bending experiences. Revelations that can threaten their Sanity. The character sheets rate the Investigator's Sanity as a number. The lower it gets, the more their faculties can fail them or even become insane.

Each morning, note down what 20% less of an investigator's SANITY rating would be. This is their snapping point. Anyone reduced to this level before the next dawn becomes INDEFINITELY INSANE. They will play no further part in the story, as they are SECTIONED and admitted to the local Asylum, where they will stay for weeks until they make some form of recovery.

For example, someone with 55 SANITY would snap if they are reduced to 44 or less SANITY before the next dawn.

Anyone who loses 5 or more SANITY in a single encounter runs the risk of TEMPORARY INSANITY. They must Roll INTELLIGENCE and if successful, realise the true ramifications of what they have witnessed. They GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY. It lasts until instructed to remove it.

This TEMPORARY INSANITY makes them incapable of combat or Skill Rolls. Their first time gaining TEMPORARY INSANITY gives them +5% CTHULHU MYTHOS Skill. Subsequent bouts of INSANITY, only add 1% each.

LUCK

Investigators have a LUCK rating. Along with LUCK Rolls, you, the player, may opt to spend LUCK points to lower dice results by 1% for each point of LUCK expended. This can be used to pass Rolls that you would have failed with that investigator. However, it cannot be used in ENTRIES that are marked as COMBAT.

OPTIONAL PULPY RULE: If an investigator is going to die from an injury, they can expend 35 LUCK to avoid ALL the damage.

The KEEPER RULEBOOK

As you play through the SOLO "Alone" game, you can use Chaosium's KEEPER RULEBOOK, 7th Edition Rulebook, to read further. Or the BASIC Set to learn how the rules surrounding each aspect of the gameplay, have further nuances to explore in a multiplayer TTRPG version.

If an entry demonstrates a new game mechanic, look in the official CHAOSIUM Rulebook for further details.

At times, the SOLO game deviates from the nuance of the rules to avoid complications and keep the game moving smoothly. This can help you understand how you can be a KEEPER and resolve game mechanics for a group of friends around a table. Play and Learn.

Direct Access List (DAL)

The DAL is a game mechanic that allows you to go directly to a small amount of specific ENTRY numbers. However, you must be INSIDE Lombard House to use the Direct Access List unless accessing a MAP.

Some DAL ENTRIES detail other specific RULES and can be referred to at the correct moment due to the DAL. This will become apparent as you play the game.

Reading ENTRIES

Always read from the top of each entry in order. If a line instructs you to "Go to" a different ENTRY, do so immediately, without reading the remaining text. Some words are in CAPITALS to draw your attention to them as game mechanics. At the bottom of most ENTRIES, game mechanics are arranged in specific ways on the page. Read the ENTRIES from the top, line by line, somewhat like a computer program. If a game mechanic applies on that line, immediately do what it says. The order is important.

If you come to a line requiring a dice Roll, apply the results indented beneath it only if the first line applied to your story. Otherwise, skip the indented text.

You may be asked if you possess certain items, have gained specific ALLIES, or have been to certain places. This will alter the gameplay and outcomes.

Most ENTRIES have choices to make if no line automatically applies. You may choose to change the MAIN INVESTIGATOR before choosing and turning to the indicated ENTRY.

Remember to do everything in order and pay attention to detail. Remember to turn the TIMEDICE.

Do not read ENTRIES that catch your eye. Resist!

Minimalist Option

If you wish to streamline the game. You can replace the dice.

Simply flip a coin for any SKILL/TO HIT Roll.

Heads is a Success/Tails a failure.

If the Skill% is over 60% then the first Fail, on a test, can have the coin flipped a second time. ADVANTAGE means you get to flip again if you fail. DISADVANTAGE means you have to flip again if you Succeed. Take that 2nd result.

Investigators can carry all items in minimal play mode.



CoC BASIC DICE ROLLS

If no investigator has the skill, use the [Base%] indicated.

Roll SKILL - Roll 1D100.

If the dice Roll is 96-00, it is a FUMBLE. (miss next turn/action/attack while recovering).

If the dice Roll exceeds the character's SKILL%, it is a Fail or Miss.

If the dice Roll is equal to or under the characters [SKILL]%, it is a Success.

If the dice Roll is equal to or less than half the characters [SKILL]%, it is classed as a Hard Success.

If the dice Roll is equal to or less than a fifth of the characters [SKILL]%, it is an Extreme Success.

If the dice Roll 01 is classed as a Critical Success.

If you pass a SKILL Roll, tick the adjacent box with a pencil.

QUICK Definitions:

ADVANTAGE DICE - Roll an Extra 10's dice and take the more favourable number as the result of the D100.

DISADVANTAGE DICE - Roll an Extra 10's dice and take the less favourable number, as the result of the D100.

PRE GEN - The 8 playable investigators, you start with.

Roll TO HIT - Roll 1D100, compare to Weapon SKILL.

GAIN - Add to relevant STAT, SKILL, HIT POINTS, ALLY or EQUIPMENT.

LOSE - Deduct from relevant STAT, SKILL, HIT POINTS, ALLY or EQUIPMENT.

HEAL - GAIN up to maximum/starting Value.

ELDRITCH POINTS - Mysterious Energy

HIT POINTS - Physical Health

SANITY - Mental Health

GO TO - turn to the indicated ENTRY

DEAD - the character is slain and out of the game for good.

RANDOM - Assign each PARTY member a number and roll.

GAME OVER - The game ends unless offered a choice

* - This page costs NO TIME to visit.

COMBAT - This page costs NO TIME. LUCK cannot be used.

TIME - Location and number of TIMEDICE on TIMESHEET.

SCHEDULED EVENT - Square on Timesheet, with an ENTRY.

Hints & Tips

Swap your MAIN INVESTIGATOR if injured or mentally unstable. Also, substitute PARTY members if they are looking vulnerable when you are offered a chance to do so. You can always recover the Investigator in a later swap. Wise use of human resources will make a difference in this campaign.

Combat is very dangerous in Call of Cthulhu RPG. Especially when against large cosmic horrors. Often, discretion is the better part of valour. You are only humans.

Building relationships with people can often lead to their assistance or sharing their knowledge with you. This can take time and effort, to create familiarity and trust.

Sometimes, you will miss clues or are not at a location at the right time. A meticulous sleuth could benefit from returning to the same location if they feel there is more to learn. Try to be thorough when following up on leads.

TIME management is important, as you only have so much available in the game. Use it wisely. Choosing a D8 as the TIMEDICE gives you more chance to explore more of the game. Vehicles are key modes of transport for efficient travel.

LUCK should be used wisely to pass SKILL Rolls you deem important. As you use it up, you will become less lucky. Once it is below 35, it cannot save you from fate if playing pulpy.

Carry Equipment you think will be required that day. Make sure each member of the PARTY is armed when possible.

Be sure to use FIRST AID and MEDICINE after COMBAT.



1

27th October 1925



A letter arrives from an affluent York Solicitors, Gray & Grey. Upon opening the letter, you find it informs you of the death of an old acquaintance, Edward Lombard. The news saddens you, as does any tragic news of people you have met in your lifetime. You have been named as a beneficiary in his Last Will and Testament.

In the gold-lined envelope is a 1st Class train ticket to attend the reading of the Will at his country estate, Lombard House. It is located on the Yorkshire coastline. Several hours journey from here. His funeral took place last week at the local church.

You've not seen Edward for over a decade. He was never a close friend, so to be named as a beneficiary is a complete surprise. You have never met any of Edward's family before, nor any of his own friends, thinking about it. Although he was a friendly and decent chap, you never really knew much about him other than he owned an Optics factory and was a keen astronomer.

The letter stipulates that unless you attend the reading of the Will on the evening of the 3rd of November, 1925, you will not be eligible to receive anything from Edward's estate. That's an inconvenience, yet hopefully worth it, you hope.

You arrange to be away from your vocation for a few days, pack a small suitcase and bid your loved ones farewell. Hoping to return shortly enriched by the Last Will and Testament of a forgotten friend. You set off on the first leg of your journey.

Create an Investigator using the Keeper Rulebook, or select a PRE GEN.

Go to 17

2

You rush downstairs and out of the front door. The snow is silently falling and a little heavier now. You move down the drive but see no trace, in the snow, of anyone passing, nor of a woman. You get down to the front gate and notice behind the large entrance pillar, is a standing stone. You take a closer look and find it is inlaid, with carvings. They look ancient and are badly worn by erosion. The most notable are depicting serpents and the moon's phases.

Go back to the warmth and safety of Lombard House, go to 231

Roll HISTORY [5%] or ARCHEOLOGY [1%]

Success, go to 54

Fail, go to 231

3

After only two steps, you are surprised to see something on the dark stairs. It appears to be a gun. Yes, a Thompson submachine gun and next to it, there are 3 x 20-round magazines, fully loaded. BASE SMG SKILL is 20%. Also, there is a modern hand pump torch and a small box that on closer inspection, contains 6 silver-tipped bullets, in 0.45. These will fit the Thompson, Colt 45 Automatics and Webley service revolvers.

GAIN THOMPSON SMG, with 60 rounds. If Hit, roll 1D3 for no. of bullets that hit out of a burst of 5. 1D10+2 Damage each.

GAIN 6 silver bullets in .45 calibre (Fit: Colt 1911, Webley Revolver or Thompson SMG. 1D10+2 Damage).

Go to 34

4*

You recline on the olive sofa and enjoy the warmth of the log fire. This is certainly the most comfortable room in the house. You guess that Edward probably used to sit here. You look at the paintings hung on the opposite wall and think they have an abstract element to their colours. In fact, they all give the impression it is nighttime. You relax further, letting your eyes wander.

Roll CONSTITUTION

Fail, go to 65

Success, Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Extreme Success, go to 16

Hard Success, go to 41

Success, go to 145

Fail, go to 244

5

You methodically search the Main Hall.

+1D6 TIME

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 28

Fail, go to 85

6*

Walking into the library, you are greeted by the familiar smell of dusty books. This warren of bookcases and shelves has turned this room into a series of corridors formed from the written word. There are thousands of books stored here. It is an impressive repository of information. However, there seems to be no order nor signage on the dozens of bookcases.

If you have INDEX, as an ALLY, go to 31.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 15

Fail, go to 31

7*

The tall man is silhouetted against the seascape, standing atop the cliff in his dark suit. As he turns around, aware of your presence, he looks you in the eye. As your eyes lock, you hear a voice echo in your mind, "You are the type of person we are looking for, as just by reading this, you are cheating. If you don't stick to the rules, the mythos is what you have been looking for your entire life, a corruption that leads to your own personal power. Come with me and leave this solo RPG behind you."

You hear the words in your inner mind and realise that now, you have read this far into the forbidden knowledge that there is no going back.

GAME OVER

You were tempted to read an ENTRY that had nothing to do with your story. By trying to look into other realities and beyond your timeline, you have entered the realm of being a Cthulhu RPG Cultist, leaving behind decency and accepting one's fate, no matter how dark and doomed it is.

Learn your lesson and accept your fate. Go to 1.

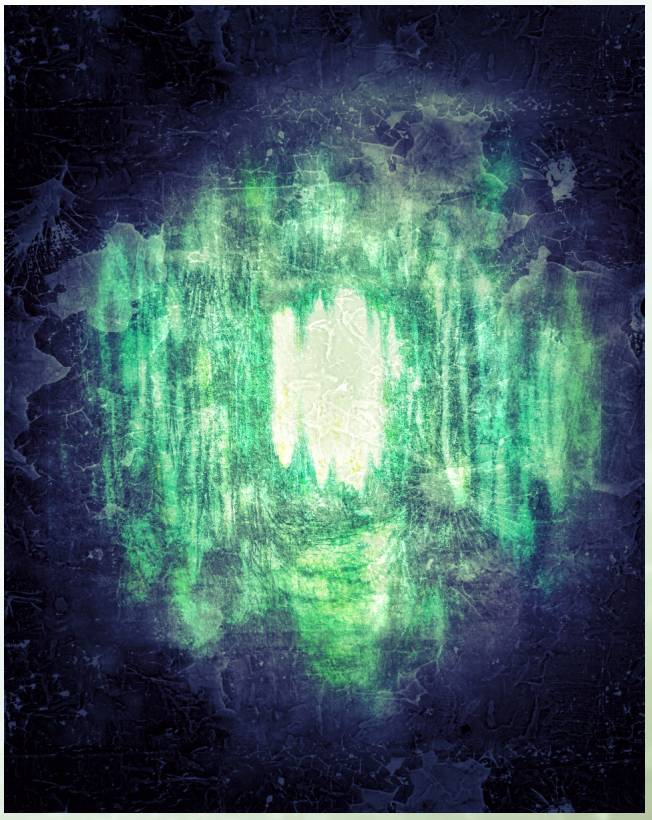
Or return to the previous ENTRY, but GAIN LOVECRAFT, as an ALLY.

8*

You get up gingerly from your armchair and move towards the cave entrance, where a mist is spilling out onto the floor. The painting's tall ornate frame is still there but acts as a doorframe now. Cold air flows from the cave, hitting your face and reinforcing that this isn't just a hallucination. The moonlight streaming in through the undraped window behind you casts your long shadow into the dank cave, creating shapes across the rock formations. You feel tense at the prospect of this great unknown before you. Yet you show your resolve and step up into the painting. You take a few steps into the passage, towards the backlit corner. The floor is rough and covered in stone fragments, soaked in water that occasionally drips from the stalactites. You look back into the billiard room, which appears now as if looking into it from a corridor. That armchair is inviting, but you turn to press on, determined not to let fear get the best of you. Reaching the corner, you quietly peek around and see a brightly lit crack in the bedrock. It is just large enough for you to squeeze through.

Squeeze through into the new area, go to 26

Decide to turn back, go to 245



9

You step carefully down the stone staircase. Seeing a lever, you pull it to discover a secret door unlatches and opens. You find yourself in the Study, by the fireplace, once more. You dust off some old cobwebs lodged on your sleeves during the adventure. The solicitor looks amused by your cliché antics and shakes his head, smiling, as he continues reading his book.

Go to 32

10

A loud gong is struck somewhere in Lombard House. No matter where anyone is, they can hear it. Then, the clock chimes 7.30pm.

You return to the Dining Room of Lombard House and sit at the large table. Everyone you have met at the manor is present. Mr Gray, the solicitor, heads the table, with Miss Harris at the opposite end. Several other beneficiaries are seated at the table. Seems that they have just arrived before dinner. While the investigators were busy exploring the house.

All remaining PRE-GENERATED investigators are here but NOT added to the PARTY. They are friendly enough but act as individuals, either conducting their own search or not bothering. Some choose to relax in the Sitting Room most of the day.

The Dining room has a far Eastern theme and colours of the willow pattern. You notice the silver cutlery and dining wear are of exceptional quality. Mrs O'Brian keeps bringing out hot platters of food in a very experienced manner.

The wall has a large print by Rubens entitled The Downfall of Man on the east wall. 2 large Greek busts seem out of place, flanking the masterpiece. .. they are labelled XENOPHANES of Colophon and ZENO of Elea. A painting of a cryptic female face mixed with a landscape hangs above the fireplace.

While enjoying a four-course dinner of excellent produce, you talk amongst yourselves and chat with the other guests. Mr Grey says there are still other invited benefactors, who have not arrived yet. He wonders if they have decided not to attend. Time will tell, but he says attendance at the midnight reading is imperative.

The fire is well stoked, raising spirits along with the fine cuisine. Those who have been drinking early really appreciate it before another tipple. After rice pudding, dessert and a drink, Mr Grey suggests you continue searching for the priceless Faberge Egg. Until the reading of the Will, as per Edward's wishes.

Following the late Edward's instructions, he asks Mrs O'Brian to bring in a box of electric torches, which she distributes. He reminds you that there are still 3 hours till midnight when the WILL shall be read in the Great Hall. Again, he says the gong will be rung at 5 minutes to midnight. Anyone not in attendance at midnight will not be eligible as a beneficiary.

Then the doorbell rings. Shortly afterwards, Mrs O'Brian shows in a middle-aged gentleman. He promptly introduces himself as Kenneth Richardson and apologises for being late, explaining his train was delayed. Some problem on the Scarborough line, apparently. He produces his letter of invitation, as requested by Mr Grey, who pins an Orchid to his lapel. Further explaining the midnight reading and hunt for the Faberge Egg, Mr Richardson looks excited at the prospect. He has a working-class, Yorkshire accent and says he is an Engineer who worked for Edward before the Great War.

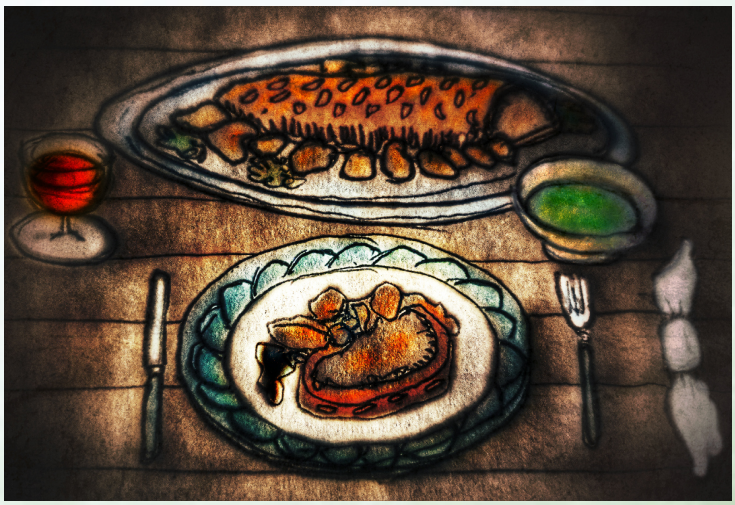
You may select 1 of the earlier PARTY members to rejoin you for the next part of the Investigation.

Your PARTY should now have 2 investigators. Leaving 6 other PRE GENS outside the PARTY.

ADVANCE TIME TO 9pm, 3rd November 1925

Go to 231





11



The door to your left opens again before the housekeeper shows you into the study. Where a smartly suited, ageing gentleman stands up from behind a cluttered desk and greets you with a warm smile and firm handshake.

"Welcome, Ladies & Gentlemen. I am Mr Grey, acting solicitor for the late Edward Lombard. I sent you all letters according to Edward's instructions. If I may collect your invitations, please?"

He collects your letters. "Thank you all for attending on such short notice. Edward's last will and testament will be read tonight at midnight, per his instructions. Personally, I think this is all very theatrical and over the top. However, I am being well paid to ensure everything is done to the letter." He slides a vase of flowers across so it is equidistant from the side and front faces of the hardwood-topped desk. "Edward has specifically stated you must wear one of these orchids," at this, he pulls the ornate flowers from the glassware and pins one on each beneficiary's lapel.

GAIN ORCHID

Roll NATURAL WORLD [10%] or BOTONY [1%]

Hard Success, go to 43

Success, go to 80

Fail, go to 133

12

You stand in the dank room with dark green wallpaper. Black mould is apparent under the leaky window and it smells damp. A view across the lawn to a huge oak tree is visible through the grimy window panes. Light snow is falling. The bed is rock-hard and not too comfortable.

A painting signed by Jacob Lombard hangs on the south wall. It depicts a black pyramid flanked by 4 pillars on a hilltop. Red hues adorn the sky above the pyramid. On the reverse is chalked "The Colours at Castle Howard". Certainly, a striking sunset.

There does not appear to be anything else of interest here.

Go to 231

13

There is a piece of graph paper on top of the pile. Covered in deep maths, it has a pencil diagram of the planets rotating around the Sun in the solar system. All the other sheets appear to be base maths involved in this trigonometry.

A well-drawn, arced line (labelled "TENEBRIS") moves across the diagram and intersects with the 3rd planet from the Sun's orbit. Marked with an X.

The words, "50/50 IMPACT! 8th November 1925," are in large red ink over the top of the diagram and formula.

Roll ASTRONOMY [1%] or MATHEMATICS [1%]

Hard Success, go to 169

Success, go to 131

Fail, go to 363

14

Glancing around, you realise the great sword is, in the same style depicted in the tapestry of St. George, on the opposite wall. Getting your attention, you pick it up and find it is half the weight you expected, maybe even less. The blade is polished to a mirror. So you test the edge, which cuts your finger effortlessly, like a razor blade. You can imagine the devastation this weapon would cause to flesh and bone. However, this sword still requires 2 hands to wield and is much too large and cumbersome to carry around, especially without a scabbard. In a crisis, you guess that you could come here and arm yourself with the sword.

GAIN CRISIS PLAN

Go to 220

15

You notice a small dusty card system in a corner, almost obscured by papers. You have located the Filing System. Investigating further, you realise it is a means of navigating the hordes of books in this private library. This means you can ignore ALL penalty dice when using the library in future.

GAIN INDEX as an ALLY

Go to 31

16

Noticing, from your reclined position, that there is some detail under the granite Egyptian statue's open hand. Piquing your interest, you go over and have a closer look. Indeed, there is a small inscribed series of hieroglyphs across the back of the right hand.

Roll HIEROGLYPHS [0%].

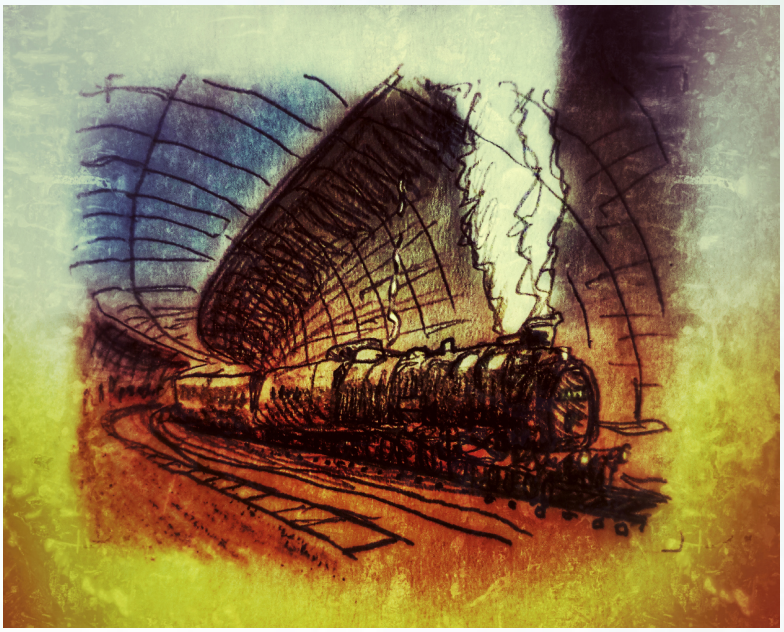
Success, go to 696

Fail, GAIN HIEROGLYPH CLUE, go to 244

17

3rd November 1925

You arrive at the grand old Victorian York Railway Station. Aiming to make a connection to head to the North East coast of England. The impressive, high-arched, curved interchange is a bustling hub of branch lines, mainlines and transport terminus. Hundreds of people are on the many platforms and footbridges connecting them all. The atmosphere is full of steam and coal smoke from the perpetual rail traffic. It doesn't agree with your lungs. Glancing at one of the many large clocks suspended from the arches, you read 1.40pm. It has been a long journey already. Moving to a timetable on a noticeboard, you determine the train you require should be departing from platform 8 in twelve minutes. Reaching the designated platform, you find the train has not arrived yet, so consider buying a snack from one of the many vendors lining the platform wall. Newspapers, bouquets of flowers, hot potatoes, pies and drinks are available. Your attention is captured by a map behind them, showing your intended route.



Roll SPOT HIDDEN. [25%]

Fail, go to 25

Success, go to 46

18

Closing the book, you sit back in the only library chair and close your eyes. You imagine this concept of giant cosmic horrors and Mankind's inferiority compared to these godlike creatures. One such entity is described as wreathed in tentacles, covered in eyes, gaping maws and with hooves. It repels you, despite not knowing what that could look like, without seeing it yourself.

However, far more frightening than the notion of these alien creatures, is that you know deep down, you have dreamt about some of these things before. You have seen them in your semi-forgotten dreams. Somewhere, deep in the back of your mind, you know it. A memory suppressed in your subconscious, like deja vu..... but worse.... far more foreboding..... more malign.... you feel like someone is looking at you over your shoulder, but no one is there. A chill runs down your neck, like someone breathing on it.

Lose 1D4 SANITY. If you have an ORCHID, reduce that number by 1.

Go to 31

19

You search the Lounge and study a series of four unusual landscape paintings. All are signed E.L. You guess that is none other than Edward Lombard himself. You wonder what inspired him to paint these obscure scenes. You will never know, as art is often just a spontaneous creation that materialises from the subconscious. No more justification to be painted than any other fantastical scene. Surely, these are just that... made-up scenes, from the mind's eye? You realise Edward was a good artist, as his work has engaged you.

Go to 244

20

Through the falling snow, a figure is approaching, a large man, but not heavily dressed. Indeed, his coat is not even fastened. You recognise him as Mr Blake, the old farmer who offered you a lift when you arrived.

He is red in the face but still cutting along at a good pace through the poor conditions. He spots you under the tunnel and hails you with an exaggerated wave of the hand, "Well, Hello there." You greet him and soon realise he is very merry and presumably half drunk. "Seems to me we should head to the Pub and have a chat, he suggests?" shaking your hand furiously, with both of his, for a very long time.

Accept his invitation, GAIN JOHN BLAKE as ALLY, go to 30

Decline:

Head West, through the tunnel; along the path, go to 565

Move South to the Railway Station, go to 574

Follow the stream East, into the ravine, go to 585

Go through the gate into the large field, to the North, go to 576

Follow the path to the Public House, South East, go to 584

21*

You explain that you do not like Tea and would much prefer to drink a strong coffee. She looks disgusted and promptly explains, "Mr Lombard did not like coffee. Nor do I. So there is none in this house. Now, I must return to the kitchen if you don't mind."

Go to 220

22*

You study each of the 4 paintings and can see they are of different ages and styles. The oldest portrait is at the top of the two flights of stairs. You realise they are probably in order of age, with the most recent family members at the bottom of the staircases. Edward is one on the ground floor, while the other is a young woman with red hair. You wonder if she must be Edward's younger sister. Above Edward is a man in a British Army Officer's uniform, perhaps his older brother. At the top of the stairs, you see an ageing Royal Navy Admiral, judging by his uniform. No doubt, he is the ancestor of all below.

Go to 111

23*

This comprehensive section takes a longer than anticipated, so add a further +30 minutes. It covers in detail, the whole strata in these two sciences. All works have pencil notes by Richard Lombard on Anthropological context. A subsection takes up a shelf labelled "Field Expeditions" and covers from Peru to Alaska. It covers all the locations the Lombard's 12 expeditions went to. Alaska, Easter Island, Madagascar, Australia, Namibia, Egypt, Siberia, Falkland Islands, Peru and the Himalayas.

Meanwhile, a large, folded world map showing red circles marked in each of these countries. 12 in total. Lay lines are marked in a grid, and the circles are on points they cross.

Another file shows a map of the grounds.

GAIN ESTATE MAP, Entry 1138 and add it to your DIRECT ACCESS LIST. As follows :

"ESTATE MAP, 0 TIME, ANYTIME, ENTRY 1138"

Go to 31

24*

You try your best to be friendly and complimentary.

Roll CHARM [15%]

Success, go to 61

Fail, go to 110



25

LOSE 1 item of equipment of your choice. Damned pickpockets! The East Coast train arrives at Platform 8. Many people alight the train before you, along with a handful of others, board the carriages. You find your way to the first-class compartments and enter one.

Go to 146

26*

In the stark moonlight beaming through the window panes, you slip through the illuminated crack in the ethereal cave wall. There is a flash within your mind. For a split second, you see a million stars moving. Suddenly, you are in a whole new place.
You realise this is some form of arcane portal, occult gate, or "MAGIC."

However, you LOSE 1 SANITY for making the magical journey. Roll 1D6:

1. Go to 1016
2. Go to 706
3. Go to 1117
4. Go to 56
5. Go to 947
6. Choose 1 of the above results (Do not read them all before choosing).

27

This bright floral room has a large oval dining table and twelve chairs. The window is open to keep the air fresh. Countered by the large logs burning in the open fireplace. The room has a far Eastern theme and colours of the willow pattern.
While a strange painting is eye-catching above the fireplace. It is a mountainous landscape, which cleverly also resembles a face. The painting is unsigned.

There are also 2 large Greek busts. Not out of place flanking the masterpiece, a print of Ruben's "The downfall of Man". The busts are labelled "XENOPHANES of Colophon" and "ZENO of Elea". The rest of the room is fairly plain, other than a simple dresser for the expensive crockery and cutlery.

If it is Midnight - 1am, go to 199
Study the painting, go to 137
Examine the busts, go to 239
Search the room (+1D6 TIME), go to 47
Leave the room, go to 231

28*

Your extensive search proves fruitless, other than finding a name carved roughly underneath the table. "Galahad" You stand back, looking at the huge round table and wondering about its origins. The only other things that attract your attention are the lawn bowls. The initials, "W.R." are embroidered in faded yellow cotton on the case. Could it be? Walter Raleigh,? Sir Walter Raleigh? You can imagine these bowls, used by the famous statesman, as he was told the Spanish Armada had been sighted. How he famously held his course to finish his game of bowls. Before he left for the sea battle. Meanwhile, the chessboard is set up in "fools mate".

So who is the fool, you wonder?

Go to 220

29

You recognise one of the locals, who just left, is Old Tom Hulley, a suspected smuggler who has been in court twice. He was acquitted in both cases due to lack of evidence. You recall his face from an article in the Times that focussed on the Customs and Excise men failing to secure prosecutions in over half of the cases they brought to court last year.
Apparently, they have appointed new Customs officers and agents. An effort to crack down on the influx of smuggled goods that are avoiding import tax. The article suggested a renewed effort would yield better results than under the last Commissioner. Each sector of the coastline has been reshuffled and strengthened, with many veteran officers from the Great War being recruited.

Go to 97

30

If you have AGENT BRADY, as an ALLY, go to 172

You enter the Hayburn Wyke public house and are greeted by a pair of ageing black labradors. Shutting the door, you appreciate the heat, from the roaring, open fire. You can hear the landlady coming from the back room. You hang up your damp coats, by the fire, while you look forward to refreshment and hospitality.

If you have JOHN BLAKE as an ALLY, go to 40
If not and it is from midday to 5pm, go to 70
If it is 7pm to 11pm, go to 203
Otherwise, the landlady, explains the Bar isn't open, so you have to leave, go to 584

31*

You can look up some information in the many books stored here. The Library is difficult to use as it is an almost random placement of half sections or small stacks of mixed topics. Therefore, if you make any LIBRARY USE roll, it is hampered by 1 DISADVANTAGE DICE, unless, you have INDEX, as an ALLY.

Leave the Library, go to 231
Search for a topic listed below, roll LIBRARY USE [20%]
Fail, +1D4+2 TIME, go to 185
Success, +1D4 TIME, Choose below
Local History, go to 45
Local Landmarks, go to 134
Lombard House Records, go to 217
Family History, go to 316
Family tree, go to 253
Smugglers on the Yorkshire coast, go to 37
Financial Ledger, go to 161
Newspaper cuttings, go to 302
Occult, go to 148
Astronomy, go to 319
Photography, go to 74
Geology and Geography, go to 23



32

The cluttered Study is really a busy estate office. The main decor is a tan tone, with worn wooden flooring. Shelving and units sag under large box folders brimming with paperwork. An ageing teak desk shows many signs of heavy usage. The leathered inlay board is shedding its top layers. The inkwell and pens are messy, from spillage and a small timepiece ticks quietly, next to them. The main chair, behind the desk, is also badly worn. While the two seats, in front of the desk seem in far better condition, despite being the same design. The fireplace has a dark stone surround and is extremely sooty, with a brass fireguard. There is a large wooden globe depicting the Old World. You suspect it is really a drinks cabinet.

The solicitor, Mr Gray, is sitting here, "Don't mind me. Carry on your hunt for Edward's Egg." He is reading the Agatha Christie novel, "The Unknown Enemy." He is about halfway, through the book.

Go somewhere else, go to 231
Talk to Mr Grey, go to 88
Search the Study, (+1D4 TIME), go to 59
Examine the globe drinks cabinet, go to 164
Investigate the paperwork (+30 minutes), go to 337
Search the desk, go to 222

33

Jumping down from the platform onto the rails, you land badly and sprain your ankle on the loose debris. Lose 1 HIT POINT, buckling in pain, clutching your ankle. The urchin runs off over the lines and escapes into the rolling stock of the busy goods yard.

Go to 25

34*

While on the stone stairs, in the tight secret passage, you notice 2 spy holes. Placing your eye to the aperture, you find you are looking through the wall into a bedroom, perhaps number 4. The bedroom is silent. No one can be seen. You move to the second hole and can observe along one of the corridors. No one is visible. You wonder about the purpose of this passage and spy holes. Seems it was part of the original design. Was it a priest hole or a panic room? You cannot decide and suggest that it is a mystery. Do you :

Move down stairs, go to 9

Move upstairs, go to 58

35*

You study the writings of the Oriental wizard, H'san, as translated from Mandarin to English by Doctor Shrewsbury. Reading the first few pages, you realise this is some form of religion or belief system. It mentions Gods and their "messenger". Stating that Mankind is not alone in the universe or even on Earth. You take it at face value, initially. Surely nonsense, based upon no facts. Then you reconsider the title, which includes the word "cryptic." Perhaps there is a hidden meaning or message. After all, it wouldn't be the first time ancient scholars wrote in code?

You spend two hours skim-reading the book. However, it is pretty thick and cumbersome. Probably the consequences of the translation process, not having the same nuance as the original Mandarin meanings. How else can you explain some of these odd combinations of words? Such as, "The messenger has a tentacle head," and "Insanity is what he wants to bring to all of humanity, as a gift. He will, using his "Thousand Forms". For, he is the darkness, the crawling chaos."

What could it mean? You read further and learn about Aquatic races supposedly living under the sea. The author certainly had a vivid imagination, although you consider the same could be true for some other, more mainstream religious texts. Your chosen faith, well, that one book is the one true book..... obviously.

Reading further, you begin to build knowledge of some form of occult or religious worldviews and teachings.

GAIN 2% CTHULHU MYTHOS, but LOSE 2 SANITY on first reading.

If this is your second reading, you need to spend 4 Hours, studying.

GAIN 1% CTHULHU MYTHOS, but LOSE 1 SANITY.

There is no further benefit, from reading, a third, or more time.

ADD this to your DIRECT ACCESS LIST

"H'SAN, 1 TIME, ANYTIME, ENTRY 35"

Go to 44



36

You examine the hieroglyphs and do your best to decipher the meanings of the inscriptions. The mummy inside is called Tutanghali, the High Priestess of Rameses the First. Messenger of Bastet, the Goddess of Felines. The inscription says her temple was near the coast. However, she was bitten by a snake and died. Her body was interred under the Great Sphinx of Bastet. Forever she sleeps until her mistress needs her once again. Eternal.

Other hieroglyphs suggest her involvement in later dynasties, which is impossible due to the long periods involved. You presume predictions were carved into the coffin rather than bearing her actual life story. You guess they must have had a narrative of the afterlife and how figures of importance would carry on being such in other realms. The Egyptians were obviously a fanciful, religious people.

Got to 219

37

Several books detail the coastlines' long association with smuggling. Contraband and booty have been smuggled for centuries to avoid the taxation of the Crown. To prevent illegal landings, aggressive patrols and searches were conducted by Customs and Excise men. Here are the most interesting entries you can find.

1823 - Account of a smuggler named Bart Burns, off the cutter “Black Rose” that details him seeing a meteorite crash into the Hayburn Wyke Bay one night as he brought barrels ashore to the smuggler’s tunnels. He claims the meteor was green and had created a dangerous wave that sped his batch to the shore.

1835 - Customs men successfully ambushed smugglers in the bay who failed to surrender. All 12 were killed in the following gunfire. Their vessel “Four Winds” was impounded and sold.

1841 - Dutch Smugglers seen in the Hayburn Wyke Bay. They escaped to sea, pursued by a Naval frigate that lost them in the sea fret.

1859 - A smuggling gang was arrested on Cloughton Cliffs with a cart full of booty Rum. One was a local called John Hulley. They were sentenced to deportation in Australia after appearing at York Crown Court.

1861 - Report of a Customs raid on the Hayburn Wyke public house. No discrepancies were found. Rumours of smuggling tunnels underneath the pub were found to be false. All alcohol on premises was found to be legally purchased from Tadcaster-based breweries.

1864 - A Scandal regarding the local Customs men was documented. The local HMRC were found to be totally corrupt in a sting operation that eventually saw 6 customs officers hung. Auditors uncovered the culture of corruption in a planned sting after a tip-off.

1870 - Audits found no evidence of any illegal contraband in the area. Officials felt it was no longer a problem.

1888 - Large quantities of smuggled rum and tobacco were found in many premises in Whitby and Scarborough. Heavy fines and punishments were dished out. No one was jailed, nor the source determined.

1894 - A local Statondale farmer was imprisoned for selling untaxed liquor. He had ten bottles of Rum in his possession.

1902 - An Irish Smuggler's barge, “Cork Top” was grounded and destroyed on the rocks north of Cloughton Wyke in a storm. Numerous whisky bottles were found along the shoreline for months. Captain P. McDown escaped prosecution.

1909 - A customs man, William Coats, was found shot twice on the shoreline between both Wyke bays. No perpetrator was ever found. Yet smugglers were suspected. A reward was offered.

1914 - A smuggling operation was foiled in Whitby. The American cargo vessel “Patriot” was boarded as she entered the harbour. Some suggested there had been a tip-off. Eight jailed.

1919 - A new Customs gunboat was assigned to the Yorkshire coast, conducting patrols and searches. Screw Steamer MINNA.

1923 - 4 Scarborough Fishermen were sentenced to jail for smuggling Spirits and providing them to Scarborough pubs. 12-year sentences.

Go to 31

38

You try on the helmet. Taking a couple of minutes to fit properly after adjustments. A high level of craftsmanship is evident in every aspect of this plate-mail. It feels like it is made of cardboard, not steel. Yet, the leather seems old but still supple and strong.

You determine that there are 17 pieces to the suit. They would each take a couple minutes to put on. Although you do not intend to struggle for an hour, to put it all on and then take it off again. Each item of Armour worn lowers your DEX by 1 but adds 1 point of Armour. 12 pieces of the Armour (the limbs) can only be worn by someone who is size 70 or higher. In a crisis, you could maybe return here and use the suit. Perhaps, if continentals invade again, you joke to yourself.

GAIN CRISIS PLAN

Go to 220

39

You are sat in the sitting room. Miss Harris declines the offer. She resumes reading the Cosmopolitan Magazine on the sofa. You begin your search for Edward’s Faberge egg by splitting up. The other beneficiaries head off into the house, their separate ways, spurred on by the lure of the priceless artefact. Nothing wrong with a little bit of friendly competition. Although it is a shame as you were getting along so well. Or that is what you thought of your ad-hoc group, of Edward's old friends. He had good taste.

Your PARTY is reduced to only you, the MAIN INVESTIGATOR. LOSE all other PARTY MEMBERS.

Go to the HOUSE MAP on page 231

Or, Stay in this room, go to 78

40

You are shown into the Bar by your friend, John Blake, who then perches on a stool. The Landlady is just pouring him a pint of chilled cider and asks you, "What will it be?"

She serves your chosen drink and takes your coins. "So, what do you think of Lombard House?" she asks, looking straight at you for a reaction. "Don't you think it is a bit creepy? Haunted even?"

How do you reply?

"No, just seems like a typical creepy old house." Go to 174

"Yes, I think it could actually be haunted." Go to 50

"Well, I've not seen anything yet." go to 150

41

As you lay on the sofa, you notice something move on the painting of the stone circle, catching your peripheral vision. Was it a spider moving across the canvas, you ask yourself? You get up and look closer, but there are no insects. However, now you are nearer, you realise the signature on the painting is E. L. after looking at the others, you find they have the same moniker. You conclude Edward Lombard must have painted the four artworks hung proudly in the Lounge.

Got to 244

42*

You know he is a grizzly bear. Yet, it is not that large a specimen. He is a male, perhaps only just matured into an adult. Examination of his teeth shows he is indeed not very old as they are in good order. Looking closer, you find there is a bullet hole in his chest that has been stitched up by the taxidermist. Seems to be a high calibre, perhaps a big-bore elephant gun or Martini-Henry rifle. Whatever cartridge was used, you determine the bear was killed with only a single shot to the heart as it reared up. His claws and teeth could kill a man with a single well-placed strike. You conclude the engagement was at point blank and could have ended very differently if it wasn't for the well-placed, powerful firearm. Demonstrating such a weapon can kill even the largest of creatures. You also note the thick piece of basalt the grizzly is mounted on looks very heavy. Combined, it is an impressive exhibit or trophy. You wonder if it had been killed in a deep wilderness or in self-defence.

Go to 220

43*

You recall reading, in a botanical manuscript, that orchids matching this description were, in fact, documented by Darwin on the "Enchanted Isles," or Galapagos islands, as they are now known. However, further expeditions never seemed to confirm their existence. The document had piqued your interest, as the orchids were suggested to be impossible to preserve. No samples would last more than a few days, no matter how Darwin tried to dry them or press them. They would only last 3 days and then quickly decay to dust. Therefore, the unconfirmed genus had become known as the "Unprovable Orchid" amongst Botanists. Some critics even suggested it wasn't real and had been an invention of his ego.

Go to 133



44

The ideas outlined in the 9th Cryptical Book of H'San begin to play on your mind. There seemed some solemn truth that you cannot put your finger on. It scares you. Imagine if the book was fact instead of your chosen faith? Well, it is terrifying to consider it could be true.

Roll SANITY

Success, go to 57

Fail, go to 18

45*

It takes a further +30 Minutes to skim the huge piles of relevant documents. In the doomsday book, there is a reference to a settlement at Statondale. Later in the thirteenth century, a settlement was mentioned in the papers, named Peak. By the eighteenth century, Peak was renamed Ravenscar. There are ledgers, many local family trees, land ownership and even some old Scarborough Borough Council files. All the background details of a bustling coast and farming community. The books also detail the few battles fought here during Scottish incursions. One is notable as taking place somewhere called Bloody Beck, on the Great Moorland. Where the beck flowed red with blood. A rough map suggests the bodies of the casualties were buried near Jugger Howe.

There are plans, maps and blueprints of locations detailing local mills to churches. All the historical background information on nearby areas can be found here. Many books detail Captain James Cook's voyages and life, along with the strong whaling background of the area at that time. Farming was livestock, but the main wealth of the area came from fishing and the fleet of trawlers from Scarborough and Whitby.

The last thing to catch your eye is a pamphlet about the Three Howes. Apparently, a Howe is a regional name for a burial mound. The text details local legend would have it, that the “Three Howes” were built as tombs for great Druids before Christianity. The Druids are named as Hadron, Warren and Black. Legend says they fought a bloody battle with a terrible serpent who invaded the area and attacked livestock. Before turning on the villages, once there were no more goats. The legend says the moor is desolate, as the serpent breathed fire and burnt the entire area to black ash. Almost all perished in the flames. The only survivors had taken refuge inside the Druid's stone circle near Cloughton. The Druids defeated the evil serpent through magic in a duel to the death. They rebuilt the villages and guided the community to recovery, finally honoured with these impressive tombs. Indeed, many other burial mounds in this area are from the bronze age. Officially, these ancient farmers did not understand the sustained use of the land and overfarmed the area until the soil was destroyed. Apparently, that is how the moors were created, by historic misuse, leaving the depleted black soil and peat only able to sustain heather. The survey that you find details all of this in the final analysis, which suggests that soil quality is poor around the exposed moors.

Go to 31



46

You notice a tug on your clothing and look around to see a street urchin with his hand in your pocket. He grabs something and runs for it. You try to catch him, but he leaps from the platform onto the train tracks to attempt an escape.

Let him escape, go to 25

If you wish to pursue him, make a JUMP [20%] Roll

JUMP fail, go to 33

JUMP success, go to 68

47

You look around the room, tap on the floor, look under the rug and behind the dresser. You find nothing amongst the crockery and decline to put finger marks on the stamped quality silver cutlery for fear of Mrs O’Brian's scolding. Searching behind the painting reveals the name “Cordukes. 1804” in pencil on the reverse. However, you do not find anything else for all your scrutiny.

Go to 27

48*

Something in your peripheral vision catches your eye. Movement out of the window, on the driveway. Someone wearing white, someone running.... away ... a woman with red hair perhaps? Now, she is out of sight behind the trees. Leaving you, just the lightly falling snow and wondering, were you seeing things? Were you mistaken? Was that just a trick of the light and reflection on the window from the lamp?

Go downstairs and out onto the drive, to investigate, go to 2

Go somewhere else, go to 231

49

The gong rings. Indicating the Reading of Edward's Last Will and Testament is due to begin. As all of you assemble in the Great Hall just before midnight, Mrs O'Brian bids you good night. She says she is never in the house between midnight and 6am. That is a condition in her contract.

Roll PSYCHOLOGY [10%]

Success, go to 72

Fail, go to 112

50

"Yes, I think it could actually be Haunted." You reply.

The landlady, Lucy Blake, seems energised by your response, "Why, what have you seen?"

You explain your experiences to the siblings over your drink. They look captivated by your account. "Sister, it is all true," says John. "I've seen things flapping about by the trees. Things that ain't natural. Huge flying horrors with bat-like wings. I swear, on this Pint." He has a deadpan expression devoid of humour.

Lucy tells you, "Plenty of my regulars say they seen a ghost, by the gate. There. Many say it is the red-haired ghost of Amber Lombard, who was killed in a terrible accident just there, inside the gate. Maybe it is. The Lord works in mysterious ways."

John adds, " There are plenty of legends of the supernatural around these parts. The Dogman of Flixton is rumoured to stalk further North nowadays on these Moors. He is only ever out hunting on nights, around the full moon. Plenty claim to have heard his blood-curdling howl. Someone told me it made their blood run cold, so they didn't stop running till they bolted the door at home."

Lucy dismisses him, "Cobblers, John. You know that is just an old story for kids. Now, if I was going to be moving into a house with a reputation as being Haunted. Well, I would get the Reverend Pashby to bless the place. Then, it is all done and dusted, with the rumours, finally, put to bed." You thank them for the chat and put on your coat before heading out into the bleak snow.

Go to 584



51

You open the carriage door and step out onto the platform. It feels good to get sunlight on your face, although you can feel the chill wind. It carries a strong scent of the North Sea. You guess it cannot be far from the station, maybe a mile, to one of the most wrecked coasts. The last leaves are blowing from the trees. Several piles of them litter the station. A black car arrives. Four policemen get out and quickly approach the train. Two constables stay near the station exits while more senior sergeants board and ask everyone to return to their seats.

Go to 90

52

You find the bedroom is a standard style, with a small wardrobe, bed and dresser. The room is separated from the corridor by a curtain instead of an eastern wall. A single bed is comfortable, while the carpet is a deep pile. A vase is the only decoration with dried roses shedding the odd petal.

Search the bedroom (+1D3 TIME), go to 98

Head to another room, go to 231

53

To be able to see outside, you turn the gas lamp down to cut reflection on the glazed pane. Much to your annoyance, the lamp actually goes out. Leaving the room lit with a low orange glow from the hearth and moonlight. The low moon is very bright because it is a full moon. Turning to look for the matches to light the lamp, you suddenly realise something strange is on the other side of the billiards room. Smoke! No… mist … yes, a fog is gathering between the billiards tables by the far wall. Wait…. it is slowly falling out of the imposing painting of a cave… oh my! The painting is no longer a painting. It appears to be an actual cave, heading off west, through the wall, towards a backlit bend. Cool air is felt on your skin from a slight draft. This is unbelievable!

Roll SANITY

Success, go to 94

Fail, go to 84



54

You determine the standing stone is South American in origin. Probably Bolivian, similar to a journal you once saw about an archaeological dig there before the War. You estimate the stone is maybe 8 tons and must have been extremely difficult to transport here from another continent. This is a megalith. Perhaps it was unethical to take it from an ancient monument.

If it is 6.30pm to 8am, go to page 77

Choose to enter the dark woods, go to 409

Otherwise, go to 262

55

"Now that there are more than 3 beneficiaries, Edward left instruction to reveal this..." The Solicitor reveals a golden envelope from his inside pocket and tells you, "Edward has left an "amazing" Gold Faberge Egg, in plain sight, somewhere, on the estate. Edward wished that if someone could find the Egg before presenting it to me, his acting Solicitor, they would receive this golden envelope and the valuable Egg. Mr Lombard, therefore, encourages all beneficiaries to explore the house and grounds."

Everyone seems quite intrigued by this unexpected treasure hunt, some even a little excited. After all, a genuine Faberge Egg is priceless.

Mr Grey suggests this is beyond eccentric and a shame. Edward seems to have made this into a game of poor taste. He also hands everyone a FLOOR-PLAN MAP to assist in your search of Lombard House.

"Remember, dinner will be served at 7.30pm." Mr Grey bids you all good luck and then returns to the Study.

Go to 301

56*

You are the first out of the crack, where you find yourself in a different subterranean environment. It is some brickwork you have exited through. You can hear a faint rhythm, perhaps drums? Somewhere to your right, you can feel a movement of cool, fresh air moving through this cavity. Then, there is light. Something is approaching rapidly. Oh God, that thundering sound, of course, it is a train!

Oh no, you are in a narrow railway tunnel. The steam locomotive is thundering down on your position, only 40 yards away. There is nowhere to go. You are the proverbial rabbit in the headlights.

Roll DODGE for Main Investigator

Success, go to 404

Fail, go to 417

57

You shrug the idea off. Reaffirming that it is the ramblings of a madman, or fiction writer, at best. A made-up pantheon of ridiculous-sounding gods. A relic of a superstitious past and uneducated explanations for life's mysteries. Just because there is a deep-seated feeling in your mind that this is the truth of our reality does not mean you have to believe it, right?

Go to 31

58

You move up the claustrophobic stone steps deep within the exterior wall of this old manor house. You equate the situation to some Saturday morning pulp serial at the picture house. For once, you are the hero. Then you remember the heroes in those movies always face anguish and near-death incidents that they have to overcome. Hopefully, you will not have to experience such a test, is all you can think. Once at the top of the stairs, the short passage ends. A latch on your left opens the secret door before you enter, finding yourself in Bedroom 6.

Go to 52

59

You methodically begin to search the Study. Looking through the drawers, cupboards and behind the cabinets. You try to examine every aspect of the well-used Lombard estate office. You imagine a clue must be here.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 93

Fail, go to 32

60*

You settle down on a sofa and find it very comfortable. The heat from the roaring fire is appreciated. Looking down at the rack of magazines, one catches your eye. “Weird Tales”. The cover is of the Sphinx and the story called “Imprisoned with the Pharaohs” by Harry Houdini. Perhaps Edward was into fiction. Maybe his imagination got carried away with this elaborate charade?

Roll CONSTITUTION.

Success, go to 231

Fail, go to 65

61

You turn on your charm and commend Mrs O’Brian regarding how spotlessly clean the house is kept. You see her face light up. Finally, she has got some recognition for her hard work. At last, breaking her stern demeanour and almost breaks into a smile. “Why thank you, Sir/Madame. That is very kind of you to say. If you need anything during your stay, just let me know. It will be a pleasure to help. Now I must be off to the kitchen if you won’t be needing anything else.” She heads off to continue on her many errands.

Gain Mrs O’Brian, as an ALLY.

Go to 220

62

You are riveted to the spot, struggling to understand what is happening before your eyes. The mist continues to flow from the painting onto the billiard room floor. Slowly, creeping across the carpet, you can feel the cold air and shiver as it quickly surrounds your legs and much of the floor space.

Then clouds move in front of the moon so that the beam of moonlight quickly fades, plunging the room into almost complete darkness. As you watch, the painting seems to convert from three dimensions to two. No longer is a cave before you, but only an oil painting again. You breathe a sigh of relief. The mist begins to vanish as the heat from the fire counters the cold condensation.

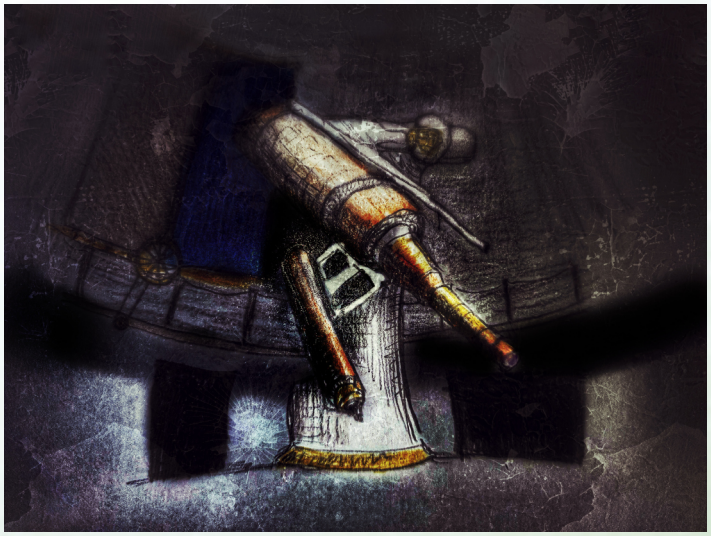
ADD “MAGIC, 3 TIME, NIGHT ONLY, ENTRY 26” onto your DIRECT ACCESS LIST. This means the MAGIC GATE is only accessible after dark (4.30pm-8am) and costs 3 TIME to go Direct to 26.

Go to 91

63

The staircase to the second floor of Lombard House comes out in the Observatory. This tall construction is topped with a brass dome. Many handles operate a chain link system that allows the dome to be opened or rotated and is both labelled and incremented. A series of star charts are pinned to the lower walls. A messy desk has strewn papers covered in algebra and equations.

The telescope is vast and must be one of the largest in Britain, behind the monster at Greenwich Observatory. It is of pristine quality and heavily polished. Two small doors allow access to the dusty East and West attics.



Open the dome and look through the telescope,

The First time, go to 333

For the Second or more views, go to 249

Search papers, go to 13

Search Observatory (+1D6 TIME), go to 198

Leave, go to 231

64*

You methodically search the Lounge. Looking around the furniture and upholstery. Under the watchful gaze of the statue.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Extreme Success, go to 305
Hard Success, go to 119
Success, go to 19
Fail, go to 244

65

You must have closed your eyes for a moment on the sofa and nodded off. All that travelling has made you pretty tired. You realise that the clock is what woke you up. You have been asleep for a while, it seems. Although you get the impression your sleep was marred by an odd dream, as is typical with these things, you have no clue what you were dreaming about. Except, you recall a feeling of unease throughout the forgotten dream. Wait, you remember now... a woman was running through the snow. It was on Lombard House driveway that she was running towards the gate. She was carrying a big black book under her arm. A car, a Rolls Royce, to be precise, also came down the drive, accelerating. Wheels spinning in the snow. Swerving, deliberately colliding with the poor woman, pinning her to the stone pillar of the gateway. You heard the crunching impact mixed with that poor woman's horrific scream. That is what woke you from the unconscious ramblings of your exhausted mind. You feel it is still echoing in your subconscious.

Move the TIMEDICE to the next square on the TIME MATRIX and set to 1
+1 ELDRITCH POINT
Go to 231

66*

You recall reading about a book. Obscure and rare, called the Necronomicon. Allegedly, the tome was written by an Arab named al-Azrad, around 730 A.D. in Damascus. Supposedly, he had collated occult knowledge from the ruins of Babylon, Arabian deserts and pits of Memphis. Apparently, he died in Damascus in 738, when witnesses said he was devoured in broad daylight by an invisible demon. There were several translations of al-Azrad, including the English translation by Dr. John Dee in the 1580s.

It is considered the pinnacle of occult texts and the most searched for, with only a handful known to exist in the modern age. It is a book with a dark reputation and suggests that owners are in peril from the truths contained within, combined with powerful rituals. The esoteric book supposedly includes information on numerous entities, races, dimensions, civilisations and deities.

Go to 605

67

This bedroom overlooks the driveway. The room's burgundy decor seems a hundred years old, judging by condition and style. At least the bed and mattress seem reasonably modern and certainly offer comfort.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Hard Success, go to 82
Success, go to 48
Fail, go to 231

68

You jump from the platform and pursue the child, pickpocket, across the rail lines and between static rolling stock. Where has he gone? He must be hiding amongst the freight trucks, as he has not had time to make it over the open express lines to the fence. You begin to search for him.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Fail, go to 25
Success, go to 100

69

You feel a breeze coming from the north wall. After poking, you find a latch in a hole on the skirting board. A secret door opens, concealed in the wooden panelling. You look inside and find a narrow stone passageway heading right between the exterior and interior wall. You press inside and find another latch to open the secret door while inside the passage. It is very dusty. Your footsteps echo on the cold flagstones. Through the external wall, you can hear the wind gusting.

If it is the 3rd of November and your first visit here, go to 3

Otherwise, go to 34

70

You enter the lovely, warm bar room of the old Public House. Closing the door promptly, you see a familiar face reclined by the roaring fire. It is John Blake. However, he is sound asleep and occasionally snoring quietly. The barmaid beckons you over, "Leave him to sleep, if you don't mind. He is exhausted, as he's no spring chicken anymore. Farming is 'ard work. He is my brother and I love the daft sod dearly. Yet, he's in here drinking every afternoon and I'd rather he slept instead for his own good. Now, what can I get ya?"

She serves you drinks while sorting the change, she asks, "Have you seen anyone around on your way down?"

"No, it's bleak out there. Are you expecting some customers?" you respond while enjoying the first sip of your drink with the warmth of the fire. This is a quaint, rustic room lined with old, dark timbers. The fire has a charm all of its own.

"There's your change, dear. No, not especially. I was just wondering if anyone is as brave as you are to come out in the bad weather for a drink," Lucy explains, polishing some glasses with a cloth.

You make some small talk -

"I've heard it's a dangerous piece of coastline, here." Go to 129

"It really is bad, out there." Go to 143

"Who is the bravest local, then?" Go to 95

"Don't you mean mad?" Go to 151

71

You pull the bell, but no one seems to come, so you knock on the heavily reinforced oak door. There is a pause, but before you can try a second time you hear a bolt slide back. The door opens with a creak. A stern, ageing lady with dark clothing and a ring of keys on her belt eyes you up. "May I help you?" You explain that you have been invited to the estate as a benefactor. She nods. The Irish, sounding housekeeper invites you to wait in the hall while she informs the solicitor of your arrival.

Stepping into the hall, you notice that the house is grand and has all the original fittings. The hall has two large staircases that head up to one combined landing. The room is lined with dark hardwood panels, perhaps mahogany. No electric lighting appears to have been installed. The place is dimly lit by gas lamps and some candles. You presume the half-light is out of respect for Edward's passing. Paintings line both staircases. A large grandfather clock ticks loudly by the door before chiming, 5pm. The paintings are all portraits in varying styles. They include a picture instantly recognisable as your friend, the late Edward Lombard.

Roll APPRAISAL [5%]

Extreme or Hard Success, go to 108

Success, go to 187

Fail, go to 11



72

You determine that despite trying to hide it, her shortness of breath and wide pupils reveal she is likely afraid. You do not think she is lying, but very nervous. You wonder what she is scared of?

Go to 112

73

You bid the farmer farewell. He says he does not blame you for wanting a drink. He informs you that his sister runs the public house and pulls a good pint. Geeing his horse on, he waves his hat and sets off up the winding hill. Your party walks down the short track to the old pub. The building itself is large. You judge by the stable yard, probably once a coaching inn. That must have been before the railway was laid. An ancient, mixed pine forest is behind the pub. A mud pathway is signposted as the route to the shore. The sound of breaking waves can be heard a short distance behind the trees while the smell of sea air is strong.

A pair of friendly, old, black Labradors lay outside and welcome you. Upon entering, you find a small, smokey room with an open fireplace and an oak bar. Several tables and nooks are around the walls. A group of five men are in the corner nook, playing cards. They seem to have fishing attire (oilskins) and dirty cloth caps, common in Yorkshire. They stop their conversation and study your group with some suspicion before finishing their hand of cards and pints. Stoking their pipes, they seem quiet and leave by the side door. The scary-looking but friendly old-aged landlady introduces herself as Lucy Blake. She wipes the bar while welcoming the party and serving you ales or spirits.

Roll SEA LORE [1%]

Success, go to 29

Fail, go to 97

74*

This huge modern section of the library is devoted to every concept of photography, from lenses, plates, films, chemicals, and development to actual composition and styles. It takes half an hour to look through, just briefly. It contains written works from all major photographers, from Fox Talbot onwards. Also, there are many bound photos from Frank Meadow Sutcliffe (a Whitby photographer) to Degare (a French Landscape Photographer). You notice delivery notes for photographic darkroom materials, evidencing Edward used a darkroom quite a bit up to maybe 5 years ago.

You notice there is a file labelled unknown. Inside are a handful of photographs. They all seem to be blurred objects in otherwise sharp scenes. You cannot recognise any of the locations. They are unknown subjects.

+30 minutes

Roll PHOTOGRAPHY [5%]

Success, go to 83

Fail, go to 31

75

“Well, I don’t intend to put up anything”, you explain. Instantly her face lights up.

“You hear that, John? The rent is not going up! Thank you so much, for being a caring upstanding person. So rare these days to get a straight answer from someone in business. If you ever need anything, let me know and I’d be happy to help. Just call into my cottage here.” She indicates the cottage by the stream. ‘I've got to get on with supper, but it's been an absolute pleasure to meet you. Goodbye.”

She goes inside with a smile and a wave.

“You done well there. She doesn’t normally like folk that quickly. She still doesn’t like me after 15 years!” quips the wrinkled old man. “Of course, that doesn’t mean she will be as nice next time you see her. She’s a funny onion al’ri’ht, that one. Have you met any of the farmers yet? That Blakey, who lives over there to the East, is a nice bloke. Don’t get me wrong, he’s half-cut most of the time by late afternoon. You should meet all the tenant farmers, is my advice, to get ‘em onside and quash any gossip. That Arthur Brown at High Farm, he’s a great lad. In fact, he keeps a horse for the Lombard Estate. Thinking about it, I guess he is yours now.” Anyway, much too cold to stay out ‘ere nattering. See you again. Oh, I’m John Cotes, by the way, been a pleasure.” He tips his flat cap, then turns and limps back inside his meagre dwelling as more snow begins covering his path.



GAIN RITA SIMPSON, as an ALLY

GAIN JOHN COTES, as an ALLY

Follow the road north, go to 557

Take the East turn off, road to Blake’s Farm, go to 566

Walk West, into the snow-covered pasture, go to 546

Follow the road South, to the Church, go to 555

76

You walk through the estate gates, of Lombard House and catch the next train home. Cashing in the deeds, for the ship and accessing the Swiss bank account, over the next few days, you realise you are now, an incredibly wealthy individual. All your dreams can come true, or so you thought. Four short years later all of your wealth is heavily invested in stocks and shares. So, you are one of the first to lose everything in the Wall Street Crash. A financial calamity, orchestrated by a dark force. A force that you could have stopped if only you had stayed. That same dark force, spreads across the West, as a new cult. Soon there are millions of cultists, dressed in dark uniforms, chanting and marching in step. Dancing to the tune of War, to the avatar of Nyarlathotep's song. Eventually, he leads humanity, to the brink of self destruction. You become a casualty, of the following World War, one of millions.

GAME OVER

77

As you stand, studying the megalith, by torchlight, you hear something coming your way. Turning your torch off, something unseen clatters through the tree tops, something large. A slow flapping sound, mixed with snapping of twigs, approaches. You duck behind the standing stone, as fear creeps into your mind. What on earth could it be? Surely, nothing natural is this big, or loud? A dark shape is seen passing by outside the estate, following the boundary trees. As it passes the gap in the canopy, over the gate, you catch sight of a large shape, silhouetted by the moonlight, on huge billowing snow clouds. You think, you see a massive hulking body, snakelike in shape, carried by two giant wings, that remind you, of umbrellas. It flies, noisily, out of sight in seconds. Your hair stands on end.



Roll SANITY

Fail, go to 96

Success, go to 231

78

In contrast to other parts of the house, the sitting room is contemporary in decor, with a more upbeat orange colour scheme and white walls. There are three luxurious sofas to recline on. Flanked by low coffee tables that have racks of magazines and newspapers, underneath. The well-stocked fireplace is marble and has interesting floral carvings, up the columns. An upright piano, is against one wall, with sheet music on its stand. You glance to find it is Bach, Concerto No 5, in F.

Several photographs hung on the walls show views of the coast. There is an old oil painting of a rigged ship, entitled "The Blenheim of London", on a brass plaque.

Miss Harris is relaxing on the sofa near the crackling fire, still reading the Cosmo. She is either unaware of your presence, or ignoring you. You can't tell. Do you

Search the room (+1D6 TIME), go to 238

Talk to Miss Harris, go to 92

Relax quietly on a sofa (+1D6 TIME), go to 60

Leave the room, go to 231

79*

LOCAL MAP 1

This map, depicts the area, immediately around Lombard House, outside of the Estate grounds.

KEY

- - - - Green Lane. Motor vehicles may use the unsurfaced lane as a regular road.
—>— Road. The Arrow points up a gradient.
River, Stream or Dyke
-+-+- Railway Line.
Train Station

Remember, how to read this MAP, you get 3 DIGITS in the order of RED, WHITE, BLUE. This is only used for vehicle transportation.

eg. LOMBARD HOUSE has a Grid Reference of 554.



80*

You think it is an undocumented genus of, perhaps, Polynesian origin. Indeed, you think it could be related to the "Ghost Orchid" which is a symbiotic orchid, that lives with fungi. (feel free to look up Ghost Orchids). The aroma is very uplifting and pleasant. You've never seen one like it, that is for sure. No, that is wrong, you recall the painting of Edward in the Hall, had one on his lapel, too.

Go to 133

81

You turn a glass over and pour, from a crystal decanter, a small shot of whiskey. You swirl the contents and look at their colour while inhaling the scent. Watching how slowly the viscous liquid acts, on the glass itself. You take a small drink. The warmth and flavour hit your tongue and you are left with no harsh aftertaste. Anyone can tell this is a fine, fine whisky. You pick up the cigar and smell the fragrance. Cuban, according to the ribbon. You consider using the matches and stand by the window. Looking up, you take in the scene, outside.

Between 6.30pm and 8am, go to 53
Between 8am and 6.30pm, go to 157

82*

You notice, a draft upon your face. Where is it coming from? You follow the breeze, towards the north wall, away from the window. Moving closer, you see a drilled hole, in a wooden panel and a constant flow of warm air. The hole is at exactly eye level, making you suspicious, it is a spy hole. You stuff a handkerchief in the hole, through mild paranoia. You search around but there is no secret door or passage. Maybe you are just overthinking a simple hole in a wall, of an old manor house.

Go to 48

83*

You know the blurred effect, could have been due to a long exposure, however, you study the shortness of the shadows on other objects and how those shadows' edges are not blurred. Therefore you deduce that the sun was in the same area, during the exposure of the plate. Meaning the exposure was not very long. One of the blurred objects is behind the trees and up in the air. This makes it hard to fake. Yet you are confident it is not a cloud, as it seems to have distinct edges. Perhaps a kite, with a long tail, is your only explanation for these "unknown" photographs.

Go to 31

84

This sight challenges your core belief, of reality. You are shaken by this revelation. It defies physics and makes you realise, that the very laws, which you base your world perspectives upon, are flawed. Science cannot explain this and that is terrifying, itself.

Lose 1D6 SANITY. (If you have ORCHID reduce the loss by 1.)
If you Roll a total of 5 or more, Roll INTELLIGENCE
Success, you question reality, GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY.
Fail, you manage to accept the revelation.
Otherwise, go to 94

85

Your search seems to reveal nothing, you had not already noted, earlier. Mrs O'Brian certainly keeps the place spotlessly clean. Even behind the long drapes, in the corner, there isn't a single spec of dust.

Go to 220

86

You sprint after the thief and in your determination to apprehend him, dive to beat the oncoming Edinburgh Express train, thundering towards your position. Evidently, the driver has not seen you. He applies no breaks and sounds no whistle. Onlookers at the platform are frozen in horror as they watch the deadly spectacle. However, your dive is not quite fast enough and you are clipped by the train, sending you sprawling onto the ground. Lose 1D10+2 HP. If you are reduced to 0 HP you are dead. If you are reduced to half HIT POINTS or less, you are hospitalised and miss the Reading of the Will, and the game ends. GAME OVER.
Unless you opt to continue as another PREGEN who was looking on from the platform. The original PRE GEN plays no further part in the game. If you are not too badly injured, or after you swap MAIN INVESTIGATOR, go to 25

87

You pick a cue and chalk the tip. Choose a player from your party to challenge. Both characters roll DEX.

Whoever rolls a success lower than his opponent's, wins the game.

If both fail, the game takes longer (+30 minutes), ReRoll DEXTERITY above.

The winner increases luck by 1.

The loser decreases luck by 1.

If you are alone, you play the solo version of billiards. Roll DEXTERITY.

Success, increase luck by 1

Fail, decrease luck by 1

You may only play 3 frames, per day, before you've had enough.

Go to 307

88

If you wish to present Mr Grey the FABERGE EGG, go to 989

Otherwise, you strike up a conversation, with the solicitor, Mr Bertrand Grey. "Call me Berty" He is a pleasant-mannered man and makes you feel instantly at ease, talking to him. He explains he never met Edward, as his partner, Mr Gray, always dealt with the Lombard account. So, he says, he is just as much at a loss, as you are, regarding the bizarre and unique wishes of the late Mr Lombard.

He says he has attended and carried out some strange Will readings, but this one takes the biscuit, as the most cryptic. He explains he is due retirement and this will be one of his last duties. He is purely here, to enact the legal aspects of the Last Will and Testament. Stating he cannot participate in the macabre game, that Edward has created and is purely an adjudicator. Of course, he will be interested to see if anyone finds such an egg, but suggests it is possible, that this is a "wild goose chase" and no such treasure exists. Much to the late Edward's amusement, no doubt. He seems to remember his professionalism and backtracks that he is probably wrong, so as not to put you off your search. He wishes you luck and returns to his book. Roll PSYCHOLOGY [10%]

Success, go to 124

Fail, go to 32

89*

You have heard of the Bh'Tanga Island Archipelago before. It was mentioned, in an article you read about lost lands, consumed by erosion. The author had piqued your interest, with his analysis of old maps, that show long-drowned lands. The most fabled of which, he alluded to, being Atlantis. The concept of the article, had certainly made you think and probably why you have remembered, the unusual name, of the lost island.

Go to 78

90

A smart police Sergeant enters your compartment and asks everyone to present their I.D. for inspection. While checking them and writing down details, in his notebook, he apologises for the intrusion. He explains a body has been found on the York to Scarborough line. It must have come off this train, according to witnesses. He further explains, that no papers or wallet was found on the gentleman in question and no doors were found to be open, at the station.

Therefore foul play is suspected, with a motive of theft. He further explains that it is most likely the perpetrator alighted the train at Scarborough station and goes on to suggest no one in 1st class is under suspicion. However, he has to take all details and pursue all avenues of investigation. He apologises once more before leaving the compartment.

You all look at each other with surprise but know no one in this compartment has left it since departing York station, so none of you are a murderer. In a way, you feel excited that your rather humdrum life has taken a twist for a few days and become an adventure of mystery.

You watch as the Police return to their car, before the oncoming steam train whistles by and the points change. The signal lifts and you hear the guards whistle, as the small tank engine pulls you slowly out of the station, heading north.

Go to 158

91*

Attracting your eye, the third painting in the Billiard Room is above the mantle. It seems to draw your attention, for no real reason. Watercolour, is the medium, for this pleasing canvas. It is a multi-coloured swirl, of more modern art, signed by Edward Lombard, himself. It's simple but pleasant enough to look at. You study it closer, but it has no detail or form, just purely blended "colour".

A small drinks stand, is in the corner, with several full decanters and glasses. There are six, high-backed, red leather armchairs, around the billiards tables. A box of Cuban cigars, with a large ashtray, is by each chair, on a stand.

Leave the room, go to 231
Sit and rest in an Armchair (+1D6 TIME), go to 184
Play Billiards (+30 minutes), go to 87
Search the room (+1D4 TIME), go to 114
Have a dram and maybe a cigar, go to 81

92



Sitting and chatting by the fire, you engage Miss Harris, in polite conversation, about her journey here and she is gracious enough, to put the magazine down. She explains he has travelled up from London and goes further, by saying she is a member, of the Royal London Philharmonic Orchestra. When asked about her chosen instrument, she says, she plays the harp. Then she says she would never have got the position, without Edward's support. "You see, he was my guardian since my parents were killed in an automotive accident. He paid for all my tutoring and put me through Music school. He was a great man and never told me what to do, giving me autonomy. When he rarely visited, he would always boost my confidence and be a positive influence that I needed to succeed. It is such a shame he only ever heard me play with the orchestra once, before passing." She shows upset at the thought of Edward's death. "He never told me he was ill. Silly man. He should have and I would have nursed him back to health, or made him more comfortable in his last days." You notice a tear and she dabs the corner of her eye, with a handkerchief. You decide, not to ask anymore and let Miss Harris, return to the Cosmopolitan.

Roll PSYCHOLOGY [10%]
Success, go to 116
Fail, go to 78

93

You search around, the backs of the furniture, in vases, under the rug and by the fireplace. Pressing on a part of the mantlepiece, there is a click and a small doorway unlatches. The left side of the fireplace is revealed as an access door to another area. You feel a draft from inside and slowly, open the panel. Looking inside, there appears to be a cavity, between the exterior and interior walls, maybe thirty inches wide. A passage, in fact, that heads left, following the wall. Peering along the short passage, you see a steep staircase, heading up to the first floor. Using your torch, you look into the windowless tunnel. As you squeeze inside, you see there is a mechanism here, to open this secret door, into the Study. Therefore, you cannot get locked inside. This bolsters you, to investigate further, so you ascend the narrow stone staircase.

If the 3rd of NOVEMBER and your first visit here, go to 3
Otherwise, go to 34

94*

As you stand there, with your mouth open in surprise, you do well to not drop your whisky. The cave painting has become a dank misty passage heading west, out of sight. It is truly amazing, but also somehow shocking. You feel this isn't a parlour trick and move closer to the painting, in the moonlight. The question, now is what shall you do?

Leave the room, go to 231
Stay still, go to 62
Enter the cave, go to 8

95

"So, who is the bravest local, then?" You ask, the ageing landlady.

"Well, since Benjamin Lombard died, in the War, I guess it's probably Mr Brown. He is the Master of the Hunt and known for his bravery on horseback, crossing many obstacles, that others refuse to take. Nothing seems to phase him and I'd wager he is a man of his word, too. I see him and his daughter, at Church every Sunday and they are good people. They helped out my brother, with his livestock, when he broke his arm once. Aye, top folk."

You finish your drink and consider how nice and warm it is here.

Bid Lucy Farewell and leave the Pub, go to 584

Stay, for another drink, go to 170

96

You realise, this is the stuff of, both, legends and nightmares. Perhaps, a dragon has just flown close enough, for you to feel the wind from its, umbrella-like, wings. You certainly smelt it. It smelt of death. A vile and putrid stench, that is unmistakable. One that you never want to smell ever again.

Your mind races, still reeling from the realisation of what you witnessed. The creature has flown on now, following the tree line, to the South.

LOSE 1D6 SANITY (-1 if you have ORCHID).

No matter how many you lose, you flee, sprinting as fast as you can, back up the drive to the front door. Running in, you close it quickly, behind you and throw the bolt.

Go to 231

97

Lucy is chatty and has a pleasant friendly manner. She asks, if you are tourists and once someone explains, you are heading to Lombard House, she says it is such a tragedy about the late Mr Lombard. Lucy has nothing but praise for him. The landlady explains, that his tenant farmers had all found him fair and they seem better off than the tenant farmers under the bordering Lancastrian estate.

She tells her patrons, that Mr Lombard was also well-known, for his charity work, in the area. He had helped fund the lifeboat, at Robin Hood's Bay, just up the coast. She says, it is a real shame, there are no more Lombards left, to inherit the estate and everyone is worried about what will happen to their rents. It looks like the sun is starting to set, judging by the russet tones, through the window.

If you buy another drink, go to 127

If you leave to head for Lombard House, go to 215

98

You methodically search the Bedroom, looking for the slightest clue.

+1D4 TIME.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 69

Fail, go to 52

99

You look through the spy hole, down into the Dining Room, from above. Much to your amazement, you can see someone moving down there, in the stark moonlight through the small window. It is a veiled woman, seemingly radiating a pink aura. She glides across the floor and towards the window, however, she does not go around the huge dining table. Instead, she slowly walks through it, as if it is not there. This is the very definition of a ghost, it seems. She sits motionless, by the window, staring at the moon. You sense a chill on the nape of your neck and realise this must surely be the supernatural.

Roll SANITY.

Success, LOSE 1 SANITY.

Fail, LOSE 1D8 SANITY (-1 if you have the ORCHID)

If you LOSE 5+ SANITY, Roll INTELLIGENCE

Success, you are mind-blown, GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY

Fail, you accept the revelation, as well as you can.

If you succeed and wish to, you go downstairs and investigate, go to 214

Otherwise, you can either carry on watching (+1D4 TIME), go to 136

Or, leave the room, go to 231

100

You spot the thieving urchin, hiding behind a coal truck's wheel and as you go to grab him, he breaks cover and dashes to escape. An express train is approaching fast, with a full head of steam. Do you pursue him? Gambling you can beat the train in time, or do you let him escape?

Let him escape, go to 25

To pursue the thief, Roll JUMP [20%]

Success, go to 180

Fail, go to 86



101

You examine the taxidermy Bear. Stood upright on his hind legs, in a fearsome manner. A truly terrifying, miracle of evolution.

Roll NATURAL WORLD [10%]

Success, go to 42

Fail, go to 220

102

You find a Customs man, who is on guard, by the twin waterfalls and informs you the area is off limits, while there is an operation into illegal contraband, ongoing. He thanks you, for your cooperation and suggests, that there may well be some more imminent arrests. He says Agent Brady has put a lot of work, into apprehending these bootleggers. Apparently, the net is closing on all the smuggling rings, operating on the North East Coast. You thank him for his diligent work and depart, not wanting to be seen, to linger.

Head North, onto the Clifftop path, go to 585

Head NorthEast along the narrow shoreline, go to 595

Follow the wide shoreline to the East, go to 594

Follow the trail up through the woods, to the West, go to 504

103*

The word on the mirror is "MOONLIGHT" go to 327

104

"Well, Mr Lombard would go around the 4th of each month, to meet his friends of the Masonic Lodge, for a meal. It is always hosted at Raven Hall, just a few miles to the north, at the village of Ravenscar. He always spoke highly of the group and certainly had some friends there. Not that he ever invited them here sadly. Anyway, he always seemed to return, in a good mood. Although I do suspect he had maybe consumed more whiskey, than he should, to be driving. Well, that's not my place to be saying. I apologise."

Mrs O'Brian seems embarrassed and leaves saying, she must get on with the chores.

Go to 220

105

You easily ascend the sturdy ladder and find it climbs up maybe 30 feet, before reaching a wooden trap door in the ceiling. However, you slowly go to open the hatch and find it is locked solid, or there is something heavy on top of the hatch. You can hear muffled voices up there, but cannot make out any detail or what is said, just the murmur of a conversation. You have no choice, but to climb back down and reevaluate your options.

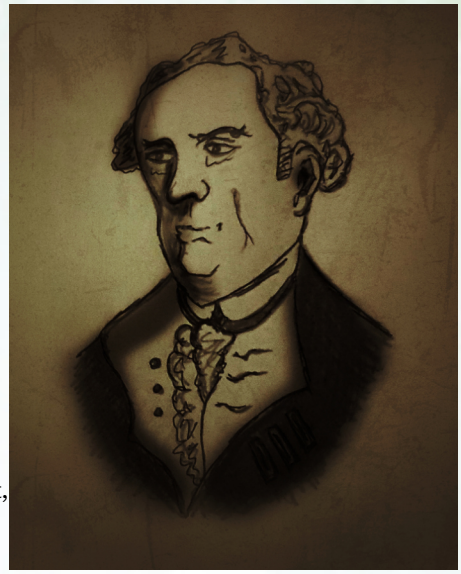
Leave, to the South, down the stepped passage, go to 495

Exit through the snaking tunnel to the East, go to 250

106

Deciding, to commence, cutting down the mightiest tree, in the forest, with.... the woodsman's AXE. You accept this is going to take some serious time. Each half-hour spent chopping does 1D8+2+DB. Take that Total DAMAGE, off the Tree's HIT POINTS of 150. If HIT POINTS are reduced to less than 100, then Roll 1D100 and if it is over the remaining HIT POINTS, the tree is felled. Keep repeating this half-hour process until:

you fell the Tree, go to 130
you give up, go to 497



107

You must have LOCK PICKS to attempt this. If you don't, return to 126.
If you do, Roll LOCKSMITH [1%] (+ DISADVANTAGE DICE).
Extreme Success, go to 259
Extreme Fail, LOSE LOCK PICKS (snap)
Otherwise, go to 126

108

You study the portraits as you wait and can see that they are of varying periods, with the oldest being that of an ageing Admiral. Judging by the style and his uniform, you think it is from the 1790s. Georgian. You realise the staircase is typical Georgian too. Thinking about it, your initial appraisal of the building being Tudor is probably wrong. It is more likely a Georgian house, designed to have a retrospective style. You deduce this oldest painting of the seafarer is, most likely, the commissioner of the edifice. You notice his pristine naval uniform, is of the well-known Admiralty cut. You therefore presume he would be called Admiral Lombard. Indeed, you can see Edward has some resemblance to him.

Go to 11

109*

Suddenly realising, this matches a description you read, about the messenger of the outer Gods. Nyarlathotep. But, for there to be a photograph, he would have to exist! Maybe, it's just a trick of the lens? Yes, surely, just a coincidence of foliage, at the right angles, caused by the chaos, of nature. Then you recall he is called, the crawling chaos. You feel dread in your heart and know that this is real, you consider that he must exist. You can't believe, how much this has disrupted your world perspective and focus on regular topics. This photograph, will haunt your mind and plague your thoughts, for sometimes, as you feel it proves, monsters are real. Planting the seed, that you need to find out, the truth. Is the crawling chaos, more than just an occult invention?

Roll SANITY
Success, go to 91
Fail, go to 121

110

Mrs O'Brian seems to think your attempts at compliments are not genuine and stay as stern as ever. "Well, that's very nice Sir/ Madame. Now I must be getting on in the kitchen if you don't need anything else. Unless of course, you want a cup of tea?"

Yes please, you do want a cup of tea, go to 196
No thank you, you don't like tea, go to 21



111

The hall has two large wooden staircases, they head up to one combined landing. The room is lined with dark, hardwood panels, perhaps mahogany. No electric lighting appears to have been installed and the place is dimly lit, by gas lamps and some candles mounted in wall sconces. Ten portraits in total, line the twin staircases, one is recognisable as a dark oil painting of a smiling Edward Lombard. Just like you remember him when you last met. A large grandfather clock ticks loudly by the front door. Five, original, internal doors, allow access to various other rooms.

Study the portraits (+1D4 TIME), go to 22
Search the entrance hall, go to 247
Leave the room, go to 231

112

You all take one of the 12 old wooden chairs around a table. Mr Grey takes up the grandest chair as head of the table and asks you all to be seated. Once ready, he opens a wax-sealed envelope and produces the Last Will and Testament of the late Edward Lombard. He starts to read it out as the clock chimes midnight. You notice a few tiny flakes of snow. As they begin to float down outside the window.

"*I **Edward Henry LOMBARD***, being of sound mind, do hereby decree my Last Will and Testament. To all who have made the effort to attend, I am grateful. Fate has drawn you here to be a benefactor of my heirless estate.
The Lombard Estate includes this Tudor Manor and the private grounds of Lombard House. Walled gardens, cottage, garage, summer house, folly and maze. Also, all three adjoining tenant farms. With grazing of 1619 acres. Lombard Optics Ltd, including the Manchester Factory. Plus, a monetary trust to pay for the upkeep of the house and a handsome annual payout of approximately £8000 sterling each. Any of the beneficiaries who do not complete the conditions below do not qualify. Their share will be divided by those who do.

Le Jeu de la Mort
However, to qualify, you must show your worth by residing in the house each evening until midday five days from now. You must finish my work and preserve the Lombard estate. No artefacts can be removed or sold. To complete my work is more important than my ego or family name. It is imperative for the free world as we know it.

It is that simple to inherit the money and assets.
I have been unable to complete my family's tasks due to the dark shadows that linger over this house. I was close and thought I would finish my task. However, it was an intricate trick, a safeguard, devised by a far greater mind than my own. Indeed, it was necessary, but it brought a new threat to the estate I had not foreseen.

I am forbidden to speak directly regarding the problem or how to overcome it. This is part of a burden upon my family that my ancestors accepted without realising all the dire implications. Now, these implications are your burden as potential benefactors.

So, why you?

Darkness forbade me from being able to make direct contact. I could not perform such actions, and it was impossible. The shadow prevented me. This battle of wills has withered my body. As a man of science, it is crass of me to admit there are supernatural powers above our understanding. They exist, as some of you have, maybe, found out already. This house has many things that must remain unknown to the outside world. Many evils. This house is their prison. I have completed the jail's perimeter wall. A wall that generations of my family have toiled to build.

However, I eventually realised that if I was already deceased, the pieces I indirectly left behind could allow you to find a way to succeed. As your hands won't be stayed as mine were, by my Nemesis. So I picked people of the right calibre to invite, ones I had met throughout my life and evidenced they had the right mettle. I did what I was able to do. I could do no more.
I apologise, but I wish you luck.
If you think I am just playing a trick on you, draw the curtain and look outside. The planets are aligning. Darkness will come unless you can prevent it. Even if you think it's a twisted game, see it as easy money from a madman.

A little light will hold back the thing with a thousand forms, but total darkness will surely bring the end of all.

E. H. Lombard 25th June 1925"

..... Mr Grey takes off his glasses and remarks, "Well, I've never heard anything like it .....complete gobbledygook!!!!!"

There is a murmur from the assembled beneficiaries. Overall, they are annoyed at the inconvenience of a further five-day stay in this old mansion. Outside, there is a break in the clouds that reveals a rough line of bright points in the cosmos, not dissimilar to Orion's belt, but with 5 astral points flickering in the black sky, not quite in line yet, but close to the "stars being right."

The beneficiaries move to the Lounge, for a nightcap.

Move TIME, to the next BOX (12.30) set TIMEDICE to 1 and go to 244

113

The snow continues to fall, causing you to feel somewhat exposed to this vast wilderness. Walking to the stunted black tree, you see the path leading to the mound and megalith. Once closer, you can see the standing stone has some detailed shape near the top. After walking to the feature, you realise it is a huge stone cross, in a Maltese style. While the site itself is probably a burial mound. Examining the cross, you look all over it but only find a carved cross and the letter C.

The striking scene is very gothic. Standing on the burial mound by the megalith, you feel far from civilisation, or even the nearest road. Snow begins to fall more rapidly now. You know it is time to go.

Head North, into the fog, go to 716

Walk back along the path, to the East, go to 725

Move South, into the freezing fog, go to 714



114

Methodically searching the room, you knock on all the wood panels and look behind the paintings, under the rug and around the fireplace. Even looking under the billiard tables, the cues and the drinks cabinet. However, you fail to find anything significant. It seems Mrs O'Brian is a great housekeeper as you cannot find any dust, even in the coal bin. Feeling around the armchairs, you cannot find even a penny. Impressive cleanliness. Examining the Encyclopaedia, you bother to flick through all the volumes and come across a piece of notepaper inside a section on Egyptian Religion. A drawing of a Stele found near the coast depicts many hieroglyphs and labels them as Old Kingdom. There are various hieroglyphs scribbled on, with translations of many words in block capitals, such as PRIESTESS, OFFERING, ANKH, AFTERLIFE, CAT, RODENT, BEETLE, SNAKE, TEMPLE, PROTECT, SACRIFICE and ETERNAL.

If you have HIEROGLYPH CLUE, go to 1139

Otherwise, go to 91

115*

This sight challenges your core belief of reality. You are shaken by this revelation of disbelief. It defies physics and makes you realise the fundamental laws we base your world perspectives on are flawed.

LOSE 1D6 SANITY. If you have an ORCHID reduce the loss by 1.

If you LOSE 5+ SANITY, Roll INTELLIGENCE

Success, you understand the implications. GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY. You flee (go to 231).

Fail, you brush off the meaning, of this experience.

Go to 153

116*

You are confident that Miss Harris is genuinely upset about her late guardian's death. She appears to be a vulnerable young woman who has experienced too much loss in her young life. You guess she has lost the only person she thought of as family. It is sad, but at least Edward had helped set her up before he died. Seems Edward was a very virtuous man and admirable in his charity towards the orphaned young lady.

Go to 78

117*

Carefully searching the teal bedroom, you look through the bedding, curtains and under the rug. To your surprise, there is something there. It seems to be a brass plate in the centre of the floor. Looking even closer, you find it has a lens in the centre. You peer even closer and after lying on the floor, realise it is a spy hole. Looking through the lens, you can see into the Dining Room.

If it is Midnight - 1am, go to 99

Otherwise, go to 231

118

You descend into some terrible dream, no, a nightmare. Vivid in places and forgettable in others, it makes no sense from what you can recall. However, it wakes you with a feeling of sheer panic. The bed sheet is soaked with sweat, so you presume the dream must have lasted a fair while.

One thing you can remember is that there were strange flying creatures pursuing you through this dreamscape. Undefined in your recollection but absolutely terrifying is your feeling of the experience. You feel more drained than any nightmare has ever impacted you before. You are not alone, as everyone suffers from a similar experience.

Roll for each PARTY member below.

Roll 1D6

1-2 LOSE 1 POWER

3-4 LOSE 1 SANITY

5-6 LOSE 1 LUCK

Go to 123

119

You realise the only place you can't see is the top of the sculpted granite pillar. Moving a chair over, you peek over and see something up there, amongst a layer of dust. Stretching up, you recover the small object and once it is in your hand, realise it is a solid silver cross.

GAIN CRUCIFIX.

Go to 244

120

As the chimes strike 1 O'Clock in the morning, many beneficiaries go upstairs. Saying their "goodnights" and retiring to their bedrooms. Indeed it has been a long day. So, you are starting to feel tired.

If you wish to stay up, Roll CONSTITUTION

Success, you catch a second wind and can continue your search for 1 more hour. (until 2am)

Fail, you are exhausted and retire to bed, go to 144

If you decide to stay up, go to 231

You may retire to your designated bedroom and SLEEP at any time tonight. If so, go to 144

121*

Your worldview is rocked by the revelation, that Nyarlathotep is real. Therefore, the Outer Gods must be real. So too are the Great Old Ones you read about somewhere. Oh my God .... in fact, is my chosen God just a lie?

LOSE 1D6 SANITY. (-1 if you have an ORCHID)

If you LOSE 5+ SANITY, Roll INTELLIGENCE

Success, your mind fails to comprehend this new worldview, GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY.

Fail, you do not accept this uncomfortable truth. It cannot be true.

Go to 91

122

Out of the corner of your eye, you see something move behind you. Turning quickly.... there's nothing there. Yet, you swear there was a person, clad in white, running away eastward, toward the gateway. Funny how the low light can play tricks on your eyes. It must have been the glare of the dusk or the gap between your long shadows. Perhaps a moth in your eyeliner?

Yet, another in the PARTY seems to be staring back down the drive. They confirm that they thought they saw something too. Suggesting they felt it was a woman with long flowing red hair. A Magpie flies over your head and down the drive before landing on the gate post. The bird, a member of the Corvid family, looks back at you, giving its distinctive, clacking call.

You can tell the black and white bird is studying you, with a curious eye. These birds are known to be clever enough to count and work out little problems, stopping them from accessing food. Some argue they are intelligent, while others insist animals only act on instinct. You certainly feel there are some thoughts, behind those dark eyes, watching you intently.

Go to 71

123

4th NOVEMBER 1925

You wake feeling groggy and tired. However, after a few minutes, you come round and rise. Splashing water on your face and neck. The cold water rouses you quickly from your sloth-like demeanour. Dressing, you check in your small travel mirror that you are presentable. Selecting what equipment you opt to carry for the day ahead. You may swap any items in your LUGGAGE for your carried items, or visa versa.

Descending the stairs, you nod at the smiling painting of the late Edward before entering the Dining Room for breakfast. Mrs O'Brian greets you and serves you a cup of tea. Then bacon on hot buttered toast, with a little fried tomato. It warms you through and you must say, it is mighty fine bacon while you watch the snow falling out of the window.

One of the benefactors you met on the train seems friendly over breakfast and asks to join your PARTY, saying, "I hope three is not a crowd." You may REGAIN one of the 2 original PARTY members.

"Seems, it is going to snow heavily for a couple of days," says Mr Grey, the solicitor, as he studies the weather forecast in the Yorkshire Gazette. After the food, you sit for a few moments. Wondering what today will bring. No time like the present to find out.

Move the TIMEDICE to 9.30am. Set to 1.

Go to 231

124*

You study the body language and responses to your questions. After the conversation, you deduce the solicitor was very relaxed and truthful. If that is possible for a solicitor. You do not believe he knows more than he is letting on. In fact, he seems a genuinely agreeable gentleman. The type of solicitor you would wish to hire for ease of correspondence. In short, he has gained your trust.

Go to 32

125

The Golden Bough.

Opening this book, you realise it is a substantial work about the regular, wider occult and beliefs. Concepts well-known in society, such as paganism and druidism, are covered in great detail. The book explains cult hierarchy and methods. Along with ceremonial procedures and calendars. Detailing the significance of dates in the pagan calendar, but with some references, you do not understand about the "Great Old Ones." Presumably, their ancient forefathers had set up these pagan beliefs.

The book takes 2 Hours to read, GAIN +3% OCCULT.

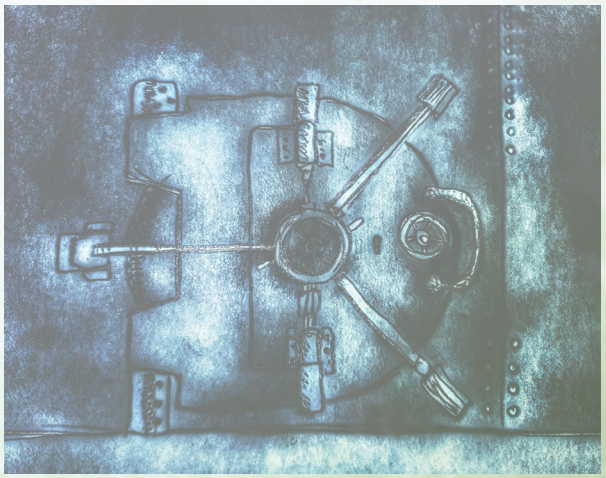
It cannot be read a second time.

Amongst the last pages of the Golden Bough, there is something loose, a pamphlet. It is titled "Weirds of Yorkshire" by Dr J. Drake. This small folded booklet covers local legends of this area. It includes mention of the pagan stone circle west of Lombard House and sightings of flying dragons, supposedly summoned by a witch cult, in the 1800s. Other legends include the Dog Man of Flixton, who has been reported sporadically for over a hundred years in this region. While a Kraken was reported to sink shipping in the 1500s and a fleet of whalers had tried to hunt it down. All to no avail. You feel some of this is pure fantasy from a less scientific age. When Mankind made up answers to any mystery that he could not solve.

Go to 31

126

Behind a curtain, in the corner of the Dark Room, you find a large wall safe mounted at floor level. The quality of stainless steel is high in this installation. The Lombard family safe is a top-quality installation, about 3' x 3'. Fronted with a thick, stainless steel door fitted with a high-quality locking mechanism and anti-drill design.



You can return to this page at any time in the future using the DIRECT ACCESS LIST. ADD it now with this entry-

"SAFE, 1 TIME, ANYTIME, ENTRY 126"

If you attempt to PICK LOCK, go to 107

If you have a SILVER KEY, go to 259

Look around the rest of the dark room, go to 361

If you wish to go somewhere else, in the house, go to 231

127

You order one more drink, so Lucy begins to move towards gossip. She says Edward's House and grounds are renowned as haunted by the locals... “but ain't all old mansions?” she smiles. Several of her regulars have passed it late at night and reckon they have seen and heard weird things. Many walk home over the fields to avoid it these days. However, she says that she thinks it is because her ale is so good. She laughs it off as mere superstition, rumour and gossip.

Lucy explains it was so sad to hear about Mr Lombard’s passing. Apparently, it was anaemia. He did seem to lose his upbeat nature in the last couple of years, but she surmised that was his fading health. She adds that he was only ever out and about during the day and never visited the pub during the evening. She suggests you should set off to reach Lombard House by dusk. “Turn right at the top o’the hill. You can not miss it. It should take you ten minutes at your age. Please come again.” She laughs as you head out of the door.

Go to 215

128

You prepare to meet your maker and close your eyes. The lantern makes it impossible to see your murderers as more than silhouettes. So this is it? There is a sudden flurry of deafening gunfire, muzzle flashes and clouds of gun smoke. Somehow, you are not hit! How on earth?

You see, your would-be assassins now lay lifeless on the cold stone floor! A second passes before you realise there are others there and they are uniformed customs men, who begin to sweep in from each entrance, armed with revolvers. You are still standing, with your hand up, in shock at what has just played out before your eyes.

“It’s all fine now Sir/Madame. I am Customs Agent Brian Brady, an Officer of His Majesty, the King. I heard everything that was said just now as we were moving in to make arrests after a long operation to foil these hardened criminals. Well, now it is all over and saves the Crown the expense of a trial. Their willingness to murder members of the public who just stumbled upon their operation shows they deserved the gallows, in my eyes. An eye, for, an eye.” He winks and shakes your hand. “Thank you so much for attempting to thwart this dastardly gang, but you should leave it, to the professionals. Now you should collect your things and go home. I will handle the scene and follow up Operation immediately and be in touch in a few days for your statements. Now if you could follow this officer, who will escort you out. If you need anything, then please don't hesitate to contact the Customs and Excise office in either Scarborough or Whitby. It’s been a pleasure to save you, if I can do it again, I surely will. Goodbye.”

GAIN AGENT BRADY as an ALLY.

A Customs Agent leads you through the tunnels and up a long ladder that opens into a concealed trap door in the beer cellar of the Hayburn Wyke. He shows you into the Bar, but no one else is there. Before, he shows you outside and suggests you head straight home.

+3 TIME.

Go to 584

129

“I’ve heard it’s a dangerous piece of coastline here.” You remark.

“It certainly is, far too many a ship have been wrecked or lost on this coast. That’s just in my lifetime, never mind before then. Must be thousands of boats down there, in the cold, dark North Sea. Even John and my father, he was lost in a trawler off ‘ere, when we were just young ‘ens. Every family here has lost men to the sea. God, rest their souls. Some were even torpedoed in the Great War, just for fishing. Awful thing, that War, it claimed a young man from most of the local families too. It was such a tragedy. Even Edward Lombard lost his older Brother, you know, Ben. Lovely man, he was.”

She points to a small photo of a local football team near the door while you take another sip of the fine beverage.

“That’s him in that photograph from 1913, he’s the goalkeeper. What an athlete he was. They won the cup that year and he saved two penalties in the final, I recall. He was into every sport and was even capped for Yorkshire as a batsman. He was a well-liked man, especially by all the girls. A perfect gentleman, he was and despite being well chased too.” She looks distant as if visualising her memories of more than a dozen years ago.

“So what happened to him?’ You enquire, snapping her out of it.

“Oh. He answered the call and joined up in 1914. He was maybe one of the first to fall, I guess. As he led a night attack across no man’s land, in the early stages of that ghastly long war, his body was never found. They gave him a medal for it, but that’s not much consolation for the ultimate sacrifice, in my opinion. Anyway, it hit Edward hard, as he loved his brother dearly and suddenly, he was the last of the family line, of the Lombards ..... and now, they are no more.” She looks you in the eye, “Well, now it’s you who resides in their place, I hope you fair better than them,” she smiles.

Get another drink, go to 170

Thank Lucy Blake and leave, go to 584

130

Sweat drips from your brow as you take the last of what feels like thousands of blows with this mighty axe. There is a splintering of the heartwood as you step back. Luckily, you notice the tree is rotten to the core. The massive weight brings it down onto the lawn with a terrific shattering of the bows. There is a colossal thud of the trunk landing amongst the drifting snow. Your hands feel blistered as you stagger, exhausted, admiring your handy work.

Roll CONSTITUTION

Success, you feel good about the exercise.

Fail, you feel sapped. Any CON Rolls get a Disadvantage Dice until you SLEEP.

Looking in the centre of the tree stump, you can see a lump of metal, perhaps the size of a small keg. Imperfect in shape, it looks like a lump of slag, yet there is a strange hue, a lilac or iridescent sheen. You can't quite tell it seems to be buried deep into the stump, amongst the roots and would be almost impossible to get out using an AXE. You notice the snow is settling on the freshly cut stump but not on the lump of metal. You wonder if it is some form of a meteorite or shooting star that fell to earth hundreds of years ago when the tree was young. It's certainly unique, as far as you are aware.

You leave the AXE here. Your aching body couldn't swing it again, nor could your blistering hands. So you retire to the House. You feel you have rightly earned the title of LUMBERJACK. You know that you have shown that Mankind can always overcome.
GAIN 1D3 SANITY

Go to 497

131

Some insight reveals whoever wrote this was using symbols for both, the Earth and a comet. You check their data and maths, suggesting there is a 50% chance of a collision of these two bodies. Which obviously would be disastrous for humanity, just as it was for the Dinosaurs. Troubling, but you have faith that it won't happen, as that's the best coping mechanism for so many things in life, from Spanish Flu remerging to a Second Great War. You tell yourself those things won't happen. All that is in the past now. Besides, how would you know there is such an object that is heading this way right now? Maybe his observations are wrong, making his maths flawed? Yes, that is more likely. Flawed measurements, rather than the calculations, you try to reassure yourself.

+1D6 TIME

Go to 63

132

"Well, OK. I had been bringing my faith to the west coast of Africa and was successful, with many tribes converted, on my mission. While there, I documented medicinal herbs and brought cures to the diseased. However, I approached a tribe on the Ivory Coast named the Glaa Wai, who took me captive. They were actually cannibals. Well, you can imagine, I didn't want to be next, after watching them eat my guide and worse. The guide had warned me to not approach the tribe, so in a way, it was my fault he was eaten." He looks ashamed.

"Luckily, I managed to escape on a raft that night, but I soon got blown out to sea and was adrift for weeks. I survived by catching and eating raw fish while collecting rainwater each evening. I was picked up by a Dutch steamer 400 miles from the coast. Anyway, I like it here on the Yorkshire coast, where nothing happens." He smiles, but you can see him reliving the horror of the ordeal.

"That is an amazing but terrifying story Reverend. If you ever need someone to talk to about it, I am happy to help in your therapy by simply listening." You empathise.

"Well, that is very kind of you. I might well take you up on that offer sometime." He looks like a weight has been removed from his burden. GAIN REV. PASHBY as an ALLY.



"That's great, thanks. Tell me about Edward", go to 445
"Would you like to come and bless the House", go to 460
"Tell me about the Lombard family", go to 415
Say Goodbye and Leave, go to 555

133

The solicitor, Mr Grey, continues, “Mrs O'Brian will take your overnight bags to your rooms. If you need anything, just ask. So, do you have any questions?"

Roll 2D6 for each of your party to determine which number bedroom they are allocated. Note these down on their character sheets. If you roll a number twice, give the next highest available room to the character. She takes your LUGGAGE upstairs.

You may retain as many items as you can carry (see page 7). Easy mode allows unlimited carry capacity.
Any items you are not immediately carrying require you to visit your bedroom to recover them in future.

Each morning, consider what items to carry from your LUGGAGE.

Sometimes, you have to leave items here to free up some space. You may also carry one LARGE item, such as a rifle/ shotgun/SMG and this includes ammunition. Try to leave space to pick up new items during the investigation.

“Some other beneficiaries have already arrived and more are still to come. Mrs O'Brian (The housekeeper) will serve an evening meal at 7.30pm in the dining room. She will signal us by striking a gong. Please assemble in the Dining Room promptly.”

Go to 277

134

Slogging through various sections of the library takes half an hour. You determine there are a few landmarks of note in this area. There are some boundary stones up on the moor called the Lord’s Stones. Basically described as upright solitary megaliths, perhaps medieval. Each is around a hundred and fifty yards apart. They are to the north, nearer Ravenscar and linked to Whitby Abbey.

There are many burial mounds from the bronze age all around this region. The most notable is named the Three Howes, which are in a triangle formation. Folklore tells us they were built for three powerful Druids, but historians suggest they were more likely settlement leaders.

A neolithic stone circle apparently is nearby, often referred to as the Cloughton Stone circle. It seems to have a central altar stone by all accounts. Oxford University has done a field study on it but found no real evidence or artefacts after digging down several feet. It is suggested by archaeologists that it is perhaps 3000 years old

Also, the oldest Christian monument in Northern England is on the highest point of the North Yorkshire moors. The King of Northumbria, Edwin in 626 AD was passing there with his retinue. An assassin went to stab him with a blade. The King’s Thane Lilla jumped in the way, saving Edwin at the cost of his own life. The King’s guards killed the assassin. Lilla was buried on the spot and a burial mound or Howe was built over his grave. Edwin commissioned a cross to be mounted on top to honour his Thane’s loyalty. It was replaced after the Norman invasion with a more Maltese design. It is indicated on a Map of the Eastern Moors.

+30 Minutes
GAIN LOCAL MAP 3
Add it to your DIRECT ACCESS LIST, as follows:
“LOCAL MAP 3, 0 TIME, Unrestricted, ENTRY 317”
Go to 31

135

You approach the site of white-capped megaliths, standing in the deep, crisp snow. As you get closer, you can see 10 typical stones form the Circle. The wind drops and large flakes swirl down from the heavy sky. Looking around, you can only see your own tracks, it seems no one else has been here, since the snowfall began.

If it is Daylight (8am-4.30pm) go to 176
If it is After Dark (4.30pm-8am), go to 600

136*

You lay on the floor, your eye pressed up against the lens in the floor, watching the motionless pink lady ghost. Time passes and the shadows, from the bright moon, begin to creep across her form. Still, she doesn’t move, even after 20 minutes. Finally, she is entirely engulfed in the shadow of the window frame. The deepest shadow, in contrast to the white moonlight, floods in through the frozen glass.

Is she still there, or, has she vanished? You struggle to see in the, highly contrasting, light conditions. No, you think she is no longer there and that is when you are aware, of a presence behind you. You must react to the hairs that stand up on your neck. Your skin begins to feel like it is crawling. Spinning round, the ghostly woman is floating inches above you, horizontally. Her features are now visible and boy, do you wish they weren’t. Her pallid face is that of a screaming corpse, rotten and putrid. That is when she touches your forehead, with hers!

Go to 246

137

You study the landscape painting and determine it is maybe antique, judging by the discolouration and cracking of the frame itself. The face is a deliberate centrepiece of the artwork depicted as a visual illusion. As you look closer at the tower in the background, you are shocked to think the eye blinks. Maybe you are wrong, but it sure seemed odd. Roll SANITY. If you fail, LOSE 1D3 Sanity. You get a strange feeling about this oil painting, but not a pleasant one. In fact, you start to feel uncomfortable.

Go to 27

138

You put your back into it but to no avail. The sarcophagus door won't budge at all. You give it one final shove with all your might.

Roll CONSTITUTION.

Success, you are defeated and only your pride is dented.

Fail, LOSE 1 HIT POINT, as you injure your back.

Go to 219

139

A teal-painted bedroom with matching textiles. The bed is very soft and snug. Thick curtains flank the windows that offer views into the forest canopy behind the house. Light snow is falling.

Leave the room, go to 231

If you Search the room (+1D4 TIME), Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 117

Fail, go to 231

140*

“You will never get away with it, you villains.” At which he laughs. You almost accept your fate, as there seems no real option left, to escape this mess.

“That’s just it though. We will get away with it.” clarifies the youngest smuggler. He cocks the hammer of his revolver and states “I’m sorry mate, we don’t do last requests ‘ere, I’m afraid. Now hold still and it won’t even hurt,”.....

Go to 128

141

You approach the massive suit of plate armour mounted on the East wall. Straight away, you realise it is much bigger than the Grizzly bear opposite. The wearer would have to be 7 feet tall. The sword is also massive. Certainly requires 2 hands to use. You think that is also why there is no shield present.

Roll HISTORY [10%]

Success, go to 207

Fail, go to 220

142*

You are confident enough in your Geography to be sure the Bh'Tanga Island Archipelago does not exist. It is a made-up place, as far as you are concerned. Leaving you wondering why it is written on the reverse of the painting. Maybe it is a painting of a made-up place?

Go to 78

143

“It really is bad out there,” you remark while enjoying the drink.

“Oh it is bad, but, not as bad as it can be. This coastline is a wild place, you know, but the Moor is as bad a place to be in the winter weather too. Be warned, it’s treacherous off the path and the area is huge enough to be lost, with nay shelter for miles. Even some of my regulars, who know the land, ‘ave nearly ‘come a cropper’ on’t Moors”, She looks you in the eyes, “They say it’s even worse when the moon’s out, as you can’t see, at all. It is because of the moonlit fog that often forms there. They say it makes a white-out, where you can’t even tell, where the horizon is, or even the moon. Could you heed my advice and stay on the path? Beware of the moon.” There is an awkward silence.

Thank her and bid her farewell, go to 584

Have another drink, go to 170

144

You are relieved to lock your door and finally get into bed. It has been a long, stressful day. The room is cold, but the blankets soon warm through. You blow out the candle and relax into the down pillow. The room is unfamiliar due to the limited moonlight that makes it through the heavy drapes.

If any of your PARTY are in Bedroom 6, go to 1006

If none of your PARTY are in Bedroom 6, LOSE 1 RANDOM PRE GEN, not in the PARTY. +5 ELDRITCH POINTS

(They are removed from the game and are simply missing)

Soon, the darkness brings on your descent into slumber.

All PARTY members, HEAL 1 HIT POINT up to your MAXIMUM.

You can ignore all CONSTITUTION reductions and penalties.

GAIN 18 ELDRITCH POINTS (-2 per PARTY member, or PRE GEN, who has been killed since the game began)

Roll main investigator's POWER

Success, go to 123

Fail, go to 118

145

As you relax, you notice a newspaper wedged down the side of the sofa. Pulling it out, you identify it as The Times, from Tuesday, 12th May 1925. Flicking through the large sheets, you find nothing relevant, but a section has been cut from page 15. Seems to suggest a possibility that Edward had a scrapbook. However, it is not here. You wonder what had piqued his interest enough to cut it out.

Go to 244

146

In the 1st class compartment, you find a vacant seat by the window. The train promptly pulls away from York Station with a jolt and begins to accelerate out of the suburbs of the ancient city. Vikings, Romans and Normans had passed through here. Now you too. The inspector opens the sliding door and asks to see everyone's ticket. You notice the other 3 occupants produce their tickets from gold-lined envelopes, as do you. They must also be beneficiaries heading to Lombard House for the reading of the late Edward's Will. After the ticket inspector promptly leaves, you all start chatting and introduce yourselves.

Choose 3 of the PREGEN investigators to join your PARTY.

Go to 209

147

The battered PARTY moves off, away from the horrifying encounter, as fast as you can, considering your injuries. Everyone is on edge and reloads their firearms. Sometimes the front investigator covers the others and rejoins the back of the group. You keep close together, not wishing to get separated in the freezing fog. Tension is running high and the mist makes sounds seem louder and from all directions. No one speaks as the tone is intense pressure from an unseen threat. You hear an ominous barking echoing through the fog. Looking at one another, you can see the fear in everyone's eyes, that search the mist for signs of attackers.

From now on, each area you visit on the moor tonight has a chance of an encounter if it says there is Freezing Fog, you must make a NAVIGATION ROLL [10%]. Before the NAVIGATION, Roll 1D6 (note your location number).

1-5 Nothing happens, you evade your pursuers, in the Freezing Fog.

6 You have an encounter. Go to 709

Start your escape across the moors at 725

148

The Library has a fairly large section on the Occult. Many books are generic. Covering topics like Witch Covens in Europe and the Witch Hunter General. However, one shelf seems to have the most obscure and arcane texts. You notice dust is absent in a wide gap between the books. Obviously, a large book has been taken recently. Anyone researching one of the remaining books must choose which of these tomes to study, as it will take time. (2 Hours each, for initial skim read). You can leave a PARTY member here for 2 hours. If so, note down what number the TIME DICE will have to be showing, 4 squares to the right, of its current position.

The Cryptical Books of H'san (translation), go to 312

Nyarlathotep In The Necronomicon, go to 156

Golden Bough, go to 125

Read something else, go to 31

Leave the Library, go to 231

149

"Well, I don't like to talk about it, to be honest." says the reserved Reverend, showing some sign of awkwardness as he fidgets.

Roll PERSUADE [10%], CHARM [15%], or, APPEARANCE.

Success, go to 132

Otherwise, choose:

"So you knew Edward well?", go to 445

"Would you like to come and bless the House", go to 460

"Tell me about the Lombard family", go to 415

Apologise and leave, go to 555

150

"Well, I've not seen anything yet," you say.

"You will do, though. Trust me, you will." quips John, looking at his pint of cider.

"Don't be daft, my Brother. There is nothing to see at Lombard House. It's all just made-up nonsense by folk who've had too many ciders in here," jokes Lucy while cleaning glasses.

"Too many folk have seen stuff by that gate at Lombard House and I'm one of them, Lucy. If you had seen the horror that flew along the edge of the trees as I passed one night on the way home. Well, you'd not walk that way anymore, either. You'd walk the path by the railway instead and shun that road after dark," insists John.

"Whatever, John. You can't convince me that it's not just easily spooked drunks with wild imaginations. Same as those from Robin Hoods Bay, who say they see weird lights far along the beach and under the surface of the sea. It's just stories and Chinese whispers. Anyway, the weather forecast isn't looking up for another week yet, the delivery man told me." She replies.

"Well, we need some drier weather, that's for sure." he drinks his cider, so she starts to pour another. You decide it's time to leave and make your farewells before donning your coat and heading outside into the snow.

Go to 584

151

"Don't you mean Mad?" you joke, while having a sip.

"Oh no, I don't mean mad. They're all locked up, down at Boggle Hole. It's an Asylum, you know, a Sanitarium, a Nut house. It's just north of Ravenscar, up the coast, before you get to Robin Hood's Bay.

I spoke to some of the orderlies who come here now and again. They say all of them incarcerated in there are the criminally insane. You know, like murderers and worse! Awful, just awful, people. It's not my place to say it, but I think they should be deported off to Australia like we used to.

I mean, one is even my cousin, who killed his wife and daughter. Should have gone to the gallows, if you ask me. What he did to 'em was like they were a piece of wood for his fire. Damn that Matthew Blake, for what he did, poor Ethel and little Jemma.... " She looks away. You can tell it's touched a nerve. "I am sorry. I shouldn't talk about it, but really, I wish all them bad people were further away. You know, even that Brendan Lancaster is there and about 20 others. Must be proper bedlam in there, I reckon."

You finish your drink.

Order another drink, go to 170

Bid Lucy Farewell and go to 584

152

"I was just exploring and found my way in here." you plead.

"Well, I hate liars. That sealed it for me." states the old Irishman. "Obviously, they could never be trusted to keep a secret, Quint. Let's just do 'em in, man."

You have a bad feeling about the situation and know if you make a move, you will be shot dead. You consider that is still your only option and clench your fist.

Go to 128

153

What will you do now that you see this unnatural, dank cave open up before you?

Stay in your chair and watch, go to 62

Leave the room, go to 231

Enter the cave, go to 8

154*

You try to lever the front of the sarcophagus forward. If you have a PARTY, they may assist. If they assist you, receive an ADVANTAGE DICE. Roll STRENGTH.

Success, go to 271

Fail, go to 138

155

As you stealthily approach, you spot 2 men sitting around by some barrels of Rum. They are dressed in dirty smocks and oilskin chaps with scuffed, waxed caps. Seems they are smugglers. You notice one is loading his revolver and says to the second smuggler, "I'm telling you, the Customs Men are in here. Get ready for a shoot-out because I don't know about you, but I am wanted for a string of offences, so they will be throwing the key away. I'm not going out like that, Nobby. No way, I'd rather go down fighting."

Withdraw, go to the previous ENTRY

Open fire, go to 173

156*

"Nyarlathotep In The Necronomicon". This book details "The Messenger of the Outer Gods" and his relevance to the major Occult Mythos work, titled the Necronomicon. Although that book doesn't seem to be in this library.

The book explains the entity is trapped inside the Shining trapezohedron and the lesser-known Splinter of that gemstone. The tome details how the lizard people tried to destroy the trapezohedron using lightning. The blast only managed to divide the crystal into a smaller version with identical properties. Nyarlathotep is trapped inside both simultaneously and can escape from either. Ultimately, this attempt to destroy the black gemstone, with 24 facets, shows how it is impossible to defeat the Messenger of the Outer Gods. All that can be achieved is to keep him at bay inside the gemstones.

A Banish Nyarlathotep Spell is detailed, but the ritual is several pages long and requires many esoteric spell components.

A later chapter details the Red Worm, or Bringer of Darkness, who is noted as Nyarlathotep's Champion, the Father of all Hunting Horrors. A heinous creature, only ever vanquished by Sir George Castillo, later Sainted. However, like his master, he is immortal, a demon. Fabled to return to free Nyarlathotep and acquire his next Avatar.

However, both Nyarlathotep and the Red Worm are immortal and only temporarily banished from Earth. These cosmic entities are timeless and only possible to stall, not stop. Or that is what the book claims about these supposed creatures.

You are filling out your knowledge of the belief system of Elder Gods. The book has certainly opened a rabbit hole, as you wish to know more. If only you had the actual Necronomicon rather than this rough overview.

ADD this to your DIRECT ACCESS LIST:

"NYARLOTHOTEP BOOK, 1 TIME, ANYTIME, ENTRY 156"

GAIN 3% CTHULHU MYTHOS if this is your first reading.

If this is your second reading, it requires 4 Hours of study to GAIN +2% CTHULHU MYTHOS.

A third reading is 8 Hours to GAIN 1% CTHULHU MYTHOS.

There is no bonus for a fourth reading.

Roll SANITY for each reading

Success, go to 57

Fail, go to 18

157

You see out towards the side of the garage. Behind it is the House Keeper's cottage. It is a tiny building surrounded by the dense, twisted oak woodland that lines the estate. Snow clouds seem to be on the way, visible over the treetops. The faint sun is low in the sky, giving only limited warmth. You can feel it on your face standing by the window, but it is much colder outside than here by the fire.

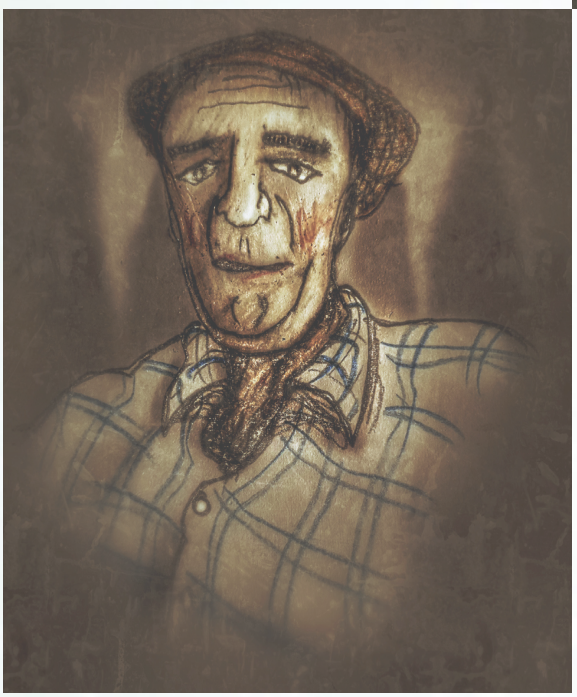
You watch as 7 magpies fly into view and perch on the rooftops. They seem to be watching you for a moment. Stopping their clacking before flying off into the forest. You are thankful you are here by the fire rather than in that dark, freezing woodland.

Go to 91

158



Only 4 minutes later, the train begins to slow. The guard announces, “Next stop, Hayburn Wyke!” All of your party gather their luggage. Once the train stops, you all alight, minding the gap, onto a tiny rural platform. The guard shuts your carriage door and blows his whistle with a wave of his green flag. The locomotive spews out clouds of steam. The train departs, leaving you standing in the fresh autumn air. The platform is unmanned. Only a tiny waiting room building and noticeboard. No staff are evident on the platform, but there is a clock and a timetable next to the shelter, detailing all of this year's trains, arrivals and departures. A train arrives here on the hour, every hour heading South. At half past the Hour, a train heads North. It is now 3.34pm. The winter sun is getting lower already. You realise the further north you are, the shorter the daylight.



A crossing at the end of the platform allows passage to the pub you can see to the east or up the steep hill into the woods. A passing friendly farmer on a hay cart bids the party a “Good afternoon.” Upon mentioning Lombard House, he says, "It's not far, just up the hill there and turn right. Maybe ‘alf a mile. I am going that way, to Statondale, so can give you a lift, if you wish? "

If you accept the lift, go to 194

If you would rather walk, go to 215

If you decide to visit the pub instead, go to 73

159

Using the dim light from a gas lamp, you notice the floor plan of Lombard House reveals some type of SAFE, which is marked in the blueprints. It is located in the corner of the second room of the cellar. There are no details about the interior.

Go to 192

160

You place your guns on the table slowly. All the time, under the watchful eye of the smugglers. They indicate you back off to the wall, using the muzzles of their revolvers. So, you step back, with hands up, against the wall.

“So, what do we do with you?” says the largest, most tattooed man, the leader.

“They don’t look like no Customs men to me.” says the eldest.

“Quint, we should just shoot ‘em!” says the youngest man.

“Shut it!” says the leader, “We don’t want to shoot, no one.”

“I suggest we drown ‘em, boss.” suggests the older man, who has an Irish accent and very few teeth, you notice.

“Well, that wouldn’t be a bad plan, McFee, but I’m not sure I want to be hung as a murderer. So who the hell are ye, eh? Speak up to save ya skin. If you can….”

Do you reply,

“Look, I’ve got money and promise to be silent.” go to 171

“I was just exploring and found my way in here.” go to 152

“You will never get away with it, you villains.” go to 128

“Please, I have children!” go to 175

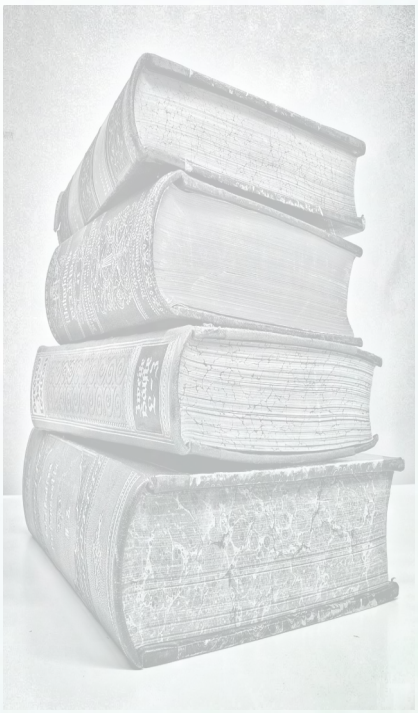
161

+1D6 TIME. Many shelves of box folders and handwritten ledgers outline the financial ins and outs of the Lombard Estate.
The House was commissioned in 1793 and completed in 1795 at the initial quoted cost of £64,300. The work was undertaken by Scarborough Building firm Reddish and Thorpe. A further £2000 was required to tackle foundation issues.
Henry Lombard bought many extravagant works of art and ancient relics to furnish the house. Between 1795 and 1803, he spent a staggering £110,000 on these purchases. Numerous receipts outline the purchases but include the following :

Artefacts from the Sphinx interior - £7250
Heroditas' Guide to the Labyrinth - £4400
Cambodian Religious Relic - £3100
Sword of Castillo - £3500
Large Amber Fresco from Babylon - £10,000
Tomes from the Library of Alexandria - £16,800
Lost pages from the Doomsday Book. - £500
Libor Ivonis - £8000
Mummified Egyptian High Priestess - £4500
A pair of Nubian Tablets - £900
Pacific Scriptures - £1750
Atlantean Armour - £13,250
2 Tonnes of fossilised Dinosaur Bones - £750

However, many of these purchases are documented as being sold between 1811 and 1820. Evidently, the money was used to pay off creditors and debt. A large bill of £5455 was paid to a leading Hungarian Locksmith, Wolfgang Von Kempelen, based in Vienna. While local shrubber, C Rogers & Company, were paid £666 to create a large HEDGE MAZE to the South of the House in 1825.
A series of 10 red ledgers detail the cash flow involved in Lombard's Expeditions.
The books are numbered and labelled as follows:

1. **Mongolia**
2. **Alaska**
3. **Easter Island**
4. **Madagascar**
5. **Australia**
6. **Antarctica**
7. **Namibia**
8. **Egypt**
9. **Siberia**
10. **Falkland Islands**



These expeditions involve huge costs and appear to take a year each. Interestingly, there are 2 similar green ledgers labelled as 11. Peru and 12. Himalayas. These are written in a different handwriting to the red books.
The Accounts for the estate itself cover all the day-to-day operations. They include wages, maintenance costs, fuel and food bills.
A noticeable bill of £11,000 to purchase and transplant a full-size oak tree from the Scottish Isle of Arran in 1826 stands out as extraordinary and ridiculous. That is a princely sum of money.
A builder Charged £6450 to build the brick folly in 1900
In 1920, Edward bought a Rolls Royce Silver Ghost for £3400 and a second "SNOW ROLLS" for £4875 from Russia in 1922.

Go to 31

162

You suddenly realise the implications of what you are seeing, a dead person. Worse still, you are totally alone with them. Exactly what you had nightmares about as a child. You let out a yell, not unlike a scream.

LOSE 1D8 SANITY (-1 if you have an ORCHID).

If you lose 5 + SANITY, Roll INTELLIGENCE

Success, the revelation blows your mind. GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY.

Fail, you know you will be fine if you get away from it.

Running straight to your Bedroom. You dive into bed and hide under the covers. You are petrified but eventually go to sleep. Advance the TIMEDICE to the next SLEEP phase.

163

You can tell that his time in Africa involves some kind of post-traumatic stress from seeing his reaction and eyes. He is a scared man, in our opinion who is trying to hide it. Who knows what happened in Africa?

"So did you know Edward very well?" go to 445

"Would you like to come and bless the House", go to 460

"Tell me about the Lombard family", go to 415

"it must have been a challenge in Africa?" go to 149

Bid him farewell, go to 555

164

You take a closer look at the large wooden globe in the Study. It is obviously old, judging by the lack of some more recent discoveries and archaic place names. Turning the globe you notice there are some holes in it. Perhaps woodworm? No, you decide there would be more than .... 12 holes, all spread out over the globe. You look at their positioning, Madagascar, Alaska, Siberia, Tibet, Namibia, Falklands, Peru, Easter Island, Mongolia, and Egypt. 2 Other pins are where you think Australia and Antarctica would be if marked on this outdated relic. Opening the cabinet, you find a selection of spirits in fine decanters and help yourself to a glass of your choosing. Why not? After all, it's a free house and a few days away from home. The solicitor is still engrossed in his novel.

Go to 32

165

"Of course, I will be modernising the estate," you explain that you feel it could run better and change is a good thing.

Mrs Simpson doesn't look convinced, "Yes, well, that's what they said about the Lancaster Estate, but now their tenants are getting poorer. I hope you consider our situation and the hardships already endured by many. A lot of the menfolk never made it home from the Great War, so we lack the labour we used to have in each household. These things take time t' rectify and many are still too young t' work. In a few years, they will come through as a new generation o' labourers and farmers, but for now, modernisation will be slow. I'm just trying to explain the situation for you to consider and hope you won't be taking no offence at my words. Anyway, I need to crack on and get these turnips in a pot. It has been a pleasure to meet you. Good Day to you."

She leaves towards her cottage by the stream. The other villagers have already gone to their homes to keep warm.

Follow the road north, go to 557

Take the East turn off, road to Blake's Farm, go to 566

Walk West, into the snow-covered pasture, go to 546

Follow the road South, to the Church, go to 555

166*

You recall that the cat-headed woman in Egypt was called Bastet. She was adored throughout Egyptian society for her protection of the family, home and Pharaoh. Also known for her role in fertility and childbirth. She represented pleasure and sexuality. Her main Temple was rumoured to be near Alexandria but has never been found or identified.

Go to 244

167

You almost doze off due to how relaxing the chair and open fire are. Yet you fight off the nap and instead begin to wonder, was Edward really doing this for fun? You wonder what will happen later on. Only time will tell. Best keep your wits about you.

Go to 91

168*

You lift the old painting down and throw it into the fireplace. After a few seconds, the oily canvas begins to smoulder.

Suddenly, the ghostly Pink Lady appears, inches in front of your face and lunges at you before you can react.

Go to 182

169

You mull over the numbers and feel there is an inaccuracy somewhere and that the chances of a meteor strike are much slimmer than 50% chance. Far more likely 15%, of a deep impact event. You feel a little more secure in this knowledge than the original 50% forecast. Amazing how massaging numbers can change the fear of calamity.

Go to 63

170

You order another drink. Indeed, you are getting on a roll and begin to get a taste for it.

Roll CONSTITUTION.

Success, no effect.

Fail, you start to become inebriated from the alcohol. +5% to all dice rolls until your next MEAL.

NB: This effect can be cumulative.

What do you say to the old landlady as she serves you:

"I've heard it's a dangerous coast." Go to 129

"It really is bad weather out there." Go to 143

"Who is the bravest local, then?" Go to 95

"Anyway, don't you mean mad?" Go to 151



171*

"I've got money and promise to be silent." You offer.

However, this is met with laughter from your captors. "Well, I've never heard that one before," says the old Irish seafarer and they all laugh louder. You consider this could be your only chance to make a break for it, but before you can, go to 128

172*

You see the Public House has been closed due to the Customs raid. An official notice on the door states the business is under forced closure. Allegedly, due to Stamp Evasion and the criminal activity, currently being investigated by the Crown against the proprietor.

Take the unmarked path, to the North West, go to 575

Follow the steep Eastern path, to the Shore, go to 493

Head East, to the CLIFFTOP PATH, go to 594

Descend into the forested ravine to the North, go to 585

Head into the fields, to the South, go to 583

Use the Level Crossing to get to the station, go to 574



173*

COMBAT

If you snuck up on the 2 smugglers, your shots are all first. Only if the Smugglers are not killed do they then get to return fire.
If you fail to SNEAK up on the Smugglers, they get to shoot first. Any hits are randomly allocated amongst the PARTY.

SMUGGLER
STR 40 CON 50 DEX 46 INT 50
APP 33 POW 30 EDU 40 SAN 30
HIT POINTS 10

Armour: none.
Attacks per round: 1
Brawl 45% (22/9), damage 1D3 (used to counterattack vs melee)
Pistol 40% (20/8), (damage 1D6+1)
In the tight confines of the caves, no one can Dodge. It is all worked out on straight TO HIT Rolls with no defence.
They don't surrender, even if wounded and their fear of going to the noose means they fight to the death.
If the PARTY is wiped out, the story ends here, at the hands of simple criminals, GAME OVER.
If you kill them, you must Roll SANITY.
Success, you justify the killings to yourself.
Fail, means you lose 1 SANITY from the impact of ending another human beings life. You feel terrible.
Then Roll SANITY again, for seeing the broken and bloodied, dead bodies. Their expressions are chilling.
Success, you keep a stiff upper lip, keep calm and carry on,
Fail, costs you to LOSE 1 SANITY from the body horror.
After the Round of Combat is over, go to 502



174

"No, just it seems like a typical creepy old house," you explain.

"See, John. I told you it's all lies and made-up stories about that place. It is a shame, it's got a reputation that it doesn't deserve. Same as that Mary, she's the same, just a regular person, with a made-up reputation."

You ask, "Who is Mary?"

John answers, "She is a local girl, Mary Croft. She was orphaned when her farm burnt down, decades ago, in an "accident". She was devastated and never really recovered. Yet she still managed to rebuild her life enough to survive, on the edge of the common in a tumbledown shack, near the Beck. Us locals, we think she is odd, as she often talks in riddles and to herself, yet does nothing considered wrong. I take her ill animals to cure, and she mainly succeeds. In exchange, I give her food, clothing and tools. She's survived like that for 20 years in the hardest of conditions. She wears rags, no footwear and needs a good bath. But she ain't no Witch like many call her. She's just a troubled girl."

Lucy talks about how unfair the locals can be to outsiders and how it is unwarranted just because folk are different. "Take you, for example... you are different to us, but we don't mind that you ain't from Yorkshire." She laughs.

You thank them for the chat, don your coat and leave, go to 584

175

"Please, I've got children!" you beg. The smugglers see the fear in your eyes and the ramifications of their actions.

"No boys. We ain't going to do 'em in. No Sir. That is not the way. Let's take 'em to the boat and get out of here, then we will let them free. It's getting too hot here, the Customs men have been sniffing around too much. There's an informer, lads. I know it isn't you two, that's why I keep you close. We'll leave the rest behind and skip along the coast with all the money and have an equal share each. What do you say?", intervenes the leader.

Indeed, they tie your hands and take all the paperwork from the desk. Even a choice bottle of spirits each. You notice that on the wall is the mark of a Roman Numeral, V. Clearly defined by the ambient light coming from the shaft above. That is interesting, as the number 5 must have some meaning.

The pipe-smoking leader notices you looking at the markings on the moss-covered wall and says, "In the daylight, it's just normal, like a piece of stone, that the moss never grows on.... but at night, in the moonlight, well it glows in the dark. I can't explain it as there don't seem to be now't there, just sandstone it's weird, I tell ye. Anyway, let's go."

They lead you, still at gunpoint, down some passage and through two caverns containing crates of spirits and barrels. The sound of a waterfall gets louder until you arrive at the origin of the crescendo. A smuggler goes through. After a while, you hear a faint whistle. The others move you through the freezing cold cascade. It gets down your neck and soaks your head with shocking intensity. It wakes you up to the reality of the situation and if you are really just going to be used as hostages and human shields. You have no choice. Looking down at the Irish rogue's revolver pointing at your gut, he smiles.

Crossing the rocks, you remember how exposed and cold it is in the snowstorm, but luckily, there's a lull. Moving North, up the narrow shoreline, beneath the tall overhanging cliffs, you slip on the slush and seaweed. You soon become saturated and start feeling the effects of the bitter cold. They reach a large rowing boat camouflaged with seaweed on a shelf above the tidemark. Lifting it down, they ready it to sail and set up rowlocks, oars and rudder. You huddle and are powerless to do anything. As the Irishman watches over you, still armed.

"Let us go. If you are virtuous, you will not alert the authorities. You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours.... you know," shouts the leader over the breaking of the waves. The Irishman looks disappointed like he was expecting it to be a trick. Quint uncocks his revolver and joins the others, launching their escape vessel. He waves as they become blurred amongst the snowstorm. They jump in and soon row beyond the breakers and into the gloom of the worsening snow.

You backtrack to the waterfall and find the path leading up away from the shore, back to the Public House.

GAIN QUINT as an ALLY.

(+30 MINUTES)

Go to 584

176

You enter the ancient circle of huge megalithic stones. The snowfall continues in an eerie silence. You feel slightly disorientated by the apparent whiteout. Studying the stones, you can find no inscriptions, numerals or markings. Simply, typical standing stones, as you have seen at other neolithic or bronze age sites of worship.

The place has a special atmosphere or aura that you can't really explain. There is just a low-key buzz in the air. A sense of power and mystery. Something not unusual to experience in places of such antiquity and forgotten history.

If you have MAGPIE as an ALLY, go to 381

Otherwise, go to 514

177

The massive hulk of the hanging tree is laid amongst its splintered bows and branches, amongst the snow. The stump is almost buried in snow, other than the iridescent lump of what you think is a space rock protruding from the shattered heartwood. It's no different from when you felled the vast oak. You decide to leave it alone and see if anything develops. You've got a bad feeling about the unknown substance. Maybe it's toxic, like Mercury?

Head to the gate, go to 262

Walk over the lawn, go to 206

Enter the forest, go to 409

Return to the front door, go to 234

178*

You squeeze into the narrowing and suddenly, there is a flash in your mind where you see a million stars for a split second.

LOSE 1 SANITY.

You quickly step out from the dank cave between the two huge, slate bed billiards tables. The mist is still slowly pouring out of the painting onto the carpet, like a waterfall, in slow motion. It is certainly cold in there. You back away, unsure what to do. Then you notice the moonlight starts to fade as a huge black billowing cloud drifts in front of the full moon. As you watch, the moonbeam ceases, plunging the room into near darkness.

You realise the cave is now just a large oiled canvas once more. This is incredible, but would anyone really believe you if you told them? You surmise it would most likely get you locked away in an Asylum, so decide to keep it to yourself.

ADD "MAGIC, 3 TIME, NIGHT ONLY, ENTRY 26" onto your DIRECT ACCESS LIST. This means the MAGICAL GATE is only accessible after dark (4.30pm-8am) and costs 3 TIME, to go Direct to 26.

You leave the room, go to 231

179*

You recognise the octopus tattoo from a story about the Captain of the Elleray. Captain Quint Drake was his name, you recall. The cargo ship disappeared just after New Year's Eve, January 1922, somewhere off this coast, after departing Hartlepool on the way to London. She had a full hold of Spirits and many have been searching for the sunken vessel to salvage the bottles. However, there has been no trace of the vessel and it was presumed lost with all hands, far off course. Indeed, it has become a bit of a myth about what really happened amongst spiritualists, fishermen, treasure hunters and tabloids alike.

Put your guns down on the table, and hands up, go to 160

Try to fight your way out, go to 200

"Look, we are here, to buy some Booty" go to 189

180

You see the oncoming express train bearing down on your location while you leap to cross the track. Using every last fibre in your body, you dive, missing the express train by inches, before landing on the fleeing pickpocket. He gives up without a fight and hands back your stolen property. A transport policeman runs over and thanks you for your effort to apprehend the thief, leading him away.

You return to Platform 8 and a few ladies and gentlemen clap as you climb back up. A vendor presents you with a complimentary hot potato with cheese as a thank you for ridding the area of pickpockets, preying upon his patrons. Promptly, the Transpennine Express pulls into the station. After several dozen commuters alight, you board the train. Finding your way to the 1st class carriage, you enter the first compartment.

You feel your capture of the young criminal has helped to restore some law & order. GAIN 1 SANITY

Go to 146

181*

The word on the mirror is "SWORD" go to 327

182*

There is an instant blast of wind that seems to emanate from between you. Her veil is blown over her head. Then you see the maggot-eaten skull behind the veil. With its jaw wide open and emitting a hellish scream, the likes of which you have never heard before. You feel your blood run cold.

Roll SANITY.

Success, you do not let it overwhelm you and keep your marbles.

Fail, LOSE 1D6 SANITY (-1 if you have the Orchid).

If LOSE 5+ SANITY, Roll INTELLIGENCE

Success, its a revelation that the paranormal is very real and out to get you. GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY.

Fail, you are terrified, but not to the point of madness.

However, you cannot flee or react, as while the vengeful spirit is in contact, you are PARALYSED.

This is the stuff of nightmares and ghost stories from your childhood.

The Ghost tries to drain your SOUL, go to 246.

183*

Suddenly, you sense that you are in grave peril, so terror takes hold of your mind. If Vampires are real, then what else could possibly exist? Your mind races as you realise your very soul is on the line. To become a vampire is to become the undead, worse than death itself.

LOSE 1D4 SANITY (-1 if you have ORCHID)

Go to 418

184

You sit and rest in one of the opulent red leather armchairs. It is very luxurious and incredibly comfortable. The heat from the fire is rather nice. You close your eyes for a second and relax. After all, this is exactly what you intended to do once you got here. You did not expect to be investigating a strange conundrum that was left behind by your old friend.

Roll CONSTITUTION, if you wish to stay awake. If you welcome sleep, go to 223.

Success, go to 167

Fail, go to 223

185*

You search around the dusty bookcases and stacks of papers, but to find what you are looking for seems almost like luck. You persevere for a while.

Roll LUCK.

Success, go to 208

Fail, go to 31

186

You feel the quality of inlay upon this ancient Egyptian Sarcophagus and see the quantity of precious metals and stones. You wonder if it is perhaps priceless. However, given a rough estimation, if you did have to put a value on it, as an insurer, you decide £40,000 would be typical. Yet, at an auction with the most elite collectors, the sky is the limit regarding this unique time capsule's value.

Go to 219

187

You estimate the portrait of Edward has a familiar impressionist style. Indeed, on close inspection, you realise the signature is none other than, Claude Monet! This is absolutely incredible if it is an undocumented Monet and must be very valuable. You wonder how on Earth Edward managed to get such a commission and keep it to himself. Ironically, Edward's expression is that of humour. Strange for the background to solely be the moon, although that is perhaps a theme with your late friend.

Go to 11

188*

You stand by the table and admire the huge tapestry on the west wall. It is obviously hundreds of years old. Perhaps medieval, judging by the faded colours and moth-eaten patches. It certainly smells old. It depicts St. George attacking a fire-breathing red dragon in a cave. While the serpent protects a horde of treasure. You notice the sword seems the same design as the one in the room. You guess this tapestry is likely valuable and perhaps the most pleasing scene you have encountered in this style of relic tapestry.



Go to 220

189

"We are here, to buy some of the Booty," you explain. While pretending to be some trope of mobster. Suggesting these are your associates and muscle. You do your best casual gangster improvisation.

Roll FAST TALK [5%]

Success, go to 201

Fail, go to 128

190*

You study the huge granite statue. Judging by the style of the column and types of hieroglyphs used, you date this sculpture as being Early Dynastic or maybe even Old Kingdom. In keeping with upper Egyptian techniques and probably black granite from Aswan. The feline-headed woman, entwined around the column is a masterpiece of sculpture and typical of the amazing finds still being dug up to this day. Indeed each year, whole new complexes are being discovered all along the Nile. Perhaps there could still be an untouched Egyptian Pharaoh's tomb out there. Only a couple of years ago, Howard Carter had discovered Tutankhamun's burial chambers. So what is the significance of the cat headed woman, in Egyptian religion?

Roll OCCULT [5%]

Success, go to 166

Fail, go to 244

191

You slide the papers, into your pocket and stroll back to the front door. Opening it quietly, you slip outside and head down the driveway. Once at the gate, you look back towards the house and there is no sign of anyone else. You smile.

Roll LUCK

Success, go to 76

Fail, go to 213

192

You study the floor plans further, looking for every junction, air duct and cavity.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 218

Fail, go to 31

193

The flying clothing terrifies you, LOSE 1D4 SANITY (-1 if you have ORCHID) and you give out a yell as you go to flee the room. However, the bedroom door slams closed, before you can get to it. Leaving you fighting with the handle, to no avail. You look around and a vase, is flying straight towards you.

Roll DODGE.

Success, you avoid any damage from the vase as it smashes against the door.

Fail, LOSE the same number of HIT POINTS, as you rolled for SANITY LOSS, as the vase slams into your head.

Suddenly the jammed door opens, of its own accord and you sprint into the hall.

The door slams shut behind you. You regain your composure and wonder what you just witnessed.

Go to 231

194

You decide to get a lift with the jovial local. He explains that he is one of Edward's tenant farmers, John Blake and has lived here since birth. You think he is slightly drunk and the smell of his breath backs up your theory. He admits that Mr Lombard was always a fair landlord and charged less than the neighbouring Lancastrian estate. No one in these parts had a bad word for the late Edward (he crosses himself) and what a shame he was taken before he was old.

His cart winds up the steep wooded road until reaching a plateau, of farmland. There is a junction, signposted left to Cloughton or right to Ravenscar. He takes the right turn. The cart follows a very tall, grand stone wall on the left. On your right, you can see, above the trees to the east, allowing a spectacular view along the coast and out to sea.

As you near Lombard house, he explains it is behind the tall stone walled grounds and hard to actually see from the road. He says he doesn't really like the place, as it gives him the creeps ever since he heard something crashing through the trees on his way home one bonfire night.

He further explains, "Everyone local avoids the place at night and some old en's says it haunted." He winks. You think he said it for fun. He pulls the horse and cart up at the gateway to Lombard House. Letting you clamber down, he then bids you farewell.

Got to 300

195*



"So, what did you do before running the Parish?" you enquire.

He is visibly awkward and says, "Well, I was a missionary on the Ivory Coast. You know, working with the tribes. God's work."

Roll PSYCHOLOGY [10%]

Success, go to 163

"That's great, thanks. Tell me about Edward", go to 445

"Would you like to come and bless the House?", go to 460

"Tell me about the Lombard family", go to 415

"It must have been a challenge in Africa?" go to 149

Bid him farewell and leave, go to 555

196

Her face lights up, so she heads off, returning almost immediately. She is carrying a tray with a pot of tea, a jug of milk, cups, saucers and a spoon. Making the tea to your liking. She explains, "I love the ritual of tea making. The playful splash of the tea as it hits the bottom of the cup. The thrill of adding the milk and watching it settle for a moment before it filters, slowly down, through the cup, changing the colour from dark brown to a lighter brown."

Indeed, her tea tastes amazing, just perfect. She sees your appreciation for a good cup of tea and looks happy.

If you have Mrs O'Brian as an ALLY already, go to 320

Otherwise, go to 220

197*

You struggle to keep your feet and avert a nasty fall by bracing both arms on the walls. Looking upstairs, you see no one at the top of the steps or any sound. Yet, you guess someone must have run off into the house already. Who could it have been?

Go to 339

198*



You meticulously search the observatory. Eventually, you notice the strange round clay tablet on the desk, under some papers. It has markings and arrows that get your attention.

Roll HISTORY [5%], ASTRONOMY [1%], or ARCHEOLOGY [1%],

Success, go to 216

Fail, go to 63

199*

You are shocked to realise there is someone else in the Dining Room. A woman. However, you can see through her. It is unbelievable, a classic definition of a ghost. She appears ethereal and wears a long, billowing, pink chiffon dress. She seems to emit a faint, eerie glow. The Pink Lady moves to the window seat and sits down stationary, seeming to be looking out of the window into the dark estate gardens.

She remains motionless while you get an overwhelming sense of fear and notice the room has become much cooler. You hear a voice in your mind, a woman's voice, as it whispers, "I Know all your darkest secrets."

Roll SANITY

Success, go to 214

Fail go to 162

200*

COMBAT

You decide it better to die fighting, so suddenly fire from the hip. All shots are simultaneous in this 1 Round of Combat, at point-blank. Everyone opens up! BANG, BANG, BANG!!!!

Roll TO HIT, with an Advantage Dice, for all combatants and apply all damage at the end of the round. So, two assailants can possibly kill one another in this deadly gunfight. Each of the 3 smugglers shoots 2 shots, so they get no Advantage Dice to either shot. They shoot them randomly at the PARTY (assign HITS, with a D2,3 or 4 depending on PARTY SIZE).

SMUGGLER

STR 40	**CON 50**	**DEX 45**	**INT 60**
APP 30	**POW 30**	**EDU 40**	**SAN 30**
HIT POINTS 10			

Armour: none.
Attacks per round: 1
Brawl 45% (22/9), damage 1D3 (used to counterattack vs melee)
Pistol 40% (20/8), (damage 1d6+1)

They never surrender, even if wounded. Their fear of going to the noose means they fight to the death.

If the PARTY is slain, your story ends here, at the hands of common criminals. GAME OVER.

If you kill them, you must Roll SANITY.

Success, you justify the killings as being self-defence.

Fail, means you lose 1 SANITY from the impact of ending another human being's life. You feel terrible.

Then Roll SANITY again, for seeing the bloodied dead bodies.

Success, you shrug off the gory scene.

Fail, LOSE 1 SANITY, from the expressions on the dead men's faces.

After the Round of Combat is over, go to 128

201

Your rouse works and somehow, they believe your line, that someone in the know, told you to come here to get the cheap liquor for your "restaurant chain." You follow it up with the names of a dozen cities, you supply.

You explain you brought along associates, for protection and a show of strength. You suggest together you can make a lot of money. The Leader of the smugglers introduces himself as Quint shakes your hand and asks what you want to order. You reel off a list of dozens of bottles of various spirits and add the caveat, "Per month."

He explains the price will be £225 per month, so you haggle to try and be the part, you are portraying. You beat him down, to £200 and you both shake. You explain you don't carry the money, your accountant does, turning, you ask the PARTY member with the HIGHEST CREDIT RATING, to hand over the huge amount of money.

Roll CREDIT RATING,

Success, go to 230

Fail, go to 128

202

You look around carefully. Eventually, after moving the painting depicting the sailing ship, you discover writing on its reverse. "Returning from the Bh'Tanga Island Archipelago. 1891."

Roll GEOGRAPHY [1%]

Hard Success, go to 89

Success, go to 142

Fail, go to 286



203

You enter the nice warm bar and find a weathered old man sitting on a stool, talking to the ageing landlady. They both look in their 60's. "Come in and put the wood in't hole, young 'en." says the weathered man.

If you have TOM HULLEY as an ALLY, go to 232

Otherwise, he introduces himself, "I'm Tom. Tom Hulley. Nice to meet my new neighbours. I was wondering about the policy, that Edward used for accidental livestock deaths. Well, will you be continuing it? See, one of my horses seems to have died out in the paddock before the snow started. I could do with the money, you see."

You ask, "Can you explain it to me, please Tom."

"Sure I can. Mr Lombard, as part of our rent insurance, ran a scheme whereby if any livestock were accidentally lost, say Riggwelter, or broken limbs, for example. Well, he would pay us tenants almost the market value. Good job, as the area can be tough on livestock."

"Well, hopefully we can make it work, Tom," you suggest.

"Great. I knew you wouldn't be a stingy twit. Anyway, I go to be ganin'. Been a pleasure to meet ya'," he dons his cap and heavy jacket before shaking your hand.

"Bye, Lucy my dear," he says, heading to the door.

"Night, Tom." She responds as he leaves. "He's a nice man. Hard-working and as honest as the day is long,"

After another drink and some small talk, you decide to leave.

GAIN TOM HULLEY as an ALLY.

Go to 584

204

You study the intricate Sarcophagus in detail. Examining the materials, craftsmanship, techniques and symbolism, you deduce this coffin was made for someone in the court of Rameses First, as his cartouche is displayed amongst the hieroglyphs. You determine the occupant was probably a priestess of Bastet. That is why it has feline features.

One symbol is very intriguing, depicting the Great Sphinx with a cat's head.

Go to 219

205*

Just then, too late, you realise someone is behind you. Indeed, looking around, you find 3 men with revolvers trained on you, "Stay where you are and everything will work out fine. Don't do anything stupid, or I'm afraid we will have to shoot." says one of the bearded men. They have dirty, woollen jumpers and oilskin trousers. The spokesman has a cap and pipe in his mouth. You notice a small tattoo of an octopus on his cheek.

Roll SEA LORE [1%]

Success, go to 179

Fail, choose below:

Put your guns down on the table, go to 160

Try to fight your way out, go to 200

"Look, we are here to buy some Booty," go to 189

"You are surrounded by Customs and Excise, surrender!" go to 128

206

On the lawn beside Lombard House, you stop to admire the expanse of snow surrounding a vast, lone oak tree near its centre. The tree trunk would take many people with linked arms to ring, leading you to deduce it must be ancient. Perhaps, over 500 years old, you speculate. How impressive, yet, as you look closer, the tree seems very twisted and gnarled.

Walk over to the Ancient tree, go to 221

Go back inside Lombard House, go to 231

Walk to the main gate, go to 262

stand outside the front door, go to 234

Enter the woods, go to 409

Go behind the house, go to 224

207*

You examine the design and material of the armour. Oddly, the design is not accurate for any particular period. Wondering what grade of steel is used, you go to move the gauntlet's fingers. Only to find it seems unbelievably light. Articulating the armour, you learn there is far more manoeuvrability and ease than you could ever have anticipated. This is amazing. You cannot believe it, as your assessment of the armoured suits you examined at the tower of London is of no comparison. This is exquisitely manufactured and some mix of alloy you cannot identify. A fraction of the weight of stainless steel. You realise that, in battle, this suit would have allowed a knight to fight unencumbered. Far more likely to overcome a tired opponent.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%], or, try the helmet on, go to 38

Success, go to 14

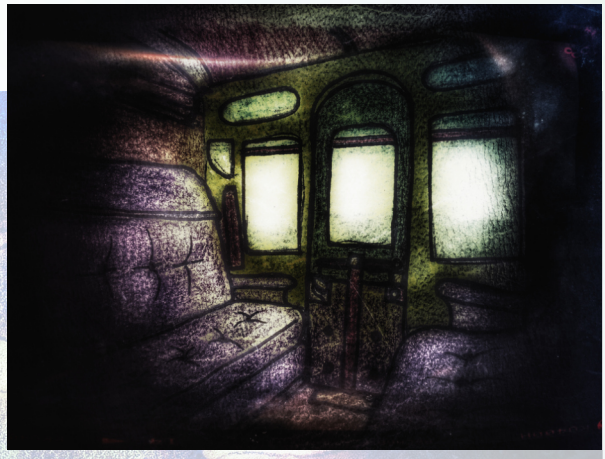
Fail, go to 220

208*

By chance, you come across an interesting map of the local area. GAIN LOCAL MAP 2. At any stage, if you leave the grounds, you may use page 279 for locations using the map. Add it to your DIRECT ACCESS LIST, as follows:

"LOCAL MAP 2, 0 TIME, ANYTIME, ENTRY 279"

Now, go to 31



209

The rail journey across the flat Vale of York is smooth and soon passes as you learn that your new acquaintances are heading to Lombard House with identical letters from Grey & Gray Solicitors. You all realise that none of you knew Edward very well and it was before the war, since any of you had last contact with him. Indeed, you were all equally surprised to be named a beneficiary in his Will. With that in mind, you all feel a little better, knowing you are not alone on this journey.

The train pulls into Scarborough station and most passengers leave while the inspector tells you to stay onboard as a new tender will take you up the coastal line. As one locomotive is uncoupled and the smaller engine shunts into position, you watch. Through an archway, a platoon practising military marching in preparation for Remembrance Day on the 11th of November. You think of the brave men you once knew that were claimed in the "Great War" and how it was all a bloody waste. The other occupants of the compartment get onto the sorry subject of the war, prompted by the passing parade.

Snapping out of the sad memories the scene had conjured, you notice the train departs through a long tunnel on a branch line. Once again, out in the daylight, you watch the housing of Scarborough give way to rolling hills and fields. Within minutes, the train pulls into Cloughton Station, a small platform, signal box and waiting room. No one gets off the train, but the inspector tells you that there is only a single line ahead. So we have to wait for the oncoming train before we can proceed. He suggests it will be about 10 minutes. Anyone can stretch their legs if they wish.

Do you keep your seat near your suitcase, go to 90

Decide to stretch your legs on the platform, go to 51

210*

You attempt to avoid whatever is flying towards you through the falling snow. However, it is simply too late. You are only starting to react when it arrives.

Roll for the creature to try and BITE you (45%)

Success delivers a devastating 1D10+2+3D6 LOSS to your HIT POINTS

Fail, the creature strikes inches from your head. It misses.

You now see exactly what it is. Oh, nightmares are real! This flying terror is a forty-foot snake-like creature, though its hide looks more like loose rope than smooth scales. It has two huge black leathery wings that remind you of a broken umbrella. Yet worst is its glowing red eyes, emitting a malign radiance that makes you afraid. While the vast open maw is lined with huge rows of black, razor-sharp teeth. It reminds you of a shark. Yet, also has the fangs of a snake. You feel insignificant compared to this monstrous horror that is hunting you amongst the falling snow.

ROLL SANITY

Success, go to 393

Fail, go to 432

211

As you stand in the dimly lit bedroom, movement catches your eye. Silently, the large black mourning dress in the wardrobe floats off the hanger and starts to fly directly towards you. Its sleeves are outstretched towards your face.

Roll SANITY

Success, go to 347

Fail, go to 193

212

You study Miss Harris and feel she is very genuine and wears her heart on her sleeve. Her grief for Edward's passing is deep sadness and you can tell he was her rock, in the absence of her parents. She stifles back a tear. You know it is not an act.

Go to 55

213

You smile to yourself and turn to leave as a rich man. Suddenly, you find someone springs on you from behind the gateway and thrusts a knife into your chest, piercing your heart. Before you leave the estate boundary, you fall with the knife deep in your torso. You don't even get a look at your murderer's face before your vision fades to darkness as your lifeblood spills out onto the grass. Your last sensation is of being quickly dragged into the undergrowth. Then, you lose the battle for life.

GAME OVER, or you may continue as one of your PARTY.

If so turn to page 231 and (+30 minutes).

214

You don't feel threatened by the ghost and she appears to simply stay seated by the window. Motionless. Perhaps looking into the darkness outside. You cannot tell, as her face is completely obscured by the veil.

Try to speak to her, go to 229

Touch her, go to 237

Leave the room, go to 231

215

You make your way up from the railway station into the ancient trees. The road is very steep, with a hairpin bend halfway. Another hundred yards and you reach a plateau of farmland. The heat you generated from the climb soon dissipates. The four of you fasten your coats top buttons as the cold sea air begins to creep into your clothes. The road soon reaches a junction, signposted left to Cloughton or right to Ravenscar. You recall being told Lombard House is on the Ravenscar road, so head north.

The lane slowly climbs and meets a high boundary wall to your left that encloses a dense ancient woodland of oak and ash trees. After a short distance, the road crests the summit and a red dusk view of the coast where the North Sea comes into sight. Shipping can be seen, up and down the coast, with red or green lights indicating which way the vessels are heading. There is a gated entrance through the high stone wall, although the gates are wide open, leading into a treelined driveway.

Go to 300

216

You identify this as a star map. Not just any star map but an ancient Sumerian relic. You have seen similar in the British Museum. The markings seem to be calculations and the arrows a projection. Perhaps it indicates a predicted alignment, intercept, eclipse or other stellar event. However, you do not read Sumerian, so the exact meaning is lost on you. Interesting, nonetheless, you wonder if Edward had deciphered the text.

Go to 63

217

You find a rolled-up blueprint for the house, although you notice this is marked on page 2 of 2. Yet the first page is not present.

Roll ARCHITECTURE [1%]

Success, go to 159

Fail, go to 192

218

You find a secret passage concealed within the exterior wall near the front of the house. Looking closer reveals tiny writing, labelling it as a Panic Room. There is an entrance on the North wall of the Study. Via a staircase, it exits into bedroom 6.

go to 31

219

Two staircases come up to the landing from the ground floor. A third staircase is between them, ascending to the top floor. The staircases are wide enough for two and well-defined in high-quality hardwood. Perhaps imported Teak. The bannisters are polished oak wood. The carpeted landing has exits to different areas of the first floor. Opposite the staircase to the second floor is a tall Egyptian Burial Sarcophagus with feline-looking ears. The ancient coffin looks in excellent condition and is obviously well-polished.

Inspect the Sarcophagus, +1 TIME, Roll ARCHEOLOGY [1%]. Success, go to 204

Value this ornate relic, +1 TIME, Roll APPRAISE [5%]. Success, go to 186

Try to open the Sarcophagus, go to 154

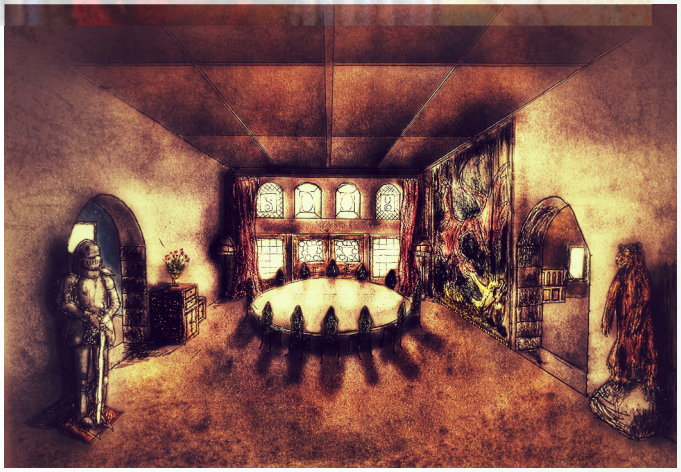
Read the Hieroglyphs, +1 TIME, Roll HIEROGLYPHICS [0%].

Success, go to 36

Fail, You may not try that action again, until tomorrow. Choose again.

Go somewhere else, go to 231

220



Entering the Main Hall in Lombard House, you find it is certainly the largest room in the building. It has whitewashed plaster walls and a ceiling panelled in wooden parquet. The polished floor is noisy, so your footsteps echo around the Hall. There is a large round banquet table and 12 chairs surrounding it. The Hall is large enough to allow the room to be used for ballroom dancing. It has a large amount of leaded and stained glass on the exterior south wall. A pair of French doors open up to the rear of the house, although it is dark outside. Mrs O'Brian enters from the dining room and begins to close the heavy drapes to retain some heat and combat the cold draft you can feel.

A large tapestry on the east wall depicts Saint George slaying the dragon. The stained glass window details all seem to be serpents rearing up. There is a set of carpet bowls on a sideboard next to a huge stuffed Grizzly Bear rearing up. Opposite is a full suit of battle-worn plate armour, complete with a huge 2 handed sword. An ebony and ivory chess set is on a cabinet at one end of the Main Hall partway through a game.

Search the Hall, go to 5

If you have Mrs O'Brian as an ALLY, she leaves. Otherwise, if she has not just left, you can talk to her, go to 227

Study the Bear, go to 101

Study the Armour, go to 141

Study the Tapestry, go to 188

Leave the room, go to 231

221

Snowflakes collect in your hair and on your shoulders as you approach the lone Oak... Now you are nearer, you can get a real sense of the enormous girth of the tree trunk, maybe it is 10 feet across. It is huge and surely the oldest tree you have ever seen in person. Maybe over 500 years old, you guess. Yet it seems more twisted and gnarled than any you have seen. Large numbers of knots litter the trunk and branches.

That is when you see the noose hanging in the tree from a higher bow. The rope looks old and green with moss, but the hangman's knot looks firm enough. How odd that it should have been up there for so long. The wind picks up again. You shiver while wondering if anyone has ever been hung from this tree.

If it is 5th NOVEMBER 11pm - 1am, go to 476

If it is after dark, go to 423

If it is daylight, go to 497

222

Searching the desk, you find little interest in the drawers. Blank paper, envelopes and a book of stamps are in one. A notebook, with pages torn out, in the other.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 243

Fail, go to 32

223

You slowly doze off in the luxury armchair.

If it is daylight (8am-4.30pm), go to 252

If it is after dark (4.30pm to 8am), go to 304

224

You find yourself on the back terrace, outside the Main Hall's double doors. Stone stairs lead down to an Italian sunken garden, a few feet below ground, with a small pond. Beyond is a little, empty summer house facing back towards the main building. Some steps lead up from the pond area to the West, before following a gravel track into the trees. Snow is slowly drifting down. The eerie silence is broken as a murder of magpies lands on the nearby treetops. You count them as they sit clacking, watching you. Seven black and white magpies. They clack again and nimbly fly into the woods behind the summer house.

Walk on the lawn, at the side of the main house, go to 206

Head into the woods, behind the summer house, go to 409

Return inside Lombard House, go to 231

Follow the gravel track to the west, go to 263

225

The narrow beam of moonlight piercing the darkness of the cave illuminates the rock face behind the desk and reveals a triangle of luminous blue moss and in the centre, a green glowing numeral. V, which is the Roman numeral for 5. The beam of moonlight fades as you deduce a cloud is transiting the sky above ground, leaving you in the darkness. The hair stands up on the back of your neck.

If there has been COMBAT in the tunnels, go to 205

Search the papers, go to 380

Head North up the rough staircase, go to 250

Move West, into an adjoining chamber, go to 385

Take the Southern passage, where you feel a breeze, go to 390

Attempt to climb up and out of the crack, go to 335



226

A blue decor and fine drapes make for a plush-looking bed chamber. However, there is no exterior window, only a glass panel above the door. A large wardrobe allows the occupant to hang their clothes next to the high bed. Other than that, there is only a desk and chair furnishing the room. You notice there is a fusty odour.

A large oil painting of a big cat stalking a moonlit forest hangs on the south wall. Underneath it, a brass plate has the inscription, "Trust in the Moon" Signed by H.R.H Victoria. Surely it cannot really be, painted by the late Queen? It is quite a striking painting and a sort of optical illusion, you think. You look around for a while more, but there is nothing else of note, here.

Go to 231

227

Mrs O'Brian sees you are about to speak, so cuts you off, "What do you need Sir/Madame?" You explain that you don't need anything but would like her to tell you where she thinks Edward has put the Faberge egg that you all seek. "Well Sir, I don't rightly know, as I've never seen such an ornament."

The Irish Housekeeper reveals she has worked at Lombard House since 1916. When her husband was killed near the Somme. Edward knew her circumstance and kindly offered her the job after his lifetime housekeeper, Miss Peters, passed away."

She further explains that she lives in the housekeeper's cottage, behind the garage and is never in the house at night. She says her contract explicitly forbids her from being in Lombard House from midnight to 6am. Upon asking why that is, she laughs and replies that Edward was a very eccentric man, so she never asked. "Now, surely you want a cup of tea? You must be parched?"

Try to get on the good side of Mrs O'Brian, go to 24
Explain you don't like tea, go to 21
Ask her about Edward and his activities, go to 242
Accept her offer of tea, go to 196
Let her get on, go to 220



228*

The word on the mirror is "WEST", go to 327

229

You try to speak to the apparition. Her transparent form sits motionless in the window seat. Although her veil seems to slowly billow, as if in a breeze, which isn't there. She never reacts to your questions or greetings. You find it unnerving to see the paranormal up close and undeniable.

Touch her, go to 237
Leave the room, go to 231
Simply watch, go to 241

230

They pull a wad of large, white Bank of England notes from their inside pocket. Count out £200 and hand it to you with a disappointed glance.You put the money on the table and write a bill of receipt for Quint to initial. He smiles and signs with a large cross, using the charcoal pencil, before taking the money. "So, you've got to pick it up in 4 days at Warehouse 16, The Bolts, Scarborough Harbour. 5pm don't be late. Knock 6 times on the side door. I'll see you there to load your truck. Right?" He shakes your hand again before explaining his men will show them out.



Indeed, his men allow you to take your weapons and lead you out up a long ladder from another nearby chamber. A trap door opens in the beer cellar, surrounded by casks and stores of official TAX-stamped alcoholic beverages. Up another flight of stairs before you are shown out of the back door of the public house at the Hayburn Wyke. You cannot believe you got out of there.

GAIN QUINT as an ALLY.

Go to 584

231*



MAP OF HOUSE INTERIOR.

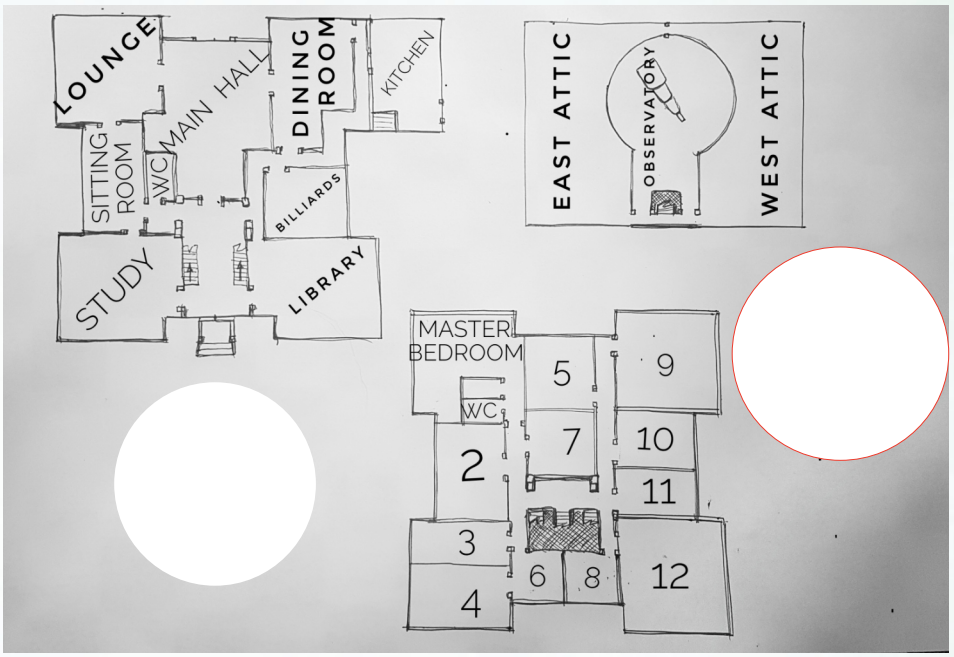
ADD this page to your DIRECT ACCESS LIST, as follows:

"HOUSE MAP, 0 TIME, ANYTIME, ENTRY 231"

*Coming to this page takes ZERO TIME (do not move TIME DICE)

Choose a location and turn to the page indicated.

Lounge		244
Sitting Room		78
Main Hall		220
Entrance Hall		111
Library		6
Study		32
Billiards Room		307
Dining Room		27
Kitchen		315
Landing		219
Master Bedroom		327
Bedroom no.	2	352
	3	12
	4	67
	5	258
	6	52
	7	226
	8	251
	9	139
	10	236
	11	334
	12	313
Observatory		63
East Attic		314
West Attic		377
Front Door		234
Back Door		224
Use a MAP etc		See DIRECT ACCESS LIST on your LOG BOOK. Costs 0 TIME
Revisit key location		See DIRECT ACCESS LIST on your LOG BOOK. TIME cost is noted on D.A.L.



232

"Well, if it ain't my friends. Come sit down and let me buy you a drink," says Tom.

"How are you doing? Is your horse fairing well, Tom?" you ask.

"Aye, it's still a little spooked but settled down well enough, thanks."

Lucy Blake, the barmaid, serves you drinks. You all enjoy the simple warmth of the log fire and a tipple.

"You know you can come and borrow my cob anytime for a ride out, but I bet you didn't realise you own a horse, a damned fine one at that," remarks Tom as he loads his pipe with loose shag tobacco.

"Really? What horse?" you enquire, relaxing in your seat.

"Ajax. He's a beauty, 17 hands high. A strong Hunter, as black as night. Well, he's stabled up at High Farm by Art' Brown. Well, the estate owns him and pays the stabling fees, so I guess you could use him rather than my old Cob. Honestly, that's a damned fine 'oss, maybe the best round these parts. Don't take my word for it. Get yourself up there sometime and take him for a ride out. No better way to see the coast than from 'ossback," Tom takes a drink of his ale.

You thank him for the information and bid them both farewell. Donning your coat and hat, you once more venture into the bleak winter snow.

Go to 584

233

Finding yourself in the enclosed centre of the maze, you feel uneasy. The sky turns a darker shade of grey. The snow resumes, falling slowly to earth. It is an open, circular area with a fountain topped with a marble statue of an angel. She is crouched, looking down at her reflection in the water. The fountain empties into an oblong pond that is set into the ground. The pond has many dead leaves floating on the surface.

If it is your second visit, go to 446
If it is your first visit here, Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]
Success, go to 268
If you search the area, go to 264
Otherwise, leave the area, go to 407

234

You head to the front door and find it's snowing heavily. The weather forecast was correct, in the newspaper you read on the train, about a "long cold snap". It is wintry out here compared to the heated manor house. A fountain is in the centre of the drive. Seems to be a marble likeness of Mercury, holding a brass globe aloft. To your left is the old garage and cottage behind it. To the right the fir-lined driveway, down to the main gate. It is all surrounded by deep English woodland of twisted oak, whose ivy is thick and now partially covered by the laying snow.

Walk down the drive, go to 262
Head around the building, onto the lawn, go to 206
Head to the garage, go to 283
Go into the forest, go to 409
Walk by the garage, towards the cottage behind, go to 384
Go inside, go to 231

235

You look around the Church, but the Reverend is not here. Nor anything of interest, even in the vestry and belfry. You note there is no crypt under this Church. The main things you find of interest are the carved mice on the pulpit and two of the pews. Evidently, they were made by the famous carpenter "Mousey" Thompson.

Go to 555

236

The bedroom is looking tired and some wallpaper is pealing. The pastel colouring suggests a female touch. There are many open, empty wardrobes and chests of drawers. Only 1 garment can be found in these, a black Victorian dress one would wear in mourning, as associated with Queen Victoria herself. It is hung in a wardrobe that seems to have a broken latch, as it keeps swinging open because it won't catch on the lock.

If 9pm to 3am, go to 211
If you examine the dress, go to 248
If you leave the room, go to 231

237*

As your hand connects with the apparition, suddenly, you are paralysed. There is an exchange of energy.

An instant blast of wind emanates between you, blowing her veil over her head. Then you see the maggot-eaten skull beneath, with its jaw wide open and emitting a hellish scream, the likes of which you have never heard before. Her eye sockets are just dark and empty. You feel your blood run cold.

Roll SANITY.
Success, LOSE 1 SANITY
Fail, LOSE 1D8 SANITY (-1 if you have the ORCHID).
If you LOSE 5+ SANITY, Roll INTELLIGENCE
Success, you know there is life after death and it isn't heaven. GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY
Fail, you don't make any connections to your worldview and concentrate on just being scared.
However you cannot flee, you are paralysed. The Pink Lady tries to drain your very soul.
Go to 246.

238*

You begin to methodically search the Sitting room.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 202

Fail, go to 78

239

Looking closer at the two Greek busts flanking the landscape painting, you try to recall their carved names from school.

Roll HISTORY [5%]

Success, go to 256

Fail, go to 27

240

You find this passage opens into a small chamber. The smooth walls are lined with vibrant green moss. While the distant sound of the waves can be felt through the rough-hewn floor. High up in the cave ceiling, there must be a crack, as natural light is shining down as a narrow beam. Seems that whoever uses these tunnels has made use of the illumination by installing an old table and chair underneath. On the table, you find a half-drunk bottle of Rum, various papers and a pencil. There are three exits.

If it is After Dark (4.30pm-8am), go to 225

If there has been COMBAT in the tunnels, go to 205

Search the papers, go to 380

Head North up the rough staircase, go to 250

Move West into an adjoining chamber, go to 385

Take the Southern passage, where you feel a breeze, go to 390

Attempt to climb up and out of the crack, go to 335

241*

You stand back nervously and watch the ghostly apparition, who remains seated by the window. A chill seems to emerge so you can see your breath. After a while, she gets up in a fluid motion. Before she glides to the oil painting. There, she stands looking at it for a few seconds before fading to nothing. You look around, but there is no trace or anything out of place. The room seems to warm up again.

+30 Minutes

Leave the room, go to 231

Take the painting and throw it in the fireplace, go to 168



242

"Well, that's not my place to be saying as he kept himself to himself. He was very professional and didn't talk to me on a personal level," explains Mrs O'Brian, excusing herself from the question.

Go to 227

243

Looking under the desk, you find a folded, five-pound note. The solicitor doesn't seem to have noticed. He is engrossed in his book. You think this could be the only time ever that you have successfully taken some money off a lawyer. Smiling, you pretend to fasten your shoelace while you put the white note in your pocket and move away.

Go to 32

244

This large and airy lounge has a tall window, which is not in keeping with the rest of the manor. The huge drapes and textiles are all pastel olive. There is a refreshing lack of dark hardwood. Sofas and recliners allow many people to be seated comfortably in this square chamber. Shelving up one corner has a mixture of books, mainly fiction.

Beside the window is a large ornate stone column that doesn't quite reach the ceiling. Entwined around the freestanding pillar is a life-size granite statue of a woman with a feline head. The entire theme of this high sculpture seems to be Egyptian in nature, judging by the generic ankh hieroglyphs on the pillar. You cannot begin to imagine the cost and difficulty that would have been involved in transporting this megalith to Lombard House. That is, if it is original and not a fake, of course.

Four paintings hang in a line on the West wall. One pastel is a strange scene of a ship, viewed from a cave, with a waterfall. Another painting depicts a tower. The third dark painting is of a stone circle and mirky clouds. The fourth appears to be of an ancient stone cross under the moon.

Study statue (+1 TIME), Roll ARCHEOLOGY [1%].

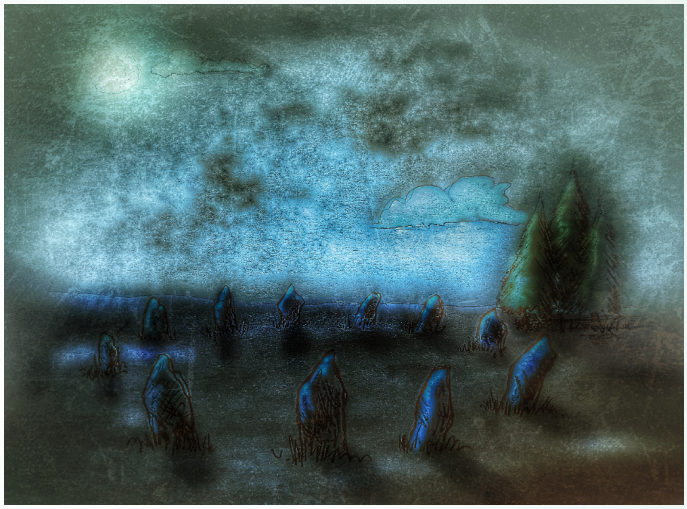
Success, go to 190

SEARCH ROOM (+1D6 TIME) go to 64

Rest on the sofa (+1D6 TIME) go to 4

Leave room, go to 231











245

Judgement gets the better of you. Who would even know what has happened to you if something went wrong? You quickly leave the dank cave between the two red billiards tables. The eerie mist is still slowly pouring out onto the carpet, like a waterfall, in slow motion. It is certainly cold in there, so you back away, unsure of what to do.

Just then, you notice the moonlight fade as a billowing cloud drifts across the full moon. As you watch, the beam of moonlight ceases. Instantly, plunging the unlit room into almost darkness. You see that the cave is once again an ordinary oiled canvas. It is obviously a magical gateway, arcane portal or occult artefact. This is incredible, but would anyone really believe you if you told them? You decide it is a good idea to keep it to yourself to avoid being taken to an Asylum.

ADD "MAGIC, 3 TIME, NIGHT ONLY, ENTRY 26" onto your DIRECT ACCESS LIST. This means the MAGIC GATE is only accessible after dark (4.30pm-8am) and costs 3 TIME to, go Direct to 26.

You leave the room, go to 231

246*



COMBAT

The PINK LADY GHOST has a POWER of 75.

Roll her POWER. Then roll your own POWER.

If your result is not a better level of success than the ghosts, you lose the round.

If you both roll the same level of result, you lose the round.

If you lose the round, LOSE 1D6 POWER. Add this value to the ghost's POWER. Roll again, as above.

While locked in this battle for your soul, you are frozen and cannot make a sound.

However, during the mental duel, you experience many moments of sorrow, such as very brief visions and strong emotions.

- A woman's broken body is rushed through the front door by a distraught Edward, along with a bulky ancient tome that is locked shut.
- Edward and a man in military uniform hugging before the officer leaves.
- A naval commander lying in a coffin in the Main Hall, surrounded by wreaths.
- Edward Lombard shouts into the house how he will never rest until evil is vanquished. Before he slams the front door.
- A lady of the house is being taken away by men in white coats as she tries to fight them off. "Help us all! He's coming..." she yells.
- Edward opens an official letter and breaks down, weeping.
- A previous housekeeper, screaming in terror at an unseen horror. Dropping the crockery, smashing on the floor.
- Edward sat with a revolver to his own head before putting it down and sobbing into a whisky bottle.

As soon as you win a round, the ghost vanishes, ending the attack. You leave the room in semi-shock at what just happened. Looking over your shoulder in fear, you return to your bedroom. You feel drained and retire to bed.

If your POWER reaches 0, you slump to the ground, DEAD with heart failure due to your blood suddenly turning to ice, they later discover at autopsy. Your spirit is trapped in Lombard House, perpetually hiding from the Dark Cosmic Entity that inhabits the place. Choose which remaining member of your PARTY becomes the main investigator. GAIN 5 ELDRITCH POINTS.

Either way, Go to NEXT SLEEP EVENT (1am)

247*

By searching the entrance hall, you find nothing of note, except a book of matches and pipe on top of the grandfather clock. You recall Edward was partial to a pipe, now and then. The book of matches is half used and from the WESTON HOTEL, London. On the rear, in pencil, is the word "A.MAZING". You wonder about its relevance.

+1D3 TIME

GAIN MATCHES.

Go to 111

248

You remove the jet-black dress from the wardrobe and study the materials and stitching. Immediately, it is obvious this garment is one of the finest you have seen. However, you note it is probably 30 years old judging by the style. There is a seamstress tag inside, McRoy of Edinburgh. Maybe there is a dark stain across the dress, as it has a dull sheen on the left side. Perhaps it is blood?

If you wish, you can choose to GAIN DRESS and put it in your room for further study. Too large to carry, Add to LUGGAGE.

Go to 231

249

You pause before daring to look back into the telescope again. In case you should witness some awful cosmic horror again. However, you are relieved to see the view is normal. Snow is falling, causing nothing to be seen, as the lens is wet. You close the dome's shutter with the chain pulley. Happy to keep the harsh Yorkshire weather outside.

Go to 63

250

This is the largest cavern you have seen in this cave system. Maybe 20 yards long and up to 10 yards wide. It is bone dry but smells of the nearby sea. Various barrels and crates are stored here, all marked as alcoholic spirits. You proceed and find amongst the dark recesses are 3 exits. The faint, deep rumble of the waves is all you can hear and the air is laced with salt.

A winding tunnel heads West, go to 355

A rough passage heads south, down rough cut steps, go to 240

To the East another passage twists out of sight, go to 370

251

The bland-looking bedroom is functional, with basic square furniture and no frills upholstery. An upright piano is against the Western wall. However, it is not in tune at all. Above hangs a small watercolour landscape. Entitled "Jugger Howe Beck" signed by J. Lombard. Searching around, even inside the piano, you find nothing of interest. Although you do find a full box of matches underneath.

You may choose to GAIN MATCHES

Go to 231

252*

Waking with a jolt, you realise the clock has woken you on the strike of the next full hour. Move TIME DICE to the next Hour (not half hour) and set it to 1. So this could almost be a full hour, depending on when you fell asleep.

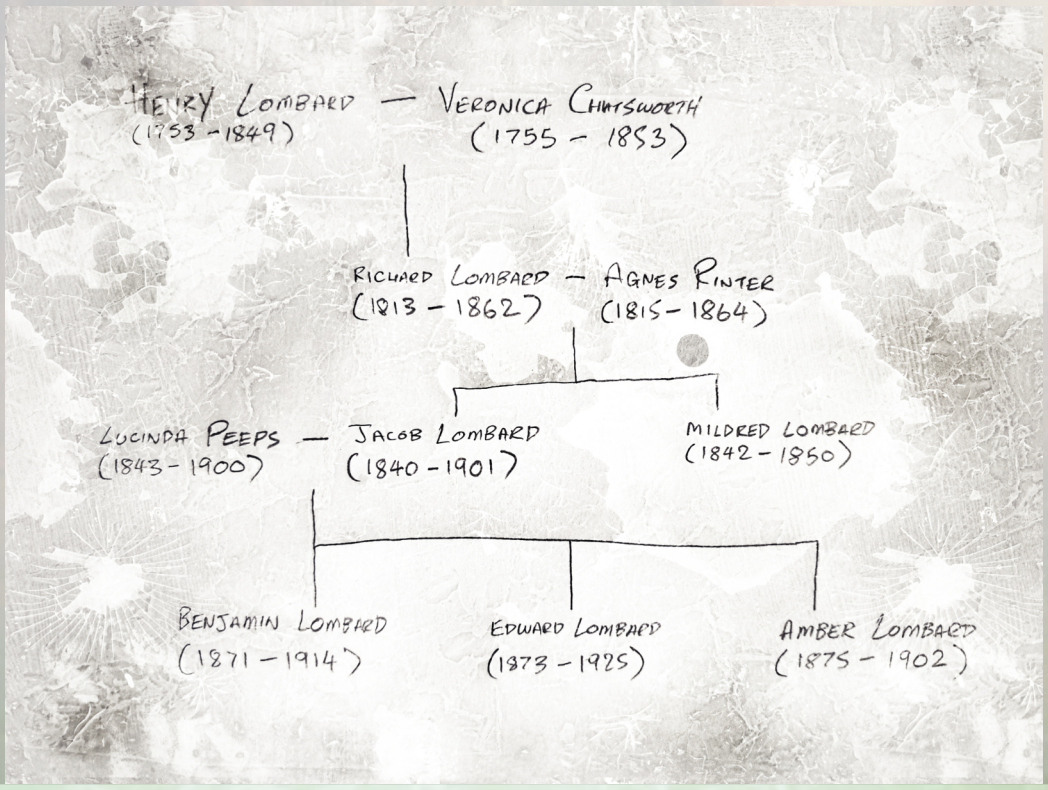
Restore any lost CONSTITUTION or effects of Alcohol.

Go to 91

253

Meticulously searching the parish records, you find a Lombard family tree. Strangely, Edward's year of death is already pencilled in. GAIN FAMILY TREE.

Go to 31



254*

If this is not your first visit to this location, go to 339.

Otherwise, you climb down the steep stone steps towards the cellar.

However, after only 3 steps, you feel a heavy shove from behind and begin to fall.

LOSE 3 ELDRITCH POINTS.

Roll DODGE for a random member of the PARTY who is not the Main Character (unless alone).

Success, go to 197

Fail, go to 267

255

"Well, this isn't a tapestry or carpet at all. Really, it is a banner. A battle standard from the Crusades, probably the 3rd Crusade, by all accounts. Some suggest the standard was carried towards Jerusalem by the Knights Templar. However, the evidence is slim, as no pictures of the banner of Saint George have ever been confirmed. Yet, it matches the written description from the chronicles of Earl Harleck, who was in the campaign. Anyway, some suggest the banner was brought back to England by the Templars.

Legend says it was used to wrap the Ark of the Covenant on its journey to Scotland. However, it is all simply tales and folklore, as there is no proof of such claims.

Harleck suggested the banner was made in the Abbey of Rievaulx, near Helmsley and depicted the slaying of the Dragon by Saint George. Which, he suggested was a real incident attributed to the Duchy of Northumberland in the latter Dark Ages. He wrote in his diary that a great blight fell upon an area. This evil serpent emerged from the ground, eating the livestock and killing the farmers. A passing Knight, George of Ayton did stalk and track it to its subterranean lair. There, in the entrance, he fought it over a day, both combatants badly wounded. Finally, the righteous Knight slew the vile creature by decapitation, as seen on this embroidered cloth. I think it makes a great story, but I am doubtful of its provenance, to be honest. However, the Bishop has upgraded it to a grade three relic, which helps with Church funding."

"That's great, thanks. Tell me about Edward", go to 445

"Would you like to come and bless the House", go to 460

"What did you do, before running the Parish?" go to 195

"Tell me about the Lombard family", go to 415

"Thank you, but, I best be leaving", go to 555

256*

You recall XENOPHANES was a Greek philosopher from before Socrates established the main School of Philosophy. He was also a poet. He was quoted as saying, "One God, Greatest, amongst gods and human beings. Not at all like humans in body or thought."

ZENO was of similar background and thinking. You recall he was known for his thoughts on Paradox theories...

Go to 27

257*

The second picture, in the Billiard Room, appears to be a photograph of some weird scene in a forest. Perhaps backlit at dusk. However, in the centre of the shot, there is a peculiar silhouette of a tree. Or, you think it is a tree. If not, what would have three legs and a tentacle-like appendage as a head? It is definitely captivating and gives you an unexplainable sense of unease.

Roll CTHULHU MYTHOS [0%]

Success, go to 109

Fail, go to 91

258

It is a pleasant bedroom, with red decor and thick rouge carpet. The large bed has a thick down duvet, ideal for winter. A small cupboard allows storage for the resident's effects, with only a dressing table and chair in the room. Through the window surrounded by ivy, a limited view shows the Italian gardens and a corner of a hedge maze between the heavy tree canopy. Miles further, to the South, the headland of Flamborough can be made out across the sea due to the flashing lighthouse. A critical beacon for those in peril on the sea

A large stained lithograph is on the east wall, depicting a large bird, you identify as a Raven, flying by a mountain top.

Search the room, go to 272

Leave the room, go to 231

259

The SAFE lock clicks. You turn the large handle and the 5" thick stainless steel door swings open. Looking inside, you see a crawl space of 5 feet that opens into a chamber. Once inside, you find this steel-lined room is 10'x10'x10'. This metal chamber has a stool and a small desk in 1 corner. On the table is a Thompson SMG with 2 drums magazines and 2 x 20-round stick mags. There is a Mills Bomb in the bottom drawer, while there is another submachine gun, stripped into pieces in the top drawer.

Opening a file on the desk titled "LAY LINE" reveals that it is empty. Another file is about fatal attacks on livestock around the estate farms. There are many and this details how the farmers were well compensated, by Edward, for any such losses. Then a scribbled note with a snapped pencil beside it reads :

"To fail is all we can expect. At least, we all tried. For I would have it no other way.
There is no more noble goal than to rid the world of its very worst evils.
For now, the Bringer Of Darkness has seen you there is no escape.
He is maybe standing behind you now, as you read my words. Fear the dark.
To those who follow me, be strong and stay near the light. Trust in the moonlight.
I am still with you and reflect your spirit.
Ed"

Four medium-sized ingots of gold are under the paperwork. Weighing perhaps 5kg each! They must be worth tens of thousands of pounds!

At the back of the SAFE is a larger heavily locked VAULT doorway. The door is a massive slab of Stainless Steel with a large keyhole, just like the original SAFE. However, there are also 4 combination dials and a huge handle. The four combinations are marked above as a cross, a circle, a square and a triangle.

At any stage, you can return directly here from page 231, using your DIRECT ACCESS LIST, by adding this to your list:
"VAULT, 1 TIME, ANYTIME, ENTRY 603"
Leave the SAFE and head upstairs, go to 231
Attempt to Pick the Lock, go to 1184
Attempt to put in the combination, go to 603

260

You are not sure about the Latin, something about the "Dark" perhaps?
The nearby vestry door opens, surprising you. A man enters, dressed in black, with the dog collar of a priest. He is wearing a black hat and half spectacles, sporting a well-groomed but greying beard.

"Well, Hello there." he greets you with a smile. You shake his hand and notice he has a bible in the other. "I'm the Reverend, Martin Pashby. I've led the Parish here for three decades. It's always a pleasure to meet new parishioners and I have heard you are the new residents at Lombard House. News travels fast around these parts, as little happens, of note.

It is a shame you couldn't make Edward's Funeral. Everybody in the area turned out and it was a beautiful day, to lay him to rest with the rest of his family. Well, other than Ben, he never made it home." He looks at you, "The war took, him and his body was never found. Forever, in Flanders Fields." He crosses himself. "Anyway, it's the end of the Lombard line and tenure at the Big House. Everything has an end, but it is the beginning of something new, your residency. I was good friends with Edward and would happily answer any questions if you have any?"

"That's great, thanks. Tell me about Edward", go to 445
"Would you like to come and bless the House", go to 460
"What did you do, before running the Parish?" go to 195
"Tell me about the Lombard family", go to 415
"What is the History of this tapestry?' go to 255

261

You begin to fly into the painting, or that is how it feels. Maybe it is just your consciousness? You are not really sure. What is happening? You drift above the dark lake, across the dark night sky, down towards the strange castle, on the knife-edge cliffs.

You are never seen or heard from ever again in this world. Yet in the DREAMLANDS you live on.... Your possessions are found beneath the painting the next morning.....

You may choose to continue as another INVESTIGATOR from your previous Party who finds the equipment.
If so, +30 Minutes, go to 231
Otherwise, it is GAME OVER.

262

On the driveway, the snow lands on your shoulders and begins to collect in places. To your left is the forest, but to your right is a lawn with a huge lone oak tree smothered in the snow. The tree is so big, it must be ancient. As you near the gateway, the horizon is barely visible through the drifting snowflakes. A few faint flickers of lights indicate ships out on the North Sea, to the east, visible from this elevated position. You tighten your collar against the cutting wind blowing in from the sea.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 284

Otherwise choose,

Walk along the road left, go to 555

Head down the road to the right, go to 564

Walk up the drive, go to 234

Check out the lone tree, go to 221

Walk the forest perimeter (+30 minutes), go to 484

Head into the woodland, go to 409

263

You are on a gravel track, cutting through the old woodland that comes to a junction. The surrounding fir trees are a bright white, as their canopy is deep in the accumulated snowfall. The silence is deafening now you have stood still at the parting of ways.

Head South, go to 273

Head West, go to 471

Head East, towards the house, go to 224

Leave the track, go to 409

264

You start to look around at the statue but find no other details other than her hair is sculpted, as if being braided around the back. It suggests, at least to you, that she isn't an angel but actually a Nordic Valkyrie.

Moving around the perimeter of the circular area, you struggle in the poor light to find anything around the base of the giant hedge that almost surrounds you.

Deciding to now focus on the shallow pond, you peer through the water and think the pond appears only a foot deep.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 439

Fail, you find nothing and decide to leave, go to 407

265*

The word on the mirror is "JUDAS" go to 327

266*

The black creature's bite strikes inches from your head. You now see what it is from up close. Oh my Lord, nightmares are real! This flying terror is a forty-foot snake-like creature, though its hide looks more like loose rope than smooth scales. It has 2 long, leathery wings that remind you of a broken umbrella. Yet worst of all is its glowing red eyes emitting a sense of pure evil. While the vast open maw seems lined with huge rows of black, razor-sharp teeth. It reminds you of a shark, yet has the fangs of a snake. You feel insignificant compared to this monstrous horror that is hunting you amongst the dense falling snow.

ROLL SANITY

Success, go to 393

Fail, go to 432

267

You go head over heels down the sharp stone staircase. Tumbling all the way into the cellar.

LOSE (1D6 +1 + Your BUILD) HIT POINTS.

If you sustain half your total hit points or more this fall, you have a MAJOR WOUND. You have fractured a bone. If so, go to 294

Otherwise, you dust yourself off, go to 339

268*

You notice something glinting in the half-light of the shallow pond. Maybe it is gold?

Roll up your sleeve and fish it out, go to 291

Otherwise, go to 233

269*

You carefully develop the film. It comes out well. The negatives show various locations. Some are recognisable as being inside Lombard House. There is a photograph, obviously, in the Dining Room that shows a strange anomaly. In fact, it makes the hairs on the back of your neck stand on end. As a woman is sitting at a table, it is apparent that she is transparent. The woman is heavily veiled, so her face cannot be seen. You know a shot could be created through a clever double exposure on a tripod.The so-called "Spirit Photography" technique is used by modern mystics. Examples are often proven fake by newspapers and scientists. However, you don't feel that was the kind of photography that Edward would employ. Perhaps you are wrong and Edward dabbled in fakes?

Go to 361

270*

COMBAT

You decide that these cutthroat smugglers are not the people to surrender to. So, you open fire. Remember that having a gun in your hand adds 50 to your DEXTERITY, regards Initiative.

Everyone counts as being in cover, as you are both on either side of the same crate. However, it is also point-blank range.

This means all shooting is just regular dice rolls.

If you Ambushed them, you get an ADVANTAGE DICE on your first shot.

The Main Investigator gets the opening shot, but the order after that is from DEXTERITY. The Smugglers have these statistics:

SMUGGLER

STR 40 CON 50 DEX 45 INT 60
APP 30 POW 30 EDU 40 SAN 30
HIT POINTS 10

Armour: none.
Attacks per round: 1 vs a RANDOM PARTY Member.
Roll 1D6

1-2	Brawl	45% (22/9), damage 1D3
3-6	Pistol	40% (20/8), (damage 1d6+1)



No one can counter-attack or Dodge in the confines of the cramped cave. You take your turn to Attack.

Fight several rounds until one side is victorious.

They don't surrender, even if wounded and their fear of going to the noose means they fight to the death (0 HIT POINTS).

If the PARTY are all Killed, the story ends here, at the hands of simple criminals. GAME OVER.

If you kill them, you must Roll SANITY.

Success, you justify the act as self-defence from murderers.

Fail, means you LOSE 1 SANITY from ending a human life.

Then Roll SANITY again for seeing the bloodied, dead bodies.

Success, you ignore the gore and body horror. Keep Calm and Carry On,

Fail, LOSE 1 SANITY, from the sight of the terrible bloodbath.

Searching them reveals their wallets, with a few pounds inside and their identities, James Squire and Jack Hobbs.

There is a passage leading West, go to 250

While steps lead down a tunnel, to the South, go to 379

271

Your efforts against the heavy stone sarcophagus door are rewarded. It begins to move and opens once you get some impetus. Revealed inside is what you anticipated all along, a Mummy. The embalmed remains of an ancient person are wrapped in cloth strips. Devoid of moisture, the cadaver has not begun to rot, as usual. Instead, the body has been preserved like jerky. The face of the mummified Egyptian is more exposed than the body. It is a horrific green colour with a texture like leather. The eyes are shrunken and it gives you a horrid, creepy feeling.

Roll SANITY.

Success, you accept it is just an inanimate object and not to be feared.

Fail, LOSE 1D2 SANITY (-1 if you have an ORCHID), as this corpse is the stuff of nightmares.

You notice, on the inside of the sarcophagus door, there is a marking. Scratched onto the surface is a pentagram with an eye in the centre. You search around without defiling the body but find nothing. You push the heavy granite door closed again.

Go to 219

272

Searching the room, you leave no place unchecked. There is nothing to be found amongst the bedding, only a bedpan under the bed. The cupboard has a couple of candles. Yet, a search of the dressing table reveals nothing at all. Seems like any typical bedroom, in an old mansion. That is when you notice a box of matches by the corner. GAIN MATCHES.

Go to 231

273

Following the winding trail through a dense rowan thicket, you emerge before a huge privet hedge stretching off left and right. It is well-trimmed to be completely straight and square-cornered. Looking up into the dark sky, you can see the hedge is perhaps 10 feet high. Snow is drifting down lightly. In front of you, there is a gap in the hedge but another straight hedge behind it. You move to the junction and look both ways realising you are in a hedge maze.

Proceed left into the maze, go to 324

Move to the right in the maze, go to 298

Head back to the house, (+30 minutes), go to 231

Leave the Maze and return to junction in the woods, go to 263

274

You hear a noise behind the hiss of gently laying snow. A distant, distinct, flapping sound, then again closer. A fear comes over you. Suddenly, you feel very exposed, in the centre of this barren snow field, by the dead horse. You quickly surmise this is not a safe place to be stood and begin to run back towards the standing stone. Dashing briskly through the falling flakes of snow, you hear the sound, louder now, like someone opening an umbrella. Your route is uphill. The snow is slippery, yet you persist. Again, you hear the terrifying flaps close behind you now as you pass the standing stone and run, hunched over into the archway under the tower. You sense a shadow pass across you. Turning, you see a dark shape flying straight up, out of sight, into the mass of swirling snowflakes.

Go to 428

275

You read the Latin text as, “Only the Will of the Light can Defeat the Darkness.” Just then the nearby vestry door opens and a man enters, wearing black, with the dog collar of a priest. He is wearing a black hat and half spectacles, with a large well-groomed greying beard. “Well, Hello there.” he greets you with a smile. You shake his hand and notice he has a bible in his other. “I’m the Reverend Martin Pashby. I’ve led the Parish here for three decades. It’s always a pleasure to meet new parishioners. I have heard you are the new residents at Lombard House. News travels fast around these parts, as little happens, of note. It is a shame you couldn’t make Edward’s Funeral. Everybody in the area turned out. It was a beautiful day to lay him to rest with the rest of his family. Well, other than Ben, he never made it home.” He looks at you, “The war took him and his body was never found. Forever, in Flanders Fields.” He crosses himself. “Anyway, Everything has an end, but it is the beginning of something new, your residency. I was good friends with Edward and would be happy to answer any questions if you have any?”

“That’s great, thanks. Tell me about Edward”, go to 445

“Would you like to come and bless the House”, go to 460

“What did you do before running the Parish?” go to 195

“Tell me about the Lombard family”, go to 415

“What is the History of this tapestry?’ go to 255

276

Opening the locker door. Inside, you find an ammo box. It contains :

80 buckshot cartridges for the 12-bore shotguns. (20 shells per gun). 4D6 Damage (deduct ARMOUR from each DICE)
50 rounds for the .303 on a hunting Bandolier. 2D6+4 Damage
The elephant gun has 12 huge shells of NITRO EXPRESS in a leather pouch on a strap. 3D6+4 DAMAGE

Plenty of ammunition for any local game shoot or deer stalk, you think.
You may take the AMMO for the guns you carry only, or you will be encumbered. So you decide against going overboard.

Go to 327

277



He opens another door and shows you all into the Sitting Room. An attractive lady in her 20s is sitting reading Cosmopolitan magazine on one of 3 luxurious sofas. The decor is very contemporary in contrast to the hardwood-panelled rooms you have already seen.
She raises an eyebrow in a half-hearted attempt to acknowledge and ignore you. Turning to display that she is more interested in the article. Her clothing and hair are the latest trends, with long, manicured nails and bright makeup.
Mr Grey introduces you all to Miss Eleanor Harris, who you notice is wearing an orchid. She smiles and says, “Delighted to meet you.” Putting down her magazine, you all get chatting and in exchange, she volunteers that Edward had been her guardian. Ever since her parents both died in a car crash a decade ago. He had paid for her tuition, graduating through the Royal College of Music Arts. Now, she is the resident harpist at the London Philharmonic Orchestra. He was a wonderful mentor but visited rarely. However, he never made her feel indebted for his donor-ship and is ever thankful for his support. She seems upset at his passing.

Roll PSYCHOLOGY [10%]

Success, go to 212
Fail, go to 55

278

As you look at the all too familiar scene, the painting seems to warp and begin to melt. The colours grow more vibrant and details seem to dance and writhe. The reflection of the water on the lake is mesmerising. You cannot look away. You feel this scene is straight out of your dreams as a small child and it scares you. Like only the darkest dreams from childhood can. You feel the blood drain from you in a moment of total dread.

You see time accelerate as the Sun and stars traverse the now visible sky, faster and faster, the days moving by in mere seconds and the now even quicker than that, just flashes of the Sun, a ball of light, seemingly wobbling, round and round you. Time fades to mere seconds, being years and then as the phenomenon continues to accelerate, the flashing of light becomes indecipherable and just a constant glow.

You see the aeons pass, like shadows, as the stars warp and change before slowly retracting towards a central point. You are plunged into a darker phase, as it seems you have travelled so far back that our local Sun doesn’t exist yet. The star field merges into one central dot of light that suddenly implodes. Followed by a horrific darkness. You know you are aware and conscious, yet nothing can be seen. You are stood in the darkest of dark before any light existed in the cosmos.

Could it be you have just watched the universe revert to a central point that exploded, in a kind of “big bang”?

Then you see in the dark something glowing, that central point. While approaching it, some collection of orbs or spheres. They move like an organism under a microscope, a protozoa or similar. The orbs seem to absorb the dot of glowing energy. Another similar entity emerges from the gloom, pulsating. Then, you observe as the large life form sets about the smaller and absorbs it before it shrinks and pulsates off into the dark.

Then you find yourself back staring at the painting. GAIN 1D4 CTHULHU MYTHOS.

Roll SANITY.

Success, LOSE 1 SANITY from this waking, out-of-body experience.
Fail, LOSE 1D8 SANITY (-1 if you have ORCHID)

If you lose 5 or more, go to 261

Otherwise, go to 327

279*

LOCAL MAP 2

This map depicts the area North of Lombard House, beyond Statondale.

KEY

- - - - Green Lane. Motor vehicles may class this as a road.

—>— Road. The arrow points up any gradient.

River, Stream or Dyke

-+-+- Railway Line.

Train Station

Remember how to read this MAP. You get 3 DIGITS in the order of RED, WHITE, BLUE. This is only used for vehicle transportation.

eg. BEACON MILL has a Grid Reference of 651.



280

You hear the footsteps of two distinct individuals approaching. The light of a lantern comes into the chamber. As they enter the dank sea cavern, one says, “I don’t like this one bit, Jim. I’m sure I seen someone poking about on the cliffs. I hope they ain’t on to us because I’m not going to let ‘em take me alive. Them bloody customs men can go to hell!”

The second man replies, “Well, seems you were right. Come out from behind there, or we will shoot!”

Come out with your hands up and surrender, go to 1136

Open fire, go to 270

281

Suddenly, apparently, from nowhere, you are aware of a massive dark shape, briefly blocking out the rising moon above you. Amongst the heavy snowfall, you feel exposed, so begin to move back to the tower. In only a split second, a giant dark horror lurches out of the wall of snowflakes on monstrous umbrellalike wings. You react to the sudden attack and get a chance to dive out of the way.

Roll DODGE,

Success, go to 266

Fail, go to 210

282

You knock the snow from the object and realise you have found the Faberge Egg that Edward challenged the beneficiaries to locate. It appears flawless in craftsmanship, jewels and gold alike. It is amazing to think this artefact is now yours and how much it must be worth. It could change your life. You certainly feel you are making progress. A thought that helps you cope with the stresses so far.

GAIN 1 SANITY.

GAIN FABERGE EGG.

You set off to leave the Maze. Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, after (+30 minutes) you arrive back at 231

Fail, go to 233

283



You move to the front of the large, old garage. Where you find that the sliding, folding door is unlocked. Pulling it noisily open, you see inside is a dim but dry space. Mainly filled by two vehicles, parked side by side and covered in huge dust sheets. Behind them are a workbench and tools, although you notice they are for wood, not engineering on motorcars.

Look at the cars, go to 376

Search the garage (+30 minutes), go to 297

Walk behind the garage, towards the cottage, go to 384

Head back to the house, go to 234

284

At the edge of the trees, you notice behind the large entrance pillar is a standing stone. You take a closer look and find it is inlaid with carvings. They look ancient and are badly worn by erosion. The most notable are depicting serpents and the moon.

Roll HISTORY [5%] or ARCHEOLOGY [1%]

Success, go to 54

Fail, go to 262

285

Sifting through the accounts you find a large bill of £5455 was paid to the leading Locksmith, called VON KEMPELEN, when the house was built, but the work is unspecified.
A series of 10 red ledgers detail the cash flow involved in Henry Lombards Expeditions.
The books are numbered and labelled as follows:

1. Mongolia
2. Alaska
3. Easter Island
4. Madagascar
5. Australia
6. Antarctica
7. Namibia
8. Egypt
9. Siberia
10. Falkland Islands

These expeditions, apparently, have huge costs involved and appear to take around a year each. Interestingly, there are also 2 similar green ledgers labelled as 11. Peru and 12. Himalayas. These have been written in different handwriting, to the red books.

The other accounts for the estate itself cover all the day-to-day running. From wages and maintenance costs to fuel and food bills. A noticeable bill of £11,000 to purchase and transplant a full-size oak tree from the Scottish Isle of Arran in 1826 stands out as being extraordinary and ludicrous in cost. A builder charged £6450 to build the brick folly in 1900. In 1908, £9,460 was spent on the new pattern telescope. In 1917, during the Russian Revolution, there was a bill of receipt for a Faberge Egg, to the tune of £7500, equivalent in Rubbles, from the Mensheviks Government of Russia.

Go to 32

286

You have never heard of the Bh'Tanga Island Archipelago. Maybe you should have paid more attention in school. You wonder if it is off the coast of Africa, perhaps?

Go to 78

287

You screw the three parts of the bizarre key together. As they tighten up, it turns out, they form the strangest and longest key you have ever seen. The lock that fits this must be one of the most complex ever created. It is truly a work of art in its own right. Designed and made by a true artisan.

GAIN VAULT KEY

You all look at each other and smile as things are coming together. Perhaps you can triumph over the unseen enemy. There is still hope. Man is not defenceless from the harbingers of evil.

GAIN 1D2 SANITY

Go to 603

288*

You notice the spine of this old book is unusually thick. Upon investigation, you realise something is inside the spine. You can feel it as a solid ridge in the leather when closed. Looking closer, you discover the top of the spine has a leather flap. Once opened, it reveals a miniature key that you manage to pull out. Now, this is a mystery!
Edward really has made this hard to find if he put it here. Then you realise the book isn't modified, so the key has maybe been there by design. How odd? Yet, it piques your curiosity. The key is delicate and cast of silver metal, with fine scrollwork of flowing lines decorating this tiny object. They form a pattern. Really quite clever in design, almost mesmerising, in its shapes. Almost like an octopus, you wonder, what could it fit?

GAIN, BOOK KEY.

Go to 35

289*

You try to develop the roll of film you had found that Edward must have taken before his death.

Roll PHOTOGRAPHY [1%]

Success, go to 269

Fail, go to 361 (the photos don't come out at all)

Extreme Fail, go to 303

290

You approach the altar, two steps above the rest of the chapel. Once at the steps, you see it is carpeted, with a thin, red tapestry. It appears to be a little warn and you suspect it is exceedingly old. The altar itself is simple and draped in a white cloth. Upon it is a large cross of a gold colour. You presume it is painted wood. The carpet is more likely a tapestry or flag now you are beside it and see it is a scene depicting a fully armoured knight with a huge great sword planted in front of him. One hand holds the hilt, while his right holds up a head. Some weird mythical serpent, it would seem, with its huge mouth open.

Behind him, there is a cross. Beneath the knight is a scrolled text in Latin.

Roll LATIN [0%]

Success, go to 275

Fail, go to 260

291

You kneel on the plinth surrounding the shallow pond, adjust your clothing to stay dry and put your arm into the water. It is certainly cold, but it is snowing, after all. Reaching down further your upper arm goes into the water and you find the object and take hold of it.

If it is after dark (4.30pm - 8am), go to 331

If it is daylight (8am - 4.30pm), go to 369

292*

You recognise this Cosmic Horror for exactly what it is, NYARLATHOTEP, The Crawling Chaos, Thing with a Thousand Forms and Messenger of the Outer Gods. You have read about this three-legged, tentacle-headed beast in the Mythos Tomes and maybe even seen him in your forgotten nightmares.

LOSE 1D10 SANITY (-1 if you have ORCHID)

If you lose 5+ SANITY, Roll INTELLIGENCE

Success, you accept this really exists, GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY.

Fail, you are scared by its appearance, but you can run away.

You flee in PANIC, running down the stairs to your bedroom and locking the door. You hide under the bed from something you sense is real and nearby. After a while (+30 minutes) you pull yourself together and decide to move on with the investigation.

Go to 231

293

Defiantly, you stand your ground and ignore the maelstrom of objects between you and the levitating black dress. The objects stop and then fall to the ground before eventually the dress does too. You decide it is best to leave the room and come back, to look in the morning.

Go to 231

294

You crawl upstairs and Mrs O'Brian is just returning into the kitchen and calls for help upon seeing you. You are put to bed and receive FIRST AID. You are strapped up with a sling. No culprit seems to be evident and no one can offer any leads to spotting anyone with an opportunity. You rest in bed with no choice of your own. The PARTY show care for you and uses the time to rest and discuss amongst themselves any theories about the whole debacle.

HEAL 1D3 HIT POINTS.

Move the TIME DICE to the next SCHEDULED EVENT. Set the TIMEDICE to 1.

Go to the indicated ENTRY number, marked on the TIMESHEET.

295

You hear a crunch under your foot. Indeed, there is something there. You crouch to pick it up and find it is some fragment of stained glass. Being careful not to cut yourself, you struggle to lift it in 1 fractured piece, a few inches square. Once offered to the light, you can see it is a red glaze with yellow scrollwork. Upon the scroll, there is some Latin, with a knight's helmet on the remaining fragment.

Roll LATIN [0%]

Success, go to 325

Fail, go to 589

296*

You suddenly notice someone out of the window, moving quickly towards the gate, down the drive. A woman, wearing a billowing white garment and striking red hair, you lose sight almost as fast as you see her through a gap in the bushes.

Go down there and investigate, go to 2

Leave the room, go to 231

Otherwise, go to 313

297*

At the back of the garage is a wood bench and workshop. It is full of tools and lengths of all different types of timbers. You look through boxes and crates full of nails and fixings. Eventually, after half an hour, your search reveals a small tin with fireworks inside is found under the bench. Sparklers, with a set of ground effects and Roman Candles.

+30 Minutes

Roll DEMOLITIONS [1%]

Success, go to 311

Fail, go to 386

298

You find the high hedges that have kept the snow from laying on much of the ground within the maze. You cannot see where you left tracks, like in the woods. You follow a long winding route through the hedge maze, moving to a junction and looking to your left, realise you are back, at the only way out.

Proceed left into the maze, go to 324

Move to the right in the maze, go to 298

Head back to the house, (Add +30 minutes to TIME), go to 231

Leave the Maze and return to the junction in the woods, go to 263

299*

You don't need to climb the obelisk if you can knock off the item using a snowball.

Roll THROW, you get enough snow down here for only 3 snowballs. If any roll is a Success, go to 282

Otherwise, go to 329

300

Passing through the large iron gates into the Lombard estate, the house comes into view. Walking up the drive, you get a good look at the Manors frontage. The construction is typical of the Tudor revival style, with whitewashed walls and black timber beams. It has two floors and wings, with a central, copper-clad turret green from verdigris. Numerous leaded windows indicate there are many rooms. It is an impressive, well-maintained building. The garden looks managed with lawns cut recently. A garage is to the right of Lombard House, with a small cottage visible behind. The manor is ringed by a mature deciduous woodland set back from the grass. Dense black smoke drifts up from the chimneys into the winter night sky.

Now that the sun has almost set, it has started to drop in temperature, making you feel underdressed. You approach the fountain, ringed by the driveway. It is a granite statue of Eros holding a bronze sphere outstretched towards the house. Water trickles from the top of the ball into the small pond surrounding him. Above the entranceway is carved an old coat of arms, representing an anchor and rope. Obviously nautical. It is carved into the stonework of the vestibule and looks wether worn. The front door is made of heavy timber with iron bands and a large brass handle. A recessed knob is a pull doorbell.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 122

Fail, go to 71

301

From this point in the investigation, there is a need to monitor TIME.

The current TIME is 5:30pm on DAY 1 (3rd November 1925). To keep track of the passing of time, use the TIMESHEET. Each square on the SHEET represents half an hour. Place 1D6 or 1D8 on the TIMESHEET, this is called the TIME DICE. Place it in the top left square. Have the dice display the number 1. Note, that you can write numbers in the squares or hatch marks instead of using a DICE.

See page 6 for the TIMEKEEPING Rules

Got to 39

302

This scrapbook contains newspaper clippings from the Yorkshire Herald, Scarborough Evening News and Whitby Gazette.

1891 - A herd of 22 cows were found to have run off the high cliffs near Ravenscar and fallen to their deaths. No reason was found for their actions. It was considered they got spooked and disorientated in the fog.

1895 - A local farmer, Reggie Hulthwaite, reported being attacked and chased by a flying creature across his fields one night. He was badly injured and being assessed by Doctors who considered him insane and to have self-harmed. He was admitted to the Asylum at Boggle Hole.

1896 - Meteor lands in the sea, off Cloughton Wyke. Seen by many fishermen and farmers while the blast was heard as far as Pickering, Scarborough and Whitby. No damage or injuries were reported.

1898 - Unsolved arson attack on the Statondale church. Fires were lit at both entrances during Sunday service. The surviving congregation escaped through a smashed stained-glass window. 7 fatalities included the Reverend Smith.

1899 - The Branch line train derailed one evening in December. No damage was found on the track. The train was not found to have been speeding. The driver was suspended after suggesting the train hit something massive under the bridge south of the Hayburn Wyke train station. No fatalities but several serious injuries were reported.

1902 - Amber Lombard's tragic death was reported as being accidental. The article states that her brother ran her down on the estate driveway due to her stepping in front of him as he went to leave the property. No charges were brought against Edward Lombard.

1906 - Reports of 6 strange lights in the sky above Ravenscar that many locals claimed moved east, over the sea, before descending under the waves.

1909 - A localised earthquake, measuring 4.1 on the Richter scale, during the night that caused severe cracks to the Statondale Church. No injuries were reported.

1910 - Several cows and sheep were reported mutilated near the Fylingdales moor.

1911 - A spate of 3 unsolved local murders that puzzled the Police and shocked the community. All three victims were found hanging from a tree in Cloughton Woods. No connection was found between the three men. No suspects were ever charged.

1913 - A large fire on the moors burnt almost a third of the area. It was thought a lightning strike of a lone tree near Bloody Beck initiated the blaze.

1914 – Captain Benjamin Lombard reported MIA, presumably killed, in a battle near German lines. He vanished in south Belgium while commanding a company of 3rd Battalion Yorkshire Regiment on a night attack. Over 700 British troops were killed in the battle. Tributes to the local man fill a page. It details how he was awarded the Military Cross posthumously.

1915 - A zeppelin, returning from raiding Leeds, strafed cattle on a Statondale farm, killing 7 cows and damaging the farmhouse before heading out to sea.

1917 - U boat was spotted in the Hayburn Wyke Bay at dusk. HMS Lancer was called in but never found the submarine.

1918 - Fire in the Lombard Estate woodland near the folly thought to be a lightning strike.

1919 - Many local deaths from the Spanish Flu epidemic. 22 residents from Cloughton and Statondale succumbed to the disease. Hundreds more died in Scarborough and Whitby.

1920 - An Abandoned freighter was found adrift near the coast. Registered in Murmansk, the 9000-tonne freighter “Tuluska” had been chartered to carry ore from Norway to Portugal. The ship logs, last entry, detailed coordinates near Jutland and entering a particularly heavy fog, a week previously. The vessel had no damage, all lifeboats were still aboard and there were no signs of foul play. Yet, no crew were ever found and their belongings were still on board. The engine was found to be working, just switched off.

1922 - A local farmer sectioned for the murder of his wife and daughter. Matthew Blake had used a wood axe to dismember his family as they slept. He was spotted running across the moors, where Police challenged him. He badly injured two of them before he was apprehended. Locals said he had always been a devoted father and loving husband, with no motive found. He hardly spoke a word once arrested and went to Boggle Hole after a busy show trial at York Bailey. The crowd baying for his hanging was huge.

1923 - Aeroplane crashed into the sea after witnesses saw the pilot jump from the Hawker biplane. The plane was less than a year old. Witnesses stated the engine was still running when they saw Sir James Warden leap from the cockpit at around 500’.

1924 - A severe electrical storm, focussed around the Hayburn area, with lightning strikes to all the local churches and folly at Lombard House. Locals said it was the worst lightning storm in living memory and destroyed several tall trees in the parish.

1925 - A gas explosion at Cloughton Primary School killed 4 children and their teacher, Miss Mildred Potter. An investigation blamed a fractured gas pipe, but another teacher who had just left the room says there was no smell of gas nor any naked flames in the classroom. The fireball was significant, yet there was minor damage to the room itself. Accidental deaths were recorded at the inquest.

There are no more cuttings glued in the few remaining pages. However there is a loose folded page that discusses the Ravenhall Hotel’s support to the Masonic Lodge and their continued use of the building for Masonic meetings into 1925.

Go to 31

303

As you go through the chemical process, you make a major mistake and mix the wrong chemicals. Clouds of yellow gas start to billow from the chemical trays.

Roll CONSTITUTION.

Success, you manage to get out without breathing in the toxic smoke.

Fail, you breathe in the yellow fumes and LOSE 1D3 HIT POINTS.

The film is ruined. Go to 361

304*

You awake with a start as the grandfather clock by the front door can be heard chiming. Seems an extra half hour has passed since you nodded off. The lamp has gone out. Only the low flickering of the log fire illuminates the room.

That is until the clouds part when a beam of moonlight forms over your head onto the huge painted canvas of a cave on the opposite wall. You recall the window has no drapes. You notice something. What is that? Smoke perhaps? Is there a fire? .... You observe for a moment, unsure what to do and then realise the vapour in front of you is actually mist..... and it's increasing. More seems to be forming on the other side of the room. Then you realise it is not condensing, but actually coming into the room from .... the painting! You take a second look and are shocked at what you see. The painting is no longer simply oil on canvas. Now appearing, in every sense, to be real. The cave heads eastward through the solid wall, towards a back-lit bend. This cannot be real!

Pinching yourself, you are shocked to find it is all too real. It defies science.

+30 Minutes

Roll SANITY

Success, go to 153

Fail, go to 115

305

This Bible is the Old Testament, according to the cover. Opening it, you are surprised that some loose papers fall onto the floor. Picking them up, you examine the documents and find a banker's chit for £8000 of bonds in a Swiss bank account ZKG68873 SC9004. A second document seems to be a set of deeds to a vessel, "The Bark-Lombard WH262", moored in Whitby Harbour, apparently. You look around, but no one has noticed what you have just picked up. Your mind races as to the options available.

Put the documents back in the Bible, go to 244

Take the documents and leave Lombard House, go to 191

306

You look around at the racks of fine clothing and notice something behind it, against the wall. Sliding the clothes aside, you reveal a metal cabinet with a large upper door and a smaller reinforced hatch below it. Opening the larger steel door by sliding it with a thud, you expose a rack of firearms. Well, this could explain the stuffed bear you saw downstairs. Edward must have been a keen hunter or marksman. You look across the rack, with the first three being side by side, double barrel 12 gauge shotguns. Maybe even manufactured by Purdy, looking at the engraving of pheasants on the actions and quality lacquered walnut stocks.

There is a 12G Browning pump action shotgun with a capacity for 5 cartridges. There is also a 30-06 Lee Enfield bolt action rifle, as used by the British Armed Forces worldwide. It has a 10-round magazine with stripper clips. This makes sustained firing easy. Last but not least, there is an Elephant Gun, an overpowered rifle that could stop a charging elephant with one well-placed shot. Good job, as it is only a single barrel and breach loading. Only getting one steady shot every second combat round. If loaded and fired in a single round, the firer suffers a DISADVANTAGE DICE when firing.

This huge elephant gun requires someone with at least strength 50 to wield it.

Each Investigator may GAIN 1 LONG GUN of your choice or swap GUNS.

You try the lower ammunition locker, but it is secured with a padlock. Without ammunition, the guns are useless.

If you have the PADLOCK KEY, go to 276

If you try to pick the lock, +1 TIME, Roll LOCK PICK [1%], only if equipped.

Success, go to 276

Extreme Fail, LOSE LOCK PICKS as they snap.

Try to smash the locker open, + 1 TIME, ROLL STRENGTH.

Hard Success, go to 276

Extreme Fail, you pull a muscle in your back, LOSE 1 HIT POINT.

Otherwise, go to 327

307

The Billiard room is a reasonable-sized, dark wooden panelled room with a modest marble fireplace. There are two full-size, slate bed billiards tables with suspended gas lighting. The carpet and the details are an opulent red. A rack of balls and cues is near the only door.

The leaded window has no drapes and shows a limited view of the fir trees outside. The fireplace is hot and appreciated. There is a brass coal bin, some small logs and a stand of iron pokers. Mrs O'Brian does a good job of keeping the fires lit. A full set of the 1921 Encyclopaedia Brittanica is set into the wall panelling. On the walls are three pictures.

If this is not your first visit here, go to 91.

The most impressive painting is massive. A 12' x 7' oil canvas of a dank and misty cave, with stalagmites, receding to an unseen lit area. It is hung between both billiard tables, down to almost floor level.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%] or APPRAISAL [5%]

Success, go to 364

Fail, go to 257

308

You study the painting and determine it is over a hundred years old. Looking closely, you find the painting was signed by none other than, the Maquis De Sade. The painting has an unusual subject of a fantastical castle against a star-studded sky. The moon reflects in an eerie lake. You presume, if this is genuine, it could be worth several thousand Pounds. It is certainly interesting to think this came from the mind of that depraved man. Hang on, you feel you have seen this before, a feeling of deja vu washes over you. Yes, you remember now... you've seen it in a dream when you were little.

If it is midnight - 1am, go to 278

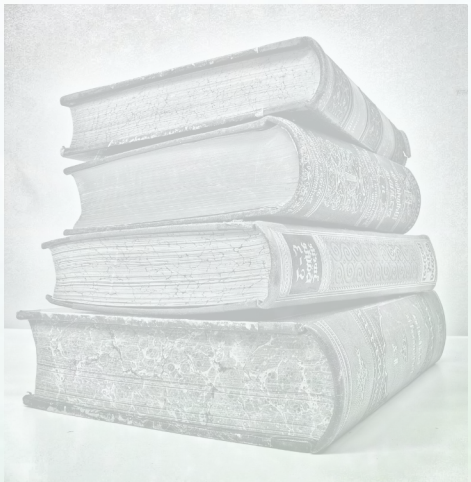
Go to 327

309

Going through the estate accounts, you quickly find several pieces of interesting information.

The building was commissioned in 1793 and completed in 1795 at the initial quoted cost of £64,300. The work was undertaken by the Scarborough Building firm Reddish and Thorpe. However, it ran over budget by a further £6000, which was required to tackle foundation issues.

Henry Lombard bought many extravagant works of art and ancient relics to furnish the house. Between 1795 and 1803, he spent a staggering £113,860 on these purchases.



Numerous receipts outline the purchases but include:

- Artefacts from the Sphinx interior - £7250
- Cambodian Religious Relics - £3100
- Sword of Castillo - £3400
- Large Amber Fresco from Babylon - £10,000
- Tomes from the Library of Alexandria - £16,800
- Lost pages from the Doomsday Book. - £500
- Libor Ivonis - £8000
- Mummified Egyptian High Priestess "Tutanghali" - £4500
- Nubian Tablets - £900
- Pacific Scriptures - £1750
- Fire Bowel of Pompeii - £2400
- Atlantean Armour - £13,250
- Bones of dinosaurs - £750

However, many of these purchases are documented as being sold between 1811 and 1820. The money was used to pay off creditors and debt. There is no list of exactly which items were sold.

Go to 285

310

Crunching your way down the incline through the snow field, you progress towards the dark patch you think is a dead animal. The snow is falling rapidly now, so visibility is reduced, even with a torch. As you get nearer, you see it is indeed a dead horse. Seemingly badly mutilated, with huge open wounds and a leg missing. As snow begins to lay on the carcass, you note the eyes still look pretty fresh. Something catches your attention. You reach down and pick up a tooth from the catastrophic chest wound. Seemingly a massive three-inch shark tooth, yet black in colour. This is baffling, knowing there is no way a shark has attacked this horse, or would it make it this far from the shore with only three legs. It makes no sense at all.

GAIN TOOTH

Roll LISTEN [20%]

Success, go to 274

Fail, go to 281

311

You recognise that the bottom row is 4 sticks of dynamite in waxed paper. Not Roman Candles, like you first thought. They already have 10-second fuses fitted, plus a coil of 40 yards of slow-burning fuse rope. Enough for 3 minutes of extra fuse time.

You can GAIN 4 DYNAMITE. To use in combat, use THROW [20%]. When you use it in combat, Go to 394

Go to 283

312

You examine the book's exterior. A thick leather binding of deep, jet, black. The embossed title, “The Cryptical Books of H'san (Translated by Dr Shrewsbury)”, is intriguing. Opening the tome, you discover the paper is yellowed but in good condition. Some gold braid stitching, in an arena style, frames the book's name.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 288

Fail, go to 35

313

This corner bed chamber has two windows that look out above the garage and down the drive, now lying in snow as you see snowflakes melting as they land on the glass. Condensation is forming on the glazing. You notice the loose window panes rattle constantly. As the wind picks up outside, there is a droning, whistling sound. That would not help an occupant to have a good night's sleep. The bed is a four-poster with a thick feather duvet that is a jade green colour, which helps block out the awful noise. The faded yellow wallpaper seems to be peeling amidst the smell of foist. Certainly one of the more shabby rooms in Lombard House.

If 7am to 5pm, Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Hard Success, go to 322

Success, go to 296

Search room (+30 minutes), go to 345

Leave the room, go to 231



314

The East attic is a cluttered collection of dust sheets. Under which all manner of shaped objects appear to dwell. Tea chests and crates can be seen, along with tables and chairs.

Search the East Attic, (+30 mins), go to 326

Enter the West Attic, go to 377

Enter the Observatory, go to 63

Go somewhere else, go to 231

315

The Kitchen is of a Victorian standard and has an Aga stove on a tiled ceramic floor. Numerous cupboards have every type of dinner set needed for a large banquet. Preserves, jars and tins fill a pantry with a stone cooler built under the worktop to hang meat or store fresh vegetables. A hand-cranked pump delivers clean water. Many pans and kettles hang near the stove.

This is Mrs O'Brian's domain. She doesn't entertain people who make a mess of her well-organised Kitchen or cupboards. She tells you there is no golden egg here in the kitchen and to go and look somewhere else before carrying a jug of water into the house. The room smells of freshly baked bread and it is spotlessly clean. There is a block of knives for butchering meat and a large meat clever hung above it. A heavy barred door leads outside while a stone staircase descends to the pitch-black cellar.

A wooden crucifix is noticeable above the dark stairwell that descends steeply into the basement. The solid-looking back door has three large iron bolts to secure it and the windows are barred. The door into the rest of the house also appears to be thick with heavy-duty bolts. It is a very secure room.

You can choose to GAIN CRUCIFIX if you wish.

Go down the staircase, to the Cellar, go to 254

Go outside, the kitchen door, go to 384

Go to another room, go to 231

316

A hefty ledger details Henry Lombard (1753 - 1849) coming from normal stock as a fisherman's son in Robin Hoods Bay. Working his way up to Captain of a merchant ship around the Pacific. Noted for being a very accurate navigator when plotting his courses. This was due to his own sextant design. This would provide part of his business in later years. He was commanding the large merchantman called the "Blenheim of London". As painted by Thomas Whitcombe in 1790. Just before he departed on a voyage of discovery to the Pacific.

Henry departed in 1790 and by late 1791 he landed at the Volcanic Bh'Tanga Island Archipelago. Henry was warmly welcomed by the Palua'Tan the Tribe elder and Chieftain of the NoN'Yar Tribe. The British had a sailor who managed to speak in a basic way with the natives, using Gaelic.

The tribal culture, being a Gerontocracy, was therefore very wise. They hoped for Peace and fair trade. The leader asked Henry if he came as a force of Good, and Henry acknowledged with a genuine handshake. Palua'Tan believed Henry was the prophecy of the Light coming true. He explained all the evil from the island would be removed and cleansed by the White Saviour forever.

As a sign of acceptance, Henry was given a splinter of the only Gemstone they had ever found while tunnelling. A unique gem, so beautiful, it must never be in total darkness. The chief's ancestors have kept the gemstone in light for over 250 years.

Henry was entrusted with the Gem and warned his acceptance and continued support from the Tribe would only be secured by never allowing the Gemstone to fall into darkness. Henry, a man of respect for local tribes' customs, like James Cook, made sure the lamp case they gave him never ran out of oil.

He was pleased to have discovered the islands and established trade with an indigenous tribe called the NoN'Yar. They numbered maybe 400 people and primarily lived on seafood, as their islands were not large and mainly rock. They lived in large caves carved out from the bedrock. They had a plentiful supply of valuable ores, from Platinum to Silver to Copper. He exchanged them for food and clothing. From this came a trade treaty that the British wouldn't interfere with the islands and trade peacefully. Henry was promoted to Admiral, as the deal was worth huge amounts to all involved and the British Empire. Henry Lombard may have made a million pounds from this great relationship with the locals.

Then, Admiral Henry Lombard had his own fleet of ships just trading in the hard-to-locate island chains of the South Pacific. He made a vast fortune and even set up Lombard Optics Factory to create better sextants and telescopes, later compasses and finally under his descendant, Edward Lombard (1873-1925), the business specialised purely in cameras and lenses.

Meanwhile, Lombard House was commissioned by Henry in 1793 and completed in 1795. He took residence with his wife Mary-Ann Lombard (1775- 1851) that year. The opulent manor house originally had ornaments from all around the world as a display of Lombard's wealth and love for other cultures.

Henry travelled widely around the globe in his later years.

The Success of this Trade venture was short-lived, lasting only 4 years before the low-lying islands were speculated to have been struck by a gigantic Tsunami in 1795. Killing the entire tribe and, apparently, flooding their homes. None survived. Over the next 20 years, the islands slowly slipped back under the sea and are now just a reef, marked with the remains of the wreck of the Italian Brig "Indigo Vista" that ran a ground (1845).

Henry returned to seafaring in 1801 on his new vessel, the Bark-Lombard. Leaving the estate in his business partner's hands. Mr Daniel Lewis was not good with the accounts and made several bad investments that cost half of Henry's wealth. Henry eventually took back running his estate (1811). H sold many artefacts from Lombard House to pay debts Lewis had accrued in his absence.

Henry did not lose everything, but his wealth was far less than when he departed to sea ten years before. Henry Retired from the Admiralty and spent his time either on the Estate or travelling to far-off lands spanning the globe. He was married to his childhood sweetheart, Veronica Chatsworth. He finally had a son in 1813, whom he named Richard Lombard (1813-1862).

Richard was diligent and became a professor of Anthropology at Oxford University before expanding into Geology and Geography. He updated the family business to expand into more modern navigation tools and improved lens quality. The brand doubled in value and profit increased substantially. He married a Scottish Laird's beautiful daughter from the Estate of Dalness in 1832, Agnes Rinter (1815- 1864). They had a son and daughter, Jacob (1840-1901) and Mildred (1842-1850) whom they loved deeply.

Richard embraced the diversity of the world and continued his father's love of expeditions to distant lands using the Bark Lombard. In 1843, he led an expedition to the Himalayas in Nepal and didn't return for over a year. However, he returned a broken man and seemed to suffer from bad nerves and an injured leg, never again leaving the estate grounds.

Sadly, Mildred was plagued with poor health and died, aged 8, from sepsis. Jacob overcame childhood medical problems to become a strong sportsman. Renowned locally as a champion cricketer who went on to represent Yorkshire. He won the local solo rowing race from Scarborough to Whitby for a full decade (1858-1868), making him somewhat of a local legend. Despite this, he was also an avid scholar and continued his father's work of modernising their Manchester factory with better techniques and machinery. Profits increased again after landing lucrative contracts for Royal Navy compasses and Telescopic aids. While in Manchester, he met a woman he would quickly marry in 1870, Lucinda Peeps (1843-1900). A year later, their first son was born, Benjamin Lombard (1871-1914), promptly followed by Edward Lombard (1873-1925) and finally a girl, Amber Lombard (1875-1902). Sadly, Lucinda had failing faculties and was eventually admitted to a sanatorium at Boggle Hole in 1896, from which she never left.

Benjamin majored in History before being commissioned as a Captain in the Yorkshire Regiment at the outbreak of the Great War. However, he was declared Missing In Action in late 1914 and posthumously awarded the Military Cross for leading a failed night attack on a German trench.

Amber Lombard was a well-liked young woman and aspired to join the London Symphony after studying under some of the most famous music teachers of her time. She seemed to almost achieve her dream when she was tragically killed in an Accident at the Estate in 1902. She was only 27 years old.

Edward Lombard became a leading photographer and assisted the British Government need for combat cameras and optical aiming devices in the Great War. He converted the Lombard Factory to specialise in lenses and photography during that period. Further increasing the business turnover and output. He struggled with the loss of his siblings. Edward suffered from anaemia throughout the 1920s. The journal ends with several blank pages.

Go to 31



317*

LOCAL MAP 3

This map depicts the area North of Lombard House, beyond Statondale.

KEY

- - - - Green Lane. Motor vehicles may use this as a road.
—>— Road. An arrow points up a gradient.
River, Stream or Dyke
-+-+- Railway Line.
Train Station

Remember how to read this MAP you get 3 DIGITS in the order of RED, WHITE, BLUE. This is only used for vehicle transportation.

eg. The BROWN HILL has a Grid Reference of 732.



318*

You find a lamp and turn it on, assisting in your search. You spend a fair while looking through the coal bunker but fail to find anything other than coal dust. This has made your hands and clothes a little dirty. Expanding your search to the wines and washing racks, you only succeed in finding a fine Chateau Le Chaserley, bottled in 1919.

Amongst the clutter, you find a nice PENKNIFE, which you can choose to take. Uses BRAWLING Skill (1d3+1 damage+ DB)

+1D6 TIME

Go upstairs, go to 231

Go through the revolving door, go to 361

319*

This section fills many shelves and covers all aspects of astronomy. It takes half an hour to research the topic briefly. Many are textbooks with technical aspects and even Astral photography is covered in depth, including the making of the lenses, cameras and moving mounts operated by water for long exposures. The rest of the section is star maps detailing each constellation, nebula, comet and asteroid belts.

Some files are in Edward's handwriting and detail his maths of the alignment of 5 astral bodies. Namely Aldeban, Jupiter, Saturn, Mars and Sirius where a date of 8th November 1925 is circled in red.

Another file shows dense algebra and ends with a pencil sketch of the solar system and an intersecting dashed line crossing what is marked as Earth, with the phrase, “INTERCEPT 50/50!!!!!!!!!” circled in red ink.

+30 Minutes

Go to 31

320

Mrs O’Brian says, “I hope you inherit the house. As you obviously have excellent taste, Sir/madame. Maybe if you do, you would consider keeping me on as Housekeeper?” she falters and looks down. “Apologies, I have spoken out of turn and forgot my place.” You reassure her that, in such a situation, you would keep her on as the housekeeper. An unlikely outcome due to the number of beneficiaries and the chances they want to sell.

“Thank you Sir/Madame. Just be sure, that if you do, invite plenty of guests for meals. I was always disappointed that Mr Lombard never had a single guest round in all my 9 years here. He would go out to have a meal weekly with the Vicar and attend the Masonic Lodge meals monthly. Yet, he would never invite anyone for me to cook for. You see, I love cooking almost as much as I like making tea.”

Ask about the Vicar, go to 343

Ask about the Masonic Lodge, go to 104

321*

You stand your ground, facing off against the hovering black dress. A long moment passes when suddenly, everything loose in the room begins to levitate. They slowly join a swirl of objects in the centre of the room. They are moving slowly, in an anti-clockwise direction, forming a circle a couple of yards across. The dress remains focused upon you as the swirling objects increase in speed.

Do you get out of there, go to 231

Do you stay, go to 293

322

You notice, out of the window, that there is a standing stone. The top is sticking up from behind the bushes beside the gateway. It is some megalith, judging by the look of it. Very interesting and sparks your curiosity.

You suddenly notice someone down near there, moving quickly towards the gate, down the drive. Wearing a billowing white garment and with striking red hair, you lose sight of her, as that is what you assume her gender is.

Go down there and investigate, go to 2

Leave room, go to 231

Otherwise, go to 313

323

You disturb a box of drapes that falls onto the floor. Suddenly, there is a large cloud of dust. You breathe it in, clogging your airways and lungs. You begin to choke as your lungs burn and you wheeze, spitting out horrible grey particles that you cough up.

Roll CONSTITUTION,

Success, you manage to spit out the worst of it and just carry on.

Fail, you have breathed in a huge amount of spores and particles. LOSE 1 HIT POINT. +1D3 TIME.

Go to 421

324

You move along the high hedge-lined passageway and round a corner. You come to a junction of ways to head. Which shall you take?

Move west, go to 424

Head South, go to 407

Move North, go to 298

325

You translate the LATIN to say, " With my Sword, I defend thee". A sudden gust of wind blows the glass fragment out of your hands, smashing on a stone. Leaving splinters of red glass strewn amongst the white snow. Like drops of blood glinting in the light.

You figure it's an omen if you believe in such things.

Go to 589

326*

Lifting up the dust sheets, one at a time, you investigate generations of stored items. There are photo albums of steam trains. Obviously, someone was a keen trainspotter. Also, many half-finished oil canvases, some partially painted, over other pictures. In one box, you discover a pair of CAVALRY SABRES. You may GAIN SABRE if you wish. (SWORD 1D8+DB)

Pulling the dust sheet off, the next item you thought was yet another tall lamp, you are shocked to be confronted by a bizarre creature of nightmares. A three-legged monstrosity with humanlike hands. Yet only an appendage, reminiscent of a tentacle, for a head. You quickly step back, expecting the hideous creature to attack. The light glints off its slimy hide and completes the horror.

Roll SANITY.

Success, go to 406

Fail, go to 341

327

The large master bedroom has a king-sized bed and several dressing tables. There is a stale smell in the room. Despite the windows being cracked open and a breeze blowing the net curtains. There is a full-length mirror on the west wall. The decor is looking tired and long overdue decorating. Under the bed is a shining bedpan. The drawers are still full of Edward's clothes. A strange painting depicting a castle hangs on the North wall. There is a walk-in wardrobe of fair size and a clean private bathroom, as part of an en suite layout, for the Master of the house.



Choose below, but failed Rolls still cost TIME.

Search Room (+1D6 TIME), Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 344

Examine the painting, (1 TIME), Roll APPRAISE [5%]

Success, go to 308

Search walk-in Wardrobe (+1D4 TIME), Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Hard Success, go to 342

Success, go to 306

Search BATHROOM (+1D3 TIME), Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 362

Go somewhere else, go to 231

328

Finally getting to the edge of the trees, you come out and find yourself...

Roll 1D6

1 go to 221
2 go to 262
3 go to 234
4 go to 284
5 go to 263
6 go to 564

329

After a long walk down a passage you thought was a dead end, you turn a corner to find a huge snow-capped slab of rock set into the ground. The maze circles it. Moving closer, this is certainly a megalith of ancient foreign origins. If you have the EGG, go to 358.
You look up the impressive stone and notice, on the very top, that the snow has slipped and revealed a glint of bright metal. You think it could be what you have been looking for, all along. Yes, it appears egg-shaped, but how to get it?

Roll INTELLIGENCE

Success, go to 299

CLIMB up and investigate, go to 441

Head back, go to 358

330

You keep still and rely on the deep shadows to keep you hidden. The footsteps approach with the light from a lantern. You can tell it is two people. As they enter the chamber, one says, “I don’t like this one bit, Jim. I’m sure I saw someone poking about on the cliffs. I hope they ain’t on to us because I’m not going to let ‘em take me, alive. Them bloody customs men can go to hell!”

The second man replies, “Woah Jack, I’m not going to no jail, but I ain’t down for no murder, over a few bottles. I will be trying, to escape rather than shoot me way out, mate. Now, let’s just get one more barrel each and then get out of here, sharpish.”

They do not see you and head down the steps out of sight. You hear them struggling to pick up some barrels. Then the noise of their footsteps recedes and fades, leaving only the drips of the dank cave and the rhythmic rumble of the waves.

Head down the stairs, go to 379

Leave through the passage, the men approached from, go to 250

331

As your hand closes on the object, another hand suddenly grabs your wrist and pulls you into the water. There is a huge splash as you plunge head-first into the pool, and you realise it seems bottomless. You try not to panic. The moonlight only penetrates a few meters into the abyss before it fades to black.

Dragging you down by your wrist is a naked woman, reminiscent of the angel statue looking into the pond. Her paler is like that of the statue, marble white. She is drifting down into the darkness, towing you down. Her long flowing hair seems golden in the moonlight and drifts clear of her face. You look at her closed eyes and expression of calm, as if asleep.

Suddenly, her eyes open, staring straight into yours. You realise her eyes are as red as coals and full of evil.

Roll SANITY

Success, go to 408

Fail, go to 348

332

You head away from the tower and monolith towards the dark patch, in the freezing field. The heavy snowfall limits your vision now to only a hundred yards. Even the forest is obscured in a sea of white. As you crunch through the now thick snow and approach, you can identify it as an animal, laid on its right-hand side. A horse, to be specific. However, it is most certainly dead. A huge chunk of the belly is ripped open, as well as the equine rump. The front right leg is missing and the snow underneath it is stained dark red, with the poor animal's blood. It is not pleasant to look at. You wonder what, exactly, has happened. It is more like the animal has been mangled in farm machinery. You note the eyes are still present. No scavenger has taken them yet, which means it must be fresh.

If its daylight (8am - 4.30pm), go to 349

If it is after dark (4.30pm - 8am), go to 310

333

Winding the dome open, using a chain and pulley, you can see the telescope, which can only point into the sky and not be used to observe the surrounding area. This is mainly due to the incredible bulk of this impressive feat of engineering. You pull up the worn chair and sit beneath the huge brass telescope. How impressive to think Edward had this to himself rather than the shared telescopes of Greenwich. You guess he must have spent many nights sitting right here, looking through this same eyepiece.

Peering up the lens, you try to focus and suddenly realise you seem to be looking right into an eye that is staring back at you. Not a human eye, for this, is a giant yellow iris, like a reptile, or feline, eye. The black slitted pupil narrows. You feel the presence of something unknown scrutinising your soul. An intense sense of fear grips you from deep down in your primal instincts. A fear ingrained in a long-forgotten ancestor who had experienced this before. It blinks and you feel insignificant compared to this otherworldly being.

LOSE 2 ELDRITCH POINTS.

Roll SANITY.

Success, LOSE 1D3 SANITY (-1 if you have ORCHID)

Fail, LOSE 1D8 SANITY (-1 if you have ORCHID)

If you LOSE 5+ SANITY, Roll INTELLIGENCE

Success, you accept this being has a mind superior to man. GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY

Fail, hell this is scary, but there must be an explanation. There must be .....

You reel back from the eyepiece, stunned by the experience you just witnessed. You cannot deny what you saw and know in your heart that it was some higher power. Something feels malevolent. It changes your perspective and you no longer feel like a doubter in the Paranormal. You don't feel it was a spirit but rather something otherworldly. Something alien and not of this Earth. What are you saying? This means something is here and you feel it knows all about you, now that it has looked deep into your soul. You wonder what this cosmic horror wants and what it is capable of to achieve such goals. You stand up out of the cushioned chair and try to compose yourself.

Roll LUCK.

Success, go to 353

Fail, go to 63

334

This is a small bedroom, just fitting in a single bed and some shelving. The only thing on the shelves is a small wooden cross. The walls are whitewashed and there is no decor at all. The floorboard creaks loudly outside the door, but there is no reason other than the timber being antique. It's amazing how the house doesn't have more creaks, cracks and structural issues. A testament to the skilled Craftsmen who erected Lombard House generations ago.

You may GAIN CRUCIFIX if you wish.

Go to 231

335

Roll CLIMB [20%]

Success, go to 382

Fail, you cannot get up with the slippery moss walls.

Extreme Fail, Lose 1D6 HIT POINTS as you fall.

Go to 240

336*

The word on the mirror is "CAVE" go to 327

337

Roll ACCOUNTING [5%]

Success, go to 309

Fail, go to 285

338

You know Doctor John Dee was an advisor of Queen Elizabeth I. He was an academic known for his work in mathematics, alchemy, astrology, hermeticism, navigation and occultism. Dr. Dee was said to have had one of the finest libraries at the time. He advised the Queen to invade foreign lands and create a British Empire, a term he is credited with inventing. Dee delved deeper into the occult and supernatural. Later, he toured Europe. However, he was accused of spying for the English Crown in Germany. Eventually returning home, he found his library vandalised and finally died in poverty in the early 1600s.

Go to 257

339*

You stand in a gloomy, stone, subterranean basement used to store dried goods and some root vegetables. Washing tubs with a mangle and washboards are in one corner. Some emergency logs and coal, delivered through a hatch near the library window, are piled against one wall. There is a shovel on the pile of coal. A rack of preserves and pickles in Mason jars is overloaded. A well-stocked wine rack, a box of whiskey bottles and 2 small barrels of beer are in a corner. A revolving door is set into the East wall.

Search the Cellar, go to 318

Go upstairs, go to 231

Go through the revolving door, go to 361

340

Getting behind the Whiskey Crates, you attempt to hide from whoever is approaching.

Use the lowest STEALTH Skill [20%] in the PARTY and Roll

Success, go to 330

Fail, go to 280

341*

Your stomach turns at the sight of the vile creature before you. Causing an instant chronic sweat as adrenaline surges through your body. Fear has gotten the better of you.

Roll CTHULHU MYTHOS

Success, go to 292

Fail, LOSE 1D3 SANITY (-1 if you have ORCHID), go to 406

342*

You search through the huge walk-in wardrobe. There are hundreds of garments hung on racks. You methodically look through all the clothing and the pockets. In a dark suit jacket, inside pocket, you discover something wrapped in a silk handkerchief. Opening the red cloth, you find a large green emerald. You can hardly believe the size or clarity. The largest you have seen, perhaps comparable to precious stones on the Crown Jewels. It must be worth a fortune. Handling the gem makes you feel calm and at ease. You slip the emerald into your pocket for safekeeping. You can always give it to the solicitor later, of course. GAIN EMERALD.

(This stone reduces any SANITY loss you suffer by 1 if you remember to think about the calming EMERALD before writing down your new score. If you remember afterwards, you may not erase or amend the sheet.)

Go to 306

343

Mrs O'Brian explains that the local Vicar, Rev. Pashby, only lives down the hill. At this end of Statondale, behind the Church, is the vicarage. She says he is a lovely soul, just as a man of the cloth should be. She loves his sermons about the sinners plaguing our society. He gives her hope that the future will be more religious. She crosses herself.

She says Reverend Pashby is caring and compassionate. She thinks he kept in touch with Mr Lombard because he knew he was lonely. Ever since his brother was lost in the Great War..... like my late husband." She looks away.

"Excuse me, I must go and check the oven. Mrs O'Brian leaves quickly. You suspect she is maybe a little emotional.

Go to 220

344*

Searching amongst the drawers, you find a boxed medal, identified as the Military Cross 1914. Also in the box are a pair of women's lace gloves and a small diamond-laden ring engraved "AMBER". Once the bed is searched, you find a loaded Webley service revolver under the edge of the mattress. The six bullets seem to have silver tips.

GAIN WEBLEY and 6 SILVER BULLETS.

(WEBLEY, Base Skill 20%, DAMAGE 1D10+2)

Go to 327

345

You spend a long time going through every detail of the bedroom but fail to find anything of note. However, you can't shake the feeling that someone is watching you. You can almost sense a breath on the back of your neck. You get a cold shiver and decide it must be a draft from the window.

Go to 313

346

You start to rummage through all the drawers and boxes in the Dark Room.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%] with an ADVANTAGE DICE.

Success, go to 126

Fail, go to 361

347

You don't panic at the sight of the animated dress. It levitates around the room before hovering high over the bed, facing you. You stand still, wondering what will happen. The handle turns before the door slowly opens fully. Yet, no one is there.

You hear a whisper right in your ear, "LEAVE!"

Do you leave, go to 231

Stay in the room, go to 321

348*

COMBAT

You feel genuine fear as you realise this is the paranormal and your life is in peril.

LOSE 1D4 SANITY (-1 if you have ORCHID).

You try to pull your arm free from the Vampire's tight grip. You panic and breathe in the ice-cold water. Your lungs burn as you realise death is close at hand. You begin to drown, LOSE 1D4 HIT POINT immediately and another 1D4 HIT POINTS per round until you escape. Her grip seems tight, so you muster all your strength to escape.

Roll STR vs VAMPIRE STRENGTH of 53%

If your level of success is greater than hers, go to 426

If equal or lesser success, she continues to drag you down and go to bite you.

If you have CRUCIFIX, roll LUCK

Success, go to 371

Roll VAMPIRE BITE 60% (you may not DODGE or counterattack as have been Grappled.)

Success, the Vampire drains your blood through a bite to the wrist, LOSE 1D3 HIT POINTS, 1D6 STRENGTH and 1D6 CONSTITUTION. You are now infected. GAIN VAMPIRISM. Should you die any time in the future, you will become a vampire after 6 days, laid at rest.

If you reach 0 HIT POINTS, you have drowned and are DEAD (possibly becoming a Vampire). Unless you swap to another investigator from your PARTY(+30 minutes then go to 231), it is GAME OVER.

Otherwise, go to 408

349*

As you stand, looking at the corpse of the mutilated horse, a lone magpie loops down and lands on the ground. You turn to walk back to the monolith.

If you have MAGPIE as an ALLY, go to 378

Otherwise, go to 367

350

Braving the ice-cold water, you move as quickly as possible under the waterfall. You find yourself on the rocky shore. Indeed, you discover that a pair of waterfalls cascade from above and form a pool that empties into the sea. The snow is light but still refusing to cease. However, you notice no snow lying here due to the salty sea air.

Return inside the waterfall, to the cave, go to 395

Otherwise, choose

Head North onto the Clifftop path, go to 585

Head NorthEast along the narrow shoreline, go to 595

Follow the wider shoreline to the East, go to 594

Follow the trail up through the woods, to the West, go to 584

351*

The word on the mirror is “MAZE” go to 327

352

An airy bed chamber with a four-post bed. The decor is a fading yellow pastel tone. You find numerous small paintings piled up in a wardrobe. They are signed by Jacob Lombard. All depict seascapes with no landmarks. Just wild stormy squalls reminiscent of deep seas.

Go to 231

353*

As you go to stand out of Edward’s old, worn chair, You hear the crinkle of paper under the cushion. Looking there, you find a creased piece of notepaper. Looking closer, it indicates the position of 5 celestial bodies, marked JUPITER, ALDEBARAN, MARS, SIRIUS and SATURN. The calculations show a date, presumably, for the alignment. It is the 8th of November 1925. Underneath the algebra, it is written, “The stars are nearly right….”

Go to 63

354*

You know of Alistair Crowley, an infamous English occultist and self-proclaimed prophet. Notorious after claiming, he was contacted by a supernatural entity in Egypt called Aiwass. Professing that he alone could now guide humanity to the AEON OF HORUS. Crowley was recently denounced by the British Press due to his poor behaviour and consequently deported from Italy. Last you heard, he was back in England. The press reports on his sensationalist downfall now and again. Seems there is nothing else here of note.

Go to 231

355

You follow the snaking passage until it opens into an oval cavern, maybe 8 yards across. There are 2 wooden crates marked as PORT and a barrel of RUM. A sturdy wooden ladder is bolted to the North wall. It ascends up a shaft through the ceiling out of sight. While two tunnels head South or East. In the distance, you can hear the rumble of the sea reverberating through the Bedrock.

Climb the ladder, go to 105

Head East, through the snaking passage, go to 250

Follow the Southern tunnel, go to 495

356

You search the West Attic, careful not to kick up the thick layer of dust. It is very unpleasant and musty in the low-ceilinged loft.

Roll DEXTERITY.

Success, go to 421

Fail, go to 323

357

You press on through the dense snow-covered trees and bushes, confident you have found your way out by steering using the sun/moon. After a while, you are confused. You seem no nearer the forest border.

+1D6 TIME

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, go to 328

Fail, go to 374

358

Following the winding maze, you seem to cover a large distance. Yet, you are unsure if not still close to where you started, as you are so disoriented. Finally, you reach a junction.

Head west, go to 407

Move northwards, go to 424

Press on to the southeast, go to 329

359*

You manage to get a swing going, each time getting nearer the trunk. Once close enough, you land on a bow and escape the deadly noose. Looking up, you can see the rope is twisted around the branch several times. For the rope to have gotten short enough to pull you up off the ground, the branch must have twisted. You cannot fathom it. Climbing down with ease, you hasten from the tree. After this incident, the tree gives you the creeps.

Go to Main Gate, go to 262

Return to the front door, go to 234

Head into Lombard House, go to 231

Head across the lawn, go to 206

360*

You hear footsteps approaching from the dry passage to the West. There isn't much time to waste.

Hide behind the crates and attempt to evade, go to 340

Ready your weapons to Ambush whoever is coming, go to 375

Quickly head down the steps to the south, go to 379

361

You access the small stone room through a lightproof revolving door. This room has a small battery bank providing electricity to two red bulbs at each end of the room. It is a photographic development and printing room filled with the appropriate paraphernalia. From Enlargers to drying cabinets, barrels of acrid-smelling chemicals and boxes of photosensitive paper. Washing lines with curled-up dried photographs pegged along them. Searching through them reveals a photo of a tower being struck by lightning. Another is of a dark shadow beyond the front gates at night, judging by the stars above the distant sea. The object is blurred and must have moved around during the long second exposure typically used. Whatever it was, it had a massive shadow size compared to the 6-foot estate wall. Maybe a truck? There is an undeveloped film in the centre of the print table. There is a small box camera loaded with fresh film.

Search the Dark Room, go to 346

Develop EDWARDS used film (+60 minutes), go to 289

Develop your own film if you have FOOTAGE (+60 minutes). Roll PHOTOGRAPHY [1%]

Success GAIN EVIDENCE.

Fail, LOSE FOOTAGE.

Leave room, go to 231

You can choose to GAIN CAMERA if you wish. Roll a successful PHOTOGRAPHY [5%] to take a photo of an assailant instead of shooting a gun. If you do so, GAIN FOOTAGE will require Developing, see above.

362*

The bedroom has its own en suite bathroom with Water Closet. You search the cupboards and pipework, finding it is spotlessly clean. Looking through the well-folded towels, it appears nothing is out of the ordinary. A book is on a low shelf. “The Minds Eye” by Quatermas P.hD. It looks heavy going about astral projection, esoteric telepathic theories and such. Yet, it is all just ideas and rambling of an overactive mind.

You look through the medicine cabinet and find it is well-stocked, with many compounds, jars and bottles. The bathroom is clean and almost modern. There is nothing important here. Wait. Your keen eye spies something squiggled on the mirror as if smudged by a finger. Breathing on it reveals the word as one of the following, depending on the date.

Day 1, 3rd November, go to 351
Day 2, 4th November, go to 103
Day 3, 5th November, go to 228
Day 4, 6th November, go to 336
Day 5, 7th November, go to 265
Day 6, 8th November, go to 181

363

You look over the maths and science behind the trigonometry. This makes you conclude that there is an actual and imminent danger of a potential meteor strike hanging in the balance. Oh my. This could be the end of the world, likely the end of humanity. You don’t know what to make of this horrific revelation of a cataclysm.

Roll SANITY

Success, LOSE 1 SANITY
Fail, LOSE 1D3 SANITY (-1 if you have ORCHID)
Go to 63

364*

You notice that one of the stalagmites is an almost camouflaged signature. Leaning in, you read it as “ J. Dee”.

Roll HISTORY [10%]

Success, go to 338
Fail, go to 257

365

The cavern is perhaps ten yards long and five wide before a low natural arch leads into a similar chamber to the West. Eastward is a waterfall that covers the exit.

You notice the green seaweed on the floor, showing marks of passing. Indeed, you find half a dozen barrels standing neatly by the walls. Around them are a few other bottles of spirits and a crate marked as containing 24 IRISH Whiskey Bottles.

You can choose to GAIN a BOTTLE OF SPIRITS.
Leave the cave and go through the waterfall, go to 350
Head into the second cavern, go to 379

366*

If you GAINED the DOUBLOON, you are now cursed to bad luck. Your LUCK score is not lowered. However, it is halved for any “Roll LUCK” tests. Also, if there is any attack that wounds a random person in your PARTY, it automatically targets you instead.

You may not choose to DROP the DOUBLOON or sell it. Nor will you give it to someone else in the PARTY. You like it and see it as your lucky charm. If you are killed, someone finds the Doubloon on your body and has to take it. Assign the DOUBLOON to a different PARTY member. No one would not feel the lure of the cursed gold.

You decide there is no reason to linger here and head off into the maze, go to 407

367

You head to a large standing stone 10 yards west of the tower. You investigate the monolith and think it is perhaps 10 feet high. It appears to be made from white marble, with dark veins running through it. You notice some markings carved into the surface. Some are symbols, others more like pictograms. All you can make out from them is a symbol of what appears to be an octopus or spider. The snowfall intensifies in both flake size and quantity. Then the wind drops.

You can see something out in the field, maybe 80 yards away. It is not covered in snow and, therefore, a dark object. Looking closer, you think it is an animal lying in the snow, maybe even dead. It is not moving.

Study the carvings, Roll ARCHEOLOGY

Success, go to 397

Fail, you do not know anything of the carving's origin.

Investigate the animal, laid in the snow, go to 332

Walk the perimeter of the forest (+30 minutes), go to 484

Return to the tower, go to 428

368*

Fleeing the battlement atop the tower, the PARTY regroup in the stairwell. Shocked and dismayed by the lightning that left smoking debris, it is deemed too dangerous to return to the roof. You decide to take stock of the situation beneath the tower in the sheltered archway.

Go to 428

369*

You roll up your sleeve and put your arm slowly into the pond. It is freezing cold, so you breathe deeply. The icy water numbs your flesh. Quickly, you find the item and recover it. Looking at your find, it is a sturdy, long, SILVER KEY. It seems to have a threaded section at the end as if it should attach to something else.

GAIN SILVER KEY

Go to 233

370

You move as quietly as possible and enter another, much smaller, cavern. In the centre, there are stacked 5 crates marked as COGNAC.

Roll 1D6 if it is your first visit here

4-6 Go to 360

Otherwise, choose

Head along a twisting passage leading West, go to 250

Take the steps, leading down a tunnel, to the South, go to 379

371

The crucifix drifts out of your clothing and towards the vampire amid the struggle. She sees the holy item and recoils, immediately letting go of your wrist and diving deep into the apparent abyss below you. You immediately dart for the surface and burst out of the water, scrabbling over the stone plinth onto the snow-covered floor. Gasping for breath, you lay there on your back, for a moment, looking up at the full moon, peaking through the huge snow clouds. You are unbelievably cold, and your body is shaking uncontrollably. Looking down at your hand, you realise you still have the object you wanted. It is a long key, silver plated, with a threaded end section.

Until you return to your bedroom to change your clothes, you will get a DISADVANTAGE DICE on all Rolls.

GAIN SILVER KEY

Go to 233

372*

You notice a signature carved into the sculpture by one of the monster's three feet. Leaning closer, in the poor light, you eventually manage to read it as "A. CROWLEY".

Roll OCCULT [10%]

Success, go to 354

Fail, go to 314

373

You wipe away the snow from the stone to reveal markings. The nature of these markings is Mongolian in origin. Perhaps comparable to some of the oldest examples of archaeological finds in that region. It depicts something like a bat and the moon in different phases. Perhaps it conforms with the 3000 BCE symbology you have seen at the British Museum.

Head to the East, go to 324
Move South East, go to 407
Take the southern route, go to 358

374

You move off but find no tracks as you approach where you think the forest edge should be. There is another gorse thicket. Once around it, you meet a maze of rhododendrons. This is slow progress.

+1D6 TIME
Roll NAVIGATE [10%]
Success, go to 357
Fail, go to 422

375*

Two men come into view, carrying a bullseye lantern. They are wearing dirty striped smocks and oilskin trousers. They both sport long, unkempt beards, while you notice they have revolvers in their belts. They have not seen you yet, one says to the other, “I think the Customs men are onto us, mate. Honestly, I ain’t going down without a fight. I’d rather shoot it out than get clapped in irons again.”

Just then, his eyes meet with yours and he goes for his gun, go to 270

376

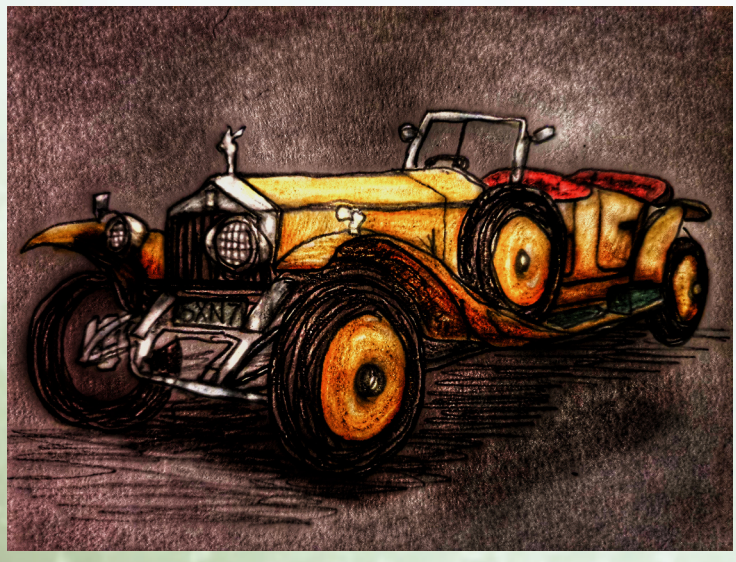
Pulling the dust sheet off the first car, you are pleasantly surprised to find a Rolls Royce Silver Ghost in a vibrant yellow livery. It is a spectacular motor vehicle and quite a work of art. Only 403 miles are recorded on the clock. It is a really stunning vehicle, indeed. You kick the tyres and all seem in good order. All the chrome is well-polished.

The second, once uncovered, is a white Rolls Royce Silver Ghost with a snow kit. The front wheels have skis underneath, while the rear is powered by rubberised tracks. Absolutely remarkable engineering and design and is ideal for the current conditions. This is well-used compared to the wheeled model. You see that 13,375 miles have been recorded once you lean into the cab. Both cars have the keys in the ignitions and full fuel indicated on the dashboard. The driver's seat has 2 maps strewn across it.

GAIN LOCAL MAPS 1 and 2 (79, 279) You may study these at any time or location. It costs no TIME to turn to those entries and then return to your previous page. ADD them to your DIRECT ACCESS LIST, as follows.

“LOCAL MAP 1, 0 TIME, ENTRY 79”
“LOCAL MAP 2, 0 TIME, ENTRY 279”
“CARS, 1 TIME, ANYTIME, ENTRY 400”

To learn how transport works or drive somewhere, go to 400
Otherwise, go to 234





377

The West Attic is a dusty place, in fact, one of the only places you have encountered dust in Lombard House. A small window allows some ambient light to come in, highlighting the airborne dust you have kicked up just entering this long-forgotten corner of clutter. Many smaller boxes and random items are on display, from mounted Antelope heads and other hunting trophies to a perambulator. Dust sheets are strewn around over most of the boxes.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%}

Success, go to 421

Fail, either:

Search the West whole Attic (+30 minutes), go to 356

Leave the room, go to 231

378

The magpie pulls something from the broken body of the mutilated horse. Before flying over and landing on your shoulder. As you hold your hand up, the corvid places the object in your fingers. It then croaks and flies away into the forest.

You examine the magpie's gift and find it is some kind of large sharp tooth, perhaps some 3 inches long and jet black in colour. However, it is certainly not a horse's tooth.

GAIN TOOTH.

Roll NATURAL WORLD [10%]

Success, go to 392

Fail, go to 367

379

You move further into the cave. Again there are several barrels and a crate marked as RUM XXX. This area is a little drier and quieter, although the constant sound of water is always heard, echoing around the vaulted cave ceiling. You can see there are three exits. One to the North is a twisting tunnel with carved steps, climbing out of sight. A level passage exits to the West. A low archway leads into another cavern to the East, where booty is stored.

Head North, up the steps, go to 370

Take the passage to the West, go to 390

Move into the cave, towards the sea, go to 365

380

Flicking through the papers on the table, you spot lists of shipments. Some form of manifest and rough accounting. You notice a scribbled note about 20 bottles of Spirits, lost into the sea when a crate split while unloading.

Go to 205

381

Standing in the stone circle, a MAGPIE approaches through the large, slowly falling flakes. Landing on one of the megaliths, it taps out on the tip of the solid stone pillar. Knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock. The MAGPIE flies to the next massive stone and lands. Knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock. Again, the magpie flies to a stone behind you and proceeds to knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock. The black and white bird then flies up into the falling snow. You lose sight of it above you.

After another look at these stones, there is still nothing to see, so you decide to head away, as you are feeling the cold in this exposed location.

Go to 514



382

Managing to brace yourself, using a crack in the rock face and the corner of the chamber. You ascend slowly into the ceiling area where there is indeed a crack to the outside, but not large enough to crawl through, sadly. You can see there are trees above the hole but no landmarks. Seems you now have to get down safely.

Roll CLIMB [20%]

Success, you get down safely.

Fail, you lose your grip and fall, LOSE 1D6 HIT POINTS.

Extreme Fail, you fall right from the top, LOSE 2D6 HIT POINTS.

Search the papers, go to 380

Head North up the rough staircase, go to 250

Move West into an adjoining chamber, go to 385

Take the Southern passage, where you feel a breeze, go to 390

383

You know Damian Green is in the corner cell, 21, of the basement level. If you wish to try to speak to him, you first need to climb the wall from the riverbed. It won't be easy in these tough conditions.

Dare to Climb the asylum wall, go to 813

Enter the Asylum, go to 825

Follow the Clifftop path to the North, go to 655

Go onto the Beach, go to 664

Go up the steep road to the West, go to 644

Follow the clifftop path to the South, go to 653

384

You are outside the kitchen door of Lombard House. A cleared path through the snow goes from the door to the House Keeper's Cottage or towards the front door. A fair amount of snow is coming down out of the gloomy sky. It is cold, but thankfully, there is no wind, only an eerie calm.

There is a small wood store against the mansion wall. Inside, dozens of seasoned chopped logs are stacked under a roofed pen. Easily enough wood to keep the house going for months. There is a hefty two-handed chopping AXE that is very sharp.

You can choose to GAIN AXE [20%] if you wish. (1D8+2+DB, Ignores Half Armour, but counts as a LARGE ITEM)

Open the kitchen door and enter, go to 315

Enter the House Keeper's cottage, go to 429

Head into the forest, go to 409

Walk to the front door, go to 224

Head to any room, back in the house, go to 231

385

Moving into the chamber to the West, you find it is a dead end, with crates of GIN stacked in the centre. However, go to 205

386*

You notice the ground effect fireworks, including a few "air bombs" which are just loud flash bangs. Perhaps they could be used to stun someone if they went off, nearby. The fuses look like regular 10-second delays. GAIN 4 AIR BOMBS. If you wish to use them in combat, use the THROW skill to attack. When you throw one, remember the page number and immediately go to **394**, for special rules regarding STUN. Note next to them in your inventory.

Go to 283

387*

You instinctively dive to the ground where out of the storm of snowflakes, you see a huge bow of the tree, falling. It swings above you, through exactly where you were standing, at a huge velocity. My God! That would have killed you!!! Coming to your feet, you are suddenly confronted with a terrifying situation....

Go to 500

388

You carefully find your way through the piles of scattered masonry and scrub concealed under the crisp snow. Slipping a couple of times, you keep your feet and make it inside the bowl of stone blocks near the centre of the ruined chapel. Various wooden beams are protruding from the collapsed structure. They all bear the patterning and pitch-black colouration of a large fire.

Kicking around near the centre of the recess, you find cinders and chips of slate. Presumably, the collapsed roof.

Roll LUCK

Success, go to 295

Fail, go to 589

389

“Well, I am afraid you will have to tell us about it down at the Station,” states the ambitious Customs Agent. No matter how much you protest, he explains it will all be sorted out with your solicitor.

His men escort you along the clifftop path to Cloughton, where a car takes you to Scarborough. Once there, you make statements. A duty solicitor advises you to tell them the "whole truth" if you are not part of the smuggling operation. You explain your encounter in the tunnels, while the Agent writes it all down and gets you to sign the statement.

The customs man, Brady, says he will be in touch and to let him know if you see or hear any more information. After a long time, they return you to Lombard House, via car.

Move TIMEDICE to the next SCHEDULED EVENT,

Go to the indicated ENTRY

390

You cautiously creep along the short passage to what turns out to be a junction. There is a way to the West along a dark passage, while a tunnel to the North reveals some light source. Eastward, a subterranean passage echoes the sounds of crashing waves. They can be felt through the stone floor, as rumbling vibrations, as each wave hits the beach.

You notice a crack in the South wall near the junction that can fit a person, but it appears to lead to a solid stone wall and is just a recess. The Bedrock is firm and shows signs of tidal erosion in lines across its surface.

Move North, towards the light, go to 240

Head West, along the passage, go to 495

Use the East tunnel, towards the sea, go to 379

If you arrived through MAGIC, you may choose to go to 178, to return.

391*

You are about to approach the pool when something breaks the moonlit surface. You stop in your tracks as you realise it is something slowly rising up from the dark water. In fact, it is not something but someone, a woman. Her eyes are closed. Her pale face is beautiful. As she continues to silently rise from the water, you determine she is completely naked. Considering the ambient temperature, you think how cold she must be. Yet, there is no evidence of her shivering. She is motionless, yet her figure rises smoothly from the shallow pool. Until she is standing on top of the water. You cannot understand what you are seeing.

Then, she opens her eyes and you see they are glowing, as red as the fires of hell itself. She smiles, revealing extra-long canines like fangs. This is unnatural it is the supernatural.

Roll SANITY

Success, go to 418

Fail, go to 183

392

You identify the black tooth as like that of a shark, serrated and lightweight. Judging by the size of the tooth, this is from an apex shark, perhaps a tiger shark or some other large ocean-going species. Yet, how can this tooth have come to be in this mutilated horse carcass miles inland? You do not understand it. Indeed, the injuries now, you come to think of it, look like a shark bite. Judging by the bite radius, it would require a massive Shark. Maybe even 20 to 25 feet long. This is crazy.... it is not like the horse has any indication it has been in the sea. Nor could it have staggered here from the shore with these catastrophic injuries. You are left confused, as there seems no logical explanation.

Go to 367

393*

You keep it together despite the nature of your opponent. Taking a glance around, you manage to track your assailant. The Hunting Horror is circling back to attack again. Its ghastly body writhes as the massive black wings drive it through the air. You are losing sight of it in the heavily falling snow. Do you...

Stand and fight, go to 402

Run for the cover of the Tower, go to 432

394*

The AIR BOMB goes off with a massive explosion. You are hurled to the ground from an unexpected shockwave. My god, that was DYNAMITE! Not a firework!!! If indoors, +1 DAMAGE to each dice rolled in the explosion.

If THROW was a Success, the Target LOSES 5D6 HIT POINTS.

His first ally LOSE 4D6, second, 3D6, etc...

If your THROW failed, you and the target LOSE 1D6 HIT POINTS

If THROW fumbled, LOSE 5D6 HIT POINTS.

All in PARTY, LOSE 1D6 HIT POINTS

Go to (ENTRY you came from)

395

You tighten your collar and dart through the freezing waterfall into the recess behind. Ice-cold water goes down your neck anyway. Shocking you enough to release an involuntary gasp. Inside the dank green cave, you use your light to illuminate the location. Seems that this seaweed-covered rock leads back into the cliff. The sound of the waterfall is overwhelming. You see, there are cracks in the ceiling, where water flows and drips. The floor is incredibly slippery. Roll DEXTERITY. A Fail means you slip your footing and LOSE 1 HIT POINT from a fall. Holding onto the wall, you manage to move further inside and after a few meters the tunnel opens up into a dank cavern. It is pitch black, other than the light from your torch. The cavern is perhaps ten yards long and five wide before a low natural arch leads into what appears to be another similar chamber.

You notice the green weed on the floor, bare marks of usage. Indeed a half dozen barrels are standing neatly by the walls. Around them are a few other bottles of spirits. The closest is a crate marked as containing 24 IRISH Whiskey Bottles.

You can choose to GAIN a BOTTLE OF SPIRITS.

Leave the cave and go through the waterfall, go to 350

Head into the second cavern, go to 379

396

You recall you have a CRUCIFIX that folklore suggests supposedly can repel Vampires. Pulling it out of your pocket, you brandish it towards the ungodly thing standing naked before you. No sooner have you raised the symbol than the Vampire recoils in terror. She averts her eyes. This releases anyone HYPNOTISED, returning them to normal. The Vampire woman writhes in misery and hisses with ferocity at both you and the cross. Moving closer, you force her back. She begins to sink into the dark water of the pool out of sight. The ripples settle again and form a flat calm water. Snowflakes drift down and melt as they land on the surface.

You cannot believe what just happened. It is deathly silent.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 268

Search the area, go to 264

Leave the area, go to 407

397

You recognise the carvings as being Inuit in origin. Forming a theory that the massive stone could be from the Arctic Circle. How amazing to consider the stone's history. To relocate it here must have been an epic undertaking. You estimate the visible part of the stone must be 8 tonnes or more.

Who knows how much more must be buried in the ground to keep it erect. Maybe half as much again? Remarkable.

Go to 367

398*

Looking around, you realise this is a stunning but harsh landscape. It is not a place for the meek, that's for sure. A sudden blast of wind hits you out of nowhere, almost throwing you off your feet. It is terrifying as you realise how low the parapet is.

LOSE 1 ELDRITCH POINT
Roll DEXTERITY
Success, you make it down the steps, out of the wind, go to 428
Fail, you are thrown towards the edge, Roll STRENGTH
Success, you hold on and crawl to the trap door, go to 428
Fail, go to 434

399*

That is when you notice the snowflakes about to land on the top of Lilla Cross reflect a concealed light. Not the direct light of the Full-moon, but something from below. Scrambling up the 10-foot stone, you see a glowing Roman Numeral on top once you brush away the snow. It is the numeral III for Three. You make a mental note of the number. That is when you realise something is heading your way. Something catches your eye. A black shape approaches from the West. Turning, you stare through the fluttering snowfall, as the silhouette is of a man, not a dog. Moving your finger from the trigger. You wonder who is this desperate person who flees the rabid hounds in a fur coat.

Then, you see the figure is far from human, judging by its glowing purple eyes and massive stature. Sprinting through the drifting snow, it is closing on your position rapidly and will arrive in a matter of seconds. The looming terror gives off a howl that sends chills through every ounce of your being. You realise, this must be some "DOG MAN", you've heard legends about.

Roll SANITY
Success, LOSE 1 SANITY
Fail, LOSE 1D8 SANITY (-1 If you have ORCHID)
If you LOSE 5+ SANITY, Roll INTELLIGENCE
Success, GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY.
Fail, you stay level-headed, although afraid of the threat.

Decide who is shooting at the PACK OF DOGS and who is attacking the approaching Lycanthrope before any dice are rolled. Each of the PARTY can shoot, except any who have TEMPORARY INSANITY or that are Braced at the tree, as the creature has cunningly approached where they cannot see.

Those ATTACKING the DOGS, Roll TO HIT (Melee or Firearms)
Success, 1 DOG IS KILLED. If DOGS are reduced to 0, you have finished off the pack and ignore future dog attacks.
Fail, shot misses and the investigator is bitten, LOSE 1D4 HIT POINTS. If reduced to 0, they are torn to pieces.

Those shooting at the DOGMAN,
If using a SILVER BULLET, it must be declared before the dice are rolled.
Roll TO HIT for Investigator, with a DISADVANTAGE DICE
Roll to DODGE, for DOGMAN (Dodge 70%/35%/14%)
If both Fail, the shot misses wildly.
If both equal Success, the shot misses.
If DOGMAN has better Success, he Dodges the shot, to your dismay.
If the Investigator has better Success, the shot hits,
Roll DAMAGE - 1 due to thick hide,
If 8+ the lycanthrope falls STUNNED from regular bullets
If 8+ from a SILVER BULLET, Roll CONSTITUTION (80%)
Success, he is not slain but badly wounded.
Fail, the DOG MAN is KILLED, go to 1113
Silver bullets, DEDUCT DAMAGE from 15 HIT POINTS.
Regular ammunition does 0 actual damage and can only STUN.

Go to 700



400*

If you wish to drive somewhere, on a LOCAL map, first decide which vehicle to take and who will drive. Cars can carry only 4 people in total. If you have a party larger than 4, you must choose who goes in the vehicle and who stays at Lombard House. Vehicles can only drive to Grid References that contain Roads or Green Lanes. To reach Grid Squares, which do not have roads, investigators must park nearby and then walk on foot from that location.

The roads have snow covering them, so driving the wheeled Yellow Rolls is more difficult but can be faster. The tracked version is less dangerous to drive but much slower. Any journey in the Yellow Rolls requires a DRIVE AUTO ROLL [20%]. It takes (+30 minutes) if the destination is on a different map from the starting location. Otherwise, you can nip around the immediate area (same map) for only 2 TIME. If you wish to DRIVE, only 1 GRID, this requires no DRIVE ROLL and COSTS 1 TIME, just like walking.

Yellow, Rolls Royce Silver Ghost
BUILD 6, ARMOUR for People 2 (deduct from damage to occupants)

White, Snow Rolls. White. Rolls Royce Silver Ghost
BUILD 6, ARMOUR for People 4 (deduct from damage to occupants)

If the DRIVE AUTO Roll Fails, the car leaves the road Halfway to the destination. It crashes in the snow and LOSES 1 BUILD point from the prang. A new journey must then be attempted, with additional TIME and DRIVE ROLL. If the vehicle reaches 0 Build points, it stops working and must be abandoned. That requires players to walk back to Lombard House or risk wasting half an hour (+30 minutes), in an attempt to GAIN 1 BUILD and get the car back on the road.

Roll MECHANICAL REPAIR (Base Skill 20%)

Success, Vehicle GAINS, 1 BUILD.

Fail, the vehicle is scrap and no further attempts will succeed.

The white snowmobile requires no DRIVE AUTO Roll, but journeys take twice as long (4 Actions for the same map,+60 minutes for different maps).

Decide where to go by looking up the grid reference as an ENTRY number, as follows:

First Digit = MAP NUMBER (RED NUMBER)
Second Digit = Across the page (WHITE NUMBER) X coordinate
Third DIGIT = Up the page (BLUE NUMBER) Y coordinate

REMEMBER: "RED, WHITE AND BLUE"

Turn to that ENTRY. Note that locations away from the road will take additional time to visit on foot (once you park your vehicle.)

Remember, you must also drive back to Lombard House at some stage. You must take all the same rolls and cost the same TIME as driving anywhere else.

Travelling on foot requires walking from location to location, starting at 554 if in the Lombard estate. Otherwise, you will have to walk from where you leave any vehicle and likewise return to where it is parked.

Use a token on the LOCAL MAPS to track the investigator's location and any vehicles parked away from Lombard Estate.

Example. Drive the yellow Rolls from Lombard House (554) to the junction at 536 (a journey of 6 Grid Squares) requires 2 TIME and a Drive Roll. If it failed, the car would LOSE 1 BUILD in a crash after 3 Grids (557). To continue would take another 2 TIME and a further DRIVE AUTO [20%] Roll. If failed, it would cost another 1 BUILD and crash at halfway at 546. The remaining journey is only 1 GRID, needs no Drive Roll and COSTS 1 TIME. The doomed journey took 5 TIME and cost 2 BUILD, while the investigators could have walked cross country to the destination quicker (4 TIME).

ADD the CARS to your DIRECT ACCESS LIST, as follows:

"CARS, 1 TIME, ANYTIME, ENTRY 400"

If you do not want to drive somewhere, return to the previous entry, or go to 231, if you are already on the Lombard Estate.

401*

Looking into the shallow pond where the vile creature emerged, you see several items glint in your torchlight.

Go to 439

402*

COMBAT

You stand fast, weapon ready, as the Hunting Horror bears down on your position. Propelled rapidly by those repulsive black wings.

Roll 45% BITE vs Your Chosen Attack.

The better success lands their attack on the enemy.

Equal successes mean both blows land simultaneously.

The BITE ATTACK delivers 1D10+2+3D6 DAMAGE.

If anyone is killed, then the rest of the PARTY LOSE 1 SANITY and then escape to 428

Otherwise, you set off running, go to 393

403*

COMBAT

You suddenly feel something tighten around your neck. Clutching with your hands, you find, to your horror, it is a hangman's noose. Fear grips you, but adrenaline helps you shrug it off. There is a creaking sound as the rope takes the strain. You begin to be hoisted higher by your neck. Only by holding the rope can you hope to stave off strangulation and death. You try to shout for help, but you cannot get the word out.

Roll STRENGTH

Success, you hold your weight on the rope with your hands.

Fail, your windpipe is blocked, Roll CONSTITUTION

Success, you hold your breath.

Fail, you begin to suffocate, LOSE 1 HIT POINT

Extreme Fail, Your Neck is fractured, LOSE 3D6 HIT POINTS

If you are killed, your friends get down your body but fail to revive you. You are taken to hospital in an ambulance and a Police Detective quickly takes statements. +60 minutes. Choose a new MAIN INVESTIGATOR. Go to 231

Roll HALF DEXTERITY, or ESCAPOLOGY [1%]

Success, go to 359

Fail, go to 403

404*

You dive through the crack in the wall and fall, face first, on the floor, safe from the oncoming freight train. However, you smash your elbow on the ground, rolling over in agony. LOSE 1 HIT POINT. Only then do you realise that you are back in the billiards room, on the carpet, in front of the cave painting. The moon has momentarily gone behind the clouds. You notice the painting appears to be just a regular oil canvas once more.

The remaining mist dissipates. Brushing yourself down as you stand up. You carefully back off and sit down. Pouring a glass from a decanter and take a sip, rethinking what just happened and how close to death you seemed to be.

Go to 91

405*

Despite your comrades' best efforts within the steep confines of the spiral staircase, they fail to separate the Vampire from your embrace. She again bites you on the neck. You experience pure pleasure. You love it .... you never want her to stop... drinking your blood. The feeling is addictive.

LOSE 1D3 HIT POINTS and ADD them to the Vampires HIT POINTS

Roll BRAWLING [30%] for whoever is second in your PARTY.

Success, they pull you to safety out of the staircase. Where you can all fight the Vampire, in the doorway, go to 491

Fail, go to 405

If you are reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, you drop dead on the steps as the Vampire steps over your corpse and attacks any other party members, then go to 491

406*

Coming to your senses, you realise that what is before you is nothing except a sculpture. You get your breath from the sudden shock of such a twisted creation. The sculptor sure had a bizarre imagination to invent such a fear-inducing statue. A terrifying work of genius.

It appears to be made from some hard veined stone. You are unsure of what type of mineral it is.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 372

Fail, go to 314

407

Heading around a series of tight bends in the high-hedged maze, you come to a crossroads. The snow seems to have stopped falling for a while. You can see the top of the observatory from here, topped with snow against the dark sky, judging it must be 200 yards away.

Move east, go to 298

Head, west, go to 358

Press on northwards, go to 324

Move south, go to 233

408*

COMBAT

You keep it together, trying to pull your arm free from the Vampiric embrace. Though her undead grip seems tight.

Roll STRENGTH vs VAMPIRE STRENGTH of 53% (26%/10%)

If your level of success is greater than hers, go to 426

If equal or lesser success, she continues to drag you down.

If you have CRUCIFIX, roll LUCK

Success, go to 371

Roll VAMPIRE BITE 60% (you may not DODGE or counterattack, as have been Grappled.)

Success, the vampire drains your blood through a bite to the wrist. LOSE 1D3 HIT POINTS, LOSE 1D6 STRENGTH and LOSE 1D6 CONSTITUTION. You are now infected with Vampirism. Should you die at any time in the future, you will become a vampire after a period. No longer yourself, you will crave blood forever.

If already drowning, LOSE 1 HIT POINT

If not already drowning, Roll CONSTITUTION

Success, you hold your breath, go to 408

Fail, you begin to drown, LOSE 1 HIT POINT.

If you reach 0 HIT POINTS you have drowned and are DEAD (possibly becoming a Vampire in the future).

Unless you swap to another investigator from your PARTY (+30 minutes then go to 231), it is GAME OVER.

Otherwise, go to 408

409

You push through the standing but dead ferns that border the moss-lined ancient woodland. Snow is slowly falling and a little heavier now. You can hear the hiss of it landing all around. Oak is the predominant species, with each showing signs of strong prevailing coastal winds. Causing them all to lean and have unusual shapes with no symmetry. Heading through some gorse and thick rhododendrons, you find yourself far from the house and edge of the wood. It is an isolated spot. No animal trails have been visible so far.

LOSE 1 ELDRITCH POINT

Head back to the house, go to 374

Search the wood properly, go to 425

retrace your steps to where you entered the forest, go to 374

Head for the boundary of the estate, go to 357

410*

You see something out of the corner of your eye, making your instinct react. Turning to find a noose hung down just behind you and swinging a little. You feel somewhat uneasy as the hairs on your neck stand on end. You feel like someone is watching you....

Look up in the tree to see who is playing this trick, go to 403
Move away, back over the lawn as quickly as you can, go to 206
Run into the forest, go to 409

411

Again, you find yourself in the enclosed centre of the maze. Heavy snow clouds fill the sky, allowing little light to penetrate beneath them. There is a gust of wind. Along comes a murder of magpies. You recall that is what a flock of them is called. You count them, and 5 magpies sit on the marble angel statue. As usual, her pose is looking down at her reflection in the water. The fountain empties into an oblong pond that is set in the floor. The pond has many dead leaves floating on it. As snow begins to fall again, 4 Magpies fly away into the forest. Leaving a solitary corvid perched on the angel's wing tip, watching you intently.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%] if you have not succeeded before.
Success, go to 268
Search the area (+1D6 TIME), go to 264
Try to befriend the MAGPIE, go to 427
Leave the area, go to 407



412

You make some sense of the human tracks. After a while, you realise they circle the burial mound before heading Southwest. They then zig zag through the young bushes.

If you wish to follow the TRACKS, go to 796
Otherwise, go to 516

413

The Vampire throws open the trap door as you lunge forward with the Crucifix. She runs out of the hatch and jumps over the parapet into the dark snowstorm of the night. She is gone, or so it would seem.

Go to 419

414

You open the heavy church door and walk inside, pushed by the drifting snow. Closing the latch, it clicks, echoing around the acoustic building. It is icy cold here, but at least it is out of the bitter wind. Turning, you find the typical rural church layout, with six long pews down each side of the aisle leading towards the Altar and pulpit. Three candles illuminate the large chamber but don't really illuminate the high rafters or every corner. You see a small font here by the entrance.

These old religious buildings command an air of mystery. Their grand stone construction succeeds in conveying they are, allegedly, the home of an invisible, omnipotent being. A God of immense power, watching your every move and passing judgment.



If this is your second or more visit here, go to 235
Look at the Altar, go to 290
Investigate the pulpit, go to 435
Fill a hip flask with HOLY WATER, go to 485
Sit on a pew, go to 420
Leave, go to 555

415



"What were Edward's relatives like? I never met them and just wondered," you ask.

"Well, his father, Jacob, was a great man. No wonder Edward turned out so good, with a father like Jacob. Loving and a great role model, he set a perfect example. I only knew him in his twilight years, but he was still as sharp as a knife.

While Edward's mother Lucy... well she was admitted to Boggle Hole Asylum. The year after I started here. Let me see... that would have been 1896. She died in there a few years later, poor thing. Quite mad by the end, I'm afraid.

Well, Edward's older brother Benjamin was a character. Well-liked in these parts as he was good at many sports and represented the County in some, I recall. Maybe football and Rugby, I can't be certain. Anyway, he was commissioned as a Captain in the Yorkshire Regiment at the outset of the War. I'm afraid he was declared missing in action right near the beginning. Posthumously awarded the Military Cross, for gallantry due to his role in the attack, I believe.

Now let me see, ah yes, that leaves his younger sister. Well, that was another tragedy for the family. She died in a car crash, I'm afraid. Poor girl. Amber Lombard was a well-liked woman and aspired to join the London Symphony after studying under some of the most famous music teachers of her time. She seemed to almost achieve her dream when she was tragically killed in a Motor Accident at the estate in 1902. She was only 27 years old. Awful Luck, those Lombards had, such a shame."

He crosses himself.

"Yes, it is terrible. Tell me about Edward", go to 445

"Would you like to come and bless the House", go to 460

"What did you do, before running the Parish?" go to 195

Thank him for his time and Leave, go to 555

416*

Approaching the enormous ancient Oak, you hear a creaking up amongst the branches. Odd, considering there is no wind. Heavy snowflakes are just drifting out of the dark night sky, illuminated by the moon that is revealed by a shifting snow cloud. As you move nearer, you are suddenly surprised by something grasping at your AXE. Looking down, it is a root. A sinew-like tree root comes out of the ground and is already wrapped around the handle of your AXE.

Roll STRENGTH.

Success, you pull the AXE free of the root.

Fail, LOSE AXE as the root rips it from your hands.

As you stand confused... suddenly, you are aware of some unseen threat and react.

Roll DODGE.

Success, go to 387

Fail, go to 442

417*

The locomotive's shrill horn whistles as steam fills the narrow tunnel. As you hesitate to dive for the hole... a split second too late, the surging steam engine is suddenly blasting through. No one could withstand the catastrophic impact of that freight train. The driver never even saw you. No amount of LUCK can save you.

Indeed, your mangled remains are not discovered for another week. By then, the rats and foxes have had their way with your corpse. Some parts are missing. The Newspapers say it was misadventure, that you must have wandered into the rail tunnel in error or through intoxication. No one ever finds out the truth.

GAME OVER, or you may continue as another character from your party.

If so (+30 minutes) go to 231.

418*

You hold your nerve despite the supernatural creature before you. Her eyes ... like looking into burning pits that have such depth. Look how deep they go. You are lost in her unblinking eyes. Just look at those eyes, not around the eyes, but into the eyes.....

Roll POWER

Success, go to 466

Fail, go to 433

419

Climbing the tower's spiral stairs, you come to a trap door. It is not secured, so you push it open. It reveals the area on top of the brick tower, which has a layout like a medieval castle's battlements. In the centre of this area is a large bronze fire bowl, standing on three large cast iron lion's feet. Perhaps 3 feet across and several inches thick.

Climbing out of the trap door, you are careful not to slip on the snow that is lying deeper on this exposed tower top. The wind is biting up here, so you welcome the shelter of the battlement wall. Looking around, you see the view is spectacular. To the North, you can see the nearby village, with another beyond, near the skyline. To the West are snowfields, then woodlands, before the expansive moor. South, you can see arable strips before the distant town of Scarborough, with its prominent Castle. Beyond, there is a view of the coastline, shrouded in the falling snow. While looking back to the East, you can see only the dome of Lombard House and chimney tops above the snow-covered pine trees.

If it is after dark (4.30pm - 8am) go to 431
During daylight (8am - 4.30pm) go to 398

420

You take a pew and begin to listen to the silence or near silence. There is a faint hiss of softly landing snow on the roof. Your eyes adjust to the light after a while. Just then, the vestry door opens. A man, obviously a vicar, from his attire, enters the Church behind the pulpit. He closes the door quietly behind him before walking to the altar. He has not noticed you in the half-light as you sit in the pews, silent.

He kneels before the altar and crosses himself with a moment in prayer. You see he has a small bible in his hand. He then gets up to leave, bows and turns towards the door. Only, once within a few feet of you does he notice you sitting amongst the pews.

He is wearing a black hat and half spectacles with a large well well-groomed greying beard. "Well, Hello there." he greets you with a smile. You shake his hand and notice he has a bible in the other. "I'm the Reverend Martin Pashby. I've led the Parish here for three decades. It's always a pleasure to meet new parishioners. I have heard you are the new residents at Lombard House. News travels fast around these parts, as little happens, of note.

It is a shame you couldn't make Edward's Funeral. Everybody in the area turned out and it was a beautiful day to lay him to rest with the rest of his family. Well, other than Ben, he never made it home." He looks at you, "The war took him and his body was never found. Forever, in Flanders Fields." He crosses himself. "Anyway, it's the end of the Lombard line and tenure at the Big House. Everything has an end, but it is the beginning of something new, your residency. I was good friends with Edward and would be happy to answer any questions. If you have any?"

"That's great, thanks. Tell me about Edward", go to 445
"Would you like to come and bless the House", go to 460
"What did you do before running the Parish?" go to 195
"Tell me about the Lombard family", go to 415
Thank him and leave the Church, go to 555



421

You notice that one area has no dust. Therefore, has been recently disturbed. Looking closer, you pull back the dust sheet. Finding what appears to be an old sea chest. On the front is inscribed the owner's name, Captain Henry Lombard. Opening the box, you find an ageing manuscript. It appears to be a log book, presumably of a nautical voyage. You are eager to read this journal from in this Sea Chest, like a time capsule.

This ancient book is fragile but in good condition. It reveals the LOG from a voyage to discover new trade routes. Captained by Henry Lombard, the ship “Blenheim Of London” departed September 1790

Henry departed in 1790 and in 1791 he landed at the Volcanic Bh'Tanga Island Archipelago in the Pacific. Henry was warmly welcomed by the Palua'Tan the Tribe elder and Chieftain of the NoN'Yar Tribe. The British had a sailor who managed to speak in a basic way with the natives, using Gaelic.

The tribe's culture being run as a Gerontocracy, was therefore very wise. They hoped for Peace and fair trade. The leader asked Henry if he came as a force of Good and Henry acknowledged with a genuine handshake. Palua'Tan believed Henry was the prophecy of the Light coming true. He explained all the evil from the island would be removed and cleansed by the White Savour forever.

Henry was happy to go along with the friendly diplomacy and Saw it all as traditional folklore, removed from reality. As a sign of acceptance, Henry was given a splinter of the only Gem they had ever found while tunnelling. A unique gem so beautiful it must never be in total darkness. The chief's ancestors had kept the gemstone in light for over 250 years.

Henry was entrusted with the Gem and warned his acceptance and continued support from the Tribe would only be secured by never allowing the Gem to fall into darkness. Henry, being a man of respect for local tribes' customs, like James Cook, stuck to them. So he ensured the jewel's lamp case they gave him never ran out of oil. As time passes in the journal on the voyage home, Henry mentions that he'd thought there could be something odd about the tribal warning about the gemstone. He had suffered bad dreams after looking into the heart of the stone for too long. Terribly vivid dreams and some entries in the log seem rather erratic and disjointed for about 3 weeks. However, once he entered the channel, his writings returned to serious matters only and thorough navigational maths like the beginning of the voyage. He never mentions the gem again in the log.

Discovering the low-lying islands and establishing trade with an indigenous tribe called the NoN'Yar was a great accomplishment that Henry was proud of. The tribe numbered maybe 400 people and primarily lived on seafood, as their islands were not large and mainly rock. They lived in large caves carved out from rock. Which the ore had already been extracted. They had a plentiful supply of valuable ores, from Platinum to Silver to Copper. He exchanged them for food and clothing. From this came a trade treaty that the British wouldn't interfere with the islands and trade peacefully. Upon landing in Southhampton in April 1792, Henry was promoted to Admiral, as the deal was worth huge amounts of cash to all involved and the British Empire. He details in his log that he planned to charter his own fleet of merchant ships, trade with NoN’Yar and use the fortune to fund the building of a grand family country estate he intends to name LOMBARD HOUSE.

The sea chest also contains an old flintlock pistol. It is still loaded (with a silver shot)

You may GAIN FLINTLOCK if you wish. [Roll LUCK to see if it will actually fire when attempted]. Damage 2D6+3.

There is a brass hand COMPASS you may also GAIN (+10% NAVIGATION).

There are 2D6 gold coins from the late 1780’s.

+3 TIME

Go to 377

422*

You are totally disorientated and lost. You press on. Getting colder as the snow is getting heavier.

+1D6 TIME

Roll LUCK,

Success, go to 328

Fail, go to 374

423*

As you stand, looking at the tree and noose, some scars on the trunk catch your eye. They almost look like mouths, with teeth of sharp bark from where the tree has splintered from an old wound. Perhaps a lightning strike, you wonder. The many knots almost look like eyes. It is a little unnerving. You feel that you are being watched.

Roll POWER

Success, go to 410

Fail, go to 403

424

Following the maze's confusing route, upon turning a corner, you come face to face with a grey standing stone of perhaps twelve feet in height and maybe 4 feet across. Snow has settled on its upper surfaces.

Examine the standing stone, roll ARCHEOLOGY [1%]

Success, go to 373

Fail, you cannot identify the markings you uncover on the stone. Choose below:

Head to the East, go to 324

Move South East, go to 407

Take the southern route, go to 358

425*

Looking around in the snow-filled forest, it is hard to even find somewhere to search that is not under a few inches of snow. You look at hollows in trees, a fallen log and a hole in the ground lined with stone blocks. However, you find nothing, so begin to press on.

+1D4 TIME

Roll LUCK

Success, go to 447

Fail, go to 357

426*

You escape from the vampire's grasp and break the water's surface. Wasting no time and spurred on by adrenaline coursing through your veins. Hauling yourself from the dark water in one desperate motion, you collapse on the floor. Gasping for breath, you lay there on your back, for a moment, looking up at the full moon peaking through the huge snow clouds. Drifting snowflakes fall on your face, reminding you just how cold you are. Looking down at your hand, you realise you still have the object you wanted. It is a long key, silver plated, with a threaded end section.

GAIN SILVER KEY

Go to 233

427*

Roll ANIMAL HANDLING

Success, go to 444

Fail, go to 233

428

Once at the archway, you can see a door into the tower within. However, the old wooden door is locked, with a small padlock on a clasp (unless you have already opened it). The archway under the tower offers some welcome shelter from the elements. The stone floor is dry. Your footsteps echo inside the small stone tunnel.

Beyond the tower, another 10 yards, is a tall monolith of veined marble. With some snow on its cap, it stands against a white background of nearby fields. In the distance is the Great North Yorkshire Moor. A vast area of open moorland and bog, exposed to the weather, on the highest ground. It looks truly inhospitable as driving snow drifts across in front of your view. The wind seems to be getting up from the North, which is fine as the archway is east/west facing.

If you've already gained entry and want to access the tower, go to 454

To use the key, if you have PADLOCK KEY, go to 454

To Force entry into the Tower, (+1 TIME) Roll STRENGTH

Success, go to 454

Extreme Fail, LOSE 1 HIT POINT as you injure yourself

To pick the padlock, (+1 TIME) Roll PICK LOCKS [1%] (only if equipped with LOCK PICKS)

Success, go to 454

Extreme Fail, your picks snap in the lock (LOSE LOCK PICKS)

To investigate the standing stone, go to 367

To walk the Perimeter of the woodland (will take half an hour), go to 484

To return to the junction in the woods, go to 437

429*

You attempt to enter the House Keeper's cottage. However, you find the door is locked.

Try to pick the lock (+1 TIME), Roll PICKLOCK [1%] (only if equipped with lock picks)

Success, go to 448

Fail, you cannot manage to get the lock to open.

Fumble, the lock picks snap (LOSE LOCK PICKS)

Roll 1D6, on a 1, Mrs O'Brian comes out of the kitchen and catches you in the act.

You must talk your way out of this, go to 436

Otherwise, go to 384

430

You decide to be more proactive in getting the horse to settle. Slipping inside the stable and trying to build trust, you pat the horse's neck in an effort to make a physical bond. However, the horse suddenly goes wild and bucks around the confined area.

Unless you can Succeed on a DODGE roll, you are kicked by the powerful creature.

Fail, LOSE 1D6 HIT POINTS.

It is beyond help, in your opinion. Far too dangerous to ride or work.

Tom thanks you for trying, but he suggests the horse is crazy. He says he will contact the Knackers Yard and get it taken away once the snow clears. He shakes your hand and bids you farewell as he feeds his sheep in the adjoining barn.

Go to 562

431

The full moon breaks through the canopy of massive snow clouds. While the snow flurries subside, in this eye of the storm. The extra moonlight helps illuminate the battlements and surrounds. There is a distance roll of thunder out to sea. A low rumble persists as you notice from this lofty position the moonlight is reflected by various stones in the gravel area below. The salt rocks you had spotted earlier must be there to avoid snow laying upon them. These reflective surfaces combine to form the outline of a digit. The number **4** is clear as day, that is until a cloud moves over the moon and then the area becomes plain rock and gravel, once more. There is a distant rumble of thunder a second time. You see more snow coming from the north, spewing from the huge nimbus, illuminated by a shaft of moonlight.

Roll POWER

Success, go to 456

Fail, go to 449

432

You set off... sprinting up the inclined 80 yards through the falling snow flurry. You dash towards the monolith, hoping to seek shelter inside the brick tower. Terror grabs every fibre of your nerves and spurs you on with a kick of adrenaline.

LOSE 1D10 SANITY (-1 if you have ORCHID)

If you LOSE 5+ SANITY, Roll INTELLIGENCE

Success, this creature is an abomination, GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY

Fail, somehow you don't see the significance of this beast's existence.

Roll DEXTERITY

Success, go to 486

Fail, go to 455

433

She is beautiful and you are enamoured by this goddess standing before you. Never before have you felt such desire or strong emotions. You don't want to flee or fight, just to be with her. To be in her arms..... forever.....

Roll POWER for each Investigator in your PARTY who is present.

Any Investigators who fail are also HYPNOTISED and are unable to act.

Only those who pass their POWER roll can attempt to fight the Vampire.

Anyone who resists her hypnotic gaze and has a CRUCIFIX will automatically turn the undead.

Forcing her back into the water, go to 401

Otherwise, go to 466

434*

Losing your footing in the snow and catching the easterly blast of freezing air, full on, you stumble over the parapet and fall from the battlements. Letting out a Wilhelm scream, you plunge down to the ground below.

Roll LUCK

Success, go to 457

Fail, go to 477

435

You approach the wooden pulpit, built into the wall and accessed by four stone steps. Once inside, you see the lectern is an ornate eagle holding a book. Seems to be written in some language you fail to recognise. It looks ancient, like a manuscript. The wrinkled pages are yellowed and the blue ink is fading. You do not identify any of the letters of the alphabet being used.

"It's pre-Sanskrit," an echoed voice says behind you.

Turning around, you meet a man dressed in the black garb of the clergy. He has a white dog collar and a parson's hat." A book I am translating for the diocese. Bishop Brennan knew I was familiar with the language from my time overseas."

You shake his hand, "I'm the Reverend Martin Pashby. I've led the Parish here for three decades. It's always a pleasure to meet new parishioners. I have heard you are the new residents at Lombard House. News travels fast around these parts, as little happens, of note.

It is a shame you couldn't make Edward's Funeral. Everybody in the area turned out. It was a beautiful day to lay him to rest with the rest of his family. Well, other than Ben, he never made it home." He looks at you, "The war took him and his body was never found. Forever, in Flanders Fields." He crosses himself. "Anyway, it's the end of the Lombard line and tenure at the Big House. Everything has an end, but it is the beginning of something new, your residency. I was good friends with Edward and would be happy to answer any questions if you have any?"

"That's great, thanks. Tell me about Edward", go to 445

"Would you like to come and bless the House", go to 460

"What did you do, before running the Parish?" go to 195

"Tell me about the Lombard family", go to 415

Thank him and Leave, go to 555

436

"What on earth do you think you are doing?" berates Mrs O'Brian.

Roll either FAST TALK [5%], PERSUADE [10%], INTIMIDATE [15%], or CHARM [15%].

You get an ADVANTAGE DICE if she is already your ALLY.

Extreme Success, GAIN MRS O'BRIAN as an ALLY. She lets you inside, go to 448

Hard Success, she is happy to let you inside, go to 448

Success, she accepts your story and returns to the kitchen, closing the door behind her, go to 429

Fail, she says you are out of order and demands you leave her residence alone, walking you inside, go to 231

Extreme Fail, She says you are obviously a no-good thief and she will be complaining to the police about you. Then walks you to the STUDY and gets the Solicitor, Mr Grey, to advise you that the cottage is out of bounds. Mrs O'Brian is livid and it will take a miracle to bring her round. LOSE MRS O'BRIAN as an ally. Any future Rolls involving Mrs O'Brian get a DISADVANTAGE DICE. Go to 32

437

Between the folly and the trees, heavy snow continues to fall. You noisily cross the gravel area. It has numerous scattered, larger rocks strewn around. Perhaps they are even salt rock, judging by the lack of snow in this area.

Head to the archway in the Tower, go to 428

Move to the junction in the woods, go to 263

Leave the track and enter the forest, go to 409

Walk the perimeter of the forest (+30 minutes), go to 484

Walk around the tower to the standing stone, go to 367

438*

You are transfixed by those eyes. They are beautiful. The most beautiful eyes you have ever seen. The owner of the unblinking eyes of fire steps forward into the half-light. She is a woman with braided blonde hair and seemingly stark naked. She is truly a Goddess of beauty. You feel nothing but desire to be with her, no matter your natural preference. She embraces you, which you welcome, holding her close. All this is in silence, except the wind whistling up the staircase. She bites you on the neck. It is pure pleasure.
You love it ….

LOSE 1D3 HIT POINTS and ADD them to the Vampires HIT POINTS (Base 14)
Roll BRAWLING for whoever is second in your PARTY.

Success, they pull you to safety out of the staircase. Where you can all fight the Vampire, in the doorway, go to 491
Fail, go to 405

439

You see something under the water, in the shallow pond. Rolling up your sleeve, you lower your arm into the cold water. Certainly gets the blood pumping. Pulling up something, you are surprised to find it is a rusty Webley service revolver. Opening the cylinder, you discover that 3 cases are empty and have been fired, but the remaining 3 are silver-tipped bullets.

You may choose to GAIN WEBLEY. GAIN 3 SILVER BULLETS.

You can see a glint of gold. Feeling around for a moment, you manage to pull up a large gold coin. On closer inspection, it is a Spanish doubloon. You may choose to GAIN DOUBLOON.

Another sweep of the pond reveals the most shocking find of all, a skull! It appears human and is missing the bottom jaw. However, the top canine teeth are incredibly long, perhaps double the normal length.

You may choose to GAIN SKULL if you wish.
You may choose to smash the cranium and DESTROY SKULL if you wish. Make a note.
Or throw it back into the pond.
Go to 366

440

You ask how she would know there is peril from reading tea leaves. She explains, “I come from a long line of folk, descended from the druids, buried near the edge of the moor. We all have some special gifts… or so said my grandmother when I was just a girl. She taught me to read the leaves and divination. Although honestly, I’m not so good at that away from the lay line.”

Thank her and give her the dregs of your drink, go to 475
Refuse the reading and throw the leaves on the fire, go to 458

441

You look at identifying the best handholds. Form a route and then begin to scale the monolith.

Roll CLIMB [20%]

Success, go to 282
Fail, You get near the top but slip and fall. LOSE 1D6 HIT POINTS

You may make another attempt (+1 TIME, see above)

Or you may give up, go to 329

442*

Your sixth sense warned you of impending peril, yet you reacted too slowly to duck in time. A thick bow of the ancient tree swings across at great speed and hits you with massive force in the ribs. You are thrown several yards across the lawn.

The MAIN INVESTIGATOR, LOSES 4D6 HIT POINTS

Go to 500

443

You take cover, expecting the worst, but no attack on the house materialises. After a short pause, there is a colossal crash and it is obvious that the abhorrent tree creature has destroyed something outside. Daring to peer through the letterbox, you see it, moving off into the dark woodland, away from the house, heading north also-

The last vehicle that you used is flattened, where you had left it on the drive. A crumpled hulk of metal, already covered in large flakes of snow. (LOSE last used Vehicle) It may not be repaired.

If you have not driven a vehicle yet, the bronze fountain is just discarded on the ground, with teeth marks visible on its flank. You wait a while, but there is no more sign of the thing in the woods. You begin to relax a little and take stock of the situation.

Go to 231

444

You strike up a game with the magpie. You know that as a corvid species, it is intelligent enough to count, solve puzzles and recognise people. So you unwrap a toffee, from your pocket and hide it in one of your clenched hands, behind your back. Your left hand. Holding them aloft, the magpie leans forward and studies the game you have set. Then it flies down from the statue and lands upon your right hand before tapping your left hand with its beak.

You open your hand and reward the black and white corvid. How grabs the toffee and flies back to the statue. You watch as the bird pulls the toffee into chunks to swallow. Once finished, it turns to you and croaks again before flying off towards the house over the high hedges. You turn to resume your investigation and are surprised the magpie lands on your shoulder from behind. It clucks and croaks, nudging your ear. That's when you realise it has a gift, something shiny. You hold up your hand and the magpie deposits the gift in your palm before flying off.

Looking down at your hand, you realise it is a bullet with a silver tip. Where on earth did the magpie find that. You figure it must have recovered it inside the maze itself, as gone such a short time.

GAIN 1 SILVER BULLET. GAIN MAGPIE as an ALLY.

Go to 233

445

"Well, you knew Edward. A dignified man with a lot of humanity. He tried to be the people's champion around these parts and succeeded if you ask me. He was well-loved locally because he always tried to give folk a good deal and was very fair in how he dealt with everyone. Don't get me wrong, he didn't suffer any fools, but for the community, he did nothing but good. Lots of charity work and donations to fund local projects. In fact, he paid for the local lifeboat and even repairs for this church roof." He looks up, "It's such a shame he's gone." He looks down, saddened at the thought.

"Well, the Lord works in mysterious ways, but he could have done so much more good, leaving him down here, on Earth, for a few more years. That is for sure. I used to invite him for Dinner every Tuesday. We always played chess and talked about Theology or politics. Great conversationalist and very knowledgeable on so many topics. Anyway, no matter how many times I angled for an invite to Lombard House, he never gave me one."

"Would you like to come and bless the House", go to 460

"What did you do, before running the Parish?" go to 195

"Tell me about the Lombard family", go to 415

Thank him and Leave the Church, go to 555

446*

The wind picks up. Another flurry of giant snowflakes begins to descend from the dark sky.

If it is daylight (8am - 4.30pm), go to 411

If it is after dark (4.30pm - 8am), go to 391

447

Moving through a dense area of bushes, you come across a 15-foot-high monolith topped with snow. Its surface is grey, with veins of black material in several places. You see a carving, high up, of a winged serpent spiralling around the standing stone. It seems South American in style. A flurry of snow falls from the treetops onto you, making you jump. It's creepy in here and pretty damned cold too. You move on.

Go to 357

448

Opening the door, you let yourself inside the cramped cottage, closing the door behind you. A paraffin lamp is burning in the corner, so you turn it up. The small residence has an open plan with a bed, fireplace and easy chair. A table is in front of the window that looks into the forest. On the table is a chess set halfway through a game. A well-worn bible is on the table, too. Over the fireplace is a small picture of a man in uniform. You find a letter from Mrs O'Brian's sister, wishing her well and how she looks forward to the housekeeper, Agnes, returning to Ireland for Christmas. How it has been 6 years since she last saw her and that she misses her greatly.

Searching around, under the mattress, you find her savings of £7 and 8 shillings. Leaving it there, you decide it is time to leave. You make sure you slip outside unnoticed.

Go to 384

449*

As you stand and look down at the bronze fire pit at the centre of the tower. It dawns on you, that the snow inside the bowl is beginning to melt. Wait... what is happe..... BOOOOOOOOM!!!!!!!!

Roll 20% TO HIT

Success, go to 461

Fail, the lightning bolt, strikes the parapet, blasting the brick into shrapnel. All PARTY, LOSE 1D6 HIT POINTS.

Go to 368

450

"It's been an absolute pleasure to meet someone as lovely as you Rita," you smile.

You see her blush a little at the attention, "Oh don't be silly now. The pleasure is all mine. If you ever need anything or any more advice, you know where I am." She points to one of the cottages by the stream.

You nod, "Farewell Mrs Simpson," she smiles before heading to her abode. Turning, you notice the old man is standing with a hearing tube pressed firmly in his ear, pointing at your meeting. You can't help but chuckle. He realises he has been spotted and goes inside his small cottage.

GAIN MRS SIMPSON as an ALLY

Follow the road north, go to 557

Take the East turn off road to Blake's Farm, go to 566

Walk West into the snow-covered pasture, go to 546

Follow the road South to the Church, go to 555

451

He pours you another, "Well, there been a few in 'ere, o'er the years, that gone and said they saw all manner o' things. Several say they seen giant cats sneaking round the edge o'moor. Big ginger cats with short tails. All said they were frightened to death by these feline predators, mainly seen at dusk." He looks at the clock, then back to you..... "But they ain't the Scary stories, oh no, Sir. Those are the tame stories and the less frantic witnesses. For, I've had some in here over the years who are panic-stricken and wild-eyed. Believe me when I say their accounts made my hair grey." He lifts up his cap, revealing his greying hair and winks.

"I've had at least 6 over the years burst in here, who have said they been chased by something. Something big and terrifying. Some say it flies with huge wings, like an umbrella. While others say it was a man, like a dog. Some weird Dog-man. They say it howled and pursued them from the moors, some even said they happened to be poaching and their shot did nought to it. One thing was in common with all these stories."

He again looks you in the eye, "They all happened around the full moon..... just like tonight." He lights his pipe. "So, you be safe out there, on the Moor Road tonight. Beware the Moon and stay on the path."

You drink up by the fire and then head outside, bidding the barman farewell. You see him cross himself as you leave.

Only then do you notice the Falcon signage depicts a slaughtered lamb, gripped in the talons.

Go to 527

452

Looking at the two low burial mounds, crowned in snow and surrounded by bushes, you get a sense of calm. It is a great setting to be laid to rest. You understand why ancestors would wish to be buried here. The view to the pretty spectacular horizon can be seen in various directions. West, onto the vast expanse of moorland. That is just a fraction of England's largest area of wilderness, the North Yorkshire Moors. The coastline can be seen to the South, between snow flurries. The Northeast allows a view down to a village that you figure to be Robin Hood's Bay.

Walking around the westernmost "Howe" you see footprints in the snow, as in actual human footprints made with bare feet. This is madness. Who on earth would walk around here barefoot.

Roll TRACK [10%]

Success, go to 412

Fail, go to 516

453

Carefully gaining the horse's trust, you calm the creature enough to enter the stable. You build a bond with the animal. With coaxing, eventually, the madness leaves her eyes. A little more time and she is fully relaxed and acting like a regular cob.

"Well, I'll be ..... you're a miracle worker and certainly better than that expensive young Vet, Mr Farnon. Wait till I tell him. Anyway, I owe you a pint. Seems that there 'orse dotes on you. You can take that cob for a ride out anytime you want, walk down from Lombard House and help ye'sen."

The HORSE allows you to move like a Vehicle but is not limited to the road. It can go anywhere on the same map for +3 TIME or +30 minutes to go anywhere on another MAP. You must make a successful RIDE [5%] Roll or become dismounted halfway to the destination and LOSE 1 HIT POINT.

A horse provides no protection for its riders and can only carry 2 people maximum. If the Horse is injured, you become dismounted unless you make a successful RIDE Roll [5%].

Once dismounted, you must make an ANIMAL HANDLING [5%] Roll.

Extreme Success, learn more empathy. GAIN 1% ANIMAL HANDLING

Success, the horse allows you to remount.

Failure, the animal is evasive, wasting 1 TIME, Roll again.

Extreme Failure means the Horse bolts and returns to the stables alone. You become a pedestrian and must continue on foot.

Tom thanks you and again shakes your hand. Saying you are always welcome.

He tips his cap, saying he has to get on, "Tata" and begins to feed his sheep in the adjoining barn. You say farewell and leave.

GAIN TOM HULLEY as an ALLY

ADD to your DIRECT ACCESS LIST as follows:

"HORSE, 4 TIME, ANYTIME, ENTRY 1143

Go to 562

454

Behind the door, a spiral staircase climbs up into the tower. The staircase is narrow and very dark, as there are no windows in the claustrophobic structure. You enter and begin to ascend.

If the SKULL has been DESTROYED, go to 498

Otherwise, go to 419

455

You dash full tilt through the deep snow, but it is slippery, making you almost fall. Snowflakes melt on your face as you run through the white chaos. Nearing the monolith, you are gasping for breath and considering looking back when the Horror, Hunting you, arrives....

Roll 45% BITE

Success, go to 478

Fail, go to 474

456

You feel the hairs on the back of your neck, stand on end and get the overwhelming sense of impending doom. You cannot explain it but are compelled to leave the exposed battlements and seek shelter in the spiral stairwell. Once inside, a sudden lightning bolt hits the bronze Fire Pit with an instantaneous clap of thunder that almost blows your ear drums out. The flash of blue light from the sudden release of energy is blinding. You instinctively get down. The tower seems to shake for a moment. Before you come to your senses.

The wind gusts, causing a flurry of snow to blow through the trapdoor. You close it and deem it too dangerous to go back outside. A distant rumble of thunder reinforces your decision.

Go to 428

457

You see the horizon do a complete loop before you hit the ground. However, you have fallen off the battlements, where snow has been drifting up against the tower. Several feet of snow break your fall. You only LOSE 1D6 HIT POINTS before being buried in the deep drift.

If your HIT POINTS are 0, switch to another PARTY member. As your dead body is buried deep in the snow and forming ice.

Otherwise, You brush yourself off and stagger to your feet. Looking up, you know you are lucky to be alive. Go to 428

458

You refuse and throw your tea leaves in the fire, “I’m afraid I don’t believe in all that nonsense, Mrs Simpson. It is simply not for me. I thank you for the excellent cup of cha. But I must get on with my business before dark. Now if you will excuse me, I must be going.”

“Well, that’s your loss then I am afraid. The tea leaves are prophetic and can help us all unravel the mysteries of our lives. If you don’t take heed of the warnings then that is your business. Now, good day to you.” She sees you out and doesn’t sound too happy at your response.

LOSE RITA SIMPSON as an ALLY.

Follow the road north, go to 557

Take the East turn off road to Blake’s Farm, go to 566

Walk West into the snow-covered pasture, go to 546

Follow the road South to the Church, go to 555

459

“Honestly? Well, I guess I cannot disprove your statement and 1 bottle, isn’t exactly a boatload. So, I think I will take your details and be around for a chat over the next few days. Mark my words when I say I will get to the bottom of this racket. The perpetrators will feel the full weight of the law.”

Customs Agent Brady confiscates the bottle and takes your details, “Lombard House eh? Very interesting. The late Mr Lombard was always a keen supporter of our enquiries. Hopefully, you will be too. Now, if you see or hear anything suspicious, then please report it immediately to the Customs Office in either Scarborough or Whitby. Thank you for your co-operation. Now goodnight.” He leads his men away, down the steep cliff path, towards the shore. When you decide, it’s a good time to leave, go to 584

460

The Vicar's face lights up, “Well, it would be a pleasure for me to come and bless the House for you. Many of the locals gossip about the place being haunted and the like. So it would be good to put an end to such nonsensical rumours. I will be sure to call round to Lombard House soon. But I am afraid I must visit an ill parishioner. You will have to excuse me. It’s been a pleasure to meet you. Bye.”

GAIN REV. PASHBY as an ALLY

If you have MASONIC RING, go to 489

Otherwise, he shows you out, go to 555

461

Out of nowhere, a Huge forked bolt of lightning arcs down from the sky. In a split second, someone is hit in the torso. Channelling the direct electricity, you see it flow from them as another arc of light and strike the fire pit.

If you have the DOUBLOON, you are hit. Otherwise, the character with the lowest LUCK is hit, LOSE 3D10 HIT POINTS.

Anyone killed by the lightning is blasted into black lumps reminiscent of coal. The survivors retreat into the stairwell.

Go to 368

462

You notice there is something odd about the waterfall on the right. Upon investigating, you find your suspicion is correct. There is actually a natural cave behind the cascading water. Presumably, worn away from the combination of river water and crashing waves. To get inside, you must walk through the freezing cold water. That is not very appealing in this temperature. There again, at least it offers some shelter from that damned salty wind sweeping in from the dark North Sea.

Dare to go through the waterfall, go to 395

Otherwise, go to 493

463

"You are all in great danger at that House. You already know that. Everyone in the village has seen or heard odd things thereabouts. It is Cursed by the very Devil himself.

I've heard the ghostly echos of the car crash that killed Edward's sister by those black gates. Old John, over the road, has seen something flying around the trees up there that he called the Bandersnatch. The children know that name for miles around. Such is the reputation of that cursed manor.

Far more local folk believe in the tales of Lombard House rather than the legends of the Dogman of Flixton or Great Monsters from the sea. Everyone has someone in their family who has passed that way at night before they saw something that made them never return that way again at night."

You try to turn the conversation less dark, "Come now, Rita. Do you really think I am in mortal danger due to the tea leaves?"

"The tea is not the reason. It is just a way of reading the omens. It seems you have been marked by dark forces who aim to cause you harm. I know no more about what this means than you, but let me be clear, you are staying somewhere everyone says is haunted. My advice is to leave now. Get as far from that horrible place as you can. I don't want to see you like my poor late Husband. Please, I beg you to take heed. The leaves are never wrong."

You realise she is adamant and focused on getting you to leave the area for your safety. However, you do not wish to be lectured or argue with the upset widow. So you make your excuses and thank her for the hot drink. Donning your coat and hat, she approaches and puts something in your hand, "For luck." It is a rabbit foot, capped with copper, on a small chain.

GAIN 1D6 LUCK

"You keep safe now, you hear," she says as you head back outside into the snow.

Follow the road north, go to 557

Take the East turn off road to Blake's Farm, go to 566

Walk West, into the snow-covered pasture, go to 546

Follow the road South,to the Church, go to 555

464

"Hey, you want t' be careful o' that road, o'er there. It's not just twisty and narrow, you know. Oh no, no, no. That, there, Moor Road is haunted. I'm telling ya'."

You ask him what exactly he means by haunted. He doesn't hold back with his description, "I've had plenty of customers in 'ere, who tell me they nearly crashed on't way here, on that Moor road. They always say they were on the straight when it feels like someone grabs the steering wheel and tries to turn the car off the road into the trees. They say they narrowly managed to avoid a crash, how they are all shaken up. Honest, I must have had dozens say the same story over the years, right 'ere. In fact, there was a fatal crash there only 2 years ago. Young Insurance man, from Halifax, was killed when his motor hit a tree."

He looks you in the eye and warns you, "I'd be careful round that way, as it's only one of many stories people 'ave told, right here, over a drink or three. Do you want another one?"

Have another drink, go to 451

Thank him and leave, go to 527



465*

You walk along the lines of headstones, through the deepening snow. The chill sea wind is biting and you lift your collar and tighten your jacket's belt. The snow doesn't cease during the half an hour it takes to read the gravestones.

There seem to be the graves of a few families here, with recurring names, showing generations tied to the land, Simpsons, Blakes, Browns, Cotes and Renfords. From many youngsters to a few who made it over 50 years of age. All the graves are dating back to the late 1700s.

Along the back wall of the cemetery, there are a series of 9 grander headstones. They are all made from marble rather than the soft sandstone of the other graves. Approaching, you find they are all named Lombard. The largest grave is that of "Admiral Henry Lombard"(1753-1849). Other Lombard's headstone inscriptions include:
Lucinda Lombard (1843 - 1900) "Resting at Peace. Free from Trouble."
Richard Lombard (1813 - 1862) "Strong of mind, soft of heart"
Agnes Lombard (1815 - 1864) "Purest of Souls"
Cpt.Benjamin Lombard (1871 - 1914) "Missing in Action"
Veronica Lombard (1755 - 1853) "Mother of Richard, Much Loved"
Jacob Lombard (1840 - 1901) "The Lord's Batsman"
Amber Lombard (1875 - 1902) "Innocent of Heart"
Mildred Lombard (1842 - 1850) "Forever Loved"

The freshly dug grave of Edward Lombard (1873 - 1925) is symbolically, at the end of the line, much like his place in the family. From here, the family can look out to the sea and up the hill to the woodland of the Lombard Estate. The heavily smoking chimneys and brass dome can be seen peaking above the trees on the hill's summit.

There is also a stone memorial dedicated to the victims of shipwrecks on this treacherous stretch of coastline, as well as the many who fell victim to U-boats in the Great War.

A magpie flies over your head and lands on Edward's Gravestone. Turning to look at you, it clacks loudly.

Roll ANIMAL HANDLING [5%]

Success, GAIN MAGPIE as an ALLY

Otherwise, it flies towards Lombard House.

Move North, down the road, to the village, go to 556

Head South, along the road, up towards Lombard House, go to 554

Follow the Green Lane, West, go to 545

Follow a path East towards the railway line, go to 565

Look at all the headstones, go to 465

Enter the church, go to 414



466*

COMBAT

You brush off the hypnosis. If you have a CRUCIFIX, go to 396

Roll POWER for each character in your PARTY, who is present.

Any characters that fail, are also HYPNOTISED and are unable to act.

Only those who pass their POWER roll can attempt to fight the Vampire.

The Combat starts at close range, for all firearms. Move, in DEXTERITY order, from highest to lowest. The Vampire acts last, if someone is hypnotised. If no one is hypnotised, she acts at DEX 70.

VAMPIRE OF THE VALKYRIE

STR 53	**CON 65**	**SIZ 50**	**DEX 70**	**INT 65**
APP 90	**POW 65**	**EDU 28**	**SAN 0**	**HP 14**
DB +1D3	**BUILD 0**	**MOVE 9**	**MP 14**	**LUCK N/A**

ATTACKS PER ROUND 1

CLAWS 55% (27/11), DAMAGE 1D4+DB

GRAPPLE 60% (20/8), DAMAGE IS IMMOBILISED

BITE Automatic, only possible if opponent previously HYPNOTISED, or IMMOBILISED.

Only SILVER, FIRE, EXPLOSIVES, SPELLS, or MAGIC weapons, do damage to Vampires.

Vampires are immune to normal gunfire, although shotguns inflict 1 HIT POINT per shot.

Regular hand-to-hand weapons do 0 damage.

If her HIT POINTS are reduced to 4, or less, the VAMPIRE will dive into the pond, instead of attacking, on her next turn. If reduced to 0 HIT POINTS before, her turn, she is destroyed, forever and anyone she has infected is free from infection (LOSE VAMPIRISM). Or so it seems.....

Vampire regenerates 1 HIT POINT per round, up to her normal 14 HIT POINTS total.

A BITE only does 1D3 HIT POINT damage (DB does not apply) to the victim (ignores ARMOUR), but that adds to the vampire's HIT POINTS and can go beyond the normal maximum. If uninterrupted, the bite will do 1D3 each consecutive round, until the victim is dead at 0 HIT POINTS. At that stage the character becomes an undead vampire, on 0 HIT POINTS and begins regenerating, once at 1 HIT POINT, they join the fight, but against remaining INVESTIGATORS.

If Investigators prevail, go to 401

Otherwise, as the undead, you are one of the key factors in releasing a new plague of evil and insanity, on the entire human race. You are now a cursed immortal. Once you slay the entire household, in their beds, there is no one, to stand in your way. They all join you in a new Vampiric society, with the benefactors of Lombard House, as its elder sires.

You can start a new aeon, where even death, does actually die. You smile, revealing your fangs. You need blood...

GAME OVER.



467

You know the legend surrounding the 9th Legion of Rome. Many theories surround the disappearance of the elite legionaries north of the border. Some suggest they were wiped out by the ferocious Picts, once led North into a trap. Others say the legion disbanded and became Picts themselves rather than die on some whim of the Emperor. Many treasure hunters still hope to discover the Eagle standard of the Legio IX Hispana. You feel it is just a wild goose chase before realising the irony of that statement regarding your own situation.

You convey your knowledge and opinions to the eccentric painter. He introduces himself as “Mycroft” and only then do you realise he is elderly, perhaps in his seventies. Unbelievable to think he is out here all alone, in these conditions, at his age.

“You see... I like to go on the odd adventure and uncover mysteries of the past, especially with educated minds. It is something that I can say I am actually good at and still interests me. Indeed, I can tell you are on a similar adventure to solve a mystery. I have an intuition for these kinds of things. You have a look of urgency on your face, that I have seen before many times. I feel I have one last adventure left in me. I am here because a medium suggested I still had a great purpose in this world and advised me to be here today. She said I would meet mysterious strangers. Together, we could overcome dark forces. But only if they wish it.

Maybe you want to let me in on your conundrum? Perhaps I can help solve it, with you? If not, then best wishes. I will return to my painting and get back to my lodgings in Cloughton. Been a pleasure to make your acquaintance.”

You can choose to ADD MYCROFT to the PARTY if it contains less than 4 investigators.

His statistics are HERE

Move North, go to 523

Head West, go to 512

Press on South, go to 521

Go East, towards the road, 532

468

“It has just gone and died in’t top paddock. Am no vet, so I can’t say what it died o’. Maybe had a seizure or sum’t. I ain’t been able to recover the body, as my other ‘oss is being a twit. No doubt, the foxes will’a made a mess of it already. I’ve contacted the knacker's yard, but they won’t be along for a few days. It is a shame, as it was a grand ‘oss.”

Tom loads and lights his clay pipe while rocking in his chair. “Aye it's a damned shame alright.” He pauses to toke on his pipe. “But it could be worse, as the late Mr Lombard has a scheme whereby the estate will deduct the animal’s worth off next month's rent.” He turns to you, “I trust you will be doing likewise if you become the new Landlord?”

Obviously, you nod, not seeing a reason to disagree and bring this tenant farmer more hardship. He seems happy with that, blowing out a large smoke ring above the hearth.

GAIN TOM HULLEY as an ALLY.

Offer to see his other horse, go to 510

Thank him for his time and leave, go to 562

469



She has no choice but to flee through the trap door as you push the crucifix towards her face. Bursting the wooden panel open, you are blinded by the sudden sunlight compared to the almost pitch stairwell. The rays of sunlight hit the vampire's naked body. She begins to scream. The most terrifying scream you have ever heard that seems to penetrate your inner core. A damned scream of oblivion. Suddenly, her skin sets on fire and her face blackens. You cannot look away. In a second, her flesh is stripped away into ash, revealing her bones before they crumble to dust. Seems the vampire is no more. Her soul is destroyed purely by seeing the Sun.

Roll SANITY

Success, you have no problem seeing the evil undead destroyed.

Fail, LOSE 1 SANITY (not reduced by ORCHID) from the nightmarish spectacle.

As you have defeated the VAMPIRE, you know you have saved future victims and thwarted the purest evil. It helps to steady your psyche and justify the stress.

Each PARTY member GAINS 1D6 SANITY.

Go to 419

470

"I'm not the owner... yet." You explain.

She smiles, "Well, I guess the late Mr Lombard probably wanted to make sure it went to good people. You know, someone who isn't going to sell it off to the Lancaster Estate or increase the rents. He was a clever man. Shrewd, but also a very caring landlord who looked after his tenants well. I trust you will be doing the same. What with the Great War taking our menfolk, times are hard. We will look after your business if you look after us folk. Be sure of that, Sir/Madame."

"Well, thank you for the advice. I will be sure to take heed of your wisdom. It is much appreciated, Mrs Simpson."

The elderly chap is still clearing the path, but you can tell he is watching.

Choose :

Roll CHARM [15%]

Success, go to 450

Fail, go to 488

or bid her farewell and leave

Follow the road north, go to 557

Take the East turn off road to Blake's Farm, go to 566

Walk West into the snow covered pasture, go to 546

Follow the road South to the Church, go to 555

471

You follow the trackway through the twisted trees to the West. After a couple of minutes, you approach the edge of the forest. Getting closer, you start to see views through the tall tree trunks of the distant Yorkshire Moors shrouded in snow. Walking a few yards to the last tree, you realise there is a kind of tower ahead. It was concealed behind the tree trunks. Maybe, 4 stories, up to the battlements. Yet, all the windows are bricked up.

The tower is substantial and constructed from mason bricks. Yet there is an archway right through at the base. Looking beyond the arch, you see a large standing stone beyond the tower. Snow begins to fall heavily while a cold wind whips up.

Roll HISTORY [5%]

Success, go to 487

Fail, go to 428

472

The Barman says, "They can be funny folk up that way. People from Whitby are often nicknamed "Cod Heads" by Scarborians. Seems they all have a fishy nature about 'em." He laughs a little before realising he has maybe overstepped the mark. He takes your money and suggests you should drive slowly to avoid having an accident, with the terrible road conditions. You enjoy a couple of minutes by the fire before downing your beverage and returning outside into the snowstorm.

Go to 527

473



You look at the pit in the centre of the burial mound and wipe away the snow from the pit walls. The shale construction also shows several angled layers of slate. Judging by the position and formation of a ridge, you determine the bronze age burial mound is probably of a type found on the Pennine Hills, where the burial chamber is not central in the layout. Therefore, you suggest there is a chance the grave has not actually been robbed. Usually, in this design, the tomb chamber is at the Northern side of the mound, so you imagine it could be right in front of you with your back to the "Green Lane".

Maybe you could actually excavate it. However, you think it would require legal permission to avoid being accused of robbing graves and destroying historical sites. Perhaps it is something one should suggest to a University to undertake. You visualise how it looked when initially built before there were trees here.

Another flurry of cold snow wakes you from your daydream.

Go to 517

474

Expecting an impact, you hear the loud swoosh of the monstrous umbrella wings. Only meters behind, as you move for the safety of the tower archway. The creature's teeth snap closed, inches to the left of your face, as you weave to the right to pass the standing stone. The sound dissipates above you. Looking over your shoulder, you see the tail of that nightmare entity snaking up rapidly into the dark night sky, from which flakes, like static, are falling all around. You reach the safety of the archway. All around is the horrid stench of decay. Your lungs are burning.

Catching your breath, you wonder why the creature has not returned to finish the job. It appears to have departed. The snowfall becomes lighter once again. You exhale clouds of steam and wonder what to do next?

Head up the spiral staircase, go to 419

To investigate the standing stone, go to 367

Walk the Perimeter of the woodland/estate (will take half an hour), go to 484

To return to the junction in the woods, go to 263

475

You drink your tea and pass her the dregs in the cup. She takes the cup and swirls the contents before throwing them into the fire. A hiss of steam amongst the coals and a splutter of smoke. However, she is fixated on the cup and looking inside. Her expression is of shock, causing her to pause for several seconds.

"You are in grave danger. For the devil rides out…" She slowly rotates her hand and shows you the bottom of the cup. You are surprised to see lines of tea leaves stuck to the white, bone china. They form a shape of symmetry, a star…… a Pentagram!

Roll SANITY

Fail, LOSE 1D2 SANITY (-1 if you have ORCHID)

Go to 463

476

If you have the AXE, go to 416

Otherwise, go to 500

477

You see the horizon do a loop before you hit the ground. However, you have fallen off the battlements onto the bare rock salt area. It is a long drop, so you LOSE 2D6 HIT POINTS. You lay motionless on the ground. Heavy snowfall resumes as the wind drops to nil.

If your HIT POINTS are 0, you have broken your neck and died. Switch to another PARTY member. An ambulance is called, which takes the body is taken away. Everyone agrees it was a simple fall. The Police leave satisfied for now. +60 minutes. Go to 231

Otherwise, You brush yourself off and stagger to your feet. Looking up, you know you are lucky to be alive. Go to 428

478*

Suddenly, the airborne serpent bites down on you with its gigantic, sharklike maw. The jaws snap shut across your abdomen and hip, the wicked teeth causing massive damage. Luckily, darkness obscures the detail of this catastrophic sight from this gory attack.

The BITE ATTACK delivers 1D10+2+3D6 DAMAGE!!!!

If anyone is killed, then the rest of the PARTY escapes to 428

Otherwise, go to 474

479

You stand back and watch the body of the Vampire disintegrate in front of your eyes. Her skin peels back as if in a furnace. Then, her flesh blackens and crumbles to dust. The bones are exposed and then explode into a dark dust that seems to evaporate. You will remember the look of terror on the Vampire's crumbling face as her soul is damned for all eternity. The red glow leaves her eyes. Leaving nothing on the cold stone floor beneath the tower.

GAIN 7 ELDRITCH POINTS

Roll SANITY,

Fail, LOSE 1 SANITY (not reduced by ORCHID)

If you had to kill an investigator who became a Vampire, Roll SANITY

Fail, this weighs heavily on your mind that YOU killed them, LOSE 1D6 SANITY

As you have defeated the VAMPIRE, you know you have saved future victims and thwarted the evil. All GAIN 1D6 SANITY.

Head up the spiral staircase, go to 419

To investigate the standing stone, go to 367

Walk the Perimeter of the woodland/estate (+30 minutes), go to 484

To return to the junction in the woods, go to 263

480

"I will have to take a look at the accounts." You explain.

"Oh, oh, of course. My name is Rita Simpson and I'm only 1 month behind after that last flood ruined my carrot crop. Honestly, I will have my rent paid up, by Christmas, Sir/Madame. Honest, I will." You can see her physically shrinking, obviously wishing to not linger, on the issue.

"Don't worry Mrs Simpson, I'm sure it will all be sorted out in time. For now, be sure no one is heavy-handed with the running of the Estate. Hopefully, we can all be agreeable."

"Why, thank you. That's so kind of you to offer peace of mind for now." She hands you a turnip from her basket in gratitude and moves towards her small cottage. The elderly man smiles and waves before heading inside his dwelling, over the road from Mrs Simpson's cottage.

GAIN RITA SIMPSON as an ALLY.

Follow the road north, go to 557

Take the East turn off road to Blake's Farm, go to 566

Walk West into the snow-covered pasture, go to 546

Follow the road South to the Church, go to 555

481

"Well, it is nice to meet your acquaintance. Maybe, see you again, another time." He shakes your hand and closes the door, leaving you in the snow. You think that perhaps you were too charming for a simple man to see straight through you as being completely false.

Go to 562

482

You use the holy symbol to force the Vampire to withdraw up the dark spiral staircase. She snarls and hisses at you but seems unable to attack or approach within a few feet. Following, you make her retreat to the top, where there is a trap door. Extending your arm to brandish the crucifix close to her recoiling form.

If it is daylight (8am to 4.30pm), go to 469

If it is after dark (4.30pm to 8am), go to 413

483

You have not heard of the Legio IX Hispana. The eccentric man explains that the Legion disappeared in the second century AD when ordered north of Hadrian's wall. How there is a mystery that caught the Public's imagination, inspiring mentions in literature and novels. Indeed, treasure hunters have been looking for the standard of the 9th Legion for a long time now.

"Yet, there are old forgotten folk stories that this cairn was the resting place of the Tribune, the commanding officer of the Legion Constantine. He had disbanded the cohorts and let them all integrate into Pict society rather than die trying to take Pictland. While he slipped south of the border by boat to live out his days with a Yorkshire lass he had fallen in love with.

Well, don't let me hold you up in this terrible weather. Been a pleasure to meet you." He returns to his oil painting.

Move North, go to 523

Head West, go to 512

Press on South, go to 521

Go East, towards the road, 532

484

You set off walking the perimeter of the woodland that marks the boundary to Lombard House Grounds. You come to a standing stone that seems to be made from red granite and perhaps 11 feet tall. You fail to find any makings, so decide to press on. After only another 80 yards, amongst the trees, you see another. This one is made of sandstone and has a six-inch circle carved into the South side. Moving on, you come across a third monolith equidistant from the last one. Interesting, you pull out your notepad to sketch a map.

Do you wish to attempt to map the estate grounds?

If so, (+30 minutes) and roll NAVIGATION

Success, you create a rough map from your circuit. GAIN ESTATE MAP.

ADD to DIRECT ACCESS LIST - "ESTATE MAP, 0 TIME, ANYTIME, ENTRY 1138" then go to 262

Fail, your map doesn't hold up to scrutiny and you are lost within the woods, looking for another monolith.Go to 409

Otherwise, go to 262

485

You submerge your flask, in the small font. GAIN HOLY WATER.

"I'd rather you didn't do that." says a voice, from near the pulpit. Now approaching you is a vicar, with a greying beard. You notice he has a bible in his hand. Now he is nearer, he asks, "What exactly are you doing?"

"I just needed a drink, sorry reverend." go to 507

"Well, I was thinking of blessing the house." go to 460

"To be frank it is to ward off Vampires." go to 490

"I think I should leave. Sorry" go to 555

486

You get your head down and run like you haven't since school. The moonlit snowflakes drifting as you sprint, make this even more surreal and harrowing. As you approach the standing stone, your chest is bursting for air and your legs are burning, but you press on just as you sense the Horror behind you. Expecting an impact, you hear the deafening swoosh of the monstrous umbrella wings meters behind, as you charge for the safety of the tower archway. The sound dissipates above you and you look over your shoulder, to see the tail of that nightmare entity, snaking up into the dark night sky.

Catching your breath, you wonder why the creature has not returned, to finish the job. It appears to have departed and the snowfall comes lighter, once more.

Head up the spiral staircase, go to 419

To investigate the standing stone, go to 367

Walk the Perimeter of the woodland/estate (+30 minutes), go to 484

To return to the junction in the woods, go to 263

487

You realise this is the epitome, of a Victorian Folly. A building designed to look like an older relic, from history. Created by wealthy landowners, typically, these extravagant projects were of no practical use. Many considered them, opulent ego projects, for the wealthy. You wonder what use this folly is for, as it cannot even be seen from the house or gardens.

Go to 428

488

"I must say it's been so lovely to meet you, Rita. I'd love to get to know you more. "Lifting her head, she looks down her nose at you.

"Excuse me, how terribly forward of you. Well, I never!" She walks away to her cottage and doesn't look back. Seems you've made an error of judgement that you are sure Mrs Simpson won't forget quickly. The door slams shut.

Turning to leave, you see the old man laughing to himself, "Oh don't worry about her. She is a strange one and no doubt about it. She doesn't talk to me anymore because she doesn't agree with my views about the War, all being for nothing. She thinks her late husband died for something, but we all know that war had no sensible reason to kill all those young men. Don't worry about her, she's always annoyed at someone. She will come round in time. Anyway, young'en I've got to stoke me fire. See you again, Ta Ta." He limps back into his cottage and closes the door with the sound of several bolts.

Follow the road north, go to 557

Take the East turn off road to Blake's Farm, go to 566

Walk West into the snow covered pasture, go to 546

Follow the road South to the Church, go to 555

489

"Oh" he gives you a special, light grasped handshake. "I wonder if you would be interested in attending our Local Lodge's meeting, tomorrow? It is at the Raven Hall Function Room tomorrow afternoon.... I think...."

You suggest, "It would be my honour to attend hopefully, I will."

"Well, I've got to to be off, to see a very poorly parishioner. Hopefully see you again soon. It was lovely to meet you. Good Day." he tips his hat and leaves through the front entrance.

You have a look around, but there is nothing that draws your attention, so you leave.

Go to 555





490

"Vampires? Come now. I have heard rumours about Lombard House, but Vampires are a bit of a stretch. However, I'm happy to come along to the Estate and Bless the place of evil spirits if you are feeling superstitious in that grand old House. I am the Reverend Pashby, by the way. Pleased to meet you. Tell you what, I will call by sometime soon. Now, I am afraid I am late, so I must dash." Says the Vicar before heading out of the door into the falling snow.

GAIN REVEREND PASHBY as an ALLY

You look around for a couple of minutes but find nothing of note. Deciding to leave and go out into the elements once more. You close the heavy wooden door and fasten your collar tighter while looking at the silhouette of Lombard House amongst the trees on the dark skyline. You feel a shiver run through you, attributed to the chill wind.

Go to 555

491*

COMBAT

You brush off the hypnosis. If you have a CRUCIFIX, go to 482

Roll POWER for each character in your PARTY who is present.

Any characters that fail are also HYPNOTISED and are unable to act.

Only those who pass their POWER Roll can attempt to fight the Vampire.

The Combat starts at close range for all firearms. Move in DEXTERITY order, from highest to lowest.

The Vampire acts last if someone is hypnotised. If no one is hypnotised, she acts at DEX 70.

VAMPIRE, OF THE VALKYRIE

STR 53	**CON 65**	**SIZ 50**	**DEX 70**	**INT 65**
APP 90	**POW 65**	**EDU 28**	**SAN 0**	**HP 14**
DB +1D3	**BUILD 0**	**MOVE 9**	**MP 14**	**LUCK N/A**

ATTACKS PER ROUND 1

CLAWS 55% (27/11), DAMAGE 1D4

GRAPPLE 60% (20/8), DAMAGE IS IMMOBILISED

BITE Automatic, only possible if opponent previously HYPNOTISED, or IMMOBILISED.

Only SILVER, FIRE, EXPLOSIVES, SPELLS, or MAGIC weapons do full damage, to Vampires.

Vampires are immune to normal gunfire, although shotguns inflict 1 HIT POINT per shot.

Regular hand-to-hand weapons do 0 damage.

If her HIT POINTS are reduced to 4 or less, the VAMPIRE will flee up the staircase on her next turn. If reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, before her turn, then she is destroyed forever. Anyone she has infected is free from infection (LOSE VAMPIRISM).

Vampire regenerates 1 HIT POINT per round, up to her normal 14 HIT POINTS total.

A BITE only does 1D3 HIT POINT damage (DB does not apply) to the victim (ignores ARMOUR), but that adds to the Vampire's HIT POINTS and can go beyond the normal maximum. If uninterrupted, the bite will do 1D3 each consecutive round until the victim is dead at 0 HIT POINTS. At that stage, the character becomes an undead vampire, on 0 HIT POINTS and begins regenerating. Once at 1 HIT POINT, they join the fight, but against remaining INVESTIGATORS.

If the Investigators defeat the Vampire but she has killed an investigator, they continue the attack with the same stats and rules as the Vampire above. However, they will only have as many HIT POINTS as rounds since their death.

If all Vampires are defeated, go to 479

Otherwise, as the undead, you are one of the key factors in releasing a new plague of evil and insanity on the entire human race. You are now a cursed, immortal. Once you slay the household in their beds, no one can stand in your way. You can start a new aeon where even death will actually die. You smile, revealing your fangs. You need blood...

GAME OVER.

492

You are happy to get inside the public House, out of the snow. Once inside, you realise the bar is empty, other than the old barman, not too surprising, considering the conditions and lack of vehicles outside. The barkeep is wrinkled and has thick, powerful spectacles. He looks surprised to see you, "Well, what can I be getting you?" He points at the bottles of beer and spirits behind him. You see he is probably in his 60's and with his greying moustache and hair.

While serving your drinks, he asks where you are heading next in such poor conditions?

Whitby, or Robin Hood's Bay, go to 472

Harwood Dale and The Moors, go to 464

The Three Howes, go to 519

Lombard House, go to 539

493

You set off down the path into the snow-filled forest. The terrain is steep and not easygoing. The trail is muddy and has definitely been used a fair amount since the snow began to fall. Twisting and turning down the steep gradient. Eventually, you come out into a clearing. You are a few yards above the rock-littered shoreline by the river. A makeshift bridge crosses to allow you to ascend the cliff on the other side of the ravine. The river flows over the edge of this rock platform and spills onto the beach. You soon find a way down and discover that a pair of waterfalls cascade from above and form a pool that empties into the sea. The snow is light but still refusing to cease altogether. Although, none is really settled here due to the salty sea air.

If you have AGENT BRADY as an ALLY go to 102

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 462

Otherwise, choose

Head North, onto the Clifftop path, go to 585

Head NorthEast along the narrow shoreline, go to 595

Follow the wide shoreline to the East, go to 594

Follow the trail up through the woods, to the West, go to 504

494

As you stop to gather your breath. You suddenly realise several uniformed men stand up from concealed positions on either side of the path. Under the gloom of the dense branches, one shines a torch in your face. "Stay where you are, Customs and Excise!" He approaches while the others stand watching. You notice they are armed with revolvers, levelled at you. He looks you over and you see his gaze fixate on the spirits you are carrying. "I am Agent Brady, conducting investigations in the area, and noticed you are carrying a bottle of untaxed alcohol. Look, there is no stamp," as he takes the bottle from you and shows you the label up close.

"So, it seems you need to explain where you got this from if you can," he says while you stand in the dim light and slowly falling snowflakes.

"Honestly, I found it on the rocks, Agent Brady." go to 503

"I located a smuggling operation. That is evidence." go to 609

"Look, I was given it, by a fisherman." go to 597

"I swam from Holland with it in my teeth." go to 389

495*

As you approach the next chamber... if it is not your first visit, go to 502

Otherwise, Roll STEALTH [20%]

Success, go to 155

Fail, go to 173

496

You find yourself back on the rocks below the twin waterfalls. The cascade from above forms a pool that empties into the sea. The snow is light but still refusing to cease. However, none is really lying here due to the salty sea air. The sound of the crashing waves is rhythmical and unending, with the sound being reflected off the tall cliffs that isolate this bay. A drizzle of sea spray occasionally drifts over and dampens your face. Many would describe the place as miserable at this time of year.

If you have AGENT BRADY as an ALLY go to 102

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 462

Otherwise, choose

Head North onto the Clifftop path, go to 585

Head NorthEast along the narrow shoreline, go to 595

Follow the wide shoreline to the East, go to 594

Follow the trail up through the woods, to the West, go to 504

497

If you have earned the title of LUMBERJACK, go to 177.

You approach the impressive old oak tree and note all of the leaves have long since blown away in the fall. Very few are even left around on the lawn. One side of the tree is covered in snow, plastered by the prevailing wind. The exposed area seems to bear some large scars on the main trunk and even a few large limbs have been cut off. Large knots litter the main branches and the roots look huge and wide. Perhaps it is over 500 years old. It appears to have seen some history, looking at the deep scars. It is ominously twisted and green with algae.

You notice something hanging amongst the branches, a noose. Old and moss-covered. That is creepy and makes you wonder if this used to be a hanging tree. The thought that perhaps many met their end under this tree is not pleasant. How old is that rope? Was it used to end some vagabond or highwayman's life? If only trees could speak, you are sure this one must have several dark stories to tell.

Head to the gate, go to 262

Walk over the lawn, go to 206

Enter the forest, go to 409

Return to the front door, go to 234

If you have the AXE, you may try to fell the tree, go to 106

498*

As you climb the enclosed staircase, little light penetrates the darkness, as there are no windows. It is narrow. The stairs spiral tightly round to your right. You can feel this place is sub-zero. As you attempt to light a match to aid your ascent, you realise that there is something right in front of you.

A pair of red glowing eyes. Burning in the darkness, like the pits of hell and what depths those pits have .....

Roll POWER

Success, go to 491

Fail, go to 438

499

You walk around the largest burial mound and determine it covers a substantial area, maybe even the size of the inner circle, at Stonehenge. Walking up the snow-covered "Howe" (Which you presume means burial mound) you find at the summit is a depression. There is no way inside. You assume this is evidence of someone digging to rob the tomb years ago.

Roll ARCHEOLOGY [1%]

Success, go to 473

Fail, go to 517

500*

COMBAT

The Ancient Oak tree has animated and seems to be uprooting itself. The trunk's many scars, you had thought were from axe wounds, open up with an ominous creak. Revealing numerous mouths lined with sharp teeth. While the knots that litter the branches open to expose tens of purple eyeballs. This massive tree is not a tree at all. As the rotting bark falls from the trunk, you see there is a fleshy underwood, supple enough to move. Suddenly, the malignant entity comes dashing at you very quickly on 4 hoofed legs formed of twisted roots. Its huge physical presence is truly intimidating and terrifying. Then it shrieks, a deafening, shrill scream.

Roll SANITY

Success, LOSE 1D3 SANITY (-1 if you have ORCHID)

Fail, LOSE 1D10 SANITY (-1 if you have ORCHID)

If you LOSE 5+ SANITY, Roll INTELLIGENCE

Success, this paranormal entity's existence, blows your mind. GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY.

Fail, you fail to see the consequences of this revelation.

The combat starts at close range, for all firearms, on the lawn.
The Dark Young acts at DEXTERITY 80.

DARK YOUNG of SHUB-NIGGURATH

STR 230	**CON 80**	**SIZ 320**	**DEX 80**	**INT 70**
APP 0	**POW 90**	**EDU 0**	**SAN 0**	**HP 30**
DB +4D6	**BUILD 5**	**MOVE 8**	**MP 18**	**LUCK N/A**

ATTACKS PER ROUND 5
Everyone in the PARTY receives 1 TRAMPLE Attack, any remaining attacks are randomly assigned GRAB and BITE Attacks.
TRAMPLE 40% (20/8), DAMAGE IS JUST DB (4D6)
GRAB AND BITE 75% (37/15), DAMAGE 1D10 + LOSE 5 STRENGTH

Each hit with any Firearm only does 1 HIT POINT of damage per shot (includes SILVER BULLETS and SHOTGUNS).
The AXE does double damage, vs the Dark Young of Shub-Niggarath.

From the Second Round of the combat, the PARTY may opt to Flee towards the front door.
All investigators must roll their DEXTERITY. Any who Fail are attacked as per round 1. Those who roll a Success manage to escape but can shoot from the safety of the front door.

Round 3 allows another chance to Roll DEXTERITY and escape inside the house. Again, failure leaves them subject to attacks.

Round 4 assumes all remaining Investigators scrabble inside the house and bar the door.
Should the entire PARTY be wiped out, the game ends here. GAME OVER

If you successfully retreat and do not defeat the DARK YOUNG, go to 443.

If you defeat the DARK YOUNG, you regroup and consider applying FIRST AID and even MEDICINE.

Each surviving PARTY MEMBER GAINS 1D10 SANITY from defeating such overwhelming evil.

+2 TIME

Go to 231

501

"Well, this certainly is not a good way to enter our sacred church. I am very disappointed in you. I had heard you are the new residents of Lombard House. It is obvious that you are not as respectful as the Lombard Family. I suggest you come back on Sunday and we will chat then. Now if you don't mind, I am just on my way," scolds the grey-bearded Clergyman.

He promptly leaves by the main entrance. You realise he is far from happy with your attempts to lie. You look around the rest of the church but find nothing of note. So, you leave the chapel.

Go to 555

502

You move into the area and find it has 6 large RUM barrels and a sturdy crate of RUSSIAN VODKA. To the North, some rough steps lead up around a bend, while to the East, a long, straight passage heads into the pitch darkness.

Head North, up the steps, go to 355

Take the long passage to the East, go to 390

503*

"Honestly, I found it on the rocks, Agent Brady," you explain. He looks sceptical.

Roll PERSUADE, [10%]

Success, go to 459

Fail, go to 389

504

As you move up the steep woodland path through the laying snow, you feel a little out of breath from the steep gradient. It was far quicker going downhill than up. The sound of the crashing waves is still loud. You can taste the sea spray.

If you have BOTTLE OF SPIRITS, go to 494

Otherwise, go to 584

505

You step inside the cottage door and close it behind you. Mrs Simpson offers you to sit on the couch or chairs before the fireplace. It is a small room, which makes it warmer, although a little smokey. You take off your hat and coat before sitting.

She goes to make the tea in a well-worn ceramic teapot. Above the mantle is an old photograph of a uniformed young man. His uniform was that of a British Infantry Sergeant. His face was that of a typical farm hand, brave and strong. Who, like so many others, would answer the call to arms. Beside it, a framed letter and some medals, with a faded dried poppy, pinned to the frame.

"The Somme, 1916. That's where my husband, Andrew, died. Two days before his 27th birthday." She explains, "He gave his all, for King and Country, Bless him. But I so dearly miss him. Even the passing of time has made no difference. It pains me every day, just like it was the first, you know." She looks away as her wavering hand pours the tea into the cups. You struggle to know what to say. She hands you the hot drink while taking a seat by the fire. You realise she is an attractive woman but deeply haunted by her husband's passing.

"Anyway, I invited you in to warn you. I often read tea leaves and see you could be in peril." She looks you in the eyes. You feel she has a power, a will, that you have rarely witnessed. "So I wanted to read your leaves once you have drunk a cup. See if I can be more specific. We are on a lay line here, so the reading is far more powerful. Closer to fate."

"What lay line, is that?"

She looks you in the eye, "It used to be called the Great Way by the Druids long ago. It brings spiritual power. That is why they built their stone circle directly upon it. A site of Mother Nature's power to aid their rituals. The Great Way runs East to West just south of my cottage. In fact, it runs through Lombard House, I found after divining one day. It is a force of good and protection from evil spirits and demons. My dear late mother told me to trust in the Great Way. I still do," she holds out her hand.

Thank her and give her the dregs of your drink, go to 475

Refuse the reading and throw the leaves on the fire, go to 458

Ask her how she knows there is peril, go to 440

506*

COMBAT

You get a chance of a shot at the huge flying terror and pull up your firearms. All members of the PARTY can shoot.

The range is 20 yards, so pistols need Hard Success (under half Skill)

The target is large, get an Advantage Dice

The target is moving fast, get a Disadvantage Dice.

These negate each other, so it is a straight roll.

Roll TO HIT,

Extreme Success, IMPALE with any weapon. (Maximum Damage + Rolled Damage)

Hard Success, Hit with any weapon.

Success, Hit with Rifles, Shotguns and SMG only

Fail, you miss.

Fumble, your gun Jams and you need to spend an action clearing it instead of attacking the next round.

Roll Damage, but 9 points of Armour are deducted from each wound, meaning many hits may do no damage, at all.

Deduct any remaining Damage from the Horrors 26 HIT POINTS.

The terrifying monster flies off into the rapidly falling snowstorm once more before you lose sight.

Make a run, for the Road, go to 820

Hunker down behind the megaliths, go to 608

507

Roll FAST TALK [5%], as you spin a yarn.

Success, go to 549

Fail, go to 501

508

"It is certainly an interesting building."

She nods, "My grandfather told me that when he visited, it had artefacts from all around the world. He said it had included pieces from every continent. The one that he thought most interesting was suggested by Jacob Lombard to have come from a lost continent. A suit of armour supposedly forged in Atlantis, from meteoric ore and lost metallurgy."

"Your Grandfather sure knew how to spin a good yarn, lass," scoffs her father while loading his pipe.

"No father he was serious, he promised me it was the truth." insists his daughter.

"Anyway, it's getting on already and we've got work to be doing. It's been a pleasure to meet you, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to crack on. Feel free to pop by and take the horse anytime. Hopefully, we will see you again soon." He shows you out while Laura waves goodbye as you leave.

Head West along the tree line, go to 527

Fight your way North into the dense trees, go to 630

Follow the lane South, back to the main road, go to 536

Cut cross country across the fields to the East, go to 547

Leave on AJAX, go to LOCAL MAP

509

The painter greets you as you approach the cairn. He is a tall man, wearing a long fur coat with a traditional deer stalker cap, the earflaps tied under his chin. A paintbrush in one hand and a palette in the other.

"Well Hello there. I didn't expect to see anyone out here in these conditions. You see, I'm trying to capture the serenity. Call me mad, if you will, but I certainly didn't expect to see anyone else out here. So are you also here seeking the Cairn of Constance?"

You look confused enough for him to answer for you, "Oh you've no idea about the Cairn's History? This was rumoured to be the resting place of a Tribune of Rome, who commanded the LEGIO IX Hispana."

Roll HISTORY [5%]

Success, go to 467

Fail, go to 483

510

"Well you can 'ave a go, but I doubt you will succeed. It has gone bloomin' crazy and don't want to do nothin' 'cept stay in't stable."

He dons his coat, a fisherman's oilskin and shows you outside and to the stable. Once inside the building, you see there are 2 stable doors. One is occupied by a large brown horse. The farmer says he needs to move the horse into the other stable. So that he can "muck out" this stall. However he says it won't comply and no matter what he has tried, it won't budge.

"Gone nuts, she has. Dangerous. If it don't sort it out soon, I'll maybe have to sell it to t' knacker's yard."

Roll ANIMAL HANDLING [5%]

Success, go to 453

Fail, go to 518

511

This barren moorland is feet deep in snow and hard to negotiate. There is an eerie silence, except for your laboured breathing. Nothing can be seen except the white of snow. A creeping mist makes visibility poor and it is easy to become disorientated, with no reference points or landmarks to be seen. Navigation proves unusually difficult.

Roll NAVIGATION [10%](with a DISADVANTAGE DICE).

Success, you decide heading North East is safest, go to 522

Fail, Roll 1D6

1-3 go to 512

4-6 go to 521

512

The weather is blizzard conditions, creating a terrible maelstrom of freezing snowflakes. Nothing can be seen except the white of the snow. An eerie mist makes visibility poor. It is easy to become disorientated, with no reference points or landmarks to be seen. Not even the horizon. Navigation proves unusually difficult in the whiteout.

Roll NAVIGATION [10%] (with a DISADVANTAGE DICE).

Success, you decide heading East is safest, go to 522

Fail, Roll 1D6

1-2 go to 522

3-4 go to 511

5-6 go to 513

513

This bleak moorland is feet deep in snow and hard to negotiate. You hear an oppressive silence behind the background hiss of the perpetual snow falling to the ground. Nothing can be seen except the white of snow. An eerie mist makes visibility poor. It is easy to become disorientated, with no reference points or landmarks in sight. Navigation proves unusually tough.

Roll NAVIGATION [10%](with a DISADVANTAGE DICE).

Success, you decide heading East is safest, go to 523

Fail, Roll 1D6

1-2 go to 514

3-4 go to 523

5-6 go to 512

514

Moving through this featureless expanse of snow, you catch sight of a series of standing stones a little distance to your southeast. The snow is heavy now, limiting visibility to 50 yards. The deep snow makes footing difficult, so you begin to heat up a little from the exertion.

Approach the standing stones, go to 135

Move South, go to 513

Head East, go to 524

Head north, go to 515

Avoid the megaliths and press on to the West, go to 794

515

Pressing on, you navigate using a hedge line that comes into view. The snow shows no sign of abating. The light is dim, contrasting the white landscape. Visibility is limited. You realise you have come into a bog or stream, masked by the deep snow. Your feet are cold now that they have got wet. You can not wait to get out of here. A dark shape to the East is a woodland of pine trees. While the land climbs uphill to the North.

Head South, go to 514
Move to the East, go to 525
Press on to the North, go to 516

516

Approaching, you see some young stands of saplings laden with snow. Nearby is the obvious shape of two burial mounds. Another mound lies across the green lane to the North. The snow begins to get lighter and almost stops. Even in the dim light, you can see the distant sea and realise you are actually at a fair altitude. Lights from dwellings by the sea can be seen, perhaps, as far south as Flamborough. This is probably why these burial mounds were sited here, purveying so much of the coast and surrounding area.

Study the nearby mounds, go to 452
Move North, to the Green Lane and the largest tumuli, go to 517
Head East, towards the main road, go to 526
Press on, to the South, go to 515

517

You are on the muddy "Green Lane" that cuts through the plantation of saplings to the East. From your location, you can see 3 snow-covered mounds of large proportion. Indeed, they form a triangle. You are near the northernmost burial mound. Snow is falling all around making it impossible to see more than 100 yards.

Study the nearby burial mound, go to 499
Follow the green lane, West, go to 797
Head North, cross country, go to 610
Follow the Green Lane to the East, go to 527
Move towards the other mounds, go to 516

518

You can see the crazed look in the animal's eye. Despite trying to gain some trust, the horse is not happy. These things take time.

+1D6 TIME
Persist and keep trying, Roll ANIMAL HANDLING [5%]
Success, go to 453
Fail, go to 430

519

"Oh, the Three Howes, you say. Well, very few folk seem to visit there these days. Used to be much more popular when I was a young 'en. Folk used to come from all around to have the summer solstice there.

There used to be more paganism alive and well around these parts back then. You see, that generation of "witches" have all gone now. Only one remains, thinking about it. Taught by them to carry on traditions when she was just a kid. Aye, Mad Mary, they call her. They say she lives in Bloody Beck or Jugger Howe Beck. Some call her a Witch. I think she is an orphan that folk have made up lies about. You know, to sully her reputation. For trust me, she ain't a bad lass at all and great with animals some say she speaks to them. Others say she controls them, things like magpies and weasels. It's just gossip, but the same people sometimes pay her to heal their livestock." He loads his pipe from a worn leather pouch.

"Anyway, the Three Howes was where those pagans used to worship the cycles of the Sun. Those three mounds, they used to say was where three powerful Druids were buried. 'Hundreds o' years ago. They say they could use magic and protect the villagers from the supernatural. But, I think they were just Chieftain's tombs like Saxons sometimes made." He puffs on his clay pipe. You smell rich tobacco smoke before he continues, "If you are going to the Howes, I suggest you wrap up warm and walk from here. Come and get warm by the fire when you get back."

You leave, go to 527

520

Rita Simpson is happy to see you. She offers her hand, "How lovely to see you again. We must stop meeting like this." She laughs.

"It is nice to cross paths once more," you reply.

There is a pause before her reply.

"Why don't you come inside and have a cup of tea by the fire?" She offers while walking towards her door.

Accept her offer and go inside the cottage, go to 505

Or, explain you are too busy, sadly and bid her, farewell:

Follow the road north, go to 557

Take the East turn off road to Blake's Farm, go to 566

Walk West into the snow covered pasture, go to 546

Follow the road South, to the Church, go to 555

521

You can see snow-blasted pine trees to your East. While the rest of the landscape offers no details, being deep in snow. A constant fresh layer of snow is falling and soon covering your tracks.

Go South, go to 511

Head North, go to 522

Move East into the trees, go to 531

Press on West, go to 511

522

While moving across the featureless landscape of drifting snow, you see a large cairn of stones. The snow is light but keeps falling. As you approach, you realise there is a figure standing nearby. You didn't expect to see anybody here in these conditions. Yet, here they are. Stood facing the cairn, with an easel on a stand, is an ageing man. He is wearing a thick fur coat and a deer stalker hat tied around his head. He appears to be making a painting of the cairn. Incredibly eccentric.

Approach the painter and cairn, go to 509

Move North, go to 523

Head West, go to 512

Press on South, go to 521

Go East, towards the road, 532

523

The expanse of the moors can be seen from the road. Deep snow approaching a foot deep can be seen on top of the drystone walls. Yet the road seems to have been cleared and gritted by a snowplough, judging by its condition. The falling of snow continues from the heavy-looking clouds.

Follow the road North, go to 524
Follow the road East, go to 533
Move South, cross country, go to 522
Head West into the snow fields, go to 513

524

Deep snow drifts are against the drystone walls that line the main road. While the road itself has been ploughed and gritted, judging by its shallow, even covering of snow. There is a bend in the road at the crest of the high ground. There is a gateway into the snow-filled fields to the West. A steady fall of mid-sized flakes continues, making visibility limited. A stark, blackened, dead tree stands inside the gate with a small recess underneath.

Follow the road North, go to 524
Move through the fields to the East, go to 535
Head through the gate, into the Western fields, go to 514
Follow the road, to the South, go to 523
Look at the tree, go to 801

525

The main road passes a large dense forest to the West, providing some shelter. The main road is gritted and been cleared not long ago, judging by its thin covering.

A small lone dwelling is beside the eastern side of the road. It appears to be derelict, as the door is open and snow is blowing inside. The roof has partially collapsed, so you suspect it has been abandoned for some time.

The snow seems to stop for a few minutes. A break in the clouds allows more ambient light. You notice a T junction in the road, signposted as follows-

North To Whitby, go to 526
East to Ravenscar, go to 535
South to Scarborough, go to 524
Or, you could go through the woods to the West, go to 515
Or investigate the derelict house, go to 579

526

A sudden flurry of snow closes down your vision. The main road has a junction where a signpost indicates the road east heads to Ravenscar. Northwards, the road enters the trees, where there is a roadside tavern. While a dwelling appears to be to the South. Westward is all fields and trees.

Follow the road, north, go to 527
Take the turnoff towards Ravenscar, to the East, go to 536
Follow the road, south, go to 525
Leave the road and head West, go to 516

527

Maybe the snow is getting heavier. The flakes are large crystals. The road winds through the twisted scrub trees laden heavily with snow. Besides the road is an old public house, signposted “The Falcon.”

You wonder how old the tavern is, as judging by the barns, was a coaching inn long ago. A place where a coach would pull in to have the horses changed for fresh ones while passengers bought refreshments. The old oak beams on the whitewashed frontage suggest Tudor style. To the West, a “Green Lane” heads off into the forest.

Follow the road North, go to 620
Follow the Road South, go to 526
Follow the Green Lane, to the West, go to 517
Cut cross country through the trees, to the East, go to 537
Go inside the “Falcon” Public House, go to 492

528

Knocking on the farmhouse door, an attractive young lady answers, wearing an apron and a long blue dress. “May I help you?”

Before you can answer, a middle-aged man pushes past her and takes over the conversation, “Hello, hello. I’m Arthur Brown and this is my Daughter, Laura. Put the kettle on love for our guests.” She looks disappointed that she can’t be in the conversation. He continues, ”I’ve heard that the new estate managers have arrived and presume that must be you?”

Before you can answer, he puts his arm around your shoulder and walks you over to the outbuildings. “Take a look at this beautiful herd of heifers I have built over two decades on this land.” He guides you inside the longest barn. You can feel the heat and smell the presence of a cramped herd of cattle. You see, maybe as many as 50 heads could be more in here. They are busy, noisily, eating silage. The smell of urine, sweat and manure is starting to feel overpowering.

He guides you through another door and into a stables with 4 stalls. They are all occupied by horses. He explains that he is paid by the Lombard Estate to keep a Hunter for the landowner’s use. He introduces you to the powerful Horse called, “AJAX”

Roll ANIMAL HANDLING [5%],

Success, the Horse takes a shine to you GAIN AJAX as ALLY. While an ALLY, AJAX gives advantage dice to all RIDE and ANIMAL HANDLING rolls, concerning him.

Fail, AJAX dislikes you. Suffer Disadvantage dice on all future ANIMAL HANDLING Rolls with AJAX.

The “HUNTER” HORSE allows you to move like a Vehicle but is not limited to the road. It can go anywhere on the same map for 2 TIME or (+30 minutes to go anywhere on another MAP. You must make a successful RIDE Roll [5%], or become dismounted halfway to the destination and LOSE 1 HIT POINT.

A horse provides no protection for its riders and can only carry 2 people maximum. If the Horse is injured, you are dismounted unless you make a successful RIDE roll.

Once dismounted, you must make an ANIMAL HANDLING roll [5%].

Extreme Success, learn more empathy. GAIN 1% ANIMAL HANDLING

Success, allows you to remount and get to the planned destination.

Failure, the animal is evasive, wasting 1 TIME, Roll again.

Extreme Failure, the Horse bolts and returns to the stables alone. You become a pedestrian and continue on foot.

Arthur says he is contracted to stable the Estate Horse until its demise. He explains, “Ajax is only 11 and with my care, may last another 20 years, I hope.”

He rubs his hands and shows you inside the Kitchen door. Laura is just finishing making some tea and you are offered seats at the table near the fireplace. The room is nice and clean and smells of dried lavender. You appreciate the warmth from the fire and respite from the snow.

“How are you liking Lombard House?’ asks Laura. You notice Arthur doesn’t look pleased with the question.

How do you reply?

“I really like the place.” go to 538

“I find it a little spooky.” go to 570

“It is certainly an interesting building.” go to 508

529

Tom pours you a cup of stewed tea from the brass kettle hung near the fire. He explains that he heard of your arrival and that perhaps you might be his future landlord. His hands are like shovels and badly ingrained with dirt, with a couple of black fingernails. He is a man of hard manual work.

Tom pours a little milk into your mug of tea and explains all of his animals are in the barns during the bad weather. He says, “Seems this snowstorm might well last a week if we’re unlucky. I’ve already lost one horse a few days back and my other one ain’t settled down since. She is all a dither and t’was ‘ard enough just getting her in the stable, but now she won’t come out. Daft Cob.”

Offer to try and settle his horse, go to 510

Ask him what happened to his other horse, go to 468

Thank him for the introduction and tea, before leaving, go to 562

530

Mrs Simpson asks, straight out, "So, have you rethought your intentions about our rents then?" She doesn't sound too agreeable, while her stern look puts you under pressure.

"Well, I don't intend to put up anything." go to 75
"I'm not the owner yet, so cannot say." go to 470
"Of course, I will be modernising the estate." go to 165
"I will have to take a look, at the accounts." go to 480

531

The road follows a tree line, bordered by snow-covered fields of crops. Perhaps Turnips, in rows, judging by the odd exposed plant top. To the North and West is higher ground and the road climbs up in that direction. While it twists away to the East, following the dense forest. The snowfall seems to become lighter for a few minutes here. However, it is very dark and cold too. A footpath signposted "Cloughton" heads South.

Follow the road North, go to 532
Climb up to the West, go to 521
Move South, following the footpath towards Cloughton, go to 1028
Follow the road East, go to 541

532

The icy road snakes through a steep forested section of terrain. Sharp bends and drifting snow make it difficult to determine the edge of the road. Visibility is poor due to the evergreen trees lining the road, laden with heavy snow. The wind seems to have picked up, judging by the motion of the treetops, but you are sheltered down at ground level.

A respite in the snowfall means only the occasional flake is seen to drift down, yet it is certainly freezing cold. A footpath heads west into the dense pine forest, signposted, "Constantine's Cairn".

Follow the road North, go to 533
Cut through the forest, to the East, go to 542
Follow the footpath West, go to 522
Follow the road South, go to 531

533

There is a junction in the road here. The main road moves off to the West while through an open gateway, a loose track cuts through the scrubland to the North. This is signposted as a "Green Lane" and therefore a legal route for vehicles, despite not being metalled or tarred. The surrounding farmland is open and deep in snow. The drystone walls are thickly buried in snow drifts. The Main road meanders into a huge snow-laden forest to the South.

Follow the road West, go to 523
Follow the Green Lane to the North, go to 534
Cut cross country over the fields, to the East, go to 543
Follow the road, South, go to 532

534

The Green Lane cuts from North to South through this rough grazing land, deep in snow drifts. Tufts of grass and reeds indicate it crosses a marsh area. This requires a Successful DRIVE AUTO roll (with Advantage Dice if in Snow Rolls Royce with Tracks). Otherwise, the vehicle will become bogged, using up TIME, each failed Roll until it is free of the mud.

Heavy snow begins to fall once more. Visibility is limited. You can feel the windchill on your face, which isn't pleasant.

Follow Green Lane to the North, go to 535
Cut Cross Country, to the East, go to 544
Follow the Green Lane, to the South, go to 533
Head cross country to the West, go to 524

535

There is a vast expanse of snow-littered fields bordering the muddy Green Lane. It borders a stream and a wild hedge line. The snow clouds hang heavy over the vista till you feel the wind change, driving hail into your face.

The visibility closes down again as the wind picks up momentarily.

Follow the Green Lane, South, go to 534
Head West, across the field, go to 525
Strike North over the snow fields, go to 536
Follow the Green Lane East, go to 545

536

You arrive at a junction in the winding road. Crisscrossed with frozen hedges. The surrounding area is a mix of snow fields and obvious bog. The wind is persistent. Bringing a new flurry of sleet that is deeply unpleasant. To the North, you can see a large farmhouse and outbuildings, backed against a mature forest that is heavy with snow.

The signpost at the end of the lane names it “High Farm”. A tiny cottage is boarded up by the road and in dilapidated condition.

Head North, up the track to the Farm, go to 537
Take the junction heading West, go to 526
Follow the road heading South, go to 535
Take the junction, heading East, go to 546

537

As the wind gusts, snow blows in from the East. You get near the farmhouse and barns at the end of a narrow track. Behind it is a dense, dark forest of considerable age, while the surrounding area is open fields deep in drifting snow.

An old sign reads, “HIGH FARM”. The farmhouse looks in good condition, as do the sturdy outbuildings. Smoke can be seen to rise from the chimney stack. Despite the drawn curtains, glints of light indicate a fire is lit inside. The yard is cleared of much snow piled up by a wall.

Head West along the tree line, go to 527
Fight your way North into the dense trees, go to 630
Follow the lane South back to the main road, go to 536
Cut cross country across the fields to the East, go to 547
Knock on the farm door, go to 528

538

You reply, “I really like the place.”

“How interesting? I have heard so much about Lombard House but never actually been myself,” says Laura.

“Well, plenty of what people say is just gossip, Laura.” says her father. “The reality is that every country estate always has made-up stories and claptrap surrounding it.” You notice Laura chooses to not say anything else. You change the subject and talk about the area, farming and the weather, as Arthur does not want to discuss the House. Instead, he mentions Edward was the perfect gentleman. He was always a pleasure to bump into each morning.

“Anyway, if you want to ride out, just pop by. However, I advise you not to go onto the Moor by horseback, as it is full of holes that can easily break a leg. Instead, I recommend a good ride out to the stone circle. It is just southwest of here. In fact, that is where I would bump into Edward Lombard, mostly. He always said he liked visiting the Stone Circle, as it is a spiritual place to have clear thoughts. He was right.

Anyway, Even hacking out along the beach at Robin Hood’s Bay is a fantastic way to spend an afternoon.”

He notices the time and says he has to crack on. Arthur thanks you for coming and shows you out. Laura bids you a Goodbye with a smile and says she looks forward to chatting again sometime.

Head West along the tree line, go to 527
Fight your way North into the dense trees, go to 630
Follow the lane South back to the main road, go to 536
Cut cross country across the fields to the East, go to 547
Leave on horseback, go to LOCAL MAP on your DIRECT ACCESS LIST

539

"Oh, Lombard House, very nice, indeed." He seems to start to study you with more interest. "So, you are perhaps the new owners, I would guess, looking at you. I'm Graham. Graham Cotes. Pleased to meet you." He wipes his hand before offering to shake yours.

"Well, you can have a dram on me", he pours up some whiskey for everyone and you all have a nip together. Wow, that is fine whiskey indeed, "Well, as a local from around the Lombard Estate, it's a pleasure to meet you. Feel free to drop by anytime."

He waves you off as you leave.

Go to 527

540

As you step to look at a gravestone near the back wall, you hear a cracking sound beneath your feet. The floor suddenly gives way. Seems you were standing on some rotten wooden board. It had been concealed by the covering of snow. There is an alright snapping sound. Your adrenaline kicks in. Time seems to slow down. You fall away from the light. Flailing your arms for something to grab hold of, but there is nothing. You plummet, plunging deep into the darkness below. Debris follows you down, mud mixed with snow and fragments of the board. You are terrified before making a massive splash as you reach the bottom of the old well.

Hitting the water, you take the impact of the long drop, but not as bad as if it had no water at the bottom. LOSE 1D6-1 HIT POINTS. Now you are in the freezing cold water, and with the limited light from above, this is one scary place to be trapped. Your noises are echoed by the deep round shaft. It looks a long way back up to where you can see your friend's faces, lit up like a polo mint in the dark. Something is floating in the acrid water beside you. You discover this is an animal's dismembered leg. It has the shod hoof of a horse. Now, you really want to get out of here. It stinks and is beginning to rot in the fetid water.

To escape, you must Roll CLIMB [20%] or wait (+30 minutes) for the PARTY to get the safe means to rescue you. (Go to 601)

If you choose to CLIMB [20%], +1 TIME, then Roll:

Success, go to 601

Fail, slip back in the well. USE 1 TIME. LOSE 1D4-1 HIT POINTS

Roll again, or choose to WAIT (+30 minutes) , go to 601

541

The road follows a long dark woodland, heading west and South. The flurry of snow seems light, but you know that can soon change. The road surface is not too bad. You suspect it has been ploughed and gritted recently.

Follow the road West, go to 531

Head into the ancient woodland to the North, go to 542

Move East through the forest, go to 551

Follow the main road to Cloughton, go to 1028

542

This area is bordering an ancient woodland and open farmland. Only hedges are visible. You struggle to see far due to the whiteout of heavy snow. It is deep underfoot and crunchy in places. To the North and East, there appear to be more open fields deep in snow.

If it is, After Dark (4.30pm - 8am) Roll 1D6

If a 6, go to 1140

Head North into the fields, go to 543

Move East across the snow fields, go to 552

Head South through the ancient woodland, go to 541

Press on, through the trees to the West, go to 532

543

This wide-open space must be grazing, deep under maybe a foot of snow. Bordering the field, to the West, is a mature dark forest of twisted Oak laden with snow. The weather offers no respite as another blustery squall of snow hits you from the East. Your visibility is limited to maybe a hundred yards, maximum.

If it is after dark (4.30pm - 8am) Roll 1D6

If a 6, go to 1140

Head North, through a gap in the hedge, go to 544

Move East into the next field of snow, go to 553

Press on to the South, go to 542

Cut through the woodland to the West, go to 533

544

You find yourself in the centre of a large pasture, deep in the drifting snow. A dark woodland borders it to the West. The clouds hang heavy in the dark sky while light snow falls on your face. To the East, you can see the Tower of Lombard House at the top of an incline.

Amongst the snow, you see the body of a dead animal, perhaps a horse or cow, judging by its size.

Investigate the corpse, go to 332

Head to the Tower to your East, go to 428

Move South, through a gap in the hedge, go to 543

Push through the trees to your North, go to 545

Walk through the trees to your West, go to 534

545

The Green Lane cuts through a particularly dense and twisted copse of scrub oak. Heavy snow obscures many features, but a small stream can be made out parallel with the muddy track. The snowfall is heavy once more. You struggle to see much else.

Follow the Green Lane, West, go to 535

Move North across the stream, go to 546

Follow the Green Lane East, go to 555

Head South, through the trees, go to 544

546

You find yourself on the road, where it crosses a stream, on a small bridge. Visibility is terrible now. The snow shows no signs of stopping. You feel the chill through your coat.

Follow the Road, North, go to 547

Head East, cross country, go to 556

Move South over the fields, go to 545

Follow the road West, go to 536

547

Surrounded by fields of deep snow, this hilltop is particularly exposed. The road is steep here as it climbs up from the East. Drifting snow collects on the surface and makes it very slippery. If you have come here from the East, up the hill, in a vehicle, Roll DRIVE AUTO (+ Advantage dice if the tracked Rolls Royce). Failure means your vehicle doesn't get up the hill and requires another attempt/ action. Extreme Failure means the vehicle slides off the road, LOSES 1 BODY and requires another attempt to summit the hill. Each Attempt costs 1 TIME.

Follow the road East, go to 557

Move cross country to the North, go to 640

Follow the road to the South, go to 546

Press over the fields to the West, go to 537

548*

"Hey, don't just stand there in the cold... come in." He opens the door enough for you to enter and quickly asks you to "Put wood in't hole." which turns out to mean shut the door. "I'm Tom, Tom Hulley."

You introduce yourself while he offers you a chair by the fire. The farm kitchen is typical, with a cast iron cooking range, dresser with crockery and tiled flooring. It is only warm by the fire itself. Everywhere else, you can see your breath. You notice a painting of a trawler by a pier on a rough grey seascape.

Roll SEA LORE [1%]

Success, go to 558

Fail, go to 529

549

You manage to convince the ageing vicar that it was a simple mistake. You had no idea it was the actual font.

You shake his hand and notice he has a bible in his other hand. “I’m the Reverend Martin Pashby. I’ve been leading the Parish here for three decades. It’s always a pleasure to meet new parishioners. I have heard that you are the new residents of Lombard House. News travels quickly around these parts as little happens.

It is a shame you couldn’t make Edward’s Funeral. Everybody in the area turned out. It was a beautiful day to lay him to rest with all his family. Well, all other than Ben, he never made it home.” He looks at you, “The war took him and his body was never found. Forever, in Flanders Fields.” He crosses himself. “Anyway, it’s the end of the Lombard line and tenure at the Big House. Everything has an end, but it is the beginning of something new, your residency. I was good friends with Edward. I would be happy to answer any questions you may have.”

“That’s great, thanks. Tell me about Edward”, go to 445

“Would you like to come and bless the House”, go to 460

“What did you do before running the Parish?” go to 195

“Tell me about the Lombard family”, go to 415

550

You see the familiar faces you saw before here, in the tiny hamlet. The elderly, John Cotes, is wrapped in a heavy overcoat, scarf and woollen hat. He is chopping some logs after loading black coal from his coal house into his bucket. He spots you and waves.

If you have JOHN COTES as an ALLY, go to 568

Otherwise, you spot Mrs Simpson coming down the lane from the Farm. She greets you with a wave as she approaches.

If you have RITA SIMPSON as an ALLY, go to 520

Otherwise, go to 530

551

A sudden squall of huge snowflakes drifts in and begins to lay like powder. The intensity is such that the low ambient light dims even further. Your visibility is reduced to only a few yards. You become a little disorientated.

If it is after dark (4.30pm - 8am) Roll 1D6

If a 6, go to 1140

Roll 1D6

1-2 Go to 541

3-4 Go to 552

5-6 Go to 561

552

You glean some shelter from a hedge between the massive fields. It is tiring, moving through such deep snow off the road. The snow is untouched, as no tracks are visible anywhere. Other than the odd rodent. To your East, you can see a large, rundown farm with smoke pouring from the chimney. The wind is biting, yet for now at least, the snow itself has stopped.

Go North across the fields towards Lombard Estate, go to 553

Head West, towards the large pine forest, go to 542

Move East, towards the Farm, go to 562

Explore South, go to 551

553

You move across the open fields, deep with drifts of snow. The icy wind brings driving hail that you try to resist by lifting your collar. The heavy clouds obscure the light. The dimness combined with snowfall restricts your visibility. You see some light tracks that lead to a freshly frozen field mouse lying on the snow.

You may choose to GAIN DEAD MOUSE.

If it is after dark (4.30pm to 8am) go to 1140

Return North to Lombard House, go to 554

Move South, across the snow-covered fields, go to 552

Head towards the familiar junction, to the East, go to 563

Sweep the large fields to your West, go to 543

554

You are back to where this mystery started, the gateway to Lombard House. However, this time, it is evident the snow has been heavy since your last passing. The old forest and estate wall are covered in crisp snow several inches deep. The sky is dark, contrasted with snowflakes drifting down onto your face. Looking east, from the top of this hill, you can see the distant horizon over the almost black sea. You can smell the salty prevailing wind. Green lamps on the shipping, heading south, help you to see them in the poor light. While the red lamps are ships heading north, up the coast.

Follow the road North, down the hill, go to 555
Follow the road East, down the hill, go to 564
Walk the estate perimeter (+30 minutes), go to 484
Jump over the estate wall and into the forest, 409
Head up the drive to the house, go to 234

555

A church comes into view at the bottom of the hill. There is a small red postbox here. A few large fir trees line the roadside. This sheltered area has remained almost free from snow, although the wind has changed. Heading west, through an open gateway, is a mud track large enough for a vehicle. There is a sign saying, "GREEN LANE" which means you can use the trackway, despite being on private land. No doubt, Edward's property, thinking about it. It crosses a field and disappears into the trees.

Meanwhile, to the East, set back from the road 40 yards, the old chapel is made of sandstone with a slate tiled roof. It is a fair size. Therefore you consider it well attended by the local community. The graveyard surrounds the chapel and is well populated by headstones, facing South. Suggesting to you that several generations from the small village are buried here.

A light is on inside the chapel. You can see it flickering through the colourful, stained glass window that depicts St. George and the Dragon.

Move North, down the road, to the village, go to 556
Head South, along the road, up towards Lombard House, go to 554
Follow the Green Lane, West, go to 545
Follow a path East towards the railway line, go to 565
Look at all the headstones (+30 minutes), go to 465
Enter the church, go to 414

556

You look around the street that has 6 cottages that you can see, making up the village of STATONDALE. Each house is behind a dry stone wall, behind which vegetables are growing in rows before the house. They are stone dwellings, each with a thatched roof and tiny windows. They must be dark and cramped inside. Snow lays heavily over the village rooves. Small amounts of black smoke are seen blowing from the low chimneys.

If it is daylight (8am to 4.30pm), go to 590
Follow the road north, go to 557
Take the East turn off, road to Blake's Farm, go to 566
Walk West into the snow-covered pasture, go to 546
Follow the road South to the Church, go to 555

557

You find yourself at a junction of the road at the bottom of a long, steep hill, where a scrub plot of land is inside a walled area. It is very overgrown. In the centre is a ruined building of a reasonable size. Surrounded by wild gorse bushes and heather. The structure is reduced to a large pile of rubble and smashed slates. A signpost indicates the 3 road directions-

To Whitby, pointing up the hill, West, go to 547
To Ravenscar, pointing North, go to 650
To Statondale, points South, go to 556
Head cross country to the East towards the rail line, go to 567
Investigate the ruined building, go to 589

558*

You recognise that boat in the painting as a trawler, the most common style on the North East coast. While the pier is definitely one of the dual-layered piers of Whitby harbour. You remember that TOM HULLEY was named in several articles about the attempted prosecution of smugglers out of Whitby by Customs and Excise. You recall he was acquitted in both trials due to lack of evidence.

Go to 529

559

You knock on the door, but there is no answer. You knock again louder, but still, nobody comes. You quickly look around the barns and stable but only find a fine pair of horses and a couple dozen pigs. No one appears to be around, so you decide to leave.

Move North into the farmland, go to 567

Go through the thicket, to the South, go to 565

Head West, back down the lane to the village, go to 556

Cross the railway track to the East, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 576

6 Go to 598

560

You circle the ruined chapel and find various small gravestones protruding from the snow and wild scrub. They are obviously antique, as most of the text is worn away. You manage to read the odd name or date. “Paul Cotes 1738-1785”, but many are illegible, as the rain has eroded the carved inscriptions to simple indentations on the sandstone. Another reads, “Luke Blake 1797 - 1851,” but you struggle to read a third.

Roll LUCK

Success, go to 589

Fail, go to 540

561

You are in an open area of fields laden with snow, perhaps a foot deep. It is snowing heavily now that the wind is picking up from the South. You can see a large farm to your North behind a thicket. There are no tracks or signs of activity, just pure virgin snow. To the South, you can see the rooftops of a village.

Head South to Cloughton village, go to 1028

Head East to the road, go to 571

Move North to the Farm, go to 562

Head West, towards the large pine forest, go to 551

562

Behind a copse of trees, visible from the road, is a large farmhouse. It appears somewhat run down, but smoke is coming from the chimney. A sign reads, “Hulley’s Farm.” The house looks frozen, contrasting with the dark rafters and windows. A chill hits you as a gust of wind picks up more snow. You certainly feel cold and tighten your scarf.

Approach the Farm building, go to 599

Head North up the road, go to 563

Follow the road East, go to 572

Cut South over the fields, go to 561

Move West, across the snow fields, go to 552

563

The snow lets up again. You can see better once more. The drifts collect here by the walls as snow blows off the fields. You arrive at the T-Junction of the narrow road you remember passing when you first came to Lombard House. A signpost, points -

North to Ravenscar, go to 564

East to the Station and the Pub at Hayburn Wyke, go to 573

South, to Cloughton, go to 562

Or, you can head cross country, to the West, go to 553

564

The snow intensifies again, so despite the dim light, you feel you have a touch of snow blindness. On the snow-covered highway near the crest of the hill, you get to a point 100 yards from the Lombard estate wall.

If it is after dark (4.30pm to 8am), Roll 1D6. If you Roll a 6, go to 1140

Follow the road West to Lombard House, go to 554

Head North, over the fields, go to 565

Move cross country, towards the railway station, go to 574

Follow the road South towards the junction, go to 563

Walk the estate perimeter (+30 minutes), go to 484

565

It begins to hailstone lightly. You are now in the low ground, below the old chapel and cemetery. Snow-covered fields follow the incline down to the railway embankment. As does a small stream that passes under the railway line via a wide tunnel. A well-trodden footpath heads down from the churchyard to the tunnel and then follows the bottom of the railway embankment to the South. The path then enters a small tunnel underneath the embankment heading east. Dense scrub oak is to your North where behind, you can see the snow-laden roof of a farm. While snow fields rise to your South, towards the highway.

If it is (1pm - 4.30pm) go to 20

Cross the stream and head North into the trees, go to 566

Follow the footpath through the tunnel, East, go to 575

Move South, through the fields, to the Road, go to 564

Follow the path to the West, to the Church, go to 555

566

You can see the farm and outhouses are laden with snow. The windows are shuttered. The farm yard is obviously well used and very muddy but clear of most snow. The barns are secured and doors barred. The place still smells of manure. Sounds of livestock can be heard from 2 of the 3 barns.

The snow pauses due to a welcome gap in the clouds, allowing more ambient light into the snow-filled vista.

Looking West, down the lane, you can see the few homesteads at Statondale and the main road. While the railway embankment is to your East. A small copse and fields lay to your North. A thicket of twisted scrub oak lays to your South, obscuring the view. Before, a dense squall of hail blows in, reducing visibility once more.

If it is morning (8am - 12 noon), go to 588

Knock on the farm door, go to 559

Move North into the farmland, go to 567

Go through the thicket, to the South, go to 565

Head West, back down the lane to the village, go to 556

Cross the railway track to the East, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 576

6 Go to 598

567

The deep snow-covered fields are a testing place in this constant snowfall. You wish it would stop for a while. Getting some shelter from the edge of the wood, you study the surrounding area. To the South is a large farm with 3 barns. East is a raised railway embankment behind the trees. To the North, on higher ground, is a village with several buildings and a train platform. To the West lays a ruin at a junction in the road.

Heads North to the village, 660

Move to the Farm, to your South, go to 566

Move West to the junction of the road, go to 557

Cross the railway embankment to the East, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 577

6 Go to 598

568

The ageing John Cotes waves you over, "Now then, young 'en, how's tricks?"

"Oh, you know, not too bad," you respond, not wanting to be too specific. The snow continues to fall, slowly building up on John's hat.

"Well, I heard plenty of people gossiping about you since I saw you last. They all a saying, that you gonna' be run off, by their ghosts, up there at that big 'ouse o' yours. Seems to me they got it all wrong. ? It's the ghosts who will be out on their ears soon enough." He winks.

"Well, I hope you are right, Mr Cotes." You smile.

"'Here I got something for you, come inside." he beckons, as he takes his coal bucket in the cottage door.

Once inside, you wipe your feet and find the cramped cottage is still a nice dwelling. The roaring fire draws you to it immediately. Above the mantlepiece is a painting, a seascape. As you stand warming your hands, you study the painting and realise there is a vessel contrasting against the heavy purple sky. John is busy with the cooking range, "I spent many a year on that ship under Jacob Lombard, Edward's father. What a great man he was, like all his lineage. Proved himself many times over, he did. I have been with him all around the Cape and the Caribbean.

Anyway, he said to me, still a young man myself, that one day I would meet a new owner of Lombard House who wasn't a Lombard. I said don't be daft. He told me he wished I was right, but if not, to give the new owner this....."

He turns, revealing in his hands a short but hefty black Harpoon. It's got a sturdy, worn shaft with a wicked-looking barbed spike. The blade almost seems silver. An eyelet, for a rope, is near the centre. "I been thinking he was wrong all this time, especially since he had 3 children. Seems he was right all along. Well, here you go young 'en," he passes the Harpoon. You feel it's nicely balanced and none too heavy, only about 3 and a half feet long. "Just be sure to not throw it at them damned Lancastrians, no matter how much they aggravate ya'. He told me to tell the new owner, it would look best by that Bear, that he shot and 'ad stuffed. Now, you be careful with that, it has gone and claimed a few giants of the deep in its time. Now I need a nap young 'en. See you again."

GAIN HARPOON (can be THROWN [20%] once, 4D4+DB Damage, THROW skill, counts as a SILVER BULLET)

Follow the road north, go to 557

Take the East turn off, road to Blake's Farm, go to 566

Walk West into the snow-covered pasture, go to 546

Follow the road South to the Church, go to 555

569*

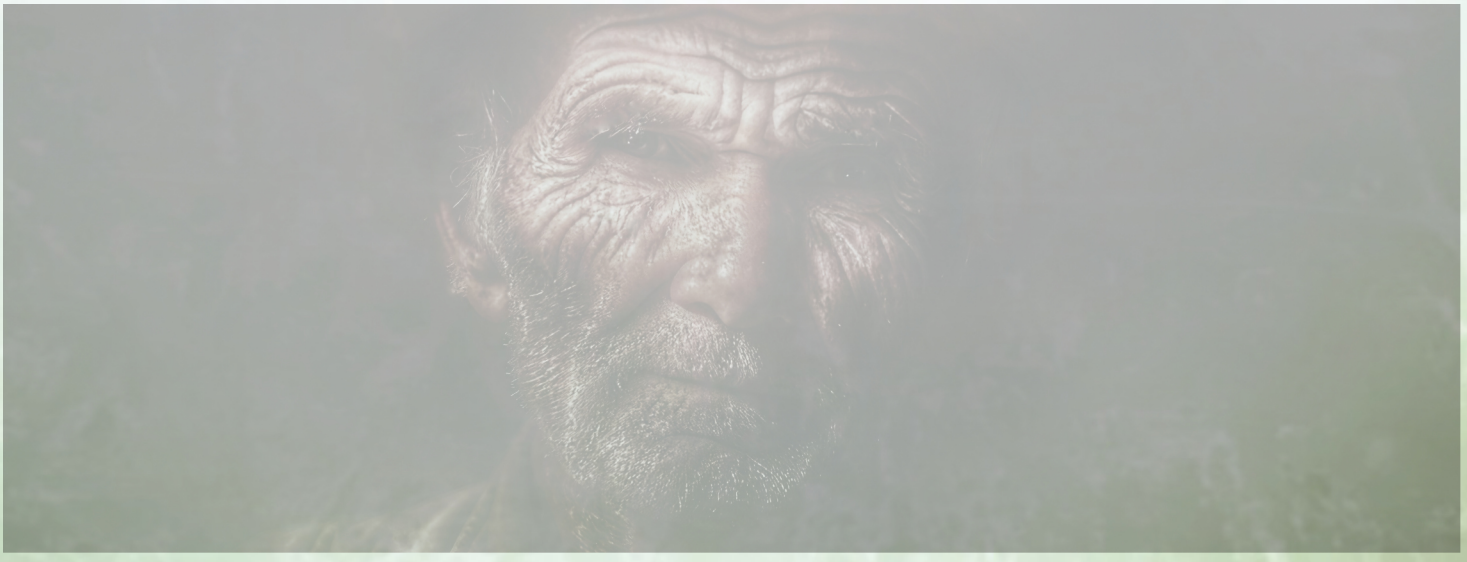
The door opens slightly, and a weathered-looking man can be seen through the gap. He has dirty, worn clothing and a filthy flat cap. You estimate he is maybe 50 or older, but again, this hard living has maybe taken a toll on a younger man. "May I 'elp ya?" he asks in a thick Yorkshire accent.

If you have TOM HULLEY as an ALLY, go to 548

Roll CHARM [15%]

Success, go to 548

Fail, go to 481



570

As you say, "I find it a little spooky." You see Laura's face light up.

"What have you seen at Lombard House, to say that?" she excitedly asks. You see her father roll his eyes.

"Oh, nothing much, just the feel of the place," you reply, not wanting to sound like a fool.

"I've heard there is a ghost at Lombard House. Do you know about it?" She enquires.

"Please, Laura, stop now. This isn't what our guest wants to hear."

But you cut him off, "Of course, I want to hear the ghost story, Mr Brown. Please, do go on Laura."

She looks at her father, who has to give way, before smiling and telling you, "There was once a Lady who lived at Whitby, in one of the Big Houses, towards Sandsend. She was a well-known painter, her name was Mrs Cordukes. She was known for being a staunch zealot of her Faith. She was quick to judge others and destroy their reputations if she thought they had sinned. Indeed, she was behind a great many scandals in the area. However, one day Mrs Cordukes was found in a rather compromising situation with her maid by the local Women's Institute leaders, who had called round to visit. She knew her reputation would be ruined. That she would not be able to face the public ever again. So she gassed the maid and herself in the parlour that very evening. Well, her last painting was in that room with all her other possessions. They were auctioned off, as she had no next of kin to inherit them. A man bought the painting from York, my grandfather, in fact. He had that painting in his house and soon found it brought with it a haunting. Well, he knew Jacob Lombard, who was Edward's father and he bought the haunted painting from my grandfather. That was 30 years ago. When I last saw Edward Lombard, I asked him if the painting was still there. He said it was in the dining room, although he shook his finger at me when I asked if he had seen the Lady in Pink."

"That's enough now Laura. It's just a story your Grandad made up to thrill you one Christmas." Interrupts her embarrassed father. He looks annoyed with his daughter.

"Well, thank you for the story of the Pink Lady. I will see if I can spot the painting." You humour them.

"Now, don't go messing with the Lady in Pink. My grandfather told me she is bitter and twisted. He said she is a spirit born of hate. That is why he sold the painting, to be rid of such an awful apparition." Adds Laura, despite her father's intense stare.

"Honestly, it is just a story. Take no heed. Well, it's time we got on." says Arthur and promptly everyone drinks their tea before goodbyes are said. He reminds you, "Just pop by whenever you want to ride out on AJAX. It's been a pleasure to have met you. We look forward to seeing you again soon."

GAIN BROWNS, as an ALLY.

Head West, along the tree line, go to 527

Fight your way North into the dense trees, go to 630

Follow the lane South, back to the main road, go to 536

Cut cross country across the fields to the East, go to 547

Ride out on AJAX, go to LOCAL MAP of your choice

571

The road heads north to South, following a contour of the hill. A beech plantation flanks the road on one side. The other is a snow-filled field behind a gated hawthorn hedge. The snowfall begins to get heavier. The sky is patchy, with epic, white-capped cloud formations. The wind picks up, driving the snow towards you, forcing you to hold your hat and not loiter. A small cottage lays, just to the North, on a bend in the icy road. There is a frozen pond behind the ramshackle dwelling. The place is deep in snow.



Head North along the road, go to 572

Move West, go to 561

Proceed South to Cloughton, go to 1028

Head East, go to 681

572

The road has a low hedge on the seaward side, allowing a view across the snow-blasted fields and over the further trees to the sea's horizon. It is an inspiring but cold-looking vista. The many white caps, out to sea, show the waves booming down the coast from the North. A few black vessels with red lights can be seen slowly making headway, with violent bobbing in the rolling waves. The green lanterned vessels steam far more rapidly with the current, wind and waves. The snow blows in once more, obscuring the view and limiting you to what's in the vicinity. You can see a small, snow-laden cottage at the end of the hedge by a sharp bend. No tracks are evident by the dwelling, nor are lights on inside. You wonder if it is occupied or vacant. Behind the building is a frozen pond surrounded by snow-tipped reeds. The exposed nature of the road means you are getting the brunt of the sea breeze. You can certainly feel it, sapping your body heat.

Look around the cottage, go to 578
Head North, over the fields, go to 573
Follow the road South, round the bend, go to 571
Move East, over the fields, go to 582
Follow the road to the West, go to 562

573

You make it through the deepening snow to a bend in the road. There is a terrifically steep, wooded bank descending to the East. The road cuts down at a serious gradient to the North, where a hairpin bends. The road doubles back below you, down to the safe Railway Crossing. Snow hangs heavy in the thick ivy that covers the floor and trunks. Beyond the woods are hedged paddocks filled with drifting snow, accessed by blasted white five-bar gates. To the West, the road has a junction. You get a glimpse of the train station below to the North. Visibility is limited by the trees and falling snow in the other directions. There are a few tracks of people using the road, but no vehicles.

Head North, along the road to the Train Station. Go to 574
Move through the fields, to the South, go to 572
Follow the road West to the junction, go to 563
Cut East, through the trees and cross the train track. Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 583
6 Go to 598

574

You make it through the deepening snow accumulating here in the low ground. Indeed there is some shelter and the snow is falling more vertically, despite the sound of wind in surrounding areas. The road crosses the railway line at the level crossing and allows access to the HAYBURN WYKE Railway Station. The platform offers a waiting room to get out of the weather and a timetable showing you can catch a train here at half past the Hour to head to any station to the North. You may use the Waiting room to turn the TIMEDICE to the desired train arrival TIME.

These rail trips are listed with the TIME cost:

Ravenscar, 2 TIME, go to 660
Robin Hoods Bay, 4 TIME, go to 657
Whitby, 6 TIME, go to 974

On the Hour, a train arrives if you wish to travel South:

Cloughton, 1 TIME, go to 915
Scarborough, 3 TIME, go to 977

Head North into the snow fields, go to 575
Follow the road East towards the Public House, go to 584
Follow the winding road South, up the hill, go to 573
Cut cross country, through the trees, uphill, to the West, go to 564

575

The pasture here has some areas devoid of snow due to sodden bogs. A stream flows West to East following a ditch. Leading into the beginning of a ravine towards the shore. Tracks from the Public House to the Southeast lead to a tunnel under the railway embankment. This thoroughfare to the West allows safe pedestrian access towards the village of Statondale. That is according to a sign on the wall. The snow is falling at a quick and heavy pace now, so you take shelter in the tunnel for a moment as you decide your route.

If it is Midday, OR 5pm, go to 20
Head West through the foot tunnel along the path, go to 565
Move South to the Railway Station, go to 574
Press on to the East, circumnavigating the Ravine, go to 585
Go through the gate into the large field to the North, go to 576
Follow the path to the Public House, South East, go to 584

576

This wide-open field affords views over the nearby coast and out to sea. The snow is falling only lightly at the moment. The biting wind from the North Sea is unpleasant on your face and hands. It is fairly dark, but the white landscape is very contrasting and allows some visibility. Snow-caked gates allow access to other fields to the North, East and South. While to the West lays the raised railway embankment behind a hedge. There is nothing here other than white hedges and driving snow.

Head North, go to 577
Press on, through the gate to the East, go to 586
Move South, go to 575
Cross the railway track to the West, Roll 1D6
1-5 Go to 566
6 Go to 598

577

The large field proves tiring to move through due to the deep drifts of snow. Looking North, you can see snow-capped buildings. The clifftops lay to your East and the rail embankment to the West. The South offers more huge open snow fields. Lined with thick hedges.

Head North, go to 660
Press on to the East, go to 587
Move South, into the fields, go to 576
Cross the railway track to the West, Roll 1D6
1-5 Go to 567
6 Go to 598



578

You circle the small cottage that has a large amount of snow on the roof, presumably due to the exposed location. The snow by the front door is smooth, showing no signs of activity. There are no signs of life, lights, or smoke from the chimney. You are surprised to find behind the place is a large lean-to as tall as the cottage itself. It has a tin roof and sheeting side. Inside the open-ended shelter is a big machine with massive metal wheels. Some kind of steam tractor, with coal box, log rack, chimney and boiler. A sign hangs off one side, by a wire, that reads, "***Property of Lombard Estate***".

Seems you could use the STEAM TRACTOR if you can operate it. You need an OPERATE HEAVY MACHINERY skill of at least 10%. It would certainly take a long time to get up, a head of steam. First, you would need to light a fire and then fill the boiler with large amounts of snow or water. This would take 1 hour (+60 minutes).

The Steam Tractor can travel along the main roads, but not much quicker than walking. A journey on the same map takes TIME = Number of squares the journey is on a map - 1. To travel to a road location on another map would take 1 hour (+60 minutes). However, it is reliable and requires only a DRIVE AUTO [20%] (with ADVANTAGE DICE) Roll to get to a road location.

Extreme Success, you arrive in Half the TIME (round up).

Hard Success, you arrive 1D3 TIME faster (Minimum of 2 TIME).

Success, you arrive on time.

Fail, You arrive 1D3 TIME slower.

Extreme Fail, you leave the road and must abandon the TRACTOR halfway to the destination, as it is hopelessly bogged. Even a team of horses won't be able to get it out and it plays no further part in the game.

If you try to leave the main road and enter a grid without a road, Roll DRIVE [20%]. Fail means the TRACTOR is hopelessly bogged there and plays no further part in the game. The TRACTOR can carry 6 people and provides 10 ARMOUR to any passenger.

If you fire up the TRACTOR (+60 minutes), go to the LOCAL MAP of your choice.

Head North over the fields, go to 573

Follow the road South round the bend, go to 571

Move East, over the fields, go to 582

Follow the road, to the West, go to 562

579

You push open the derelict door. It squeaks loudly on the rusted hinges. Inside, you can smell something unpleasant, really bad, in fact. Definitely the smell of death. It is unmistakable. It makes your nostrils burn and throat sore the more you smell it. The staircase has collapsed and is not safe to use. Deciding to carry on, you look around the small ground-floor rooms that are full of debris. Cold water drips from the ceilings and the floorboards creak dangerously. You realise the building is rotten and at risk of collapse. Looking in the kitchen, you have to force the door open. Indeed, behind the door is a dead sheep. Identifiable only by its stinking fleece and horned skull, the rest of the body is just a goo, melting into the carpet. A nasty swarm of black flies are disturbed by your presence.

Roll CONSTITUTION

Success, you hold it together and leave, go to 525

Fail, you suddenly vomit at the horrific stench of death. It is a vile smell. Even after you have found the exit, you cannot rid it of your sinuses. It takes you some time to feel well enough to move on. LOSE 1D4 TIME, then go to 525

580

There is no answer, despite you trying a second and third time. Maybe they have already gone to bed or are at the public house?

Go to 562

581

This enclosed field is surrounded by tall hedges and dense trees, with the rail line to your East. The snow rapidly intensifies, so you pull your collar higher as you move on through the drifting snow. The half-light limits your view and you feel freezing. You cannot wait to press on.

Head North into the adjoining fields, go to 582

Move West, towards the road, go to 571

Follow the railway line South to Cloughton, go to 1028

Cross the railway track to the East, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 591

6 Go to 598

582

Snow blasts down on your position in a sudden flurry. This open field is exposed to the wind and deep with drifting snow. You can see the rail line to your East, in the low ground. The half-light limits the visibility, so you decide to make haste.

Head North over the rail line, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 583

6 Go to 598

Move West, through the fields, go to 572

Follow the railway line South, go to 581

Cross the railway track to the East, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 592

6 Go to 598

583

The railway line to your West is elevated on an embankment. You see that it is flanked by a substantial bog. Everywhere else is deep in snow that's refusing to stop. At least you are out of that awful wind. To your North is a building that you guess is the Public House. Behind it is a dark forest. The forest extends to your East, bordering these snow-covered fields. You can clearly see the tracks of a hoofed animal that has gone into the shelter of the woodland.

Cross the railway line to your West, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 573

6 Go to 598

Head North to the building, go to 584

Follow the tracks to the East, go to 593

Cross the Railway Line, to the South, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 582

6 Go to 598

584

You are outside the Hayburn Wyke Public House. The rafters are now heavy with snow. Smoke rises from the chimney, while light is evident through the curtained windows. Behind the house is an ancient woodland filled with twisted oaks that descend down a ravine, out of sight. A well-trodden route through the snow heads off North West, across the fields. By the wall, a footpath is marked with a sign, "*TO THE SHORE*" that descends into the forested ravine, while the other direction is defined as "*Cliff Top Path, to Scarborough 9 miles*." Both these tracks head to the East, into the woods.

To the South are open fields laden with drifting snow adjacent to the railway embankment. The line continues to your West, where the Wyke Railway platform on which you first arrived lays, now white with snow. It is easily accessed by a level crossing. Snow continues to descend from the heavens. The mirky clouds above you bring a certain gloom, only apparent in heavy snow showers.

If you have BRADY as an ALLY, go to 172

Otherwise :

Enter the Public House, go to 30

Take the unmarked path to the North West, go to 575

Follow the steep Eastern path to the Shore, go to 493

Head East to the CLIFFTOP PATH, go to 594

Cross the forested ravine to the North, go to 585

Head into the fields to the South, go to 583

Use the Level Crossing to get to the station, go to 574

585

Crunching through the freezing snow, you move into the open, overlooking a wooded ravine and the shore far below, to the East. The sea breeze cuts through your clothes as you watch the breaking waves from your vantage point on the cliff top. You see a huge white cloud approaching from the North Sea, depositing snow beneath it. The sea is a dark mix of grey and green, capped by white crests as it broils. A flock of seagulls glide by, riding the strong wind.

Head North along the clifftop path, go to 586

Follow the stepped path into the Ravine, to the South, go to 584

Cut through the trees to the West, into the fields, go to 575

586

The snow-filled fields offer little respite from the strong sea breeze. Snow is blowing in from approaching clouds of the stormy seascape. It reminds you of paintings of ships you often see in pubs across the land. The cliff-top path passes here and continues North and South. One obvious thing is you need to find some shelter away from this exposed location.

Follow the coastal path to the North, go to 587

Move West into the large open fields, go to 576

Follow the cliff top path to the South, go to 585

587

You reach a point on the cliff tops, allowing an excellent view over the shore far below. A large set of waves begins to break on the rocks while the approaching snow clouds lay a flurry of impenetrable snowfall below them. The wind is piercing and finds the seams of your coat and collar.

Follow the clifftop path North, go to 670

Head West into the snow fields, go to 577

Take the coastal path to the Out, go to 586

588*

A typically dressed farmer comes out of the front door carrying a bucket. You recognise him as the chap who offered you a lift at the station when you arrived. He is getting on in years but still has a youthful positivity to him. Rosey-cheeked and beaming, he shakes your hand firmly and you can't help but smile in return. "Hey, remember me? I'm John Blake. Always nice to see people again, in't it?"

He walks to the stables and bids you follow him out of the cold conditions. Once inside, he waters his 2 horses. "You looking around at your new tenant farms and learning the lay of the land?" His horses are a pair of large, strong-looking cobs. "Do ya' ride? Well, if you really want to see the area, you are welcome to borrow one of my lads anytime..." He seems to think about the offer before adding, ".... in't daylight. And you can't go right up on't Moor, as it's full of pits and dangerous for an 'oss up there..... but other than that, feel free anytime. It's my pleasure."

The HORSE allows you to move like a Vehicle but is not limited to the road. It can go anywhere on the same map for 3 ACTIONS or (+30 minutes to go anywhere on another MAP. You must make a successful RIDE Roll [5%], or become dismounted halfway to the destination and LOSE 1 HIT POINT. A horse provides no protection for its riders and can only carry 2 people maximum. If the Horse is injured, you are dismounted unless you make a successful RIDE Roll [5%].
Once dismounted, you must make an ANIMAL HANDLING Roll [5%].

Extreme Success, learn more empathy. GAIN 1% ANIMAL HANDLING

Success, allows you to remount.

Failure, the animal is evasive, wasting 1 TIME, Roll again.

Extreme Failure, means the Horse bolts and returns to the stables alone. You become a pedestrian and must continue your journey on foot.

John thanks you and again shakes your hand. Saying you are always welcome. He tips his cap, saying he has to get on, "Tata" and begins to feed his pigs in the adjoining barn. You say farewell and leave.

GAIN JOHN BLAKE as an ALLY

Move North into the farmland, go to 567

Go through the thicket, to the South, go to 565

Head West, back down the lane to the village, go to 556

Cross the railway track to the East, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 576

6 Go to 598

589*

You clamber over the low rotting gate into the overgrown patch of scrub surrounding the ruin. As you move through the dense snow accumulating in the wild grass, you notice several low headstones. This must have been a graveyard and a ruined chapel. Of course. You look at the masonry. It appears typical of the stone used in rural churches, like the one just up the road.

Try to read the gravestones, go to 560
Look inside the ruin, go to 388
Head back to the junction, go to 557

590*

If this is NOT your first meeting with the locals here, go to 550
Several people are in the street or their gardens, going about their business. The house by the stream and bridge has a pair of little girls playing in the snow, building a snowman. An aged man is shovelling snow off his path across the road. A middle-aged lady, well-clothed, is carrying a basket of turnips. She wishes you a good day and engages you in conversation. The elderly man is obviously earwigging as he is scraping the same cleared area again and again.

"So you must be the new owners of Lombard House. What a pleasure to meet you. Folk be saying you are nice people and hopefully we can carry on, as before. You see, we would all struggle to pay increased rents and really appreciate you being kind as you are, that you won't be increasing anything. Will you?"

You notice the old man is shaking his head as he keeps shovelling snow by the gate.
"Well, I don't intend to put up anything." go to 75
"I'm not the owner yet." go to 470
"Of course, I will be modernising the estate." go to 165
"I will have to take a look at the accounts." go to 480

591

You reach a hedge line, offering a little shelter from the awful wind. Your clothes are damp and snow is lying on your shoulders. Looking around, you glimpse the railway line to your west. While the crashing sea is heard pounding the cliffs below you to the East.

A signpost indicates that South is Cloughton Village and Northward is the Hayburn Wyke Public House. The thought of some shelter spurs you onwards.

Follow the clifftop path to the North, go to 592
Take the coastal path to Cloughton, go to 1028
Head West over the railway line, Roll 1D6
1-5, go to 581
6 go to 598

592

Heavy snow decreases visibility to only a few meters, so you put your head down and press on. You can hear the powerful waves crashing into the cliffs below you and smell the strong scent of the salty sea.

Move North along the clifftop path, go to 593
Take the coastal path to the South, go to 591
Cut through the fields to your West, go to 582

593

You enter the snow-laden woodland that clings to the steep cliffs. The bows are all bent from the strong coastal wind and there are many sharp thorn bushes. The howling wind brings large snowflakes through these bushes and you realise there is no shelter from the dire elements.

A hole in the canopy reveals a view down into the cove, far below you. From your vantage point on the cliffs, you can see a beautiful twin waterfall. It breaks straight onto the rocky shoreline. The waves breaking on the rocks are powerful. You can feel some sea spray on your face despite it being a reasonable distance away.

Take the coastal path to the North West, go to 584
Go through the bushes to the West, go to 583
Follow the clifftop path to the South, go to 592

594

You move through the boulders near the base of the cliff and are showered in sea spray from the breaking waves on the rocky shore. It is slow going. After a while, you realise there is no safe way to proceed without risk of being pulled into the broiling sea.
You find a BOTTLE OF SPIRITS amongst the rocks. Perhaps it has washed ashore. You may GAIN it if you wish. Deciding to play it safe, you go no further. Seems all you can do is backtrack before the tide cuts you off. The cliff is too loose and steep to climb safely.

Go to 496

595

Staying close to the giant cliffs, you pick your way along the shoreline. Spray from crashing waves soaks you. The sea water is far from pleasant. It is treacherous here with all the seaweed and green slime.

Roll DEXTERITY

Success, you keep your feet.

Fail, you fall and LOSE 1 HIT POINT on the sharp rocks.

Head North, along the dangerous shoreline, go to 596

Move South, to the cove, go to 496

596

Working your way under the tall cliffs, you advance carefully along the shoreline. Spray from large waves soaks your face. The salty water tastes awful. Snow falls quickly now, making visibility even worse. You find a BOTTLE OF SPIRITS amongst the rocks. Perhaps it has washed ashore. You may GAIN it if you wish. It is treacherous here, with all the seaweed and green slime.

Roll DEXTERITY

Success, you keep your feet.

Fail, you fall and LOSE 1 HIT POINT on the sharp rocks.

Press on North, along the narrow shore, go to 799

Head South, following the cliffs, go to 595

597

“Look, I was given it by a fisherman,” you suggest.

Roll FAST TALK [5%],

Success, go to 459

Fail, go to 389

598

In the thick falling snow, you move to cross the railway embankment. Yet, only once you make it onto the tracks is there any sign of the oncoming train. You realise this is exactly the wrong place to be at the wrong time. Roll DODGE, or JUMP, to evade the oncoming Steam Locomotive.

Success, You dive to safety, go to your previous page.

Fail, you are glanced by the speeding train. LOSE 2D10 HIT POINTS

Return to the previous page.

599

The Farm is certainly not in the best of condition. You can see a few slates are missing from the snow-laden roof. The wooden barns look like maintenance is overdue. You can see through the window that the fire is lit inside. Knocking on the door, you wait for someone to answer.

If it is Daylight (8am - 4.30pm), go to 569

If it is After dark (4.30pm - 8am), go to 580

600*

The heavy snow clouds part, seemingly due to high altitude winds, yet it is calm here. A brief respite from the snow is welcomed. In a few seconds, the full moon emerges and illuminates the wintery scene. The white snow reflects the bright ambient light and visibility improves dramatically. Yet something draws your eye, a faint glow, getting brighter now. Something on one of the inner faces of a megalith, wait, is it a number? Yes, it appears to be Roman Numerals.... VIII ..... 8.

That is when you realise someone is coming out of the gloom towards the circle. A figure in a long dark robe with a staff, you ready your weapon. Only to hear a woman's voice as she makes her way, hurrying through the drifting snow, "Run! Run! Run!"..... she waves her arm, "It is coming! You must leave!" .....She cups her mouth to be heard, "Save yourselves NOW! GO!!"

As you wonder why she has no shoes on, there is a terrible development as something approaches from behind her. Something massive and black against the white sky. As you watch on in horror, in only a moment, it descends and attacks the poor woman. Your jaw drops as the giant creature swoops down on powerful bat-like wings and literally bites her in two, somewhat like a shark supposedly could. You see the monster's eyes, black eyes, like a doll's eyes... roll over white. At that moment, all the hollering and screaming. Then the snow turns red.

Roll SANITY for seeing the woman slain so graphically.

Success, you handle the sight of her death despite the gore.

Fail, Lose 1 SANITY (unaffected by ORCHID).

However, the creature Hunting you is so Horrific, Roll SANITY

Success, you hold it together in the face of terror.

Fail, LOSE 1D10 SANITY. (-1 if you have ORCHID).

If you LOSE 5+ SANITY in total, Roll INTELLIGENCE

Success, this changes your perception of reality. GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY

Fail, you are scared, but not witless.

The fast, flying serpent twists into the snowstorm. Do you:

Shoot at the deadly monster, go to 506

Start Running towards the road, go to 820

Hunker down behind one of the megaliths and hide, go to 608

601*

Climbing out of the last part of the old well, you are pleased to have made it out of the vile water. The freezing cold water, saturating your clothes, means you are shivering badly. You must keep moving. REDUCE your CONSTITUTION by 20, until you manage to return to your BEDROOM and change your clothing, or spend 2 TIME by any Fire. Make a note.

Look inside the ruin, go to 388

Leave the graveyard and return to the junction, go to 557

602*

As the loud clock strikes 1 O'Clock in the morning, many beneficiaries make their goodnights and retire to their bedrooms. Indeed it has been a long day so you are starting to feel tired.

If you wish to stay up till 2am,

Roll CONSTITUTION for each PARTY MEMBER.

Success, you get a glass of water, catch a second wind.

You can continue until 2am. At 2am Go to 677

Fail, you are exhausted and have to retire to bed

Those that continue, go to 231

If all Fail, go to 677



603

If you do not wish to attempt to open the VAULT, go to 259
If you have SILVER KEY, MIDDLE KEY and GOLD KEY, go to 985
If you do NOT have the VAULT KEY, the handle will not move, go to 259
Otherwise, multiply the CROSS NUMBER by the CIRCLE NUMBER to get P
(cross x circle = P)
now get the SQUARE NUMBER and multiply by the TRIANGLE NUMBER to get Q
(square x triangle = Q)
now multiply P by Q = Z
(P x Q = Z)
multiply Z by 2
(Z x 2 = TOTAL)
Turn/scroll to the ENTRY NUMBER, indicated by the TOTAL, ONLY if the first words, are "THE VAULT UNLOCKS" continue.
Otherwise, you receive an electric shock. LOSE 1 HIT POINT (Ignores Armour). Go back to the start of 603

604

You kick off the snow from your footwear before entering "THE FLASK" public house. Closing the door quickly, a young couple behind the bar looks surprised to see you. "Welcome, welcome. Please take a seat by the fire. What can we serve you?" asks the brown-haired woman. You think she is maybe in her late twenties and is light in frame.

Fetching your drinks, they explain they don't get many patrons this time of year due to the exposed location, high on Moor Road. They suggest it is a wild place to live and they look forward to the Winter Solstice, bringing warmer days. Introducing themselves as the Thwaites, they say they have only been running the place for a couple of years. The young man seems concerned with the worsening weather and suggests the travellers should be wary not to leave the road. "Only last year, two young American lads had been by and ignored our warning to not stray from the road. They were found a week later, up on't moor, frozen stiff, like statues. One had no clothes on, which can happen when hyperthermia gets you. You feel too hot and strip off. Seems the other lad had shot him to put him out of his misery before turning the pistol on himself. Aye, beware the moors, it's a deadly place this time o' year. Filled with deep bogs and often draped in freezing fog it's easy to get lost up there." You enjoy the warmth of the fire before thanking them and leaving.

Follow the road to the North East, go to 625
Move cross country to the East, go to 624
Head North, skirting the wild moorland, go to 615
Follow the road down the gradient to the South, go to 613
Take the footpath onto the exposed moor, to the West, go to 748

605

If you have OUIJA BOARD and wish to use it, go to 946
As the loud clock strikes 1 O'Clock in the morning, many beneficiaries make their goodnights and retire to their bedrooms. Indeed, it has been a long day, so you are starting to feel tired.

If you wish to stay up till 2am, Roll CONSTITUTION

Success, you get a glass of water, catch a second wind and can continue until 2am, go to 231. At 2am Go to 687
Fail, you are exhausted and have to retire to bed, go to 687

606

The gong strikes to signify the evening meal, shortly followed by the Clock chiming 7.30pm. The benefactors assemble in the dining room and get seated at the grand table that is presented to perfection. Mrs O'Brian promptly starts removing lids from the platters and dishes lining the centre of the long table. From inside the most exquisite aromas begin to fill the room and you enjoy loading your plates and pouring of the most amazing gravy. The main is beef Wellington and heck, is it good? The vegetables are not over boiled and the sauces are complimentary and not too strong. The room is full of smiling faces and a silence that lasts a fair few minutes as you are lost in the finery of the cuisine itself.

After a while, the conversation breaks out about the inclement weather and how interesting the day has turned out to be. Other benefactors take an interest in your group's shenanigans and some show they would like to join your PARTY. You may pick any remaining PRE GEN to fill the fourth place in the PARTY. You should now have 4 investigators in the PARTY.

From now on, if a PARTY MEMBER is killed or goes insane, you may choose a replacement from the remaining PRE GENS at the next Evening Meal.

Deserts and drinks are wheeled out on a trolly by the culinary master, Mrs O'Brian. You can't help but think she must have made Edward's final years more than comfortable when it came to home comforts and cuisine.

Miss Harris produces a small harp from a case and plays a few relaxing compositions as the guests chatter about their home lives and adventures. The clock strikes 9pm and you all get up to leave the dining room and disperse.

Move TIME to 9PM, 4th November, 1925

Go to 231

607

If you have PETE LANGTOFT as an ALLY, go to 638.

You knock upon the Farmhouse door. After a short while, someone is heard to pull back at least 4 bolts on the heavy oak frame. A middle-aged man opens it ajar. "What, the bloody hell, do you want?"

Roll CHARM [15%] or FAST TALK [5%], or (APPEARANCE, if Female)

Success, go to 618

Fail, he tells you to "GET LOST!" and closes the door.

Move North, go to 624

Move East, go to 633

Move South, go to 622

Move West, go to 613

Follow the farm track, to the Southwest, go to 612

608

You hunker down behind one of the larger megaliths that form the desolate stone circle. Taking stock of your situation, you realise this is one of the higher pieces of ground and fully exposed to the elements. Indeed, the wind picks up slightly, causing the temperature to drop again. You wait it out a few minutes, preparing your firearm, but there is no sign of the Horror that is Hunting you. Only falling snow fills your vision as the gap in the clouds has long since closed.

You cannot stay here for long before you will be suffering from frostbite. You are not equipped to spend long stationary in such extreme conditions. So you conclude that you need to make a break for it, back towards the road, to the East and ultimately the comparative safety of Lombard House.

There is no sign of the flying menace. You hope it has departed, but know it is still out there somewhere, waiting.

Go to 820

609

Amongst the falling snowflakes, you explain the extent of the Smuggler's tunnels and how you accessed them. Agent Brady exclaims, "I knew there were smugglers tunnels here, but just didn't know where the entrance is. Thank you ever so much for this information. I'm in your debt, so if you ever need anything, don't hesitate to contact me at the Scarborough or Whitby Customs Office. Now please, head straight home, as we are going to thwart this smuggling gang and don't want the public anywhere near, in case there is a shootout."

GAIN AGENT BRADY as an ALLY.

You return to Lombard House. TIME +3, go to 231

610

The forest road is lined with tall pines plastered with thick snow. The snowfall has ceased for a moment. While some ambient light breaks through the heavy clouds. You hear tiny birds tweeting high up in the canopy. It's bitterly cold and you feel the need to keep moving, tightening your coat.

Follow the road, Northeast, go to 621
Head East, through the pine trees, go to 620
Move North, into the forest, go to 611
Follow the road to the West, go to 798
Cut South, through the freezing woodland, go to 517

611

Fighting your way through the freezing woodland, the high canopy of tall pine cuts out much of the ambient light, making this a very dim and forbidding place. You come to a small frozen stream that runs from the East. There are obvious tracks from woodland animals through the crisp snow, but no other signs of life. The chill seeps into your clothes and clouds of your breath fill the air from the exertion of your progress. Huge drifts to your West make it impossible to pass in that direction.

Move to the North, go to 612
Follow the stream to the East, go to 621
Head South, through the forest, go to 601

612

The road crosses an elevated section of moorland, perhaps covered in two feet of snow. The highway forks here and a worn signpost indicates to the North is WHITBY 10 Miles and to the Southeast is SCARBOROUGH 11 Miles. A side road is far deeper in drifting snow, heading Northeast to "POND FARM". The snowfall begins to get heavier, yet again, limiting your visibility, but a breeze picks up, piercing your clothes.

Follow the road, to the North, go to 613
Head over the Moor to the East, go to 622
Follow the road, down the hill to the Southeast, go to 621
Move South into the frozen forest, go to 611
Take the Northeast side road, to Pond Farm, go to 623

613

The bitter wind pierces your clothes as huge snowflakes pile up on your coat. Visibility is down to only a few dozen yards, so you put your head down and are thankful for the cleared road across this barren moorland.

Follow the road, North, go to 614
Head due East, across the moorland, go to 623
Follow the road, down the gradient to the South, go to 612

614

The winding road that crosses the exposed moorland is flanked by 3 small buildings. As you get closer, you can see the westerly construction is actually an Inn, caked in deep drifts of snow. The sign swings in the strong wind and the yellow, flaking paint reads, "THE FLASK." Light escapes from the shuttered windows while the chimney is smoking. The other two buildings are simple stone cottages and blasted in frozen snow.

A marked path heads West onto the vast moorland draped in freezing fog. The sign reads "To Lilla Cross".

Enter the "FLASK" Public House, go to 604
Follow the road to the North East, go to 625
Head North, onto the wild moorland, go to 615
Move, cross country to the East, go to 624
Follow the road down the gradient to the South, go to 613
Take the signposted path onto the exposed moor, go to 748

615

In the whiteout, you find yourself on the moors and realise how easy it would be to get lost here. Luckily, a break in the snowstorm allows you to gather your bearings.

Head North, go to 616
Press on, to the East, go to 625
Move South, towards some distant buildings, go to 614

616

You tramp onwards over the inhospitable moorland, deep in drifting snow. The storm shows no signs of slowing, so you waste no time.

Move North, go to 617
Head to the East, go to 626
Press on, to the South, go to 615

617

The snowfall intensifies. You are now up to your knees in drifting snow. It is hard to see in the dim conditions while cold creeps into your limbs.

Head East, go to 627
Move South, go to 616

618

"Hurry up and come inside, then!" says the farmer as he closes the door firmly behind you. You see him slide 4 heavy bolts into place around the frame.

"Can't be too careful these days. Plenty of wrong 'ens about. Here, sit by my fire and pour yourself a cup o'tea from the kettle. He passes you an old cracked mug and fits a wooden shutter over the small window. You thank him for his hospitality and ask him a question.

"Why, what's happened?" go to 628
"Did you hear there was even a murder on our train journey to get here." go to 1141

619

You use your foot to clear some ground and study the shale.

Roll either GEOLOGY [1%], or Half EDUCATION.

Success, go to 698
Fail, you decide it isn't Granite or marble that has been quarried here. Go to 643

620

The road winds through the densely forested terrain, reaching the highest peak. However, there is no view due to the dark pine. The dark sky is heavy, with high billowing clouds from which dense snow continually falls. The road appears to have been gritted. You guess a snowplough has passed at some stage, making the road accessible.

Follow the road, to the North, go to 621
Leave the road and head East through the trees, go to 630
Follow the road to the South, go to 527
Head West, through the pine forest, go to 610

621

The road heads down to a steep valley, with a small stone bridge at the bottom, beneath which is a frozen stream. A dense, snow-filled forest surrounds the icy road. A freezing fog seems to be lingering in this low ground that chills your exposed skin and creates billowing clouds of your breath. The snowfall is lighter now. You can see ice crystals forming in the freezing air.

Follow the steep road to the NorthEast, go to 612
Forge East, through the dense trees, go to 631
Follow the frozen stream West, go to 611
Head North, leaving the road, go to 622
Follow the road South, up the steep hill, go to 620

622

The frozen moorland is very hard going and you begin to feel tired. Stopping momentarily to assess the situation, the only landmark visible amongst the relentless snowfall is a farm and barn to your North. Then, you lose sight of it amongst the falling snow.

You are in a whiteout.

Head towards the Farm, go to 623
Move West, go to 612
Press on to the East, go to 632
Head down the gradient to the South, go to 621

623

You arrive beside a lonely farmhouse and small barn. The exposed position upon the high moor means drifting snow has almost covered the building. The doors and windows have been dug clear by the occupants. Indeed, light is seen through the curtained windows while black smoke drifts from the chimney, bringing the familiar smell of burning coal. Near the house is a small pond that appears frozen solid.

As the persistent snow continues to fall, you look around, but no landmarks are visible in any direction and you decide this must be a very isolated place, to try to live.

Knock on the door of the Farm, go to 607
Move North, go to 624
Move East, go to 633
Move South, go to 622
Move West, go to 613
Follow the farm track, to the Southwest, go to 612

624

While crossing the wild moors, the snowfall intensifies. In the oppressive gloom, it is hard to keep your bearings. Finding a depression in the terrain, you welcome the little protection it offers from the strong icy wind. After a few minutes, you come across a small building, snowed in with deep drifts of pristine snow, almost reaching the roof. A freezing mist is forming here and it seeps into the fabric of your garments. No trace of human activity is visible by the door. You deduce the lack of smoke from the chimney, confirms your suspicion that there is no resident. As you approach, you see a rotting front door, green with moss and a sign that reads, “MIRK HOLE”. How fitting, you think to yourself. That is when you see a handwritten note in the tiny window that reads, “Back in Spring.”

Head North, go to 625
Move East, go to 634
Press on South, go to 623
Trudge on through the snow, Westward, go to 614

625

The road is difficult to see amongst the mounting drifts on this exposed summit. The heavy cloud allows little light to penetrate as the wind whips up to a nasty intensity. A junction, marked by a weathered signpost, on the elevated crest, reads:

North, WHITBY, go to 626
South East, BOGGLE HOLE, go to 634
South West, SCARBOROUGH, go to 614

Or do you leave the road and head:

East, go to 635
West, go to 615
South, go to 624

626

The road is a little clearer here and flanked by high, dry stone walls that have kept the drifting snow from the surface. The visible horizon is not that far away due to the falling flakes of snow. No landmarks are visible.

Follow the road, North, go to 627
Head West, onto the moor, go to 616
Move East, off the road, go to 636
Follow the road, to the South, go to 625

627

A junction comes into view on the wild moorland. The signpost reads :

WHITBY, to the North, go to 1030
SCARBOROUGH, to the South, go to 626
ROBIN HOODS BAY, to the East, go to 637
Or leave the road and head West onto the moor, go to 617

628

"All sorts has happened, that's what. A friend of mine was robbed in Whitby only last week. One of the Lancaster farms, o'er the moor, was burgled only a couple of weeks back. Only the other day, an inmate escaped from Boggle Hole and crashed his car south of Thornfields Farm," says the scruffy farmer. "Anyways, I'm Pete Langtoft, pleased to meet you. I'm a good judge of character and I can tell you are decent folk." He says while pouring himself a mug of tea and sitting down close to the coal fire.

You introduce yourself and he warns you to keep an eye out for wrong 'ens, especially if you go to Whitby. The conversation is pleasant, but you don't really learn anything useful. He says he inherited the tenancy of the farm from his late parents and has lived here all his life. He warms to you, making you realise he is probably very lonely, living in such solitude. Once your tea is drunk, you decide to leave. He says you are welcome to return anytime.

GAIN PETE LANGTOFT as an ALLY.

He shows you outside into the bleak landscape and suggests, "Maybe see you again. Be sure to stay on the road."
Move North, go to 624
Move East, go to 633
Move South, go to 622
Move West, go to 613
Follow the farm track, to the Southwest, go to 612

629

If you have FINAL WARNING, go to 1181. If you have a WARNING, go to 1121.

You attempt to open the gate but find a chain is padlocked to the post. So you decide to climb the wooden, five-bar gate and get to the top to swing your leg over when there is a loud gunshot! You are surprised, to say the least.

"**GET OFF MY LAND!**" an unseen voice from near the barns shouts.

You hesitate and then, the voice is heard again. "GET OFF, OR I WILL SHOOT THEE!"

You decide to get off the gate and when you begin to speak, the unseen assailant cuts you off, "PISS OFF, NOW. WHILE YOU STILL CAN, OR YOU WILL GET THIS SECOND BARREL. NOW, DON'T COME BACK, OR THERE WILL BE NO WARNING SHOT NEXT TIME!"

GAIN WARNING
Follow the road to the North, go to 645
Head along the road, down, to the East, go to 654
Take the lane, up the steep climb, to the West, go to 634
Cross the railway track to the South, Roll 1D6
1-5 Go to 643
6 Go to 598

630

You move through the dense trees at a slower pace. Until you luckily find a cut path through a thicket of saplings. The snow is even lying in the sheltered areas of the dark forest. Little ambient light penetrates, so you rely on your torch. Eventually, you lose the faint path and stumble into a small clearing right next to a log cabin with a low door and no windows. It has been made of substantial trees and taken some major effort to construct inside the thicket. It has a high-angled-apex roof with a chimney at the far end.

Upon investigation, it is apparent no one is around, or at least it is deathly silent. Maybe someone heard you coming and is still sitting quietly. You feel unsure, as the dark thicket has an unsettling quality all of its own.

Go inside the log cabin, go to 639
Head North, go to 631
Move West, go to 620
Proceed, South, go to 537
Head East, go to 640

631

You skirt the dense frozen woodland and find yourself on some windswept moorland with deep drifts of snow. The sky is a little brighter due to a break in the clouds. The flurries of snowfall have stopped. You come across a standing stone, perhaps 4 feet tall and capped with several inches of frozen snow. The stone itself is marked with a "C" over the top of an older Maltese Cross. You wonder what is the meaning of the carving.

Roll HISTORY [5%], or ARCHEOLOGY [1%]

Success, go to 649

Head into the dense forest to the South, go to 630

Move Westward, through the trees, go to 621

Press on to the barren North, go to 632

Proceed across the moorland to your East, go to 641

632

The freezing wind buffets you around as you struggle to keep your footing in the deep snow. Another flurry of snow blows in from your front. Causing you to put your head down as you press on through the blizzard.

Roll LUCK

Success, you spot a deep bog seconds before you step in it. Phew.

Fail, you step into a deep bog and your legs are soaked to the skin, which is not good in these frozen conditions.

Get a PENALTY dice on all CONSTITUTION Rolls until you next get to a location with a fire.

Head North, go to 633

Move West, go to 622

Press on, to the East, go to 642

Head to a distant tree line, to the South, go to 631

633

This area of the moor is a north-facing slope littered with pools and bogs. A streamlet drains the area slowly and descends the gradient. A short respite in the snowfall reveals a train track to the northeast, but nothing else is visible as a low mist has begun to form. You feel this place has a negative atmosphere and decide not to linger. Choosing to move off quickly.

Head North, on this side of the train track, go to 634

Follow the train track to the East, go to 643

Move across the moor to the West, go to 623

Head South, go to 632

Cross the railway track to the Northeast, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 644

6 Go to 598

634

Reaching some low ground, you find yourself where the road crosses a railway cutting on a substantial brick bridge with three arches. The falling snow is lighter as the wind subsides, much to your relief. A ground fog is collecting in the deep railway cutting. Your breath lingers as condensed mist.



Follow the road up the hill to the Northwest, go to 625

Move North, following the railway line, go to 635

Follow the road downhill to the East, go to 644

Head South, go to 633

Leave the road and press on West, go to 624

635

You are by the curving railway line in a barren part of the moorland. The snow seems to become small hailstones for a few moments and you realise the dim light is partially from the sheer amount of falling precipitation.

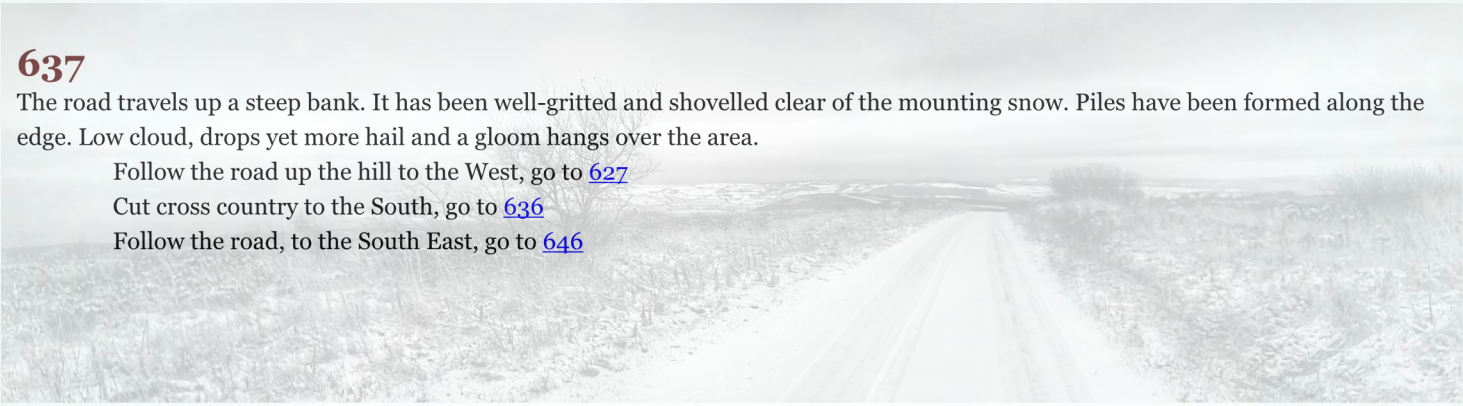
Head North into the wide open moorland, go to 636
Move West, up the steep hill, go to 625
Press on to the South, go to 634
Cross the railway track to the East, Roll 1D6
1-5 Go to 645
6 Go to 598

636

Crunching through the deepening snow, you find yourself in the wide-open moorland. There is nothing to see through the falling snow other than a stream that flows to the East, down the incline.

Head North, go to 637
Move West, up the hill, go to 626
Descend East, down the slope by the stream, go to 646
follow the contour to the South, go to 635

637



The road travels up a steep bank. It has been well-gritted and shovelled clear of the mounting snow. Piles have been formed along the edge. Low cloud, drops yet more hail and a gloom hangs over the area.

Follow the road up the hill to the West, go to 627
Cut cross country to the South, go to 636
Follow the road, to the South East, go to 646

638

You realise the door is slightly open and showing some damage. Pushing it carefully open, “John? John are you in there? It’s me.....” no one answers.

As the door swings back, it reveals a state of carnage. The room’s contents have been turned upside down and thrown all over the floor. There is no sign of John, the farmer. Moving slowly inside, you see the hearth still has some dying embers in it and that’s when you notice the blood..... is sprayed across the ceiling and the back of the door. In fact, now you look, there is plenty on the tiled floor, under the strewn contents of the kitchen. In the stark light, you see there are some weird marks on the old wooden table. Perhaps they are axe marks? Looking closer you find they are more like several chisel scratches. Four close together creating gouges to the table edge, where the wood is splintered from the force of the impact. You feel the deep wounds in the wood and realise something malevolent created this carnage. Could they be claw marks?

That’s when you notice something in the corner, under the smashed crockery, red with blood. Oh no! Some organs, perhaps a stomach? intestines? That is when you see the ear beside it. A human ear!

Roll SANITY
Success, you are made of strong stuff.
Fail, LOSE 1D3 SANITY (-1 if you have ORCHID)
Roll CONSTITUTION
Fail, Lose 1D3 TIME as you vomit outside in the snow. You will never forget this horrific scene.
Maybe you should report it to the Police? GAIN BODY as ALLY.
Move North, go to 624
Move East, go to 633
Move South, go to 622
Move West, go to 613
Follow the farm track to the Southwest, go to 612

639

You push open the flap to look inside the log cabin, only to find it is unoccupied. You move inside and see it is a 15'x10' room lined with dry moss. A patchwork of stone make a tiled floor. A large hearth at the far end is made again of sandstone, stacked to form the chimney. There is plenty of headroom, except near the walls, where cots are set up. There are 4 beds, but plenty of space to sit on stools cut from logs. Tables flank the hearth and show signs of being chopping boards. You wonder what meat was chopped up here. A pair of antlers are above the fireplace.

Perhaps this is a Poacher's hut, hidden away? Or maybe it belongs to a hermit? Or a coven of witches? Your mind races. You look around and find an empty whiskey, port and rum bottle inside a large bucket. That is all there is, other than a couple of cigar stubs, on the edge of the hearth. You smell them, but they crumble quickly. That is when you notice a small tin in a recess. Opening it you find a package wrapped in waxed paper. Inside contains 6 red shotgun cartridges labelled as "12G SLUG".

You may ADD these to your shotgun ammunition. Slugs do 1D10+7 Damage at all ranges and are far better at penetrating Armour than buckshot. Maybe they are fairly old, in your judgment, but seem totally dry and should fire. This hidden place is perhaps only used a few times a year, looking at the cobwebs across the cots. You decide to leave.

Head North, go to 631
Move West, go to 620
Proceed, South, go to 537
Head East, go to 640

640

Crunching through the deepening snow, you pause to catch your breath. Light snow drifts down as you look around at the barren vista. You can see there are snow-capped buildings far to the East. A windmill and farm are to the NorthEast. A dark tree line to the West defines a large, dense forest. To the North and South is nothing but open land, deep in snow.

Head North, go to 641
Press on to the forest to the West, go to 630
Move to the East, go to 650
Head South, go to 547
Move towards the windmill and Farm, go to 651

641

You find yourself on the snow-covered moorland between a couple of stands of bare trees. The weather breaks for a moment and you can make out frozen buildings, to the East. One of them appears to be a windmill, while a forest lies to the southwest. On the skyline to the North there appears to be some form of Cairn.

Head North, towards the Cairn, go to 642
Move towards the Eastern mill, go to 651
Cross the moor to the South, go 640
Press on to the West, go to 631

642

Approaching the summit of the hill, you are greeted by a faint view of the coastline between fronts of snowfall. Only a dim shape of the coast is visible and a few lights from distant dwellings far below you can also be made out. Not far from the road, there is a cairn at the hill crest. Just a five-foot-high pile of random stones and you wonder when and by whom this was constructed.

To the East is a very steep descent, where two huge quarries lay far below the road. The railway track are visible by them. Beyond it, there is a big building with a tall chimney, which you presume is industrial in nature.

If TIME is between 3.30pm and 4.30pm, go to 669
If TIME is between 11.30pm and 1am, go to 689
Head North along the road, go to 643
Follow the road, Southeast, go to 651
Move West, go to 632
Press on to the South, go to 641
Descend the hill and cross the railway track, to the East, Roll 1D6
1-5 Go to 652
6 Go to 598

643

Struggling on the steep gradient, you find yourself below a huge quarry cut into the high moor, creating a vertical cliff edge some 120 feet high. In the bottom of the quarry are 2 massive slabs of gigantic proportions. The surface is that of hard sandstone. These boulders must be the largest you've seen in a long time. They look tough to climb due to overhanging sections. The pair, must have rolled down here, by the rail line, when the cliff was quarried.

The single rail line passes below you in a deep cutting. While the brick road bridge, crosses it and descends the steep terrain to the coast lying to the East. The snowstorm, shows no signs of stopping for a while.

Climb one of the Boulders, go to 648

Study the rocks, go to 619

Head west, along the rail line, go to 633

Cross the bridge and descend the road, to the East, go to 653

Follow the road South, go to 642

Cross the railway track to the North, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 644

6 Go to 598

644

You are stood on the narrow, snowy road that is by a large, brick farm yard. A sign on the closed gate says, "SOUTH HOUSE FARM. KEEP OUT!" Snow and icicles hang heavy on he guttering of the shuttered buildings. There is no trace of recent activity, although the yard is largely cleared of snow.

The hedged road, heads directly East and disappears down a hill. It is marked as a junction with a sign indicating the northern fork goes to "ROBIN HOODS BAY". While the western route climbs up to the "MAIN ROAD".

Enter the yard and knock on the Farm door, go to 629

Follow the road to the North, go to 645

Head along the road, down to the East, go to 654

Take the lane, up the steep climb, to the West, go to 634

Cross the railway track to the South, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 643

6 Go to 598

645

The clouds open, dropping a density of snow that is perhaps the worst yet. You can hardly see very far at all in the near white out. The road winds between dense trees. That is when you come across a crashed car at the edge of the road that has hit a large oak tree head on. The front end of the Model T, is stoved in and one wheel is smashed off in the ditch. The vehicle is covered in snow, so the crash hasn't happened recently. You can smell petrol. Checking around, you can see some blood on the cracked windscreen and steering wheel. Just shows how dangerous these backcountry roads are in the snow.

Search the crash scene, go to 679

Use the small tunnel to cross the railway to the North, go to 646

Follow the road, Northeast, go to 656

Take a path through the dense trees to the East, go to 655

Follow the the winding road to the South, go to 644

Cross the railway track to the West, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 635

6 Go to 598

646

The downpour of snow relinquishes for a few minutes when you spot a nearby farm. Approaching, you notice the timber buildings are caked in frost and icicles. A hanging sign reads, “THORNFIELD FARM”. A narrow road descends to a large stone bridge straddling the railway line to your East. A community of buildings, perhaps a village, is further beyond.

Knock on the farm door, go to 803
Follow the road down the hill to the East, go to 556
Head South, through a tunnel under the railway, go to 645
Follow the road up the hill to the Northwest, go to 637
Go cross country, to the North, go to 647

647

The snow turns to hailstones, so you hold your collar tight to stop them falling down your neck. The visibility is terrible causing you to put your head down in this white hell.

Head West, go to 637
Move towards the outline of a building, to your South, go to 646
Press on to the East, through the blizzard, go to 657

648

The boulders are tall and mainly vertical or overhanging surfaces. You look for the easiest ascent and start to see a route, but even the inclined surfaces, are challenging because of the snow.

Roll CLIMB

Success, go to 659
Fail, you get halfway and then slip and fall. Roll LUCK

Success, you fall into the deep drift of snow below and avoid an injury other than your pride.
Fail, you fall badly and bang your hand on the boulder on the way down. LOSE 1D6 HIT POINTS.

Go to 643

649

You realise this is a “Base Stone” commonly used in Northern England to indicate boundaries of ancient fiefdoms or Parishes. Often sited at the edge of areas where landowners levied taxes and imposed laws or conscripted men. Often, the letter, or mark, is that of the owner, so the carved C is typical of simple letters used, and the Maltese cross is a later Christian symbol. The stone is likely linked with the famous Abbey at Whitby. Probably marking the edge of the Abbey’s property.

Head into the dense forest, to the South, go to 630
Move Westward, through the trees, go to 621
Press on, to the barren North, go to 632
Proceed across the moorland to your East, go to 641

650

You find yourself on the snowy road that climbs towards a windmill to the North. Looking East, behind dense hawthorn, you see a railway platform and line. To the South is a view that shows miles of coastline, white over, with the drifting snow. This must be an elevated location, considering the view overlooking perhaps 30 miles towards the horizon. Then the snow obscures the vista.

Follow the road North, go to 651
Leave the track and head West, towards the distant forest, go to 640
Follow the road to the South, go to 557
Cross the railway track to the East, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 640
6 Go to 598

651

Arriving at a junction on the icy road, you see a large farmhouse with three barns. A sign outside says, “COBB FARM.” While over the road is a tall, brick windmill plastered in snow on this face. All this area looks like the paths have been cleared with a shovel. The sails are firmly anchored to the ground via various thick hemp ropes. The atrocious weather abates for a moment so you can see miles to the South and toward the distant coast. You realise you must be at a fair altitude, as all the terrain to the South seems so low in comparison. However, this is not the summit of the hill. It continues up a constant but slight gradient to the North West, along the narrow, walled lane.

A signpost indicates the North Lane, which leads to “STOUPE BECK”. Pointing East is “RAVENSCAR” and South is “CLOUGHTON”.

Knock on the Farm door, go to 668

Investigate the windmill, go to 658

Follow the lane to the North East, go to 642

Head across the moorland, to the West, go to 641

Follow the road to the South, go to 650

Head along the road to the East, go to 661

652

You find yourself far below the high hill crest to the West. Two quarries are set deep into the steep incline that have become substantial rock faces. The railway line passes below them on the route up the coast. However, none of the quarry looks like it has been used for decades. You can smell the sea air and realise you are close to the high clifftops and there is no way down to the beach from here. The sound of the crashing waves is loud enough, but you cannot observe out to sea due to the snow.

A track winds down from the South East, across what appears to be a golf course. The lane ends at a substantial sandstone house bearing a nameplate, “LOW HOUSE”. Smoke billows from the chimney. A strong smell of soot fills the damp air, brought down again by the ceaseless snow flurries.

An overgrown road leads from here to a ruin perched by the clifftops. Seems to have been an early industrial complex. Even from this distance, you can see some substantial grinding stones around the ruined buildings.

Knock on LOW HOUSE door, go to 804

Follow the clifftop path, to the North, go to 653

Climb the hill, using the road, to the South East, go to 661

Cross the railway track to the West, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 641

6 Go to 598

653

The snow eases for a few minutes, making you thankful for a respite. You arrive where the steep road ends, at a red brick farm compound, signposted, “STOUPE BECK FARM.” Nestled close to the cliffs, the enclave shelters in a dip. Indeed, the clifftop path meets the end of the road and heads down a gorge to where the stream flows out onto the sandy beach. Snow is not so abundant here due to the proximity of the salty shoreline, but plenty is on the steep terrain climbing to the West. It is white over. The narrow road snakes up the incline where a bridge crosses the railway cutting. In the distance, you observe the outline of a massive building on the far taller headland to your South.

Follow the clifftop path to the North, go to 654

Descend onto the beach, go to 663

Head West, up the hill, on the road, over the bridge, go to 643

Follow the clifftop path to the South, go to 652

Knock on the door, go to 817

654

You find yourself in a gorge that allows a small river to arrive at the shore. The coastal path crosses the river via a narrow footbridge while the steep road descends onto the beach. There is also a route from the shore to the imposing white building beside the river. The many tiny windows of the plain construction are barred and show 3 floors. One is a basement, made of huge blocks of stone, where it descends to the riverbed.



The shoreline is clear of snow and an appealing golden colour. You think this must be a beautiful location in summer. However, the sound of roaring waves and the smell of sea spray make it less appealing in these testing conditions.

If it is your first visit here, go to 905
If you have an ASYLUM FLOORPLAN, go to 383
Enter the Asylum, go to 825
Follow the Clifftop path to the North, go to 655
Go onto the Beach, go to 664
Go up the steep road to the West, go to 644
Follow the clifftop path, to the South, go to 653

655

You are standing on the crumbling cliffs above the long beach. A sharp wind blows snowflakes into your face as you try to peer out to sea. Yet, the horizon is absent from your view. Even the shoreline is difficult to make out through the unrelenting snow. All you can identify as a landmark is the dark silhouettes of buildings to your Northeast. A cluster of houses positioned all down the steep bank that descends to the base of the cliffs. The moment is dimly lit as clouds blot out what ambient light has been penetrating until now. The brine air, the muffled crashing of unseen waves and the cold overload your senses.

Follow the clifftop path to the North East village, go to 666
Head North, to circumnavigate the village, go to 656
Move cross country to the West, go to 645
Follow the clifftop path, to the South, go to 654

656

You make your way to a junction at the crest of the steep bank overlooking the fishing town of Robin Hoods Bay, as indicated by the old sign here. A gate allows access to the train platform to your North. While the road heading West crosses a substantial brick bridge over the train track. The cobbled road to the East descends at an incredible gradient from this high location down to sea level in only a few hundred yards. On either side of the street, a jumble of irregular cottages and houses cling to the cliffside. While another road heading Northeast is signposted “TO WHITBY”

The heavy snow seems unrelenting and you shake it from your shoulders and headgear before choosing where to go.

If it is the 5th of NOVEMBER and you have BILLY JACOBS as an ALLY, go to 808
Follow the road over the Bridge to the West, go to 646
Enter the train station, go to 657
Take the cobbled street down to the East, go to 666
Head towards the clifftop path, to the South, go to 655
Follow the road to Whitby, to the North East, go to 667

657

A gate allows access to the ROBIN HOODS BAY Railway Station. The platform offers a waiting room to get out of the atrocious weather. A timetable shows you can catch a train here, on the hour, to head to any station to the North. You may use the Waiting room to turn the dice to the desired train arrival TIME.

These are listed with the TIME cost of arrival to the destination:

Whitby, 2 TIME, go to 974

While at Half past the HOUR, a train arrives if you wish to travel South:

Ravenscar, 3 TIME, go to 660
Hayburn Wyke, go to 5 TIME, go to 574
Cloughton, 6 TIME, go to 915
Scarborough, 8 TIME, go to 977
If you decide to not catch a train, go to 656

658

You open the small gate and follow the cleared path behind the windmill. It is nice to escape the freezing wind, even for a moment. The path leads to a heavy timber door. However, no amount of knocking attracts any attention and the door is locked. Seems the mill is not running, probably due to the strong gusts of wind. You decide the miller must live at COBB FARM and wonder if you could enquire there.

A signpost indicates that North Lane goes to “STOUPE BECK”. Pointing East is “RAVENSCAR” and South is “CLOUGHTON”.

Knock on the Farm door, go to 688
Follow the lane to the North East, go to 642
Head across the moorland, to the West, go to 641
Follow the road to the South, go to 650
Head along the road to the East, go to 661

659

You almost slip, but hold on and pull yourself to the top of the icy boulder. Managing to gingerly stand on the summit, you take stock of your surroundings. However, you determine the view is no more spectacular or informative than if you were to climb the hill. There is no sign of anything unusual up here. You brush away the snow to check.

If it is Daylight (8am to 4.30pm) AND you have MAGPIE as ALLY, then go to 678.

Otherwise, you manage to descend carefully.

Study the rocks, go to 619
Head west, along the rail line, go to 633
Cross the bridge and descend the road to the East, go to 653
Follow the road South, go to 642
Cross the railway track to the North, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 644
6 Go to 598

660

A gate allows access to the RAVENSCAR Railway Station in the centre of the tiny town. The platform offers a waiting room to get out of the weather and a timetable showing you can catch a train here at a Quarter past the hour (4), to head to any station to the North. You may use the Waiting room to turn the dice to the desired train arrival TIME.

These are listed with the TIME cost of arrival to the destination:

Robin Hoods Bay, 2 TIME, go to 657
Whitby, 4 TIME, go to 974

While, quarter to the HOUR (4), a train arrives if you wish to travel South:

Hayburn Wyke, 2 TIME, go to 574
Cloughton, 3 TIME, go to 915
Scarborough, 5 TIME, go to 977



Meanwhile, you note that good road infrastructure has been laid, with drains, but very few houses along them. You notice that the lone building at the Eastern edge of the settlement is actually a Public House. A sign hangs outside, depicting a large black corvid and defines it as “THE RAVEN.” Black smoke drifts out of the sooted chimney.

To enter the RAVEN, go to 837
Head East, along the empty streets, to the clifftops, go to 670
Follow the road to the North, go to 661
Head South, over the snowy fields, go to 577

661

Only a handful of houses line the wide streets of Ravenscar. They are all well-spaced out. You realise there is an infrastructure built here and roads that could support, perhaps tenfold the current residential buildings. The odd few that have been built are townhouses and would look more at home in an urbanised setting.

The scenery from the crossroads is spectacular, even in this dim light. You realise you are at a great altitude on this mammoth headland overlooking the crescent bay. A break in the snow allows a clear view, right along the shore, to the twinkling lights of a village. Perhaps it is a couple of miles to the North, along a high cliffed beach. The wild north sea is crashing onto the shore and you can hear the breakers, even from this distance.

The main road climbs even further to your West and the southern street, heads to the train station and almost empty town square. Meanwhile, a looping lane descends to the Northwest, across what appears to be a 9-hole golf course landscaped into the steep terrain. You would not fancy attempting to play that exposed course today and finding a white golf ball impossible amongst the snow.

To the East, there is a massive structure of substantial sandstone, perhaps four stories high and with many windows. An ornate sign by the wrought iron gates names the building as “RAVENHALL” and declares it is a “5-STAR LUXURY HOTEL”.

Enter the gates, towards RAVENHALL, go to 671
Follow the lane across the golf course, go to 652
head down the street to the town square, go to 660
Leave the town and follow the Western road, go to 651
Take the clifftop path to the Southeast, go to 670

662

The steep cliffs tower over you as you make your way along the slippery rocks. There is a spectacular waterfall that cascades down from the high clifftop and the cold spray from it, is blown around by the erratic wind. Although there is no real snow accumulating on the shore, it is still falling from the sky constantly. You look down and watch the snowflakes melt away as they land on the salty beach. The stormy seas are breaking on the rocks, creating quite a cacophony that echoes off the rock face. The reef to your East juts well out into the rough sea from the base of the headland. Huge white waves are crashing upon the rockshelf.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 906
Head north, along the beach, go to 663
Follow the cliffs to the headland, go to 681

663

The exposed beach is taking the brunt of the stormy weather, with strong winds blowing directly onshore, laced with snowflakes that feel like tiny darts of cold. However, no snow has laid here due to the salty conditions. The sea is breaking violently on the rocks along the golden sands. Now you are at sea level they appear to be like moving hillocks traversing the eastern horizon. To the North, the beach extends a long distance around the inner bay. A few lights and dark shapes show the presence of a community in that direction.

While nearby to the West, a farm is visible at the top of a route up the tall cliffs.
Head North along the beach, towards the distant village, go to 664
Follow the shoreline, to the South, towards the headland, go to 662
Use the West route up the cliffs, towards the Farm, go to 653

664

The intense sound of the powerful waves crashing into the rocks is jarring. While a howling wind picks up, coming off the dark sea, driving snow and perhaps even some hail at your face. The salty beach is free from actual laid snow, as it melts immediately. To the South is a massive headland, towering high above the shore. Where you can see a grand building atop the mammoth cliff. Numerous lights are visible to the North from a coastal village. To the West, a ravine in the cliffs delivers a small river towards the sea. A square white block building sits in the ravine adjacent to a footbridge.

As you take in the scene, you notice a dark area under the cliff to the left of the ravine. A sea cave under the cliff. You can see it must flood at high tide.

Enter the sea cave, go to 893
Follow the beach to the South, go to 663
Head West to the Ravine, go to 654
Follow the beach, to the North, go to 665

665

Following the shore, you find yourself on a bleak section of beach, between the crashing waves and the high sandstone cliffs. There is a drop in the wind and a momentary calm as snow silently falls onto the sand. Only then do you notice the sound of crumbling. It seems the cliffs are eroding constantly. Perpetually, fragments of stone are falling down onto the sand. Then, the snow gets heavier again, so the visibility closes down.

If you are looking for jet at the cliff base, Roll LUCK

Success, go to 942

Fail, go to 927

Head North, along the shore, go to 666

Follow the shore, to the South, go to 664

666

You find yourself at the bottom of an incredibly steep, narrow road in an old fishing village. The layout of the buildings is very random. It is like a jumble of dwellings have almost fallen down the steep cliff. In the small town square, you are only yards from the beach, accessible by a slipway between the buildings. Several boats are stored on buggies in the squire to protect them from the storm.

You spot a lifeboat house fronted with a large sliding shutter. Over the road, the building nearest the sea is painted white with signage indicating it is called the BAY HOTEL. A side alley has a signposted FISH & CHIP shop. The road and walkways have been cleared, which is expected when considering the steep gradient and how dangerous this place could become once icy. Worn steps lead to a path that follows the clifftops to the Southwest. A sign says it leads to “Boggle Hole”.

If you have FISH & CHIPS, go to 1142

Enter the BAY HOTEL, go to 811

Investigate the Life Boat House, go to 839

Order some food at the FISH & CHIP shop, go to 897

Head up the steep road towards the Train Station, go to 657

Go onto the beach and head South, go to 665

Follow the beach, to the North East, go to 676

Use the clifftop path that heads Southwest, go to 655

667

The road here is heavy with snow. Yet, you have a tremendous view over the wide bay to your South. A break in the weather gives a glimpse as you see a sheet of more snow blowing in from the sea, obscuring your view, once again. A signpost points to the North and clearly states, “WHITBY”.

A narrow path follows the tops of the cliffs and is signposted, “WHITBY ABBEY”. Below you, to the South, are the rooftops of the tumbledown cottages in the quant village. To your West, there is the gateway onto the train platform.

Follow the clifftop path to Whitby Abbey (+30 minutes), go to 1073

Take the North road to WHITBY (+30 minutes), go to 1030

Move towards the Train Platform, go to 657

Follow the steep road to the South, go to 666

668

You knock on the studded door at Cobb Farm. After a while, a rustic old lady answers and invites you into the foyer. “Yes, can I help you? Do you want to buy some eggs or wheat?”

You decide that would be a good way of breaking the ice, so enquire if you could have six eggs. She looks happy as she hands you a cardboard carton and takes your 14 pence and a farthing for the box. GAIN EGGS

“Could I interest you in a nice, fat goose? My husband, Mr Cobb, is away to York Market and won’t be home for a couple of days, but if you want one, come back next week,” She suggests.

You realise there is nothing else to say, so you thank her and leave. Once outside, you look at the old signpost again. It indicates that North Lane leads to “STOUPE BECK”. Pointing East is “RAVENSCAR” and to the South, “CLOUGHTON”.

Investigate the windmill, go to 658

Follow the lane to the North East, go to 642

Head across the moorland, to the West, go to 641

Follow the road to the South, go to 650

Head along the road to the East, go to 661

669

The low winter sun breaks through the clouds. A beam of orange light is visible through a small gap in the stones that form the top of the Cairn.

The warmth of the Sun hits your face. You feel a wave of calm wash over you. A rare spiritual moment, in your opinion. You close your eyes and feel an inner strength for several minutes until the winter Sun finally sets. All of the PARTY:

GAIN 1 POWER.
GAIN 1 LUCK.
GAIN 1 SANITY
MOVE TIME to 4.30pm
Go to 642

670

You follow a rough track and find yourself near the clifftops. A break in the winter storm permits you views out to sea. Where huge snow clouds are depositing their cargo into the wild ocean. It is apparent how high up you are and this headland must be one of the tallest bluffs on the North East Coast. Far below you, the waves crash onto a massive rock formation, jutting into the dark waters. Not too far to the North is an impressive sandstone building with dozens of windows. To the West, you can see the road system of a town, although there are few buildings lining them. The clifftop path leads to the South. The biting wind off the sea is relentless, so you want to keep moving.

Head North towards the huge building, go to 671
Move off to the town, to the West, go to 660
Follow the clifftop path to the South, go to 587

671

You find yourself inside a walled compound, inside of which is a huge sandstone edifice. Some 4 stories in height and covered in windows. It must have a great many rooms. A sign at the gated entrance reads “RAVENHALL. LUXURY HOTEL”

An impressive lawn surrounds the building that seems to end at stone battlements overlooking the majestic bay far below. Indeed, the view is quite staggering from what glimpses you get through the snowstorm. The high altitude of this building also means there is a fair degree of wind blowing in from the white-capped North Sea.

A gateway from the lawn area descends down steps out of the battlements and onto the beginning of what appears to be a 9-hole golf course carved into the steep hillside below you. The yellow flags on the greens are flapping hastily in the squall. The path also heads down the steep cliffside. A rock headland is far below, where waves are battering the shore.

Enter RavenHall, go to 812
Follow the clifftop path to the South, go to 670
Take the steep path to the headland, go to 681
Leave the hotel grounds via the main gate, go to 661

672

The high cliffs loom over the boat as you ply the shallows, away from the white water. Then, you notice a creature in the water watching you. It has a low domed head and a large black bulbous eye. “It’s just a seal!” shouts the coxswain.

That is when you notice the small bottle bobbing in the water next to you. Reaching over the side of the boat, you find a medicine bottle. The label reads, “BOGGLE HOLE MENTAL INSTITUTE, ROOM 21, DAMIAN GREENE, 1 per day.” Inside, you reveal a folded piece of paper. A printed floor plan of the mental facility. You stow it in your pocket.

GAIN ASYLUM FLOORPLAN

The coxswain shouts, “Now row lads. Row.”

Head North, along the bay, go to 673
Ask to see the headland, go to 682



673

You row on into the falling snowstorm. You've never felt so alive yet so scared, as this is no joyride around the bay. The coxswain orders a stop to the left oarsmen. Guiding the lifeboat to port, he uses a gaff to pull in some debris floating on the rhythmic waves. Pulling it alongside, you see it is a crate with a few bottles still remaining inside the lidless container. Grabbing them, he looks at the label, "Must have floated off a wreck, I guess. WHISKY GALORE LADS!!" he passes out one each.

GAIN, BOTTLE OF SPIRITS.

Ask to row North, towards home, go to 674

Point out to the deeper sea, go to 683

Follow the shore, to the South, go to 672

674

Cutting along the bay, you gain confidence in your crew mates and the Captain's ability. The snow continues, but you are sweating in your waterproof gear, what with all the intense rowing. To your West, some lights indicate a building on the shore, but you cannot see due to the squall of the storm. "Which way?" asks the Captain, in a loud voice, over the shrill wind.

Head South, across the bay, 673

Follow the shoreline North, go to 675

Head for deeper water, go to 684

675

The snow continues as you reach the deep water opposite Robin Hoods Bay. You can see the flickering lights of the village whenever you rise to the top of one of the thick waves that roll in towards the shoreline.

The Captain asks you where you want to go.

Return to shore and make landfall, go to 894

Row South, across the bay, go to 674

Head for even deeper water and row East, go to 685

676

You follow the shore to the North. The wind howls. The snow turns to sleet. This is atrocious weather. As you get further, you find a recent rockfall that has brought down a section of the crumbling sandstone cliff. With the icy conditions, it is certainly not safe to try and proceed by climbing over the jumbled piles of smooth rocks. You decide to head back to the slipway.

Go to 666

677

You are relieved to lock your door and finally climb into bed. It has been a long, stressful day. The room is cold, but the blankets soon warm through. You blow out the candle and relax into the down pillow. The room is still unfamiliar. Limited moonlight makes it through the heavy drapes. You try to ignore the patter on the window from the relentless snow.

Soon, the darkness brings on your descent into slumber.

All PARTY members, HEAL 1 HIT POINT, up to their MAXIMUM.

You can remove all CONSTITUTION reductions and penalties.

GAIN 18 ELDRITCH POINTS (-2 per PARTY member and PRE GEN, who has been killed since you arrived.)

If you have the DRESS or are in Bedroom 10, go to 691

Roll main investigator's POWER

Success, go to 976

Fail, go to 936

678

As you stand, watching the next wave of the snowstorm approach, a bird flies towards you. Recognising it as the friendly MAGPIE. You see it descend and land on the tip of the boulder before looking at you. Only then do you realise it is carrying something in its beak. A ring which it drops. The corvid gives a clacking call before diving from the rock and gliding away over the gorse bushes.

You carefully perch and feel around for the jewellery in the snow. Once you examine it you are surprised to see it is embossed. The letters F.B.I. are around an official blue emblem. The inside of the ring is engraved with 2 initials, "D.G." You suspect the ring is gold and has some decent value. Yet, how an American law enforcement agency ring is here in rural Yorkshire and how the MAGPIE came across it, is even more intriguing.

GAIN BLUE RING

You decide to climb down and do so without incident. Go to 643

679

You spend a few minutes trying to study the marks in the snow around the wrecked vehicle. Obviously, most tracks are just depressions, as more recent snowfall has filled in the detail. Yet, you persist.

Roll either SPOT HIDDEN [25%], or TRACK [10%]

Hard Success with SPOT HIDDEN, go to 699

Success, with TRACKING, go to 699

Otherwise, choose:

Use the small tunnel to cross the railway, to the North, go to 646

Follow the road, Northeast, go to 656

Take a path through the dense trees to the East, go to 655

Follow the winding road to the South, go to 644

Cross the railway track to the West, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 635

6 Go to 598

680

You pick your way along the exposed shoreline. The cliffs are on an epic scale and look impossible to ascend. Your clothes are sodden, with sea spray and melting snow. To your North is a headland of low rock, sticking out into the stormy sea, with waves breaking upon its edge. The spray hits you in sheets.

It is treacherous here with all the seaweed and green slime.

Roll DEXTERITY

Success, you keep your feet.

Fail, you fall awkwardly and LOSE 1 HIT POINT (Ignores Armour) on the sharp rocks.

Move towards the rocky headland to your North, go to 681

Press on to the South, under the imposing cliff face, go to 799

681

You are on the headland of rock that protrudes into the stormy North Sea. Massive waves are battering the eastern edge of the bedrock platform. Despite being some distance from there, you are soaked with regular layers of spray due to the buffeting gale. Clearing your eyes of salt water, you shield them to look around.

High above you, to the West, is a towering cliff that you estimate is perhaps six hundred feet above sea level. Indeed, a winding path is visible in the limited light, heading up, out of sight. A platform of rocks allows you to follow the cliff face to the South, while a narrow rock plinth offers a route along the shore to the Northwest.

If it is After Dark (4.30pm to 8am), go to 701

If it is daylight, go to 903

682

The boat lurches around in the swell as you near the rock outcrop that makes a long headland far from the cliffs. “Plenty of seals in this colony,” shouts the Cox. You notice many pairs of bulbous eyes watching you from the water.

“The fishermen hate them, as they eat plenty of fish. I guess that no one likes competition, but I think we should leave ‘em alone and share the sea. It is all a balance. If you ask me, that is why it works. We should accept our place in the food chain rather than try to wipe out other predators. Anyway, let’s turn for home,” suggests John I’Anson.

Head North into the deep water, go to 683

Follow the shore, to the West, go to 672

683

You row on as a team. Despite the lifeboat pitching and tipping on the rough swell, you make good time. Sweat is dripping down your back. Your hands look a little raw. Due to the salt water and hard wooden oar. “Steady away!” shouts the Coxswain.

Row toward the headland to the South, go to 682

Make for shallow waters to the West, go to 673

Ask to head North, back over the bay, go to 684

684

The snow slows for a moment. You can see the shadow of the distant cliffs around the bay, giving you a sense you are right in the centre of it. Only then do you see the fin. A dorsal fin... that sends a shiver down your spine. It is as tall as a man and black in colour. It’s closing in on the boat's stern rapidly. You yell out in fright, “LOOK OUT!”

The helmsman twists in his seat and spots the approaching creature before turning and telling you to brace. Then you realise a second dorsal fin is approaching, like a torpedo from the starboard side. As the creature comes within feet, you see it rise from the dark waters, displaying a rounded head of deep black with a white underside. Opening it’s huge jaws, you see a row of large, white, tusklike teeth. It comes alongside and then dives under the boat. You look at the Coxswain and see actual fear in his eyes. Then, the lifeboat is hit by something underneath and tilts heavily from the collision.

Roll DEXTERITY, or STRENGTH, for the Main Investigator with a DISADVANTAGE DICE.

Success, go to 810

Fail, go to 888

685

Rowing hard, you feel hot despite the weather. Maybe you could get used to this, you think before a fresh soaking of cold seawater snaps you back to reality. From here, you can see the dim shape of the cliffs, around the bay, through the snow. You wouldn’t want to go out of sight of land in this hellish squall, that is for sure.

Ask the Cox to head North, go to 686

Point towards shore to the West, go to 675

Let the helmsman steer to the South, go to 684

686

You put your backs into the strokes and pull hard on the oar. After a few minutes, the Cox calls to only row on the port side and you learn that is the left. As you turn, he shouts, “THERE SHE BLOWS!”. The entire crew turns their heads out towards the deep sea. There, only eighty yards away, you see a waterspout from a whale blowhole and then a second. It is too far and dim to see any detail of the whales.

The snow gets thicker and the wind drops, so the Cox issues the command to, “ROW... ROW... ROW...”

Go to 685



687

You are relieved to lock your door and finally get into bed. It has been a long, stressful day. The room is cold, but the blankets soon warm through. You blow out the candle and relax into the down pillow. The room is still unfamiliar. Limited moonlight makes it through the heavy drapes, where shadows of the falling snow play across the wall.

Soon, the darkness brings on your descent into slumber.

All PARTY members, HEAL 1 HIT POINT, up to their MAXIMUM.

You can ignore all CONSTITUTION reductions and penalties.

GAIN 18 ELDRITCH POINTS (-2 per PARTY member who has been killed)

Each PARTY member may roll to ADVANCE SKILLS that had SUCCESS since the last ADVANCE.

You must roll over the SKILL to GAIN 1D6% to that SKILL.

You each GAIN 1D10 LUCK

If you have the SKULL, go to 880

Roll main investigator's POWER

Success, go to 870

Fail, go to 936

688

You know, this is certainly not any particular mammal species you have ever heard of because the proportions are way off. If you had to suggest what species it is closest to, you would guess it's maybe Wolverine or wolf-related. Certainly canine in many aspects, yet far too long. Perhaps the track is simply an anomaly?

Whatever made this footprint, you realise you are getting too cold to linger here and think about it anymore. Your toes are going numb, so you need to keep moving.

Use the small tunnel, to cross the railway, to the North, go to 646

Follow the road, Northeast, go to 656

Take a path through the dense trees to the East, go to 655

Follow the winding road to the South, go to 644

Cross the railway track to the West, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 635

6 Go to 598

689

Stood in the dim glow of the moon through the snow clouds,
a ray of moonlight breaks through and illuminates the
pile of stones that form the cairn. Only then do you see a small hole between the apex stones of the cairn that projects the spot of moonlight onto an exposed rock some 30 yards away. Your curiosity is peaked. Walking over, you notice the stone has some basic carvings on its weathered surface.

Wait, they are not carvings? There is some discolouration in the moss. How odd, it seems to be a vivid blue in the moonlight, but only in the shape of .... an eye... a human eye, in appearance! How incredibly odd. This must surely be a weird coincidence? There have arguably been a fair few coincidences so far on this trip.

Only then do you see that the eye blinks and the pupil focuses on you. Time seems to slow. The world begins to melt.....

You wake and find yourself back at Lombard House, on your bed. What? Was it all a dream? Am I dreaming now? Wait..... what time is it? Yet, you feel very relaxed and your body seems rejuvenated.

HEAL 1 HIT POINT.

GAIN 1 CONSTITUTION

Move the TIMEDICE to the next SCHEDULED EVENT on your TIMESHEET. Go to that entry.

690*

COMBAT

The hellish monster hurtles towards you on its umbrella-like wings. The huge maw is wide open, showing its many layers of razor-sharp teeth before the Horror attacks with extreme ferocity.

Whoever has the lowest MOVE in the PARTY is Bitten, while a different, random PARTY member is Crushed.

BITE/CRUSH, Roll 65% or under.

If Successful, the victim LOSES 4D6 HIT POINTS. If anyone is killed (reduced to 0 HITPOINTS) they are graphically turned into a pile of unrecognisable blood and meat. Roll SANITY to witness their demise. Fail, LOSES 1D3 SANITY.

If all Investigators are Killed, go to 1132

No matter what happens, you cannot stop. Sprinting onwards, powered by adrenaline coursing through your veins, to escape.

Go to 850

691

LOSE All members of the PARTY.

You awake to find something happening in the bedroom. Through the darkness, you realise something is moving. Reacting, you grab your torch from the bedside cabinet. Turning it on, you are terrified to see it is a black dress floating at the end of the bed. Yet, no one appears to be wearing it. It glides up over the bed, directly above you.

Roll SANITY

Success, you manage to stay calm despite the unexplained.

Fail, LOSE 1D3 SANITY (-1 if you have ORCHID)

Then, all your belongings from your luggage begin to levitate and circle the room around the animated black dress. The maelstrom of items steadily picks up speed, whirling at an ever-increasing velocity. Then, before you decide what to do, the dress points at you with one arm before the items rain down upon you.

Roll DODGE

Success, you avoid the worst items but LOSE 1 HIT POINT. (Ignores all Armour)

Fail, the torrent of objects rain down, LOSE 1D3 HIT POINTS. (Ignores all Armour)

You fall out of bed, pursued by the swirling objects, yet flee the bedroom. The door slams shut behind you.

To sleep, you dare not return to the poltergeist-infested bedroom and instead knock on a member of the PARTY'S door. You choose a friend of the same gender who offers to share their bed, back to back, due to your explanation. Fatigue takes you. Eventually, returning to sleep. Exhausted by all the stress.

GAIN FULL PARTY, you can select from ANY PRE GEN's or previous PARTY members.

Roll Main Investigator's POWER

Success, go to 976

Fail, go to 936

692

You knock, but there is no answer, so you dare push the loosely fitting door ajar. Nothing stirs. Peering inside, you see there is no lit fire. You have to use your torch to check for occupancy. It is vacant. You discover a bed, table and chair in the cramped space. The fire is not lit, but the hearth is still warm. There is a store of dry firewood stacked here by some tin pans.

The table seems littered with odd items, from acorns to leaves, pebbles, dried flowers, and parts of animals, such as bird feet and deer antlers. Even a black spider is sat in a glass jar. Very strange, indeed. Then you come across what seems to be some waxed manuscripts stored in a tube of birchbark. Opening one, you discover it is a language you cannot read, perhaps Gaelic.

Then, you notice a small human footprint in the mud by the bed. You decide this must be the home of a hermit and feel it would be wrong to steal their meagre belongings. So, you opt to leave everything as you have found it.

Except for a little dried field mouse, you get an urge to take him. He could be lucky.

GAIN DEAD MOUSE

GAIN 1D3 LUCK

If you have WITCH, as an ALLY, go to 1183

Closing the door, you choose which way to exit, this enclosed gorge.

Head West, up onto the moor, go to 745

Follow the narrow gorge to the Southeast, go to 705



693*

COMBAT

You set off running away from the deadly monster to the East. The snow doesn't let up and your laboured breathing produces clouds of condensing fog behind you. Your heart is racing as you feel your life hangs in the balance. You push your burning muscles to power through the deep snow. Your life depends on it.

If you have STUNNED the DOG MAN, the PARTY flees, go to 147

Otherwise, the DOG MAN attacks the investigator with the lowest MOVE, who is at the back of the retreat.

However, the fastest pair of investigators provide cover before the DOG MAN reaches the group.

The 2 PARTY members with the highest MOVE, get to shoot at the terrifying supernatural creature before it reaches a victim.

Shooting is difficult, as the PARTY are in the line of fire, there is snow-falling and only moonlight.

If using a SILVER BULLET, it must be declared before the dice are rolled.

Roll TO HIT for the Investigator with a DISADVANTAGE DICE

Roll to DODGE for DOG MAN (Dodge 70%/35%/14%)

If both Fail, the shot misses, wildly.

If both equal Success, the shot just misses.

If DOG MAN has better Success, he Dodges the shot, to your dismay.

If the Investigator has better Success, the shot hits,

Roll DAMAGE - 1 due to thick hide,

If 8+ then the lycanthrope falls STUNNED from a regular bullet

If 8+ from a SILVER BULLET, Roll CONSTITUTION (80%)

Success, he is not slain, but badly wounded & STUNNED

Fail, the DOG MAN is KILLED, go to 1113

Silver bullets, DEDUCT DAMAGE from 15 HIT POINTS.

If reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, go to 1113

Regular ammunition does 0 actual damage and can only STUN.

If NOT STUNNED, the DOG MAN attacks the PARTY Member with the lowest MOVE. He gets to ATTACK with both Claws.

Roll TO HIT (Claw 55%)

Roll TO DODGE for the investigator

If both Fail, they slip in the snow and no one is hurt.

If both equal success, the Investigator dives out of the way.

If DOG MAN has better Success, he claws the victim.

LOSE 1D4+1D6 HIT POINTS. GAIN LYCANTHROPY

If the DOG MAN gets Extreme Success, he rips the victim to pieces in a scene of gore.

They are killed and the entire PARTY must Roll SANITY

Success, you ignore the gore and screams

Fail, you struggle to hold it together, LOSE 1D4 SANITY

Roll again for his second CLAW.

If the DOG MAN is STUNNED, you can choose to flee, go to 147

Otherwise, choose:

Stand and fight, go to 700

Retreat, under covering fire, go to 693

694

You find a section on local history and a nicely written guidebook concerning manor houses in the Scarborough area. There is a brief description of Lombard House and how it was commissioned by Admiral Henry Lombard in 1793 and completed in 1795. He took residence with his wife Mary-Ann Lombard (1775- 1851) that year. His family remains there to this day. You find that entry to be sadly out of date. The guidebook suggests that Lombard House boasted a family safe built by no other than Baron Wolfgang Von Kempelen. A renowned clockwork genius from Austria who was also leading the field in Automatons at the time.

The book also mentions an impressive maze behind the house. At its centre has a beautiful marble statue of a Valkyrie with a water feature. The reference book mentions that the Folly was a Victorian addition in the year 1900. However, it suggests the house and folly are situated directly on a lay line. As does the bronze age megalithic stone circle to the West. Known locally as the Cloughton Stone Circle, the guidebook recommends it as being worth a visit and accessed from the main Scarborough to Whitby Road.

Go to 1110

695

The gong strikes to signify the evening meal, shortly followed, with the Clock chiming 7pm. The remaining benefactors assemble in the dining room and get seated at the grand table in their usual places. A cut of hot belly pork is on display in the centre of the table. Mrs O'Brian promptly removes lids from the platters and dishes surrounding it. From inside, the most exquisite aromas begin to fill the room. You enjoy loading your plates and pouring the exquisite gravy. The room is full of expected smiling faces as everyone tucks into the carvery.

After a while, the wine is flowing. Quickly, everyone largely forgets the day's stress. Just enjoying the experience of being here in this strange situation seems more pleasant when you have good food and a hot fireplace.

Deserts and drinks are wheeled out on a trolly by Mrs O'Brian. You can't help but think how she is the best housekeeper you would wish to employ.

Miss Harris again produces a small harp from her case and plays some powerful classical compositions. The name of which escapes you. The guests chatter about their home lives and families and how they can't wait for this to be over and get back to normal. The clock strikes 9pm and you all get up to leave the dining room and disperse after thanking Mrs O'Brian.

However, as you leave the Dining room, there is a loud noise in the Billiard room, across the hall. You open the door to see what the commotion is and are stunned to find a bizarre scene before you.

The unlit room has a shaft of strong moonlight, piercing through the darkness to the opposite wall of the undraped window. There, illuminated by the moon, between the two billiard tables, you see a man. He is laid prone and shrouded in a mist that seems to be flowing from the tall painting of a cave hung there, over where he is. Wait, it is not a painting of a cave at all..... it is a cave. As you enter the room, your eyes do not deceive you. It is apparent that the cave is indeed in three dimensions and heading away deep into the wall to an unseen corner, where light emanates onto the dank rock formations.

Roll SANITY for all PARTY members

Fail, LOSE 1D3 SANITY from this rupture in space/time.

Extreme Fail, LOSE 1D6 SANITY, as your grip on reality loosens.

If you LOSE 5 or more SANITY, Roll INTELLIGENCE,

Fail, you handle it as just the unexplained and move on.

Success, you GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY.

Go to 769

696

You decipher the ancient pictograms and find their meaning translates to "MAKE A RODENT OFFERING." You decide the inscription requires you to place a rodent in the statue's hand. Now, you just have to find a rodent.

ADD to your DIRECT ACCESS LIST, but you need a MOUSE to activate it.

"RODENT, 1 TIME, ANYTIME, ENTRY 1088"

Go to 244

697

"What is your name?" you ask.

The planchet slowly crawls across the Ouija board and spells out A, N, N, E, C, O, R, D, U, K, E, S

You ask, "Why are you here?"

S, I, N, S, I, N, S, I, N,S, I, N, S, I, N, S, I, N,S, I, N, S, I, N, S, I, N,S, I, N, S, I, N, S, I, N,S, I, N, S, I, N, S, I, N....

Looking at each other, you don't know what to make of the repeated message, "Can we help you?"

A, B, S, O, L, U, T, I, O, N is the slow reply. The board begins to slowly smoulder and you all retract your hands for fear of injury, ending the seance. The Ouija board continues to blacken. Then ignites. A small flame starts to consume it. You put out the fire with a glass of water. Seems like spiritualism is not all fakery. The Ouija board is ruined, as you can no longer see the letters.

LOSE OUIJA BOARD

Go to 605

698

You determine the majority of the rock here is simple sandstone. However, you also detect traces of reddish Alum ore, which historically was used for making dye fixatives. However, this has been replaced by synthetic alternatives. Probably, why this quarry has closed, you think.

Go to 643

699

You look around and under the driver's door, seeing a small hole in the snow. Investigating, you uncover a ring. Examining the jewellery, as you brush away the snow, you are surprised to see it is embossed with the letters F.B.I. around an official blue stone. The inside of the ring is engraved with 2 initials, “D.G.” You suspect the ring is gold and has some decent value. GAIN BLUE RING.

More intriguing and concerning is the clear footprint you spot, sheltered, underneath the car. It seems to be an example of an animal track, but it is larger than a man’s shoe print. However, the foot shape is far from human, judging by the long claw impressions.

Roll NATURAL WORLD [10%]

Success, go to 688

Use the small tunnel to cross the railway, to the North, go to 646

Follow the road, Northeast, go to 656

Take a path through the dense trees to the East, go to 655

Follow the winding road to the South, go to 644

Cross the railway track to the West, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 635

6 Go to 598





700*



COMBAT

The DOG MAN HEALS 1 HIT POINT and recovers from STUN.

DOG MAN OF FLIXTON

STR 120	**CON 80**	**SIZ 65**	**DEX 59**	**INT 25**
APP 0	**POW 65**	**EDU 37**	**SAN 0**	**HP 15**
DB +1D6	**BUILD 2**	**MOVE 12**	**MP 13**	**LUCK N/A**

ATTACKS PER ROUND 2

CLAW/BITE 55% (27/11), DAMAGE 1D4+DB

Only SILVER, FIRE, EXPLOSIVES, SPELLS, or MAGIC weapons cause damage to Lycanthropes.

Anyone with a DEXTERITY higher than 59, can attack before the DOG MAN.

Those shooting at the DOGMAN,

If using a SILVER BULLET, it must be declared before the dice are rolled.

Roll TO HIT for the investigator with a DISADVANTAGE DICE

Roll to DODGE, for DOGMAN (Dodge 70%/35%/14%)

If both Fail, the shot misses, wildly.

If both equal Success, the shot misses.

If the DOGMAN has better Success, he Dodges the shot, to your dismay.

If the Investigator has better Success, the shot hits,

Roll DAMAGE - 1 due to thick hide,

If 8+ the lycanthrope falls STUNNED from a regular bullet.

If 8+ from a SILVER BULLET, Roll CONSTITUTION (80%)

Success, he is not slain, but badly wounded & STUNNED

Fail, the DOG MAN is KILLED, go to 1113

Silver bullets, DEDUCT DAMAGE from 15 HIT POINTS.

If reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, go to 1113

Regular ammunition does 0 actual damage and can only STUN.

If NOT STUNNED, Then the DOG MAN attacks the PARTY Member with the lowest LUCK. He gets to ATTACK with both Claws.

Roll TO HIT (Claw 55%)

Roll TO DODGE

If both Fail, they slip in the snow and no one is hurt.

If both equal success, the Investigator dives out of the way.

If DOG MAN has better Success, he claws the victim.

LOSE 1D4+1D6 HIT POINTS. GAIN LYCANTHROPY

If the DOG MAN gets Extreme Success, he rips the victim to pieces.

They are killed and all PARTY must Roll SANITY

Success, you ignore the gore and screams

Fail, you struggle to hold it together, LOSE 1D3 SANITY

Roll for the second CLAW attack, as above.

If all Investigators are Killed, go to 1132

Do you:

If the DOG MAN is STUNNED, you can choose to flee, go to 147

Stand and fight, go to 700

Retreat, with covering fire, go to 693



701*

The moonlight reflects on the choppy sea, highlighting the rough conditions. You spot something in the broiling water amongst the white-topped waves. Something alive, judging by its movement and your intuition, that it has eyes. Large bulbous eyes on the front of its rounded head bobbing above the waves. It is hard to see detail in the dim light and poor conditions, but you see it submerge. Breaking the surface again, further to your left.

Shoot at the strange creature, go to 730
Head up the steep cliff path to the West, go to 671
Follow the shore to the Northwest, into the bay, go to 662
Make your way along the base of the cliffs, to the South, go to 680

702*

COMBAT

All members of the PARTY can shoot at the Hunting Horror while you sprint toward the unseen road through the blinding snow.

Range is Pointblank, get an Advantage Dice.
The target is large, get an Advantage Dice.
The target is moving fast, get a Disadvantage Dice.
Firer is sprinting, get a Disadvantage Dice.
Therefore it is a straight Roll.

Roll TO HIT,

Extreme Success, IMPALE with any weapon (Maximum Damage + Roll Damage)
Success, Hit with any weapon, Roll Damage
Fail, you miss.
Fumble, the gun Jams. You must spend the next attack clearing it.

Roll Damage for hits. However, the HORROR has 9 points of Armour deducted from each wound.
Deduct any remaining Damage from the Horrors 26 HIT POINTS (less if you have already wounded it in this encounter).
If the Horror is reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, go to 720
Otherwise, go to 690

703

As you approach the burial mound through the falling snow, you see something is wrong. Where you expected to see the friendly Natural Historian, Dr Dodds, you discover there is a terrible revelation. The good Doctor is there. However, he appears lifeless. The snow around him is stained with his blood and so are his tweeds. He is laid on his back. Both his cold, blue hands are clutching his neck, where the huge quantity of frozen blood seems to have escaped from. Was his throat cut?

You see his frozen face, twisted with pain. It is an image that burns into your memory that you will wish to forget.
Roll SANITY

Success, you keep it together and ignore his horrific pose.
Fail, LOSE 1D3 SANITY from the gory discovery of a violent death.

GAIN BODY, as an ALLY. Maybe you should report this to the Police?
Head North, go to 768
Cross the river and walk onto the Western Moorland, go to 757
Press on to the East, go to 777
Descend into the river valley to the South, go to 766

704

"What is your name?"

There is a pause before the planchet slowly drags your fingers across to A, M, B, E, R. You all look at each other and continue into the seance.

"What happened when you died?"

P, O, S, S, E, S, S, E, D

"You were possessed by who?" you ask.

N, Y, A, R, L, A, T, H, O, T, E, P, S, C, H, A, M, P, I, O, N

"Who?"

T, H, E, R, E, D, W, O, R, M, T, H, E, B, R, I, N, G, E, R, O, F, D, A, R, K, N, E, S, S, T, H, E, F, A, T, H, E, R, O, F, A, L, L, H, U, N, T, I, N, G, H, O, R, R, O, R, S

"What did he want from you?"

F, R, E, E, H, I, M, F, R, O, M, T, H, I, S, P, R, I, S, O, N

Then, there is a shift in the mood as a sudden chill seems to enter the room. The planchet picks up speed and spells out the next words a little faster.

E, D, W, A, R, D, H, A, D, T, O, S, T, O, P, M, E, I, W, O, U, L, D, H, A, V, E, D, O, N, E, T, H, E, S, A, M, E, T, O, H, I, M, T, O, S, A, V, E, H, U, M, A, N, I, T, Y

"Save Humanity? From what?"

I, N, S, A, N, I, T, Y

The planchet stops moving and any further questions are met with no reply.

Roll CTHULHU MYTHOS [0%]

Success, go to 1116

Go to 605



705

You follow the low ground. Once beside the peaty river, you can see the deep scar in the landscape. It is lined with vertical rock faces that continue to the South. Picking your way through the ancient oak trees, you find it slow progress due to the snow and ice that has settled here, out of the wind. A small footbridge crosses the river, allowing access to both sides of the valley. To the Northwest, there is a tributary of reddish water with its own deep gorge, while the main river continues to the Northeast into a wider, more gentle valley.

Follow the Ravine South, go to 789

Head Northwest into the narrow gorge, go to 708

Follow the river to the Northeast, go to 765

706*

You find yourself in a little dry hollow amongst some tree roots. A way out can be seen where it is snowing. While the moonlight illuminates the area, you emerge into the cold.

Go to 801

707*

Looking around, you are distracted by the approach of a distant figure emerging from the freezing fog. A black shape approaches from the West, catching your eye in the moonlight. Turning, you stare through the fluttering snowfall, as the silhouette is of a man, not a dog. So you move your finger from the trigger. Who is this desperate person fleeing the deadly hounds?

Then, you see the person is far from human, judging by their glowing purple eyes and massive stature. Sprinting through the drifting snow, it is closing on your position rapidly and should arrive in a matter of seconds. The looming terror gives off a howl that sends chills through every ounce of your being. You figure this must be some chimeric DOG MAN you've heard legends about.

Roll SANITY

Success, LOSE 1 SANITY

Fail, LOSE 1D8 SANITY

If you LOSE 5+ SANITY, Roll INTELLIGENCE

Success, GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY.

Fail, you stay level-headed, although afraid of the threat.

Decide who is shooting at the PACK OF DOGS and who is attacking the approaching Lycanthrope before any dice are rolled. Each PARTY Member can Shoot, except any who have TEMPORARY INSANITY or that are Braced at the tree. As the creature has approached, where they cannot see, behind the burial mound.



Those ATTACKING the DOGS, Roll TO HIT (Melee or Firearms)

Success, 1 DOG IS KILLED

Fail, shot misses and the Investigator is bitten, LOSE 2 HIT POINTS.

Those shooting at the DOGMAN,

If using a SILVER BULLET, it must be declared before the dice are rolled.

Roll TO HIT for the Investigator, with DISADVANTAGE DICE

Roll to DODGE, for DOGMAN (Dodge 70%/35%/14%)

If both Fail, the shot misses wildly.

If both equal Success, the shot just misses.

If DOGMAN has better Success, he Dodges the shot, to your dismay.

If Investigator has better Success, the shot hits,

Roll DAMAGE - 1 due to thick hide,

If 8+ the lycanthrope falls STUNNED from regular bullets

If 8+ from a SILVER BULLET, Roll CONSTITUTION (80%)

Success, he is not slain but badly wounded.

Fail, the DOG MAN is KILLED, go to 1113

Silver bullets, DEDUCT DAMAGE from 15 HIT POINTS.

Regular ammunition does 0 actual damage and can only STUN.

Go to 700

708

You find yourself in an enclosed gorge between two high rock faces. A smelly stream follows the bedrock below the narrow, icy trail. The water is a distinctive red colour, indicating the presence of iron ore. It contrasts the stark, black-and-white scenery. A freezing fog is beginning to drift down from the higher ground.

The few twisted oaks that cling to the steep terrain are green with slime and stunted. As you push further along the twisting gulley, you spot a shelter up ahead. Icicles hang from its dark walls. You get closer, seeing it is underneath an overhang made from rough timber. The trail passes by the closed door. Once at the threshold, you stop to listen, but there is only an ominous silence. You notice a strange symbol, long since scratched into the door. Some type of pentagram shape with a flaming eye in the centre, now black with age. Perhaps it is pagan or occult in nature? It is fitting for such a weird location. You wonder if it is a good idea to go inside.

Beyond the hut is an impressive waterfall that can be seen further upstream with what looks like a way up onto the moor.

Carry on, up past the waterfall, to the West, go to 745

Investigate the hut, go to 692

Follow the steep ravine, to the Southeast, go to 705

709*

Roll 1D6

1-5..... If DOGS = 0 then you hear a distant Howl.

If DOGS = 1 or more, you are attacked by one of the remaining hounds of the rabid pack. You hear them approaching but only get to melee or shoot at POINT BLANK RANGE due to the dense freezing fog.

Only the Investigator with the highest DEXTERITY can react in time.

Roll TO HIT

Success, you Kill the DOG with a shot to the head. LOSE 1 DOG.

Fail, it bites the Investigator with the LOWEST MOVE. LOSE 2 HIT POINTS.

It is then dispatched, LOSE 1 DOG

Return to your previous location and Roll NAVIGATION.

6..... If the DOG MAN has not been killed. He attacks, go to 1131

If the DOG MAN has been killed, nothing happens.

If all Investigators are Killed, go to 1132

Return to your previous location and Roll NAVIGATION [10%].

710

You check around the area of the carcass carefully and find underneath a dead fern, there is a preserved track in the mud. You determine from the pads visible and lack of claw marks that this has been made by a large cat. Judging by the size and hanging the kill in a tree, it is certainly a big cat species and likely, a lynx. You determine this track is maybe a couple of days old.

Follow the Gorge to the North, go to 705

Follow the deep ravine, to the South, go to 753

711

You crunch through the thigh-deep snow drifts that are accumulating in the Derwent Valley. Seems this dismal place is the arse end of nowhere. The snow doesn't cease. You feel exposed deep in the wilds. Was that a dog barking you heard in the distance?

Head, North, along the frozen valley, go to 712

Walk to the East, 721

712

As you approach an area by the river in the frozen white valley, you notice the light of a small fire by a makeshift shelter. Three bearded wanderers are sitting inside with a large pile of stacked timber that they are slowly feeding into the fire. They spot you in the snowstorm and wave you over. As you get closer, they greet you and offer you a seat by the fire if you wish. Deciding you want to get warm, you accept and they say you are welcome to a mug of tea from their kettle hanging on a chain over the roaring blaze. The warm glow of the fire illuminates their faces and you can see they look weathered. A conversation starts and they explain they are "outsiders" who live out in the wilds by their wits. You notice they have a deer carcass hung in the back of the tarpaulin shelter and 3 vintage bolt action rifles. You tell them your story and why you are out here and they give you a warning.

"humanities at a crossroads. The people have retreated, shuttering their once carefree lives from unseen enemies, which seem to plague, not only the physical form, but the innermost thought. Driven by panic, compelled by dread. The masses begin to devolve. Once dear neighbours, turn wary foes. Brother against brother, sister against sister. Achievement and ambition are dismissed as heretical, or worse, treasonous. Even nature itself is scorned. Choked with suspicion and fear. Voices do not dare to sing. Nor fingers to play. Imminent defeat is all but assured. But in the darkest hour. Whispers begin to tell of a figure emerging from the darkness. A being without a name, faceless and obscure. Part presence, part idea, they say. As if the very force they describe has existed for aeons. A dormant seed awaiting nourishment. You are that seed. Now, get out there and win this thing. For us..... for the Outsiders."

This cryptic message seems to set your mind racing at its deeper meaning. Egged on by their hot tea and rejuvenated by the fire, you get up from your seat. One stops you and places a bullet in your gloved hand. It is a SILVER bullet for a rifle and says, "You might need this. Good Hunting." You nod. Wondering who they really were. They seemed somehow familiar, yet they were not people you think you have ever met in person. Grey men without names.

GAIN SILVER RIFLE BULLET

Like a sense of deja vu, you cannot put your finger on the answer of who they are, but you feel you know them somehow.

Head North, climbing away from the river, go to 713

Press on, up the side of the valley, go to 722

Walk South along the river bank, go to 711

713

Crunching through the thigh-deep snow, you can make out a freezing fog that seems to linger over the moors to the North and East. Looking South, a river follows the low ground through a frozen valley.

Go North, into the fog, go to 714
Press on, into the freezing mist, to your East, go to 723
Head for the river to the South, go to 712

714

You make your way through the knee-deep snow into the freezing fog. Ice crystals fill the air and pain your fingers and face. Visibility is only 30 yards and you can easily get disorientated amongst the bogs.

Roll Navigation

Success, you may choose the direction below
Fail, Roll 1D6

1-2	North, go to 715
3-4	East, go to 724
5-6	South, go to 713

715

You come to the edge of the bank of freezing fog. In front of you is a high point on the moor beyond a small, withered tree. That elevation has an imposing monolith visible at the summit. A dark shape, silhouetted against the stark white background.

If it is Daylight (8am-4.30pm), go to 113
If you have already visited Lilla Cross, at night, go to 1135
If it is After Dark (4.30pm-8am), go to 1128

716

You make your way through the knee-deep snow into the freezing fog. Ice crystals fill the air and pain your fingers. Visibility is only 30 yards now. You can easily get disorientated amongst the bogs.

Roll Navigation

Success, you may choose the direction below
Fail, Roll 1D6

1-2	North, go to 717
3-4	East, go to 726
5-6	South, go to 715

717

You make your way through the knee-deep snow into the freezing fog. Ice crystals fill the air and hurt your face. Visibility is only 30 yards so you can easily get disorientated amongst the bogs.

Roll Navigation

Success, you may choose the direction below
Fail, Roll 1D6

1-2	North, go to 718
3-4	East, go to 727
5-6	South, go to 716

718

You find yourself on the open moor. Snow is falling, thick and fast. While the drifts are deep here, making for slow progress. You are sweating yet, your extremities are nithered. A trail heads North, while a Freezing mist lies to the South and East.

Head North, along the trail (+30 minutes), go to 617
Walk into the fog to your South, go to 717
Press on, to the East, into the fog, go to 728

719

Looking at the deep tracks, you can see they were made by an animal with pads on large clawed feet. Not hooves or shoes. You determine this must have been made by a canine, as felines have retracted claws when they walk. Judging by the size of this paw print, the dog must be big, almost certainly the size of a wolf. But there are no wolves in the British Isles. The last you heard was in folklore, but even that was supposedly almost 40 years ago in Scotland. It was well known that wolves were extinct in England in the 15th Century. Perhaps it is the tracks of a lost hound from the local hunt?

The snow continues, so you decide it is time you move along.

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, you may choose the direction below

Fail, Roll 1D4

1	North, go to 737
2	East, go to 746
3	South, go to 735
4	West, go to 726

720

The vulgar creature seems to explode into a black cloud, which begins to dissipate amongst the falling snow. You breathe a sigh of relief. Survivors regroup on the road, where everyone looks stressed and exhausted. When one points back into the field, “By all the Gods, look....”

You turn, only to see the black cloud is beginning to reform and coalesce. Moving, slowly, into the shape of a ..... oh no, the same shape. “Quick, get out of here!”

The Horror’s HIT POINTS, RESET to 26

If you came in a vehicle, go to 809

If you try to escape to the East on foot, go to 740

721

The snow is deep here on an incline down into a frozen valley. The snowfall is endless and of large flakes that get in your eyes. Adjusting your winter clothing, you press on into the white landscape.

Head West down to the river, go to 711

Move North, go to 722

Walk East, go to 731

722

You pause for a moment to get your bearings. To the East is a large flat-topped hill laced with thick snow. To the North, a freezing fog lingers and conceals the terrain. The frozen land drops away to the South and West, where a river winds through a valley below you.

Head North into the fog, got 723

Walk East to climb the plateau, go to 732

Move South along the valley side, go to 721

Press on down towards the Western River, go to 712

723

You make your way through the knee-deep snow into the freezing fog. Ice crystals fill the air and cool your fingers and face. Visibility is reduced to only 30 yards, so you can easily get disorientated amongst the bogs.

Roll Navigation

Success, you may choose the direction below

Fail, Roll 1D4

1	North, go to 724
2	East, go to 733
3	South, go to 722
4	West, go to 713

724

You labour onwards into the freezing fog. Ice crystals fill the air and numb your fingers. Visibility is only 20 yards. You can easily get disorientated in this dense mist. Your feet are wet.

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, you may choose the direction below

Fail, Roll 1D4

1	North, go to 725
2	East, go to 734
3	South, go to 723
4	West, go to 714

725

You make your way through the deep snow into the freezing fog. Ice crystals fill the air, chilling your fingers and face. Visibility is only a dozen yards now. You can easily get lost amongst the bogs. You think you heard the distant bark of a dog but do not linger. Sweat is pouring down your back as you keep up the pace.

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, you may choose the direction below

Fail, Roll 1D4

1	North, go to 726
2	East, go to 735
3	South, go to 724
4	West, go to 715

726

You labour onwards into the freezing fog. Ice crystals fill the air and numb your fingers. Visibility is only 20 yards, so you can easily get lost in this dense mist. Your feet are wet.

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, you may choose the direction below

Fail, Roll 1D4

1	North, go to 727
2	East, go to 736
3	South, go to 725
4	West, go to 716

727

You find yourself in a clear area, surrounded by freezing fog that lingers over the white, frozen moorland. Yet, heavy snow clouds above you conceal any ambient light. There is a gloom to the place that makes you want to leave.

Head North, go to 728

Walk West, go to 717

Head East, go to 737

Choose the South, go to 726

728

You are in a never-ending cloud of fog that limits your vision. The snow is persistent and accumulating on your winter clothes. Despite the cold, you are sweating with the effort required to keep moving. Yet, in this damned fog, which way is which?

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, you may choose the direction below

Fail, Roll 1D6

1-2	West, go to 718
3-4	East, go to 738
5-6	South, go to 727

729

"What was your name?" straight away, the pointed marker rapidly scrolls between the printed letters E, D, W, A, R, D.

"Edward Lombard?" you ask, without delay. The planchet drags your index fingers rapidly to "YES".

You ask, "Is there anyone else there with you?"

The planchet immediately points to "YES".

So you follow up with, "Who is there with you?"

The marker points to A, M, B, E, R. Before a pause and hastily moves to M, Y, S, I, S, T, E, R.

You ask, "What happened to your sister?"

The sound of the marker gliding over the board holds everyone's attention as the next part of the message is spelt out, I, K, I, L, L, E, D, H, E, R.

You all look at each other before the planchet, again, scribes the next part of the message. I, H, A, D, T, O

"Why did you have to kill your sister?" you question the unseen spirit.

P, O, S, S, E, S, S, E, D, B, Y, D, E, M, O, N

"She was possessed by a demon?" you attempt to clarify the meaning.

YES, W, A, S, L, E, A, V, I, N, G, C, I, R, C, L, E, W, I, T, H, N, E, C, R, O, N, O, M, I, C, O, N.

"Amber was leaving the circle with the Necronomicon?"

YES

"What is the Necronomicon?" you ask, the spirit

E, V, I, L, E, V, I, L, E, V, I, L, E, V, I, L, E, V, I .....

You interrupt the frantic planchet's movements by asking, "Can we help you?"

Immediately, the marker points to YES.

"How can we help?" you continue.

F, O, L, L, O, W, T, H, E, L, E, Y, L, I, N, E, B, A, N, I, S, H, T, H, E, D, E, M, O, N, is the response.

H, E, I, S, C, O, M, I, N, G, I, M, U, S, T, H, I, D, E

After which, no further questions, get any further activity from the planchet. After a couple more minutes of trying, you decide to give up on contacting Edward Lombard.

Roll CTHULHU MYTHOS [0%]

Success, go to 66

Stop using the OUIJA BOARD, go to 605

730*

COMBAT

You line up your firearm on the bobbing target in the grey/green sea. This isn't going to be easy. It is a small, moving target at a reasonable distance. You brace yourself on the rocks and spend a moment aiming before squeezing off a shot.

Roll TO HIT with a DISADVANTAGE DICE

Success, go to 739

Fail, you miss and the creature dives underwater. "Damn!" you declare before deciding to press on.

Head up the steep cliff path, to the West, go to 671

Follow the shore, to the Northwest, into the bay, go to 662

Make your way along the base of the cliffs, to the South, go to 680

731

You find yourself at the edge of the moorland, where the snow drifts are much deeper around here, on the higher ground. The summit seems to lay just to the North, on an exposed plateau.

Climb North to the hill, go to 732

Head West, where the ground descends, go to 721

Walk East, across the moor, go to 741

732

Reaching the crest of the hill, you take stock of your location on the wide plateau. Through the falling snow, you see a bank of low fog that appears to have formed over the main moor to the North. To the West, you see, the ground descends to a river at the bottom of a valley. To the East, beyond some trees, you can make out the spire of a church. Even without wind, this is a very exposed location. You begin to feel the icy cold. Opting to keep moving, you decide which way to go.

Walk down into the fog to the North, go to 733
Head, West, down into the valley, go to 722
Move to the East and the distant church, go to 742
Press on, to the South, go to 731

733

You make your way through the dense, freezing fog. It burns your lungs and hurts your skin. Ice forms on your clothing and hair, while clouds of condensation form from each of your laboured breaths. You can hardly see through the white vapours that surround you. It is tiring to yomp through this bleak bogland and tough to keep your bearings.

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, you may choose the direction below
Fail, Roll 1D4

1	North, go to 734
2	East, go to 743
3	South, go to 732
4	West, go to 723

734

There is a break in the freezing fog where you find yourself in this circular enclave. Around you in all directions, the ground mist can be seen before building to denser fog. This area of the moorland is pitted with nasty bogs and sumps, hidden by the knee-deep snow. Your footwear is failing, so your socks feel wet. If ever there was a miserable place to be, it would be here. You keep moving to fight off the cold and creeping paranoia.

North, go to 735
East, go to 744
South, go to 733
West, go to 724

735

Damn, this freezing fog, it burns your lungs and hurts your skin. Ice is visible on your clothing and hair, while clouds of condensation form from each of your laboured breaths. You can hardly see through the white vapours that surround you. It is tiring to yomp through this bleak bogland and hard to keep your bearings. You cannot explain why, but you feel a growing sense of unease.

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, you may choose the direction below
Fail, Roll 1D4

1	North, go to 736
2	East, go to 745
3	South, go to 734
4	West, go to 725

736

As you move through the freezing fog, you come across some deep tracks in the snow. Visibility is limited. You are tired from the mammoth effort to get here.

Stop to inspect the tracks, +1 TIME, Roll TRACK [10%]

Success, go to 719

Fail, you cannot decipher the footprints.

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, you may choose the direction below

Fail, Roll 1D4

1	North, go to 737
2	East, go to 746
3	South, go to 735
4	West, go to 726

737

You labour onwards into the freezing fog. Ice crystals fill the air and numb your fingers. Visibility is only 20 yards, so you can easily get disorientated. Your feet are wet.

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, you may choose the direction below

Fail, Roll 1D4

1	North, go to 738
2	East, go to 747
3	South, go to 736
4	West, go to 727

738

The horrendous freezing fog makes it very tough to proceed. The snow is persistent and accumulating on your winter clothes. Despite the cold, you are sweating with the effort required to keep moving. Yet, in this damned fog, which way is which?

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, you may choose the direction below

Fail, Roll 1D6

1-2	West, go to 728
3-4	East, go to 748
5-6	South, go to 737

739*

The shot seems to hit the mark. A spray of red is visible for a moment before the creature disappears from view. You stand and keep watch for a few minutes. Surely, that must have killed that vile monster, you decide. However, you don't relax as you move away along the slippery rocks.

Head up the steep cliff path to the West, go to 671

Follow the shore, to the Northwest, into the bay, go to 662

Make your way along the base of the cliffs, to the South, go to 680

740*

You waste not a second and jump the frozen wall into a young birch thicket. Wildly, sliding through the deep drifts of snow, you are compelled by sheer fear to keep moving and not look back. The falling snow is oppressive, making it feel claustrophobic in the freezing wood.

Sensing something wicked this way comes, you get down into the shadow of an old tree stump.

ROLL STEALTH [20%],

Success, go to 770

Fail, go to 827

741

You stand at the edge of the moorland. The crunchy snow drifts are tiring to move through. Underneath is a bog and uneven ground, the summit of which seems to lay just to the Northwest on an exposed plateau. To the East, a path crosses a narrow footbridge towards a distant ruined church.

Head North around the hill, go to 742
Head West, behind the hill, go to 731
Walk East, across the bridge, to the church, go to 751

742

You find yourself between a wooded gorge to your East and a high plateau to the West. The snow flurries down in a finer powder. You determine this higher altitude area has more extreme weather. The heavy snow clouds block out much of the ambient light from the sun? No full moon? it is hard to say, as the dull disc is barely visible through the billowing cloud tops.

To the North and South, there is a barren plain of snow, but as you find out, underneath is undulating bog and tough going, compared to a flat appearance. This exposed location offers no shelter and is not a good place to linger.

Walk North, across the moor, go to 743
Head West, up the hill, go to 732
Find a way through the wooded gorge to the East, go to 752
Move, to the South, go to 741

743

Pressing on, you find yourself on the knee-deep moorland, with an ominous fog lingering to your North and West. To the East, there seems to be a deep wooded ravine. Looking South, the snowfield passes between the ravine and a wide frozen plateau.

Head North, into the fog, go to 744
Move South through the snowfield, go to 742
Find a way down into the forested ravine to the East, go to 753
Walk West into the fog, go to 733

744

As you move through the freezing fog, you come across deep tracks in the snow. Visibility is limited. You are tired from the mammoth effort to get here.

Stop to inspect the tracks, +1 TIME, Roll TRACKING [10%]
- Success, go to 749
- Fail, you cannot decipher anything from the footprints.

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]
- Success, you may choose the direction below
- Fail, Roll 1D4
  - 1 North, go to 745
  - 2 East, go to 754
  - 3 South, go to 743
  - 4 West, go to 734

745

You come out of the awful, freezing fog into a patch of the moor surrounded by it. This clearing allows you to get your bearings. The full moon has risen through a gap in the clouds. There is a visible track running parallel to a stream. You notice a lesser-used route that also seems to head Southeast.

Follow the track to the East, into the fog, go to 755
Walk North, into the freezing fog, go to 746
Follow the main trail to the West, into the fog, go to 735
Move to the South, over the stream, into the mist, go to 744
Take the lesser used route, to the Southeast, go to 708

746

Walking briskly through the dense, freezing fog burns your lungs and hurts your exposed skin. Ice is glinting in the low light on your clothing and hair, while clouds of condensation form from everyone's intense breathing. You can hardly see through the white vapours that surround you. Crossing this bleak moor makes it hard to keep your bearings. You cannot explain why, but you feel a building sense of paranoia. Is there something out there in this white hell?

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, you may choose the direction below

Fail, Roll 1D4

1 North, go to 747
2 East, go to 746
3 South, go to 745
4 West, go to 736

747

You make your way through the drifting snow into the freezing fog. Ice crystals fill the air and pain your fingers and face. Visibility is only 30 yards, so you can easily get disorientated. You hear the distant bark of a dog. Sweat is pouring down your back. You keep up the pace.

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, you may choose the direction below

Fail, Roll 1D4

1 North, go to 748
2 East, go to 757
3 South, go to 746
4 West, go to 737

748

You find yourself on the open moor. Hail is falling hard. The terrain is undulating as the drifting snow is deep here. You can see why it would it would be dangerous for horses. A trail heads North while Freezing fog lies to the West, South and East.

Head North, along the trail (+30 minutes), go to 614
Walk into the fog to your South, go to 747
Press on, to the East, into the fog, go to 758
Move West, into the fog, go to 738

749

Looking at the deep tracks, you can see they were made by an animal with pads on large clawed feet. Not hooves or shoes. You determine this must have been made by a canine, as felines have retracted claws when they walk. Gauging the size of this paw print, the dog must be massive, almost certainly the size of a wolf. But there are no wolves in the British Isles. The last you heard of was in folklore. Even that was almost 40 years ago in Scotland. It was well known that wolves were extinct in England in the 15th Century. Perhaps it is the tracks of a lost hound from the local hunt?

The snow continues. You decide it is time to move along. You don't fancy meeting what left these tracks. Making you feel less relaxed.

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, you may choose the direction below

Fail, Roll 1D4

1 North, go to 745
2 East, go to 754
3 South, go to 743
4 West, go to 734

750*

Despite the gunfire, the huge, charging horror does not cease the assault. You brace for the inevitable impact.
Roll 1D6 to see who it Attacks.

1-2 The Two investigators who shot at it last.
3-4 The Driver and Main Investigator.
5-6 The Vehicle itself, Twice.

Roll to HIT for each Attack (BITE 65%)

Success, LOSE 4D6 HIT POINTS (Minus Vehicles Armour)
If the vehicle is Attacked, each full 10 HIT POINTS of DAMAGE reduces the vehicle's BUILD by 1.
If the Driver is killed, or the vehicle's BUILD is reduced to 0, then go to 815.
If all Investigators are Killed, go to 1132
Otherwise, go to 840

751

The snowfall becomes more sedate, but the size of the snowflakes increases as if to compensate. You are standing by an ancient ruined church that is missing the roof. In the distance, freezing fog can be seen on the moorland across a wooded gorge. A narrow footbridge crosses it, to the West.

The churchyard is filled with deep snow drifts, making the gravestones barely visible. There is no sign of activity or tracks. There is no sanctuary or shelter to be had here. Looking at a grave, you clear the snow to read and date it from the mid-1700s. Maybe there are only 30 graves surrounding the perimeter, showing how small the community must have been then.

The road passes the graveyard and is almost clear of snow due to someone using a snow plough, by the looks of it.
Follow the road South to Harwood Dale, go to 759
Head West over the bridge, go to 741
Leave the road and strike East, across the fields, go to 761
Follow the road to the Northeast, go to 762
Move North into the fields, go to 752

752

A short break in the falling snow allows you to see a ruined church to your South. While the road is to your East. A deep gorge cuts through the landscape to your West and continues North. It is freezing, the natural light is abnormally dim, obscured by the heavy cloud.

Head North into the Gorge, go to 753
Walk to the Road to your East, go to 762
Approach the ruined church to the South, go to 751
Move across the gorge to the West, go to 742

753

You find yourself deep in a wooded gorge, where two ravines meet, along with their watercourses. The eerie silence of the fallen snow begins to play tricks on your mind. You feel like you are being watched. Yet you cannot see anyone, nor any wildlife. Exposed rock faces on both sides of the ravine can be seen as it winds through the landscape to the North.

Follow the Ravine, North, go to 789
Head onto the high ground to the North, go to 754
Leave the gorge to the West, go to 743
Climb out of the valley to the South, go to 752
Follow the tributary to the East, go to 763

754

You trudge through the thigh-deep snow drifts and take stock of your location. The freezing fog to your West conceals the terrain, but luckily not to your North or East. Where dangerous falls from treacherous rock faces come into sight.

The snow is not stopping. You know you must continue.

Head West into the freezing fog, go to 744

Walk South into the wooded valley, go to 753

755

You are on a little used trail, heading across the frozen moor that looks like an arctic tundra. It descends into a valley to your East. South, you can see a dangerous drop-off into a dark gulley. Meanwhile, to the West and North, an ominous freezing fog is hanging in the air. Heavy clouds continue depositing snow and dim the ambient light.

There is a large boulder next to the track, with a big crack down it.

Looking into the fissure, you see it doesn't go anywhere but is large enough for a person to squeeze into.

If you arrived through MAGIC you may choose to go to 178 to return, otherwise:

Follow the path to the West, go to 745

Head across the Moor to the North, go to 756

Follow the trail into the Valley to your East, go to 765

756

You labour onwards into the freezing fog. Ice crystals fill the air and numb your exposed flesh. Visibility is only 20 yards. You can easily get disorientated in this dense mist. Your feet are getting cold.

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, you may choose the direction below

Fail, Roll 1D4

1	North, go to 757
2	East, go to 766
3	South, go to 755
4	West, go to 746

757

You make your way through the dense, freezing fog. It burns your lungs and hurts your skin. Ice forms on your clothing and hair, while clouds of condensation form from each of your laboured breaths. You can hardly see through the white vapours that surround you. It is tiring to yomp through this bleak bogland and harder to keep your bearings. You cannot explain why, but you feel a growing sense of unease.

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, you may choose the direction below

Fail, Roll 1D4

1	North, go to 758
2	East, go to 767
3	South, go to 756
4	West, go to 747

758

The horrendous freezing fog, combined with heavy snowfall, is making it very tough to make any progress. The snow is persistent and accumulating on your winter clothes. Despite the cold, you are sweating from the effort required to keep moving. Yet, in this damned fog, which way is which?

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, you may choose the direction below

Fail, Roll 1D6

1-2	West, go to 748
3-4	East, go to 768
5-6	South, go to 757

759*

Harwood Dale is a small hamlet comprised of 4 farms and a General store. However, it appears to be closed. Many beasts are grunting in the barns where the strong smell of cattle tests your nostrils. No one seems to be around to enquire with. The roads fork three ways.

A signpost details the choices:

North, TO WHITBY (+60 minutes), go to 751
East, TO CLOUGHTON (+30 minutes), go to 1028
SouthEast, TO SCARBOROUGH (+60 minutes), go to 954

760*

COMBAT

Diving over the high gate, you land and roll. Coming to a stop by the edge of the highway, you see the massive black Horror obliterate the top bar of the gate with its deadly jaws before flying by you. You try to HIT the Horror, at Point blank or Melee.

Roll to HIT with an Advantage dice.

Extreme Success, headshot. IMPALE with any weapon. (MAX Damage + Roll Damage)
Success, Hit with any weapon
Fail, you somehow miss the speeding leviathan.
Fumble, the gun Jams, so you need to spend your next ATTACK clearing it. Make a note.

Roll Damage for hits. However, the Creature has 9 points of Armour deducted from each wound. Many may do no damage.

Regular shotguns with buckshot ammunition are totally ineffective unless scoring an IMPALE.
A Buckshot IMPALE deals a fixed 13 points of Damage (including Armour reduction).

Deduct any remaining Damage from the Horrors 26 HIT POINTS (less if you have already wounded it in this encounter).
If the Horror is reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, go to 720
Otherwise, if you came in a vehicle, go to 809

If you try to escape, on foot, to the East, go to 740

761

You look across the snow-swept landscape, dotted with small patches of trees, amongst the open fields. The Snow has stopped. Allowing a perspective across the terrain. Far to the Northwest, you can see an ominous bank of low fog shrouding the expansive moorland. To the West is a ruined church, not far from the roadway. To the East, you see farmland with snow-blasted hedges.

Head towards the church, to the West, go to 751
Move North, towards the Road, go to 762
Turn West, across the fields, go to 771

762

You are on the treacherous roadway amongst the white fields. The clouds throw out yet more flurries of light flakes that limit your vision and blur everything still in sight. To the East is a small woodland. The dark shapes of buildings can be seen in both directions of the highway, but little else.

Follow the road North, go to 763
Head over to the Eastern woodland, go to 772
Leave the road and head West, go to 752
Follow the Road Southwest, go to 751
Cut South into the fields, go to 761

763

The highway passes a stone farm complex, signposted as “Castlebeck Farm.” The yard is cleared of snow drifts. Many sheep can be heard in the large barn. While a narrow frozen stream cuts under a culvert and runs through the farmyard down to the West. A light breeze picks up and blows the slowly falling flakes from the North. It is hard to make out anything in this flurry.

Follow the road, uphill to the Northeast, go to 774
Move upstream to the East, go to 773
Knock on the farm door, go to 986
Follow the road to the South, go to 762
Follow the stream downhill to the West, go to 753
Head North into the fields, go to 764

764

Crossing the wide open fields, you make good time. The snow becomes intermittent. In the short break, you get a better perspective of the area cresting a hillock. To your West is an inaccessible ravine due to the vertical cliff faces you find below your vantage point. The ground descends to your North. A farm can be seen to the South and beyond it, a church spire is visible. Amongst the farmland to your East is a winding country road, lined with hedges. Then the snow returns with a vengeance, so you can only see a few yards again. Tightening your belt, you put your head down and continue.

Head North into the fields, go to 765
Cut across to the road, to the East, go to 774
Make for the farm, to your South, go to 763

765

As you navigate the frozen landscape, you negotiate a valley lined with ancient oak trees. You find yourself at a narrow waterway that cascades between the frozen rocks and is seen to enter a deep gorge to the Southwest. While a trail climbs out of the valley to the South.

If you DO NOT have WITCH as an ALLY, go to 1182
Follow the narrow river into the ravine, Southwest, go to 705
Head North, following the river valley, go to 766
Climb out of the valley, to the East, go to 775
Ascend onto the Moor to the West, go to 755
Follow the trail out of the valley to the South, go to 764

766

You enter a bank of freezing fog that seems to conceal a valley of reasonable width. Nearing the bottom, you find a river with several tributaries feeding it and the shelter of a few ancient oak trees caked in hoar frost. Despite the lack of visibility, you can still navigate using the watercourses so you waste no time in this miserable ravine. Then you hear a distant sound. Stopping in your tracks, you listen. After a few seconds, you hear it again. A distant howl. It is a chilling sound and not the howl of some farm collie, but louder and more primal than anything but a wolf. Glancing around, you know the fog makes sounds louder and seem closer, but this is enough to raise the hairs on the back of your neck and send you into a slight panic. An instinct of survival, long since dormant since more primal times. You press on into the whiteout with haste.

Follow the river to the North, go to 767
Follow the stream to your East, go to 776
Follow the river to the South, go to 765
Follow the stream to the Northeast, go to 777
Climb out of the gulley, onto the moors, to the West, go to 756

767

If you have DR DODDS, as an ALLY, go to 703
If it is daylight (8am-4.30pm), go to 1086
Otherwise, you find yourself near the edge of a valley, a river runs to the South. On the high ground, there is a distinctive, symmetrical hill. You guess it is most likely Man-made. Perhaps it is a tumuli or burial mound. As you near the feature, you can see fresh tracks in the snow that seem to have been made by a man in hobnail boots. While surrounding this lonely burial mound, there is a veil of freezing fog amongst the moonlight glittering in the air.

Roll TRACK [10%]
Success, go to 1026
Fail, you cannot determine much information from the tracks.
Head North, go to 768
Cross the river and walk onto the Western Moorland, go to 757
Press on to the East, go to 777
Descend into the river valley, to the South, go to 766

768

You find yourself on the open moorland where snow is falling hard. The ground is undulating and the drifting snow is deep here. You can see why it would be a bad idea to bring a horse. A trail heads North while Freezing fog lies to the West and East. A break in the fog to the South reveals a hillock.

Head North, along the trail (+30 minutes), go to 612
Walk, to the hillock, to your South, go to 767
Press on, to the East, into the fog, go to 778
Move West into the fog, go to 758

769

The prone man on the billiard room floor begins to stir. Through the mist that surrounds him, you can see he is wearing the British Army uniform. An officer, no less, looking at his insignia and trench cap. Beside him, he has a rucksack and is wearing webbing. The moonlight begins to fade as a cloud moves over the bright, full moon.

As the light fades, the cave seems to shift back, into a mere two-dimensional painting. Your jaw drops at the existence of this arcane portal. You wonder, where does it go?

Then the officer rolls over and reveals he has a service revolver trained on you. His face is grimy with mud and worse. His clothing is no better. He looks wired and almost manic in his expression and wild eyes. Then, he looks around and recognises the place, "Lombard House? This is Lombard House? Wait... what?"

"Yes, it is Lombard House," you confirm.

"So, who are you? Where is my brother?" he asks, lowering his revolver and sitting up.

"I'm afraid, if you mean Edward Lombard, he has recently passed away. I'm so sorry." you try to offer condolences.

"What? How? he was fit as a fiddle when I saw him last month as I embarked from Southampton to the fields of Flanders. What has taken him, so suddenly?" he demands.

"He died of Anemia, I'm afraid. He suffered with it these last few years until he succumbed," you explain, offering your hand to help him up. As you pull him up, you realise the dissipating mist was concealing that he has, of all things, a LEWIS machine gun. He lifts it awkwardly and places it on the billiards table, using the integral bipod, with a metallic clunk.

Looking at him, he appears to have just fallen out of a trench in the Great War. So, you dare to ask, "Where did you just come from, exactly?" as you pull him up an armchair, which he slumps into. You notice he is crying, presumably from the news of his brother's death. "He's gone, I can't believe it!" he mutters. Then he seems to change his demeanour and get agitated, "What date is this? Who are you exactly? Why are you here?" He certainly sounds suspicious. Before you get your answer out, he has a terrible outburst, "IT'S THIS DAMNED HOUSE. DAMN YOU!!! DAMN THIS HOUSE!!! DAMN, IT ALL!!! I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU PAY, I'LL BE DAMNED IF I DON'T!"

"I'm just an old friend of Edward's who has been invited here as a beneficiary of the estate..." you explain your incidental involvement.

"What date is it?" he asks you, with more composure, as he collects himself. He gets up from the chair and looks outside for a few moments, before starting to empty his rucksack on the second red baise table.

"6th November 1925." you clearly answer.

"So, I've lost 11 years? Wait. Who won? Who won the war?" he demands.

"The Entente Cordial won in 1918. So what is your name?"

"It lasted 4 more years? We thought we would be in Berlin by Christmas 1914... Oh.... Major Ben Lombard, Yorkshire Regiment," is his response while checking his equipment. "Tell me what is happening, what you know and what you have." Meanwhile, he pulls out a ferry flare pistol with 3 flares and places them on the table. Then, he produces a Mills bomb (grenade) and 3 drums for his Lewis Gun. You tell him your story so far, which he accepts no matter how wild.

"Remember, sadly, I am stuck with the same problems as Edward had and limited in my actions and words, just the same. As is our family's lot. However, you are not. I can see this was Edward's plan now. We need to have outsiders, find what we cannot show, and learn what we cannot teach. That brother of mine was a genius." He musters a smile. "Seems the darkness tried to remove me from interfering in its black plans. Seems it must be scared of me to do so.... but I'm back.... I'M BACK! YOU HEAR ME?" he shouts towards the ceiling.

You all listen for a response, but there is an empty silence. He turns to you, "Together, I hope we can succeed, but remember, all I can do is follow you, not lead. I suspect, over these last 11 years, Edward had been busy, leaving what few breadcrumbs he could. I'm sure he will have invited the sharpest minds he encountered to find them. I guess I'm just as in the dark as you, but I do know that which we face is malign and evil. With the grace of God Almighty, we may still defeat the serpent and cast him out. We shall."

GAIN BEN LOMBARD to your PARTY, no matter how many members it has. (Investigator Sheet is HERE)

You may not choose him, at any point in the game, to be the MAIN INVESTIGATOR unless the only survivor.

You may ADD the Painting Portal, to your DIRECT ACCESS LIST, as follows:

"MAGIC, 3 TIME, NIGHT ONLY, ENTRY 26"

Move TIME to 8.30PM, 6th NOVEMBER, 1925

The Major stows his kit in his backpack, "So where are we going?" he cocks his machine gun before applying the safety. "One thing is certain, I think you may need this!" he holds out a strange gold object on a lanyard around his neck. Passing the item, you realise it is a key with a gold shaft and where a handle would be, there is a threaded section. GAIN GOLD KEY.

If you have SILVER KEY, MIDDLE KEY and GOLD KEY, go to 985

Otherwise, go to 231

770

A dark shadow blocks out the moonlight. You hear something sweep through the air nearby, heading back the way you come. Indeed, you hear flapping, like drying an umbrella. The sound recedes along the road.

You waste no time and run for your life through the endless downpour. You are starting to grow tired of the novelty of damned snow. Nearing the edge of the trees, you wait a moment and thank goodness you did. Again, the massive black serpent swoops along the treeline 50 yards to your right. Once it disappears to the South, into the gloom, you make a run for it. Stopping now and again, in cover, you don't see the Horror Hunting again, but you feel totally stressed by the thought of it ambushing you and maybe just toying with its prey.

Yet, you make it back to Lombard Estate and seek safety inside. "What, on Earth, was that?" your companion asks.

"Well, that is the question….. was it even of this Earth?" You question.

"It is incredible! Unbelievable, even." is their reply.

Checking your firearm is ready, you suggest, "Maybe we shouldn't tell anyone about this, or we will be thrown in the Asylum. Do we all agree?"

The PARTY agree that you are all sure to keep such a secret. For the sake of your reputation, or maybe freedom, could be at stake. Everyone is still on edge once you reach Lombard House and go inside to get out of their wet clothes. Quietly, you warm up by a fire. Remember you can perform FIRST AID (1 TIME). Afterwards, MEDICINE (+60 minutes) if members of the PARTY are badly injured.

+1D3 TIME

Go to 231

771

You seem to be standing in a large bog, covering much of this sloping field. Through the snowfall, you can hear your feet squelching. The flakes have stopped for a while, allowing a good view across the terrain. Far to the Northwest, you can see an ominous bank of low fog shrouding the expansive moorland. To the West is a ruined church, not far from the road, while to the East is farmland with snow-blasted hedges.

Head towards the church, to the West, go to 761

Move North into the farmland, go to 772

Turn East, across the fields, go to 781

772

You are in the centre of a vast expanse of farmland. It is interesting to see how featureless it is. With the snow falling thick and fast, you cannot see any landmarks to keep your bearings.

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, you may choose the direction below

Fail, Roll 1D4

1	North, go to 773
2	East, go to 782
3	South, go to 771
4	West, go to 762

773

Making your way through the muddy sump that feeds the stream, you think your feet are starting to get wet. This is not a pleasant place to be. You make a mental note to stick to the high ground, whenever possible, in future.

The snow is relentless, making the experience doubly depressing. You are feeling a tad cold. The only landmarks you can see are buildings to your West and a road climbing up to your North. The light is dim as the clouds remain as heavy and oppressive as ever.

Head North, onto the road, go to 774

Move towards the buildings, to the West, go to 763

Head South, into the fields, go to 772

Continue to the East, go to 783

774

The road crests a low hill, giving a little view of the immediate area through the snowstorm. Continuing North, the road descends over snow-filled fields that extend East and West. While to the Southwest the highway dips to pass a ruined church.

Head West,into the fields, go to 764
Follow the road to the North, go to 775
Leave the road and head East into the fields, go to 784
Follow the Road Southwest, go to 763
Head South into the sump, go to 773

775

If you drove a vehicle here and this is your first visit, go to 1005
A country lane dissects the snowy fields where you feel a chill from the freezing mist forming in the hollows. Hail stones beat down briefly before the downpour returns to soft snow. There is rolling farmland in every direction, as far as you can see. Which is not particularly far due to the precipitation.



Follow the road to the North, go to 776
Head West over the fields, go to 765
Follow the road to the South, go to 774
Move over the fields to the East, go to 785

776

There is a depression in the ground, where a stream bisects the road and has formed a small valley. A freezing fog lingers here and pains your skin from its icy temperature. The road has been cleared with a plough. The edges reveal the drifts are maybe 2 feet deep. A sharp bend, where the road crosses the stream, over a short bridge is followed by a hill climb to both the South and Northeast.

Follow the road to the North East, go to 787
Leave the road and head North, go to 777
Follow the stream, to the East, go to 786
Follow the road to the South, go to 775
Follow the stream down the valley to the West, go to 766

777

The rough ground is hard to negotiate due to the steep terrain in this gulley you find yourself in. The snow has accumulated here and made it a treacherous obstacle to negotiate. There is a slight mist forming here. Your breath is condensing into clouds of ice crystals. It sure is cold. Catching your breath, you then carry on your journey.

Head North, go to 778
Walk onto the moorland to the West, go to 767
Follow the gulley Northeast, go to 788
Move off to the East, go to 787
Follow the gulley to the Southwest, go to 766
Press on to the South,over the hill, go to 776

778

You are in a never-ending cloud of fog that limits your vision. The snow is persistent and accumulating on your winter clothes. Despite the cold, you are sweating with the exertion required to keep moving. Yet, in this damned fog, which way is which?

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, you may choose the direction below
Fail, Roll 1D6

1-2	West, go to 768
3-4	East, go to 788
5-6	South, go to 777

779

You realise the maker of the tracks used the ice of the stream to almost conceal their passing. The tracks head to the West, along the stream itself, as you see a couple of small, human footprints. Bare feet judging by the clean outlines and defined toes.

Head North towards the Green Lane, go to 797
Move East, through the fields, go to 515
Follow the stream and tracks to the West, go to 786
Cross the stream and into the Southern trees, go to 795

780*

COMBAT

The poor road conditions and lack of visibility do not help the hapless driver to make good time along the country road. They lose traction. The back end drifts a little on the slippery straight lane. "IT'S COMING!" someone shouts. Indeed it is, approaching across the bleak fields, to your right. In the half-light of the moon, you see the bulk of this flying black "dragon" and it dwarfs your vehicle. Sliding the window down, you brace your gun on the door frame, AIM and FIRE from the moving vehicle as it approaches. Only you and 1 other PARTY member of your choice can shoot this turn. It cannot be the designated driver.

Roll TO HIT. All the factors cancel each other out, so no modifier.

Extreme Fail, the gun is jammed and requires an Action to clear.
Fail, is simply a miss.
Success, results in a HIT. (Roll Damage)
Extreme Success, is an IMPALE. (Max Damage + Roll damage)

However, the Creature has 9 points of Armour deducted from each wound. So may do no damage at all.
Deduct any remaining Damage from the Horrors 26 HIT POINTS (less if you have already wounded it, in this encounter).
If the Horror is reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, go to 720
Otherwise, go to 750

781

A mist seems to form in a matter of seconds, encouraged by your condensing breath. In only a minute, you are in a never-ending cloud of freezing fog that limits your vision. The snow is persistent and accumulating on your winter clothes. Despite the cold, you are sweating with the effort required to keep moving. Yet, in this damned fog, which way is which?

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, you may choose the direction below
Fail, Roll 1D6

1-2	West, go to 771
3-4	East, go to 791
5-6	North, go to 782

782

Finding yourself in the centre of a huge expanse of farmland, it is interesting just how featureless it is. With the snow coming down thick and fast, you cannot see any landmarks to keep your bearings at all.



Roll NAVIGATION [10%]

Success, you may choose the direction below
Fail, Roll 1D4

1	North, go to 783
2	East, go to 792
3	South, go to 781
4	West, go to 772

783

The bed of snow here conceals just how wet this pasture is. You find out the hard way that this is a junction of drainage ditches. Your legs are now soaked. You pass near a tall hedge line and a copse of birch saplings. Visibility is limited by the eerie snow. You look forward to getting near a fire.

Set off North, go to 784
Head West along the stream, go to 773
Move South, into the fields, go to 782
Follow the stream to the Southeast, go to 792
Press on to the East, go to 793

784

You find yourself inside a massive hedged field, deep in drifting snow. You imagine how this would be a scene on a yuletide card, but the reality is far less pleasant. It really is frosty, so you cannot wait to return indoors. The never-ending snowfall makes it hard to see any features in the distance.

Head North, go to 785
Move West, go to 774
Proceed to the East, go to 794
Head South, go to 783

785

A mist seems to form in mere seconds, encouraged by your condensing breath. In only a minute, you are in a thick cloud of freezing fog that limits your vision. The snow is persistent and accumulating on your winter clothes. Despite the cold, you are sweating with the effort required to keep moving. Yet, in this damned fog, which way is which?

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]
Success, you may choose the direction below
Fail, Roll 1D4

1	West, go to 775
2	East, go to 795
3	North, go to 786
4	South, go to 784

786

You are stood by a shallow gulley in which a frozen stream passes from East to West. Small stands of birch saplings are coated in hoar frost. The snow is knee-deep in this area. For a moment, the downpour slows, only to resume heavier than before.

Follow the stream to the West, go to 775
Move off through the birch thicket to the North, go to 787
Follow the stream to the East, go to 796
Head South, into the fields, go to 785

787

The long straight road climbs to the Northeast through a mature woodland of Scots pine, heavy with snow. The surface has been ploughed clear at some stage, but a couple of inches are settling on the tarmac already. By a small circular frozen pond, at the edge of the road, there is a mud road, through the saplings of birch and scrub, that cuts to the East.

A wooden sign indicates, “Green Lane to Three Howes.”

To the West, you can see across to the greater moor, beyond a wooded gorge. Even in this dim light, the area is shrouded in a horrible fog and appears hard-going and uninviting.

Follow the road to the Northeast, go to 798
Take the Green lane to the East, go to 797
Head West towards the Moors, go to 777
Move off to the North into the forest, go to 788
Press on, to the South, through the dense birch, go to 786
Follow the road to the Southwest, go to 776

788

Amongst the Scots pine, you find a gulley filled with drifting snow. The place is gloomy under the laden canopy. You get a sense of unease. The cold begins to creep into your clothes, so you keep moving to resist.

Follow the stream to the Southwest, go to 777
Head West onto the moor, go to 778
Follow the stream to the Northeast, go to 611
Move East through the woodland, go to 798
Head South through the trees, go to 787

789

You follow the deep ravine, far below the rest of the landscape. High cliffs can be seen on both sides of the narrow valley. The reddish river cascades down little falls as it flows to the South. There is no wind here in this sheltered recess, but a slight mist is lingering in the low ground by the river. The leafless deciduous oaks are covered in thick snow. The stark scene conjures a sense of foreboding to this isolated, lonely place.

You come across a bloody carcass that is hung in a tree. Looks to have been a roe deer, judging by the hooves. You cannot see any distinct gunshot wound, but it is hard to make much out of the shredded, bloody body.

You look for tracks and signs around the area.
Roll TRACK [10%]
Success, go to 710
Fail, you fail to see anything distinctive, in the recently laid snow.
Another flurry of giant snowflakes begins to cover the area and you decide to keep moving.
Follow the Gorge to the North, go to 705
Follow the deep ravine to the South, go to 753

790

With skilful use of the throttle and gears, the vehicle pulls away from the dark shape you can see in the rearview mirror. Taking a bend, with little slowing down and the vehicle's back wheels drifting wide. The driver pushes the car to the limit. Leaving the flying nightmare far behind in the freezing snow. The tension in the motor is intense and only after a while does someone break the silence. "What, on earth, was that?"

"Well, that is the question..... was it even of this Earth?" You muse.

"It is incredible! Unbelievable, even." is a reply.

Checking your firearm is ready, you suggest, "Maybe we shouldn't tell anyone about this, or we will be thrown in the Asylum. Do we all agree?" The PARTY, agree and you are all sure to keep a secret for the sake of your own reputation and freedom.

Everyone is still on edge on the long drive back via Cloughton Village, but there is no further sign of the deadly monster as everyone scans the treetops. You soon arrive back at Lombard House and go inside to get out of these wet clothes and warm up by a fire. Remember you can perform FIRST AID (1 TIME) and afterwards MEDICINE (+60 minutes) if members of the PARTY are badly injured.

Go to 231

791

Amongst the rapidly falling snow, you find yourself in a whiteout. You cannot even tell where the sky or ground is. It is weird.

Roll NAVIGATION [10%]
Success, you can either head North, go to 792, or West, go to 781
Fail, you walk in a circle, ADD 1 TIME, go to 791

792

A frozen stream skirts a forestry block of pine laden with snow. The ground is saturated under the blanket of snow, so your feet are freezing. Why did you venture out here in such horrible conditions? It is not something you would normally choose to experience.

Follow the stream Northwest, go to 783
Head North, by the trees, go to 793
Skirt the forest and head East, go to 511
Move South into the snow fields, go to 791
Press on to the West, go to 782

793

You find yourself in farmland, enclosed by hedge lines. The snow is constant and heavy now, limiting your view. Three dense blocks of woodland hinder your choices of travel.

Head North, go to 794
Move East, go to 512
Press on to the South, around the trees, go to 792
Decide to journey West, go to 783

794

You find yourself in a gloomy field, shadowed by two large blocks of pine. Hedges can be seen in the distance, marking the field boundaries, but it is hard to see much beyond due to the endless snowfall. You come across a carcass in the drifting snow, which seems to be a fox. Looking closer, it appears to have died from exposure recently. It has no obvious wounds and is frozen solid. Showing just how hostile this environment and weather can be.

Head North, around the trees, go to 795
Move to the East, go to 513
Steer to the gap in the hedge, to your West, go to 784
Opt to travel South, into the fields, go to 793

795

Looking around, you enjoy a brief respite from the snow. The change in visibility reveals you are between two large blocks of pine forest laden heavily with the snowfall. A frozen stream follows the low ground to the North. While a hedge is to your West. Yet, interestingly, to the East, you can see the silhouette of megaliths in an open expanse of snow.

Head North, along a stream, go to 796
Find a way through the hedge to your West, go to 785
Walk East towards the megaliths, go to 514
Choose to skirt the trees to the South, go to 794

796

As you move through the area, deep in snow, you see a small shelter concealed by a frozen stream. It is sited amongst a patch of Willow saplings. A wooden structure made from bent-over bows. Sail canvas has been draped over the frame, and now snow covers it, except for a hole in the centre. Moving nearer, you see human footprints made with bare feet. You wonder if some poor soul is living here, but moving closer, you can see the shelter is empty, and no one is around. Inside, you find a fire pit and cooking pot hung on a tripod. There is a small sack of basic hand tools and a bed roll. The fire doesn't look like it has been lit recently. You spot a shiny metal disc hanging from the roof that spins slowly in the wind. It has a picture of an eye scratched upon both sides. One side is open, while the other is pegged closed.

You can choose to GAIN the METAL DISC. Although you feel it a theft from someone who has almost nothing.
Roll TRACK [10%]
Success, go to 779
Fail, choose-
Head North towards the Green Lane, go to 797
Move East, through the fields, go to 515
Follow the stream West, go to 786
Cross the stream and into the trees, South, go to 795

797

A deep rutted track cuts through the forest, from East to West. The ruts are filled with mud and frozen water, showing that this Green Lane is not the easiest route to negotiate. The relentless snow never ceases falling. The dense saplings are laced with hoar frost and heavy snow deposits. Your breath is condensing into billowing clouds of ice vapour, reminding you how utterly inhospitable the North Yorkshire Moors are, at times.

Head North, cutting through the saplings, go to 798
Follow the Green Lane, to the West, go to 787
Leave the lane and follow a stream, to the South, go to 796
Follow the Green Lane, up the incline, to the East, go to 517

798

You find yourself on a desolate stretch of country road that runs in a long, straight line through the mature forest. The highway follows a Northeast/Southwest direction where you see it stretches off into the distance now the snow has abated.

The forest looks foreboding, as the black trunks are plastered in wind-blown snow and hoar frost. Drifts by the side of the recently cleared road are perhaps even three feet deep.

Follow the road to the North east, go to 610

Head West into the trees, go to 788

Leave the road and cut through the trees to the South, go to 797

Follow the road to the Southwest, go to 787

799

You clamber over giant boulders and along rock shelves, following the high cliffs. It would be impossible to climb these crumbling sandstone rock faces. Sea birds are seen to disperse into the falling snow as you approach. It is treacherous here, with all the seaweed and green slime.

Roll DEXTERITY

Success, you keep your feet.

Fail, you fall and LOSE 1 HIT POINT on the sharp rocks.

Head North, along the shelf under the cliff, go to 680

Press on, to the South, along the shore, go to 596

800*

COMBAT

Pointblank range for all firearms (Advantage Dice)

Melee weapons may also be used.



Cultists of Nyarlothotep

STR 50	**CON 55**	**SIZ 40**	**DEX 47**	**INT 45**
APP 50	**POW 40**	**EDU 38**	**SAN 15**	**HP 11**
DB 0	**BUILD 0**	**MOVE 8**	**MP 8**	**LUCK N/A**

ATTACKS PER ROUND 1

Knife 55% (27/11), Damage 1D4+1+DB

Martial Arts 55% (27/11) Damage 1D3

Armour: 0

The PARTY are ready, so may all Roll TO HIT first.

Critical Success, the Cultist is killed, with a lethal hit to a vital organ.

Success, Roll DAMAGE. Cultist loses that many HIT POINTS.

Fail, you miss, so the Cultist charges at you, waving his deadly knife.

Critical Fail, you drop your weapon and the cultist attacks.

If any Cultists survive, they get to attack their designated target. Roll TO HIT

Critical Success, Investigator must Roll Critical Success on DODGE Skill or LOSE 1D4+6 HIT POINTS.

Success, Investigator must Roll Success or better on DODGE Skill or LOSE 1D4+1 HIT POINTS.

Fail, the Cultist doesn't manage to stab the Investigator.

Critical Fail, the Cultist drops his knife and must use MARTIAL ARTS.

If the Cultists are still alive, go to 800

If all Cultists are slain, go to 945

If all the investigators are killed, go to 1022

801

You look at the blackened remnants of a once grand tree. Now, just a shell of its former glory, the lone oak appears to have been split by lightning right down the trunk. Indeed, the split around the back of the tree widens. There are missing stones by the roots. You see a cavity. Just large enough to fit inside, but it is hollow and leads nowhere.

The snow almost stops for a few brief seconds and in that time, you catch a glimpse of objects to your West. Dark shapes in the half-light, against the whiteout of the snowstorm. While an icy road behind the gate, to your East, heads away...

If you arrived through MAGIC, you may choose to go to 178, to return.

Follow the road North, go to 524

Cross the Road and move through the fields to the East, go to 535

Press on, towards the objects to your West, go to 514

Follow the road, to the South, go to 523

802

"No, I'm not a Freemason. It sounds a strange setup, for sure," you reply.

"Well, that's good because other than Eddie, I can'y say I am keen on them and their secretive cult. That's what I think it is, anyway and I don't want now't to do with it." He finishes his drink and begins to tighten his belt and lift his grubby trench coat collar.

"Where are you going?" you wonder out loud.

He glances at you and offers his hand to shake. "I got plenty to do but want to be 'ome by dark. You know, with it being the full moon and that Dogman of Flixton, supposed to be prowling here about." There is a long pause before he begins to laugh. "Nearly 'ad yer then!" he chuckles before leaving with his friend.

ADD OLDIE as an ALLY.

Take his seat, at the bar, go to 849

Drink up and Leave, go to 660

803



If you have BOB FLEMING, as an ALLY, go to 852

You approach the timber farmhouse and note smoke from the brick chimney stack. Knocking on the door, a bearded man answers, "Yes? Can I help you? Are you here to buy the horse? If not, good day."

You decide to take a chance, so confidently reply, "Well, I've come to look at the horse."

"Aye, well, that is fair enough. I'm Bob Fleming" He grabs his coat off the hook and puts it on, "Come on then, I will show you her, but I ain't gonna be selling her any cheaper. I'm afraid I need the money for my rent, as it has nearly doubled these last 4 years. I don't even want to sell the mare, but I have no choice, sadly." The middle-aged farmer leads you into his stables while he coughs badly, the building has 4 stalls. Each is occupied. He shows you passed his cart horses to the last stall, where a beautiful Hunter is eating from a bucket. The horse is a deep brown, with a black mane and tail. Looking over the stable door, you see it has nice white socks and looks to be in great form.

"This is BESS. She's 16 years old and 16 hands high. Beauty she is, and one of the best Hunters I've ever had. A real shame to have to sell her, but needs must. So do you want her for £95?" explains Bob before coughing loudly into a handkerchief.

"No, thank you, Mr Fleming," you explain, go to 818

"Well, I will have a think about it, Mr Fleming." go to 847

"Yes I will take her, if you will stable her." go to 826

804

You knock on the "Low House" door. Promptly, an ageing, wrinkled gentleman answers, hardly opening the entrance. "Yes?" he asks.

You ask him for directions as an excuse for starting the exchange. Where do you say that you are heading?

"Do you know the way to Robin Hoods Bay, please?" go to 821

"Excuse me, is this the Alum Works?" go to 874

"Could you please direct me, to Boggle Hole?" go to 835

"Can you tell me where Lombard House is, please?" go to 891

805



You explain some basic concepts and then, suggest there are lines to be drawn, to the nervous system. The Receptionist looks intrigued and wows at your embellishments, of regular psychology.

She takes you beyond the swinging doors and through a security area, with locked gates and orderlies, then down some stairs and toward a door. She says, "This is the interview room, obviously you are behind glass. Try to limit the session, to twenty minutes, please, to follow Professor Baptiste's guidelines for Damian. His notes are on the desk. I will see you when you leave, Professor." She turns and walks away, while you take a deep breath and open the interview room door.

Sitting in the tiny room, everything is stark white and the chair is bolted to the floor. In front of it is a desk, on which is a folder. The name on this brown folder is "GREENE, Damian"

Quickly looking through the documents, it outlines the patient, as being a dangerous, delusional Schizophrenic. He insists he is an American agent, despite being English and putting on a fake accent. He insists he is working, for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. That he has travelled to England, to follow some religious cult, that he fully believes worships demons and devils of the sea. He believes that he is going to be sacrificed and that the staff and psychologists are all part of this huge conspiracy against him. He has attacked several orderlies and Dr Blythe, in efforts to escape. He is considered a danger to others. Paperwork shows he actually escaped yesterday and it is unknown how he managed to get out of his cell and have the keys to a staff vehicle, that he promptly crashed and now says that was because of a huge wolf-man creature on the road. This latest twist means he is under maximum security measures until his assessment is complete. This includes straight jackets, manacles and backboards, by order of Professor Baptiste. His assessment will take place on the 9th of November.

You take another deep breath and open the blind on the small window ahead of you. On the side of which is an identical interview room, however, the patient is not sitting on a chair, instead he is upright, strapped to a sack barrow. His clothing is white and he has no footwear.

Go to 925

806

Your eyes lock, with his and you are lost in the constellations and nebula, flowing through his pupils. Falling through the stars, you get a feeling of the unknown. You cannot put your finger on it, but there is something special, about this well-dressed, gentleman. It's like he has a magnetism and an air of authority. Yet an authority, over what exactly, you do not begin to fathom. Yet, you know it is dark and malign, beyond your understanding.

He continues, looking into your eyes, as he puffs, on the bone pipe. His face is illuminated, with an orange glow, from the bowl of the pipe. You hear the tobacco burning, a sizzling hiss….. that turns into a whisper, inside your mind…… "Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn." He blows smoke, in your face. At that moment, you burn your finger and drop the spent match, onto the stone floor, breaking your deep eye contact. He smiles and nods, perhaps, as a thank you gesture, before leaving, through the Hotel's front door.

GAIN LOVECRAFT as an ALLY

GAIN 1D3% CTHULHU MYTHOS

Go to 866

807

You order a drink and strike up a conversation about the poor weather, while appreciating it is warm, due to the small fireplace.

"Aye, it do be, a bit o' a cold snap, just now," admits the oldest local. While, the other just stares, loading a pipe, in silence.

"Is it supposed to pick up?" you ask, to keep the conversation going.

"Aye," he puffs on his roll up, "Aye, t'is," he looks you up and down, before asking, "So where are ya hailing from, if you don't mind me asking, 'cos you ain't from round 'ere." He takes a swig, of his flat beer.

You explain where you come from and how you are staying at Lombard house while paying the barmaid for your tipple.

"Well, well, well, if you ain't the new bigwig at Statondale. Shame what happened to Eddie, I always liked him. Now and then he would pop in here, for a pint, before going t' RavenHall, with his posh mates. He wasn't like them and w'er happy to mingle with us common folk, ya' know. Proper down-to-earth bloke who said what he meant and meant what he said. Mr Lombard certainly looked after us veterans," he puts down his empty tankard.

Enquire why Edward went to RavenHall, go to 868

Offer to buy Oldie a drink, go to 819

Ask him about his War service, go to 853

Drink up and leave, go to 660

808

You a few people and some children, just coming into the open ground, from behind the village. They move to a large pile of piled-up brushwood and are seen to drag a figure over and place them, on the pile of sticks. Then you see one light a match, protected by someone else's hand and they light a candle. Approaching the base of the pile, they offer the candle and something catches fire. Perhaps it is kerosene, as it rapidly spreads across the whole pile of wood and there is a bright intensity to the spreading flames. The clothing of the motionless figure, laid upon the bonfire, begins to burn too.

If you have BILLY JACOBS as an ALLY, go to 824
Follow the road, over the Bridge, to the West, go to 646
Enter the train station, go to 657
Take the cobbled street down to the East, go to 666
Head towards the clifftop path, to the South, go to 655
Follow the road to Whitby, to the North East, go to 667

809*

You pile into the vehicle and fire up the engine while trying to look for the horrific creature through the windows. Choose which PARTY member is driving. The others can Shoot Firearms from the windows but not perform DODGE or MELEE/BRAWL Actions.

Accelerating with a jolt. The vehicle moves away to the South along the treacherous, snowy road. The road is not visible so you estimate where it must be, between the drystone walls. The vehicles, terribly dim lights offer little vision amongst the continually falling snowflakes. It is like being tunnel-visioned and flying through space at light speed as you drive into the whiteout.

Roll DRIVE AUTO [20%], with Disadvantage Dice (unless TRACKED Vehicle)

Succeed, go to 790
Fail, go to 780

810*

You fight to stay inside the pitching vessel with the rest of the crew. Once you regain your seat and grasp the oar, you watch the coxswain produce a ferry pistol from his coat. Shouting, "KILLER WHALES!" he trains it on the circling dorsal fin of epic proportion. Yet, the fin glides away out to the deeper sea and dives slowly under the surface.

"The Orca have gone! Keep rowing, lads ...," he shouts over the sound of the wind and waves. No one holds back as you put your back into the stroke of the oars.

Head for shallow water to the West, go to 674
Ask to head North, go to 685
Press on towards the headland, to the South, go to 683

811

You enter the BAY HOTEL's public room and find everyone inside staring at you, with a sudden silence. Pausing, you ignore the awkwardness and go to the small bar at one end of the room. You look at the array of drinks and note the beer is called Ghostship. Ordering drinks from the barman, you take a seat.

If you have FISH & CHIPS, you eat them. Derclaring them the best you have ever tasted. HEAL 1 HITPOINT.
If you have ALFRED WAINRIGHT as an ALLY, go to 904
If you have been out on the LIFEBOAT, go to 844
Otherwise, go to 823

812*

Standing in the impressive Victorian lobby of RavenHall Hotel, you take in the luxury of the decor. High-ceilinged and with a deep red theme and carpet, this place seems higher Class, even opulent, compared to everywhere else you have seen on the coast of Yorkshire.

A smartly suited man is manning the counter and gives you a smile from behind his manicured moustache. A sign on the counter reads, "No Vacancies". Meanwhile, a young bellboy in a blue uniform stands to attention nearby. As you step to the counter, the Receptionist welcomes you and asks how he can be of service.

If you have BARRED, go to 869
Hello. Can you direct me to the public bar, please? Go to 843
I'm fine, Thank you. Leave and go outside, go to 671
If you have the MASONIC RING, go to 830

813*

You make your way, carefully, down to the riverbed and cross the river. Using large rocks that are scattered in the waterway. However, once at the corner of the building, you climb up towards the small barred window that you deem to be cell 21. It is not far, but the narrow ledges are thick in snow. You try to carefully ascend without slipping.

Roll CLIMB [20%]

Success, go to 857

Fail, go to 838

814*

You find the room near the stairwell that says "RECORDS" on the door. Letting yourself inside, you discover many racks of filing cabinets and folders. You begin to look through for something relevant.

+1D3 TIME

Roll LIBRARY USE

Success, go to 929

Fail, you search through the huge amounts of documents but find nothing relevant and leave. Go to 901

815*

The catastrophic damage from the Hunting Horror's attack on the vehicle causes it to lose control and pile into the stone wall violently. Each occupant sustains 1 HIT POINT of damage (ignores armour), from the Crash.

The vehicle is a right-off and cannot be repaired, in the game.

"Quick! Get out!" you shout. No one wastes any time. You bail out, on foot and jump over the wall.

Go to 740

816*

"Professor? Well, it's an honour to meet you in person. No one informed me you were coming." She stands up and tells the orderly to take Damian Green to the visiting room immediately. He heads off through the white swing doors with haste.

"I have read your last thesis twice and must say, I found it so progressive and enlightening. Of course, I am not a practitioner myself, but have always dreamt of being one." She flutters her eyelashes at you.

"What gave you the ideas about new heroic therapies and your view on them?"

Roll PSYCHOLOGY [10%]

Success, go to 805

Fail, go to 833

817*

You knock on the snow blasted door of Stoupe Beck Farm.

If it is 6th-8th NOVEMBER, go to 858

If it is 3rd -5th NOVEMBER and Daylight (8am-4.30pm), go to 892

If it is 3rd - 5th NOVEMBER and After Dark (4.30pm-8am), go to 828

818*

"Well, fine. Let me know if you change your mind," says the farmer as he shows you out. "I might have to take her to market next week. Goodbye, thanks for looking. Let me know if you change your mind. You'll be changing your mind by the end of the week, just thinking about it. It's like being in a maze, buying a horse. Aye, t'is" He shakes your hand and heads back inside his farmhouse.



Follow the road down the hill to the East, go to 556

Head South, through a tunnel under the railway, go to 645

Follow the road up the hill to the Northwest, go to 637

Go cross country, to the North, go to 647

819

You offer to get him a pint. You see his eyes light up, "Well, that would be mighty kind of you. What's your name? I'm Oldie." He extends his hand so you shake it, discovering he has powerful, coarse hands and an iron grip.

GAIN OLDIE as an ALLY, as the Bar Maid pulls his pint and puts it in front of him. "Well, it seems to me that you are cut from similar cloth to Eddie. Here's to you and yours," he says, raising his pint before taking a long drink.

"No problem, Oldie, a pleasure to make your acquaintance," you reply.

He smiles and adds, "If you need any of those walls rebuilding around the estate, just let me know. Me and Bob, we've built more walls round 'ere than anyone else. You won't find none better." He takes another impressively long drink and puts down his now-empty flagon. "Speaking of which, we got to be going lad." Again, he shakes your hand, tightens his trench coat belt and lifts the collar before heading outside with his colleague, leaving only you and the Barmaid in the tiny pub.

Thank her for the drinks and leave, go to 660

Take OLDIES seat and enjoy the fire, go to 849

820

You take a deep breath and set off running through the falling snow. The whiteout makes it disorientating, but you can see your own tracks and follow them back towards the road. However, you see a dark shape form behind the swirling snowflakes. The gargantuan, flying serpent bursts towards you from your right.

You get to choose to either defend yourself or dive to the ground.

If you Shoot, go to 702

If you Dodge, go to 834

821

The old man answers, in a strong Yorkshire accent, "Robin Hoods Bay? Well, o' course, just follow that there path, along t' cliff tops. Once you get t'next farm, you could go along the beach if tide's out. Should take you about 20 minutes to get there. My advice is to have a pint in the Bay Hotel and a cod at the Chippy. Now, if you don't mind, it is too cold to stand 'ere nattering."

He promptly closes the worn door, leaving you standing in the snow.

Follow the clifftop path, to the North, go to 653

Climb the hill, using the road, to the South East, go to 661

Cross the railway track to the West, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 641

6 Go to 598

822

"Nice to see you again," says Rachel, the attractive young Barmaid, as she pours some drinks.

"Indeed, it is nice to get warm in your little pub," you reply.

She smiles, "Yes, it's plain awful out there, in the snow. It reminds me of the weather we had when my poor Mother, Shannon, passed away. Be five years ago, in January."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear of your loss, Rachel. How, very sad."

"It's fine. She was in a bad way at the end. I didn't want to see her suffer anymore. I guess we all have a time,"

"Maybe you are right," you wonder.

"Yes, she told me that herself. She knew such things as she could read palms and the like. However, she told me I had not got the gift. She said that is more of a blessing than being able to see the unseen. She told me that one day, I would meet an honest man who would make me his wife if I worked behind this bar. " She glances at you, "but I think she was wrong." Rachel laughs.

"What else did she predict, Rachel?" you ask to distract her.

"Oh, you know, the usual stuff... disasters and the likes. She told me once that there would be a trawler lost, with all hands and the very next day, one was torpedoed off the Hayburn Wyke. None survived. Anyway, the Royal Navy found the U-boat and rammed it off Flamborough. Both vessels sank, oh it was terrible. Many perished. I remember once, she told me never to go on the beach ever again. She made me promise her, in fact. So I haven't and never will.' You look puzzled. "She said that if I did go on the beach, a foreigner would take me away. A tall man who would claim to have the "craft of Love", but really, he would use me for evil deeds. Chance would be a fine thing! " She giggles. You all laugh at the cryptic warning of a concerned mother.

"Thinking about it, she said I would have a guardian angel, her "ally", she called them.

GAIN SHANNON MITCHEL as an ALLY

You drink up and thank Rachel before leaving, go to 660

823

The locals are a wisened looking group, sat around several tables and the fireplace. They have a bit of an inbred look about them. Seeming to have large eyes and small noses. Many are balding and they nearly all wear flat caps. A lone young lad sits next to you and introduces himself, "Hello, I'm Alfie Wainright. I'm not from round here, either". He smiles, holding up his pint glass. You guess he must be around 18 years old. He has the vitality of youth and seems very likeable with his Lancashire twang. "I've just finished walking from Whitehaven on the West Coast to here, on the East Coast. So I guess you could say I have walked Coast to Coast. Will you join me for a drink to celebrate?" GAIN ALFRED WAINRIGHT, as an ALLY

You pull up your chairs and he tells you about his adventure over the Pennines. It has taken him eight days, but he intends to simply get a train back, as he has to be at work soon. He says he works at the Blackburn Borough Engineer's Department and he has a huge love of maps and Cartography. As you move to the bar to get a second round, a tall man comes down the stairs and gestures for you to light his pipe. He has a striking presence, as he wears a smart suit, unlike everyone else in the fishing village.

If you have MATCHES, go to 842

Otherwise, go to to 831

824

You recognise one of the people who is standing around the bonfire as being the Fisherman, BILLY JACOBS. He waves you over and shakes your hand, "Welcome. Great to see you again. We always love Bonfire Night and the burning of the Guy. The kids love the toffee apples on sticks." He offers you one from a tray. "Guy Fawkes might have been the only man to enter parliament with honest intentions. He certainly paid for it, but we remember him more as a hero than a villain around here. Anyway, I have to check my crab pots. Best wishes. I will maybe see you again." Billy shakes your empty hand and leaves towards the village.

After a few minutes, you tire of watching the burning stuffed clothes that represent Guy Fawkes. So you decide to leave too.

Follow the road, over the Bridge, to the West, go to 646

Enter the train station, go to 657

Take the cobbled street down to the East, go to 666

Head towards the clifftop path, to the South, go to 655

Follow the road to Whitby, to the North East, go to 667

825*



You enter the Mental Asylum through the reinforced front door. An attractive young lady wearing a white uniform is behind a desk. She looks up from her paperwork, "Hello, can I help you?"

If you have PROFESSOR BRUEN as an ALLY, go to 841

If not, then what do you decide to say?

"Hello. I have an appointment", go to 846

"Good day. I'm here to visit Damian Greene", go to 848

"Hello, I wondered if someone could examine my friend?", go to 836

"Hello again, I'm here to collect my friend", go to 854

"Hi there, I'm actually an inspector from the Ministry", go to 970

826

"I will take her if you will stable her?" you propose.

You see Mr Fleming's face light up, "Well, that would be smashing. Of course, I could stable her for a few shillings a week."

"Brilliant." You shake his hand and muster the money from the PARTY to buy the horse. Bob pulls out 2 small white pieces of paper and asks you to sign for a receipt and purchase note. While finalising the paperwork, in the corner of the stable, he explains, "You need a good horse, round here, in this weather. Them there, automobiles, well, they ain't safe, in the snow. Only yesterday one crashed down the lane, you know. I heard the almighty bang and once I got down there, it turned out the driver was unconscious. Lucky, he was, that he hadn't gone through the windscreen. Well, funny thing is, it turned out he was an escaped lunatic from the madhouse... you know.... Boggle Hole Mental Institute. I could tell from his white clothes, with them numbers on. I had to get the coppers from the village. They took him to the cells." He coughs loudly before shaking your hand.

GAIN BOB FLEMING as an ALLY

Follow the road down the hill to the East, go to 556

Head South, through a tunnel under the railway, go to 645

Follow the road up the hill to the Northwest, go to 637

Go cross country, to the North, go to 647

827

As you crouch amongst the roots of a rotting tree stump, the shadow of a massive creature blocks out the dim moonlight amongst the saplings. You hold your breath, hoping the hunter doesn't detect your presence. Yet, its sudden lunge towards you highlights the futility of your attempt to hide. The giant maw of the nightmarish monster snaps at you, splintering the young birch like matchsticks.

Roll Dodge,

Success, go to 855

Fail, Roll for the creature TO HIT (BITE 65%)

Success, LOSE 4D6 HIT POINTS.

If reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, go to 895

Otherwise, go to 855

Fail, go to 855

828

You knock several times, but there is no answer. The weather intensifies so much you can hardly see anything in the whiteout, yet again. Snow begins to pile up on your shoulders. You decide you should move off before you start to get frostbite.

Follow the clifftop path to the North, go to 654

Descend onto the beach, go to 663

Head West, up the hill, on the road, over the bridge, go to 643

Follow the clifftop path to the South, go to 652

829



The receptionist looks unsure as she checks the paperwork. So, you quickly read one of the names upside down and say, "Yes, I am here as an advisor for Mr Morris."

Roll FAST TALK [5%]

Success, go to 901

Fail, she explains, "Mr Morris has already left. There must be some mistake." You assure her that it happens sometimes and that she is not to blame. You say you will contact him to rearrange the session before leaving, as you realise how hard it is to bluff your way into a high-security mental institute. Once outside, in the snow, you decide not to linger.

Follow the Clifftop path to the North, go to 655

Go onto the Beach, go to 664

Go up the steep road to the West, go to 644

Follow the clifftop path, to the South, go to 653

830*

The receptionist notices your ring of the Masonic Order and says, "I see you are here for the Meeting of the Masonic Lodge?"

You nod and smile. "Yes, that is correct. Can you show me in, please?"

"Of course, of course. Members can go through there and into the East Wing. While your friends can wait in the public bar, through there, in the West Wing."

You must REMOVE all PARTY members who do not have MASONIC RINGS until you enter the public bar.

You head to the East Wing and find a sign indicating the Women's Order of Masons is downstairs while the men's meeting is upstairs. You may attend several meetings if you are eligible.

If you are female, go to 909

If you are male, go to 873

If you decide to go to the public bar instead, go to 843

831*

You hand him your zippo. He lights his pipe with a couple of puffs while looking out the window at the raging sea. As your drinks are served at the bar, he hands you back your lighter and heads out of the Hotel's front door.

Go to 866

832

You get out of the weather, inside the Lifeboat House and find Coxswain I'Anson talking to four of his crew at the front of the building, beneath the lifeboat's prow. He waves you over and explains they are taking the boat out around the bay. Purely for training and the PARTY is invited to join, if they wish. He suggests you might like it and maybe even become volunteers and join their noble brotherhood of lifesavers.

If you wish to go to Sea, he suggests it will take a couple of hours.

Decline, saying you have a prior engagement, go to 666

Accept and begin to put on some oilskins, go to 865

833



You don't really understand what she is asking, so you guess. However, you can tell by her expression that she isn't falling for your discussion of psychological therapies being delivered by heroes. The idea that Admiral Beatty could rehabilitate victims of shell shock doesn't seem to wash with the receptionist and she sees through your poor ruse.

"I'm afraid you are not who I thought you were and you will have to leave, or I will call the Police," you can tell she is not bluffing and certainly not happy at you trying to impersonate a leading professor. So you decide to not argue and leave the building.

Go to 654

834*

The massive, black, flying creature sweeps in through the fluttering snow and in only a second, is upon you. Diving to avoid the striking horror, you attempt to save yourself.

Roll DODGE for the slowest member of the PARTY (lowest MOVE).

Success, they avoid the deadly bite. If they Succeed, they hit the snow just in time to save their life.

Fail, the Horror Rolls to BITE (65%).

Success, the poor victim LOSES 4D6 HIT POINTS. If this reduces them to 0, they are killed by being severed in two.

A different member of the PARTY is randomly chosen to be Crushed as the creature flies through the fleeing group.

They Roll DODGE,

Success, their action saves their skin from almost certain death.

Fail, means the huge monster Rolls to CRUSH (65%).

Success, the terrifying horror delivers 4D6 HIT POINTS DAMAGE.

If anyone dies now, Roll SANITY for all remaining PARTY.

Success, you have a stiff upper lip and keep your head.

Fail, LOSE 1D3 SANITY.

Getting up on your feet, you waste no time in fleeing towards the road.

Go to 850

835

"Boggle 'Ole? What the 'ell do you want to go there for? It's full o' nutters and lunatics, you know. Worse than Bedlam they say, as the inmates there are wrong 'ens. Criminals, murderers and worse. I wouldn't go there if I were you. One got out last year and they eventually found him, washed up on't shore a few days later. Crabs and birds had eaten his eyes. All he deserved, as he'd been put in there, for doing harm to children in all sorts of horrible ways. Nasty piece of work. What was his name? Sarville?, I think." He shakes his head. "Anyway, there's 20 evil folks locked up in there that should never see the light of day. There's that Lancaster boy and the axe murderer from Statondale. Should o'been hung, the lot of 'em, if you ask me. I'd been happy to even do the job, me'sen..... anyway, it's along the cliffs there to the North, halfway to the village. Can't miss it, big white building, with bars on the winda's. You be careful now and don't say I didn't warn ye. Now goodnight, before all me heat blows out o' house." Then, he closes the door quickly, leaving you outside in the bleak weather.

Follow the clifftop path to the North, go to 653

Climb the hill, using the road, to the South East, go to 661

Cross the railway track to the West, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 641

6 Go to 598

836

You are shown into a waiting room where a suited man arrives and takes you into a plush office and examination room with several comfortable couches. There is a view from the window of the bleak forest. He introduces himself as Dr Siegfried Blythe, a Psychologist and one of the resident practitioners at Boggle Hole.

He examines whoever, you suggest, is suffering from mental problems (Temporary Insanity). He begins to ask them questions and note answers on a clipboard in his lap.

If the Investigator is suffering from TEMPORARY INSANITY, they are offered a 24-hour stay. It costs the extravagant fee of £27 and includes a nice room (not a cell) and 3 sessions of psychoanalysis and therapy. The patient is removed from the PARTY for 24 hours, at which point, the player's Investigator must return to ADD the patient to the PARTY again. Make a note of when this is the earliest the collection can happen. GAIN DOCTOR BLYTHE as an ALLY.

He shows you to the front door and assures you your friend will be fine and needs respite. You depart back into the snowstorm.

Follow the Clifftop path to the North, go to 655

Go onto the Beach, go to 664

Go up the steep road to the West, go to 644

Follow the clifftop path, to the South, go to 653

837

If you have SHANNON MITCHEL as an ALLY, go to 899.

You push open the flaking door to enter the RAVEN Pub. Ducking under the low lintel, you find yourself in a small bar room with three occupants, sat staring at you. One is the barmaid, an attractive young lady, perhaps in her twenties, “Hello Sir/Madam, What can I get you?” she enquires.

The two others sat this side of the small bar are obviously local, working-class men. They are weathered and perhaps in their 50’s. Their flat caps look worn and they wear khaki trench coats, probably surplus of the Great War. One lights his loose roll-up and blows smoke toward the ceiling.

If you have OLDIE as an ALLY, go to 845

If you Have RACHEL MITCHEL as an ALLY, go to 822

Otherwise, go to 807

838



As you make the last part of the climb to reach the barred cell window, your foot slips on the snowy ledge. You hold on for dear life as the mistake leaves you dangling over the sharp rocks in the riverbed.

Roll STRENGTH

Success, you pull yourself up next to the window, go to 857

Fail, LOSE 1D6 HITPOINTS, as you fall onto the rocks.

If you choose to attempt the climb again, go to 813

Otherwise, go to 654

839

You find your way inside the brick lifeboat house through a side door. A large white boat takes up most of the building on a wheeled cradle. Looking up at it, in the dim space, you can see it is named “AMBER” and looks pretty new as do the many oars protruding from inside.

At the rear of the building are pegs laden with oilskins, with Wellington boots stowed below. There are a dozen sets of cork life preservers and many coils of thick hemp rope, along with anchors, grapples and folded sails.

If you have JOHN I’ANSON as an ALLY, go to 832

Otherwise, go to 860

840

The road bends through woodland and down an icy gradient. There is no sign of the creature despite everyone frantically looking through the windows. The continued snowfall does not help either, blowing into your eyes and stinging your face.

Roll DRIVE AUTO [20%], with Disadvantage Dice (unless TRACKED VEHICLE)

Succeed, go to 790

Fail, go to 780

841

As you are about to talk to the receptionist, the white swing doors open and Professor Bruen enters the foyer, carrying two large suitcases. Putting them down, he shakes your hand, "Well, if it isn't you again. We will have to stop meeting like this." he quips with a smile. "I presume you've come for a look at those records we discussed?"

You greet him and nod, "Well, that would be splendid, Professor."

"Martha, give these people a pass," he tells the receptionist. "I'd show you myself, but I've been called away to London for a few days by Scotland Yard. They want me to help them understand a psychopath who is killing Clergymen around the city. They hope I can analyse his actions and maybe preempt the next slaying. Well, if I can help, I believe it is my duty. However, it means I'm going to be away for a few days. So I'm leaving the facility to be run by the best Psychologist I know, Professor Jean Baptiste. If you need anything, ask him and he will explain. Sadly he has just nipped down the village, but if you need to return, I'm sure he will be here. Anyway, good luck with Lombard House and I look forward to seeing you at the Masonic Yule meeting at RavenHall. Goodbye." He shakes your hand and leaves. You see him load his car and pull away, up the lane and into the blizzard. The receptionist gets you to sign the Visitor Book.

LOSE PROFESSOR BRUEN, as an ALLY.

Got to 901

842*

You pull out the box of MATCHES and strike one for the dapper gentleman. He leans closer and begins to puff on his pipe. Looking into his eyes, you see something odd. Stars?

Roll POWER

Success, go to 806

Fail, go to 913

843

You enter the luxurious Public Bar, which has gold fittings and exquisite furniture. There is a large window to admire which offers a view over the wintry bay and farms to the North. A substantial marble-topped bar is frequented by a dapper barman in a white jacket. His hair is slicked and his small moustache is impeccably trimmed. He looks at you intently as you approach.

REGAIN any PARTY MEMBERS waiting here.

Roll CREDIT RATING with an ADVANTAGE DICE

Success, go to 939

Fail, go to 867

844

"Here he is, lads. Turned green he did and now, he's one of us," declares one of the locals. You recognise him as one of the lifeboat crew. The other locals give out a little cheer and chant, "One of us, one of us," and the barman hands you all complimentary drinks. There are some hurrahs as you are welcomed into the community as a lifeboat volunteer.

"Don't worry, we all get seasick sometimes," laughs one of the oldest men, who is missing almost all of his teeth. He stands and shakes your hand. "You've got my respect, young 'en. It takes some spine to go out in a storm like this, for ya first time."

"He's not wrong," says another fisherman. "We heard about your adventure in the bay. Well done, mate."

After a couple of drinks, you decide to leave before you get carried away with the strong alcohol. Donning your heavy winter garments, you head back outside into the storm.

GAIN FISHERMEN as ALLY

Go to 666

845

"Hey, nice to see you again so soon, young 'en." welcomes Oldie.

"Hello, again," you reply, as you sit down on a stool at the bar.

Oldie throws his roll-up into the fire, "So, what do you think of the Yorkshire coast, then? Come on, don't be shy."

"Well, it is certainly very wild," you offer, happy to have shelter from the unrelenting snow.

"Aye, it certainly is. Hard living for many around these parts. Although, them fishing folk, down in the bay, don't seem to do so bad. Mind, I wouldn't want to earn my money out on that wild North Sea. Sod that!" he laughs before taking a swig of his ale. "I think the hardest living round these parts is on the edge of the Moors. Much wilder up there you know. Place is treacherous, as full of o'deep bogs and very exposed."

"Sounds dangerous, Oldie," you agree while enjoying the fire.

He turns to you and says, "Well, the place is dangerous enough, but folk suggest the Dog Man has been seen up there again this year, too. Now, that is a real danger right there. Legend has it that he's killed many up on the moors by the light of the moon!"

"Oh don't go trying to frighten these nice folk, with silly stories and Legends," scolds the young barmaid.

"They ain't silly stories, Rachel, they are true. I know, 'cos I've seen that Dog Man with me own eyes..." he insists, as she rolls her eyes. "Honestly, you might laugh, but if you were to see him too, you wouldn't dismiss my warning. He's as real as me and you, so he is," says Oldie.

"Whatever, Oldie. Of course, he's real, like that flying snake you have seen, too?" she retorts.

You see, the old Yorkshireman consider responding but then shuts his mouth and dons his old trench coat. His quiet friend does similar and they finish up their tankards. "One day, you'll realise I don't lie, but for now, we are off 'ome. Now, cheerio." They set off out the small door.

If you have RACHEL MITCHEL, as an ALLY, go to 822

Otherwise, go to 849, or Leave and go to 660

846

"Hello. I have an appointment," you pretend.

"Who is it with, please?" the receptionist asks while starting to check her schedule. Just then, an orderly walks in from an office door and begins to look through a filing cabinet behind the desk.

Roll PERSUADE [10%]

Success, go to 829

Fail, go to 856

847

"Well, I will think about it," you explain, knowing full well that you don't think the horse is worth the money and too far from Lombard House to be practical.

Bob looks happy that you've not ruled out the purchase completely or haggled the price. "Let me know when you want to buy her, as it's first come, first served." He coughs loudly and brings up some mucus.

Showing you out, he says, "You need a good horse round here in this weather. Them there, automobiles, well, they ain't safe, in the snow. Only yesterday one crashed down the lane, you know. I heard the almighty bang and once I got down there, it turned out the driver was unconscious. Lucky, he was, lucky that he hadn't gone through the windscreen. Well, the funny thing is, it turned out he was an escaped lunatic from the madhouse... you know.... Boggle Hole Mental Institute. I could tell from his white clothes, with them numbers on. I had to get the coppers from the village. They took him to the cells," he coughs loudly before shaking your hand.

GAIN BOB FLEMING as an ALLY

Follow the road, down the hill, to the East, go to 556

Head South, through a tunnel under the railway, go to 645

Follow the road, up the hill, to the Northwest, go to 637

Go cross country, to the North, go to 647



848

"Damian Green?" She starts to scan over the schedule with her pen. Failing to find any mention of it, she looks up at you, "What name is it please?"

Tell her your name, go to 859

Make a name up, go to 884

849

Pulling up a seat at the bar, the barmaid asks, "So, are you going to RavenHall?'

"Perhaps," you reply, between sips of your beverage.

"It's an amazing place with spectacular views. Many a high-class Lord and Lady have stayed there, over the years. Shame, they never built the rest of the town that was planned."

"What do you mean?" you wonder.

"Well, a rich developer came here one day. He thought the location was amazing, with sea views, fresh air, the beach and all that. So he thought he could turn it into a holiday resort, like Scarborough. So he paid, to have all the roads built, sewers and all.

However, he'd come on one of the few clear days of the year, you see, it's always foggy 'ere. Maybe it's the 600-foot cliffs, but whatever it is, it is far from ideal as a holiday destination. So hardly anyone invested or bought the plots of land. There's only a handful of residents, plus the hotel, train station and this pub." the barmaid explains.

"How, very interesting. Are you from here then?" you ask.

"Yes Sir/Madam, I am. Born and bred in this very pub and I wouldn't have it any other way. You see, I like the place, even the frequent fog and little changes here. Which relaxes me, somewhat as change is often bad, in my experience."

"I guess you are right, there." you agree, while finishing your drink.

"Now, you be sure to come back again Sir/Madam. I'm Rachel Mitchel, by the way." She says, as you don your hat and make for the door.

"Goodbye," you exchange farewells.

GAIN RACHEL MITCHEL as an ALLY

Go to 660

850

Sprinting headlong through the ceaseless snowfall, you feel your heart pounding in your chest and your legs burning. Following the footprints, through the whiteout, you see a blackened dead tree come into view, then the gate at the roadside. However, there is a cry from your companion, alerting you that the pursuing monster will soon be making another attack.

Make for the cover of the lone tree, go to 882

Press on and vault the gate, go to 875

851





"Oh, RavenHall. Now that's a posh place, putting it mildly," says Jim.

"It is a spectacular building and has amazing views when there is no fog," comments Nora as she offers you a biscuit.

"All the fancy folk go there, Dukes, Lords and Ladies. The Masonic Lodge meets there too, I heard," says Jim, lighting his clay pipe.

"Some say they are cultists, you know," offers Nora, "...but I think that is just malicious gossip because the Reverend Pashby attends and he wouldn't be into anything ungodly or satanic Jim."

"Either way, there's stuff that goes on up there, behind closed doors, that I don't want to be knowing about. I keep my nose out of business that doesn't concern me. Keeps life simple." concludes her husband.

You finish your tea and thank them for their generous hospitality before departing. "Please call again sometime. Tata," says Nora as he closes the door. You find yourself outside in the cold yet again.

Follow the clifftop path to the North, go to 654

Descend, onto the beach, go to 663

Head West, up the hill, on the road, over the bridge, go to 643

Follow the clifftop path to the South, go to 652

852

You knock on the timber farmhouse door and hear coughing inside, promptly, the farmer, Bob opens it. “Great to be seeing you again. I bet you been thinking about BESS and taking her for a ride, ever since I last saw you.” He hacks up some blockage from the back of his throat. “You get yourself down the stable and take her for a hack out. Just don’t take her on the Moors, or she’ll break a leg.” he doubles over and has a terrible coughing fit. “You take her out, just bring her back when you’ve finished.”

You thank him and he waves you off while starting another coughing fit. He doesn’t seem very well, in your opinion. You walk down to the stable and saddle up the Hunter, "BESS."

If, your first meeting with BESS, Roll ANIMAL HANDLING [5%],

Success, the Horse takes a shine to you. GAIN BESS as an ALLY. While an ALLY, BESS gives advantage dice, to all RIDE and animal handling rolls concerning her.

Fail, BESS dislikes you. Suffer Disadvantage dice on all future ANIMAL HANDLING Rolls with BESS.

The “HUNTER” HORSE allows you to move like a Vehicle but is not limited to the road. It can go anywhere on the same map for 2 ACTIONS or (+30 minutes to go anywhere on another LOCAL MAP. You must make a successful RIDE roll, or become dismounted halfway to the destination and LOSE 1 HIT POINT.

A horse provides no protection, for its riders and can only carry 2 people, maximum. If the Horse is injured, you are dismounted unless you make a successful RIDE Roll [5%]. Once dismounted, you must make an ANIMAL HANDLING Roll [5%].

Extreme Success, learn more empathy. GAIN 1% ANIMAL HANDLING and get to the destination.

Success, allows you to remount and get to the planned destination.

Failure, the animal is evasive, wasting 1 TIME, Roll again.

Extreme Failure, means the Horse bolts and returns, to the stables alone. You become a pedestrian and continue on foot.

Leave Thornfield Farm, on BESS, go to LOCAL MAP

Follow the road, down the hill, to the East, go to 556

Head South, through a tunnel under the railway, go to 645

Follow the road, up the hill, to the Northwest, go to 637

Go cross country, to the North, go to 647

853

You ask him about his War Service, he seems awkward at first but then begins to explain. “I was in the Yorkshire Regiment, at the start of the British Expeditionary Forces campaign, into France and the low countries. A proud Corporal, in 2nd Battalion, B COMPANY. I was in charge of a ‘alf section, of Infantry. Well, I was part of the bloody battles, that defined the outset of Trench Warfare. As the two opposing forces dug in, on the hard ground, to seek shelter from enemy artillery, it became a stalemate.”

He takes a drink, from his Flagon, “Neither side would give any ground, nor succeed, in offensives. So word came down the line to prepare for a night attack. Well, you know, these things are costly in men, so we were all nervous. Our C.O., that means Commanding Officer, which happened to be, Eddie’s elder Brother, Major Ben Lombard.... well, he came down and gave us the usual pep talk, about King and Country. Well, instead of staying to observe and direct the second wave, the Major told us to fix bayonets and he pulled out his Webley. He said he was coming over the top, too and we all prepared and drank some water. Once the whistles started blowing, Major Lombard was the first over the parapet and we followed him.” He pauses and you can feel stress in his voice.

“Well, the red flares and white star shells, started going up and then, drifting down on parachutes. It’s a weird place, No Man's Land, at night, with that eerie, shifting light that makes everything move and the rest deep, dark shadows, where anyone could lurk. We took inspiration, from the Major's apparent courage and advanced. Only once we reached the edge of the wire, did the enemy machine-gun fire start. Tracers of red whizzed past our heads and one of my men, Private Smith, the Lewis gunner, took a bullet to the neck. I remember, as clear as day, that horrid moment, as his blood sprayed on the right of my face. Getting down, to react to effective enemy fire, more rounds started whipping between us all and cut up the mud. I saw the Major pick up the Lewis gun and carry on, towards the muzzle flashes, ahead. That’s when the artillery started to land, I saw the first huge explosion, right where I’d last seen our C.O. .... and that’s when I was hit by shrapnel. My lads, they managed to get me out of there, with Private Smith, while the battle raged. I was one of the lucky ones, as a Field Hospital, operated before dawn and removed 9 lumps of shrapnel, from my torso and left leg. Poor Smithy, well he died, on the operating table. They never found a trace of poor Major Lombard, I guess he was blown to kingdom come. He was a brave and true Leader. Such a waste of a damned good Officer.” You see his eyes are welling up and you don’t know what to say. He drinks up his beer in one go and gets up to leave.

He doesn’t look at you, as he lifts his collar, as you know, he is overtaken by emotion. “Well, it’s been a pleasure, to meet you, but I got to be going now.” His friend also gets up and tips his cap, before the pair exit and close the door behind them.

Take his seat, at the bar, go to 849

Drink up and Leave, go to 660

854

You mention you are here, to collect your friend. If there is such a friend, after a moment the MEMBER OF THE PARTY comes through the white swinging doors. They look rejuvenated from their stay. Roll their STATS, to see how the 3 sessions of therapy went.

Roll POWER, Success GAIN 1 SANITY
Roll SANITY, Success GAIN 1 SANITY
Roll INTELLIGENCE, Fail, GAIN 1 SANITY

ADD them to the PARTY and if you wish, you may choose them as the Primary Investigator. You sign release forms and they seem fairly upbeat, compared to their mental state, when admitted. You go outside, into the never-ending snowstorm.

If there is no such friend, to collect, go to 825
Follow the Clifftop path to the North, go to 655
Go onto the Beach, go to 664
Go up the steep road to the West, go to 644
Follow the clifftop path, to the South, go to 653

855

You throw yourself clear and dash away, headlong, into the dense thicket. Heavy snowfall, blinds your vision and you just run for your life, into the unknown. After a while, you decide, you have to stop and catch your breath.

ROLL STEALTH [20%],
Success, go to 770
Fail, go to 827

856

The receptionist doesn't look convinced and says, "Well, I'm afraid there doesn't seem to be such an appointment. Sadly, the earliest I can give you an appointment, is for the 9th November, at 10am. Is that alright?"

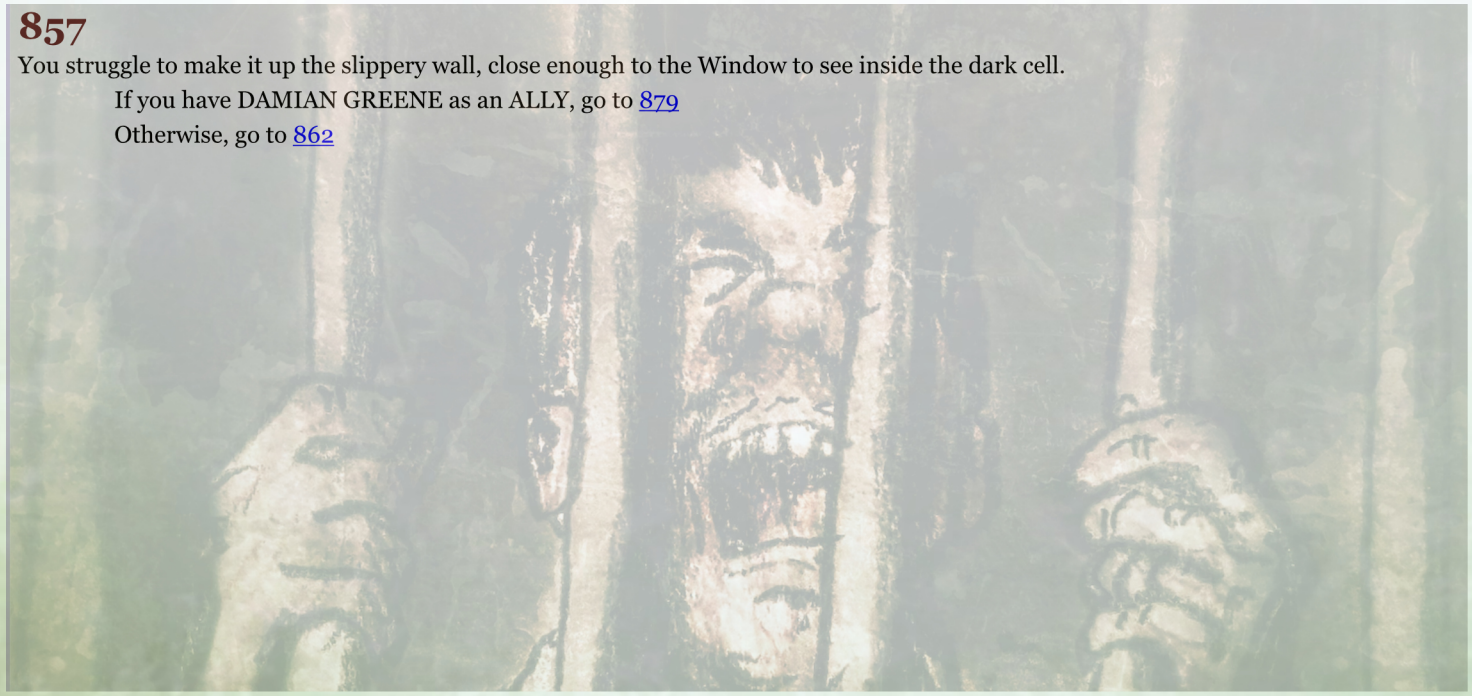
You realise you won't be able to demand access to the high-security mental institute, so you accept. "Yes, I guess, that will have to do, thank you." She gives you an appointment card, so you thank her and leave. Closing the door, you tighten your collar, as another wave of snow, reminds you of the terrible conditions.

Follow the Clifftop path to the North, go to 655
Go onto the Beach, go to 664
Go up the steep road to the West, go to 644
Follow the clifftop path, to the South, go to 653

857

You struggle to make it up the slippery wall, close enough to the Window to see inside the dark cell.

If you have DAMIAN GREENE as an ALLY, go to 879
Otherwise, go to 862



858

You knock on the door and are surprised to find it swings ajar. You cannot imagine someone leaving their door open, intentionally in this awful weather. “Hello?..... Hello?” Pushing the door a little further open, you see there is someone, standing inside. A woman, in a nightgown, slowly turning around, to face you. She has long golden hair, down to below her shoulders.... no she is not standing, as her bare feet, are a few inches off the floor. She is suspended by her neck, from a hemp rope, over a joist, in the ceiling. The look on her face is burned into your memory forever, an expression of gagging horror, with her mouth wide open and her eyes rolled back, white.

Roll SANITY

Success, you hold back the terror.

Fail, the scene is like that from a nightmare, LOSE 1D3 SANITY.

Only then do you see the dimly lit room for what it is, a murder scene, bathed in blood. Indeed, there is another body, drenched in red gore, on the carpet, behind a chair. A knife is visible, handle-deep in the victim's back. Looks to be a man, judging by his clothes, but his face is just unrecognisable, as having any human features, at all. Just a bloody pulp, from sustained blunt force trauma.

Roll SANITY

Success, you manage to hold it together.

Fail, LOSE 1D3 SANITY, from the brutal scene

If you lose 5 or more SANITY in total here, Roll INTELLIGENCE

Success, you GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY

Fail, you keep a hold of your faculties and stomach contents.

GAIN BODY as an ALLY. Maybe you should report this to the Police?

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 877

Fail, you decide to shut the door and leave

Follow the clifftop path to the North, go to 654

Descend, onto the beach, go to 663

Head West, up the hill, over the bridge, go to 643

Follow the clifftop path, to the South, go to 652



859

You tell her, your real name and she writes it down, on the visitor's sheet, before telling you, “I’m afraid Mr Green, is not cleared for visitation, since his attempted escape. The Doctors are due to assess him over the next week, to decide his treatment and privileges. I’m afraid you will have to wait until the 10th of November, to find out if it is possible. I’m sorry and hope you have not travelled far, only to have the bad news. You could have rung and maybe should, next week. It is a real shame, as Damian has never had a visitor, before. I’m a big believer in Dr Jennifer Forsythe’s proposed scheme, to get paid regular visitation, from local members, of the community. I don’t believe isolation is best, in every case and Professor Bruen is very progressive in his oversight of the institute. Anyway, I will speak to you next week. Goodbye.”



Follow the Clifftop path to the North, go to 655

Go onto the Beach, go to 664

Go up the steep road to the West, go to 644

Follow the clifftop path, to the South, go to 653

860

A weathered-looking man, with a full, white beard, is sitting in the corner and lights his pipe with a match while eyeing you up. He is wearing a thick collared arran sweater and oilskin trousers. A worn captain’s cap is balanced at an angle on his balding head. There is a silence for a moment, before he speaks, “So..... who might you be?”

You introduce yourself and he says, “Someone mentioned that name, as being the new folk, up at Lombard House?” You nod, to confirm. “Well, in that case, I’m very pleased to meet you and hope you continue, the late Edward’s support of our LifeBoat. He has funded this beautiful boat since the old one was smashed on the rocks 6 years ago. Named it after his late sister and what a beauty she is. Must have saved a hundred lives, since then and it’s all down to Edward Lombard. What a marvellous man he was and terrible to hear of his slow demise. He deserved a better end, that is certain. Anyway, I’m John I’Anson” He gets up from his stool and shales your hands firmly. “I tell you what, come again and I will take you out round the bay. It would be my pleasure and you will see what a fine vessel she is. Perhaps, the best, on the East Coast. There be, no doubt in my mind. Well, I’m off home now, but I will see you again soon hopefully.” At which point, he shows you out and departs into the cottage, next to the Lifeboat House, with a wave.

Go to 666

861*

You slip in the mud, concealed, beneath the soft snow, in the gateway. Sliding, you launch a split second too late and collide with the top bar of the frozen, wooden gate. As you spill over the obstacle and onto the floor, with some concussive force. LOSE 1 HIT POINT, the creature dives above you, a split second later and smashes the top bar, into splinters of wood, that shower you all.

Getting to your feet, you waste no time, as you see the black creature, begin to circle around. It is reduced to a grey blur, at the edge of your vision, behind the persistently, heavy snowfall.

If you came in a vehicle, go to 809

If you try to escape, to the East, on foot, go to 740

862

You look at Greene, through the small aperture and he asks, "So who are you? Another Doctor?" with a strong American accent.

You tell him, in a hushed voice, "No, I am not, I'm here to help you." You introduce yourself.

He looks sceptical and asks, "Why are you here to help me? ... and what help is on offer? Call me cynical, but you obviously ain't the Feds or anyone with authority, or else I'd already be outa here. So quit with the mind games. I'm not falling for it."

"Look, if you don't want my help then just say so," you reply

"Well maybe you are on my team, or maybe, you ain't, but one thing is certain these scumbags upstairs are intending to sacrifice me to their so-called, Elder God. A Great Old One, they call Dagon..... and they intend to do it soon..... they have told me in this very room, that the stars are almost right and when they are I will be offered to the sea, to enhance their occult powers. Yeah, yeah, I know it sounds crazy... and it is ..... but that's what these people believe and are going to do. Look, I came here after investigating a small fishing village in the States, called Innsmouth. It was the same cult and doing horrific rituals with innocent victims sacrificed to the sea. I found some letters while there that led me here and thought the people I spoke to could help me investigate. Turned out, I had spoken to the wrong people and they were actually the ringleaders and cult leaders..... that Blythe and Baptiste who keep me incarcerated here, they are the ones, seduced by dark magic and thoroughly corrupted by ancient evils ..... you've got to believe me, I know it sounds insane .....

I'm just the messenger and victim..... the lunatics are running the Asylum. You gotta get me out..... and you need to do it soon..... or I'm toast..... Jennifer believed me, but I think they have done her in ..... man if only I could get my hands on those fiends.... what I'd do to them!!!! for what they've done to poor Jenny. They'd pay..... they'd pay dear, alright! You've got to get me out, I'm in CELL 21. Get the authorities or go to the American Embassy or something please..... you've got to get me out of here before it's too late..."

If you have the BLUE RING, go to 881

He begins to sob quietly. Roll PSYCHOLOGY [10%]

Success, go to 933

Fail, go to 912

863

"The Asylum?" asks Nora.

"Well, that's what he said lass," says her husband. "You know, it's full of poor lost souls don't you?" he asks.

You confirm your notion, that the patients are poor victims of insanity.

"Well, maybe, but they are all dangerous in there," he says. "That's why I keep that shotgun over the fireplace, many of 'em are murderers, sinners of the worst kind. Don't go feeling too sorry for them, in that mad house."

"Oh Jim, many of them ain't evil, just plagued by demons."

"Maybe you are right lass. Maybe," replies Jim. You drink up your tea and thank them for their hospitality, before heading to the door.

"Pop by again," says Nora as she shows you out, into the falling snow.

Follow the clifftop path to the North, go to 654

Descend, onto the beach, go to 663

Head West, up the hill, on the road, over the bridge, go to 643

Follow the clifftop path, to the South, go to 652

864

The shot seems to hit the mark and a spray of red is visible for a moment before the creature disappears from view. Surely that must have killed that vile monster, you decide. However, you don't relax as you move off along the slippery rocks.

Head north, along the beach, go to 663

Follow the cliffs to the headland, go to 681

865

The Coxswain rings a small bell and the crew spring into action. You are tasked with following their lead and the Cox's instructions. The men are well-versed in launching the AMBER. In quick time, rolling back the shutter door, they pull rope and the wheeled cradle rolls down channels, in the cobbled slipway and down onto the beach. Within minutes, you have all hauled the trailer, to an inlet on the beach and the vessel begins to float. You all board and find your position, facing the stern, where the Cox stands, in his sou'wester. Each crewman is manning an oar. You follow the lead of the experienced crewman sitting in front of each of your PARTY.

Powering on through the breakers you, get a surge of adrenaline, as you feel this is actually, not without risk. However, the vessel proves buoyant and stable, under the Coxswain's expert helm control. You get some good soaking, from the spray and the odd bucket full of water, enters the bottom of the large rowing boat.

Once through the surf, the water deepens and the waves are like rolling hills. Intimidating as they approach above you, but the lifeboat climbs and drops, in a predictable manner. You begin to get some confidence, despite the situation seeming fairly sobering.

Roll CONSTITUTION, for each member of the PARTY.

Success, you have your sea legs and handle the rolling motion.

Fail, you feel unwell and suffer from SEA SICKNESS on this trip. DISADVANTAGE DICE on all Rolls until on land.

Go to 675

866

You sit down, at a table, near the window. The view outside is incredible, as you feel you are basically on the shore itself. The crashing waves on the beach are amazing, to see in the dim light. A local breaks the ice, by saying, "So where are you from then?"

You introduce yourself and explain you are staying at Lombard House. At which, his face lights up, "Oh so you are the new gaffers? Well, you are more than welcome around here. You'll find we buy most of our vegetables and all of our meat, from your farms. Mr Lombard used to make sure he had the lowest prices and despite him not being our landlord, he looked after us, as well. It will be good, to hopefully continue with fair local trade. Don't you agree?"

You nod and he appreciates your response. "Joe, get this one a drink on me." He turns to you and shakes your hand, "I'm Billy Jacobs, one of the fishermen, like my father before me. A pleasure to meet you."

If it is 5th NOVEMBER, go to 883

Otherwise, go to 904

867

The barman takes one look, at you and tells you, "I'm afraid, you have to leave..... now Sir/Madam."

You realise he has deemed you undesirable, in such a high-class, establishment. At first, you feel, a little offended, deciding it is probably best not to make a scene, so head back to reception. However, you quickly consider, how you could try to turn the tables.

Head, for reception, go to 812

or, Roll FAST TALK [5%] or INTIMIDATE [15%]

Success, go to 925

Fail, go to 887



868

"So why did Edward Lombard, go to RavenHall?" You ask, the old man.

"It's them Masons, you know…. Freemasons…. funny handshakes and all that…. funny lot, all secretive and certainly, all influential bigwigs. Who knows what they get up to, in them meetings, there. I know that Doctor Bruen, who runs Boggle 'Ole mad house, he goes. Well, it ain't for the likes of me, that is for sure." He takes another drink of his ale.

"You know that madhouse is full of murderers and worse. That lunatic Matthew Blake, from Statondale, he's locked up there. Too good for him I say it is, he should have gone to the gallows, for what he done. Evil he is and there ain't no excuse to justify what he gone and done to his wife and daughter." He takes another long drink.

"What did he do?" you ask. Immediately, wondering if you should have asked.

"He took an axe to them and stacked them next to the fireplace, like logs. I ain't lying either, because the local copper, John Philips, told me. Anyway, they caught him near Pickering and he was put on Trial at York Crown Court. The crowd were baying for his blood, but Bruen stepped in and declared him insane. Seems the Judge agreed and off he went to a nice padded cell. There was nearly a riot, I heard."

"Thinking about it, the Judge is also a Freemason and I seen him plenty o' times going to RavenHall. Anyway, they are influential people and tight-lipped. I avoid 'em to be honest with you." He finishes his drink and dons his jacket. "So are you one of them there Mason's?" he asks.

Yes, go to 889

No, go to 802

869

"Hang on, I have you down here, on a list of barred individuals. I'm afraid, you will have to leave. I have been informed you are not welcome at this establishment. You will have to write a letter, to the manager, for their consideration. Until then, you will not be admitted to the RavenHall. Now Goodbye."

Again you notice the bell boy, has brought several stewards, to see you off the property. So you quietly leave the building.

Go to 671

870

6th NOVEMBER 1925

You wake, feeling groggy and tired. You recall having some restless dreams, but you cannot remember them. However, after a few minutes, you come round and upon rising, splash water on your face and neck, rousing you quickly, from your lethargy. Dressing, you check in your small travel mirror, that you are presentable. You are starting to look tired, with bags under your eyes. No wonder, this isn't what you had in mind, when you set off to collect some money, 3 days ago. You think of your loved ones and family and how you need to get back to them in one piece, sooner, rather than later, or not at all.

You choose what equipment you decide to carry for the day ahead. You may swap any items in your LUGGAGE for your carried items, or visa versa.

Descending the stairs, you again, nod at the smiling painting, of the late Edward, before entering the Dining Room, for breakfast. Mrs O'Brian greets you and serves you a cup of tea, with bacon on hot buttered toast, plus a side of fried tomato and mushrooms today. It warms you through and you must say it is mighty fine bacon, while you watch the relentless snow falling outside the frosty window. Just then, your ORCHID crumbles to a grey dust and drops to the carpet. You all look baffled at what just happened and even the solicitor admits that it was strange, but probably explainable due to the temperatures it has been exposed to over the last few days.

LOSE ORCHID

"Seems the Russians have executed one of our chaps, as an alleged spy yesterday, I hope this doesn't start another bloody war" comments Mr Grey, the solicitor, as he studies THE TIMES, newspaper. After the food, you sit for a few moments. Wondering what today will bring. No time like the present to find out. Move the TIME to 9.30am

Go to 231

871

You are left standing, amongst the bloodied corpses of so many birds, in the snow. It is a surreal scene, now there is silence. Being spattered in blood and feathers is not pleasant and you wipe it away, with a handful of snow. Only then do you see the glint of metal amongst the bodies, already starting to be covered by the relentless snowfall. You pick up a long SILVER KEY, likely a safe key, in your opinion. It has a strange, threaded end, on the shaft.

GAIN SILVER KEY

Return to the location, where this encounter began at.

872

As the loud clock, strikes 1 O'Clock in the morning, many of the beneficiaries, make their goodnights and retire to their bedrooms. Indeed it has been a very tough day and you are starting to feel rough.

If you wish to stay up, Roll CONSTITUTION

Success, you catch a second wind and can continue until 2am. Go to 231

Fail, you are exhausted and retire to bed. Go to 965

You may choose, to retire to your designated bedroom and SLEEP at any time tonight. If so, go to 965

873

If you have FREEMASONS, as an ALLY, go to 972

You enter the first-floor function room, to find a huge table, but only two men sit around it. One is an ageing gentleman, wearing a pristine white suit and battered fedora hat. He is blowing smoke rings from his pipe. He observes your approach, while the unseen man to his left, is unaware, due to holding up a full sheet newspaper, THE TIMES, that he is reading from aloud, "The body of a middle-aged gentleman, was found on the rail track, just outside of Staxton Station, North Yorkshire, on the afternoon of 3rd November 1925, at around 3 O'Clock. A local farmer, from the bordering village of Flixton, was out fencing, with his son, when they spotted the body immediately after the train, to Scarborough, passed.

The man was found to have died, presumably from the fall. A post-mortem revealed he had indeed suffered a broken neck and fractured skull, from the blunt force trauma. However, bruising on the neck suggests there was an attempt at asphyxiation, before death. Therefore a murder is suspected.

Police spokesman, SuperIntendant Monkfish, has stated, that no identity papers, train ticket, or wallet, were found on the body. Yet the ticket inspector suggests he remembers the man producing a valid ticket, from his wallet. Therefore, the motive is likely theft and investigations are ongoing. Anyone with any information, should ring 999 and ask for the Police." The well-spoken orator lowers the newspaper and only then sees you have arrived.

If you have REVEREND PASHBY as an ALLY, go to 932

Otherwise, go to 930

874

"No, it ain't. The old Alum Works is that ruin o'er there. Shut decades ago, when I was just a lad. Now't there anymore, it all got scrapped, ya see. This building, used to be the manager's office, but my father, bought it off the company and we've lived 'ere since. Many say it's a very isolated place to live, but that's how I like it, to be honest with ya. Can't be doing with people, especially outsiders, they always bring problems with them. So, I bid you good day and I must be getting back to my nice, warm, fire." He gloats, before grunting and slamming the door.

Follow the clifftop path, to the North, go to 653

Climb the hill, using the road, to the South East, go to 661

Cross the railway track to the West, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 641

6 Go to 598

875

In an effort, to escape, you don't hesitate and accelerate your pace to vault the snow-covered, five-bar gate. You can sense the Hunting Horror approaching, out of your peripheral vision, but you can't be distracted, if you are going to make it.

Roll JUMP [20%]

Success, go to 760

Fail, go to 861

876

"Robin Hoods Bay?" parrots Jim. "Well, be sure to get a pint at the Bay Hotel. Can't go wrong with the ale in there. Oh, maybe that's not your thing, thinking about it. Visit the Fish and Chip shop and tell 'em I sent you. Their cod is cooked to perfection, in my opinion, it's the best Chippy, in Yorkshire. Don't get me wrong, some of the locals are a bit funny but overall they are good folk."

You drink your tea and Nora says, "The people there are lovely and many of them, have risked their lives to save people, in peril, on the sea. Only last month, the lifeboat rescued 7 men from the stricken trawler, ANGEL, off the rocks, at Peak. The lifeboat Coxswain, John I'Anson, is a brave man and must have saved dozens, in his time. Apparently, he was in submarines, during the Great War. I bet he has some amazing stories."

"Anyhow, you keep safe in the storm and best wishes. Feel free to visit again sometime. It has been our pleasure, to meet you. Take care."

Follow the clifftop path to the North, go to 654
Descend, onto the beach, go to 663
Head West, up the hill, on the road, over the bridge, go to 643
Follow the clifftop path, to the South, go to 652

877

You notice above the fireplace, where most farmers would keep a shotgun, there is a rack, but the firearm is missing. That is when you see, on the kitchen table a saw and some piping, that you realise must be the barrels of a 12 gauge. You presume the murderer, has armed themselves with a sawn-off shotgun, which is a very worrying prospect, judging by their brutality against these poor innocent farming folk.

You decide it, it is best to leave, as you certainly do not want to be accused of this heinous double murder. One thing is for certain, you realise, that no mercy has been shown here and you deem, maybe that is what needs to be applied, to the perpetrator, if you come across them.

Follow the clifftop path to the North, go to 654
Descend, onto the beach, go to 663
Head West, up the hill, on the road, over the bridge, go to 643
Follow the clifftop path, to the South, go to 652

878

You look around the office, but all that draws your eye is a piece of paper in the top drawer, that has Damian Greene written on it, numerous times in heavy, block capitals. Near the bottom of the page, there is the word JENNY, which has been crossed out, so many times the paper has begun to tear. How very, odd. You wonder which insane inmate, wrote this obsessive doodle, as surely, this isn't the work of a qualified Doctor..... because you can actually read it. Chuckling, at your own little joke, you decide to leave, before you are caught and return to the corridor.

Go to 901

879

Looking inside the tiny cell window, you struggle to see if anyone is inside, "Damian, are you there?" you whisper.

After a short pause, there is a reply, "I'm here. Look, you need to hurry and get me out. It's that Baptiste and Blythe, are worshippers of the Sea. They have said, the stars will be right, on November the 8th. They have told me, that is when, I will be sacrificed, to Father Dagon. For God's sake, don't delay, you've got to contact the American embassy. Please, I'm begging you, I don't want to die. Dr Jenny said she would go to the Embassy and raise the alarm, but I think they have done her in.

Listen, they have told me, the high priest has arrived, from over the sea, to run the occult ceremony, in which I will perish. There is no time to lose. You've got to help me, please. I can't sleep and they are fasting me, to prepare for the ritual. I feel weak and can't escape, without your help... you're my only hope..... Someone is coming, you've got to go."

At this point, you hear a jangling of keys and the cell door clanking. You decide it's best, to get out of here, now and climb back down to the riverbed, before making it out, onto the road.

Go to 654

880

LOSE All members of the PARTY.

You wake to find someone with you, in the bed. What? Who?

You turn, to find yourself looking into, the vampire woman's, glowing red eyes!

Roll POWER

Success, you resist her hypnotic gaze, go to 952

Fail, you succumb to her will, go to 955

881

You show him the FBI ring and his face lights up. "You found it? You know I'm telling you the truth, now go to the American Embassy and get them to come here and check, but tell them my life is under immediate threat, or who knows how long it might take them to follow up, your report. Whatever you do, for God's sake, don't go to the local police, like I did, when I tried to report the nefarious and criminal activities, being carried out on these premises. They will just arrest you and bring you here to be admitted.

Shame I blew my only chance to get out of here, by crashing the car. I thought I was home free and just driving through the woods up there and this huge Wolf like creature leapt onto the bonnet and caused me to hit a tree. It was like a Dog and a man.... must be something to do with their cult, I guess. Lord knows, why it didn't finish me off, maybe it's because the cultists tell me I am anointed now and chosen, just for Dagon."

You realise, this man must be delusional, to have such an excuse, for his botched escape attempt. It is amazing how believable lunatics can be. He sees the look of disbelief, on your face and follows up with, "Look pal, if you think I'm crazy, then how the hell did I even get out of here and have the keys for the car?" You look baffled now he asks. "Well, it's because, someone knew, I was telling the truth and gave me the keys ..... that someone is now missing and that isn't anything to do with me ..... I think they done her in ..... poor Jenny." He looks at you, " It was Dr Jennifer Forsythe, she helped me escape, but I've not seen her since, so think they must have dealt with her and done her in." He looks devastated, "Poor Jenny. If I can get my hands on Baptiste and Blythe, boy am I gonna make 'em pay! They'd pay alright!!!"

You realise your time is up and you are not going to get anymore useful information from this resident, of the institution.. You leave, despite his quiet protests, to try and break him out, right now. Somehow, no one sees you leave. It is snowing heavily again and you decide, not to linger.



GAIN DAMIAN GREENE as an ALLY

Follow the Clifftop path to the North, go to 655

Go onto the Beach, go to 664

Go up the steep road to the West, go to 644

Follow the clifftop path, to the South, go to 653

882

You dash for the only available cover, the blackened tree trunk, with a small hollow underneath. There's not enough room to shelter in.

If you arrived here by MAGIC, go to 178

Otherwise, the creature swoops rapidly over and attempts to snare YOU, with its long prehensile tail.

Roll DODGE

Success, go to 875

Fail, Roll TO HIT (GRASP 65%).

Success, go to 890

Fail, the hovering Hunting Horror, misses and you manage to get off a shot, or, Melee Attack.

Roll TO HIT, with an Advantage Dice.

Extreme Fail, the gun is jammed and you miss your next action, to clear the malfunction.

Fail, is simply a miss.

Success, results in a HIT.

Extreme Success, is an IMPALE.

Roll Damage, for any hits. However, the Creature has 9 points of Armour deducted from each wound.

Deduct any remaining Damage from the Horrors 26 HIT POINTS (less if you have already wounded it, in this encounter).

If the Horror is reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, go to 720

If all Investigators are Killed, go to 1132

Otherwise, go to 875

883

"We are having a bonfire tonight, for the celebrations. You are welcome to join us. Obviously, we have a Guy to burn and some toffee apples. Hopefully, I will see you at the top of the village, by the train station later. It's been a pleasure to meet you. If you ever want any fish, let me know."

"I best be going. The pleasure has been all mine." You say, as you drink up and fasten your coat. Heading back outside, you realise just how nice and warm it was in the Bay Hotel.

GAIN BILLY JACOBS as an ALLY

Go to 666

884*

You make up a fake name and the receptionist writes it down.

Roll LUCK

Extreme Success, go to 816

Otherwise, go to 898

885

"Lombard House, eh?" asks Jim, sitting up, in his armchair.

"Yes, that's right," you confirm while enjoying your tea.

"It's known round here as being haunted, you know?" says Nora.

"Really? What do people say?" you enquire.

"They say, there is a ghost at the gateway, of Amber Lombard. She was run over and killed, by the recently deceased Edward Lombard, her brother. Personally, I don't believe in ghosts," replies Jim. "But my wife here does believe in the supernatural."

"It is real Darling," explains Nora, "I've seen a ghost myself at the Old Priory in Scarborough. The Grey Nun, she was called by locals. Well, I didn't believe it, until one day I had forgotten my bag and went back alone, after dark, to retrieve it. Well, there she was walking down the moonlit corridor, until she turned and walked through a solid wall, right in front of my eyes. Well, I never went back alone, after that."

"Anyway, you take care, now. The ghosts can't hurt you, they are just shadows of the past, if you ask me. Please call again, anytime. It has been our pleasure to make your acquaintance." says Jim as he shows you out into the snow and closes the door.

Follow the clifftop path to the North, go to 654

Descend, onto the beach, go to 663

Head West, up the hill, on the road, over the bridge, go to 643

Follow the clifftop path, to the South, go to 652

886*

COMBAT

You line up your firearm, on the bobbing target, in the grey-green sea. This isn't going to be easy. It is a small, moving target at a distance. You brace yourself on the rocks and spend a moment aiming, before squeezing off a shot.

Roll TO HIT, with a DISADVANTAGE DICE

Success, go to 864

Fail, you miss and the creature dives underwater.

Head north, along the beach, go to 663

Follow the cliffs to the headland, go to 681

887

"Don't you know who I am? This is outrageous! I demand to see the manager! I will have your job for this!" you rant, to see how he handles a scene.

However, he handles it brilliantly and explains, "I am the manager's son and yes, I do know, who you are and you are not welcome here. Now get out, before I have you thrown out. You are barred, from this establishment, forthwith. We do not yield to threats from Rifraf. Now, goodbye." You notice several stewards have arrived and stand ready to remove you from the building. So, you decide you'll leave under your own steam and walk outside the hotel, shadowed by the uniformed men.

Well, that didn't go well, you think to yourself.

GAIN BARRED

Go to 671

888

If you have HARPOON, go to 1152

You are knocked, from the violently pitching boat and tipped into the wild North Sea. You go under for a few seconds before your cork life preserver brings you to the surface and you gasp for air. The water is freezing and the shock, to your body, is jarring. From this low in the water, you struggle to see anything. Where is the boat, you wonder, as you are so disorientated. Then you see it as you ride the top of a rolling wave. The tall dorsal fin. A huge black blade, cutting through the grey/green water, towards you. You see the spray from the fins bow wave, as the unseen threat, powers closer. You've never felt more defenceless, in your life.

Roll SANITY

Success, you hold your nerve and ready yourself.

Fail, you begin to panic and know in your heart, that you are going to die a horrible death, LOSE 1D3 SANITY

Go to 902

889

"Yes, I'm a Freemason," you respond and then see his face drop.

"Well, goodnight to you all. Nice to meet thee." he tips his cap and so does his silent partner, before they leave.

Take his seat, at the bar, go to 849

Drink up and Leave, go to 660

890

The Hunting Horror snares you in its prehensile tail and you find yourself immobilised in its overpowering coils. The giant creature flaps its umbrella-like wings and ascends into the falling snow. Climbing higher and higher, it is soon out of sight of the PARTY and the Main Investigator is never seen, ever again.

The PARTY returns to Lombard House (+4 TIME) and you must select a new main investigator from the remaining PARTY.

Go to 231

891

"Lombard House? Well, it's down that way, over the peak and down beyond Statondale. Never been there myself, you know, but I've heard plenty about the place. My late father, told me, he had seen things there, when passing, one night. He said he'd seen weird things that scared him half t' death. Now, my Dad, he weren't no liar, nor were he a lunatic about anything else in his life. He used to just say it as it is. Like a true Yorkshireman..... but, Lombard House, he told me had terrible horrors, hunting round the edge, of that estate. He said, he would never go near there again, after dark and made me promise I wouldn't either. Now, I was the type, to just think he was winding me up, at the time, but the next day, after he had come home, all in a lather and all fretted, well his hair.... it all went white, overnight. Honest to God." He looks you, square in the eyes and you can see the truth, in his own, adding, "He told me, that place is cursed and he were never wrong about nowt, in his life, I can tell you that.!

Anyway, I wish you luck if you are going there, as it's a place surrounded by bad luck, rumours and death. None of them Lombards, are 'ere anymore, for a start. Terrible shame, as they were all decent folk, but my Father, told me his friend knew a bricklayer, who had helped build the folly and while there, he had nearly got blown from the high tower and only saved from falling to his death, by his quick thinking workmate. He said it was just like someone pushed him, rather than the wind, itself. After that, he always tied himself to something and said he felt like he was being watched." He tells you with sincerity, creating a tense atmosphere.

"Anyway, You stay safe now, you hear. Goodbye, now. I'm off back to the fire." He closes the door and leaves you standing in the falling snow.

Follow the clifftop path, to the North, go to 653

Climb the hill, using the road, to the South East, go to 661

Cross the railway track to the West, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 641

6 Go to 598

892

The door is opened promptly by a pretty middle-aged woman, with a smile and her long golden hair, is neatly platted. “Oh, Hello, please do come in, out of the horrible weather, why don’t you?” She invites you in by the fire and closes the door. “You look nithered. Warm yourself by the fire,” and she shows you, to the hearth.

“We don’t get many visitors, this time of year, but we never turn anyone away, that’s right isn’t it Jim?” Only then do you notice she is talking to a tired-looking man, sitting in an armchair.

“Aye, she is right, we never turn no folk away. We like to think we treat our fellow man, like our own. That’s what the vicar tells us, we should be doing. I'm Jim Jones and this is my wife, Nora.” he explains.

You introduce yourselves as she hands you all, a cup of tea that she pours, from the cosied pot on the kitchen table. You certainly appreciate the hospitality and certainly, enjoy the warmth. “So where are you going, in such bad conditions?” asks Nora.

“Robin Hoods Bay”, go to 876

“Boggle Hole”, go to 863

“RavenHall”, go to 851

“Lombard House”, go to 885

893

You move into a dark sea cave, where there is a small recess, in the rock. The dank cave is green with slime and the dark rocks on the floor are very slippery. A large slimy boulder is in the centre, of the tunnel, but doesn't block the way. Once around the rock, you see the chamber doesn’t go that much further, but at the back of the cave is a raised plinth of natural bedrock. You can tell, the cave, must get submerged on high tides, judging by the seaweed and shellfish clinging to the stone.

If you have PROFESSOR BAPTISTE as an ALLY, go to 1160

Search the cave, Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 907

If you arrived here by MAGIC, you can choose to go to 178, to return.

Leave the cave, by the entrance, go to 654

894

Gripping the oars tightly, you put your back into it, with deep, long strokes. You all power for the shore, where you initially launched, the lifeboat. Coxswain I’Anson warns you all to row, as fast as you can, when he gives the signal. Tension builds as you sit out back, of the white water and the Coxswain, counts in a set of 7 waves, before shouting “ROW LADS, ROW!”

Roll 1D6 and deduct the number of PARTY Members, suffering SEA SICKNESS.

If the result is less than 0, make a LUCK Roll. If you fail, go to 928

Otherwise, go to 949

895

You are picked up, in the vast creature’s, sharklike mouth. Blood spills from your shattered body. The last thing you see, is the snowy ground, receding, as you are carried away into the frozen night. You lose consciousness and then, the battle to stay alive. The darkness takes you and your soul.

Other members of the PARTY must Roll SANITY, failure means they lose 1 SANITY from the trauma, of your fatal abduction. (not affected by Orchid)

The PARTY returns to Lombard House (+4 TIME) and you must select a new, Main Investigator, from the remaining PARTY members.

Go to 231

896

Well, it is certainly not a whale or a fish. Perhaps it is the top of an octopus? You begin to worry. Maybe it is a Kraken or some other dreaded sea monster. You quickly decide to :

Shoot at the creature, go to 886

Head North along the beach, go to 663

Follow the cliffs to the rock shelf, go to 682

897

You go into the Alley and into a tiny Fish & Chip shop. The bell rings as you close the door behind you. It is nice, to be in a warm room, out of the horrendous weather. The smell of frying is overwhelming and makes you even more hungry.

The young girl behind the counter takes your order for Haddock and chips and takes your money. As you wait for the food to be ready, the fish fryer, a gruff, bearded man, comes in from the back room and starts to make some small talk to pass the time.

"So, just visiting Robin Hoods Bay?" you nod. "Well, we don't get many visitors this time of year. You can see why." He laughs, indicating the awful weather through the window. "You must be mad to be out in this storm. No offence, like. I don't mean proper mad, like those at Boggle Hole. More like, a bit funny, such as those from Scarborough." He laughs at his joke, which makes little sense to you as an outsider to this tiny village.

Finally, your fish is fried. The girl wraps it in newspaper before handing it over the counter to you with a smile.

Go to 666

898

The receptionist informs you, "I'm afraid Mr Green has not been cleared for visitation since his attempted escape. The Doctors are due to assess him over the next week, to decide his treatment and privileges. I'm afraid you will have to wait until the 10th of November to find out if it is possible. I'm sorry and hope you have not travelled far only to discover the bad news. You should have rung. Indeed, maybe you should, next week. It is a real shame, as Damian has never had a visitor before, like many other inmates here. Anyway, I will speak to you next week, perhaps it is best to phone us on Robin Hoods Bay 963. Goodbye, for now."

You leave and :

Follow the Clifftop path to the North, go to 655

Go onto the Beach, go to 664

Go up the steep road to the West, go to 644

Follow the clifftop path, to the South, go to 653

899*

As you try the small door of the Raven Public House, you find it is locked and the Bar, appears closed. What a shame, as you really fancied a drink and some respite from the icy weather.

Go to 660

900*

COMBAT

The flock of crows regroup up above you, numbering many adult birds and they make a hellish cacophony of caws, before diving down to attack. You've never seen anything like this whirlwind of bloodthirsty, corvids. You feel vulnerable out here, but there is no time to reach cover. You can try to shoot them, in the hope of scaring them off or killing as many as possible.

Each member of the PARTY gets to shoot. Melee Weapons, may also be used.

Roll to HIT with an advantage dice, from close range

Success, Roll DAMAGE.

If over 20 combined damage, inflicted this round, Go to 871

Otherwise, every member of the party LOSES 1 HIT POINT. Go back to start of 900

901

She agrees to let you through into the Asylum and hands you a pass, to clip onto your coat lapel. Walking casually, through the swing doors, you decide to head for :

The Basement Cells, looking for Damian Greene, go to 940

The Offices, go to 924

The Records department, go to 814

The Top floor cells, looking for Damian Greene, go to 980



902

As the massive, black dorsal fin approaches, you quickly ponder how you intend to tackle this life-or-death encounter. Yet, before you have to make the unwanted choice, someone grabs your collar from behind and you are quickly hauled into the boat, by 3 of the crew. You see the fin turn away and is joined by the second before they move off towards the deeper sea to the East.

Once at the bottom of the boat, you cough out plenty of the seawater, that you had inhaled, during the calamity. Yet, you are alive and still in one piece. The Coxswain looks at you and says, "I think that's enough training for today, let us head for home boys. Can't say I've ever been rammed by Killer Whales before, but there is a first time for everything, I guess," before steering AMBER, North West and the crew row, with purpose.

Go to 675

903

The snow ceases, for a brief moment and a ray of winter sun breaks through a gap in the rapidly moving clouds. You get to feast your eyes, on a clear vista across the bay and out to sea, for a few brief moments.

The golden sands to your North, look inviting and contrast the stark black and white countryside visible beyond the cliffs and around the village, you can clearly see. As you go to observe the South, you notice a well-camouflaged creature amongst the rocks. It is a seal, it looks at you with large bulbous eyes, before deciding to head towards the water. As it wiggles across the bedrock, you realise there are several more, that also begin to join the stampede. They make it into the sea and bob about, watching you, with their low-domed heads and eyes, visible above the murky water. You think they must be waiting, for you to leave, before returning to the shore.

A fishing boat is visible now and again, amongst the moving mounds of the North Sea. The huge swell of the waves seems to dwarf you, now you are at sea level and you realise, how little chance you would have, in that dark, cold water.

Head up the steep cliff path, to the West, go to 671

Follow the shore, to the Northwest, into the bay, go to 662

Make your way along the base of the cliffs, to the South, go to 680

904

You enjoy the peace and quiet, of the public bar. The seats, near the fire, are comfortable enough, to feel you could nod off. After a drink, you decide it's best to leave before you fall asleep. Thanking the barman, you head back outside, into the snow.

Go to 666

905

As you approach the Mental Asylum, a car pulls up, by the footbridge. You are surprised to see two uniformed policemen, get out and walk into the large building. A third man is left, inside the rear of the black Police car. You can see his hands are handcuffed to a metal rail. He gets your attention by whistling through the open window and saying in an American accent, "You've got to help me, I'm an F.B.I. agent, my name is Agent Damian Greene. I'm being held here, against my will. Please, contact the American Embassy and tell them I am here. These people are lying about me and I'm not insane. You've got to listen to me, they plan to kill me, soon. I escaped, but crashed my escape vehicle, when the Dogman, jumped out of the forest. When I came too, I was in the Police cells and they wouldn't believe me and just brought me back, here. The Doctors are going to sacrifice me soon. Please help me, please!"

"Sure they are!" says, the Policeman and pair of orderlies, who come back out of the Asylum. Under protest, they remove the American inmate from the car and walk him over the footbridge, into the Asylum.

Enter the Asylum, go to 825

Follow the Clifftop path to the North, go to 655

Go onto the Beach, go to 664

Go up the steep road to the West, go to 644

Follow the clifftop path, to the South, go to 653

906

You spot something in the broiling sea, amongst the white-topped waves. Something alive, judging by its movement and your intuition, that it has eyes. Large bulbous eyes, on the front of its rounded head, bobbing above the waves. It is hard to make out, in the dim light and poor conditions, but you see it submerge and then break the surface again, further to your right.

Roll NATURAL WORLD [10%]

Success, go to 934

Fail, go to 896

907

You potter around the sea cave, while the strong smell of the sea salt clears your sinuses. Behind some boulders, in a corner, you find a full bottle of COGNAC under some flotsam and seaweed. Reading the label, it appears to be continental in origin.

GAIN BOTTLE OF SPIRITS, if you wish.

There is little else, amongst the trash line, other than a few bits of rope, probably from fishing nets. You turn your attention to the bedrock plinth, at the back of the cave and find there is a metal stud, several feet above the floor. Upon inspection, it is a fairly recent addition, as the stainless steel is still fairly bright with no deep rust. You wonder what the purpose was for hammering it into a crack, here. In an alcove, at the back, you find a box of 6 candles

As you turn to leave, you notice the large boulder near the entrance, which also has some metal work, protruding from it. A coarse, eroded cast iron eyelet, embedded deep into the rock. Again, you wonder what practical use it would have. Certainly doesn't seem a good place, to tether a boat.

Go to 664

908

As the loud clock, strikes 1 O'Clock in the morning, many of the beneficiaries, make their goodnights and retire to their bedrooms. Indeed it has been a very tough day and you are starting to feel rough.

If you wish to stay up, Roll CONSTITUTION

Success, you catch a second wind and can continue your search, until 2am. Go to 231

Fail, you are exhausted and must retire to bed. Go to 931

You may choose to retire to your designated bedroom and SLEEP at any time tonight. If so, go to 931

909

If you have WOMENS MASONS, as an ALLY, go to 941

Walking into the meeting, you find there are only two women present. This isn't like the usual Masonic meetings, one would expect. The well-to-do pair of robed ladies, look surprised to see you walk in and take a seat, at the large table.

"Welcome, to the RavenHall Masonic Lodge meeting of November 1925. I will now bring this function to an open and greet our guests from?" says the spectacled lady, wearing what you can only describe as a wizard's outfit, complete with rune-decorated sash.

You introduce yourself and where you are from, which the younger of the two ladies, writes down with quill and ink. "I am Master Mason, Adelaide Litten. I welcome you to this Lodge Ceremony, as a visitor and our guest."

Drinks are ordered and you all begin to chatter before a small platter, of seafood is brought out. Shrimps, calamari, edible crab, Queen scallops, lobster, muscles, winkles, kippers, mackerel, sea trout, salmon and tuna steaks. With many more seafood dishes, such as lemon sole and place, with Cod, haddock and even deep-fried eels. Some of it is certainly an acquired taste.

You learn that the other woman, is the village schoolteacher, Miss Lucy Bains and she is appears very astute and knowledgeable character. She wears old-fashioned jewellery and her makeup is minimal. However, she seems friendly and keen to chat about the worsening weather, being related to pollution, from burning massive amounts of coal and polluting the atmosphere. She tells you a horror story, of visiting London and her then-friend, succumbing to the terrible smog and dying within days. Adelaide Litten, watches on, shaking her head slightly, as Lucy tells the story. Once she gets a chance, she asks about your visit.

TIME +3

GAIN WOMEN'S MASONS, as an ALLY

"I'm staying at Lombard House, as a benefactor." go to 951

"I wondered if you could tell me about local legends" go to 969

"Are there any men around here, I should be wary of?" go to 935

910

If you are inside a building or vehicle, go to 920

If you are outside a building, go to 900

911

The tower of sandstone that has separated from the main cliff, falls down, towards the beach. As you dash away, towards the sea and safety, it hits the bottom and explodes into shards of sharp rock.

The SLOWEST PARTY MEMBER (or members) LOSE 1D3 HIT POINTS from the natural shrapnel.

Head North, along the shore, go to 666

Follow the shore, to the South, go to 664

912

You decide this man's story is unbelievable. He is a lunatic, lost in his own fantasy. You don't wish to be dragged down with him and feel being caught here, isn't going to help your situation. Despite his protests, you leave, removing yourself from the influence of his madness.

Somehow, no one sees you leave and you slip away, into the thick blizzard. It is freezing, with the icy winds off the sea, being channelled up the narrow gorge. Certainly not somewhere, to linger.

Follow the Clifftop path to the North, go to 655

Go onto the Beach, go to 664

Go up the steep road to the West, go to 644

Follow the clifftop path, to the South, go to 653

913

Your eyes lock, with his and you are lost in the constellations and nebula, flowing through his pupils. Falling through the stars, you get a feeling of the unknown. You cannot put your finger on it, but there is something special, about this well dressed, gentleman. It's like he has a magnetism and an air of authority. Yet an authority, over what exactly, you do not begin to fathom.

He continues, looking into your eyes, as he puffs, on the bone pipe. His face is illuminated, with an orange glow, from the bowl of the carved pipe. You hear the tobacco burning, a sizzling hiss...

He blows smoke, in your face. At that moment, you burn your finger and drop the spent match, onto the stone floor, breaking your deep eye contact. He smiles and nods, perhaps, as a thank you gesture, before leaving, through the Hotel's front door.

GAIN LOVECRAFT as an ALLY

GAIN MARK

Go to 866

914

You reveal the FOSSIL that you found on the beach. Wendy gives a sigh of excitement. "Well, you are full of surprises," she exclaims, as he studies the prehistoric specimen, through her glasses. While still looking at all the details, she suggests, "You have discovered a miracle, here, my friend. For, this is no ammonite, or regular crustacean of the Jurassic, or Cretaceous era. This, my friend, is Cambrian, although that will have to be confirmed, of course. But I think from seeing thousands of samples, this rock strata and tiny shell, are indicators of perhaps 500 million years ago. The size of the actual tentacles is staggering considering they make up 95% of the animal and there is indication of eyes and a sharp beak. Some form of cephalopod that is not, so far in the fossil record, until now. You have discovered something amazing..... a missing link in evolution. Bravo!" He actually, gives you a round of applause and is visibly excited by the magnitude of your fluke find. She takes details, of the location and says, she will organise a field trip from the University, as soon as possible. She also advises, you to donate the specimen to the Natural History Museum, in London and you say you will consider her advice.

After another round of celebratory drinks, the Rutherfords, say their farewells, as they are retiring, to their room to continue their studies. They ask for you to contact them at Oxford University and perhaps you could arrange a field trip, together, in the future.

GAIN RUTHERFORDS, as an ALLY

Go to 958

915

The CLOUGHTON platform offers a waiting room to shelter from the weather and a timetable showing you can catch a train to any station to the North or South. You may use the Waiting room to turn the dice to the desired train arrival TIME.

These are listed with a TIME cost to arrive at the destination:

On the half hour, a train arrives, if you wish to travel North:

Hayburn Wyke, 1 TIME, go to 574

Ravenscar, 3 TIME, go to 660

Robin Hoods Bay, 5 TIME, go to 657

Whitby, 7 TIME, go to 974

On the Hour, a train arrives if you wish to travel South:

Scarborough, 2 TIME, go to 977

If you wish to leave the platform and go to Cloughton Village, go to 1028

916

You descend into an awful nightmare, the worst so far. Vivid in places and forgettable in others, it makes no sense from what you can recall. However, it wakes you, with a feeling of sheer panic. The bed sheet is soaked with sweat, so you presume, the dream must have lasted a fair while.

One thing you can remember is that there were strange flying creatures pursuing you, through this dreamscape and there were megaliths. It was harrowing. You feel more drained than any nightmare, has ever impacted you, ever before.

Each member of the PARTY must Roll below.

Roll TWICE on this table. 1D6

1	LOSE 1 HIT POINT
2	LOSE 1 POWER
3	LOSE 1 STRENGTH
4	LOSE 1 SANITY
5	LOSE 1 LUCK
6	LOSE 1 CONSTITUTION

Go to 959

917

You open the shop door and a loud bell is knocked into action, above your head. The familiar bell of any local shop in England. Closing the door quickly, to seal out the horrid snowstorm, you enjoy the warmth and peace, of the local shop. It is small and lined with shelves, that are packed full of products. From boxes of soap powder to bags of flour, there is everything a household would require, in these modern times of the 20's. Canned foods and boxed supplies are everywhere.

Behind a counter, a wrinkled old lady, stands, watching you with a squint, through her small, thick, spectacles. A shawl covers her greying hair and fragile shoulders. No doubt, to keep her warm, in these poor temperatures. Yet a fire can be seen burning, in the back room, through the open door.

"What can I be getting you, on such a terrible day? Perhaps I could interest you in an umbrella, or some galoshes?" asks the shopkeeper. You look around and consider what to buy, in this establishment, that you might need. Perhaps an umbrella, or galoshes, is not such a bad idea. Looking behind the counter, there are rows of jars, of boiled sweets and above them, a selection of books. Many are Reader's Digest and Bronte Sister's novels. You notice one is a local Ordnance Survey Map-book.

After a little browsing, you purchase these items:

10 Shotgun Shells, 12 Gauge
COMPASS (+10% Navigation)
3 LOCAL MAPS (GAIN All Local Maps 79, 279 and 317)

The old woman is happy to take your money and says it is a shame, you have come to visit in such bad weather, as the Moors are beautiful, on a nice day. She thanks you, for your trade and explains you are her last customer, as she is just closing and off to visit family in Leeds, for a week.

As you leave, she follows you to spin the sign, to CLOSED and locks the door, behind you.

Go to 1028

918

Hearing the Dinner Gong, you congregate in the Dining room as the grandfather clock chimes one. Mrs O'Brian is cheerful and reveals a spread of amazing toasted sandwiches. There are several fillings, from shrimp, crab and tuna to mushrooms, hams and cheese. She serves a large china tea urn for you all, to enjoy with fresh milk and sugar lumps. A small slice of trifle is served for anyone still wanting more. Over the delicious buffet, you chatter to the other benefactors and end up with Kenneth Richardson. He is an interesting man, as he is obviously, a little more working class than the other guests. He says he is an engineer and apprentice trained, mainly dealing with steam turbines and engines. You notice his collar has some oil on it and his cap, certainly smells of soot. He explains, in a Lancashire twang, that he has a love of all things "Kingdom Brunel," and that is why while in the Great War, he had found himself in the 3rd Tank Corp. He says he picked up some spall, a type of shrapnel inside tanks. Anyway, that is how he happened to meet Edward Lombard, on a hospital ship coming back to Old Blighty.

The luncheon ends, with everyone feeling sated and ready to carry on their investigations into the Legacy of Lombard House.

If the PARTY is short of a member, you may recruit a PREGEN now.

If any of your PARTY have gone Temporarily Insane, go to 992

Otherwise, move TIME to 1.30pm, 5th November, go to 231

919

"I'm investigating Edward Lombard's death," you announce while looking for a reaction. "I'm staying at Lombard House, at the moment." They raise their thick eyebrows.

"Well, I don't think there is much to investigate," replies the Judge, "Edward's post-mortem said he died of heart problems, caused by his diagnosed anaemia. Despite iron tablets and other remedies, over the last few years, his health declined and his anaemia persisted. He always looked in poor health, these last few years and seemed to decline from one Masonic meeting to the next. It was not pleasant to watch, as his friends. However, we always tried to remain positive and he never complained at all, despite his shortness of breath, yellowing skin and obvious fatigue. He was a fighter and kept going when many would have given up. I suggest he died a natural but unpleasant death, in his bed, just like the inquest found, last week."

"I will miss him", says the Reverend. "I used to have him round for tea, once a week and his mind was still as sharp, as ever. He could debate with the best of them, especially on theological matters." He laughs, "Yes, he would always like to discuss, what the purpose of Gods is, rather than their existence. Yet, I think he went downhill, upon hearing of his brother's demise. As he was missing in action, there was never any closure, for poor Edward and personally, I think that contributed to his failing health." The vicar takes another tipple from his glass. "I tell you what, I would love to call by Lombard House, sometime. As I have never actually managed to get inside. Edward would always take me for a walk down to the Wyke, or visit me. So I would be intrigued to finally have a look around."

GAIN REVEREND PASHBY as an ALLY

Go to 956

920

You notice, through the window, a sudden gathering of a flock of crows, gathering, loudly, outside. They are so many in number, that they block out most of the ambient sunlight. Suddenly, you realise, they are descending and strike the glass window, in numbers, but it holds. Then, they are heard to have entered the air vent, or chimney and the manic cawing is almost deafening. Then there is an explosion of dust and one large crow makes it in there with you.

Roll TO HIT, with any weapon, with a DISADVANTAGE DICE

Success, go to 947

Fail, go to 979

921

Everyone slumps into a chair. Amazed and confounded at what they just witnessed.

The Reverend seems drained, as if drunk. He doesn't look well, at all. He says he thinks, it best if he goes home and gets some bed rest. He is quiet and exhausted, from what you can tell. The solicitor enters the room and looks concerned, so he offers to take the clergyman home. Everyone agrees that is a good idea and thanks him for his blessing, of Lombard House.

If anyone is TEMPORARILY INSANE, the Solicitor returns with an ambulance, from Boggle Hole and those affected, are admitted to the Asylum. They may be collected tomorrow, from Dr Blythe, at Boggle Hole. Make a note.

The rest of you decide a glass of gin is in order, before getting on.

Set TIME to 8.30PM, 7th NOVEMBER, 1925

Go to 231

922

You descend into an awful nightmare, the worst so far. Vivid in places and forgettable in others, it makes no sense from what you can recall. However, it wakes you, with a feeling of wild panic. The bed sheet is soaked with sweat, so you presume, the dream must have lasted a fair while.

One thing you can remember is that there were strange flying creatures pursuing you, through this dreamscape and there were megaliths. It was harrowing. You feel more drained than any nightmare, has ever impacted you, ever before. Roll for each member of the PARTY below.

Roll TWICE on this table. 1D6

1-2	LOSE 1 POWER
3	LOSE 1 STRENGTH
4	LOSE 1 SANITY
5	LOSE 1 LUCK
6	LOSE 1 CONSTITUTION

Go to 987

923

A steward knocks on the function room door and enters. He delivers a letter to the Judge, who promptly opens it. As he reads it, he tells the staff member, "Tell my man, to have the car ready to go, immediately," who nods, then promptly leaves.

"Seems, I am needed in York, to preside over a murder case, that one of my peers was Judging. However, the Rt. Hon Judge Alistair Hurst, a good friend of mine, has been taken seriously ill and I must step in for him." He stands and shakes everyone's hand, before heading for the door. "This Meeting of the Masonic Order is now here-by closed. See you all at the next one, just before Christmas." he declares over his shoulder. Everyone stands and finishes their drinks while bidding each other farewell.

GAIN FREEMASONS as an ALLY

Go to 812

924

You find your way into the main offices and giving people the slip, you discover the facilitator's main headquarters, is an opulent leathered office in a deep green, with gold inlays and details. On the desk, a strange ebony statue, of a squat octopus-type creature, is apparently being used as a paperweight. It is a little unsettling, as it looks almost lifelike.

You begin to search around, seizing the opportunity.

Roll SPOT HIDDEN [25%]

Success, go to 957

Fail, go to 878

925

"Oh, of course, my mistake. I do apologise," says the barman. "I thought you were someone else. I'm so dreadfully sorry. I do beg your pardon. Please have a complimentary drink, on the house." He pours you the finest tipple, of your choice, as a triple.

You accept graciously and defuse the situation, now, that you are allowed into the exclusive Bar.

Go to 939

926

"Oh, so you don't think it's haunted, after all we have heard about the place? What a shame," exclaims Lucy.

"Come now, surely you've seen something?" probes Adelaide. "We've been told about apparitions of Edward's sister by the gate and many of the locals avoid the place at night, as supposedly something horrific hunts people around the edge of the trees. Surely, it isn't all just made-up nonsense?"

"I'm afraid I haven't seen any such things," you declare, to avoid sensationalism spreading or damaging your reputation. After all, gossip is what these meetings are all about. So you stick to your line, of denial and try to change the subject.

"I wondered if you could tell me about local legends" go to 969

"Are there any men around here, I should be wary of?" go to 935

"Thank you for having me, but I've go to be going now." go to 812

927

As you walk, along the beach, beneath the cliffs, there is suddenly a loud cracking sound and you see a tall chunk of the sandstone cliff start to fall towards you. Reacting, quickly you dart for safety.

Roll DODGE for the PARTY MEMBER with the lowest MOVE.

Fail, go to 911

Success, you make it to safety

928

The boat capsizes, in the massive surf, as it falls from the crest of a freak wave. You hear screams as you are thrown into the white water and smashed by the thundering wave, into the seabed.

All members, of the PARTY, LOSE 1 HIT POINT.

Roll SWIM [20%] for the Main Investigator,

Success, the investigator makes it back to shore.

Fail, the Main Investigator is never seen again . (REMOVE THEM FROM THE PARTY)

Go to 949

929

Sifting through the labels, of the filing cabinets, you soon find one, marked Damian Greene, but looking inside, you discover the folder is empty. Seems to be the only one, missing, after flicking through the others. How odd, you think. However, it does show his cell number is 21. Looking at the Asylum Floor-plan, you find in the files, you work out, that he is in the corner cell, by the river.

GAIN ASYLUM FLOORPLAN

Go to 938

930

The suited gentleman, with the newspaper, is middle aged and has slight scarring on his cheek. He notices you and stands to greet you, with the offer of a handshake. “Hello there, I’m Professor Nigel Bruen. Pleasure to meet you. This is our Lodge Elder, the Right Honourable Judge Mycroft Ashford.”

You introduce yourself and he offers you a seat and a drink from their decanters. The Sloe Gin proves very moreish.

“It’s a pleasure to have visitors the Masonic meetings and fairly rare, these days, in this distant backwater. If you need any help with anything, or advice regarding the area, don’t hesitate to ask.” says Bruen, while pouring himself a second glass.

Just then a third man enters the grand room and immediately it is obvious he is a man of the cloth. “Pleased to meet you, I’m Reverend Pashby.” says the bearded Gentleman, while sitting at the table, “Sorry I’m late, the weather is terrible, out there.”

“So, where are you staying? Here at RavenHall? Here on business?” Asks the Professor. All the while, the Judge has just remained silent and blown smoke rings from his pipe, over the table. Quietly, watching you, from under the brim of his hat.

Do you say:

“I’m a Benefactor, of Lombard House.” go to 981

“I’m investigating Edward Lombards death.” go to 919

“I’m considering buying a property, around here.” go to 943

931

You are relieved, to lock your door and finally, get into bed. It has been a long, stressful, day. The room is cold, but the blankets soon warm through. You blow out the candle and relax, into the down pillow. The room, is still unfamiliar. Some limited moonlight, makes it through the heavy drapes and plays shadows of the falling snow, across the wall. You lose yourself in those shadows.

Soon, the darkness brings on your descent, into slumber.

All PARTY members, HEAL 1 HIT POINT, up to their MAXIMUM.

You can ignore all CONSTITUTION reductions and penalties.

GAIN 18 ELDRITCH POINTS (-2 per PARTY member who has been killed)

Each PARTY member may roll to ADVANCE SKILLS, that had SUCCESS, since last Advance.

You must roll over the SKILL, to GAIN 1D6%

You each GAIN 1D10 LUCK

Roll main investigator’s POWER

Success, go to 959

Fail, go to 916

932

“Well, hello Brother,” says, the middle aged man, who had been reading the newspaper. He is wearing a smart brown suit and you immediately notice some scarring, on his cheek. He stands and shakes your hand, “Always pleased to meet a fellow Mason. I am Professor Nigel Bruen, Director of the local Mental Institute. While this is his Right Honourable Judge Mycroft Ashford,” at which the smoking man stands and shakes your hand too.

“Welcome to our small Lodge of Masons. Help yourself, to the drinks cabinet. I’m afraid there is no food on tonight, as our third regular member, has had to cancel,” explains, the Judge.

You all get chatting and they ask where you are staying, once you mention Lombard House, they seem intrigued. “So you are one of the benefactors, of Edward’s estate? That’s terribly interesting,” remarks, the Professor.

“Yes, please tell me, did you know Edward?” go to 937

“Yes, there are odd things going on at Lombard House.” go to 998

“Indeed, I love the area, please do tell me about it’s history” go to 964

933

You get the feeling, this certified lunatic, could actually be telling the truth. Although he obviously believes this story, as if it were fact, you actually begin to think there could be some truth in his "madness".

He begs you, "Go to the American Embassy and get them to come here and check, but tell them my life is under immediate threat, or who knows how long it might take them, to follow up your report.

Shame I blew my only chance to get out of here, by crashing the car. I thought I was home free and just driving through the woods up there and this huge Wolf like creature leapt onto the bonnet and caused me to hit a tree. It was like a Dog and a man.... must be something to do with their satanic cult, I guess. Lord knows, why it didn't finish me off, maybe it's because the cultists tell me I am anointed now and chosen just for Dagon."

You realise, this man must be delusional to have such an excuse for his botched escape attempt. It is amazing how believable lunatics can be. He sees the look of disbelief on your face and follows up with, "Look pal, if you think I'm crazy, then how the hell did I even get out of here and have the keys for the car?" You look baffled now he asks. "Well, it's because, someone knew I was telling the truth and gave me the keys ..... that someone is now missing and that isn't anything to do with me ..... I think they done her in ..... poor Jenny." He looks at you, " It was Dr Jennifer Forsythe, she helped me escape, but I've not seen her since, so think they must have dealt with her and done her in." He looks devastated, "Poor Jenny. If I can get my hands on Baptiste and Blythe, boy am I gonna make 'em pay! They'd pay alright!!!"

You realise your time is up and you are not going to get anymore useful information from this resident, of the institution. GAIN DAMIAN GREENE as an ALLY. You leave, despite his quiet protests, to try and break him out, right now. Somehow, no one sees you leave. It is snowing heavily again and you decide, not to linger.

Follow the Clifftop path to the North, go to 655

Go onto the Beach, go to 664

Go up the steep road to the West, go to 644

Follow the clifftop path, to the South, go to 653

934

You decide the bobbing head, observing you from the water, must surely be a seal. Common on this coastline, you guess this must be a regular sighting on this shoreline, much to the fisherman's dismay.

Head north, along the beach, go to 663

Follow the cliffs to the headland, go to 681

935

"Of course there are, my dear." laughs Adelaide. While Lucy looks a little uncomfortable, at the idea. "There is that Arthur Brown, what a crazy world, he must live in, to think he a working class tenant farmer, could proposition me ,a Lady of noble blood. Well, just because I had shown some kindness towards his daughter, what with him being a widower, well I was not intending on becoming her stepmother, put it that way." She is very forthright and obviously agitated by the situation.

"I find all the men, leave me alone." declares the slightly ugly, Lucy, as she pushes her spectacles, close to her bulbous eyes. "Professor Bruen, is my favourite, such a caring kind man. I always feel at ease, in his company." she swoons, gazing off into the fireplace. "There is that Professor Baptiste, from the Sanitarium, for a start. He gives me the creeps and the few times I have met him, he seemed to imply a lewd perspective, that I cannot abide."

"Come now, Lucy, he is a gentleman. Although, I suppose there is no doubt that the main men to be wary of, around here, are in that asylum down there, in the bay. Boggle Hole, they call it and it certainly boggles me, why you would put the most dangerous and violent lunatics in the North of England, in such a beautiful backwater." states Adelaide.

"I'm staying at Lombard House, as a benefactor." go to 951

"I wondered if you could tell me about local legends" go to 969

"Thank you for having me, but I've go to be going now." go to 812

936

You descend into some terrible dream, no, a nightmare. Vivid in places and forgettable in others, it makes no sense from what you can recall. However it wakes you, with a feeling of utter panic. The bed sheet is soaked with sweat, so you presume the dream must have lasted, a fair while.

One thing you can remember, is that there were strange, flying, creatures pursuing you, through this dreamscape. Undefined in your recollection, but absolutely terrifying, is your feeling of the experience. You feel more drained than any nightmare, has ever impacted you, ever before. Roll for each member of the PARTY, below.

Roll 1D6

1-2	LOSE 1 POWER
3-4	LOSE 1 SANITY
5	LOSE 1 LUCK
6	LOSE 1 CONSTITUTION

Go to 976

937

"Oh yes we knew Edward," explains the professor, "he met us here every month, since I moved to the area. A thoroughly splendid chap and despite his ailments, always seemed to be positive and busy. Only last month he was suggesting he had exciting news, about astral alignments, from his observatory. Apparently he had an amazing reflector telescope on top of his house. Although none us were ever invited to see ourselves."

"It was tough watching him wither away, over these last couple of years. His skin turned yellow and he was always short of breath. Yet, he was always enthusiastic and a keen conversationalist." adds, the Judge.

"I guess the house itself had a bad reputation, but Edward and his family certainly did not. Forever, sponsoring local charities and supporting the poor, he was a very well liked man. May he rest in peace." explains Bruen.

"Such a shame that his line should end, heirless. What ,with his brother and sister, both dying young, it is certainly a tragedy. Though not uncommon since the Great War, took so many fine young men." says, the Judge, as he smokes.

"I guess it played on his mind, what with him holding himself responsible for his sisters accidental death. Every time, he drove by his gate, he must have relived the fatal day, that he lost control and collided with her. He did well to not let such a situation destroy him through guilt. I've seen lesser men, sectioned, in similar circumstance. In fact, thinking about it, I believe his mother was admitted to my facility long before I ever arrived. Though for what reason I am unsure." muses, the psychologist.

"Really? I would love to know more." you remark.

The professor suggests, "Call by Boggle Hole and I will let you look at the records, if you like. Call it a favour for a fellow Mason." He winks.

ADD PROFESSOR BRUEN, as an ALLY

Go to 923

938

Searching the old box folders, you come across a couple, that interest you. It turns out, there was a Lombard institutionalised here, one Lucinda Lombard. Her file reveals she was admitted, full time, in 1896 because she had delusions that her house, was inhabited by a creature. A Dark entity, or Demon, she called the "Red Worm."

She would have screaming fits and shout "The Dark, is Haunting me!" and demand the lights be kept on at night, when she would sit, rocking on her bed, repeatedly muttering

"I know your name K'YANG'R. Leave me be, slave of the Crawling Chaos. Be gone from my mind. I Banish thee."

Otherwise, she would descend into hysteria and screaming if the lights did, go out. All manner of treatments were trialed, but none seemed to have any effect. She died, while still a resident in the year 1900 on the eve of the millennium. The notes suggest, it was presumed she was terrified by the nearby village, fireworks display, judging by her horrified expression of mortification.

Heart failure was the official autopsy result. Although the coroner noted, a strange discolouration on the forearm. Not dissimilar from an adder bite, in appearance, however there were no breaks of the skin, so was noted as a coincidental bruise pattern.

You put everything as you found it and quietly leave the Records Room and slip back into the corridor.

GAIN DEMON NAME

Go to 901

939

If you have RUTHERFORDS, as an ALLY, go to 958

You take a luxurious seat, near the grand fireplace, at a low table. The barman comes over and takes your order. A middle aged couple, sat nearby ask you if you want to join them. So you do, just as the drinks arrive. They appear very conventional people, in their both their dress and well spoken, Southern English accents. They stand to greet you.

"We are the Rutherfords", says the well groomed man. "I'm Terry and this is my wife, Wendy." and his wife offers her hand. You all take a seat and enjoy the luxury of the situation. "We are just on holiday, for a few days, but seem to have caught the worst of the weather. It's great to be away from the University, for a while. We are both professors at Oxford, you see. Rachel is an expert on fossils and that is why we come up to these cliffs, as there are some excellent specimens just waiting to be found, as the cliffs erode. While, I specialise in Bronze age man and this area is also a prime place to see dozens of tumuli and megaliths. So we both love this special corner of this Green and Pleasant Land." he explains, while Wendy nods.

"Despite the appalling weather conditions, we are busy collating our observations from previous field trips to locations around here." She adds, while putting her reading glasses back on and returning to her notebook.

If you have METAL DISC, go to 962

If you have FOSSIL, go to 914

Otherwise, go to 958

940

You manage to find your way downstairs and when you come across an Orderly, he simply waves you on, presuming you have a pass. Looking around at a roster on the wall, you find Damian Green is in cell 21. Walking the corridor, you come to the final corner cell, in the basement and can see him through the tiny window in the white cell door. A young man, who looks somewhat despondent and tired, strapped to a back board on wheels, wearing a white a straight jacket and white cotton trousers, with no footwear. His hair is wild and uncut and his face is slightly bruised on the cheek. He notices you and looks up from his tiny white padded cell.

Go to 862

941*

As you walk in, you find there is no one in attendance. Indeed, a notice on the table reads, "NEXT MEETING, 11th NOVEMBER 1925, 3pm"

You turn and leave, go to 812

942

Searching around, you look for a piece of jet, notorious on this coastline. However, after looking around the loose shale, you turn over a flat rock and are surprised to find an interesting fossil. Looks like some kind of weird aquatic life, similar to an ammonite. But now you look closer, it doesn't seem right to your layman's eye. Perhaps you would need to find an expert to shed some light on your discovery.

GAIN FOSSIL

Head North, along the shore, go to 666

Follow the shore, go to 664

943

"I'm considering buying property, round these parts," you reply.

"Well, there are a few opportunities coming up, or so I think." explains Professor Bruen. "There is an old, run down, cottage on the main road up there. It needs gutting and major renovation, but I think the owner would let it go, for a song. However, I don't know who it is owned by. No one does. You would have to set a lawyer to track them down, I suppose."

The old Judge, speaks up, "It would be simple to find the owner, through the Land Registry, Nigel." He continues to smoke his pipe. He leans back in his chair and closes his eyes, while listening to the conversation. Blowing a smoke ring.

The Vicar, pours himself a small glass of gin and suggests, "The Lombard Estate may well end up for sale, very soon. Word is, benefactors have arrived, for the reading of the last will and testament, of our old friend and fellow Mason, Edward." He crosses himself and the Judge briefly removes his hat, in respect.

"I can't see numerous people wanting to keep their share, in a stuffy old house, right out here, in the arse end of nowhere. Surely, some of them will want to sell up and take the money, for their own investments?" surmises the Professor.

"Anyway, that could be a chance to buy some property, or one of the three tenant farms, that are part of the Lombard Estate." continues, the Reverend.

Go to 956

944

The dinner gong, summons everyone, eager to see what culinary delights Mrs O'Brian is serving, for lunch today. The Dining room is nice and warm. The view, through the leaded window, is a stark contrast to indoors. The snow is heavy, once more and falling quietly, onto the deep drifts. Despite being the middle of the day, the light is very dim because of the, thick and laden, snow clouds. When will this end, you wonder?

Bringing your attention, back indoors, the solicitor suggests you could always take a day trip, to Robin Hood's Bay. He says, he has heard it is very picturesque and worth a visit. Although, looking out of the window, he suggests it could perhaps be better, in summer.

The luncheon is a stew, of grouse and rabbit, or a choice of leak, with mushroom. Crusty, hot bread is served with butter to accompany the broth. It is just what you need, to keep your strength and spirits up. "So have you found anything?" asks, Miss Harris.

"Plenty of snow," you joke, earning a smile, from the young woman.

"Come now, surely you have found more than that? I've seen you going here and there, everywhere, in fact. So, have you solved Edwards riddles and games? Because, to me it sounds like he, has indeed, left behind some cryptic puzzle, to solve. But, I never was any good at puzzles, so left it to cleverer people, to solve..... so have you?" she persists.

"No, I'm afraid I'm not quite there yet, Miss Harris. However, when I am, you will be the first to know." you promise her, in jest. She smiles and heads back to the Sitting Room. While, the other benefactors, begin to disperse.

If the PARTY is short of a member, you may recruit a PREGEN now.

If any of your PARTY have gone Temporarily Insane, go to 995

Otherwise, move TIME to 1.30pm, 6th November, go to 231

945

The gunfire and combat ceases as abruptly as it started and you are left in a smokey cellar, filled with debris bodies and gun smoke. Blood is pooling on the stone floor and its sure a horrific sight, reminiscent of accounts of trench fighting, you had heard from the Great War. A bloodbath in no uncertain terms.

Roll SANITY

Success, LOSE 1 SANITY

Fail, LOSE 1D3 SANITY

GAIN (number of dead cultists X 5) ELDRITCH POINTS

You reload and prepare for another assault, but that's when you hear footsteps upstairs quickly leave the house, slam the door and shortly through the coal hatch, you hear a lorry pull away, from the end of the drive. Seems your assailants have been routed and fled the scene, of battle.

You regroup and Mr Richardson checks upstairs, as you apply FIRST AID to whoever requires it due to injury sustained in the fight. The solicitor comes through from the dark room, where the NON PARTY were sheltering. He inspects the bodies and reveals they are all of oriental creed, as he unmasks them. Interestingly he points out they have strange tattoos on their necks. Maybe it is just a pattern, but you can't help feel it is really supposed to be depicting a three lobed eye.

"Must be Tongs, or some other organised criminal organisation?" muses Mr Grey. "Perhaps they have come, as heard there would so many valuables here for the taking?"

"So why didn't they take anything?" asks Mr Richardson, who has come back down the stairs brandishing a Thompson SMG. "They have taken nothing upstairs, nor torched the house. In fact they left this gun, so not much of an organised robbery, in my opinion."

"They were just here, to kill us." declares the MAJOR. "This isn't the Tongs work. These are cultists, I hate cultists. Judging by that tattoo, they are from a Mask of Nyarlothotep." He begins dragging their bodies behind the coal pile and begins shovelling coal on top of them.

You all look at each other and wonder if this is the right thing to do. The Major senses peoples apprehension and calmly explains, "We don't need Police interference at this stage, or else we are going to either end up in the dock, or a padded cell. Just think about your story and how believable it is as a defence."

You realise he is right and scrub the floor and hide the bodies, at least in the short term. Who in their right mind, would believe your story. No sane jury you can think of would find you innocent or sane.

Set TIME to 11PM, 7th NOVEMBER 1925

Go to 231

946

You remember the OUIJA BOARD, you have been given. Perhaps now, is a good time to try it out. Setting out the small board and placing the planchet upon it, you ask your fellow PARTY members, to lightly place a finger on it.

As you all sit around the coffee table, in the sitting room, you ask, seemingly into the void, "Is there anybody there? Do you wish to communicate?"

There is silence and nothing seems to happen, so you repeat your questions. The participants all remain quiet, interested to see if there is any truth to spiritualism.

Roll POWER

Fail, go to 605

"Is there anybody there?" you ask again and immediately the planchet moves rapidly over the Ouija boar, to the word, YES. A gasp comes from the participants and you too, are taken aback by the apparent paranormal activity.

"What is your name?"

Roll 1D4

1 Go to 729
2 Go to 697
3 Go to 704
4 Go to 1124

947

As soon as you arrive, in a dank recess of a cave, you realise you are up to your knees, in rolling sea water. It is freezing cold and certainly a shock to the system. You can hear the rolling of waves, through the rock and then a new surge of water rolls into the cave. You clamber out of the recess, to work out your location.

Go to 893

948

"Is this area, linked to the occult? I've heard a few rumours." you enquire.

The Judge seems to become more animated, "Well, funny you should ask, as I'm a little bit of an authority on the subject. You see, I've written a book about it, just before the war. There are many pagan sites around the Moors and Coast, that date right back to the Bronze Age. However, since that time the purpose of many ritualistic sites has been lost or repurposed by other pagan religions over the millennia.

The most intriguing, are the Cairns and Tumuli, dotted across the region, that surely were places of worshipping, long lost pantheons of Gods. The main place that draws my attention, as being used for occult practices, is the stone circle, Southwest, of here. It may not rival the famous Stonehenge, but it is impressive, none the less and certainly worth a visit, if you are interested in such things.

Locals suggest there has been witchcraft practiced there, according to their own ancestor's folk tales. Wether that was just a story, to frighten children, we will never know, but certainly captured my imagination. The only witch, they say is left in these parts, goes by the name Mad Mary. The locals told me about her, but no matter how I tried, I could never find the woman, to interview her. She did not want to be found, I guess.

They say she lives out somewhere, near Bloody Beck, at the edge of the great moor. One farmer told me, that she is just an orphan, whose family were killed, when their farm burnt down, about twenty years ago. A sad story really." he relights his pipe. "I will show you the book at the next meeting."

The professor speaks up, "I've got inmates who claim there are occult activities in the area. I tell you what, if you pop by Boggle Hole, sometime, you can take a look through the Records Room, it makes for interesting reading."

ADD PROFESSOR BRUEN as an ALLY

Go to 923

949

You make it to the shore and the lifeboat is emptied of water and put back onto the cradle. Before you all use a winch in the back of the lifeboat house to pull the trailer back up the slipway and to the right place, inside.

This takes +3 TIME.

Captain I'Anson is apologetic about any mishap, on the training run and says, "Well now you know the dangers we face all the time, out here trying to save souls, upon the sea. I really hope you do continue Edwards support for our efforts. I don't know about you, but I need a sit down. Hope to see you again soon." He says while shaking your hand and leaving with his crew, up the road.

Go to 666

950

The receptionist proves to be very robust and says, that she has to see a letter to confirm your claims, otherwise, you will not be permitted entry. The orderly takes notice of the situation and stands with arms folded, by the white swing doors, into the main building. Obviously, you don't have one, so say, you will return with it promptly. Leaving the building, you curse under your breath, which begins to condense in the freezing autumn air. You decide you were stupid to think you could talk your way into a high-security facility, for the criminally insane. You decide, not to linger.



Follow the Clifftop path to the North, go to 655
Go onto the Beach, go to 664
Go up the steep road to the West, go to 644
Follow the clifftop path, to the South, go to 653

951

You explain you are staying at Lombard House, as a benefactor, subject to the stipulations in the Will. They both seem intrigued and say there are a few rumours about the Lombard Estate being haunted, but neither of them, have ever been to the place, as Edward never invited anyone. Lucy says that Edward was a very kind man who often gifted equipment and books to her small school and what a terrible loss it was to the community at his passing. Adelaide, agrees and explains he supported many local charities, such as paying for a new lifeboat, at Robin Hoods Bay. Lucy says, she really liked him and thought it was reciprocated, but he made it clear, he didn't wish to marry anyone. Joking that his family were cursed with bad luck. He didn't wish it upon anyone else.

Lucy says, "I always thought it was a strange thing to say. Anyway, it wasn't to be and he sadly deteriorated over the last few years since. He used to attend the meetings upstairs, without fail and was good friends with the Rt. Hon. Judge Ashford. So, is Lombard Estate haunted? Come on, you can tell us, dear."

"Oh please do tell." giggles Adelaide. What do you say?

"I believe there are spirits in Lombard House" go to 961
"No, I guess it's just squeaky floorboards, but no ghosts" go to 926
"Thank you for having me, but I've go to be going now." go to 812

952

You leap out of bed and realise this must be because you took the SKULL from the pond. All you can think is to grab the fanged skull and smash it against the wall. The SKULL is DESTROYED. The undead woman, fades slowly away, before your very eyes. However, her haunting laugh, echoes around the room, for several seconds, before you think you hear it receding, out of the window.

Roll SANITY

Success, you feel you have thwarted the undead. GAIN 1D3 SANITY
Fail, the attack in your bed leaves you fearful. LOSE 1D3 SANITY

Perhaps, this is the end of her evil? You manage, to get back to sleep from sheer exhaustion and sleep through till the first light.

GAIN FULL PARTY, you may select from any PRE GENS or previous PARTY Members.

Go to 976

953

Entering the small pub, you find it deserted, other than, the Barman. He welcomes you into the quaint room and offers you a comfortable chair, by the fire. Seems, you cannot refuse, as the logs are blazing away, on a thick bed of embers. Ordering some refreshment you relax, for once. If only this trip had been like this, all along, rather than this bizarre puzzle, to find the truth, behind this masquerade. A few days relaxing in local pubs and watching the beauty of winter from beside a fire.

"You folks, just visiting?" asks the barman. A middle-aged gentleman with a centre parting and smart moustache.

"Something like that" you reply, with a hint of irony.

"Well, if you are going to see anything round here, I guess, I would say the stone circle just up the road there, to the Northwest, a couple of miles, is worth a look. Plenty of folk used to go and visit it, before the war, but it seems to have been largely ignored by sightseers since. I guess the Victorians were more into standing stones, relics and lay lines, than folk of the modern era. Thinking back they were a funny lot, back then. All focussed on superstitions, druids and witchcraft and many would go out wanting to hear local folklore and legends. I dare say, I know a few people who used to make things up, to draw an audience. Aye times have changed, for sure," reminisces the landlord.

You drink up and realise, how easy it would be, to sit here and waste the day. Thanking the barman, you leave.

Go to 1028

954

You are in the large seaside town, of Scarborough. A rich and architecturally vibrant collection, of all differing styles. The hilly town is renowned as the first-ever tourist resort. This is where holidays, by the sea, were invented. Finding yourself in the bustling town centre, you make your way down a wide main street, that leads forever downhill, to the seafront. Above you, a huge plateau, on the headland is walled and an ancient stone castle is visible, from anywhere in the thriving town. As you walk, through the busy streets, you pass shopfronts and businesses, selling anything you could imagine.

Despite the poor weather, there are many tourists, still perusing the dressed windows and frequenting the great many drinking houses. There are sounds of revellers and music, coming from them all, but you decide to give them a miss.

If you have MISS LITTEN as an ALLY, go to 1151

Proceed, down to the Harbour, go to 984

Visit the Public Library, go to 1110

Visit the Police Station, go to 1162

Go to the train station, go to 977

Take the road North, to Cloughton (+30 minutes), go to 1028

955

You embrace the beautiful vampire and she kisses your neck.

LOSE 1D3 HIT POINTS

Roll POWER

Success go to 952

Fail, go to 955

If your HIT POINTS reach 0, go to 966

956

You decide, perhaps these are fellows, who might have some knowledge, useful to you, so take a chance and ask a question.

“Is this area, linked to the occult? I’ve heard a few rumours.” Go to 948

“Did Edward Lombard, ever mention a Curse?” Go to 988

“Does anyone know much about the Boggle Hole Asylum?” Go to 994

957

Searching around the plush office, you shockingly discover, that there is a Luger automatic pistol and spare magazine, taped underneath the desk. Pretty unusual, but maybe it is in case one of the criminally insane murderers manages to attack the office staff, you wonder? It must be a war trophy, you guess. Leaving it there, you search the drawers and come across a delicate-looking papyrus, marked with some strange language, that you fail to recognise. Returning it to the draw, you widen your search and behind the cupboard, there is a musty smell, of the salty sea. Reaching in, you pull out a strange, large green tentacled design, of a face, carved into a piece of ancient, rotting bog wood. What on earth is this?

Roll CTHULHU MYTHOS [0%]

Success, go to 971

Fail, you have no clue the origins or meanings of these artefacts, but know they are most likely, occult in nature. Not wishing to get caught here, you move off, stealthily, to the corridor.

Go to 901

958

The bar is empty, but you still enjoy a little time, in front of the fire and looking at the stunning view outside, through the large glazed window. Snow is falling slowly, again and the wind must have dropped. How idyllic it appears, when you are inside, compared to the hardship of being out in the freezing conditions and deep snow. If only, you could relax, but you cannot, as your mind is still racing from the strange nightmare, you find yourself living.

If you have DR BLYTHE, as an ALLY, go to 1145

After a drink, you decide it is time to leave.

Go to 812

959

8th NOVEMBER 1925

You wake, feeling like you didn't sleep, at all. You are confused. You recall having some form of nightmare, but the subject escapes you. However, after a few minutes, you come round and upon rising, splash water on your face and neck, rousing you quickly, from your slumber. Dressing, you check in your small travel mirror, that you are presentable. You look dreadful and your skin is beginning to get a yellowish pallor. LOSE 1D6 APPEARANCE.

You take a moment to choose, what equipment to carry, for the day ahead. You may swap any items in your LUGGAGE for your carried items, or visa versa.

Descending the stairs, you yet again, nod at the smiling painting, of the late Edward, before entering the Dining Room, for breakfast. Mrs O'Brian greets you, as usual, and serves you a cup of tea, with her fantastic bacon on hot buttered toast, plus a side of mushrooms and a pork sausage, with a fried egg on top. She has excelled herself, this morning. It sets you up for the day and you must say it is the best breakfast ever, while you watch, the never-ending snow, falling, deeper and deeper, through the window.

"They think the snow storm, will stop tomorrow and this white hell, will finally be over," says Mr Grey, the solicitor, as he studies The Scarborough Mercury, newspaper. A look of relief is on his face. After the food, you sit for a few moments wondering what today will bring. You know you will find out, one way, or another. Move the TIME to 9.30am, 8th November 1925

Go to 231

960*

The vault unlocks, with a resounding click and begins to, very slowly, glide open. The round, stainless steel, vault door is maybe 12" thick and weighs many tons. As you eagerly see inside, you discover a circular chamber, lined with steel. Once the door swings open, a small cloud of black oily smoke drifts into the Safe room, from inside. Indeed, you can taste the acrid smell of burnt oil.

There is only one other exit, from this round room, A flagstoned, passageway, heads off on the opposite side of the circular room. There is a distant glow of light coming from wherever it leads. There is a central plinth, on which stands, a golden lectern. There appears to be a large book on it.

As you all move to approach the book, the room is filled with the flash and cracks, of a fully, automatic firearm.

What???

As you react, you catch a glimpse of the distant solicitor, Berty Grey, cut down by a bullet in his temple, before another, strikes Eleanor Harris, in the throat and she spins wildly to the floor.

GAIN 9 ELDRITCH POINTS

Then, the line of fire moves closer and catches the other benefactors, in this devastating ambush. Before your eyes, in a moment, the remaining PRE GEN's not in your PARTY, are brutally slaughtered, by the flashing automatic gunfire.

GAIN ELDRITCH POINTS equal to half of all the PRE GEN's MAGIC POINTS.

The hail of fire continues closer.

Roll DODGE, for each member of the PARTY, except the Main Investigator.

Success, they dive to the floor, avoiding the bullets.

Fail, they LOSE 1D10+2 HIT POINTS from the gunfire. If reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, they are killed.

Anyone who is killed adds Half their MAGIC POINTS to the ELDRITCH POINTS...

If you have MRS O'BRIEN, as an ALLY, go to 1085

Otherwise, go to 1094

961

"I believe, there are spirits in Lombard House," you reply.

Adelaide's face lights up, "I was hoping you would say that! I am interested in spiritualism, myself. Ever since, attending a seance in Edinburgh, I have believed in the paranormal. So don't be embarrassed, if you think it sounds silly to talk about such things. It is part of life and death." She gets up and moves to a cabinet in the corner, where she unlocks a drawer and produces a wooden box. Bringing it to the table, you see it open up, into an OUIJA BOARD, with planchette. She explains how to use it and suggests you borrow it and use it one night at LOMBARD HOUSE to perform a seance.

You accept and GAIN OUIJA BOARD

"Are there any men around here, I should be wary of?" go to 935

"I wondered if you could tell me, about local legends" go to 969

"Thank you for having me, but I've go to be going now." go to 812

962

Terry looks, at your METAL DISC which you explain you found near the burial mounds to the West. He is engrossed by the find. "This is amazing! I'm certain, this is from the bronze age, a true relic of thousands of years ago. You've got something special here, trust me. I found something similar just south of those three large burial mounds. I think they are symbols for druidic rituals or pagan rites.

So, have you visited the stone circle? It's a hidden gem and not really in many of the reference books. I highly recommend a visit to such a special place. Really makes me wonder what used to happen at such religious sites and why they were really built in the first place. Anyway, don't let me bore you." He laughs. His wife nods.

GAIN RUTHERFORDS as an ALLY

If you have FOSSIL, go to 914

Otherwise, they bid your farewell and leave, go to 958

963

You remember the whistle, that came in Edward's Birthday cake. Maybe now is the time to use it? Pulling it out of your pocket, you give a shrill loud blast, that makes your ears tingle.

The pack of approaching canines are seen to visibly stop in their tracks and a second-long blast of the WHISTLE makes them turn tail and begin to flee. Perhaps the WHISTLE is at a pitch, the dogs could not tolerate?

You crack a smile, for a moment, thinking maybe this will be easy.

Go to 1118

964

The Judge becomes more animated, "Well, it is funny you should ask, as I'm a bit of an authority on the subject. You see, I've written a book about it just before the war. There are many pagan sites around the Moors and Coast that date right back to the Bronze Age. However, since that age, the purpose of many ritualistic sites has been lost or repurposed by other pagan religions over the millennia. The most intriguing are the Cairns and Tumuli, dotted across the region, which surely were places of worshipping long-lost pantheons of deities. The location that draws my suspicion, as being used for occult practices, is the megalithic stone circle Southwest of here. It may not rival the famous Stonehenge, but it is impressive, nonetheless and certainly worth a visit if you are interested in such things.

Locals suggest there has been witchcraft practised there, according to their own ancestor's folk tales. Perhaps that was just a story to frighten children we will never know, but it captured my imagination. The only witch, they say, is left in these parts goes by the name of Mad Mary. The locals told me about her, but no matter how I tried, I could never find the woman to interview her. I guess she did not want to be located.

They say she lives near Bloody Beck, at the edge of the great moor. One farmer told me that she is just an orphan whose family were killed when their farm burnt down about twenty years ago. A sad story." He relights his pipe. "I will show you the book at the next meeting."

The professor speaks up, "I've got inmates who claim there are occult activities in the area. I tell you what, if you pop by Boggle Hole, you can look through the Records Room. It makes for interesting reading."

ADD PROFESSOR BRUEN as an ALLY

Go to 923

965

You are relieved, to lock your door and finally get into bed. It has been a long, stressful, day. The room is cold, but the blankets soon warm through. You blow out the candle and relax into the down pillow. The room is still unfamiliar and some limited moonlight makes it through the heavy drapes.

Soon, the darkness brings on your descent, into slumber.

All PARTY members, HEAL 1 HIT POINT, up to their MAXIMUM.

You can ignore all CONSTITUTION reductions and penalties.

GAIN 18 ELDRITCH POINTS (-2 per PARTY member who has been killed)

Each PARTY member may roll to ADVANCE SKILLS, that had SUCCESS.

You must roll over the SKILL value, to GAIN 1D6%

You each GAIN 1D10 LUCK

Roll main investigator's POWER

Success, go to 987

Fail, go to 922

966

You descend, into darkness. Joining, the beautiful Vampire, as an undead. Doomed to walk the Earth, forever, as a creature of the night. You take the SKULL and both leave the house, into the darkness. Walking hand in hand down the snow-covered driveway, you reach the Lombard Estate gates, she kisses you and asks you to "Throw the skull, over there, my love," and she vanishes.

You throw the fanged skull, beyond the road and see it land, in the deep snow. After a few seconds, the skull begins to slowly rise and transform into an attractive naked vampire. She beckons you, to join her, but as you step through the gateway you begin to dissolve. The last thing you hear, is her receding, manic, laughter, as she unfurls her wings and leaves, revelling in her newfound freedom. An intense pain sears your body and you fall to the ground, becoming a pile of ash, as you reach out to her.

Choose another member of the PARTY, to become the main investigator.

Go to 976

967

As the grandfather clock chimes, 7 times, Mrs O'Brian bangs, the gong, for what should be, the final evening meal before your departure tomorrow. It will be a relief to leave, but you already know you will miss her cooking. Sitting down, you notice a distinct lack of aroma, that normally greets you at these amazing dinners. Once seated, you notice the lack of any platters or dishes, amongst the trays of bread. For there is only bread, every platter is just sliced bread. However, there are 6 bottles of red wine.

The solicitor, Mr Grey speaks up, "I'm afraid this isn't a prank by the lovely host, Mrs O'Brian. It is, in fact, an eccentric instruction, by the late Edward Lombard, as part of his Will's legal small print. I do apologise, but I always follow everything, to the letter. Besides, I've gone up a notch in my trouser belt, since arriving," he jokes.

You all accept that it is in fact, a time to remember, Edward and the Lombard family, who had built this amazing estate and house. There is a toast by Kenneth Richardson, to Edward's generosity and everyone raises their glasses. "For what you have given to us, we are truly thankful. To Edward and our, unexpected, inheritance." Some certainly look to be considering, what they might do with their share of the estate. As do you, for a moment.

Finishing the wine, everyone discusses what a strange experience, the stay at Lombard House, has been. Yet, what fantastic people, they have spent it with and how they look forward to seeing each other again, sometime. Miss Harris, says she doubts she will return in person, as it is too rural, for her tastes.

Everyone gets up, to leave the Dining Room.

If you have REVEREND PASHBY as an ALLY, go to 1043

Otherwise, go to 231



968*

You hear a series of beeping, from a car horn, as someone approaches, through the mirk of the snow. Getting to be able to see through the hall window, you see a smart man, dressed in white, with small round glasses, complete with his own smart, sign-written, minivan. In a sweeping, blue font, it says, "MICKLEGATE CONFECTIONERS", on the sides and his jacket pocket.

Smiling, he explains, that he is here to deliver a Birthday Cake, to you. He says he has been handsomely paid and driven all the way from York to be prompt, at this location, for One O'Clock. He goes further, by saying he was commissioned, 6 months ago, by Edward Lombard, whose birthday, would have been today. Edward said, he would be here to meet me, but if not, then to hand it to whoever is present. So here you are. Please, send my regards to Mr Lombard.

He asks you to sign his clipboard, as to receiving the cake, while saying, "Believe me, I've had stranger commissions, but this one, is far from normal. Anyway, I hope you enjoy it. If you ever need a cake, be sure to look up, Micklegate Confectioners." He gets in his van and turns around, before he drives away, into the swirling snow.

The white cardboard box, he has given you, seems to contain an amazingly artistic, four-tiered, iced cake, on a board. The colours of icing and symbols used, to form the decoration, are somewhat unusual. You notice, there are eyes, snakes, crosses, stars, hypnotic swirls and what seem to give the impression of squid tentacles, nearer the base. Between the layers are levels of green scales, reminiscent of a reptile. It is a work of art.

Cutting the cake, with the included spatula, reveals a deep red sponge, with strawberry filling, oozing from many thin layers. Creating an effect, that is almost like the cake, is actually bleeding. That is when you notice, there is something in the cake itself. In fact, there are several items. While eating some of the delicious sponge cake, you pick out these items and clean them up. The first and largest is very interesting. It is obviously a key and has a very long bronze shaft, yet there is no handle and instead a screw threading. Indeed, there is another screw, at the front end of the shaft, too. You think, two other parts, screw onto this middle section. A very intriguing, cake indeed. Each of your PARTY also finds something else in their slice, amongst the lush sponge.

GAIN MIDDLE KEY

Roll, 1D6 until you get a unique item off this table, for each Investigator:

1	GAIN BUTTON COMPASS
2	GAIN GOLD RING
3	GAIN WHISTLE
4	GAIN PADLOCK KEY
5	GAIN SILVER BULLET (.45)
6	GAIN PENNY

(You only get 1 item per investigator, plus the MIDDLE KEY)

You all manage to pretty much polish off the cake and it leaves you feeling energised, from all the sugar. Seems Edward was full of surprises and puzzles. What on Earth, do these trinkets, have to do with anything?

+30 Minutes

Go to 982

969

"Local legends? Sure," says Lucy, "Many locals, say there is a monster up on the moors, on nights such as these. Dark nights with full moons and bad weather. They say the creature is half man, half dog and so they call him the Dogman. Originally the legend started around Flixton, a village a dozen miles to the south, but these last ten years have brought many sightings further north onto the Great North Yorkshire Moors. Now I'd say it was nonsense and exaggeration by tipsy farmers..... but ..... but I've heard the howl of the Dogman myself and it chilled my very blood to the bone."

Adelaide starts to giggle, "Oh come on Lucy, it will have been some stray dog from one of the Lancaster kennels and your wild imagination. You've never been the same, ever since reading that magazine, "Weird Tales" and there are such stories you told me, that had been published about Lycan's in the last couple of years. What were they now? "The Phantom Farmhouse" and "The Ghost-Eater" do you remember?"

"Don't mock me, Adelaide, please. I'm telling you, that legend is true and if you had heard that hellish beast, you wouldn't doubt me. It was no stray dog!" retorts Lucy, before there is an awkward silence.

"I'm staying at Lombard House, as a benefactor." go to 951

"Are there any men around here, I should be wary of?" go to 935

"Thank you for having me, but I've go to be going now." go to 812

970

"Well hello there, I'm actually an inspector, from the Ministry", you confidently, lie." While flashing a card quick enough that she cannot read it. "I need access to a spot check, of your facility, as ordered by the Minister for Health. I need a pass and access to all patients and files, to make sure everything is up to standard."

Roll INTIMIDATE [15%], or FAST TALK [5%]

Success, go to 924

Fail, go to 950

971

You recall reading, something in some old book, about Cults of the Sea. How these pagan worshippers, used totems, to try and summon, or contact, their chosen deities. You think, this bog wood carving, is one such totem. Judging by the tentacled effigy this is perhaps a depiction of "Great Cthulhu", an immortal entity, you recall was supposed to be sleeping deep underwater, in his ruined city called R'yleh. Indeed, the green paperweight, is that of another associated Deity, although you are unsure which one specifically it is.

It represents either Dagon or Hydra, you think.

Go to 901

972*

If you have FREEMASONS AND WOMEN'S MASONS, as ALLIES, go to 1144

Otherwise, you find, there is no one in attendance. Indeed, a notice on the table reads, "NEXT MEETING, 11th DECEMBER, 3pm"

You turn and leave, go to 812

973

The grandfather clock, near the front door of Lombard House, chimes 8 O'Clock. As per Mrs O'Brian's request, you gather near the garage. There, she's raked up a pile of brushwood from the forest's edge and stacked pre-cut logs on top of it. It is a fair-sized bonfire and should last a few hours, even in the snow.

She explains, she has used some kerosene at the base and to be careful when lighting it. So you light a rag and throw it in, where it sets off immediately, with a small woof. The heat on your face is welcome and reminds you of the joy of bonfires, as a child, on the few occasions it snowed. To further the nostalgia, Mrs O'Brian reappears, with brandy snap and toffee apples on a tray.

"Mr Lombard used to set off a few big fireworks, on the lawn around midnight every year. I think he kept them in the back of the garage. But I never attended such frivolously loud bangs, under his advice. They don't agree with my ears, cause terrible tinnitus and my heart isn't the strongest, either. No, I'm always tucked up in bed by midnight. With a nice cup o' tea."

As you stand around the fire, you think what a perfect setting this appears, but in the back of your mind, you know, something sent right here. There is something present at this house, that doesn't like you. You just, can't put your finger on exactly, what gives you the feeling.

Through the trees, you can see the odd patch of light, that must be distant bonfires, marking this traditional night. However, the fire begins to wane and you all decide, it is best, to not get too cold, standing here, in the deep snow.

Set TIME to 8.30pm, 5th November, 1925.

Go to 234

974

WHITBY TRAIN STATION

You arrive at the station platform, which offers a waiting room, to get out of the cold weather and a timetable showing you can catch a train here, On the hour, every hour, to head to any station to the South. You may use the Waiting room, to turn the dice, to the desired train arrival TIME.

These are listed with a TIME cost, of arrival, to the destination:

Robin Hoods Bay, 2 TIME, go to 657

Ravenscar, 4 TIME, go to 660

Hayburn Wyke, 6 TIME, go to 574

Cloughton, 7 TIME, go to 915

Scarborough, 9 TIME, go to 977

Or you can walk into Whitby Town centre, go to 1030

975



You are approached by a smart Police Sergeant, you recognise from the day of your arrival. He opens the Police box, door and stands in the shelter, chats, "'Ello, 'ello, 'ello, can I be of any assistance, to you?"

"We wondered, if there have been any arrests in the railway murder, Sergeant?" you ask, while snow drifts down steadily.

"I'm afraid, there has been no progress in that case, from what I have heard. Seems the Inspector, is thinking it could have been an escaped convict, from Full Sutton prison. Seems one had killed a guard while being transferred and maybe took the northern line from there. You will have to look for details in the newspapers if there are any arrests, in future. The Inspector said he was stumped as to why the thief had not taken the unidentified man's gold crucifix and St Christopher, or Gold sovereign ring. If any of you, have any problems, be sure to come and see me. I know all the folk round about and they all know me. I've been the local bobby here for 15 years and do a good job keeping law and order. We get a Judge coming up here every month, to RavenHall, but he doesn't jail many criminals, while he is mucking about in that cult, of his. It's all a load of nonsense, like all the local folktales. Superstitious claptrap. Don't you go listening to any of these locals, telling you daft stories or legends, trust me, it's all cobblers." He laughs.

"Now, I've got to be going on my beat. The law never rests. Goodbye." He salutes, before leaving.

GAIN SGT. PHILIPS as an ALLY

Go to 1028

976

5th NOVEMBER 1925

You wake, feeling groggy and tired. You recall having some restless dreams, but their subject escapes you However, after a few minutes, you come round and upon rising, splash water on your face and neck, rousing you quickly, from your fatigue. Dressing, you check in your small travel mirror, that you are presentable. Before choosing what equipment you decide to carry for the day ahead. You may swap any items in your LUGGAGE for your carried items, or visa versa.

Descending the stairs, you again, nod at the smiling painting, of the late Edward, before entering the Dining Room, for breakfast. Mrs O'Brian greets you and serves you a cup of tea, with bacon on hot buttered toast, plus a side of fried tomato. It warms you through and you must say it is mighty fine bacon, while you watch the snow falling out of the window.

"They still haven't identified that body on the tracks," says Mr Grey, the solicitor, as he studies THE TIMES newspaper. After the food, you sit, for a moment, wondering what today will bring. No time like the present to find out. Move the TIME to 9.30am

Go to 231

977

SCARBOROUGH TRAIN STATION

You arrive at the mainline train station. The platform offers a waiting room, to get out of the weather and a timetable, showing you can catch a train here, on the hour, every hour, to head to any station to the North. You may use the Waiting room, to turn the dice, to the desired train arrival TIME.

A sign indicates the station has the world's longest bench, 456 feet long and built by William Bell in 1883. It can seat 230 people.

However, you don't fancy it in the horrendous snow.

These are listed with the TIME cost, of arrival, to the destination:

Cloughton, 2 TIME, go to 915

Hayburn Wyke, 3 TIME, go to 574

Ravenscar, 5 TIME, go to 660

Robin Hoods Bay, 7 TIME, go to 657

Whitby, 9 TIME, go to 974

Or you can walk into Scarborough Town centre, go to 954

978

As you realise you are the lone survivor, of the entire household, you prepare to meet your maker. However, the creature ceases the attack. A door opens and in walks Kenneth Richardson, brandishing a Thompson, submachine gun. You are confused, about what is happening.

"Drop it my friend." says the Lancashire lad, as he trains the gun on you.

In an effort, to at least understand, what is happening, you throw down your weapon. "Now tell me, what is happening!" you demand.

Kenneth's eyes turn a glowing yellow and he explains, "I've been possessed by Nyarlothotep's Guardian, since before I got on the train and murdered the real Kenneth Richardson. Since then, I've been observing your efforts, to unlock the Lombard Vault. Now you are close, I shall continue your work and release the Haunter of the Dark, Nyarlothotep. Then the Crawling Chaos will spread across the land. Now join me and I will heal you, or perish?"

Do you decide to join, the Bringer of Darkness, go to 1099

You do keep the Vault numbers to yourself, go to 1025

979

The corvid moves so quickly, that it is on you before you strike it. It claws at your face and tries to peck out your eyes. It is terrifying. LOSE 1 SANITY.

LOSE 1 HIT POINT, before your companions manage to dispatch it. The other birds seem to disperse. LOSE 5 ELDRITCH POINTS. Only then do you notice, amongst all the debris, is a long dusty key. Cleaning it off, you find it is SILVER and probably for a SAFE, judging by the dimensions. The end is threaded.

GAIN SILVER KEY

Return to the entry, where this incident started.

980

You head upstairs while the orderly takes little notice of you, presuming you are a professional and authorised to have gotten this far into the building. As you look around the cells, searching for Damian Greene, you see they are numbered 1 to 8. One of the inmates whispers to you through the small aperture in his cell door, numbered 4.

He whispers, "I'm Matthew Blake, you've met my cousin." You look at the ageing face through the window. Indeed, he looks like John Blake, who offered you a lift at the train station when you first arrived. Except this man has the most wild eyes. Eyes, filled with deep emotion..... sadness..... anger.... terror..... you recoil from those eyes.

"It made me do it. The Bringer of Darkness, the Red worm, the Father of all hunting horrors. Nyarlothotep's Champion. I had no choice! He possessed me and used me. You've got to believe me! I was powerless to stop my hands from wielding that axe.... time after time.... chopping and chopping. Unable to even close my own eyes to stop me seeing the bloody mess I made of my own wife and dearest daughter. They begged me to stop and then later, begging me to work faster and end their misery. I know YOU will believe me.

It taunts me as I languish here in Purgatory. Appearing to me in dreams as a distant snake every few months. Yet, only last night, it came to warn me not to say a word to you, benefactor of Lombard House....."

He ends the conversation and turns away from you, before he begins violently rocking, on his crib. You hear footsteps approaching, so choose to look somewhere else.

The Basement Cells, looking for Damian Greene, go to 940

The Offices, go to 924

The Records department, go to 814

Leave the Asylum, go to 654

981

"I'm a Benefactor of Lombard House," you admit.

"Well, well, well." says the Judge. "I must congratulate you. Welcome to the area and this Masonic Lodge. I hope to see you at more meetings, in the future."

"Indeed, that is an amazing estate and I hope it brings success and happiness, whatever you decide to do, with it," adds Professor Bruen. "It needs someone to cast off the haunted reputation and breathe new life into the place."

"I can see why Edward would pick the likes of you, to carry on the Legacy of Lombard House. You seem a solid and respectable pillar of society and I hope to see you, at the next church service." says the Reverend Pashby.

"Thank you, thank you, brothers of the Lodge." you smile.

The clergyman, raises his glass for a toast, "To our new friend!" and you all take a drink of the delicious liquor.

"I tell you what, I will come and bless Lombard House for you, soon" insists the Reverend.

GAIN REVEREND PASHBY as an ALLY

Go to 956

982*

The items you have found, in the cake, are explained here:

1 BUTTON COMPASS, +10% NAVIGATION SKILL
2 GOLD RING, +10% POWER
3 WHISTLE, nothing special
4 PADLOCK KEY, a regular key
5 SILVER BULLET, 1D10+2 (.45 fits Webley, COLT or THOMPSON)
6 GAIN PENNY, +10% LUCK

Each member of the PARTY may only have, 1 of these items (except bullet). If an item is lost in future, then the effects are also lost.

Go to, the entry you were at before the cake arrived. Or choose to go to 231 if at Lombard House.

983

The dinner gong, summons everyone, eager to see what culinary delights Mrs O'Brian is serving, for lunch today. The Dining room is nice and warm. The view, through the leaded window, is as stark as ever. It is starting to look deep out there, maybe 2 feet of snow has fallen.

Bringing your attention, back indoors, the solicitor suggests that it is amazing the trains are still running.

The luncheon is a quiche. Piping hot and thick, you enjoy the marvel of Mrs O'Brian's cooking. It is just what you need, to keep your strength and spirits up. "Still nothing?" asks, Miss Harris.

"More snow?" you joke, earning a smile, from the young woman.

"I bet you've found something, now let us in on your capers, do" interrupts Mr Richardson, in his northern dialect. "We all want it to turn out nice again, but you can't keep us in the dark, forever."

"Sadly, there is nothing to tell. I'm just pottering around and taking in the history." You deflect their questions, to avoid sounding stupid.

The benefactors, begin to disperse.

If the PARTY is short of a member, you may recruit a PRE GEN now.

If any of your PARTY have got INSANITY, go to 996

Otherwise, move TIME to 1.30pm, 7th November, go to 231

984

You find your way down to the seafront and soon discover why this is a tourist destination. The wide bay is beautiful and offers amazing views, perhaps 20 miles down the coast, while lined with a golden, sand, beach. Although, in the bleak weather, no one is to be seen on it. Instead, the foreshore road is lined with arcades and attractions, that offer shelter, from the persistent snow.

The three piers, that form the harbour are busy with fishermen, unloading iced crates of freshly caught cod and mackerel. There must be sixty, or more trawlers, moored three deep, along the protective piers.

If you have FISHERMEN as ALLIES, go to 1083

Head up town, go to 954

Go in the arcades, go to 990

Enter the Customs Office, go to 997

Catch the "White Lady" Cruiser, to WHITBY, (+60 minutes) go to 1019

985

You screw the three parts of the bizarre key together and as they tighten up, they form the strangest and probably longest key you have ever seen. The lock that fits this must be one of the most complex, ever created. It is truly a work of art in its own right.

GAIN VAULT KEY

You all smile, perhaps things are coming together and you can triumph, over the unseen enemy. There is still hope.

All PARTY members, GAIN 1D3 SANITY

Go to 603

986

You knock on the farm door.

If it is Daylight (8am-4.30pm) go to 1061

If it After Dark (4.30pm-8am) go to 1185

987

7th NOVEMBER 1925

You wake feeling like you hardly slept. You recall having some horrid nightmares, but their subject escapes you. However, after a few minutes, you come round and upon rising splash water on your face and neck, rousing you quickly from exhaustion. Dressing, you check in your small travel mirror, that you are presentable. You look dreadful. LOSE 1D6 APPEARANCE.

You take a moment to choose, what equipment you decide to carry, for the day ahead. You may swap any items in your LUGGAGE for your carried items, or visa versa.

Descending the stairs, you yet again, nod at the smiling painting, of the late Edward, before entering the Dining Room, for breakfast. Mrs O'Brian greets you, as usual, and serves you a cup of tea, with her fantastic bacon on hot buttered toast, plus a side of fried tomato. It warms you through and you must say it is the best bacon, while you watch the snow falling out of the window.

"Apparently there was an earthquake recorded yesterday, " says Mr Grey, the solicitor, as he studies THE TIMES newspaper. After the food, you sit for a few moments wondering what today will bring. No time like the present to find out.

Move the TIME to 9.30am

Go to 231

988

"Did Edward Lombard, ever mention a Curse?" you ask.

There is a little chuckle, shared by the Masons, before Reverend Pashby answers, "Of course, he didn't, despite some of the rumours surrounding his property, he never suggested there was a curse. We even asked him once I recall." He looks at the others, "but he just smiled and said nothing. Probably revelling in the absurdity of local gossip, surrounding his family."

"Well, that is true," agrees Bruen, "but I do recall his mother, was admitted to Boggle Hole, long before my time. I came across her records one day and I seem to remember, that part of her delusion, was her obsession about the house being cursed, or, haunted, or something. I tell you what, come down to the Mental Institute sometime and you can take a look yourself if you are interested in that sort of thing. I actually run the place," offers the Professor.

GAIN PROFESSOR BRUEN, as an ALLY.

Go to 923

989

You show the solicitor, Bertrand Grey, the priceless Faberge Egg. He looks, wowed at the artefact and congratulates you on finding something so valuable, that he doubted it was really here. “Well, Bravo to you.”

He reaches in his jacket and pulls out the golden envelope, he had shown you before. Opening it, he reads from a piece of paper, a cryptic message from Edward Lombard.

"Should the light of hope be extinguished, eternal night shall fall. Before the heavenly planets align, complete your own, from the ley line.
The numbers cannot be found, while the sun is high. Only the moon can see. Beware, of that which eternal lie, with stranger eons, even death may die.

We Lombards have collected all those dark and terrible things, that should not be in this world, placing them in this place. As was our agreement. The circle of 12 is complete. Beware there is always the offer of 30 pieces of silver. Not only is the goal to keep evils inside, but it also keeps greater Evil out. But not the lesser evils of men.
Leaving the boundary is dangerous, outside daylight hours, but necessary. For my Nemesis, now knows you and has much influence, even beyond the boundary. He slowly drains anyone, dwelling in this house, to increase his power. Hence my slow and lingering demise. When he has enough eldritch power, he can exert it, for evils, to further his goal. To finally free the Haunter of the Dark, Messenger of the Outer Gods and bearer of madness.
Beware. He is full of tricks and magiks. Yet he is nothing, compared to his Master.

For I can only create a plan that fails. I am bound by magiks not to tell you how to succeed. I've invited people who I doubt could ever triumph and that is why, I am allowed to. I have quadruple-locked the solutions and made it so you can do nothing but fail unless you are the new Nemesis of the Darkness.

That would have to be fate and outside of my control. A collective of humanity that individually can do nothing but fail... .. like the Lombard family line, has. Forgive me, for inviting you to your end.

Edward Lombard

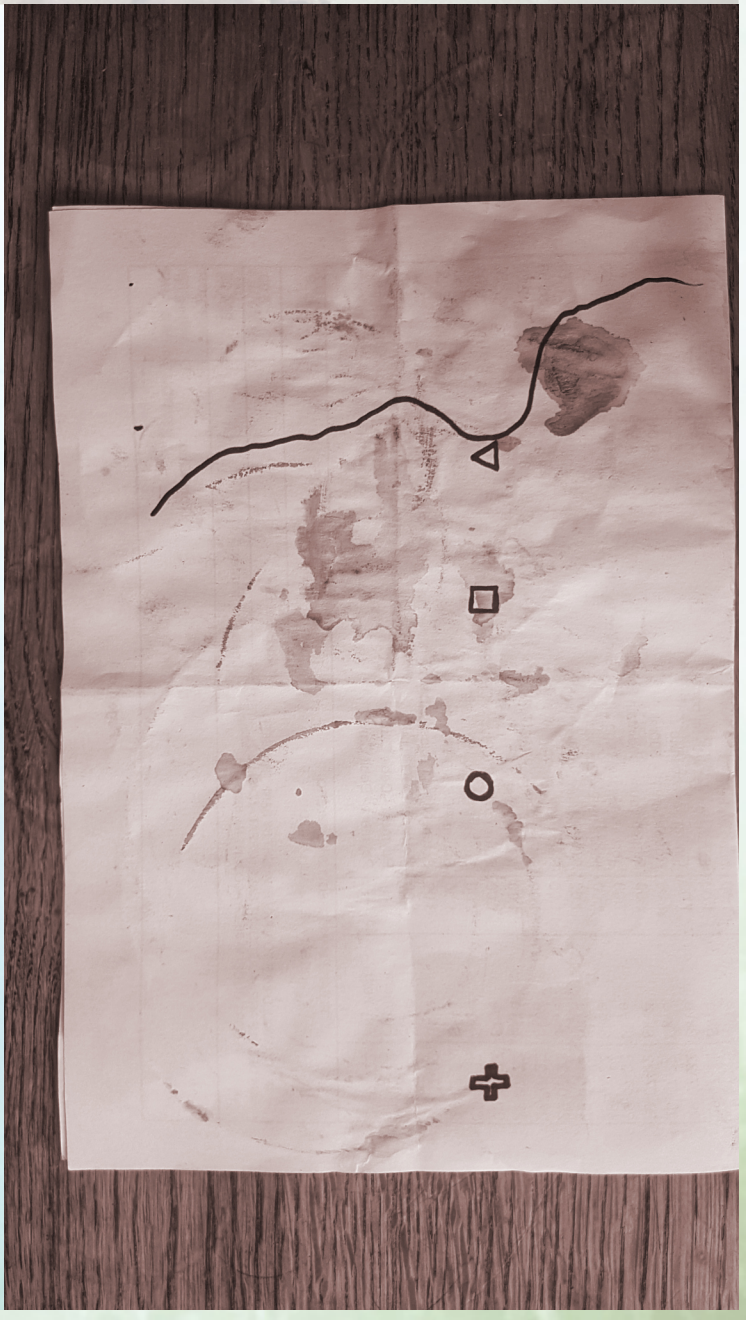
To the finder of the golden egg, the bearer wins a means of escape. £8000 of bonds, in a Swiss bank account ZKG68873 SC9004 and deeds to your vessel "The Bark-Lombard WH262" moored in Whitby Harbour, are to be found in the Bible, located in the Lounge.
May you put all this behind you, if you choose to leave now, although things have a habit of catching up with you, one way or another..."

He turns the page to reveal a tea-stained pencil-drawn doodle on the back of the letter. This has several symbols in a line, up the page and a squiggle across it. (see **Handout file 1**).

Add to your DIRECT ACCESS LIST,:
“DOODLE, 0 TIME, ANYTIME, ENTRY 989”

The solicitor, shakes your hand, passes you the letter and sits down, to continue his book.

Go to 231



990

You wander along the arcades, for some distraction and soon buy candy floss, from a vendor. You play a few penny arcade games, that fire ball bearings around mazes, to try and hit holes that deliver gum balls.

You have a turn, on an air rifle firing range, and win a teddy bear, a cuddly memento, from a fun few minutes. GAIN TEDDY

Then you get on the tuppenny pusher, where beds of copper coins move constantly and you drop your coin in the hope of it landing in a way to push off stacks of overhanging pennies. It's quite addictive.

Roll LUCK

Success, you manage to win enough to keep you, playing the game.

+1 TIME, roll Luck again

Fail, you lose your coins and leave the arcade.

Go to 984

991

The clergyman doesn't lose his nerve or concentration, even though the spirit, begins to hurl insults at him, calling him a coward. However his Latin recital of numerous Psalms and Verses begins to take effect and the ghostly woman in pink begins to become more benign and he tells her, "Do not be afraid, go into the light."

She reforms, into the beautiful lady, she had once been and smiles, as a semi-transparent apparition, turning to float up towards the corner, where a point of light, appears. However, there is suddenly another manifestation, that forms as a fleeting glimpse, of a huge fanged mouth. It consumes the woman's soul, before vanishing once more. The arcane light dims. This fleeting view, of a paranormal creature, that apparently, ate her soul is enough to test your courage.

GAIN 12 ELDRITCH POINTS

Roll SANITY

Success, LOSE 1 SANITY

Fail, LOSE 1D6 SANITY, as the creature was that of nightmares.

If you have lost, over 5 SANITY, Roll INTELLIGENCE

Success, you become TEMPORARILY INSANE

Fail, your inability to comprehend protects your mind.

Go to 921

992

It is very noticeable, that one group member is not handling the stress very well. In fact, they are shaking and making the odd small sound, with their eyes closed. They don't respond to Mrs O'Brians offers of a drink or a bath. The solicitor heads off outside and returns 5 minutes later and tells you "Help is on its way."

Before the end of the luncheon, there's a heavy knock on the door and some men in white, enter. They guide your companion away, into their white van. Looking on, into the snow white background, it makes for a surreal spectacle. One explains that you can go visit your friend tomorrow, at Boggle Hole, Mental Institute. Mrs O'Brian and Eleanor Harris, both look shocked, at what just happened. "Oh, I hope they make a recovery, by tomorrow, as they seemed so broken. It's terrible, the poor thing."

LOSE that member of the PARTY, until recovered from the Asylum.

Visit the Asylum tomorrow, to recover them to the PARTY.

Until then, your PARTY is short of an investigator.

You may instead choose to replace them, with a different PREGEN, but they cannot leave the facility for a week if you do abandon them, this way. Maybe, longer.

Move TIME to 1.30pm, 5th November, go to 231

993

At the familiar sound of the dinner gong, you all assemble, as usual, in the Dining Room. The chimes of 6.30pm, echo from the grandfather clock. A log fire is roaring and it is warm here, in comparison to the majority of the house. Mrs O'Brian reveals tonight's platters are salmon, with roasted root vegetables. As usual, the smell is mouth-watering and you tuck in with vigour. She has infused the vegetables with honey, that has caramelised, to create an appetising flavour when eaten with the prime salmon flakes. She notices your enjoyment of the food and you see her, smile from the pride in her cooking mastery.

Over the evening meal, the discussion turns towards the inclement weather and how it is so fortunate, that if you are to be snowed in, it is with Mrs O'Brian. She blushes, as she clears away the plates and wheels out the dessert. A cheesecake with cream is just perfect.

The solicitor asks you if you are any nearer to solving Edward's wild goose chase and cryptic puzzles? You humour him, rather than giving all the details. He asks, "What do you even think the prize is when he's already given more than a man can spend?" to which you have no answer and shrug your shoulders.

Some other benefactors show interest in your use of the time here. If the PARTY have lost any members, extra PRE GEN's may be recruited now, as long as some are left, to recruit. You cannot exceed the PARTY SIZE of 4.

Mrs O'Brian announces that Edward always had a bonfire on the 5th of November to celebrate Guy Fawkes Night and that it will be held near the garage, in half an hour (8pm) and she will see you there, with toffee apples. She says he used to walk around the grounds after the bonfire for an hour and finish with a glass of sherry around eight-thirty.

Set the TIME to 7.30pm, 5th November, go to 231

994

"Does anyone know much, about Boggle Hole?" you enquire.

"Indeed, I do." answers, Professor Bruen. "I actually run the mental institute and have done, twelve years now. We are progressing our work, towards rehabilitation, using heroic remedies and treatments and my reforms at the facility are yielding progress, in all but the most extreme cases. Don't get me wrong, they are all fairly extreme cases, in there. As it is an Asylum, for the criminally insane, not just the insane. These are people who pose the greatest threats to society and other people, yet have escaped the custodial punishments that the Judge, here, deals in. Yet in these extreme cases, the offenders are also the victims and often perpetrating the most heinous crimes, due to manias, voices and internal conflicts of sanity."

The Judge interrupts, "Some of them feign insanity Nigel, I'm tired of telling you that you have been duped, by some of the most evil people there have been in these parts. Matthew Blake, for example, massacred his family and now pretends he wasn't in control, of his own hands. I mean, if that is an excuse, that has cheated the hangman, then they will all be using it soon. Purely ridiculous Nigel and makes a mockery of the judicial system."

You see, this is a matter of much contention amongst the Masonic brothers at RavenHall. "Anyway, feel free to come and have a look around sometimes, look at the records and make your own mind up." offers Professor Bruen.

GAIN PROFESSOR BRUEN as an ALLY

Go to 923

995

It is very noticeable, that one of the PARTY is not handling the stress very well. In fact, they are shaking and making the odd small sound, with their eyes closed. They don't respond to Mrs O'Brians offers of a drink or a bath. The solicitor heads off outside and returns 5 minutes later and tells you "Help is on the way."

Before the end of the luncheon, there's a heavy knock on the door and some men in white, enter. They guide your companion away, into their white van. Looking on, into the snow white background, it makes for a surreal spectacle. One explains you can go visit your friend tomorrow, at Boggle Hole, Mental Institute. Mrs O'Brian and Eleanor Harris, both look shocked, at what just happened. "Oh, I hope they recover by tomorrow, as they seemed so broken. It's terrible, the poor thing."

LOSE that member of the PARTY, until recovered from the Asylum.

Visit the Asylum tomorrow, to recover them to the PARTY.

Until then, your PARTY is short of an investigator.

You may choose to replace them, with a PRE GEN, but they cannot leave the facility for a week if you do abandon them, this way. Maybe, longer.

Move TIME to 1.30pm, 6th November, go to 231

996

It is very noticeable, that one of the PARTY is not handling the stress very well. In fact, they are shaking and making the odd small sound, with their eyes closed. They don't respond to Mrs O'Brians offers of a drink or a bath. The solicitor heads off outside and returns 5 minutes later and tells you "Help is on the way."

Before the end of the luncheon, there's a heavy knock on the door and some men in white, enter. They guide your companion away, into their white van. Looking on, into the snow white background, it makes for a surreal spectacle. One explains you can go visit your friend tomorrow, at Boggle Hole, Mental Institute. Mrs O'Brian and Eleanor Harris, both look shocked, at what just happened. "Oh, I hope they recover by tomorrow, as they seemed so broken. It's terrible, the poor thing."

LOSE that member of the PARTY, until recovered from the Asylum.

Visit the Asylum tomorrow, to recover them to the PARTY.

Until then, your PARTY is short of an investigator.

You may choose to replace them, with a PRE GEN, but they cannot leave the facility for a week if you do abandon them, this way. Maybe, longer.

Move TIME to 1.30pm, 7th November, go to 231

997

You find the harbour master's office and next-door the Customs and Excise. Once inside, you enquire with the uniformed man behind the desk and introduce yourself.

If you have AGENT BRADY as an ALLY, go to 1021

Report smuggling on the coast, go to 1003

Offer to help in any operations, go to 1013

Leave the Customs Office, go to 984

998

"Strange things going on at Lombard House, you say?" the Judge looks interested. "Tell us more, because we've always wanted to know, what truth lies in the ghost stories, of Lombard house." He sits forward in his chair and relights his pipe.

You decide to tell them what you have experienced, in the estate. They look immersed in your story, although the Professor looks more sceptical, probably due to his profession.

"Well, that is interesting. Some would say you are a little hysterical or fantasising. However, being a man who has studied many liars, I detect truth in your tale," declares the Judge.

"For once I am inclined to agree with you that, our friend here, believes what he says. However, that doesn't mean it is true. It could have just been a trick of the light and miscalculation of the mind. The human mind is not infallible and in this case, I suggest it is the brain filling in gaps of your senses and memory. It isn't uncommon to remember incidents wrong, in the wrong order and with inaccurate details. It could just be fatigue, from your long journey here, catching up with you. As a professional psychologist, I suggest you need rest and avoid any stress, for a while. If you or any of your friends, end up feeling like things are getting too much seek some help at the institute, as a voluntary patient. My door and my Doctor's doors, are always open." extrapolates the Professor.

"Well, I believe you." affirms the Judge, with a wink. "Too many have seen things around that estate, for me to think it is just fatigue. I've heard stories from people I trust, about seeing Edward's sister's ghost, at the gates. Even my driver, Parker who's a very level-headed chap, told me he saw something flying near the trees on that road. Something, he couldn't explain. Something, he told me, gave him a fear beyond words. He refuses to take that road.... at night."

GAIN PROFESSOR BRUEN as an ALLY

Go to 923

999*

COMBAT
Round 1
Long Range.
The remnants of the PARTY, move quickly across the bleak moorland. Along the track towards the megalith, on top of the small burial mound. Snow hinders, both your movement and vision. Yet, you can hear the crazed snarling and barks of the rabid dogs, bearing down on your position. You can now see, the pack of DOGS = PARTY SIZE, doubled (make a note).

You may shoot at the incoming dogs, but it is far, from easy.
Roll TO HIT, with a DISADVANTAGE DICE.
Extreme Success, 1 DOG is KILLED Outright.
Hard Success, 1 DOG is Mortally Wounded (KILLED)
Success, you miss the fast-moving targets (Hit if Braced)
Fail, you miss wildly.
Extreme Fail, your WEAPON JAMS (miss next shot).
Roll IDEA (INTELLIGENCE)
Success, go to 1134
Fail, go to 1109

1000*

COMBAT
The Combat starts at point-blank range, for all firearms.
Melee weapons, may also be used.

GAIN 30 ELDRITCH POINTS

FATHER OF ALL HUNTING HORRORS

STR 225	**CON 140**	**SIZ 200**	**DEX 70**	**INT 85**
APP 0	**POW 115**	**EDU 0**	**SAN 0**	**HP 32**
DB +5D6	**BUILD 4**	**MOVE 3/11**	**MP ***	**LUCK N/A**

***Magic Points = ELDRITCH POINTS**

ATTACKS PER ROUND 2
Claw 35% (17/7), damage 1D6+DB
Bite 50% (25/10), damage 1D10+2+DB
Entangle 35% (17/7), damage immobilised (Auto HIT once Entangled)
Tail Whip 60% (30/12), damage 2D6 only (no DB)

ARMOUR: 10 Points, of thick scales.

In this first combat round, the Creature Bites the Solicitor's torso, from his legs.
Before gutting Miss Harris, with a solitary slash, of a claw. Giving 9 ELDRITCH POINTS/MAGIC POINTS, to the Creature.

All remaining Benefactors and Pre Gens, are overcome with horror and cower, as they scratch, at the locked doors, to flee. Members of the PARTY, who are not TEMPORARILY INSANE, may attack the huge entity.

Roll TO HIT, with an ADVANTAGE DICE, due to the sheer size of your opponent.
Critical Success, MAX DAMAGE + Roll Damage -10 ARMOUR.
Success, Roll DAMAGE, but reduce by 10, due to thick ARMOUR.
Silver bullets do a minimum of 1 HIT POINT DAMAGE.
Fail, you miss amongst the chaos and darkness.
Go to 1023

1001*

COMBAT

The Cultist knocks you to the ground and manages to get the upper hand, in the fray. You struggle to grapple, his knife arm and he begins to drive it down, slowly towards your heart. Using his weight, it seems he may succeed. You, desperately, use every last ounce of strength, to try and resist, through gritted teeth.

Choose one member of your party, who may Roll TO HIT

Success, they land a lethal injury to the Cultist and you push his lifeless body off of you. “I owe you.” Go to 1044

Fail, your comrade fails to save you, LOSE 1D6 HIT POINTS.

Otherwise, go to 1001

1002

You try the key, you found, in the spine of the Mystical Books of H’san. It fits and indeed, unlocks the ancient tome. Carefully opening it, you realise this is incredibly delicate and handwritten, on ageing parchment. The opening page, explains this book is an English translation, by Dr John Dee, of the original Arabic text. A footnote below, suggests this book belongs to “K’YANG’R”. Flicking further, through the massive textbook, you see hundreds of pages of double-columned text, in hard to read, Old English. It would take months to make any sense, of this huge rambling theological or occult, text.

That is when you notice there are four, loose, sheets of paper, jutting from the pages. Pulling them clear, you see they are certainly more modern, being on lined paper, with pencilled poems on them. No, perhaps they are “spells”? Seems they are written frenetically and include sketches, of hand signs. One of the shorter incantations, even has a diagram of a magic circle, while another looks like some form of doorway, that must be drawn, although that is the longest incantation, of illegible words. The other two, give no clues to their purpose, being only words and gestures.

GAIN SPELLS. GAIN DEMON NAME

You can choose, a member of the PARTY to GAIN NECRONOMICON, however, it is a LARGE ITEM.

Go to 1009

1003

You report what you know about smuggling, on the coast. The Customs Agent writes it down meticulously and asks you to sign the witness statement. He says, it will be sent to headquarters and thanks you, for the information. He says, patrols will be stepped up along this stretch of the coast and hopefully, they will arrest any smugglers, quickly. He asks you to tell no one else about the incident.

You wish him luck, in apprehending the criminals and leave, go to 997

1004

The dinner gong rings, but surely, it is too early? As the clock strikes midday, with 12 long chimes, you arrive at the main hall, while heading to the dining room. Everyone is here, as a view out the window has stopped everyone in their tracks. What appears to be 5 bright stars are visible, through the snowstorm, in the Southern sky. They are in a perfect line, parallel to the horizon. “It’s a sign!” says a distressed, Miss Harris “What could it mean?” The solicitor tries to calm her.

As the last, of a dozen chimes, there is a flash of light, from the stars and then, sudden and deep darkness. You become aware there is something in the room, with you, all around you. Then you see the shadows moving and forming into a long shape, that encircles the upper corners of the walls and ceiling. Indeed, there is something in the room with you and it is a giant serpent, or worm, or tentacle, some form of writhing mass. Covered in scales and when you can glimpse it in the limited light, perhaps, a deep red, in hue and then you see the thing's eyes. Yellow burning eyes, like an insect, lifeless and impossible to read. Yet, its slowly opening mouth, is that of a shark, no doubt about it. Several layers of razor-sharp teeth, line the huge jaws. This writhing, coiled creature, must be 40 feet long and have a 4 foot, bite radius. As it slinks around the upper ceiling, defying gravity, it looks down at you all and gives off a guttural cry, inducing, the innermost fear. That, internal fight or flight, programming from primal times, begins to come to the front. Which, will it be? Then all the doors, slam shut and it seems, neither option will be easy.

LOSE 40 ELDRITCH POINTS

Roll SANITY

Success, Lose 1D3 SANITY

Fail, Lose 1D8 SANITY.

If you lost 5 or more SANITY, Roll INTELLIGENCE

Success, Oh no, I’m doomed, GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY.

Fail, I can handle this, you double down and prepare for Combat.

Go to 1000

1005*

As you drive down the snow-covered lane, you suddenly feel the steering wheel, wanting to go to the side. Not just a tendency to track to the side, but a strong force acting upon the wheel. It feels like there are a pair of unseen hands, trying to crash the vehicle. You grasp the controls and fight to keep the vehicle on the road.

Roll STRENGTH

Success, you prize the wheel back to the centre, but the car skids.

Roll DRIVE AUTO [20%]

Success, you control the skid and keep control

Fail, the car leaves the road, go to 1029

Fail, the car leaves the road, go to 1029

Follow the road, to the North, go to 776

Head West, over the fields, go to 765

Follow the road, to the South, go to 774

Move over the fields, to the East, go to 785

1006*

The Investigator in BEDROOM 6, becomes the MAIN INVESTIGATOR.

Roll LISTEN [20%]

Success, go to 1020

Fail, go to 1065

1007*

COMBAT

You can only use FIREARMS, as not close enough, for MELEE.

Range is Short.

Roll TO HIT

Success, go to 1054

Fail, you miss and fear the return fire.

Roll TO HIT for remaining PARTY members, with DISADVANTAGE DICE

Success, they hit the silhouetted traitor, go to 1054

Fail, they miss wildly, as they dive for cover.

Go to 1092

1008

The spirit seemingly gets the upper hand, over the clergyman and begins to wail, in the most frightening tone you have ever heard, before. His voice falters slightly as he recites the Latin verses. The rotting woman points at him and screams, “COWARD. You could have saved those people. You watched them, get eaten.... you snake!”

The Reverend begins to forget his words and stutters, with mispronounced verbs. Sweat is forming on his brow and his glasses have steamed up. Then you notice a boil forming on his cheek and then another. His face is turning red and his skin looks inflamed. The ghostly form begins to laugh and the exorcist falls to the ground, seemingly sapped. The ghost then vanishes, to nothing.

As everyone gathers round and sits him up into a chair, you see the first boil you had noticed, has now burst and a terrible ichor is oozing from the open wound. There are several and the rest of his face looks raw and some skin peeling.

“Perhaps he has had an allergic reaction?” someone suggests, but you all know that is untrue.

Roll SANITY

Success, You don’t let it bother you, even though it should.

Fail, LOSE 1 SANITY

If you have now lost 5+ SANITY in this Encounter, Roll INTELLIGENCE.

Success, you realise the implications and GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY

Fail, you shrug off the deeper truths, this has revealed.

Go to 921

1009*

Deciding to investigate the tunnel, that heads further, into the subterranean depths, under Lombard House. You cautiously proceed, down the flagstones, towards the light.

Nearing the end of the passage, you discover, you are on a platform, overlooking a naturally formed cave, of large size. A rickety wooden ladder, allows access, to the cave floor.

Stalagmites litter the cave edge, which appears to have a diameter roughly, 100'. From your viewpoint, amongst the Stalactites, you spot a rhythmical drop of oil, dripping, from a stalactite, into a fire bowl, that illuminates the cavern.

The central cave floor is almost flat and easy access, leads from the bottom of the ladder. As you negotiate the descent and look around, you suddenly spot it. A small black object, on a metal holder, in the centre of the room. Now you've noticed, it draws all your attention, because there is something strange about this artefact.

Drawing nearer, you identify it as a gemstone or crystal of fair size, with a great many facets, but the black colour is what draws your attention, as it seems to fluctuate in intensity. An array of lights emanate deep within it and project onto the cave's ceiling.

Looking up, you spot a metal grill, in the cave ceiling and you watch the thick black smoke rising, from the oily fire bowl and being drawn up and out of the vent. You cast your mind back to initially approaching the house and the black smoke billowing from the high chimney stack. Now it makes sense, why the fires were always lit in Lombard House, to disguise the exhaust of this hidden flame. But why?

Before you can formulate an answer, you notice something. Something is forming, condensing, coalescing, around the ceiling. Materialising as a huge cloud that shakes into a coiled serpent, you are horrified to see a massive dragon-like entity, take shape above you. Then, you see it has massive black wings, reminiscent of an umbrella. Before, the monstrous head, reveals itself from the many dark red, coils. A Head that is mainly a massive jaw, flanked by small tentacles and framed by 2 lidless yellow eyes. Eyes without pupils or features, yet malign and calculating, like insects.

The creature, opens its vast mouth, to reveal layer after layer, of razor-sharp teeth. Not too dissimilar, from a white shark's jaws and seemingly, just as deadly.

LOSE 40 ELDRITCH POINTS

Roll SANITY

Success, is intimidating, but you stand firm, LOSE 1D3 SANITY

Fail, this is terrifying, LOSE 1D8 SANITY

If you lose 5+ SANITY, Roll INTELLIGENCE

Success, GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY

Fail, you remain unaware of the implications.

Go to 1038

1010*

COMBAT

Round 3

Amongst the moonlit, snowstorm, the vicious DOGS begin to arrive and leap at the slowest in the group. They close rapidly and you feel the tension building. You wonder if you will be able to survive this terrifying attack?

The Investigator with the lowest MOVE, who went to the megalith, is engaged in MELEE combat, with 2 DOGS. If MOVE is equal, then Lowest LUCK is attacked.

Roll TO HIT (Bite 50%/25%/10%)

Roll TO HIT (Investigators MELEE or BRAWL)

If both Fail, the combatants keep each other at bay.

If both equal Success, LOSE 1D6-1 HIT POINTS and 1 DOG KILLED.

If DOG has better Success, LOSE 1D6-1 HIT POINTS

If the Investigator has better Success, 1 DOG IS SLAIN

Roll again, for the second leaping hound's attack.

The other Investigators, at the Mound, Roll SPOT HIDDEN.

Success, go to 399

Fail, go to 707

1011*

Deciding that staying here, with the powerful creature, would be risking death, you immediately turn, to flee the Lounge. However, before you reach the door, it slams closed, followed by the only other exit. You turn and see the panther-headed woman, who has turned towards you and begins to approach, in a fluid, catlike way, that makes you realise, how it must feel to be a mouse. Your mind races and you consider, should you play dead already? As you once heard, it can sometimes work, if attacked by a grizzly bear.

Do you stand your ground, go to 1034
Do you go for a preemptive strike, go to 1017
Play dead and prey you are spared, go to 1053

1012*

You begin to cast the "GATE" spell, by grabbing a soft stone and using it to draw a doorway, on the cave wall. At each of the 8 points, you must draw a symbol and you set to work.

Your SPELL requires 8 rounds to CAST.
SPELL TARGET = 8
Once you get your SPELL TARGET to 0, your GATE spell will be CAST.
Go to 1038

1013

You offer to help the Customs men apprehend any smugglers, operating on this stretch of coast. However, the Agent looks at you suspiciously and explains that they do not work with any volunteers or non-commissioned men, in the service. He goes further and spells out many reasons why they would not want to work with members of the public, who might prove a liability, or even criminals themselves. He thanks you for the offer and suggests you apply to join the agency, before showing you out and shaking your hand.

Go to 984

1014*

The bullet strikes the Gold Doubloon, in your pocket, absorbing the bullet's energy. My, that was lucky, you had that huge chunk of metal, over your heart.

LOSE GOLD DOUBLOON. LOSE 1 HIT POINT
Go to 1007

1015*

COMBAT

That is when you notice the snowflakes just about to land on the top of Lilla Cross, reflecting a concealed light. Not the direct light of the full moon, but something from below. Scrambling up the 10-foot stone, you see a glowing Roman Numeral on top, once you brush away the snow. It is the numeral III, representing the number three (3). You make a note.

Then you see the charging Lycanthrope, is almost here, at the burial mound.
Each of the PARTY can Shoot, except any, that are Braced at the Tree, as he has approached where they cannot see.
Any Investigator that has TEMPORARY INSANITY cannot shoot.
If using a SILVER BULLET, it must be declared before the dice are rolled.
Roll TO HIT for investigator, with DISADVANTAGE DICE
Roll to DODGE, for DOGMAN (Dodge 70%/35%/14%)
If both Fail, the shot misses, wildly.
If both equal Success, the shot just misses, the lycanthrope.
If DOGMAN has a better Success, he Dodges the shot, to your dismay.
If Investigator has a better Success, the shot hits,
Roll DAMAGE - 1 due to thick hide,
If 8+ the lycanthrope, falls STUNNED, from regular bullets
If 8+ from a SILVER BULLET, Roll CONSTITUTION (80%)
Success, he is not slain, but badly wounded.
Fail, the DOG MAN is KILLED, go to 1113
Silver bullets, DEDUCT DAMAGE from 15 HIT POINTS.
Regular ammunition deals 0 actual damage and can only STUN.



Go to 700

1016*

As you find yourself, in a narrow fissure through bedrock, you see a dim light up ahead and feel the vibration of distant waves. Combined with the smell of the salty ocean, you sense you must be near the shore. Getting closer to the wider area, you come out into a passage.

Go to 390

1017*

COMBAT

BAST

STR 240	**CON 125**	**SIZ 65**	**DEX 225**	**INT 175**
APP 99	**POW 150**	**EDU 90**	**SAN 100**	**HP 18**
DB +3D6	**BUILD 4**	**MOVE 20**	**MP 100**	**LUCK N/A**

ATTACKS PER ROUND 3
Claw 99% (49/19), damage 1D8 + DB

You decide to get the first attack in against, this imposing adversary. Like being confronted by a tiger, you know you are highly vulnerable, to this bizarre creature's muscular stature and sharp claws.

Range is Pointblank.
Roll TO HIT, with an ADVANTAGE DICE
However the cat's reflexes are scarily fast, and it evades your weapons.
Roll 1D100 and add it to your Roll, before determining results.
Critical Success, BAST loses MAX DAMAGE + Roll Damage
Success, BAST loses Rolled Damage from HIT POINTS
Fail, you miss the Dodging opponent
Critical Fail, your weapon JAMS (miss next ATTACK)

Then the looming Cat Woman pounces at you, her arms transform, into powerful feline limbs with long claws. She moves with an unmatched speed.

She attacks 3 of the PARTY of your choice.
Roll TO HIT, compare to each Investigator's DODGE/ATTACK Roll
If BAST has a better level of Success, she lands a HIT
Roll 1D8+3D6 (ignoring all Armour) LOSE that many HIT POINTS
Anyone reduced to 0 HIT POINTS is slain

If BAST is reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, go to 1063
Otherwise, go to 1034

1018*



COMBAT
Pointblank range, for all firearms.
Melee weapons, may also be used.

GAIN 30 ELDRITCH POINTS

FATHER OF ALL HUNTING HORRORS

STR 225	**CON 140**	**SIZ 200**	**DEX 70**	**INT 85**
APP 0	**POW 115**	**EDU 0**	**SAN 0**	**HP 32**
DB +5D6	**BUILD 4**	**MOVE 3/11**	**MP ***	**LUCK N/A**

***Magic Points = ELDRITCH POINTS**

ATTACKS PER ROUND 2

1 Claw 35% (17/7), damage 1D6 + DB
2-3 Bite 50% (25/10), damage 1D10+2+DB
4 Entangle 35% (17/7), damage immobilised
5-6 Tail Whip 60% (30/12), damage 2D6 only (no DB)

ARMOUR: 10 Points, of thick scales.

This Round. If ELDRITCH POINTS are 100 or more, go to 1077
Otherwise, Roll twice, to see who is attacked:
1 PRE GEN of your choice
2 PARTY MEMBER of your choice
3 MAIN INVESTIGATOR
4 Most wounded investigator (lowest HIT POINTS)
5 Person using the largest sword
6 Random PRE GEN.

Also, Roll to see which attack is used above, remember they can be Dodged (If success is equal to or better than the Attack), or counter-attacked (If a better level of success). Any investigator reduced to 0 HIT POINTS is Dead. If the main investigator is slain, you must choose another from the PARTY, if the PARTY are slain you may recruit the PRE GENS to try and win the battle.

Any character who is killed, ADD half the dead investigator's MP to ELDRITCH POINTS.
If only 1 person is left alive, go to 978
If you reduce the monster to 0 HIT POINTS, go to 1066
Otherwise, Go to 1045

1019*

You board the pristine pleasure cruiser near the lighthouse. The name on the prow is the "White Lady," which you deem is appropriate considering the snow.

Luckily, the sea state has calmed and is safe enough to leave the harbour. Getting inside, you pay the purser and sit next to a porthole. The 35-foot vessel leaves the safety of the harbour and plies its way up the coast. During the hour-long voyage, you watch the high cliffs and note only a few places the shore can be accessed. Passing Robin Hoods Bay, you stick to the deep water a mile off and soon steam onto the beautiful port of Whitby. As you approach, you pass a strange rock sticking out of the water, and the Pursor explains it is Black Nab and legend has it the large bells from the monastery lay under the water, near the dark stone. As the men of King Henry the 8th tried to take them away, the ship sank. He says some claim to hear them chiming as the tide moves them, even to this day.

High on the snow-capped cliff, as you enter the impressive outer harbour, you can see the ruined monastery against the white clouds. Docking before a swing bridge, you are relieved to be on dry land again. The journey has taken an hour.

Go to 1030

1020*

COMBAT

You hear a noise, perhaps a latch and footsteps near the bed. Reacting just in time, you avoid being strangled by some chord.

You grapple with the unidentified assailant. Roll BRAWL

Success, go to 1070

Fail, go to 1091

1021

You recognise him as Agent Brady from the Hayburn Wyke. He smiles and shakes your hand before offering you a chair and a mug of tea. He fills you in on developments since your last meeting and his hopes for other prosecutions linked to the case.

You ask him if he could do you a favour and pass on any information he hears about anything odd on this stretch of the coast. He agrees and says he will keep his ear to the ground. Shaking your hand, he shows you out and says he owes you a drink.

GAIN CUSTOMS as an ALLY

Go to 997

1022*

GAME OVER

As you lay mortally wounded on the floor of the basement amongst your dead friends, you watch the gang of cultists pass through and go towards the dark room, where more gunfire is heard. Presumably, they are slaughtering the other beneficiaries and residents of Lombard House. You lose consciousness and do not see them leave. Sadly, you never regain consciousness and pass away from blood loss without ever really knowing what you died for. Perhaps, in another dimension, you could try again?

1023*

COMBAT

Pointblank range for all firearms.

Melee weapons may also be used.

GAIN 30 ELDRITCH POINTS as the “astral alignment” occurs!

FATHER OF ALL HUNTING HORRORS

STR 225	**CON 140**	**SIZ 200**	**DEX 70**	**INT 85**
APP 0	**POW 115**	**EDU 0**	**SAN 0**	**HP 32**
DB +5D6	**BUILD 4**	**MOVE 3/11**	**MP ***	**LUCK N/A**

***Magic Points = ELDRITCH POINTS**



ATTACKS PER ROUND 2

Claw 35% (17/7), damage 1D6

Bite 50% (25/10), damage 1D10+2

Entangle 35% (17/7), damage immobilised

Tail Whip 60% (30/12), damage 2D6 only (no DB)

ARMOUR: 10 Points, of thick scales.

Second Round. The monstrosity tries to entangle a random PARTY Member with the serpent’s writhing tail after snapping off a PREGEN’s head (of your choice) with a quick bite. Dropping their lifeless body to the ballroom floor beside the tapestry, depicting the dragon, not too dissimilar to this terrifying monstrosity..... Roll TO HIT (35% Entangle)

Success, Random PARTY Member misses next ATTACK and Fails all DODGE Rolls , for the rest of this COMBAT

GAIN 5 ELDRITCH/MAGIC POINTS

MAIN INVESTIGATOR, Roll INTELLIGENCE

Success, go to 1050

Fail, go to 1032

1024

"LOOK OUT!" shouts the man, chained to the rock, "He's coming!"

You struggle to see what is happening and are pushed nearer the shore by the next massive wave. All the chanting men robed in white gowns with strange peaked hoods, except one. He looks to have heard the shouting and turns. Observing the situation, he approaches you. You hope that he is going to save you. However, that is soon forgotten, as he calmly, puts his hand, inside his smart suit and produces a Luger.

If you have LOVECRAFT as an ALLY, go to 1123

Otherwise, go to 1112

1025

You decide, the only reason, this evil still needs you, is to gain the code, for the Vault. Why else would he ask you, to join him. Realising more than just your fate is at stake, you defiantly tell him, "Kill me."

Richardson levels his Thompson at you and grimaces, "If I must!"

He pulls the trigger and you fade to black....

GAME OVER

You have tried your best, to thwart the Cosmic Horrors, but if it was enough to stop the Haunter of the Dark, being freed, you shall never know. All you can do is try again, on a different timeline or dimension. Go to 1.

1026

Looking at the signs, you determine a lone person approached from the North and spent a fair while near the top of the burial mound, on the East side. There seems to be a flattened area, where someone has maybe laid on a mat. The indent, of a pair of binoculars, is recognisable, which makes you feel they were observing to the West. While, they evidently stuck something into the deep snow, next to them, you cannot determine, what exactly.

Head North, go to 768

Cross the river and walk onto the Western Moorland, go to 757

Press on, to the East, go to 777

Descend into the river valley, to the South, go to 766

1027

You look at the jumble of 4 sheets of paper you got from the Mythos Tome. One is a portal or magical gateway and will take a long time to perform, so that, is out of the question. The shortest is a circle, that must be drawn around the caster, with arcane shapes.

The others are more simple but offer no clue as to their purpose.

Which Spell, do you decide to cast?

Cast the fastest "CIRCLE" spell, go to 1042

Cast the Longest "GATE" spell, go to 1012

Cast one of the other 2 spells, go to 1051

1028

You find yourself at the signposted village of CLOUGHTON. The main street has a public house, called the RED LION and a Police Box, as well as a shop, outside the train station. There is a footpath, that is signposted as "To Hayburn Wyke" The snow is cleared from the pavement and some of the narrow road, too. A break in the weather is welcome, for a few minutes and you read a road sign, at the cross roads.

If this is your first visit here, go to 975

If you have SGT. PHILIPS and BODY, as an ALLY and wish to make a Police report, go to 1149

TO WHITBY, go to 541

TO RAVENSCAR, go to 571

TO HARWOOD DALE, (+30 minutes) go to 759

TO SCARBOROUGH (+30 minutes), go to 954

To Hayburn Wyke, on the path, go to 591

Enter the Train Station, go to 915

Enter the Red Lion Public House, go to 953

Have a look in the shop, ONLY if you have not been in before, go to 917

1029*

You crash, into the verge and collide with a boulder, hidden under the snow.

The Vehicle LOSES 1D3 BUILD

If reduced to 0 BUILD, the car is written off and cannot be repaired.

Roll SIZE for each occupant.

Success, LOSE 1 HIT POINT from the impact

Fail, you manage to avoid injury

Follow the road, to the North, go to 776

Head West, over the fields, go to 765

Follow the road, to the South, go to 774

Move over the fields, to the East, go to 785

1030

You find yourself in Whitby, by the impressive harbour. The town of Whitby clings to both sides of a steep estuary. Overlooking it all is the impressive medieval Abbey. The snow has stopped for a while, but the cutting wind, coming off the North Sea, is far worse. The air is filled with the stench of the sea, sometimes referred to as the sewer of Europe. This is no place to hang around.

The place has a grimy feel. The houses are all old and greening, with seaweed and moss, fed by the spray of moisture off the grey seascape to the East.

Few people are on the dockside. You look around for places to seek shelter while making your enquiries. There are numerous, small cobbled streets leading off into the steep town. You notice a great many Jet shops. While an ageing man tries to get you to pose for a picture in his photography shop.

If you have OLDIE as an ALLY but NOT the TITLE of REGULATOR, go to 1153

Look for the Customs and Excise Office, go to 1052

Catch the "White Lady" Cruiser, to Scarborough (+60 minutes), go to 1067

Enter a Jet shop, go to 1048

Enter the Photo Gallery, go to 1148

Walk up the steep cliff, to the Abbey (+30 minutes), go to 1073

Head to the train station, go to 974

Take the Coast Road, to Robin Hoods Bay (+30 minutes), go to 667

1031*

You feel something enter your being, like a sinking feeling, making you lose all physical sensation. Yet, you can still see and hear. Then, your body begins to seemingly move against your will. You see your hand pick up the Shard of the trapezohedron. "NO, STOP," you think, but your body continues to act without your consent.

Stepping out of the circle of protection, you hold the cold, black gemstone up in the centre of the dim cave. You become aware there is something slowly approaching from the shadows. The massive coiled serpent of shimmering red scales glides towards you and opens its razor-sharp jaws.

You wonder if this is the end? Yet, it does not attack. Against your will, you throw the artefact into the eldritch horror's gaping maw. You sense a sudden change in the air, akin to static electricity. A powerful charge is apparently building all around.

The entity, begins to vibrate and shudder, after a few seconds, there is an explosion of magic, that dazzles your eyes. Once the flash subsides, from your vision, you see, that where the horrific entity had been, there is now, a tall man. Stark naked and with jet black skin, unlike anyone, you have seen before. He turns, slowly, to face you and only then, do you see his smiling face. Yet, he has only one large, central eye, which has three lobes. They all focus on you, before he begins to laugh, like a maniac.

LOSE ALL SANITY

GAIN, PERMANENT INSANITY

GAME OVER

You become, an Avatar of Nyarlothotep and leave Lombard House, with him, to help spread madness and chaos, throughout the world. Edward Lombard had said he could only make a plan that failed and hence why he was allowed to. He was right.

Over the next 15 years the world slips towards madness and self destruction, coming close to the Armageddon, you had scripted, with your new master. Perhaps, the third Great War, will finally end civilisation and the human race, for good?

1032*

COMBAT

All remaining Benefactors and PRE GEN's, are overcome with horror and cower, as they scratch at the locked doors, to flee. Members of the PARTY, who are not TEMPORARILY INSANE, may attack the huge entity.

Roll TO HIT, with an ADVANTAGE DICE, due to the sheer size of your opponent.

Extreme Success, MAX DAMAGE + Roll Damage -10 due to thick Armour.

Success, Roll DAMAGE, but reduce by 10, due to thick ARMOUR.

Silver bullets do a minimum of 1 HIT POINT DAMAGE.

Fail, you miss, amongst the chaos and darkness.

If the Creature is reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, go to 1066

Go to 1018

1033

You find it impossible to open the book, without the key, but, that is when you notice, there are a few, loose, sheets of paper, jutting from the pages. Pulling them clear, you see they are certainly more modern, being on lined paper, with pencilled poems, on them. No, perhaps they are "spells"?

Seems they are written frenetically and include sketches, of hand signs. One of the shorter incantations, even has a diagram, of a magic circle. While another, looks like some form of doorway, that must be drawn. Although that is the longest incantation, of illegible words. The other two, offer no clues, as to their purpose, being only words and gestures.

GAIN SPELLS.

You can choose, a member of the PARTY, to GAIN the NECRONOMICON. However, it is huge and means they must leave their largest piece of equipment here, instead.

Go to 1009

1034*

"Bow, before me and swear allegiance, to BAST." She purrs.

Her cat's eyes glow with a yellow light, of unseen power. You can sense this creature that stands before you, is omnipotent. But a force of good, or evil, you cannot decide.

Bow, before the CAT GODDESS and swear allegiance, go to 1053

Refuse, to become the abomination's envoy, go to 1096

1035*

You are out of your depth and need, to stay afloat and avoid drowning.

Roll SWIM [20%], for each of the PARTY

Success, you keep your head above water.

Fail, swallowing the seawater, you LOSE 1 HIT POINT

Go to 1024

1036*

COMBAT

Gathering your courage, you realise you cannot stay in the circle forever. Checking that everyone's weapons are ready, you form a plan to relight the oil in the fire bowl. While scanning the roof, with torches, you light a match or lighter and all give the nod.

Quickly stepping clear of the glowing chalked circle the magic ceases immediately and you dash forward and throw the flame, into the oil. An eruption of fire illuminates the cave, like a flare for a moment and that is when you see the hellish monstrosity, strike

Roll to HIT (BITE 50%)

Critical Success, MAIN INVESTIGATOR, Roll DODGE

Critical Success, You evade the bite.

Other results, you are bitten, LOSE 6D6 HIT POINTS.

Success, MAIN INVESTIGATOR Roll DODGE

Success, or better, you evade the bite.

Fail, you are bitten, LOSE 6D6 HIT POINTS

Fail, the striking serpent misses.

Go to 1068

1037*

Now, you are closer to the robed cultist, you see he has oriental eyes and a small stature. However, that doesn't hinder him in trying to drive his blade into your chest.

Cultist Roll TO HIT, he has 55% KNIFE Skill

Success, unless you Roll DODGE, or BRAWL and Succeed.

If the Knifeman has a better Success, you LOSE 1D6 HIT POINTS

Fail, he misses but manages to get close enough that neither of you can use Weapons.

Roll BRAWL and Roll the Cultists 55% MARTIAL ARTS Skill.

The higher success, inflicts 1D3+DB HIT POINTS, to the Loser. If the Cultist is reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, go to 1044

A draw, means both combatants, LOSE 1 HIT POINT.

Go to 1001

1038*

COMBAT

Pointblank range, for all firearms.

Melee weapons, may also be used.

FATHER OF ALL HUNTING HORRORS

STR 225	**CON 140**	**SIZ 200**	**DEX 70**	**INT 85**
APP 0	**POW 115**	**EDU 0**	**SAN 0**	**HP 32**
DB +5D6	**BUILD 4**	**MOVE 3/11**	**MP ***	**LUCK N/A**

***Magic Points = ELDRITCH POINTS**

ATTACKS PER ROUND 2. Roll 1D6 to determine Attack types.

1	Claw 35% (17/7), damage 1D6 + DB
2-3	Bite 50% (25/10), damage 1D10+2+DB
4	Entangle 35% (17/7), damage = immobilised (Fails all DODGE, this COMBAT)
5-6	Tail Whip 60% (30/12), damage 2D6 only (no DB)

ARMOUR: 10 Points, of thick scales.

This Round. If ELDRITCH POINTS are 100 or more, go to 1078

Otherwise, Roll twice, to see who is attacked:

1 PRE GEN of your choice

2 PARTY MEMBER of your choice

3 MAIN INVESTIGATOR

4 Most wounded investigator (lowest HIT POINTS)

5 Person using the largest sword

6 Random PRE GEN.

Also, Roll to see which attack is used above, remember any HIT, can be Dodged (with a Success of equal type or better). Any investigator reduced to 0 HIT POINTS is Dead. If the main investigator is slain, you must choose another from the PARTY, if the PARTY are slain except one, the entity ceases the attacks.

Any character who is killed, half their MP, ADD to ELDRITCH POINTS.

When only 1 person is left alive, go to 978

If you reduce the monster to 0 HIT POINTS, go to 1095

Otherwise, Go to 1068

1039

The beam of golden light overcomes the weird green glow and engulfs the cosmic serpent. Raw energy plays over the creature's writhing body and it lets out a hideous scream, that threatens to deafen you, before it echoes, into history. The dark, red, coiled entity, seems to scatter, into a yellow smoke, that dissipates, in mere seconds.

Bast, the ancient Egyptian Goddess, stretches and begins to swish her tail, before locking her gaze, upon you. Approaching, you feel intimidated by her presence and obvious superiority, over you, a mere mortal. Yet as she draws near, a voice in your mind, purrs, “Now Humans I must rest, but I trust you to be my new priests and priestesses. Worship the cats and encourage other humans, to look after the smallest of my kind. Offer them food, love and warmth. Protect them from serpents and Nyarlothotep’s warlocks, who wish to sacrifice them. Do this and you will be rewarded, in the afterlife. Until we meet again, stay strong and watch out for dogs.”

The Goddess walks back to the pillar and resumes her pose, hugging the granite, before she returns to being exactly that, in a moment. Leaving the survivors of this unbelievable tale, stood in the doorway, unsure how to digest, what just happened, before their very eyes.

The uneventful days, roll around quick enough until you find yourself at the meeting, to get your share of the Legacy of Lombard House. Once the legal aspects are consummated, by a signature from each remaining benefactor, You are thankful, to pack your small bag and leave the Georgian Manor House, for the last time, at least, for a while.

You, take the train back, home. Yet when you arrive, your little humdrum life never seems the same. It feels so normal and dull. Yet, to your surprise, when you reach your house, you find your loved ones have got a new addition to the household, a black cat.

They ask you what the mouser should be called. “BAST” is your reply and you swear, the cat winks at the name. You adore that cat and spoil it rotten, yet it ignores you, other than bringing you the odd gift of a mouse now and again.

GAME OVER

Well done, you defeated the machinations of Nyarlothotep and his minions. Earth is safe for now and you learn to sleep again, at night. Although, these recurring nightmares, never seem to fade, of the horrors you witnessed at Lombard House. Not long after, a mysterious fire guts the old manor and you are paid out by an insurance claim, pushed by Mr Grey, on the benefactor's behalf. There is a clause in Edward's Will, that in the event of fire, the house would not be rebuilt and the foundations flooded with cement. So that’s what you intend to do, until you see the perpetual black smoke, rising from the ruin, weeks after the fire has been extinguished. What could it be? .....

1040

You walk through the magical portal, full of anticipation, at where exactly this GATE, will bring you out.

However, you are given a rude awakening, when you find yourself floundering in the crashing surf, of the cold sea. Unable to gain your bearings for a few moments, you realise your companions are also here, trying not to drown in the powerful waves.

Then you hear the chanting, voices echoing around, between the crashing of the dangerous waves. What are they saying, you cannot decipher over the engulfing din. That is when you see the lights and get a clearer picture of your situation and location. Seems you are inside the entrance of a flooding sea cave, at the rear of which, is a platform of bedrock where 3 figures are bowed, facing some form of a green icon, hung on the cave wall.

Only now, do you notice there is a fourth person in the cave, yet this one is near you, in the breaking surf, chained to a boulder. He shouts, “HELP ME!”

If you have DAMIAN GREENE as an ALLY, go to 1024

Otherwise, go to 1035

1041

You gather the remaining survivor(s) and what equipment you can scavenge, from the dead.

You may GAIN THOMPSON SMG, with 1 drum magazine, if you wish.

Before, taking a look, at the large ancient TOME, on the raised lectern. The book seems to be covered in a thin leather and embossed with the motif of a winged serpent, not unlike a red dragon, except the strange tentacles coming from the head. Letters across the top of the cover, read, “NECRONOMICON”.

The book has a clasp that locks it shut.

If you have BOOK KEY, go to 1002

Examine the Tome, go to 1033

Leave the heinous book of nightmares, well alone, go to 1009

1042

You begin to cast the "CIRCLE" spell by grabbing stone and using it to draw a circle around the PARTY. At each of 3 points, you must draw a symbol and set to work.

Your SPELL requires 3 rounds to CAST.

SPELL TARGET = 3

Once you get your SPELL TARGET to 0, your spell will be CAST.

Go to 1038

1043



The doorbell chimes and promptly, Mrs O'Brian, shows in a familiar face, the Reverend Pashby. He brushes off the snow he has accumulated, on his short walk, up the road. He shakes your hands and says he has come to bless the house, as promised. "My, it is a very dark and wild night, tonight. Thank you for taking me in, out of the cold." he jokes, warming his hands.

Most of the benefactors, make their excuses and retire to the sitting room, or lounge. Leaving, just the vicar and you the PARTY, in the dining room. He notices the remnants of the Bread and Wine, meal. "Well, that is an interesting choice, for your meal. It is, what I was going to ask you to arrange, to perform the blessing, of the house. Well, I guess that means I can do it today, with no further delay."

Just then, a sudden gust of wind seemingly hits the house and the dining room window blows open. Snow and squall fill the room, before you grab the window, force it shut against the gale and lock the handle. "Perhaps, something doesn't want me to bless and cleanse the house." laughs the clergyman, as he picks up his hat from the floor.

Moving towards the Greek busts, he says, "It is nice, to finally make it inside this spectacular Manor House. I've heard tell, that it is full of antiques and curiosities," he inspects the mysterious landscape painting, which is also a face, through his, half moon, glasses. "now this one, seems familiar. I've heard tell of this painting, from young Miss Brown. She assures me that this painting is actually haunted. She insists, it is a woman of my faith and needs my help to pass on, into the light. Of course, I don't believe this tale is true, but I will perform the Blessing, as I promised Miss Brown, I would," He fumbles through his pockets and produces his little bible and a miniature crucifix, with a small vial of holy water.

Beginning the blessing with a simple prayer, he begins to recite a Latin verse and cast around some holy water. Then he uses the crucifix to tell the devil, to come out, from the corners of the room, where he brandishes the cross.

Opening the bible, he recites a few lines, about casting the devil out and blessing this house. You feel some form of energy in the atmosphere. It is strange, but you are sure it is there, no matter how subtle. Again, the strong wind buffets the window, making it rattle violently, but holding fast.

"I cast you out, by the power of the light. For you, are not welcome in this house, Begone spirits. I cast you out…. "

Then a strange manifestation begins to materialise, between the Reverend and the painting. A figure…. a woman, appears, although she is not corporeal and somehow translucent. Wearing a pink flowing dress, with her hair tied in buns, you think she looks like a noblewoman. The Reverend doesn't cease chanting in Latin and holds his book in his right hand and crucifix in his left. A breeze starts to whip up in the room, despite the window being firmly closed.

His religious exorcism continues and the woman begins to dissolve, or her flesh does. Her face begins to melt like it was made of wax, trapped in an expression of absolute horror. You can see what it would be like to decompose, accelerated into a few seconds and it is terrifying.

Roll SANITY

Success, LOSE 1 SANITY, to acknowledge Ghosts, are real.

Fail, LOSE 1D8 SANITY, as you realise, this existence awaits you.

Roll Reverend Pashby's skill - Theology/Exorcism 75%

Success, go to 991

Fail, go to 1008

1044*

COMBAT

GAIN 5 ELDRITCH POINTS

You dash around the next couple of turns, in the dim corridor and just as you reach a window, you catch a glimpse outside of another man, clad in white, amongst the deep snow, he is armed with a revolver. Seems he is coming to break in through the window. Spotting you, his intent to shoot is revealed as he begins to aim at you. It's a split second, who gets the first shot.

If your DEXTERITY is higher than the CULTISTS, 47% you Shoot first. Otherwise, he shoots first.

Roll TO HIT. It is Short-range.

Critical Success, it is a headshot and falls down, dead.

Success, Roll Weapon Damage, if 11 or more, you kill him. (If killed, GAIN 5 ELDRITCH POINTS)

Fail, you miss, the cultist and he returns fire.

If he has not been killed, he returns fire: Roll TO HIT, he has 35% REVOLVER Skill.

Success, LOSE 1D6+1 HIT POINTS

Fail, he misses.

Deciding to waste no time, you dash on, into the kitchen. You check that the backdoor is bolted and close the shutters, on the small windows. The sound of mayhem and gunfire is deafening behind you. Everyone begins to stream into the kitchen.

"Quickly, everyone downstairs!" shouts Mr Richardson.

There is gunfire and splinters of the back door fly off towards the sink. Some of the beneficiaries, scream in fright, at this dangerous development. While you hear more distant smashing glass and automatic gunfire, the strobing muzzle flash manages to make it into the room.

"Everybody gets into the cellar. NOW!" you hear the Major's voice just in the corridor. The group files down the steep stone steps, into the basement and you join them. The fearful residents are pointing at the coal chute and you can see, that someone is trying to open the hatch, but the huge iron bolts, are holding fast.

Again you hear the distinctive Lewis gun, at the top of the cellar steps, before the Major comes running down and takes cover behind the corner. He looks at you, "If you think you can open the Lombard Safe, now is the time to do it. I will hold them off, long enough, for you to do it." He looks you, in the eye, "Do it for Edward." Before, turning round the corner and firing a single shot up the stairs case. There is a yelp and a dead body falls down the stairs at his feet. The assailant, has a bloody wound to the heart, staining his pure white robes.

"GO!" orders the Major and you waste no time. Sporadically, over the next few minutes, you hear the report of his Lewis gun and sometimes other firearms. Reminding you, both adversaries are still fighting it out, by the staircase.

If you know you cannot proceed, fight it out here, go to 1060

If you have VAULT on your DIRECT ACCESS LIST, go to that ENTRY

If not, you find the SAFE, at the back of the Darkroom, go to 126

1045*

COMBAT

All remaining Benefactors and Pre Gens, are overcome with horror and cower, as they scratch, at the locked doors, to flee. Members of the PARTY, who are not TEMPORARILY INSANE, may attack the huge entity.

Roll TO HIT, with an ADVANTAGE DICE, due to the sheer size of your opponent.

Success, Roll DAMAGE, but reduce by 10, due to thick ARMOUR.

Silver bullets do a minimum of 1 HIT POINT DAMAGE.

Fail, you miss amongst the chaos and darkness.

If the Creature is reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, go to 1066

Go to 1018



1046*

COMBAT

Members of the PARTY, who are not TEMPORARILY INSANE, may attack the BRINGER OF DARKNESS

Roll TO HIT, with an ADVANTAGE DICE, due to the sheer size of your opponent.

Critical Success, Roll DAMAGE + MAX DAMAGE - 10 (Armour)

Success, Roll DAMAGE, but reduce by 10, due to thick ARMOUR.

Silver bullets do a minimum of 1 HIT POINT DAMAGE.

Sword of CASTILLO, ignores all ARMOUR.

Fail, you miss, amongst the chaos and darkness.

If the Creature is reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, go to 1067

Go to 1018

1047

Your PARTY quickly scour the house, to arm themselves against the home invaders. You may swap any WEAPONS from your bedroom, or the Gun Cabinet (Take AMMO if you have PADLOCK KEY). You may also swap weapons, between investigators, before regrouping, by the front door.

Go to 1058

1048

You enter a small, pristine fronted, jewellery shop, called “JET BLACK”, specialising in the locally sourced black gemstone, called Jet. It is deep black, in colour. When cut and polished, it is the most interesting centrepiece, for broaches, rings, necklaces and more. Such beautifully made items are on display here, in glass cabinets.

An attractive young lady is behind the cabinets and she wears an elegant black dress, that emphasises, her striking blond hair. She welcomes you to the shop and invites you to look around and maybe try something on. She says, she is sure, that something will take your fancy.

She is not wrong, instantly you see a large black stone, displayed on an enclosed cloth, inside a secure steel display box. It is in the very centre, of the store's display. At first, you think the large piece of jet, has been fashioned to be a strange cube. Yet, now you look closer, you can see it has been cleverly cut, to have a great many faces or facets. You wonder how many faces, it must have?

“24..... there are 24 facets, on that amazing centre piece,” the striking jeweller, seems to answer your unasked question. “Making it a trapezohedron,” she continues, “Our most expensive item, in the shop's catalogue and many have wowed at it over the years. I can see it drew your eye, as it does everyone, who beholds it.”

She explains, “The piece was bought from a local, who had always lived by scouring the crumbling cliffs, for fresh jet deposits. It was the find, of his lifetime and he never told anyone where exactly he had sourced it. Once my father, put it up for valuation, a Royal Emissary arrived and said he had been sent by Her Majesty, to procure the piece. So it was to be Queen Victoria’s, but she died, that week and the deal fell through. The Jet Trapezohedron has remained here, ever since and no one else, offering the true value, that Victoria intended to pay. She had said, this was the gemstone of her dreams. Dreams that had recurred throughout her entire life and she knew the black trapezohedron, was somehow linked to her ultimate destiny.”

Well, that does make you think, for a moment and manage to get out the reply, “How interesting. It is mesmerising.”

“Yes, it is mesmerising. Hypnotic even.” agrees the shopkeeper, as her eyes get lost in the reflections of the prehistoric wood, that has been under such pressure, to become a gemstone.

You end up buying a small trinket, fashioned with a jet inlay and as nice as it is, the trapezohedron doesn’t leave your mind, as you exit the JET BLACK shop. Maybe Victoria was right, as the story has sparked off your own recollections, of forgotten dreams. Dreams that seemed to contain that weird black shape. Maybe, it is linked to your destiny, too?

GAIN JET

Go to 1030

1049*

For the rest of the battle, the BRINGER OF DARKNESS, only has 1 ATTACK per round, instead of 2. Also, his Armour is reduced to 9.

If you are in the Circle of Protection, go to 1115

Otherwise, go to 1038

1050*

COMBAT

You realise the huge sword, like that of St. George, is perhaps a good choice and grab it from the display stand. If you do not have the SWORD Skill, then note the Base skill is 20%. You feel an energy flow through you, perhaps from the presence of a "dragon" and this gives you an ADVANTAGE DICE, if Attacking with the two handed sword (not counter attacking).

The vorpal SWORD of CASTILLO [20%]. This is actually the Vorpal Sword of Saint George and is magical. It deals full damage (1d8+1+DB) to all Eldritch creatures in the game, while ignoring ALL ARMOUR. This is a dragon slayer.

Go to 1032

1051*

Do you choose the shorter incantation, or, the longer version?

Short cantrip, go to 1057

Long Incantation, go to 1082

1052

You scour the harbour side and find a small doorway is signposted as the Customs and Excise Office. However, it is locked and no one answers. Seems to be closed. Then, you notice a small note in the murky window, 'Closed till 14th November. Contact the Scarborough Office." You curse your luck and return to the dock.

Go to 1030

1053*

You prostrate yourself, on the ground and pray, you be spared.

Sensing the Cat Woman, is now standing over you, you hear a voice inside your mind, she purrs, "Do not fear mortal, for I am fair with thee and if you do as I say, you shall live, as my envoy."

Seems you have little choice and you nod, in agreement.

"Hold still and let me read, your thoughts", purrs the whisper, in your head.

After a few seconds, you feel a probing of your memory and visualise, what has happened, since your arrival, "So, there is another in this House, a long hated foe and killer of cats. I must vanquish this adversary, this Bringer of Darkness, yet again. No longer, shall I tolerate their vile Cult's abuse of my children and thousands of cats, will be avenged, this day. His master should never be allowed to roam the Earth, once more, or there will be calamity and death, to all species."

Go to 1093

1054*

Gun shots rip into your assailant, the murderous traitor, Kenneth Richardson. He slumps to the ground, with his Thompson SMG, thrown clear from his body, still smoking from the hail of devastation, it has just unleashed. The scene is that of a, blood spattered, massacre.

You quickly approach Richardson's bleeding body and see he is still breathing, despite the catastrophic damage, he has sustained. Blood pumps from his wounds and he looks you in the face. You notice a yellow glow to his eyes and he says, in the gruff voice, of a demon, "I'm going to eat your soul, just like this one!" before life leaves him, along with the unnatural glow, of his eyes.

GAIN 6 ELDRITCH POINTS

Roll SANITY

Success, you manage to maintain your cool.

Fail, this atrocity is tough on your psyche. LOSE 1D4 SANITY.

Go to 1041

1055*



COMBAT
Pointblank range, for all firearms (Advantage Dice)
Melee weapons, may also be used.

Mummy of Tutanghali

STR 105	**CON 80**	**SIZ 60**	**DEX 30**	**INT 55**
APP 0	**POW 75**	**EDU 0**	**SAN 0**	**HP 20**
DB +1D6	**BUILD 2**	**MOVE 6**	**MP 7**	**LUCK N/A**

ATTACKS PER ROUND 1
Brawl 70% (35/14), Damage 1D3 + DB
Armour: 2

The PARTY may all Roll to HIT first. (Advantage Dice, if a firearm)
Extreme Success, no extra damage, see Success below!
Success, Roll Damage, Reduce by 2 (due to Armour)
Mummy LOSES HIT POINTS
Fail, you miss, the fracas of the struggle.
Critical Fail, Mummy DESTROYS, your weapon.
If Mummy, is reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, go to 1080
Otherwise, the Mummy throttles the MAIN INVESTIGATOR
Roll TO HIT (70%/35%/14%)
Success, Roll Investigators BRAWL, If lesser success, go to 1071
Fail, you evade the Mummies grasp.
MUMMY GAINS 1 HIT POINT, go to 1055

1056*

As you lay for a few seconds, before succumbing to your mortal wounds, you watch, Kenneth Richardson, casually walk over, smiling at you. He crouches and searches your pockets, and produces the keys you found. “I’ve already got the numbers, from your late friend, in small talk, earlier. I’ll soon have that Vault open and the Haunter of the Dark will be free once more, to stalk the Earth. Thank you, for your hard work, towards releasing him, now goodbye.”

He picks up a discarded firearm, puts it to your chest and .....
GAME OVER

You have failed, to thwart the minions of Nyarlothotep, from releasing him, from his imprisonment in the splinter, of the Shining Trapezohedron. Maybe you can, next time? For, this entire timeline is ended, by the Cosmic Horror in a matter of weeks. Madness, megadeath and armageddon are released onto the world and humanity fades into extinction. Perhaps, you will have to try harder, in another timeline, reality, or dimension?

1057*

You begin to cast the short “*cantrip*” spell and make the correct signs, with your interlocked fingers
Your SPELL requires 2 rounds to CAST.
SPELL TARGET = 2
Once you get your SPELL TARGET to 0, your spell will be CAST.
Go to 1038

1058*

COMBAT

Then, in various rooms you hear, windows being smashed and movement. “Sounds like they are coming in, rather than burning us out!” declares the Major. The door opens, to the STUDY and a short man dashes through, clad all in white, with gloves and a face covering. Some of the benefactors scream, as they see the intruder, is brandishing a large knife, as he charges.

The Major, fires his Lewis Gun, from the hip and a burst, of bullets, draws a line of holes across the cultist's chest. Drenching his white robes, in bright red blood, as he staggers, then falls, just short of reaching the group.

GAIN 5 ELDRITCH POINTS

Other footsteps can be heard, approaching and the Major shouts, “Retreat to the cellar, quickly! Go, now! Get the others to safety!” You nod and begin heading towards the kitchen, to organise the withdrawal. When suddenly, another cultist, clad in white, leaps through the Dining room doorway, to assault you.

However, you have your weapon ready and get to act first.

Only the MAIN INVESTIGATOR, may Roll TO HIT, in the narrow corridor.

Success, Roll DAMAGE, Cultist LOSES indicated HIT POINTS. He has 11.

If the Cultist is reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, go to 1044

Fail, you miss and the crazed zealot attacks you, with his knife

Go to 1037

1059*

You place the dead mouse, into the feline statue’s hand and step back.

LOSE, DEAD MOUSE

There's a strong smell of perfume and a glowing red horizontal line, begins to move up the Statue, starting at the feet. As the magical line, scans up the feline figure, rapidly left to right, right to left, you see it leaves behind a transformation of the granite, into living flesh. What on Earth?

In seconds, the entire statue is revealed as a living .... woman .... with a feline head. She is as real, as you, or I.

Roll SANITY

Success, you accept this creature, without fear.

Fail, you determine the existence of a cat goddess, is unsettling, at best.

LOSE 1D6 SANITY

If you lose 5+ SANITY, Roll INTELLIGENCE

Success, you realise this changes everything, GAIN, TEMPORARY INSANITY

Fail, you don’t realise the ramifications, luckily.

Do you decide to Flee, go to 1011

Attack the entity, go to 1017

Wait and see what happens, go to 1034

1060*

COMBAT

“We need to kill these damn thugs! I cannot get us any further, without more code numbers. We need more numbers, Ben!” You explain.

“Alright, let’s just take the rotters on here,” accepts the Major. He quickly withdraws, behind the coal pile and sets his machine gun up, propped over the black deposits. Meanwhile, you assume his position, on the corner, facing where the stairs, enter the cellar.

You hear creaks, upstairs, as someone walks across the floor boards, above you and then stops. Suddenly, there is a spray of automatic gunfire, that comes through the wooden ceiling, sending splinters and muzzle flashes down, into the basement.

Roll LUCK, for each member of the PARTY

Success, you are fine and not hit by a stray bullet or debris.

Fail, struck by either a bullet fragment or splinter, LOSE 1D4+1 HIT POINTS

At that moment a group of robed assailants, charge into the dank basement, from the stairwell. They are all brandishing large knives. One targets, each of the active PARTY (remember this includes the MAJOR).

Go to 800

1061

Your knock, on the door, is answered, by a young woman, “Hello? Do you wish to buy some eggs?” She asks. You notice she is sporting a wedding ring.

An older man, dirty with mud and black of beard, comes to the door and says, “Hello there, Hellish weather today, you best stay to the road and beware the moors. In this snowstorm, it would be easy to get lost or fall, in a sump. Hey, whatever you do, don't take a horse on there, it will break a leg, in no time. My advice is get yourselves off ‘ome, quick sharp, as the moors are no place to be, after dark, what with the moon and everything.”

“What about the moon?” You ask.

The farmer seems to look away, “Oh nothing, just the moon can play tricks on you and get you lost in the fog. You often think you see it, but end up walking in the wrong direction. Besides, there are the odd sightings, of some big cats around this way. I seen it me’sen, or else I wouldn’y of mentioned it. Just over there, it was, to the Northwest, out on the moortop one night. I saw it, slinking around the tops of Jugger Howe Beck, one evening and can tell you, it is real.

Had a few of my sheep taken over the years too. Some I found, with puncture wounds to their throats. You see, a cat doesn’t rip out your throat, no. It suffocates you, by crushing the windpipe. Only dogs rip out your throat and you bleed to death.

Anyhow, my sheep were killed by a cat, I’m telling you, just like I told the Police and that Natural Historian who called by, the other day. Said he was looking for it and believed me, just like you should and heed my warning to thee. Beware the moors and stick to the road.”

His young wife hands you some eggs and takes your money.

“Good day now,” says the farmer and promptly shuts the door in your face.

GAIN EGGS

Go to 763

1062*

As you finish the incantation, the chalked lines of the drawn door, begin to glow an iridescent blue. An energy seems to be sucked from your spirit, to power the magical portal. You feel an interstellar wind on your face.

CASTER, LOSE 5 POWER

“Come on, let’s go, before it’s too late!” you declare, before stepping through the magical GATE.

Everyone who uses the GATE, LOSES 1 SANITY.

Go to 1040

1063*

You somehow, deliver a fatal wound, to the lightning-fast, feline chimera. It instantly vanishes, in a split second. You are left confused, as to what exactly just happened. The statue is just as it was before and the granite, is as solid as the day it was quarried at Aswan. Was it just a hallucination?

You decide to leave the Lounge, to get some air. Whatever it was, you defeated it.

GAIN 1D8 SANITY

Go to 231

1064*

You complete the incantation, of the short CANTRIP spell.

Reduce MP, by 5

Roll POWER

Success, go to 1049

Fail, go to 1079

1065*

You are woken, by a garrotte, across your throat and an assailant, stands over you, trying to throttle you, to death.

LOSE 3 HIT POINTS

Roll Strength, with a DISADVANTAGE DICE

Success, go to 1070

Fail, go to 1091

1066*

A spray of pungent black ichor splatters across the ballroom and contents. This vast horror must have gallons of the stuff in the pierced coils. With a screech reminiscent of a raptor, it rears up and then falls, motionless on the floor. You give it another one, just to be sure, but are surprised to find the beast is lifeless and does not react. You are drenched in blood. Some was your comrades, many of whom lay dead on the floor. The serpentine monstrosity dissolves with a fizz that produces a slight mist until only a black liquid remains around the ballroom. There is silence for a moment. You look through the window at the snowstorm and see the line of stars is no longer visible.

Maybe you've done it? Maybe... just maybe..... you have saved the world.

You smile, along with anyone who happens to have survived, too. Taking a seat, in one of the many rooms, you stare into space deep in thought. How can you return to a normal life after knowing what you know and seeing what you have seen?

A hand on your shoulder rouses you from your contemplation. It's the Police. They have you at gunpoint. You raise your hands and begin to try and explain the scene of death and carnage. However, they are having none of it and handcuff you tightly behind your back. As they lead you outside, it dawns on you that you are not being put into a Police van. No, the vehicle is pure white and says on the side, "BOGGLE HOLE, MENTAL INSTITUTE." You begin to protest as they push you into the white padded rear compartment and slam the door behind you.

No one can hear you scream through the glass. The van winds its way down to the stark white mental asylum. Although the Arabic driver winks in the mirror and you know, you have seen him somewhere before..... that's it .... from in your dreams .... no .... your nightmares..... OH GOD NO !!!!!! HELP!!!! LET ME OUT !!!! I'M NOT CRAZY....!!!!"

The driver smiles in the mirror, "That's more like it."

GAME OVER

Well done, you have completed the game and saved the world, at least for a while. Despite slaying the Bringer of Darkness, it is sadly at some massive personal cost, as you are never free again. Fated to spend your days in a straight jacket, in the seaside asylum, where the staff whisper that you are here because you know too much. Sometimes you swear that you see the Red Worm in your waking dreams.

1067*

You board the modern pleasure Cruiser, named the White Lady. Getting inside the cabin you are glad to be sat by some pipework that is nice and hot from the steam boiler. The whistle blows and you set sail. Leaving the safety of the harbour, the 35 foot vessel makes good time, as he follows the high cliffs, to the South. The endless snow is no problem but the experience is unique. After a while, the purser points out the spouts from some unseen whales, further out to sea and later you see some porpoises jumping close to the shore.

Eventually, the headland of Scarborough, with its distinctive Castle, comes into view and you hear the loud braying of many seagulls, on the high cliffs. Rounding the huge buttress, you put in to port and are relieved to moor by the West Pier. It has taken an hour to reach your destination.

Go to 984

1068*

Each member of the PARTY, who is not TEMPORARILY INSANE, may attack the huge entity, as it writhes and circles, around the stalactites, in a hypnotic manner. Investigators, can use conventional weapons, or dare to cast a SPELL.

The Bringer of Darkness, starts the battle with 32 HIT POINTS. Keep track as it is reduced by damage.

Roll TO HIT, with an ADVANTAGE DICE, due to the huge size of your opponent.

Critical Success, MAX DAMAGE + Roll Damage -10 ARMOUR.

Success, Roll DAMAGE, but reduce, by 10, due to thick ARMOUR.

Silver bullets do a minimum, of 1 HIT POINT, DAMAGE.

Sword of CASTILLO, ignores all ARMOUR.

Fail, you miss amongst the chaos and darkness.

If you dare to cast a new Spell, go to 1027

If already casting a spell, REDUCE SPELL TARGET by 1

If SPELL TARGET is 0, the spell is finished, go to 1076

If the Creature is reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, go to 1095

Otherwise, go to 1038

1069*

You take his gloved hand. He pulls you clear of the surf with a firm grip. As you are drawn close to him, you again look into his eyes and witness a whole cosmos of Astral existence. You realise your destiny is to work with this powerful sorcerer, not against him.

He smiles before handing you the Luger. You know what must be done.

Aiming the pistol at your remaining companions, you think it will be easy to pick them off. One by one, they flounder helplessly in the churning swell. It had to be done. You did not make them suffer. It was quick and executed cleanly, despite their begging.

LOSE ALL REMAINING SANITY

You and your newfound Master stand and watch as the chanting reaches a crescendo and several gigantic tentacles enter the cave mouth. Feeling around, they wrap around the bodies and the sacrifice chained to the rock. Before the appendages pull the bodies under the waves and into the mirky North Sea.

Lovecraft pats you on the shoulder, "You did well. Now come, my new apprentice, there is much to learn, I will teach you."

"Thank you, Master, I also have some important news. News of the messenger of the outer Gods and where he is imprisoned."

"Good. Good. We have much need of him....."

GAME OVER

You have thwarted the machinations of evil, only to join them and make them more powerful than even they had dared to dream. Eventually, you find a new organisation to infiltrate. One, filled with influential people, Europeans, fuelled with hate towards their fellow man. Perfect for your needs. Seducing the psychotic leaders of this powerful following to join the MASK is easy. They already quest for supernatural power and are easy to manipulate towards the downfall of Mankind. On this altered timeline, you steer them towards new scientific weapons of splitting the Atom before their enemies.

1070*

Using every ounce of your strength, you push the unidentified attacker away. The curtain rail is pulled down onto the bed in the scuffle. After fighting your way out of the drapes, you discover that you are all alone. Seems your assailant must have fled.

Breathing a sigh of relief, you stack the debris by the wall and lay awake for a while before drifting. Soon, the darkness brings on your descent into slumber.

You HEAL, 1 HIT POINT, up to your MAXIMUM.

You can ignore all previous CONSTITUTION reductions and penalties.

GAIN 18 ELDRITCH POINTS (-2 per PARTY member who has been killed)

Roll POWER

Success, go to 123

Fail, go to 118

1071*

The Mummy squeezes the very life out of you with a grip of steel. Nothing seems to break the vice-like grasp. You lose consciousness before death takes you. The Main Investigator is KILLED, as their spine is crushed and their lifeless body drops to the ground.

Choose a remaining member of the PARTY, as the Main Investigator.

MUMMY HEALS, 1 HIT POINT, to a maximum of 20.

"Now, do you swear allegiance?" purrs the Cat Goddess. "Or do you need my high priestess, to show you the error of your ways."

Swear Allegiance, go to 1053

Resist the creatures demands and fight back, go to 1055

1072*

You finish the RITUAL magic. The spell costs 5 MAGIC POINTS and has a base 5% chance of Success. For each extra MP the investigator has to spend, on the spell, increase the chance of success by 5%. So an investigator, with 8 MP would have a 20% chance of success.

If you have the DEMONS NAME, double your % chance, of success.

If you have the METAL DISC, ADD 10% to chance, of success.

Reduce MP to 0

Roll CHANCE OF SUCCESS,

Success, go to 1084

Fail go to 1079

1073

Making your way through the old shambolic streets, narrow and slippery with snow on their pronounced cobblestones. It is obvious that a large quarter of jewellers are in business here, all specialising in locally sourced jet. However, you press on beneath the cliff, through the old market square, before coming to the bottom of a wide stone staircase that ascends the headland. A sign marks it as the (199 STEPS) and upon reaching the summit, somewhat short of breath, you can confirm there are that number.

Now you can see down onto the grotty old seaside town, blanketed in snow, from this high vantage point. Behind you is an ancient stone cross, with a historical carved design, concealed by the snow and ice. Nearby is a church with a large cemetery, you press on up the incline and upon transiting the graveyard, you see one small headstone, that has no writing, only a skull and crossbones. Presumably the resting place of someone hanged, for Piracy.

Behind the graves, is a walled compound around the ruined Abbey. Roofless and only the stone architecture remaining, you consider it a shame that many such places were put to the torch by Henry VIII, so he could get his way and seize back wealth from the church.

Once at the impressive ruin, you realise there is actually not much else to see, although you have read, Bram Stoker's "Dracula" and it sets your mind adrift, looking, for where a coffin could be concealed. Alas, or probably to your relief, there is no such chest, of Transylvanian earth, to be found anywhere.

Yet, you do find a notebook, wedged in a corner of the ruin, out of the snow. Opening it, you see that it belongs to one David Kessler and seems to be an account of him visiting the Yorkshire area, inspired by reading the popular Stoker novel. He is from America and is travelling with his companion, Jack. He writes about how apt the setting is for such a gothic story and malign antagonist. Seems he even went out on a boat, the White Lady, to imagine coming into the harbour, on the Demeter, like the undead did, in Bram Stoker's story.

He also writes, how he has collated newspaper cuttings, of strange sightings, on the moors, of an alleged "Dog Man." How he intends to visit the area and investigate. He discusses the legends suggesting SILVER is all that can hurt the Lycanthrope, for that is what he is told in folklore. Folded inside the notebook is a small map of the Eastern Moors, that he obviously intended to explore next.

The diary ends with him saying they are going to return to the Abbey, that night, to experience the gothic location as intended in the book, before catching the Train to Robin Hoods Bay and walking to the Flask Inn, where they intend to Lodge.

GAIN LOCAL MAP 3 (317) and ADD it to your DIRECT ACCESS LIST, as follows:

"LOCAL MAP 3, 0 TIME, ANYTIME, ENTRY 317"

Take the clifftop path to Robin Hood's Bay (+30 minutes), go to 667

Return down the 199 Steps to the harbour (+30 minutes), go to 1030

1074*

As the focus, of this entire battle, rolls out of the glowing protective circle and away onto the cave floor, the huge monstrosity, flies into the light to consume it. This could be, your only chance.

However, the possessed benefactor, immediately grabs a remaining PARTY member, (of your choice's) weapon and grapples with them, thus, preventing them, from attacking, the Bringer of Darkness. Yet, they repulse the wrestling traitor and push them, out of the circle too. At that moment, the beast descends and inadvertently, they, collide with the monster and are crushed, in the fray.

The Possessed PARTY Member is KILLED outright.

If there are other PARTY MEMBERS, besides these 2, they are able to attack, they may do so now.

Roll TO HIT, with ADVANTAGE DICE

Critical Success, MAX DAMAGE + Roll Damage -10 ARMOUR.

Success, Roll DAMAGE, but reduce, by 10, due to thick ARMOUR.

Silver bullets do a minimum, of 1 HIT POINT, DAMAGE.

Sword of CASTILLO ignores all ARMOUR.

Fail, you miss amongst the chaos and darkness.

If the Creature is reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, go to 1095

If you dare to cast a new spell, go to 1027

If already casting a spell, REDUCE SPELL TARGET by 1

If SPELL TARGET is 0, the spell is finished, go to 1076

Otherwise, go to 1038

1075*

As you circle the pillar, something snags your leg. Looking down, you see a bandaged hand grabbing your leg.

MUMMY, HEALS 1 HIT POINT

Go to 1055

1076*

You finish the page of notes, depicting the incantation and somatic movements with your hands. All while delivering the frenetically written nonsense. "Kli'tyn Gor'aldin Morkanis F'y'lathradno Phant'yini Whej'oth'tharan'dri!"

GATE spell, go to 1062

CIRCLE spell, go to 1098

CANTRIP spell, go to 1064

RITUAL spell, go to 1072

1077*

The malevolent entity moves in the most unnatural way and coils itself high up into one corner. It opens its jaw wide and spews an ethereal fire of yellow and green flames liberally around the main hall. The other beneficiaries and PRE GENS are all killed by the Astral flames. Although nothing actually burns inside the room, you feel the intensity on your skin.



LOSE 100 ELDRITCH POINTS

All members of the PARTY must Roll DODGE

Success, LOSE 1D100 HALVED, HIT POINTS

Fail, LOSE 1D100 HIT POINTS

Anyone who is killed ADD HALF their MP, to ELDRITCH POINTS.

Whoever has the CUBIC WARD, only LOSES 1 HIT POINT

If all Investigators are killed, go to 1056

Otherwise, go to 1045

1078*

If the PARTY have NECRONOMICON, LOSE 50 ELDRITCH POINTS, go to 1068

Otherwise, the terrifying entity moves in the most unnatural way and coils itself high up into one corner. It opens its jaw wide and spews an ethereal fire of yellow and green flames liberally around the cavern. You all try to avoid the wide burst of supernatural flames. As you feel the magical heat upon your face, you try to escape being engulfed in scorching pain.

LOSE 100 ELDRITCH POINTS

All members of the PARTY must Roll DODGE

Success, LOSE 1D100 HALVED, HIT POINTS

FAIL, LOSE 1D100 HIT POINTS

Anyone who is killed ADD HALF their MP, to ELDRITCH POINTS.

Whoever has the CUBIC WARD, only LOSES 1 HIT POINT

If all Investigators are killed, go to 1103

Otherwise, go to 1068

1079*

You feel drained from the magical ceremony, yet nothing seems to happen. You are disappointed, but then again, did you really think Magic was real?

If you are in the Circle of Protection, go to 1115

Otherwise, go to 1038

1080*

Putting the Mummy onto the ground with your weapon, you turn to consider the feline creature you regret summoning. She struts behind the granite pillar, yet you hear her purring voice in your mind, "You have bettered my High Priestess, proving your worth, so do you bow and swear allegiance? or wish to die?"

Swear allegiance to the powerful goddess, go to 1053

Ignore her demands and flank, to attack, go to 1075

1081

There is a sudden sound of breaking glass by the front door. Everyone gathers to see what the commotion is. The solicitor picks up a brick from the carpet underneath the small broken window. You watch as he reads a note tied to the offending item and reads it aloud, "Infidels, come out and you will be spared. You have 10 minutes, or we will burn you out. Nyarlothotep must be free."

"Who is Nyarlothotep?" asks Mr Richardson.

"Sounds Egyptian, to me. They must have the wrong address." surmises the solicitor.

"So what are we going to do? I don't like the sounds of surrendering, to people calling me an, infidel." adds, Mrs O'Brian.

"Same here", says the Major. "We are NOT going to surrender. Look this is an emergency. Everyone go and look around for weapons quickly and meet back here in 10 minutes. GO."

If you have CRISIS PLAN, go to 1097

Otherwise, go to 1047

1082*

You begin to cast the "RITUAL" spell.

Your SPELL requires 5 rounds to CAST.

SPELL TARGET = 5

Once you get your SPELL TARGET to 0, your spell will be CAST.

Go to 1038

1083

You notice a friendly face, on the pier and one of your fishing friends, from Robin Hoods Bay, comes over and gives you a firm handshake. "Now then, greenhorn. I got some interesting news, for you. I seen these odd lights, off the coast, since I lost spoke to ya. Weird it was, like big glowing orbs, under the water, about half a mile out from Boggle Hole. Like eyes, they were. Anyhow, as I got nearer, they dived away into the deep channel, the U-boats used to hide in. I thought you'd be interested, you owning that big house up there. I been trawling and potting all my life, but I ain't seen nothing like it before. Anyway, I got to sell m'catch, see you around."

LOSE FISHERMEN as an ALLY

Go to 984

1084*

The Spell fires, like an electrical discharge, from your little finger and thumb, arcing towards the cosmic horror. A flash of light blinds everyone, and then you all begin to recover from the stunning effect.

Your adversary, is nowhere to be seen and you can't believe your luck. Seems the ritual actually banished, the demonic nightmare. Who knows where it has been sent back to Hell? Beyond? Another Dimension? Space, or even another Time? Who cares? All that matters, is the evil entity is not here.

You pull yourselves together, thankful you are still alive.

Go to 1087

1085*

COMBAT

Turning, in slow motion, as the spray of gunfire reaches you. You expect to get hit by one of the dozens of bullets, fired from behind you. However, you find Mrs O'Brian, in the line of fire and as he looks at you, bullets exit her abdomen and chest. Surely bullets meant for you. You see her face stretched in pain before the life leaves her eyes.

GAIN 5 ELDRITCH POINTS

As she falls, arms flailing, you see behind her, is the perpetrator of the heinous betrayal. Mr Richardson, the mild-mannered Lancashire lad, is framed in the vault doorway, firing a Thompson submachine gun from the hip, with a smile on his unhinged face.

You raise your weapon and shoot, in an effort, to save yourself.

Roll to HIT

Success, go to 1054

Fail, you miss the murderer

Roll TO HIT, for the members of the PARTY, but with DISADVANTAGE DICE

Success, go to 1054

Fail, the diving benefactor misses the cowardly killer.

If everyone misses, go to 1092

1086

As you approach what seems to be a burial mound overlooking a frozen river in a valley, you spot someone signalling you from near the summit. They appear to be lying prone in the snow and waving for you to keep low and come to their position. You comply and as you near their location, you get a good look at who it is. A smiling, middle-aged man, wearing typical tweeds and a waxed jacket, is lying on a mat beneath an umbrella he has stuck into the snow. How very eccentric. What on earth is he doing?

His makeshift shelter proves pretty effective. He whispers, "Hello, I'm Dr Alan Dodds," as you get closer. You greet him quietly. He explains, "I must apologise for my furious hand signals just now. But I am busy observing something incredibly special that I did not want you to spook." He hands you a pair of brass binoculars and points over the mound into the valley to your West.

You slowly peek over the tumuli and put the optics to your eyes, adjusting the focus. After a while, you spot something moving beneath an overhanging rock. On the far side of the valley. A large mammal, tan in colour, with a short tail. Some breed of cat? Then you realise it is eating a sheep and how big it must be.

"It's a lynx," declares the Doctor, handing you a cup of hot tea from his flask. "Lynx was supposedly hunted into extinction across the British Isles around 600 BC. That is the official line. However, as a natural history professor, have studied the tracks, bones and faeces of all British mammals, including bats, throughout my life. This is why I have always believed that a small number of these "big cats" have managed to evade man and continue to live in the very wildest parts of Britain. I have seen the tracks and scat of these elusive predators but had never seen a living specimen until now.

What you see is what I have quested for these last 25 years. I take note of any newspaper articles about large wild creatures or folk stories and investigate on the ground. Well, that is why I am here today. I am pleased you are here to witness my discovery.

However, with this revelation comes great responsibility. You see, if we tell anyone what we have seen, this fine creature and kin days will be numbered, as every would-be trophy hunter with a gun will be scouring these moors until it is shot and stuffed in the British Museum. This is why you must promise me now to keep this to yourself. You see, a lynx is no threat to humans and naturally avoids them, only preying on the odd sheep, grouse, pheasant, hare and deer that graze these remote moors. So, will you keep this a secret, friend?"

You realise that he is talking sense. He isn't going to take kindly to any answer other than "Yes, of course, I will keep it secret, Doctor."

He thanks you with a hearty handshake and bids you farewell as he takes the binoculars back and observes the lynx feeding while taking notes in a book.

GAIN DR DODDS as an ALLY

Head North, go to 768

Press on, to the East, go to 777

Descend into the river valley, to the South, go to 766

1087*

You are left in the cave with the splinter of the Shining Trapezohedron. After looking for a way out, you discover you are all trapped inside the vault, with no possible escape. No amount of banging on the door or shouting brings any help. You know this thick steel is impervious to everything you have. Even dynamite won't pierce this door unless you have dozens of sticks.

After FIRST AID is applied to all PARTY members, everyone HEALS 1 HIT POINT. You reflect on defeating the insidious Red Wyrm and that you are a force to be reckoned with, not just playthings of terrible cosmic terrors.

All GAIN 1D10 SANITY

Eventually, someone finds the notepaper with a doorway drawn upon it. Suggesting, "Why don't we give this a go? What have we to lose?" You all agree there is no other option available to escape this trap.

Go to 1062

1088*

If you have DEAD MOUSE, go to 1059

Otherwise, go to 244

1089*

Richardson stands in the vault door, his muzzle smoking. Observing the carnage he has caused, with a manic smile on his crazed face.

Moving closer, he pushes the large steel door closed and spins the handle, locking you in, the cold metal vault. As he walks to the pedestal, that holds the ancient tome, he notices you are still breathing on the floor.

"I want to live," you whisper, with your last breath.

"And so you shall," declares Richardson, helping you up, at gunpoint. "You deserve a reward, for all your hard work, in opening this prison door. Come and see, what has been, just dying to get out, since the Lombards placed it here and constructed this many-layered jail. A jail you have helped me to unlock, to spring the only prisoner."

HEAL to FULL HIT POINTS.

LOSE ALL EQUIPMENT.

"Now don't do anything silly, or this time, it will be lights out," he warns.

Heading down the passage, you climb down an old creaky ladder, into a large cavern.

Here, a captivating black gemstone is on a metal stand, beside a fire, that is perpetually fed by drips of oil, from a crack in the cave ceiling. The stone of many black facets has a quality of the cosmos, it is both alluring and captivating. Richardson still has his sub-machine gun and you see no opportunity, to do anything, other than get killed.

As you watch, Richardson approaches the fragment, of the Shining Trapezohedron, picks it up and holds it aloft. The stars contained within, seem to reflect in his glazed eyes, before he, unexpectedly, swallows it.

The murderer begins to vibrate and shudder, after a few seconds, there is an explosion of magic, that dazzles your eyes. Once the flash subsides from your vision, you see, that where Richardson had been, there is now, a different, much taller man. Stark naked and of jet black skin, unlike any, you have seen before. He turns, slowly, to face you and only then, do you see his smiling face. He has, but, one large eye, which has three lobes.

LOSE ALL SANITY

GAIN, PERMANENT INSANITY

GAME OVER

You become, an Avatar of Nyarlothotep and leave Lombard House, with him, to help spread madness and chaos, throughout the world. Eventually, you succeed... The very horror you battled to defeat, has actually been enabled by you, to ruin the Earth.

1090*

If you are at Lombard House, go to 1081

If away from the Estate, go to 1081, as soon as you return. Make a note.

1091*

You fail, to get out of the assailant's stranglehold, no matter how much you try, from this vulnerable position. Panic starts to set in, as you realise you might be murdered, here, in the dark. You assume the attacker is a man, from the feel of their hands, yet, you cannot see in the darkness, who exactly is trying to kill you. Unable to shout for help, you carry on your struggle, for survival.

LOSE 1D3 HIT POINTS

Roll STRENGTH/BRAWLING, with a DISADVANTAGE DICE.

Success, go to 1070

Fail, go to 1091

1092*

Richardson's face never falters, despite the return fire he defiantly continues his fully automatic fire, provided by his large drum magazine.

Roll to HIT, against each member of the PARTY (SMG 60%)

Success, the PARTY member must Roll DODGE

Success, they evade Richardson's gunfire.

Fail, struck by a bullet, LOSE 1D10+2 HIT POINTS

GAIN Half any killed investigators MAGIC POINTS, as ELDRITCH POINTS

If all PARTY members are slain, go to 1089

Otherwise, go to 1007

1093

The ancient Egyptian Goddess slinks through the door into the Main Hall. You follow at a distance, unsure of what is going to happen. She playfully circles the large ballroom floor, sniffing the air. “I can smell you K’YANG’R. I can smell your fear. Come out and face your Nemesis. I summon thee.”

There is a putrid smell. Something begins to manifest near the ceiling. Something large and writhing, some form of an arcane dragon or snake. Near black in colour, its coiled body moves rapidly around the room. The serpent head is revealed, from under its many-layered coils, a grotesque jaw, bristling with row upon row of teeth. It has lifeless yellow eyes, reminiscent of an insect.

Roll SANITY

Success, you don’t lose your mind but do LOSE 1D3 SANITY

Fail, you sense an inner dread and LOSE 1D8 SANITY

If you have lost 5+ SANITY in this single encounter, Roll INTELLIGENCE

Success, Humanity are doomed, GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY

Fail, you somehow fail to realise the deeper meaning, of this terrible revelation.

Go to 1100

1094*

You see, Mrs O’Brian is slain on the floor and then your would-be murderer, none other than Kenneth Richardson. He walks the submachine gun fire towards you. You realise he has a drum magazine, so the firing continues.

Roll DODGE,

Success, you dive desperately out of the way.

Fail, a bullet impacts your chest before you react.

If you have GOLD DOUBLOON, go to 1014

Otherwise, LOSE 1D10+2 HIT POINTS

If you are reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, GAIN (Half MAGIC POINTS) as ELDRITCH POINTS

Choose a new MAIN INVESTIGATOR.

Go to 1007

1095*

The Cosmic Horror, K’YANG’R, Father of all Hunting Horrors and Nyarlothotep’s champion, is slain. A stinking black ichor sprays around the cavern from the fatal wound. His huge serpentine body convulses, with death throes and destructive thrashing. Some stalactites are dislodged by the fracas and plummet towards the cave floor and you. Amongst the falling rock formations and carcass, you desperately dive to escape injury.

Roll DODGE

Success, you avoid the falling dangers,with a heroic dive.

Fail, you are struck as you avoid the worst of it. LOSE 1D6 HIT POINTS

Go to 1087

1096*

The door bursts open from the Main Hall with a crash. You are shocked to see what enters the room. An Egyptian mummy, typical in appearance and wrapped in bandages, approaches. Yet, an animated corpse is visible between the ancient cloth, which raises your heart rate. The mummy has a face green with tomb rot while its eye sockets glow, an eerie red hue.

Roll SANITY

Success, you resist the Terror, LOSE 1 SANITY

Fail, LOSE 1D8 SANITY

If you have lost 5+ SANITY in this encounter, roll INTELLIGENCE

Success, You GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY

Fail, you keep a grip on reality, somehow.

Go to 1055

1097

You remember your CRISIS PLAN from a previous examination, of the exhibited knight in the Main Hall. Wasting no time, the PARTY begins to dismantle the display and put on, what ARMOUR, you all can.

Distribute the ARMOUR between the PARTY, as you wish. There are 5 pieces of Armour that anyone can wear. While 12 pieces can only be worn by Investigators with SIZE 70 or more.

No investigator may wear more than 3 pieces of ARMOUR due to the lack of time to put them on.

One of the PARTY can GAIN the SWORD OF CASTILLO. The sword does 1D8+1+DB to any entity while ignoring ALL Armour. The base skill for Sword is 20% if the user does not have the skill. However, while wielding it, the user always receives an ADVANTAGE DICE when attacking (not counter-attacking).

"Hurry, time is almost up!" shouts the MAJOR, as you begin regrouping, by the front door.

Go to 1058

1098*

You complete the symbols and then close the circle with a final chalked line and the words, "Whg'rt'lkin Nyralathotep F'taghne."

LOSE 3 POWER

LOSE 5 MAGIC POINTS

LOSE 1D3 SANITY

The outline of the circle glows, with a purple tint. You can feel a magical energy building. While the creature seems to back away, behind the pillars of rock, as cover. You hear an awful demonic voice, echo around the cavern, "Now we are at an impasse, we should parley. You have proven worthy opponents in this game of Edward Lombard's design. Yet, you cannot defeat me, just like he could not. I am eternal while you are mortal. Now, give me the crystal, in exchange I will spare your lives. What say you?"

Accept the offer, go to 1102

Refuse the offer, go to 1125

1099*



"I want to live," you whisper with your last breath.

"And so you shall," declares Richardson, helping you up.

HEAL to FULL HITPOINTS.

LOSE ALL EQUIPMENT.

Together, you manage to open the concealed Vault in the basement. All, under the watchful gaze of the huge ELDRITCH Horror. Once inside, you both approach a lectern holding a massive antique tome. The cover is embossed stretched skin, depicting the Bringer of Darkness. Heading down a passage beyond, you climb down a ladder into a large cavern.

Here, a captivating black gemstone is on a metal stand beside a fire perpetually fed by drips of oil from a crack in the cave. The stone of many black facets has a quality of the cosmos. Richardson still has his sub-machine gun. You see no opportunity to do anything other than get killed.

As you watch on, the nightmare creature begins to writhe and coils around the stalactites before approaching the fragment of the Shining Trapezohdren and swallows it. The serpent begins to vibrate and shudder. After a few seconds, there is an explosion of magic that dazzles your eyes. Once the flash subsides from your vision, you see that where the Bringer of Darkness, Father of All Hunting Horrors, had been, there is now a man. Stark naked and of jet black skin, unlike any you have seen before. He turns slowly to face you. Only then do you see his smiling face. He has but one large eye, which has three lobes. Roll CTHULHU MYTHOS [0%]

Success, LOSE 1D10 SANITY. If less than 5 you stay sane enough to resist.

Fail, LOSE 1D100 SANITY, If over 4 GAIN PERMANENT INSANITY. If under 5 you stay sane and resist Nyarlathotep.

If you stayed sane enough to reject Nyarlathotep, you retain your soul. You throw yourself in the buring oil as a last act of defiance. Nyaralthotep finds a lesser avatar and slowly forms a "Cabal of Politicians" to destroy the society of man. It takes him 100 years, but eventually, war, famine, division, crime, hatred and plague sweep all lands. Society crumbles and mankind never recovers.

GAME OVER.

If you failed to resist Nyarlathotep's will, you become his Avatar and leave Lombard House with him to help lay foundations for turning Earth into a penal asylum. It is facilitated by tools that you help him to create, rocket science, fiat currency, nuclear power, silicone circuits, social media, robotics, gain of function research, blockchain, artificial intellgence and quantum computers. Hell on Earth...

1100

The feline Goddess, BAST, gives off a roar as loud as a lion and is seen to project a beam of golden light from her eyes towards the evil serpent above her. You feel a build-up of static electricity in the air. A pale green energy ray emanates from the foul reptile's lifeless visual organs. These energy beams clash together in the centre of the room. Sparks of cosmic rays dazzle you as they duel using psionic powers. You shield your eyes and try to see who will be victorious in this clash of titans.

Roll 1D100 and ADD it to BAST's POWER of 150

Roll 1D100 and ADD it to K'YANG'R's POWER of 115

Whoever has the higher total reduces the loser's POWER by the difference.

Repeat this until one entity is reduced to 0 or less POWER.

If BAST is defeated, go to 1018

If K'YANG'R is defeated, go to 1039

1101*

You take his leather-gloved hand, so he pulls you clear of the surf with a firm grip. As you are drawn close to him, you again look into his eyes and witness a whole cosmos of Astral existence.

He smiles before handing you the Luger, "KILL THEM!"

Seems he has overestimated his power. So you seize the moment and simply shoot him in the heart. He looks confused and totters for a second, looking into your eyes. You see in them a draining of the magic present only moments before.

Then he falls, like a tree, into the next large wave that rushes in through the arched caved entrance. Your allies are holding their own in the white water, so you walk up behind the hooded cultists and execute them. Before they realise what is happening.

Pulling back their masks and robes, you see they have name tags, indicating they are staff from Boggle Hole Sanitarium, "Jean Baptiste PhD." and "Dr Siegfried Blythe"

Aiding your friends, you manage to release the human sacrifice from the chains, using a key taken off Baptiste's body. Seeking refuge at the back of the cave on the bedrock, you all manage to ride out the height of the tide and learn from the prisoner that he is an FBI man. He was investigating a cult in Innsmouth, America. Once he found information leading to the Boggle Hole Asylum, he visited but soon found he was identified and admitted to the asylum under false papers. They had marked him to appease their ancient deity, Dagon. Yet, when all hope was lost, you had appeared and saved him from a fate worse than death. He is almost hysterical.

Leaving the cave, once the water is low enough, you are met with bright torches and American voices. Seems that one of the faculty staffers, Miss Jennifer Forsythe, had taken his false documents to the American Embassy in London. Aid has finally arrived. You are safe and relieved to have survived your ordeal.

GAME OVER

Damian Greene, the FBI man, vouches for your actions and knowledge in this new field of investigation. Together, you convince his superiors that a whole new threat is looming and needs an international Task Force. They agree. Along with Damian Greene, you set up an International Agency and operated it for many years... but that is another story.....

1102*

You decide you have no option other than to submit. Throwing the arcane black gemstone, just outside of the glowing circle, onto the floor, you hope you might get a shot at the creature as it collects it. However, you get no such chance as you watch the shining shard of the trapezohedron move through telekinesis into the pitch-dark shadow.

"Thank you, my chosen ones! Now you can help .... us..." laughs the demonic voice of the Father of All Hunting Horrors. An unseen metamorphosis can be heard from the gem, like the opening of a prison cell. There is a brief flash of light before you see him. A man, with his arms out and back to you. Stark naked and of jet black skin, unlike any you have seen before. He turns slowly towards you. Only then do you see his smiling face. He has but one large eye, which has three lobes.

Roll CTHULHU MYTHOS [0%]

Success, reciting protective wards you only LOSE 1D10 SANITY. If less than 5 you stay sane enough to resist.

Fail, LOSE 1D100 SANITY, If over 4 GAIN PERMANENT INSANITY. If under 5 you stay sane and resist Nyarlathotep.

If you stayed sane enough to reject Nyarlathotep, you retain your soul. You throw yourself in the buring oil as a last act of defiance. Nyaralthotep finds a lesser avatar and slowly forms a "Cabal of Politicians" to destroy the society of man. It takes him 100 years, but eventually, war, famine, division, crime, hatred and plague sweep all lands. Society crumbles and Mankind never recovers.....

GAME OVER

If you failed to resist Nyarlathotep's will, you become his Avatar and leave Lombard House with him to help lay foundations for turning Earth into a penal asylum. It is facilitated by tools that you help him to create, rocket science, fiat currency, nuclear power, silicone circuits, social media, robotics, gain of function research, blockchain, artificial intellgence and quantum computers. Hell on Earth...

1103*

Your lifeless body slowly turns to glowing embers and then ash. While your foe laughs and laughs in hysterical insanity. The cacophony echoes around the cavern until he claims his prize..... the shard of the trapezohedron.

GAME OVER

You have failed to thwart the minions of Nyarlothotep from releasing him. He is freed from eternal imprisonment in the splinter of the Shining Trapezohedron. Maybe you can stop the horror next time?

This entire timeline is ended by the Cosmic Horror in a matter of weeks. Madness, megadeath and armageddon are released onto the world, causing humanity to fade into extinction. Perhaps you need to try harder in another timeline, reality, or dimension?

1104*

COMBAT

Knowing the prize has stopped safely, inside the protective circle, you set about the horrible work of neutralising your ex-friend.

Roll TO HIT, with an ADVANTAGE DICE

Critical Success, Full DAMAGE + Roll DAMAGE

Success, Roll DAMAGE

Fail, miss

Critical Fail, weapon Jams if a firearm, or it is dropped if Melee.

If the traitor is killed, LOSE 1D3 SANITY, go to 1120

If the traitor survives the return fire, go to 1130

1105*

Major Lombard suddenly takes command, being a man of action and fresh from no-mans-land. He shouts at you. “Get across to the mound” while he and another PARTY member will provide cover fire from here.

You can now see the pack of DOGS numbering your PARTY SIZE doubled (make a note). They are maybe 200 yards away, but covering the ground very quickly, you realise time is of the essence. So you set off running along the frozen path towards the snow-capped megalith.

Select one PARTY member to stay at the lone tree and shoot with the MAJOR. Their shots are classed as BRACED. They set up, using the tree trunk, as a base of fire. They do not suffer from DISADVANTAGE DICE when shooting in the next two COMBAT Rounds. (Make a note)

Go to 999

1106

You look through various sections, struggling to find anything, remotely, relevant. However, you do find a small softback, called, “The BANDERSNATCH and other Legends” that was written by a local Judge M. Ashford.

The book covers many folk legends from the Yorkshire Coast and mostly pokes fun at them. They include tales of Witch covens in the Ask Valley, a Kraken-like creature attacking fishing boats in Robin Hoods Bay and even a lycanthropic “Dog Man” said to stalk victims around the Flixton area, during the full moon. The tale goes, that anyone he wounds, is infected with lycanthropy and during nights of a full moon, they change form into huge dogmen and behave like rabid hounds. Able to attract stray dogs and hunt with them, in the wild places. However, these are all old legends, from a century or more ago. The author jokes that he avoids visiting the wild places during the nights of a full moon, so they cannot confirm or deny their validity.

He mentions more recent rumours, such as children being afraid of playing near Lombard House, in case the “Bandersnatch” should grab them. The author details many sightings of strange lights in the sky over Fylingdales Moor. Several reports of meteors landing in the North Sea have become popular incidents to make stories up about in the last 30 years.

You are just about to put the book down when you notice a strange pencilled note on the border. The text is in block capitals and says, “Demon K’yang’r”

As you take more interest, you notice on the library card that the last person to have signed the book out from the library was Edward Lombard, two months ago.

GAIN DEMON NAME

Go to 1110

1107*



Echoes of movement are all around, yet you cannot see the creature in the PARTY's torch beams. You feel the creeping unease of being stalked by the Father of All Hunting Horrors. A menace that has brought all your repressed fear to the surface, now you feel cornered.

If ELDRITCH POINTS are under 10, go to 1115
LOSE 10 ELDRITCH POINTS
Roll 1D6

1-2	Main Investigator, Roll POWER
3	Investigator with NECRONOMICON, Roll POWER
4	Investigator with the most HIT POINTS, Roll POWER
5	Investigator with the most powerful firearm, Roll POWER
6	Investigator with the lowest POWER, Roll POWER

Success, go to 1115
Fail, if you are the Last Investigator, go to 1031
Otherwise, go to 1111

1108*

GAME OVER

You vanquished the main adversary of Lombard House, K'YANG'R the Bringer of Darkness and Father of All Hunting Horrors. Which prevented Nyarlathotep from escaping his prison inside the fragment of the Shining Trapezohedron. Only to be murdered amongst the Rites of Dagon that you accidentally teleported into using the GATE.

Your only consolation is that LOVECRAFT dispatched you personally, as only the Master of Cosmic Horror could. In a cold, calculated execution, to ensure the Mythos was victorious.

The crazed cultists complete their blasphemous ritual while the tentacles of a giant unseen menace wrap around your corpses. A Great Old One takes you deep into the North Sea before feasting upon you as an offering from his priests. No one ever discovers what happened at Lombard House. It is auctioned off to a mysterious, yet familiar, man from New England.... but, that's another story.....

1109*

COMBAT
Round 2
Close Range.

The investigator with the highest MOVE arrives at the mound beneath a megalithic cross. The rest of the PARTY is strung out behind. The PARTY Member with the lowest MOVE is Attacked by a rabid DOG. It leaps at their throat.

Roll TO HIT (BITE 50%)
Roll DODGE for the investigator.
If BITE has better Success than DODGE, LOSE 1D6-1 HIT POINTS
Otherwise, the investigator manages to avoid injury.
You may shoot at the incoming dogs, but it is tough.
Roll TO HIT with a DISADVANTAGE DICE.
Extreme Success, 1 DOG is KILLED Outright.
Hard Success, 1 DOG is Mortally Wounded (KILLED)
Success, 1 DOG is hit. Roll DAMAGE if 5+ it is KILLED.
Fail, you miss wildly.
Extreme Fail, your WEAPON JAMS (miss next shot).



If the number of DOGS is less than the number of investigators, go to 1118
Otherwise, go to 1010

1110

You find yourself in the grand Victorian Library, just off the high street, on Vernon Road. The tall building's architecture is inspired by the Pantheon of Rome, featuring high columns. Once inside, you begin looking through a vast collection of written works in this impressive repository. Easier and quicker to find relevant books than in the Lombard private library.

Choose to leave, go to 954
What do you research?
+1D6 TIME
Roll LIBRARY USE [20%]
Success, choose one of these topics-
If you have HIEROGLYPH CLUE, go to 1147
Lombard House, go to 694
The Lombard family, go to 1122
Local legends and occult connections, go to 1106
Fail, you find nothing of relevance, go to 1110

1111*

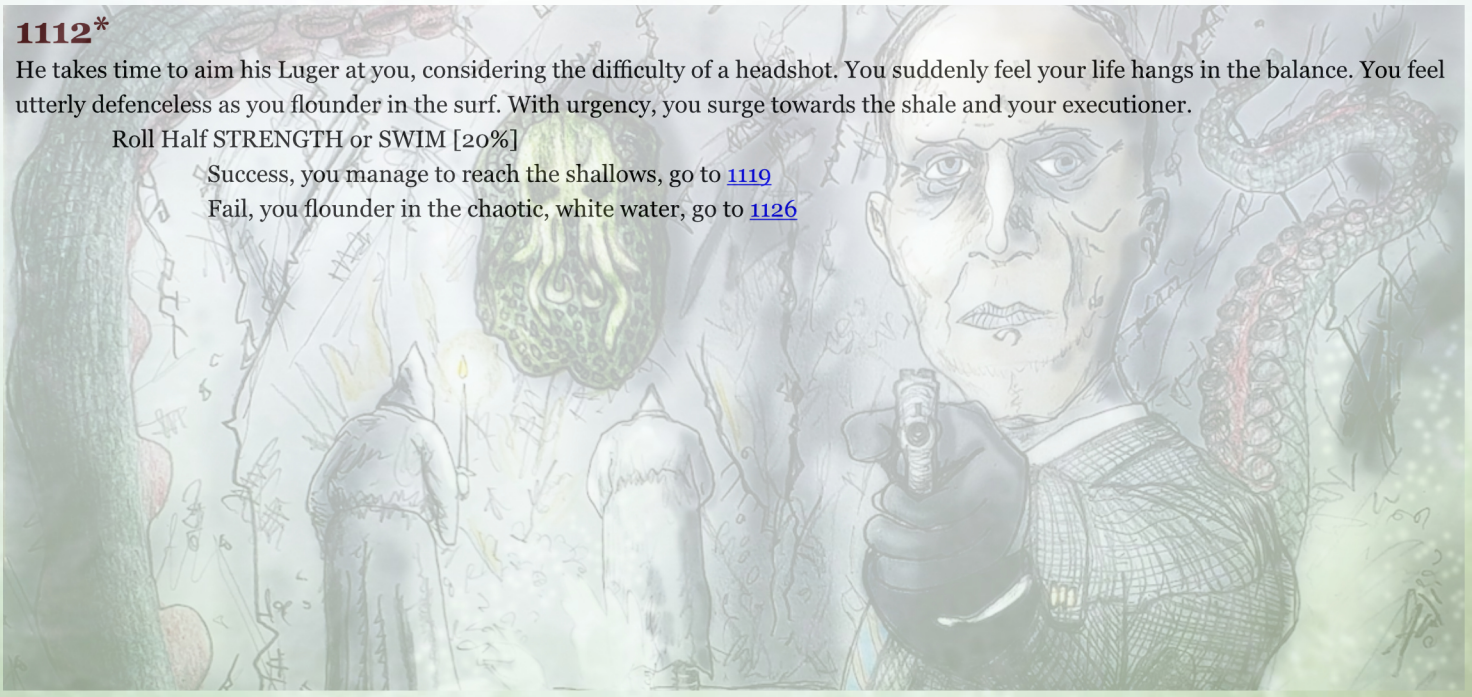
Suddenly, the investigator who failed the POWER Roll attacks a Random PARTY member with their main weapon. They have the advantage of total surprise.

Roll TO HIT with an ADVANTAGE DICE
Critical Success, Full DAMAGE + Roll DAMAGE
Success, Roll DAMAGE
Fail, miss
Critical Fail, weapon Jams if a firearm or is dropped if Melee.
This investigator is now possessed by the Bringer of Darkness.
The PARTY get to retaliate against the enemy in their midst.
Roll TO HIT with ADVANTAGE DICE
Critical Success, Full DAMAGE + Roll DAMAGE
Success, Roll DAMAGE
Fail, Miss
Critical Fail, weapon Jams if a firearm or is dropped if Melee.
If the traitor is killed, LOSE 1D3 SANITY, go to 1120
If the traitor survives the return fire, go to 1130

1112*

He takes time to aim his Luger at you, considering the difficulty of a headshot. You suddenly feel your life hangs in the balance. You feel utterly defenceless as you flounder in the surf. With urgency, you surge towards the shale and your executioner.

Roll Half STRENGTH or SWIM [20%]
Success, you manage to reach the shallows, go to 1119
Fail, you flounder in the chaotic, white water, go to 1126



1113

The fearsome DOG MAN falls to the ground, slain by the trusty SILVER BULLET. Blood pumps from the gunshot wound in his chest. He gargles as he dies in front of you. Meanwhile, any remaining rabid dogs yelp and turn to flee back into the freezing fog. As the full moon illuminates the scene, you are horrified to see the abhorrent creature transform, in front of your eyes, into the graphic corpse of a naked, middle-aged man. It looks like you have committed murder, but you wonder if this was really a justified killing.

Roll SANITY

Success, GAIN 1D6 SANITY, as you have ended the reign of terror.

Fail, LOSE 1D4 SANITY, as guilt hangs heavy on your mind.

If you've LOST 5+ SANITY on the moors, Roll INTELLIGENCE.

Success, you feel broken, GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY

Fail, you manage to compartmentalise the killing.

You secure the area. The PARTY regroups at LILLA CROSS amongst the lightly falling snow. Some keep watch as others apply any FIRST AID they deem necessary. One of the beneficiaries climbs up the 10-foot high megalith and points out the eerily glowing Roman Numeral on the top. The numeral III indicates the number 3. You take note.

You hear dogs again in the distance, wild barks and regular howls. The pack may return, so you quickly leave this bleak location and set off back into the freezing fog.

Head North, go to 716

Walk East, along the path, go to 815

Move South, go to 714

1114*

As you arrive at the stunted black tree, there is barking in the distance. One of the PARTY points, "THERE LOOK!" you follow his indication and see a distant pack of dogs sprinting through the snow towards you from the South.

Immediately, you realise you must act fast as the snarling and barks intensify. You sense you are in real peril.

If you have the MAJOR in your PARTY, go to 1105

Otherwise, go to 999

1115*

Using the sanctuary of the Circle of Protection, you realise there is little chance of shooting an enemy hiding in the blackness of the cave. The dim torches fail to cut through the dark, leaving you feeling marooned in the centre of a black hole. Seems you are at an impasse, but time is on the side of the ancient creature. You have to make a move.

If you decide that your best bet, is to cast another spell, go to 1127

Decide to break the Circle and go out and fight, go to 1036

1116*

You recall reading about the Red Worm somewhere in one of the occult tomes. He is supposed to be the Father of All Hunting Horrors, who are harrier creatures, for the "Messenger of the Outer Gods", Nyarlathotep. Indeed, the Red Worm is Nyarlathotep's Champion and works tirelessly to free his master from the shining trapezohedron. Hence his other title, the Bringer of Darkness.

Fabled to perhaps be the "dragon" that St. George defeated, amongst many other sightings throughout history. The Red Worm is not mortal and can only be banished for a period if bettered in combat. Other bloodlines of monstrous races may also come from the Red Worm. The creature is eternal and will never cease in his quest to free his master and bring chaos to the world of men.

You recall in the book, he was described as an invisible demon and a red serpent. With deadly bite and large wings. While occultists believe the red serpent can breathe an Astral Fire, fuelled by men's nightmares and their very souls.

Go to 605

1117

You step through the cave and find yourself in the freezing cold of what appears to be an arctic tundra. Looking through a large crack in a huge boulder, you can see a freezing fog in the distance, hugging the ground. Yet, you can see over it, into the dark night sky, that the full moon looks the same height in the sky as seen in the billiard room. Surely, you cannot be too far from Lombard House?

Go to 755

1118*

Your desperate action has blunted the charging pack of rabid dogs. They retreat the way they came, passing their dying pack mates, writhing amongst the deep snow.

Just as the PARTY members, who had dashed to the megalith, arrive, there is suddenly a revelation. In the bright moonlight, a black shape approaches from the West. Turning, you stare through the fluttering snowfall, as the silhouette is of a man, not a dog. Moving your finger from the trigger, you wonder, who is this desperate person fleeing the deadly hounds?

Then, you see this person is far from human, judging by their glowing purple eyes and bulky stature. Sprinting through the drifting snow, it is closing on your position rapidly and should arrive in a matter of seconds. The looming terror gives off a howl that sends chills through every ounce of your being. You realise this must be some freaky kind of DOG MAN you have heard legends about.

Roll SANITY

Success, LOSE 1 SANITY

Fail, LOSE 1D8 SANITY

If you LOSE 5+ SANITY, Roll INTELLIGENCE

Success, GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY.

Fail, you stay level headed, although, afraid of the threat.

Go to 1015

1119*

COMBAT

He shoots at you from Point Blank range as you try to get clear of the deadly sea.

He gets an ADVANTAGE DICE for Aiming

He receives an ADVANTAGE DICE for point-blank range

Roll TO HIT (LUGER 70%)

Determine the level of success

Roll your DODGE Skill.

Unless your Level of Success equals his or better, you are HIT

If you manage to Dodge, go to 1146

Otherwise, LOSE 1D10 HIT POINTS (+10 if he had Critical Success).

If you survive, go to 1146

If you are killed, select a remaining PARTY member and go to 1119

If ALL PARTY KILLED, go to 1108

1120*

You check the body, but they are dead. You search their pockets for any equipment of use.

"Now, hand over the Ssssplinter of the Sssshining Trapezohedron, or mussst I continue?" Says the echoing voice from the surrounding darkness. The taunting tone is full of a hissing malice.

GAIN, half of the killed investigator's MAGIC POINTS, as ELDRITCH POINTS.

"Now, will you give me the crystal and I will sssspare your livessss and leave thissss place? Sssssss."

Accept the offer, go to 1102

Refuse the offer, go to 1107

1121

You look around for a side entrance and approach a gate in the high hedge. Trying the handle, you find it is locked. There is a click before a flap opens at waist height. The muzzle of a shotgun comes through and jabs you in the stomach. You freeze, aware that you could be killed at any second.

Roll SANITY

Success, you take it in your stride.

Fail, the sudden threat to your life deeply unsettles you. LOSE 1D3 SANITY (-1 if you have ORCHID)

A gruff voice speaks slowly to you through the wooden gate, “Look, I’m not muckin’ around. I don’t want to shoot you, but I will if you carry on trying to trespass, on my property. I know you're from that Asylum, down the road and know what you're up to. I saw you lot, performing those satanic rites, on the beach. I seen you, so-called educated folk, worshipping the devil, late at night by the fires. Even that wealthy woman I have seen at RavenHall, was there, with the Doctors from Boggle Hole. I saw what happened to that pig you took down there. You barbaric heathens.

So, I know all about you. I am warning you to tell the rest of your Cult that if you come here again, I will open fire. No wonder the inmates keep trying to escape from that hell hole. This is your Final Warning. Now get out of here.” The muzzle jabs you in the ribs.

GAIN FINAL WARNING

Follow the road to the North, go to 645

Head along the road, down, to the East, go to 654

Take the lane, up the steep climb, to the West, go to 634

Cross the railway track to the South, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 643

6 Go to 598

1122

You work through newspaper archives and uncover a few interesting articles about the Lombard Family. The first mention of the Lombard name that you can find is of a young Henry Lombard in 1792, being hailed as a discoverer of a new island chain in the Pacific Ocean. The Times details how he had established peaceful trade treaties with the indigenous tribe and how large amounts of rare ores were secured for the Empire. The discovery and subsequent treaty earned Henry a position in the Admiralty. He became an extremely wealthy merchant.

Another newspaper article details how he was a lover of fine art and collected many rare artefacts of antiquity. He had even acquired lost texts from Alexandria and the suggested sword of Castillo, or St. George. The article made tongue-in-cheek comments about the chances he would ever need it to slay a dragon, being slim.

More articles detail his successors but shed little light on any mystery or unknown information. One newspaper article details the 1843 expedition to Nepal, which Richard Lombard led. They conquered several mountains in the Himalayas. Yet it mentions that he returned a year after setting sail and had suffered an injury that gave him a permanent limp from his adventure.

Yet another sad article mentions Lucinda Lombard's passing, on the millennia eve, at Boggle Hole, where she was a patient.

Later, you find a memorial to Amber Lombard, who seemingly died in a freak motor accident that required an inquest that acquitted her brother, Edward Lombard, from blame. Mechanical fault was found to be the cause of the crash, which occurred on the family property.

Lastly, you discover a story that details Major Ben Lombard's posthumous Military Cross for daring to lead his unit on a night attack in the fields of Flanders. His men said he had led from the front and even taken the Lewis gun from the gunner for the final charge. However, his men say there was a blinding flash of light. The Major was gone. Presumably hit directly by an Artillery Shell. He was laid to rest in the Church grounds at Statondale in 1914 by his only remaining family, Edward Lombard.

Go to 1110

1123*

You recognise the man, who is standing aiming his pistol at you, as the pipe smoker from the Bay Hotel. He nods at you with a blank expression devoid of humanity that scares you to the very core. This man is the master of cosmic horror?

If you have the MARK, go to 1129

Otherwise, go to 1112

1124

The planchet scrolls across the varnished Ouija board and spells out some letters.

M, Y, N, A, M, E, I, S, K, Y, A, N, G, R

Then the planchet starts to spin at high velocity, forcing all your fingers from the object. You are all sat staring at the phenomena, frightened by the unnatural occurrence happening right in front of you.

Roll SANITY

Success, you don't let the supernatural disturb you.

Fail, LOSE 1 SANITY

Then, the planchet rapidly moves from letter to letter, spelling out a sentence by itself.

Y, O, U, W, I, L, L, D, I, E, I, H, E, X, T, H, E, E.

The planchet then begins to spin and stops pointing at one of the PARTY.

Roll Randomly to see which PARTY member is being Hexed.

That investigator LOSES HALF LUCK.

The OUIJA BOARD then bursts into flames.

Each PARTY member must Roll DEXTERITY

Success, you move your hand quick enough to avoid injury.

Fail, your hand is scorched by the sudden fireball, LOSE 1 HIT POINT.

LOSE OUIJA BOARD

LOSE 3D6 ELDRITCH POINTS

GAIN DEMON NAME

Go to 605

1125*

You refuse the offer of the evil entity, as you know it cannot be trusted. There is more at stake than your life. "No."

The malign creature skulks around the shadows, "Very well," grates his demonic voice. Then you hear his massive, umbrella-like wings flap and a gust of air surprises you, blowing dust into your eyes. Yet, the fire seems to be his target and the flame flickers and dances wildly. You fumble for your torch and switch it on, although the light is dim. Then you hear the second wing beat before the fire is extinguished.

Glancing at the black gemstone, you see it reflects the remaining bulb, but inside the jewel, some sign of energy is growing. In the almost blackout, you have lost track of where the horror is. Echoes of movement are all around, yet you cannot see it in the PARTY's torch beams.

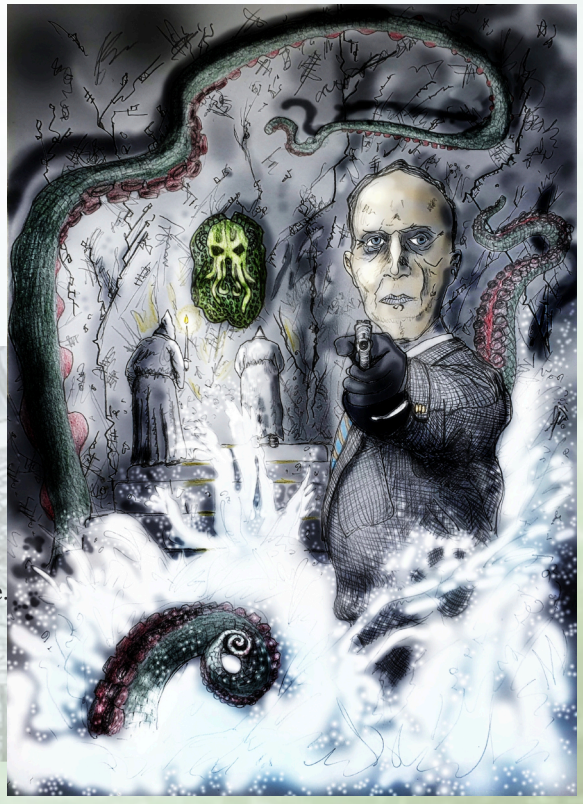
LOSE 10 ELDRITCH POINTS

Roll 1D6

1-2	Main Investigator, Roll POWER
3	Investigator with NECRONOMICON, Roll POWER
4	Investigator with the most HIT POINTS, Roll POWER
5	Investigator with most powerful firearm, Roll POWER
6	Investigator with the lowest POWER, Roll POWER

Success, go to 1115

Fail, go to 1111



1126*

You are powerless to act, only able to watch while the tall, suited man shoots.

Roll TO HIT (Luger 70%)

Critical Success, he shoots you in the forehead, killing you.

Success, he shoots you, LOSE 1D10 HIT POINTS

Fail, he misses.

Critical Fail, his Luger Jams, but he begins to clear the stoppage. He misses his next attack..

Choose one of the remaining PARTY, as the main investigator, go to 1112

If you were the last investigator, go to 1108

Otherwise, go to 1119

1127*

You finish the page of notes depicting the verbal incantation and somatic movements required of your hands. While delivering the frenetically written nonsense.

"Mli'o Hj'aldin borg'nis y'drithrano Kant'yi Weokj'oh'drin'kli!"

GATE spell, go to 1062

CANTRIP spell, go to 1064

RITUAL spell, go to 1072

1128*

The snow ceases to fall. The billowing nimbus parts. Revealing the black night sky and a bright full moon. You begin to feel exposed. Finding yourself in the middle of this bleak moonlit wilderness, you hear a muffled sound. The distant howl of a hound, perhaps? You stop and listen to the silence for a few moments before continuing towards the lone black tree.

Then you hear the guttural howl again, much closer and louder, putting a cold fear into your heart and awakening instincts that have been dormant for generations. It sounds like no dog you have ever heard before and intimidates your mind. What could have really made such a vicious and petrifying sound?

Roll SANITY

Success, you fight off your fear.

Fail, LOSE 1D3 SANITY, as you are gripped in terror.

Go to 1114

1129*

He holds out his hand to help you out of the dangerous waves. Seaspray blinds you while you spit out the acrid salt water.

Roll POWER

Success, go to 1101

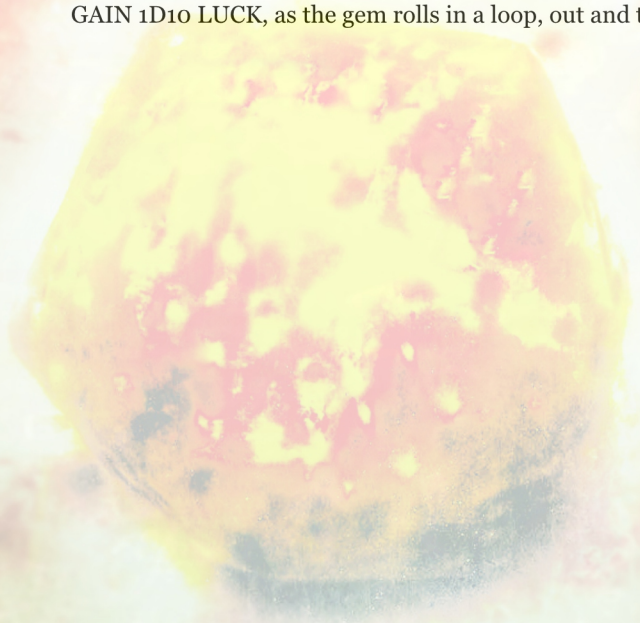
Fail, go to 1069

1130*

Your possessed comrade lunges and knocks the black gemstone, with 24 sides rolling across the cave floor. Everyone wonders where it will stop in stunned anticipation. Could the fate of the world hang on a dice roll?

Roll 1D20

1-10	The trapezohedron rolls outside the Circle, go to 1074
11-19	The shining fragment rolls inside the Circle, go to 1104
20	GAIN 1D10 LUCK, as the gem rolls in a loop, out and then back, inside the Circle, go to 1104



1131*



COMBAT

The DOG MAN, HEALS 1 HIT POINT and recovers from STUN.

DOG MAN OF FLIXTON

STR 120	**CON 80**	**SIZ 65**	**DEX 59**	**INT 25**
APP 0	**POW 65**	**EDU 37**	**SAN 0**	**HP ?**
DB +1D6	**BUILD 2**	**MOVE 12**	**MP 13**	**LUCK N/A**

ATTACKS PER ROUND 2

CLAW/BITE 55% (27/11), DAMAGE 1D4+DB

Only SILVER, FIRE, EXPLOSIVES, SPELLS, or MAGIC weapons, do damage to Lycanthropes.

Anyone with a DEXTERITY higher than 59, can attack before the DOG MAN.

Those shooting at the DOGMAN,

If using a SILVER BULLET, it must be declared before the dice are rolled.

Roll TO HIT for investigator, with DISADVANTAGE DICE

Roll to DODGE, for DOGMAN (Dodge 70%/35%/14%)

If both Fail, the shot misses, wildly.

If both equal Success, the shot just misses.

If DOGMAN has better Success then he Dodges the shot, to your dismay.

If Investigator has better Success, the shot hits:

Roll DAMAGE - 1 due to thick hide

If 8+ the lycanthrope falls STUNNED, from regular bullets

If 8+ from a SILVER BULLET, Roll CONSTITUTION (80%)

Success, he is not slain, but badly wounded & STUNNED

Fail, the DOG MAN is KILLED, go to 1133

Silver bullets, DEDUCT DAMAGE from (original 15) HIT POINTS.

If reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, go to 1133

Regular ammunition does 0 actual damage and can only STUN.

If NOT STUNNED the DOG MAN attacks the PARTY Member with the lowest LUCK.

He gets to ATTACK, with both Claws (Roll twice).

Roll TO HIT (Claw 55%)

Roll TO DODGE for the Investigator

If both Fail, they both slip in the snow and no one is hurt.

If both equal success, the Investigator dives out of the way.

If DOG MAN has better Success, he claws the victim.

LOSE 1D4+1D6 HIT POINTS per claw. GAIN LYCANTHROPY.

If the DOG MAN gets an Extreme Success, he rips the victim to pieces.

They are killed and PARTY must Roll SANITY

Success, you ignore the gore and screams of your friend.

Fail, you struggle to hold it together, LOSE 1D3 SANITY

If all Investigators are Killed, go to 1132

If the DOG MAN is STUNNED, you can choose to flee, return to your last location and Roll NAVIGATION.

1132*

GAME OVER

Your broken body lays bloodied and within half an hour, is frozen stiff and buried under inches of fresh snow. The intrepid investigators have failed to uncover the Legacy of Lombard House. By the time your body is found, a new evil is starting to spread across the world, an evil you could have stopped from ever leaving the cursed manor house. In time, an eternal evil grows and corrupts the hearts of powerful men. A new era of self-destruction begins. Man's survival hangs in the balance.

You will need to start the game from the beginning OR choose to have up to 4 remaining PRE GENs to populate a new PARTY. They find your notebooks and gear before continuing the adventure.

(Set TIME for 9am Tomorrow and go to indicated ENTRY.)

1133

The fearsome DOG MAN falls to the ground, slain by the trusty SILVER BULLET. Blood pumps from the gunshot wound in his chest. He gargles as he dies before you, surrounded by red snow, in your dim torchlight.

You are horrified to see the ugly creature transform, in front of your eyes, back into the naked corpse of a middle-aged man. It looks like you have committed murder, but you wonder if this was really a justified killing.

Roll SANITY

Success, GAIN 1D6 SANITY, because you have ended the reign of terror.

Fail, LOSE 1D4 SANITY, as guilt hangs heavy on your mind.

If you've LOST 5+ SANITY on the moors, Roll INTELLIGENCE.

Success, you feel broken, GAIN TEMPORARY INSANITY

Fail, you manage to compartmentalise the killing.

The PARTY regroups amongst the lightly falling snow. You set up an all-round defence. Keeping watch as others apply any FIRST AID they deem necessary.

You hear dogs again in the distance, wild barks and regular howls. Fearing the pack may return, you opt to leave. Turning from this bleak location, you set off again into the freezing fog.

Return to your last location.

1134*

If you do not have WHISTLE, you think how dogs hate loud bangs. Go to 1109

If you have WHISTLE, go to 963

1135

Passing the lone tree, you arrive at the stone monument, shrouded in a light mist. Small icicles have formed on the stone cross since your last visit. All traces of your previous encounter are nowhere to be seen, buried beneath the pristine snow drifts already. The snow pauses. The clouds have parted again to reveal the moon. It is perhaps starting to wane after the true full moon.

You look around the ancient megalith and find a carved cross on the face of the monument and a letter C. Deciding to be thorough, you clamber up the 10-foot tall stone cross with help from the PARTY. Brushing the snow and ice from the top of Lilla Cross, you discover a glowing Roman Numeral, III. This is the number 3. You decide it is vital to make a note of it.

Getting down onto the frozen ground, you have had enough of this isolated tundra and set off into the freezing fog between you and home. These awful blizzard conditions are starting to take their toll on your body, so you feel hungry.

Head North, into the fog, go to 716

Follow the track to the East, go to 725

Move South, into the fog, go to 714

1136*

You decide to give up to avoid getting shot. However, as you come out with your hands up, the two Smugglers get spooked and attack anyway. They both get the first shots. They shoot at the investigators with the lowest APPEARANCE and highest SIZE.

SMUGGLER

STR 40	**CON 50**	**DEX 44**	**INT 60**
APP 30	**POW 30**	**EDU 40**	**SAN 30**
HIT POINTS 10			

Armour: none.
Attacks per round: 1
Roll 1D6

1-2	Brawl	45% (22/9), damage 1D3
3-6	Pistol	40% (20/8), (damage 1d6+1)

They don't surrender, even if wounded. Their fear of going to the noose means they fight to the death (0 HIT POINTS). Using BRAWL to reduce them to 0 HIT POINTS will render them unconscious. Keep starting new combat rounds until one side is defeated.

If they wipe out the PARTY, the game ends here, at the hands of 2 simple criminals, GAME OVER.

If you kill them, you must Roll SANITY for each PARTY member.

Success, you accept it was self-defence, as you had no choice.

Fail, you struggle to accept that you have taken a life. LOSE 1 SANITY.

Then Roll SANITY again, for seeing the bloodied dead bodies.

Again, a Fail costs 1 SANITY.

Searching them reveals their wallets, with a few pounds inside and their identities. James Squire and Jack Hobbs. They also have this map below. Add it to your DIRECT ACCESS LIST "TUNNEL MAP, 0 TIME, ANYTIME, ENTRY 1136"

Which way, will you move?

There is a passage leading West, go to 250

While, steps lead down a tunnel to the South, go to 379



1137*



COMBAT

You hear the sound of a pack of hounds in the distance. You guess there must be a hunt on today.

No matter where you are, suddenly, there is a shotgun blast.

Roll TO HIT (Shotgun 20%)

Success, Main Investigator LOSES 2D6 HIT POINTS

Fail, luckily it misses by inches.

An unknown, crazed, barefoot man dressed in soaking white clothes leaps at you, screaming, "You must DIE! ". Be that through a window or from behind a bush, he gets the element of surprise and is on you within a second. He attacks the Investigator with the LOWEST LUCK (or Doubloon). They become the Main Investigator.

He is brandishing a knife that glints in the dim light before he thrusts it at your midriff. He gets to attack before you can react.

Roll TO HIT (KNIFE 32%/16%/6%)

Extreme Success, LOSE 5+1D4+1 HIT POINTS.

Success, LOSE 1D4+1 HIT POINTS, as you are slashed.

Fail, he misses with his thrust.

Immediately, there is a gunshot. The crazed maniac is hit in the back and falls to the ground. You see, at the opening, a Policeman brandishing a smoking revolver. The sound of bloodhounds gets louder. Quickly, a team of men in heavy white overcoats restrain the lunatic and put him in a straight jacket while he lies bleeding on the floor. He is laughing, then crying, then laughing and ranting, "The RED WORM made me do it, he made me do it. He said I had to kill the Bringer of Light. Said I had no choice ..... no choice, you hear?!" he laughs, 'He made me do it!"



The Policeman introduces himself as being Sgt. Fulton, from Whitby. He says he had been dispatched, with one of several groups, to hunt down this dangerous escaped inmate, Adam Lister, from Boggle Hole Mental Institute, for the criminally insane. He suggests you should seek further medical attention, if you were badly injured or shaken up by the ordeal.

As they drag the injured inmate away and a white van turns up to return him to the facility, he shouts back at you, "You must find the four numbers!!!!! For God's sake. Please find them before the stars align and use them. Or else, ... Or else.... he will come and feast upon my soul. I beg you, Please! ..... the numbers.....!"

The Policeman shakes his head and says he will file a report, which may mean you are eligible for some compensation. Officials will be in touch. Sgt. Fulton comments that the strange thing is they cannot work out how Lister escaped from his cell, as it was still locked when they found it empty. "Very strange indeed, but that is Boggle Hole in a nutshell," he remarks as you thank him for saving the day. He leaves in the van to return the dangerous lunatic to the Asylum. As the bloodhounds are heard moving away, you also make out Lister's manic laughter receding into the falling snow. Then again, silence reigns as you continue your investigation.

Whoever was injured GAINS 1 HIT POINT from First Aid.

+4 TIME

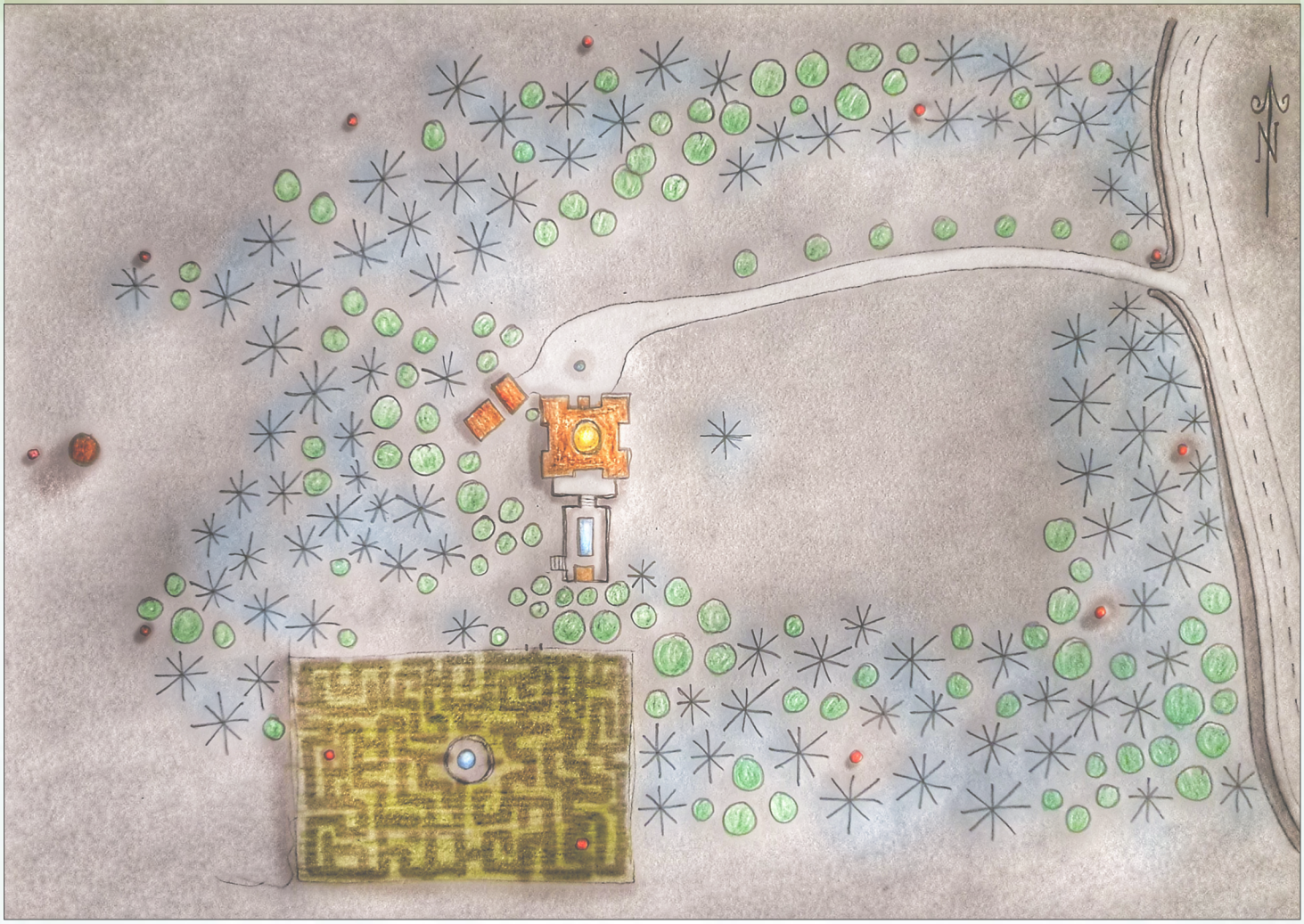
Return to your LAST ENTRY

1138*

ESTATE MAP

ADD to your DIRECT ACCESS LIST, as follows:

"ESTATE MAP, 0 TIME, ANYTIME, ENTRY 1138"



1139

You determine that the symbols marked on the paper are the same as those you discovered under the granite statue's hand in the lounge. They are translated using a plate in the Encyclopaedia Brittanica depicting a stone stele found in a temple near the coast. The symbols are suggested to mean, "Offer a RODENT".

You may add this to your DIRECT ACCESS LIST, as follows:

"RODENT, 1 TIME, ANYTIME, ENTRY 1088"

Go to 91

1140*

You see a shadow move through the heavy clouds. Something massive traverses the night sky. You see it briefly silhouetted by the bright moon. For that split second, you swear you could see it was a coiled serpent with prehistoric wings. A dragon? You hear a flapping, like someone drying an umbrella.

Then it seems to turn and disappear into the gloom of the snowstorm. You feel vulnerable in this open field of deepening snow.

Roll SANITY

Success, you keep it together and focus on moving to safety.

Fail, LOSE 1D3 SANITY, as the experience unsettles your nerves.

Return to the previous ENTRY.

1141

Pete Langtoft says, he heard about the murder near Staxton, “My cousin lives down there, at Flixton and told me ‘bout it yesterday, when he called by, on’t way to WHITBY. Says, his neighbour seen the body on’t tracks and thinks its all part of the breakdown of society. Getting robbed and killed on public transport. Folk have less morals these days and he don’t trust no one, outside of the village no more, who ain't family. I see why, but I think that itself leads to more division and fuels the decline.”

“Well, there are certainly some villains at large. I got pickpocketed at York Station.”

He throws a log on the fire, “Don’t surprise me none, to be frank. I hear all sorts of gossip and stories. Some of it is embellished, but one thing is certain, man preys upon man.”

“Sadly, I guess you are right,” you admit, enjoying the open fireplace.

“Oh, I’m right, no doubt about it. Man, is always behind the bad, in the world. Without man, there could be no evil dead, done. Animals, they don’t do evil, they just do what instincts tell ‘em and can be excused. I mean, even a man could be excused, for evils he did, if he was returned to just his primal instincts. But, when man chooses to kill and preys upon his fellow man, outside of anger, he is a devil. The Reverend agrees with me. Man has a choice to follow the law, while a wild animal, he doesn’t know what is right and what is wrong. It is like that rumour of a beast, on the moor, they say he is half man and half dog. So is he to blame for being a killer? Or is he just a slave to his primal instincts?”

“Well, that is an interesting question, Pete.”

“Aye it is. I mean, if the beast was real, who could say, if he really had any control, or was culpable for his crimes. My cousin, he says the rumours of the Dogman of Flixton, are just old wives tales and there have been no sightings of the beast, these last few years. But, I’ve heard the howls, some nights of the full moon and let me tell you, I don’t walk abroad, on such evenings. You shouldn’t neither. Make sure you get yourselves home, now.”

You finish your tea and thank him for his hospitality.

GAIN PETE LANGTOFT as an ALLY.

He shows you out into the bleak landscape and suggests you should, “Maybe see you again. Be sure to stay on the road.”

Move North, go to 624

Move East, go to 633

Move South, go to 622

Move West, go to 613

Follow the farm track, to the Southwest, go to 612

1142

As you cross the street, a large Herring Gull swoops down and tries to dislodge your Fish and Chips from your hands. You attempt to fight it off and retain your food by waving your arms at the wily seagull.

Roll BRAWL [30%]

Success, you manage to fend off the aggressive avian and retain your FISH & CHIPS.

Fail, LOSE FISH & CHIPS, as it is knocked to the ground and quickly stolen by the Gull. LOSE 1 LUCK.

You curse at the bird as you seek shelter.

Enter the BAY HOTEL, go to 811

Investigate the Life Boat House, go to 839

Order some more, at the FISH & CHIP shop, go to 897

Head up the steep road, towards the Train Station, go to 657

Go onto the beach and head South, go to 665

Follow the beach, to the North East, go to 676

Use the clifftop path, that heads Southwest, go to 655

1143*

A HORSE allows you to move like a Vehicle but is not limited to the road. It can go anywhere on the same map for 3 TIME, or +30 minutes to go anywhere on another MAP. You must make a successful RIDE Roll [5%] or become dismounted halfway to the destination and LOSE 1 HIT POINT.

A horse provides no protection for its riders and can only carry 2 people, maximum.

If the Horse is injured, you are dismounted unless you make a successful RIDE roll.

Once dismounted, you must make an ANIMAL HANDLING roll [5%].

Extreme Success, learn more empathy. GAIN 1% ANIMAL HANDLING. You remount.

Success, the horse allows you to remount.

Failure, the animal is evasive, wasting 1 TIME, Roll again.

Extreme Failure, means the Horse bolts and returns to the stables alone. You become a pedestrian and must continue on foot.

You cannot take a Horse onto the treacherous Moors. Doing so would likely break the horse's leg.

You need to return a horse to its stable before you retire to bed.

Go to the LOCAL MAP of your choice.

Or, return to the previous ENTRY.

1144

You enter the grand room and find a discussion between Adelaide and a short man you have not seen before. Unaware of your presence, you cannot help but overhear their conversation as you approach, "... Look, I don't like this, Jean. Depending on what she does, there could be a lot of trouble. I don't think you have handled this very well, at all," scolds Adelaide.

The balding man has little round spectacles and a grey beard, "My dear Adele, everything is in hand. What can she really do to prove her claims?" He retorts, looking out to sea through the window with his hands behind his back.

"She could perhaps have some paperwork? Or some code used by the Agents?" replies the leader of the Women's Masonic Order. "Look Jean, I've decided, I am going to go and visit the sisters in Corsicca and hope you are right. With our friend coming over from New England, it makes sense not to have all our eggs in one basket, so to speak. I will take the sample with me."

He nods, "Yes, I think you are right, Siegfried told me he has seen people snooping about, but they are not officials. Just busybodies, from what he can gather. You should leave immediately and take my book with you on this cruise. Study it and learn what you can from rereading it."

"Well, Ashcroft is out of the picture for a while, which isn't a bad thing. Hopefully, he won't be back till after the solstice..."

Then Adelaide spots you, standing by the door, "Oh, hello again! Do come in. Let me introduce my good friend, Professor Jean Baptiste." You shake hands with the gentleman and apologise for your unannounced visit. The Professor explains this isn't a Masonic meeting. It was just a private chat regarding his latest novel. It seems book hounds are pursuing him to get a sneak peek of it before publication. Apparently, someone has claimed that it is plagiarised. However, this is not true. He is intent on clearing his name of these terrible accusations.

Adelaide adds, "Journalists and book critics can be influential and can make or break the success of a book. Sadly, Jean has a few enemies in the industry. They wish to torpedo his next book before it is even published. Despicable."

You ask what the book is about, but before the balding Professor can answer, he is cut off by the taller, domineering woman, "Spiritualism."

He throws a sideways glance at her. "Well, not really about traditional spiritualism, more about how the psychology of Mankind requires a belief system or realm of higher purpose. So, the book is about the Psychology of Spiritualism and Theology. Heavy going, at best and certainly not fiction or pulp horror," he jokes.

"Yes, Jean had asked my advice. As a believer in spiritualism, I have tried to support him in his endeavour to publish his work. However, I think he needs to seek legal advice now. Hopefully, it will be resolved by my return from a Mediterranean cruise. Goodbye, everyone, but I must be away to embark on my ship. I will catch the Transpennine Express to Liverpool. Farewell." She graciously smiles before leaving with Jean Baptiste.

GAIN JEAN BAPTISTE as an ALLY

GAIN MISS LITTEN as an ALLY

Roll PSYCHOLOGY [10%]

Success, go to 1180

Fail, "What a shame about the book hounds and critics." Go to 812

1145*

A familiar man walks into the bar. You recognise him as Dr. Blythe the resident doctor, from Boggle Hole Mental Facility. He orders a beer and then comes over with it for a chat. Sitting with your group, he asks how you are all getting on and if you are enjoying the luxury of RavenHall.

After some small talk, he suggests you should spend more time out of the house. He recommends, for your mental health, that you should visit the local towns and get away from that depressing manorhouse. He suggests Scarborough is a great historical location and worth a visit.

You steer the conversation back towards the local area, hoping he may mention something relevant. However, he does not claim to be a fountain of knowledge regarding the place. Explaining he originally came from Oxford and had only been working at the Asylum for 3 years. He says he really likes his career, explaining that his boss, Professor Baptiste, is a magnificent psychologist. World Class, according to Dr. Blythe. An honour to work with him on groundbreaking psychological studies and therapies.

You ask him to explain their ideas on how the mind can be repaired in the most extreme cases you have heard languish at Boggle Hole. He finishes his beer. The waiter brings another as Dr. Blythe begins to try and detail the complexities of the criminally insane. You listen with interest as he suggests all men are capable of horrific acts of violence, yet the brain acts as a safety catch on a loaded gun.

He suggests that some people can develop issues that mean the safety catch no longer works. Which is not the same as choosing to take the safety catch off in a premeditated and calculated approach to violence. He goes further and details how Baptiste slowly tries to rebuild the safety mechanism through a series of electro-shock therapies and then allows inmates to decide whether to electrocute some fish in a barrel or not. How they begin to feel empathy for the fish. After a period, no longer desire to do so, with no reward offered, for the behaviour change. They begin to like the control of not making the decision but leaving it open. Once the fish are done, they are not replaced. Eventually, the inmates get to release them through a chute into the river, where they watch them out of the window return to the sea.

It seems the inmates are mainly starting to show a tendency to resist the violence and make it through the day to achieve the reward of watching the fish swim free. Baptiste suggests that this power of choice, whether to let the fish live or die, becomes the reward and enjoyment. They learn to appreciate that, to stay one's hand is more satisfying than to destroy.

You suggest, "That is intriguing."

"Oh, that is nothing compared to having the power of life or death over your fellow man. Now, that is real power. I suggest that to create, one must destroy. Knowing when and how that makes one Great. Remember, the distance between insanity and genius is measured only by success."

Dr Blythe finishes his second pint of ale and bids you farewell. Fastening his coat, you see him through the window heading along the coastal path. The snow seems to blow in quickly. Once it blows by, he is gone.

You decide it is time you also made a move.

+3 TIME

Go to 812

1146*

COMBAT

You make it out of the fierce surf and tackle your would be, executioner. Desperately grappling, in the white water, for the Luger.

Roll BRAWL [30%]

Success, go to 1150

Fail, you are overpowered and shot pointblank, amongst the breakers, LOSE 1D10 HIT POINTS.

If you are killed, you have given anyone remaining, a chance to take your place. Choose Main Investigator.

If all are killed, go to 1108

Otherwise, go to 1146

1147

You research the ancient pictograms and find their meaning translates to, “MAKE A RODENT OFFERING.” You decide this is what the inscription requires you to place inside the statue's hand. Now, you have to find a rodent.

ADD to your DIRECT ACCESS LIST, but you need a DEAD MOUSE to activate it.

“RODENT, 1 TIME, ANYTIME, ENTRY 1088”

LOSE HIEROGLYPH CLUE

Go to 244

1148

Entering the small gallery, the elderly man asks if you would like to pose for a photograph for a minimal fee. He says it will be ready to collect next week or can be posted on if you cannot collect in person. Either way, while inside, you appreciate he is a master photographer. He has captured the raw essence of Whitby in the hundreds of photographic plates that line his cluttered gallery.

He alludes to the last century being a simpler time and how he misses the whalers and different generations, now gone. It is certainly interesting. You consider buying one of his small plates. You take the plunge so he writes you a receipt, signed, “Frank Meadow Sutcliffe, 1925.”

Go to 1030

1149

You decide to mention the discovery of the body to the Police Officer. He pulls out his notebook from his top pocket and writes your statement about the scene you discovered. He eyes you carefully, so you wonder if he suspects you of the killing, making you feel nervous and questioning if you should have just kept quiet. After asking questions about what time you found the body, he takes your full name and home address.

“Well, thank you for the report. I will call headquarters in Scarborough and set off promptly to the scene of the crime. I may call at Lombard House to get further information over the next few days and keep you updated on our investigation. I suggest you go to Scarborough Police Station and make a statement. It would not surprise me if this is linked to that murder on the train, as it seems there is an escaped convict we believe may be operating in this area. My advice is to be vigilant and prepared to defend yourself. Thanks again for your cooperation.” At which Sgt. Philips heads into the police box and picks up the handset.

LOSE BODY as an ALLY.

GAIN POLICE, as an ALLY

Go to 1028

1150*

You both wrestle for control of the muzzle. Then, there is a muffled shot. He looks confused and totters for a moment, looking deep into your eyes. You see, in them, there is a draining of the power that was present only moments before.

Then he falls, like a tree, into the next large wave that barrels in through the arched caved entrance. Your allies are holding their own in the white water, so you walk up behind the hooded cultists and execute them, too. Before they realise what is happening.

Pulling back their masks and robes, you see they have name tags, indicating they are staff from Boggle Hole Sanitarium, “Jean Baptiste Phd.” and “Dr. Siegfried Blythe”. This is unbelievable. Who else could be in this murderous, secret cult?

Aiding your friends, you manage to release the human sacrifice from the chains, using a key taken off Baptiste’s body. Seeking refuge at the back of the cave, on the bedrock, you all manage to ride out the height of the tide and learn from the prisoner that he was an FBI man investigating a cult in Innsmouth, America. Once he found information leading to the Boggle Hole Asylum, he visited but soon found he was identified and admitted to the asylum under false papers. They had marked him to appease their ancient deity, Dagon. Yet, when all hope was lost, you had appeared and saved him from a fate worse than death. He is almost hysterical.

Leaving the cave, once the water is low enough, you are met with bright torches and American voices. They explain one of the faculty staffers, Miss Jennifer Forsythe, had taken his false documents to the American Embassy in London and subsequent aid has finally arrived. You are safe and relieved to have survived your ordeal.

GAME OVER

Damian Greene, the FBI man, vouches for your actions and knowledge in this new field of investigation. Together, you convince his superiors that a whole new threat is looming and needs an international Task Force. They agree. So, along with Damian Greene, you set up an International Agency and operate it for many years... but that is another story.....

1151

As you move through the busy street, you bump into someone rushing through the swirling snow, dropping a suitcase. Looking up, you both find you recognise your obstacle. It is the spectacled spinster, the Women's Master Mason, from RavenHall, Miss Adelaide Litten. She looks stunned, to see you, at first and then apologises, for the collision. "I'm so sorry, how clumsy of me. I'm rushing for my train. Excuse me, it is about to leave. Goodbye."

"It's fine, Miss Litten, my fault even. Here, let me help you to make your connection," you beat her to pick up the suitcase and notice she looks awkward but nods. You clear a way, through the hubbub and sleet, into the railway station. Under the cover of the building, you can see properly again. Miss Litten looks relieved to have made it onto the platform and find the train still here.

That is when you feel something move inside the suitcase. You look down at the case and see it visibly vibrate for a moment before it does nothing once more. What on earth could be inside you are engrossed by the conundrum. Adelaide looks down and mumbles, "It's nothing.... must just be my personal effects, settling from the fall. Thank you so much for your help." She glances at the Transport Policemen standing by the carriages, "Could you please be a darling and carry it to my compartment for me?"

You want to know what is in the case, so you smile and nod. Approaching the police to enter the train, Adelaide loudly says, "Well, I'm going to Scotland to see my cousin and hope to be back in a few days maybe then, we could grab a coffee and see each other again?"

"It would be my pleasure, but I thought you were taking a Mediterranean cruise?" you recall.

"Oh no, I was just saying that so Professor Baptiste would leave me alone. If he knew I was still around, he would write me a hundred letters and I can't be doing with that. Now, if you don't mind, I have to be going," at which the locomotive gives out a blast of hissing steam. The guard shouts, "All aboard!" She holds out her hand to retrieve the case from yours. At that moment, there is another strange vibration from the case followed by a couple of thuds, like something is moving inside. Everyone present, you, Adelaide, the guard and the two policemen, all freeze in stunned silence, looking at the suitcase in your hand.

If you have CID as an ALLY, go to 1179
Drop the suitcase and back away, go to 1155
Open the suitcase, go to 1164
Give Adelaide her suitcase, go to 1157

1152*

You are knocked from the violently pitching boat and tipped into the wild North Sea. You go under for a few seconds before your cork life preserver brings you to the surface, where you gasp for air. The water is freezing, shocking your body. From this low in the water, you struggle to see anything. Where is the boat, you wonder, as you are so disorientated. Then you see it as you ride the top of a rolling wave, not the boat, but the dorsal fin.

You see the huge aquatic beast, surging towards you, but remember the harpoon and ready it. Staying focused and level-headed, you manage to keep your composure. The massive black fin slices through the dark water and choppy waves at a frightening speed. Then you hear a voice in your mind, which seems to eminate from the Harpoon. No, it is the whale's sonic calls translated by the dark wooden weapon. The voice tells you to, "Flee! Great Dagon is coming and will devour all. You must flee!"

Maybe it is the harpoon, but something diswades the killer whale from making the final charge. The dorsal swerves away and you feel relieved when you are pulled out of the water and into the bottom of the lifeboat. Your bravery gives you a new sense that you are the master of your fate and not just prey. The veteran crew gives a few words of praise and admiration before they turn the AMBER and row for home.

MAIN INVESTIGATOR, GAIN 1D6 SANITY and 1D3 CTHULHU MYTHOS
GAIN TITLE of HARPOONER
Go to 894

1153*

You recognise the old man, from the Raven Pub, as Oldie. He comes hurtling out of a Public House, called the Dolphin and falls prone onto the slushy, Whitby street. A nasty-looking thug follows him. The ruffian stands over his motionless body and shouts, "You might have got away with it last time, but you won't this time, you ol' basterd. Don't you play dead, you faker. Give me my 5 shillings, or you'll be getting a kickin' conscious, or, unconscious!" he notices, you have stopped and threatens you, "What are you gawping at? Piss off!"

Leave him to it, LOSE OLDIE as an ALLY, go to 1030
Challenge him, to stop the assault, go to 1154

1154*

"Leave him alone, he is an old man," you intervene. The snow intensifies, in front of the pub.

However, the thug, who looks like a rough dock worker, turns to you and spits on the floor, "Says who?" Rolling up his sleeves.

"Says, me and my friends." is your quick reply. Confident that being outnumbered will put him off.

"You hear that lads? This 'ere herring gut and friends, is trying to run the 'arbour and tell me, Jim Jones, what to do. I think, they need to learn, who runs these streets" At this several fishermen come out of the Dolphin pub and back up their mate. He smiles, before approaching and throwing a hand, towards your chin.

Go to 1156

1155*

As the guard blows his whistle by mistake, you drop the suitcase, while everyone looks on, in pure disbelief. However, as it hits the ground, the clasp is sprung open and the worn case spills the contents, out, onto the platform. Several items of clothing, including her masonic robe, unfurl onto the wet ground, but also a book. A large and obviously ancient tome, almost black in colour. A sheet of loose parchment is thrown clear, in the fall and you manage to catch it before it gets wet. Lifting it, you see it has many lines, of small foreign text, that you do not recognise. Perhaps Arabic, in origin, you certainly have no idea.

However, there is a pen and ink drawing, of a strange creature, perhaps a winged serpent, wyvern, jabberwocky or dragon. A large caption, beneath it, is in the only letters, written, in the Latin Alphabet. "**K'YANG'R. Nyarlathotep's Champion.**"

Only then, do you see something else, something unbelievable, crawling out, from under the strewn clothing. A decomposing human hand, severed messily, at the wrist. A tightly bound string is binding the thumb and fingers closed, into a fist. Yet the little finger has come free, from its restraint and now works, to move the hand across the platform, at a snail's pace.

Everyone is stood open-mouthed, at the scene unfolding before them. Yet, before Miss Litten, can explain, the policemen step forward and say they are placing you both, under arrest. Adelaide suddenly bolts, as the train begins to pull away from the platform.

GAIN DEMON NAME

Roll SANITY

Success, you keep calm and carry on. You reason that the dead hand's muscles are in spasm and not animated.

Fail, LOSE 1D4 SANITY at the sight of this horrific, and obviously animated appendage.

Bolt for the street and evade the policeman, go to 1170

Hold out your hands to be cuffed, go to 1158

1156*

COMBAT

A nasty fistfight erupts in the slushy cobbled street, amongst the falling snow.

Each PARTY member has a THUG adversary at the start of the fight. The THUGS have a BRAWL skill of 35%.

Roll to Hit, for Each THUG, against each investigator.

Success, is a HIT and the Investigator LOSES 1D3 HIT POINT

Fail, misses.

Then Roll TO HIT (BRAWL) for each PARTY Member.

Success, the THUG goes down, with a punch to the face.

Fail, the THUG ducks your punch and retaliates.

Any investigator, who defeats a THUG can choose to take on, a remaining THUG, in the next round, instead of their comrade.

If all THUGS are knocked down, go to 1159

Otherwise go to keep repeating the process. If all Investigators are knocked out, +1D6 TIME, GAIN 1 HIT POINT for each PARTY member due to FIRST AID. LOSE OLDIE as an ALLY. Go to 1030

1157

You decide, to hand over her suitcase and she thanks you, "Oh, you are funny with your tricks. Such a darling."

You decide to play along seeing as you are under the eye of the law, "I'm sure we will meet again soon and you can teach me some of your magic, Miss Litten."

She smiles and nods, "I look forward to it, my dear." before turning and boarding the carriage. Just as the guard blows the whistle the steam engine, begins to slowly pull away from the platform. You still want to know, what was in that suitcase and speculate, if you will catch up with Adelaide again. She leans out of the window and blows you a kiss, with a strange hand gesture.

LOSE MISS LITTEN as an ALLY. Roll Main Investigator's POWER. If Fail, then GAIN MARK.

Go to 954

1158*

So, as you are handcuffed, you watch on as the second "Bobby" apprehends the fleeing spinster and cuffs her 50 yards away. As he walks her back down the empty platform, out of the clouds of steam, she nastily berates him. Then you, "You clumsy oaf, I would have gotten away with it if it wasn't for you pesky benefactors. Damn you, damn all of you, at Lombard House. You wait, our lord and savour is coming. Then you will see!" she seems to be, like a wild animal, compared to her normal composed self. She hisses at the police officer as he applies pressure to her arms, secured behind her back. You are promptly taken to the nearby Police Station and interviewed.

LOSE MISS LITTEN, as an ALLY
All PARTY Members GAIN 1D10 SANITY, for thwarting the cult activity.
+2D6 TIME
GAIN TITLE of WITCHHUNTER
Go to 1166

1159

You stand over the beaten THUGS and tell them they will get it again if they pick on old war veterans. The gang pick themselves up from the wet ground and curse you, under their breath, as they leave. Helping OLDIE up from the street, you find he has a bloody nose but is still smiling. "Thanks for that. I'm sick of that bully, tapping everyone for protection money. You've shown that no one will pay those toe rags anymore. I owe you a pint."

You decline his offer, so he reaches into his pocket and produces a cigarette tin with matches. Striking one, he lights his roll-up and puts the matches in your top pocket, still smiling. Before, he salutes and heads back inside the Dolphin public house.

GAIN BOX OF MATCHES
GAIN TITLE of REGULATOR
Go to 1030

1160

You see someone at the back of the sea cave, a man, looking up at the cave wall. He is looking under some rocks in a small alcove. Only then does he notice you and turn around, waving. It is Professor Baptiste, who you met at RavenHall. He comes down from the bedrock plinth and approaches you with a smile, "Hello again, how are you doing?" he asks in his outrageous French accent.

"Just fine, I didn't expect to bump into you in a cave, Professor. What brings you here?" you question.

"Oh,... er.... I just find this marvel of erosion.... to be very interesting, as I'm a keen fossil hunter."

Roll Psychology
Success, go to 1174
Fail, go to 1165

1162

You head to the large, central police station in Scarborough town centre, which is close to the railway station. Entering, you appreciate shelter to escape from the never-ending snow. The desk sergeant greets you and asks, "Now, what can we do for you?"

If you have BODY as an ALLY and wish to report it, or have POLICE as an ALLY, go to 1171
Normalising the issues at Lombard House as criminal activity and seek assistance, go to 1175
Ask for any updates, regarding the train murder, when you arrived, go to 1168
Ask for directions and then leave, go to 954

1163*

The Policemen step forward and take the case. Declaring that they need to check the luggage and its within their powers as Transport Police. Miss Litten looks mortified by the notion and argues that she doesn't want them going through her personal effects, especially her underwear. However, the officers have none of it, as their curiosity overrides any notion of a complaint. As one sets the suitcase on a nearby bench, he opens the clasp and lifts the lid.

He begins to search the contents when suddenly, he gives out a loud yell and throws himself back from the suitcase, which falls onto the platform.

Go to 1167

1164

You put the case down and go to open it, but a stern Adelaide Litten intervenes. Stating loudly, so the Policemen overhear, “Stop. That is my luggage, how dare you!” She attempts to make a scene and looks distressed.

You can either:

Hand her the suitcase, go to 1157

Try to convince the Police the suitcase should be opened, Roll PERSUADE (Advantage Dice if POLICE are ALLIES.)

Success, go to 1163

Fail, they tell you to hand Adelaide her case and stop mucking about, go to 1157

1165

“Oh, I see. I guess there are also many fossils to be discovered on this coastline.” you surmise.

“Indeed. Look, here are some Jurassic fossils embedded in the wall.” Baptiste points out some circular ammenites decorating the wall. They are shelled creatures with what appear to be tentacles protruding from the opening. The largest of which is perhaps ten inches across the round shell. He suggests he is an expert on fossils, adding that this cave is a treasure trove full of them.

If you have FOSSIL, go to 1169

Otherwise, go to 1178

1166*

+60 minutes

If you have POLICE as an ALLY, then GAIN C.I.D. as an ALLY. They soon release you:

Choose to be escorted home (+1D6 TIME), go to 231, or leave the Scarborough Police station on foot, go to 954

Otherwise, +1D6 TIME

Roll LAW or HALF CREDIT RATING of lowest PARTY Member. (ADVANTAGE DICE if you have EVIDENCE)

Success, GAIN POLICE and CID as an ALLY. Go to 1171

Fail, go to 1172

1167*

Several items of clothing, including Adelaide’s masonic robe, unfurl onto the wet ground and a book. A thick and obviously ancient tome, almost black in colour. A sheet of loose parchment is thrown clear in the fall, but you catch it before it gets wet. Lifting it, you see it has many lines of small foreign text you do not recognise. Perhaps Arabic in origin, although you certainly cannot be sure.

However, there is a pen and ink drawing of a strange creature, perhaps a winged serpent, wyvern, jabberwocky or dragon. A large caption beneath it is in the only letters written in the Latin Alphabet. “**K’YANG’R. Nyarlathotep’s Champion**.”

Only then do you see something else, something unbelievable, crawling out from under the strewn clothing. A decomposing human hand severed messily at the wrist. A tightly bound string binds the thumb and fingers closed into a fist. Yet the little finger has come free from its restraint and now tirelessly works to move the hand across the platform at a snail's pace.

Everyone is stood open-mouthed at the scene unfolding before them. Yet, before Miss Litten can explain, the Policemen step forward and say they are placing you both under arrest. Adelaide suddenly bolts as the train pulls away from the platform.

LOSE MISS LITTEN as an ALLY

GAIN DEMON NAME

Roll SANITY

Success, you keep calm and carry on. You convince yourself the dead hand's muscles are in spasm and not animated.

Fail, LOSE 1D4 SANITY at the sight of this horrific and obviously animated appendage.

Bolt for the exit and evade the policeman, go to 1170

Hold out your hands to be cuffed, go to 1158

1168

You enquire about the murder. The Desk Sergeant says that so far, there have been no official statements about the progress of the investigation. He suggests you have to wait for a press release.

Try to normalise the issues at Lombard House as criminal and seek assistance, go to 1175

Ask for directions and then leave, go to 954

1169

You show the strange fossil to the Professor, who looks at it intently before you ask, "So, what is this fossil called?"

He pauses for a momentarily and declares, "It is a Bivalve and not uncommon in this area."

If you have RUTHERFORDS as an ALLY, go to 1173

Roll NATURAL WORLD

Success, go to 1173

Fail, go to 1178

1170

You suddenly dash for it and try to lose the Policeman in the busy town centre streets outside the Railway station.

Roll DODGE (with DISADVANTAGE DICE)

Success, go to 954

Fail, you are apprehended and cuffed, LOSE 1 HIT POINT in the scuffle, go to 1158

1171

You speak to a Detective Chief Inspector MONKFISH, from the C.I.D., over a table in the interview room. He is a middle-aged man with a beard and keen eyes. You decide to tell him the full story, in light of securing your innocence, before there is any allegation of misconduct. The desk sergeant brings you all in a cup of tea.

You explain that you are coincidental witnesses to numerous incidents you feel obliged to report. You suggest the murder on the train could be linked to the mystery. You emphasise that you are still obliged to secure your inheritance by staying there until the 8th of November in Lombard House. Yet, you would like police protection and assistance for the next few days. You suggest someone is trying to frighten you off your claim and is a potential murderer.

He patiently listens to your account and makes notes. Once you finish talking, there is silence. He leans back in his chair while putting his notebook away before standing up and donning his bowler hat, thinking deeply with his hand on his hip.

If a member of the PARTY is suffering from TEMPORARY INSANITY, he suggests that those investigators need a rest.

They are sent to BOGGLE HOLE in an Ambulance for 24 hours and can be picked up tomorrow. (make a note)

"Well, I guess I have no choice but to join your PARTY until you depart from my Jurisdiction on the 8th." He smiles and shakes your hands as you welcome his assistance and hopefully, exoneration for any wrongdoing.

GAIN DCI MONKFISH to the PARTY (no matter how large), his Investigator Sheet is HERE on page 334.

GAIN C.I.D. as an ALLY

+30 Minutes

You leave the police station, go to 954

1172

You try to convince DS MILLS about the strange happenings at Lombard house. However, it soon becomes obvious that he is turning the spotlight onto you and asking all manner of questions about your actions, whereabouts and motivations. You don't like the way this is swinging around. After a while, he suggests you know a lot about the incidents and are always present. You and the incidents are the common factors, so he asks you how you can explain that. The interview turns more serious as he cautions you and places you under arrest. He puts you in the cells while you protest your innocence. He says he will get you a solicitor.

+2D6 TIME

Then a lawyer, Mr Tubbs, arrives and immediately gets you out on a technicality. He advises you to stay out of trouble and expect to hear from him soon once he reads the case notes. Another man with a bowler covered in snow rushes in and apologises. Tubbs leaves and says he has another prisoner to see.

Go to 1171

1173*

He shows all the classic signs of lying and struggles to maintain eye contact. You can sense his deception and awkward demeanour, so you smile and nod. He is certainly no expert on fossils, that is for sure. You don't trust him anymore.

LOSE PROFESSOR BAPTISTE as an ALLY

Go to 1178

1174

He shows all the classic signs of lying and struggles to maintain eye contact. You can sense his deception and awkward demeanour, so you smile and nod.

LOSE PROFESSOR BAPTISTE as an ALLY

Go to 1165

1175

You begin to explain to the desk Sergeant that you would like to speak to a senior officer regarding an incident that requires immediate action by the Police Force. He wants you to fill in a statement sheet. If you have EVIDENCE go to 1171

Otherwise, Roll PERSUADE, or LAW, or, HALF CREDIT RATING of lowest PARTY Member.

Success, GAIN POLICE and CID as an ALLY. Go to 1171

Fail, go to 1172

1176

Once you are sure the devious French Professor has gone, you investigate where you saw him by the alcove at the back of the cave. Once you move some seaweed, you find a small package wrapped in cloth and tied with a red ribbon. Opening it, you discover there is a wicked-looking dagger inside. The handle is embossed with garnets and studded with an emerald, while the stiletto blade is engraved with strange symbols, or letters, of an unknown language. They completely cover the silvered blade. This small knife seems to be unbelievably sharp. You can choose to GAIN ANCIENT BLADE if you wish.

ANCIENT BLADE, Brawl Skill, 1D3+3+DB, Ignores ALL ARMOUR and is a SILVER weapon.

Go to 907

1177*

The tall man is silhouetted against the seascape, standing atop the cliff in his dark suit. As he turns around, aware of your presence, he looks you in the eye. As your eyes lock, you hear a voice echo in your mind, “You are the type of person we are looking for, as just by reading this, you are cheating. If you do not stick to the rules, the mythos is what you have been looking for your entire life, a corruption that leads to your own personal power. Come with me and leave this solo RPG behind you.”

You hear the words in your inner mind and realise that now, you have read this far into the forbidden knowledge that there is no going back. GAME OVER

You were tempted to read an ENTRY, that had nothing to do with your story and by trying to look into other realities and beyond your timeline, Go to 1.

1178

Professor Baptiste looks at his watch, “Well, is it that time already? I am afraid I must get back to the institute, as I have work to do. Farewell, until next time.” he smiles and leaves the dank cave. You nod knowingly.

If you do not have PROFESSOR BAPTISTE as an ALLY go to 1176

If you do have him as an ALLY, go to 907

1179

The Policemen step forward and detain the spinster on your nod. Opening the suitcase, you find an old book of stale manuscripts, almost jet black in colour. You open it and see a pen and ink drawing of a strange creature, perhaps a winged serpent, wyvern, jabberwocky or dragon. A large caption beneath it is in the only letters written in the Latin Alphabet. “K’YANG’R. Nyarlathotep’s Champion.” Only then do you see something else, something unbelievable, crawling out from under the clothing. A decomposing human hand severed messily at the wrist. A tightly bound string is binding the thumb and fingers closed into a fist. Yet the little finger has come free from the restraint and now tirelessly works to move the hand across the platform at a snail's pace. The Policemen arrest the spinster before she can flee, so she reacts with fury, spitting at you as they walk her away.

GAIN DEMON NAME.

LOSE MISS LITTEN as an ALLY

Roll SANITY

Success, you keep calm and carry on. You convince yourself the dead hand’s muscles are in spasm and not animated.

Fail, LOSE 1D4 SANITY at the sight of this horrific and obviously animated appendage.

All PARTY Members GAIN 1D10 SANITY, for thwarting the cult activity. GAIN TITLE of WITCH HUNTER.

Go to 954

1180*

That is when you know that these people are lying to your face. You suspect there is far more going on here than they are letting on. Perhaps it is harmless, such as a romantic involvement. Yet, your gut is suggesting that there is far more going on here than a simple affair. Your sixth sense tells you something darker and deeper is going on here.

Go to 812

1181

As you start to look around for a way into the farm compound, you find a gap in the hedge and attempt to look through to see if the coast is clear. That is when there is a blast of a shotgun that hits you in the leg.

The main investigator LOSES 1D6 HIT POINTS.

"I warned you! The next one is not loaded with rock salt, neither." says an unseen voice to your side. "Now, tell that French Bastard to stay away from my land and animals. Him and that Witch. They will not be sacrificing my pigs to no pagan god or the devil. He will have to stick to his inmates. Tell him to get that crashed car up the lane, moved too. If you come back, it's your funeral. Now, piss off!" You backtrack and know it is time to leave.

Follow the road to the North, go to 645

Head along the road, down to the East, go to 654

Take the lane, up the steep climb, to the West, go to 634

Cross the railway track to the South, Roll 1D6

1-5 Go to 643

6 Go to 598

1182

A woman's raised voice is heard through the wind," Go back. You bring with you, much evil. For one of you, is the serpent. Go away!"

You glance around and shout a reply, "Who are you?"

"I am the daughter of the old ways. Some would call me a Witch. I know the evil that dwells amongst you. The Eater of Souls and Eternal Champion of Nyarlathoptep. You are doing his bidding and part of his master plan to escape his prison. Doomed, you are. Accept that to save yourself is just a selfish dream. For there is no escape from such dark fates as yours. All I can do is warn you that the Eldritch Power grows stronger the longer you dwell in the House of Lombard. Eventually, that power will manifest itself to thwart your attempts to defeat the Messenger of the Outer Gods."

You walk towards the voice and catch a glimpse of a distant robed figure through the scrub. A dirty, barefooted woman, holding a gnarled staff, shouting her warning upon the wind.

"All I can offer is a Ward to resist the Father of All Hunting Horror's Astral Fire. Yet, I fear that is not enough to save you from your own bitter fate. Seek my hut and take the Cubic Ward from above the door if you must. Nothing else there is of any use to your lost cause. You must trust in the Great Way to guide you." You see her turn and walk into the brush. No further shouting brings any response from the now-distant Witch. She has gone.

GAIN WITCH, as an ALLY.

Follow the narrow river into the ravine Southwest, go to 705

Head North, following the river valley, go to 766

Climb out of the valley, to the East, go to 775

Ascend onto the Moor, to the West, go to 755

Follow the trail out of the valley to the South, go to 764



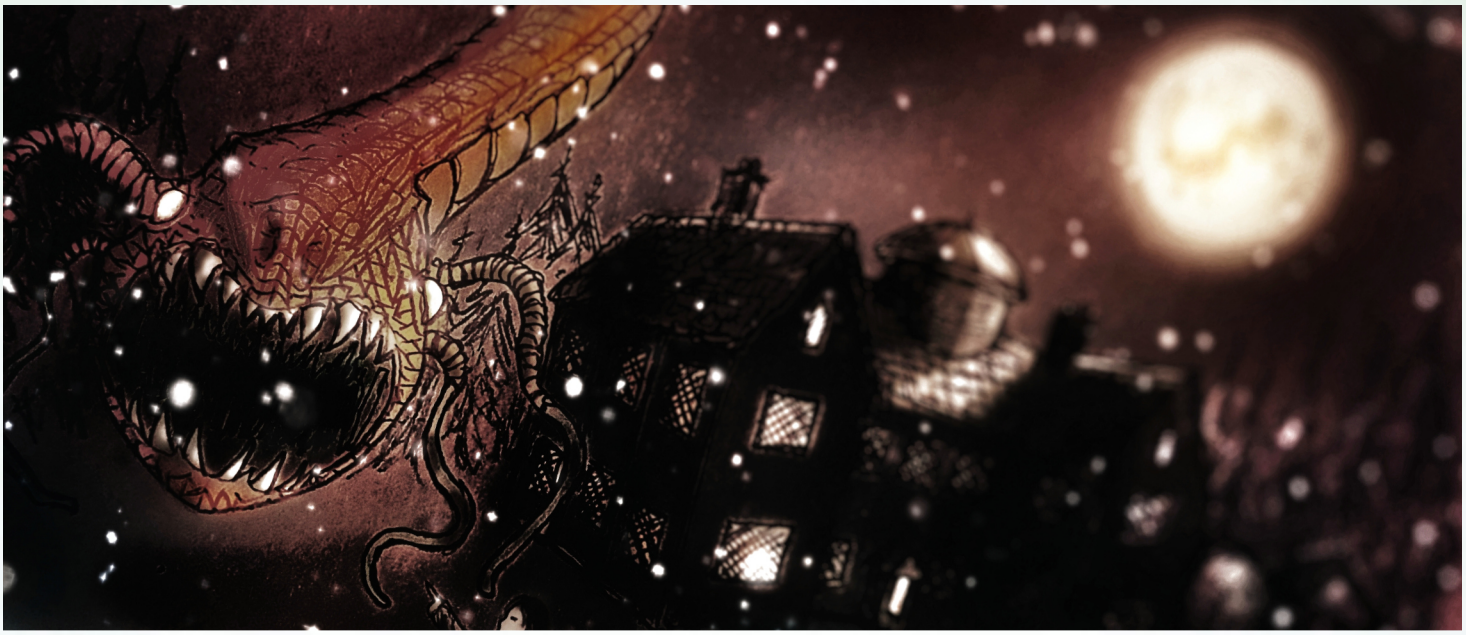
1183*

From your conversation with the witch, you know to look for the wooden cube above the door. Indeed, you find it tied to a string hung on a nail. Bringing it down, you inspect the carved cube and see it is inscribed with Celtic-looking symbols that some might call runes. Perhaps they are of Norse origin. You are not sure. The small block of wood has been hardened in a fire and is blackened with charcoal. Deciding to put the string over your head, like a necklace, you wonder if the wild woman is insane.

GAIN CUBIC WARD

Carry on, up past the waterfall, to the West, go to 745

Follow the steep ravine, to the Southeast, go to 705



1184

Carefully inserting your picks, you try to trip the lock with a series of movements. However, the would-be safe cracker is jolted by a firm electric shock directly through the arms and across the heart! ARGH!

Roll CONSTITUTION.

Success, your heart doesn't stop, LOSE 1D3+1 HIT POINTS from the burns. Go to 259

Fail, your heart stops. LOSE 1D6 HIT POINTS

If reduced to 0 HIT POINTS, your PARTY must save you. 2 of them can Roll FIRST AID (25%).

Either Success, your heart is restarted with life saving action. GAIN 1D3 HIT POINTS. +3 TIME, Go to 259

Both Fail, the MAIN INVESTIGATOR flatlines. No amount of chest compressions restart the heart.

They are dead and taken to hospital. Choose a new MAIN INVESTIGATOR

A sombre atmosphere hangs amongst the guests. They feel this is getting too serious. Deadly booby traps are where most people draw the line. They all consider leaving. The solicitor and Mr Richardson convince everyone to stay except a random PRE GEN (not in the Party). Roll their POWER.

Success, they consider leaving but change their mind at the last moment.

Failure, they pack their belongings and leave the estate forever. Remove them from the game.

+60 Minutes

Go to 231

1185

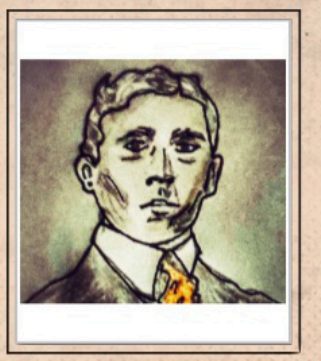
You knock on the door. Immediately, a man shouts from inside, "GO AWAY!" You ask if you can speak to him and are cut off, "I WON'T TELL YOU AGAIN. GO AWAY. I DON'T OPEN THIS DOOR TO ANYONE UNTIL DAYLIGHT!"

You try to negotiate. Yet the voice gets more angry, "I KNOW YOUR TRICKS. YOU SHAPESHIFTERS! GO AWAY!"

Any further attempts to speak are met with silence. Eventually, you have to accept you will have to leave.

Go to 763

1920s Era Investigator



Name: Lieutenant Hudson Hustle | Birthplace: Taunton | Pronoun: he/him

Occupation: Equine Vet | Residence: Somerset | Age: 29

Characteristics

	Reg	Half	Fifth
STR	75	37	15
CON	65	32	13
DEX	60	30	12
INT (IDEA)	50	25	10
SIZ	55	27	11
POW	45	22	9
APP	55	27	11
EDU (KNOW)	70	35	14

	Maximum	Current	Insane
Hit Points	12		
Magic Points	9		
Luck	Starting: 55		
Sanity	Starting: 45		9

Call of Cthulhu 40th Anniversary 1981 - 2021

Max Sanity ☐ Temporary Insanity ☐ Indefinite Insanity ☐ Major Wound ☐ Unconscious ☐ Dying ☐

Skills

Skill	Reg	Half	Fifth
☐ Accounting (05%)			
☐ Anthropology (01%)			
☐ Appraise (05%)			
☐ Archaeology (01%)	15	7	3
☐ _____ (05%) *Art / Craft*			
☐ Animal Handling	65	32	13
☐ Charm (15%)			
☐ Climb (20%)			
Credit Rating (00%)	65	32	13
Cthulhu Mythos (00%)			
☐ Disguise (05%)			
☐ Dodge (half DEX)	55	27	11
☐ Drive Auto (20%)	35	17	7
☐ Elec. Repair (10%)			
☐ Fast Talk (05%)			
☐ Fighting (Brawl) (25%)	30	15	6
☐ _____ *Fighting*			
☐ _____			
☐ Firearms (Handgun) (20%)	65	32	13
☐ Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)	70	35	14
☐ _____ *Firearms*			
☐ First Aid (30%)	50	25	10
☐ History (05%)			
☐ Intimidate (15%)			
☐ Jump (20%)			
☐ Latin (01%) *Language (Other)*	35	17	7
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ _____ (EDU) *Language (Own)*			
☐ Law (05%)			
☐ Library Use (20%)	35	17	7
☐ Listen (20%)			
☐ Locksmith (01%)			
☐ Mech. Repair (10%)			
☐ Medicine (01%)	40	20	8
☐ Natural World (10%)	15	7	3
☐ Navigate (10%)			
☐ Occult (05%)			
☐ Persuade (10%)			
☐ _____ (01%) *Pilot*			
☐ Psychoanalysis (01%)			
☐ Psychology (10%)			
☐ Ride (05%)	50	25	10
☐ Pharmacy (01%) *Science*	40	20	8
☐ Physics	25	12	5
☐ _____			
☐ Sleight of Hand (10%)			
☐ Spot Hidden (25%)	70	35	14
☐ Stealth (20%)	50	25	10
☐ _____ (10%) *Survival*			
☐ Swim (20%)			
☐ Throw (20%)	30	15	6
☐ Track (10%)			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			

Combat

Weapon	Skill	Damage	# of Attacks	Range	Ammo	Malf.
Brawl	30 / 15 / 6	1D3 + DB	1	-	-	-
Webley Revolver	65 / 32 / 13	1D10+2			6	
Lee Enfield Rifle	70 / 35 / 14	2d6+4	1		10	

Move: 9

Build: 1

Dodge: Reg 55 | Half 27 | Fifth 11

Damage Bonus: +1D4

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

My Story

The Lieutenant always wanted to join the military as a youngster, coming from a proud military family background. However,once he joined the Household Cavalry, the Great War broke out. He soon found himself stationed in the Balkans, where he briefly met Edward Lombard, as he arranged his safe passage through his sector. The bloody war took a toll on the young officer & he suffers with PTSD now & again. Demobilised after doing his duty, he decided to become an equine vet. Managing to hide his inner turmoil, he's well-liked & successful in the industry. Always striving to do what's best rather than what's easy, he's dependable, selfless & brave. He's a newly joined member of the Masons. He could use more funds to finally have his own practice in Wales & the solitor's invite smells of cash.

Backstory

Personal Description
A young man with a thousand yard stare. He seems always on edge yet distant. He is dashing but a little rough around the edges.

Traits
He is nervous and overthinks. The war has had an impact on every aspect of Hudson. He struggles to relax. Yet he is friendly and a good team player.

Ideology & Beliefs
He no longer believes in God. The war changed him.

Injuries & Scars
He has a bullet scar in his right shoulder that passed right through. Luckily this is only cosmetic and he doesn't suffer any pain.

Significant People
His aging father, who lives in Somerset.

Phobias & Manias

Meaningful Locations
The family home. His mother's grave.

Arcane Tomes & Spells

Treasured Possessions
A photograph of his parents

Encounters with Strange Entities

Gear & Possessions

Webley Revolver with reload of bullets
Hip flask
Binoculars

Wealth

Spending Level
Cash
Assets

Fellow Investigators

Char. _____ Player _____
Char. _____ Player _____
Char. _____ Player _____



Char. _____ Player _____
Char. _____ Player _____
Char. _____ Player _____

Quick Reference Rules

Skill & Characteristic Rolls

Level of Success:	Fumble 100/96+	Fail > skill	Regular ≤ skill	Hard ½ skill	Extreme ⅕ skill	Critical 01

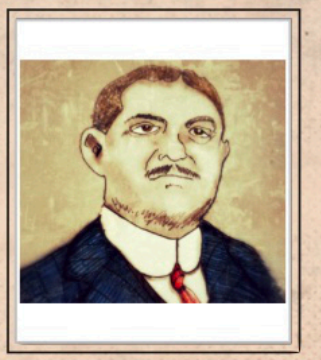
Pushing Rolls: must justify reroll; cannot push combat or Sanity rolls

Wounds & Healing

First Aid heals 1 HP Medicine heals 1D3 HP
Major Wounds = loss of ≥ ½ max HP in one attack
Reach 0 HP without Major Wound = **Unconscious**
Reach 0 HP with Major Wound = **Dying**
Dying: First Aid = temp. stabilized; then require Medicine
Natural Heal rate (non Major Wound): recover 1 HP per day
Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

1920s Era Investigator



Name: Dr. Marcus Sykes | Birthplace: Edinburgh | Pronoun: he/him

Occupation: General Practitioner | Residence: Edinburgh | Age: 61

Characteristics

	Reg	Half	Fifth
STR	45	22	9
CON	55	27	11
DEX	47	23	9
INT (IDEA)	70	35	14
SIZ	50	25	10
POW	50	25	10
APP	41	20	8
EDU (KNOW)	88	44	17

	Maximum	Current
Hit Points	10	
Magic Points	10	

	Starting	Current	Insane
Luck	55		
Sanity	50		10

Call of Cthulhu 40th Anniversary 1981 - 2021

Max Sanity ☐ Temporary Insanity ☐ Indefinite Insanity ☐ Major Wound ☐ Unconscious ☐ Dying ☐

Skills

Skill	Reg	Half	Fifth
☐ Accounting (05%)			
☐ Anthropology (01%)			
☐ Appraise (05%)			
☐ Archaeology (01%)	25	12	5
☐ _____ (05%) *Art / Craft*			
☐ _____			
☐ Charm (15%)			
☐ Climb (20%)			
Credit Rating (00%)	75	37	15
Cthulhu Mythos (00%)			
☐ Disguise (05%)			
☐ Dodge (half DEX)	40	20	8
☐ Drive Auto (20%)			
☐ Elec. Repair (10%)			
☐ Fast Talk (05%)			
☐ Fighting (Brawl) (25%)	25	12	5
☐ Sword Cane *Fighting*	55	27	11
☐ _____			
☐ Firearms (Handgun) (20%)			
☐ Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)	40	20	8
☐ _____ *Firearms*			
☐ First Aid (30%)	70	35	14
☐ History (05%)			
☐ Intimidate (15%)			
☐ Jump (20%)			
☐ Latin (01%) *Language (Other)*	55	27	11
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ _____ (EDU) *Language (Own)*			
☐ Law (05%)			
☐ Library Use (20%)	55	27	11
☐ Listen (20%)			
☐ Locksmith (01%)			
☐ Mech. Repair (10%)			
☐ Medicine (01%)	80	40	16
☐ Natural World (10%)	35	17	7
☐ Navigate (10%)			
☐ Occult (05%)	45	22	9
☐ Persuade (10%)	25	12	5
☐ _____ (01%) *Pilot*			
☐ Psychoanalysis (01%)			
☐ Psychology (10%)	40	20	8
☐ Ride (05%)			
☐ Pharmacy (01%) *Science*	30	15	6
☐ Forensics	35	17	7
☐ _____			
☐ Sleight of Hand (10%)			
☐ Spot Hidden (25%)	50	25	10
☐ Stealth (20%)			
☐ _____ (10%) *Survival*			
☐ Swim (20%)			
☐ Throw (20%)			
☐ Track (10%)			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			

Combat

Weapon	Skill	Damage	# of Attacks	Range	Ammo	Malf.
Brawl	25 / 12 / 5	1D3 + DB	1	-	-	-
Shotgun 12G	40 / 20 / 8	4D6/2D6/1D6	1/2		2	
Sword Cane	55 / 27 / 11	1D6+DB	1			

Move: 4

Build: 0

Dodge: Reg 40 | Half 20 | Fifth 8

Damage Bonus: 0

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

My Story

Dr Sykes is an ageing General Practitioner & approaching retirement. He is a competent G.P. with good reputation. No one would suspect his darker past in the final year of the Golden Dawn. He believes in the occult & is open minded to parapsychology. Nor do any suspect his own addiction to his medicine cabinet. The doctor is alert & logical. While his paranoia is borderline & makes him less trusting of most. He is an active member of the Masonic Order & achieved the 15th level of the Order. He proudly wears a Masonic ring. Marcus knew Edward from his time in 1914 working for the Royal Navy Intelligence, assisting designing capital ship capital ship camouflage patterns. He worked with Edward on tests involving his cutting edge optics & the paint schemes designed to fool the eye.

Backstory

Personal Description

He looks paled and has bloodshot eyes. He often seems distant and deep in thought . Yet he takes everything in.

Traits

Untrusting and paranoid. He is suspicious of everything and everyone.

Ideology & Beliefs

Marcus believes in the paranormal rather than a traditional God world view.

Injuries & Scars

His hip gets sore from osteoporosis and he walks with a limp. Hence his need for a Cane.

Significant People

His nephew is his prodigy and he tries his best to further his career

Phobias & Manias

Meaningful Locations

Arthur's Seat in Edinburgh

Arcane Tomes & Spells

Treasured Possessions

His medicine cabinet is his most precious possession.

Encounters with Strange Entities

Gear & Possessions

Sword Cane

Masonic Ring

Medical Bag

Wealth

Spending Level

Cash

Assets

Fellow Investigators

Char. _____
Player _____

Char. _____
Player _____

Char. _____
Player _____



Char. _____
Player _____

Char. _____
Player _____

Char. _____
Player _____

Quick Reference Rules

Skill & Characteristic Rolls

Level of Success:	Fumble 100/96+	Fail > skill	Regular ≤ skill	Hard ½ skill	Extreme ⅕ skill	Critical 01

Pushing Rolls: must justify reroll; cannot push combat or Sanity rolls

Wounds & Healing

First Aid heals 1 HP Medicine heals 1D3 HP

Major Wounds = loss of ≥ ½ max HP in one attack

Reach 0 HP without Major Wound = **Unconscious**

Reach 0 HP with Major Wound = **Dying**

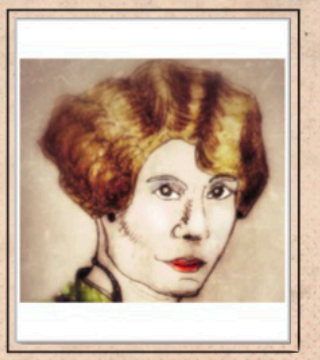
Dying: First Aid = temp, stabilized; then require Medicine

Natural Heal rate (non Major Wound): recover 1 HP per day

Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

1920s Era Investigator



Name: Miss Emily French | Birthplace: Plymouth | Pronoun: she/her

Occupation: Dilettante | Residence: London | Age: 25

Characteristics

	Reg	Half	Fifth		Reg	Half	Fifth
STR	55	27	11	SIZ	50	25	10
CON	50	25	10	POW	60	30	12
DEX	60	30	12	APP	60	30	12
INT (IDEA)	65	32	13	EDU (KNOW)	85	42	17

	Maximum	Current
Hit Points	10	
Magic Points	12	

	Starting	Current	Insane
Luck	55		
Sanity	60		12

Call of Cthulhu 40th Anniversary 1981 - 2021

Max Sanity ☐ Temporary Insanity ☐ Indefinite Insanity ☐ Major Wound ☐ Unconscious ☐ Dying ☐

Skills

Skill	Reg	Half	Fifth
☐ Accounting (05%)			
☐ Anthropology (01%)			
☐ Appraise (05%)			
☐ Archaeology (01%)	65	32	13
☐ _____ (05%) *Art / Craft*			
☐ _____			
☐ Charm (15%)			
☐ Climb (20%)			
Credit Rating (00%)	85	42	17
Cthulhu Mythos (00%)			
☐ Disguise (05%)			
☐ Dodge (half DEX)	45	22	9
☐ Drive Auto (20%)	55	27	11
☐ Elec. Repair (10%)			
☐ Fast Talk (05%)			
☐ Fighting (Brawl) (25%)	40	20	8
☐ _____ *Fighting*			
☐ _____			
☐ Firearms (Handgun) (20%)	45	22	9

Skill	Reg	Half	Fifth
☐ Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)			
☐ _____ *Firearms*			
☐ First Aid (30%)	40	20	8
☐ History (05%)	40	20	8
☐ Intimidate (15%)			
☐ Jump (20%)	35	17	7
☐ Hieroglyphs (01%) *Language (Other)*	45	22	9
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ _____ (EDU) *Language (Own)*			
☐ Law (05%)			
☐ Library Use (20%)	75	37	15
☐ Listen (20%)			
☐ Locksmith (01%)			
☐ Mech. Repair (10%)	35	17	7
☐ Medicine (01%)	20	10	4
☐ Natural World (10%)	65	32	13
☐ Navigate (10%)			
☐ Occult (05%)			

Skill	Reg	Half	Fifth
☐ Persuade (10%)			
☐ _____ (01%) *Pilot*			
☐ Psychoanalysis (01%)			
☐ Psychology (10%)			
☐ Ride (05%)			
☐ _____ (01%) *Science*			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ Sleight of Hand (10%)			
☐ Spot Hidden (25%)	35	17	7
☐ Stealth (20%)	50	25	10
☐ _____ (10%) *Survival*			
☐ Swim (20%)			
☐ Throw (20%)			
☐ Track (10%)			
☐ Photography	50	25	10
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			

Combat

Weapon	Skill	Reg	Half	Fifth	Damage	# of Attacks	Range	Ammo	Malf.
Brawl		40	20	8	1D3 + DB	1	-	-	-
Colt .45		45	22	9	1D10+2			7	

Move: 9

Build: 0

Dodge: Reg 45 | Half 22 | Fifth 9

Damage Bonus: 0

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

My Story

Miss French is a Dilettante. A very rich woman, who was orphaned when her parents both perished in the Titanic disaster. Well educated & a strong feminist, she doesn't need a man to support her. She has travelled extensively & has a passion for archaeology & photography. Spent a couple of recent years in Cairo, documenting digs. Before touring Kenya, on safari, with her plate cameras for National Geographic. She had met Edward Lombard when she wanted to buy his very best lenses. Now she's returned to the family home in London, just in time to receive the solicitor's letter. She's been in a few scrapes but is street wise enough to get herself out. At least so far. As a wealthy aristocrat, her decision to accept the invite to Lombard House was about being intrigued rather than gain

Backstory

Personal Description
An attractive young woman with natural beauty and an exciting wardrobe of practical clothing. Her hair is nicely styled and she has magnetism.

Traits
Confident and curious. She doesn't like chauvinism

Ideology & Beliefs
She still prays for her parents souls every night. She believes they will be together in the afterlife.

Injuries & Scars
A broken heart

Significant People
Her late parents are still her world.

Phobias & Manias

Meaningful Locations
Parents grave

Arcane Tomes & Spells

Treasured Possessions
Mothers locket.

Encounters with Strange Entities

Gear & Possessions
Colt 1911 Pistol with spare magazine
Camera
Umbrella

Wealth
Spending Level
Cash
Assets

Fellow Investigators

Char. _____ Player _____

Char. _____ Player _____

Char. _____ Player _____



Char. _____ Player _____

Char. _____ Player _____

Char. _____ Player _____

Quick Reference Rules

Skill & Characteristic Rolls

Level of Success:	Fumble 100/96+	Fail > skill	Regular ≤ skill	Hard ½ skill	Extreme ⅕ skill	Critical 01

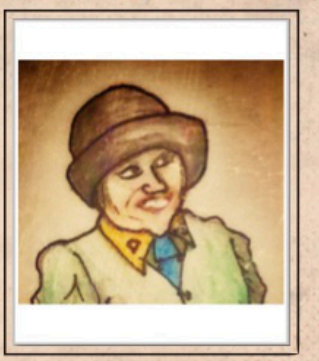
Pushing Rolls: must justify reroll; cannot push combat or Sanity rolls

Wounds & Healing

First Aid heals 1 HP Medicine heals 1D3 HP
Major Wounds = loss of ≥ ½ max HP in one attack
Reach 0 HP without Major Wound = **Unconscious**
Reach 0 HP with Major Wound = **Dying**
Dying: First Aid = temp. stabilized; then require Medicine
Natural Heal rate (non Major Wound): recover 1 HP per day
Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

1920s Era Investigator



Name: Miss Cynthia Balshaw | Birthplace: Chester | Pronoun: she/her

Occupation: Dilettante | Residence: Cumbria | Age: 35

Characteristics

	Reg	Half	Fifth
STR	65	32	13
CON	60	30	12
DEX	55	27	11
INT (IDEA)	45	22	9
SIZ	65	32	13
POW	75	37	15
APP	50	25	10
EDU (KNOW)	75	37	15

	Maximum	Current	Insane
Hit Points	12		
Magic Points	15		
Luck (Starting 85)			
Sanity (Starting 75)	75		15

Call of Cthulhu 40th Anniversary 1981 - 2021

Max Sanity ☐ Temporary Insanity ☐ Indefinite Insanity ☐ Major Wound ☐ Unconscious ☐ Dying ☐

Skills

Skill	Reg	Half	Fifth
☐ Accounting (05%)			
☐ Anthropology (01%)			
☐ Appraise (05%)			
☐ Archaeology (01%)			
☐ _____ (05%) *Art / Craft*			
☐ Animal Handling	70	35	14
☐ Charm (15%)	50	25	10
☐ Climb (20%)	30	15	6
Credit Rating (00%)	70	35	14
Cthulhu Mythos (00%)			
☐ Disguise (05%)			
☐ Dodge (half DEX)	35	17	7
☐ Drive Auto (20%)	40	20	8
☐ Elec. Repair (10%)			
☐ Fast Talk (05%)			
☐ Fighting (Brawl) (25%)	55	27	11
☐ _____ *Fighting*			
☐ _____			
☐ Firearms (Handgun) (20%)			
☐ Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)	70	35	14
☐ _____ *Firearms*			
☐ First Aid (30%)	35	17	7
☐ History (05%)			
☐ Intimidate (15%)	60	30	12
☐ Jump (20%)			
☐ German (01%) *Language (Other)*	25	12	5
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ _____ (EDU) *Language (Own)*			
☐ Law (05%)	25	12	5
☐ Library Use (20%)			
☐ Listen (20%)			
☐ Locksmith (01%)			
☐ Mech. Repair (10%)			
☐ Medicine (01%)			
☐ Natural World (10%)	30	15	6
☐ Navigate (10%)	20	10	4
☐ Occult (05%)			
☐ Persuade (10%)			
☐ _____ (01%) *Pilot*			
☐ Psychoanalysis (01%)			
☐ Psychology (10%)			
☐ Ride (05%)	70	35	14
☐ Botany (01%) *Science*	20	10	4
☐ Zoology	30	15	6
☐ _____			
☐ Sleight of Hand (10%)			
☐ Spot Hidden (25%)	70	35	14
☐ Stealth (20%)	45	22	9
☐ _____ (10%) *Survival*			
☐ Swim (20%)			
☐ Throw (20%)			
☐ Track (10%)	65	32	13
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			

Combat

Weapon	Skill	Damage	# of Attacks	Range	Ammo	Malf.
Brawl	55 / 27 / 11	1D3 + DB	1	-	-	-
12 Shotgun	70 / 35 / 14	4D6/2D6/1D6				

Move: 8

Build: 1

Dodge: 35 / 17 / 7

Damage Bonus: +1D4

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

My Story

Daughter of wealthy bankers, she never really needed to work & didn't engage with academic studies. Instead she preferred to bunk off & ride horses. Indeed her life is all about horses & animals, preferring them to the complexity of people. She once met Edward Lombard at a polo match & they got along well. However now her brother has inherited running the business, her life has got harder. He controls her finances & forces her to actually help in the running of the estate. Perhaps this chance to gain from the Lombard's Legacy will give her back her independence. She loves a good adventure & is always keen to get stuck into a challenge. She's a proud member of the Woman's Masonic Order. She loves the independence & defiance spearheaded by the Suffragettes.

Backstory

Personal Description

A very plain and practical woman. She wears no make up and wears thick glasses when reading.

Traits

Brash, opinionated and lacking tact, Cynthia just says what she feels. She finds life is easier to just put all your cards on the table, from the start.

Ideology & Beliefs

Cynthia is a Christian and comes from a traditional English background of the upper class. She has very rigid religious views and likes to

Injuries & Scars

She has many old injuries from falling off horses.

Significant People

Cynthia's brother is the only person she feels close to. Despite their friction over running the estate, she loves her brother deeply.

Phobias & Manias

Meaningful Locations

The ancestral home and countryside around the estate has been most of her world.

Arcane Tomes & Spells

Treasured Possessions

Her late mother's watch by Cartier-Bresson

Encounters with Strange Entities

Gear & Possessions

- Watch
- Pocket telescope
- Masonic Ring

Wealth

Spending Level

Cash

Assets

Fellow Investigators

Char. _____ Player _____

Char. _____ Player _____

Char. _____ Player _____



Char. _____ Player _____

Char. _____ Player _____

Char. _____ Player _____

Quick Reference Rules

Skill & Characteristic Rolls

Level of Success:	Fumble	Fail	Regular	Hard	Extreme	Critical
	100/96+	> skill	≤ skill	½ skill	⅕ skill	01

Pushing Rolls: must justify reroll; cannot push combat or Sanity rolls

Wounds & Healing

First Aid heals 1 HP Medicine heals 1D3 HP

Major Wounds = loss of ≥ ½ max HP in one attack

Reach 0 HP without Major Wound = **Unconscious**

Reach 0 HP with Major Wound = **Dying**

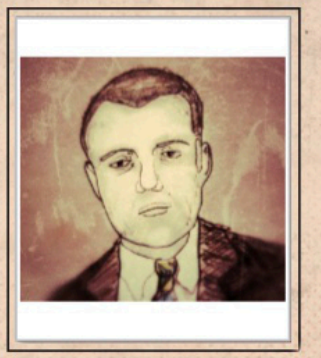
Dying: First Aid = temp. stabilized; then require Medicine

Natural Heal rate (non Major Wound): recover 1 HP per day

Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

1920s Era Investigator



Name: Mr Damon Southcott | Birthplace: Norwich | Pronoun: he/him

Occupation: Merchant | Residence: Cambridge | Age: 39

Characteristics

	Reg	Half	Fifth		Reg	Half	Fifth
STR	50	25	10	SIZ	55	27	11
CON	55	27	11	POW	55	27	11
DEX	45	22	9	APP	60	30	12
INT (IDEA)	65	32	13	EDU (KNOW)	84	42	16

	Maximum	Current
Hit Points	11	
Magic Points	11	

	Starting	Current	Insane
Luck	65		
Sanity	55		11

Call of Cthulhu 40th Anniversary 1981 - 2021

Max Sanity ☐ Temporary Insanity ☐ Indefinite Insanity ☐ Major Wound ☐ Unconscious ☐ Dying ☐

Skills

Skill	Reg	Half	Fifth
☐ Accounting (05%)	30	15	6
☐ Anthropology (01%)			
☐ Appraise (05%)	70	35	14
☐ Archaeology (01%)			
☐ Fine Art (05%) *Art / Craft*	35	17	7
☐ _____			
☐ Charm (15%)	40	20	8
☐ Climb (20%)			
Credit Rating (00%)	90	45	18
Cthulhu Mythos (00%)			
☐ Disguise (05%)			
☐ Dodge (half DEX)	35	17	7
☐ Drive Auto (20%)	45	22	9
☐ Elec. Repair (10%)			
☐ Fast Talk (05%)			
☐ Fighting (Brawl) (25%)	40	20	8
☐ _____ *Fighting*			
☐ _____			
☐ Firearms (Handgun) (20%)			
☐ Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)	80	40	16
☐ _____ *Firearms*			
☐ First Aid (30%)	35	17	7
☐ History (05%)			
☐ Intimidate (15%)			
☐ Jump (20%)			
☐ _____ (01%) *Language (Other)*			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ _____ (EDU) *Language (Own)*			
☐ Law (05%)	30	15	6
☐ Library Use (20%)	35	17	7
☐ Listen (20%)			
☐ Locksmith (01%)			
☐ Mech. Repair (10%)			
☐ Medicine (01%)			
☐ Natural World (10%)	25	12	5
☐ Navigate (10%)			
☐ Occult (05%)			
☐ Persuade (10%)	45	22	9
☐ _____ (01%) *Pilot*			
☐ Psychoanalysis (01%)			
☐ Psychology (10%)	20	10	4
☐ Ride (05%)			
☐ _____ (01%) *Science*			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ Sleight of Hand (10%)			
☐ Spot Hidden (25%)	50	25	10
☐ Stealth (20%)			
☐ _____ (10%) *Survival*			
☐ Swim (20%)			
☐ Throw (20%)			
☐ Track (10%)			
☐ Forgery	30	15	6
☐ Mathemathics	20	10	4
☐ _____			
☐ _____			

Combat

Weapon	Skill	Damage	# of Attacks	Range	Ammo	Malf.
Brawl	40 / 20 / 8	1D3 + DB	1	-	-	-
Shotgun 12G	80 / 40 / 16	4D6/2D6/1D6	1/2		2	

Move: 7

Build: 0

Dodge: 35 / 17 / 7

Damage Bonus: 0

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

My Story

Mr Southcott came from a wealthy family of merchants, who taught him well. He has an eye for a deal & great at bargaining. Buying & selling is his game & he's good at it. From fine art, antiques, to archaeological artefacts Damon is a dealer of them all. However his real passion is Grouse shooting, or any fowl for that matter. He finds the shooting butts a far more interesting place to do business than a golf course. In fact, that's where Damon met Edward Lombard, who sold him a book claimed to be from the court of Camelot. Damon was sure it was a forgery, but he couldnt find any evidence of recent fakery. He loves money & wealth, so this invite for a chance of both & potential game on the North Yorkshire Moors, caught his attention. He's brought his new side-by-side to try out for pheasant.

Backstory

Personal Description

A clean shaven, well turned out gentleman. Wearing a fancy suit with a club tie he is obviously wealthy. He looks like friendly man.

Traits

Decisive and quick to gain the advantage. He acts fast, yet in a calculated manner. He is shrewd and tries to remain calm.

Ideology & Beliefs

Damon has been a mason for decades. His belief is in hard currency.

Injuries & Scars

Significant People

His dog called Jester, is Damon's best friend. He doesn't get on with his siblings. He lives alone despite having many acquaintances, he doesn't

Phobias & Manias

Meaningful Locations

His family home in Cambridge, "Southcott Manor"

Arcane Tomes & Spells

Treasured Possessions

Portraits of Damon's late parents.

Encounters with Strange Entities

Gear & Possessions

Double barrel 12G Shotgun
with 20 cartridges
Hip flask
Masonic Ring

Wealth

Spending Level
Cash
Assets

Fellow Investigators

Char. _____
Player _____

Char. _____
Player _____

Char. _____
Player _____



Char. _____
Player _____

Char. _____
Player _____

Char. _____
Player _____

Quick Reference Rules

Skill & Characteristic Rolls

Level of Success:	Fumble 100/96+	Fail > skill	Regular ≤ skill	Hard ½ skill	Extreme ⅕ skill	Critical 01

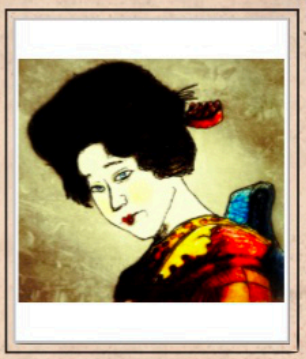
Pushing Rolls: must justify reroll; cannot push combat or Sanity rolls

Wounds & Healing

First Aid heals 1 HP Medicine heals 1D3 HP
Major Wounds = loss of ≥ ½ max HP in one attack
Reach 0 HP without Major Wound = **Unconscious**
Reach 0 HP with Major Wound = **Dying**
Dying: First Aid = temp. stabilized; then require Medicine
Natural Heal rate (non Major Wound): recover 1 HP per day
Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

1920s Era Investigator



Name Miss Keko Fong | Birthplace Tokyo | Pronoun she/her

Occupation Noble | Residence Tokyo | Age 27

Characteristics

	Reg	Half	Fifth
STR	40	20	8
CON	45	22	9
DEX	80	40	16
INT (IDEA)	60	30	12
SIZ	45	22	9
POW	65	32	13
APP	65	32	13
EDU (KNOW)	70	35	14

	Maximum	Current	Insane
Hit Points	9		
Magic Points	13		
Luck	Starting 70		
Sanity	Starting 65		13

Call of Cthulhu 40th Anniversary 1981 - 2021

Max Sanity ☐ | Temporary Insanity ☐ | Indefinite Insanity ☐ | Major Wound ☐ | Unconscious ☐ | Dying ☐

Skills

Skill	Reg	Half	Fifth
☐ Accounting (05%)	30	15	6
☐ Anthropology (01%)			
☐ Appraise (05%)	30	15	6
☐ Archaeology (01%)			
☐ _____ (05%) *Art / Craft*			
☐ _____			
☐ Charm (15%)	40	20	8
☐ Climb (20%)	45	22	9
Credit Rating (00%)	25	12	5
Cthulhu Mythos (00%)			
☐ Disguise (05%)	15	7	3
☐ Dodge (half DEX)	55	27	11
☐ Drive Auto (20%)			
☐ Elec. Repair (10%)			
☐ Fast Talk (05%)	15	7	3
☐ Fighting (Brawl) (25%)	30	15	6
☐ Wakazashi (short sword) *Fighting*	55	27	11
☐ Judo	60	30	12
☐ Firearms (Handgun) (20%)	30	15	6
☐ Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)			
☐ _____ *Firearms*			
☐ First Aid (30%)	35	17	7
☐ History (05%)			
☐ Intimidate (15%)			
☐ Jump (20%)			
☐ _____ (01%) *Language (Other)*			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ _____ (EDU) *Language (Own)*			
☐ Law (05%)			
☐ Library Use (20%)	35	17	7
☐ Listen (20%)	40	20	8
☐ Locksmith (01%)	75	37	15
☐ Mech. Repair (10%)			
☐ Medicine (01%)			
☐ Natural World (10%)			
☐ Navigate (10%)			
☐ Occult (05%)			
☐ Persuade (10%)	45	22	9
☐ _____ (01%) *Pilot*			
☐ Psychoanalysis (01%)			
☐ Psychology (10%)	50	25	10
☐ Ride (05%)			
☐ _____ (01%) *Science*			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ Sleight of Hand (10%)	35	17	7
☐ Spot Hidden (25%)	60	30	12
☐ Stealth (20%)	80	40	16
☐ _____ (10%) *Survival*			
☐ Swim (20%)			
☐ Throw (20%)			
☐ Track (10%)			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			

Combat

Weapon	Skill	Damage	# of Attacks	Range	Ammo	Malf.
Brawl	30 / 15 / 6	1D3 + DB	1	-	-	-
Wakazashi	55 / 27 / 11	1D6	1			
Revolver	30 / 15 / 6	1D6+1			6	
Judo	60 / 30 / 12	1D4	1			

Move 8

Build 0

Dodge Reg 55 | Half 27 | Fifth 11

Damage Bonus 0

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

My Story

Keko appears to be a wealthy Japanese Noblewoman, who is touring Europe. She speaks in only broken English. Dressed in traditional juunihitoe 12 layered robe, no one suspects she carries a hidden blade, tools and lock picks. Really she is an international jewel thief from a poor background. Her successful career has so far provided a high standard of living and without suspicion.

Other than one time in Budapest, when a passing Englishman gave her an alibi. Thinking about it, his name was Edward. She has no problem stealing, from the super rich. She is brave and cunning but pretends to be a coward and weakling. However, funds are looking low, so this invite to inherit is exactly what Miss Fong needs. Maybe she an even claim more than her share?

Backstory

Personal Description

Keko is a petit lady who is well presented in immaculate silk garb. Her makeup is traditional and intriguing. She appears harmless.

Traits

She remains quiet and unassuming in the background whenever possible. She pretends to be simple and a weakling.

Ideology & Beliefs

Keko is an atheist and believes in survival of the fittest. She doesn't trust anyone.

Injuries & Scars

Scars on her back from being flogged. A punishment for being caught committing theft in Japan.

Significant People

Nobody.

Phobias & Manias

Meaningful Locations

Tokyo

Arcane Tomes & Spells

Treasured Possessions

Her father's sword.

Encounters with Strange Entities

Gear & Possessions

Lock pick set

Hidden Wakazashi (short sword)

Revolver

Wealth

Spending Level

Cash

Assets

Fellow Investigators

Char. _____ Player _____

Char. _____ Player _____

Char. _____ Player _____



Char. _____ Player _____

Char. _____ Player _____

Char. _____ Player _____

Quick Reference Rules

Skill & Characteristic Rolls

Level of Success:	Fumble 100/96+	Fail > skill	Regular ≤ skill	Hard ½ skill	Extreme ⅕ skill	Critical 01

Pushing Rolls: must justify reroll; cannot push combat or Sanity rolls

Wounds & Healing

First Aid heals 1 HP Medicine heals 1D3 HP

Major Wounds = loss of ≥ ½ max HP in one attack

Reach 0 HP without Major Wound = **Unconscious**

Reach 0 HP with Major Wound = **Dying**

Dying: First Aid = temp. stabilized; then require Medicine

Natural Heal rate (non Major Wound): recover 1 HP per day

Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

1920s Era Investigator



Name: Captain Ron Mahoney | Birthplace: Liverpool | Pronoun: he/him

Occupation: Ships Captain | Residence: At Sea | Age: 63

Characteristics

	Reg	Half	Fifth		Reg	Half	Fifth
STR	60	30	12	SIZ	70	35	14
CON	80	40	16	POW	55	27	11
DEX	40	20	8	APP	38	19	7
INT (IDEA)	50	25	10	EDU (KNOW)	66	33	13

	Maximum	Current	Insane
Hit Points	15		
Magic Points	11		
Luck (Starting)	70		
Sanity (Starting)	55		11

Call of Cthulhu 40th Anniversary 1981 - 2021

Max Sanity ☐ | Temporary Insanity ☐ | Indefinite Insanity ☐ | Major Wound ☐ | Unconscious ☐ | Dying ☐

Skills

Skill	Reg	Half	Fifth
☐ Accounting (05%)			
☐ Anthropology (01%)			
☐ Appraise (05%)	30	15	6
☐ Archaeology (01%)			
☐ _____ (05%) *Art / Craft*			
☐ _____			
☐ Charm (15%)			
☐ Climb (20%)	35	17	7
Credit Rating (00%)	40	20	8
Cthulhu Mythos (00%)			
☐ Disguise (05%)			
☐ Dodge (half DEX)	40	20	8
☐ Drive Auto (20%)			
☐ Elec. Repair (10%)			
☐ Fast Talk (05%)			
☐ Fighting (Brawl) (25%)	50	25	10
☐ _____ *Fighting*			
☐ _____			
☐ Firearms (Handgun) (20%)			
☐ Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)	55	27	11
☐ _____ *Firearms*			
☐ First Aid (30%)	40	20	8
☐ History (05%)			
☐ Intimidate (15%)	45	22	9
☐ Jump (20%)	40	20	8
☐ _____ (01%) *Language (Other)*			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ _____ (EDU) *Language (Own)*			
☐ Law (05%)			
☐ Library Use (20%)	35	17	7
☐ Listen (20%)	40	20	8
☐ Locksmith (01%)	30	15	6
☐ Mech. Repair (10%)			
☐ Medicine (01%)			
☐ Natural World (10%)			
☐ Navigate (10%)	75	37	15
☐ Occult (05%)			
☐ Persuade (10%)			
☐ Pilot Ship (01%) *Pilot*	65	32	13
☐ Psychoanalysis (01%)			
☐ Psychology (10%)	30	15	6
☐ Ride (05%)			
☐ _____ (01%) *Science*			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ Sleight of Hand (10%)			
☐ Spot Hidden (25%)	55	27	11
☐ Stealth (20%)	40	20	8
☐ _____ (10%) *Survival*			
☐ Swim (20%)			
☐ Throw (20%)			
☐ Track (10%)			
☐ Sea Lore	65	32	13
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			

Combat

Weapon	Skill	Damage	# of Attacks	Range	Ammo	Malf.
Brawl	50 / 25 / 10	1D3 + DB	1	-	-	-
Sawn Off 12G	55 / 27 / 11	4D6/2D6/1D6	1/2		2	
Armour +1						

Move: 4

Build: 1

Dodge: Reg 40 | Half 20 | Fifth 8

Damage Bonus: +1D4

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

My Story

Ronald was at sea from a young age, working as cabin boy on steamers. He loved the life & spent most of it on the water. He made his way up to first mate in his 20s & with his mastery of navigation eventually proved himself a worthy candidate for captain. He has captained trawlers, luggers, steamers & even a cruiser over his long career. He once captained the Bark-Lombard for the late Edward. A charter to France, to bring back some form of relic in a crate. It paid well & all went to plan. He saved enough pay to buy his own vessel, The Siren, HU 852. No longer does he have to deal with unreasonable directors or owners. He gets to choose his jobs & make his own choices. However, that also means he has to pick up all the bills. Inherenting from Lombard could solve a lot of recent money problems.

Backstory

Personal Description
A salty old sea dog, Captain Mahoney looks weathered and experienced. His skin is looking old from the sea air and his beard is wild and

Traits
Always puffing on his pipe, he is reserved and let's others talk. Unless it involves him then he comes forward and puts others in their places. He is

Ideology & Beliefs
He believes in fate

Injuries & Scars
Too many to mention. From Thresher shark lacerations to bull shark bites. His hands have been blistered many times and are now like

Significant People
First Mate Angus McQueen

Phobias & Manias

Meaningful Locations
At Sea

Arcane Tomes & Spells

Treasured Possessions
His ship, the Siren

Encounters with Strange Entities
Once saw a distant meteor fly out of the sea and into the nights sky.

Gear & Possessions

Sawn off shotgun and 10 shells
Hip Flask
Leather Jacket (+1 Armour)

Wealth

Spending Level
Cash
Assets

Fellow Investigators

Char. _____ Player _____
Char. _____ Player _____
Char. _____ Player _____



Char. _____ Player _____
Char. _____ Player _____
Char. _____ Player _____

Quick Reference Rules

Skill & Characteristic Rolls

Level of Success:	Fumble 100/96+	Fail > skill	Regular ≤ skill	Hard ½ skill	Extreme ⅕ skill	Critical 01

Pushing Rolls: must justify reroll; cannot push combat or Sanity rolls

Wounds & Healing

First Aid heals 1 HP Medicine heals 1D3 HP
Major Wounds = loss of ≥ ½ max HP in one attack
Reach 0 HP without Major Wound = **Unconscious**
Reach 0 HP with Major Wound = **Dying**
Dying: First Aid = temp. stabilized; then require Medicine
Natural Heal rate (non Major Wound): recover 1 HP per day
Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

1920s Era Investigator



Name: Mr William Boltwood | Birthplace: Lincoln | Pronoun: he/him

Occupation: Accountant | Residence: London | Age: 27

Characteristics

	Reg	Half	Fifth
STR	40	20	8
CON	55	27	11
DEX	45	22	9
INT (IDEA)	70	35	14
SIZ	75	37	15
POW	80	40	16
APP	60	30	12
EDU (KNOW)	88	44	17

	Maximum	Current
Hit Points	13	
Magic Points	16	

	Starting	Current	Insane
Luck	55		
Sanity	80		16

Call of Cthulhu 40th Anniversary 1981 - 2021

Max Sanity ☐ Temporary Insanity ☐ Indefinite Insanity ☐ Major Wound ☐ Unconscious ☐ Dying ☐

Skills

Skill	Reg	Half	Fifth
☐ Accounting (05%)	70	35	14
☐ Anthropology (01%)			
☐ Appraise (05%)			
☐ Archaeology (01%)	35	17	7
☐ _____ (05%) *Art / Craft*			
☐ _____			
☐ Charm (15%)			
☐ Climb (20%)			
Credit Rating (00%)	40	20	8
Cthulhu Mythos (00%)			
☐ Disguise (05%)			
☐ Dodge (half DEX)	30	15	6
☐ Drive Auto (20%)	55	27	11
☐ Elec. Repair (10%)			
☐ Fast Talk (05%)			
☐ Fighting (Brawl) (25%)	35	17	7
☐ _____ *Fighting*			
☐ _____			
☐ Firearms (Handgun) (20%)			
☐ Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)	30	15	6
☐ _____ *Firearms*			
☐ First Aid (30%)	35	17	7
☐ History (05%)			
☐ Intimidate (15%)			
☐ Jump (20%)			
☐ Hieroglyphs (01%) *Language (Other)*	30	15	6
☐ Latin	25	12	5
☐ _____			
☐ _____ (EDU) *Language (Own)*			
☐ Law (05%)	40	20	8
☐ Library Use (20%)	30	15	6
☐ Listen (20%)			
☐ Locksmith (01%)			
☐ Mech. Repair (10%)			
☐ Medicine (01%)	25	12	5
☐ Natural World (10%)	35	17	7
☐ Navigate (10%)			
☐ Occult (05%)			
☐ Persuade (10%)	45	22	9
☐ _____ (01%) *Pilot*			
☐ Psychoanalysis (01%)			
☐ Psychology (10%)			
☐ Ride (05%)			
☐ _____ (01%) *Science*			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ Sleight of Hand (10%)			
☐ Spot Hidden (25%)	40	20	8
☐ Stealth (20%)			
☐ _____ (10%) *Survival*			
☐ Swim (20%)			
☐ Throw (20%)	55	27	11
☐ Track (10%)			
☐ Demolitions	35	17	7
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			

Combat

Weapon	Skill	Damage	# of Attacks	Range	Ammo	Malf.
Brawl	35 / 17 / 7	1D3 + DB	1	-	-	-
Shotgun 12G	30 / 15 / 6	4D6/2D6/1D6	1/2		2	
Cricket Bat	60 / 30 / 12	1D3+1	1			

Move: 7

Build: 0

Dodge: 30 / 15 / 6

Damage Bonus: 0

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

My Story

Bill is a friendly & professional young man. Meticulous & careful in all aspects of his life. With a natural affinity to numbers he found himself suited to a career in Accounting. Quickly advancing in the firm, he accepted a posting to Egypt, with promise of full partnership on his return. While there for 3 years, he toiled over ledgers, costing the archaeological digs of Lord Carnarvon, including the King Tutankhamen discovery. He was even a little hands on & learnt how to blast rocks with a site visitor, Mr Edward Lombard. Upon his return to England, he never received the promised partnership that he'd hoped would bring financial security. However, after getting by, he hopes this invite as a beneficiary can alleviate all his woes & maybe enough to ask his girls hand in marriage.

Backstory

Personal Description

Mr Boltwood is a smart professional looking man. A little overweight, he makes a big impression. Especially with his top hat.

Traits

William is a little nervous round people he doesn't know. He is indecisive at the best of times unless playing cricket.

Ideology & Beliefs

William is Christian. He attends church regularly with his betrothed. He is a new member of the Masonic Lodge.

Injuries & Scars

He has a small scar where his younger brother shot him in the leg, with an air rifle, as a child.

Significant People

His fiancé, Emily Branwick, is the love of his life.

Phobias & Manias

Meaningful Locations

The Oval

Arcane Tomes & Spells

Treasured Possessions

His beloved cricket bat

Encounters with Strange Entities

Gear & Possessions

- Masonic Ring
- H.G. Wells Novel
- Hip flask
- Cricket bat and ball

Wealth

Spending Level

Cash

Assets

Fellow Investigators

Char. _____ Player _____

Char. _____ Player _____

Char. _____ Player _____



Char. _____ Player _____

Char. _____ Player _____

Char. _____ Player _____

Quick Reference Rules

Skill & Characteristic Rolls

Level of Success:	Fumble	Fail	Regular	Hard	Extreme	Critical
	100/96+	> skill	≤ skill	½ skill	⅕ skill	01

Pushing Rolls: must justify reroll; cannot push combat or Sanity rolls

Wounds & Healing

First Aid heals 1 HP Medicine heals 1D3 HP

Major Wounds = loss of ≥ ½ max HP in one attack

Reach 0 HP without Major Wound = **Unconscious**

Reach 0 HP with Major Wound = **Dying**

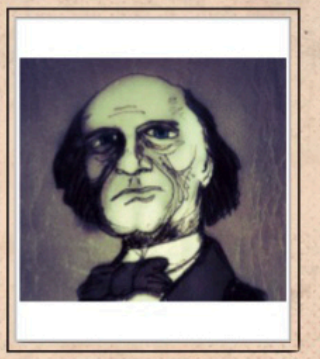
Dying: First Aid = temp. stabilized; then require Medicine

Natural Heal rate (non Major Wound): recover 1 HP per day

Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

1920s Era Investigator



Name: Sir Mycroft Bray | Birthplace: Rochester | Pronoun: he/him

Occupation: Lord of Rochester | Residence: Rochester | Age: 78

Characteristics

	Reg	Half	Fifth
STR	32	16	6
CON	43	21	8
DEX	41	20	8
INT (IDEA)	75	37	15
SIZ	55	27	11
POW	70	35	14
APP	39	19	7
EDU (KNOW)	93	46	18

	Maximum	Current	Insane
Hit Points	9		
Magic Points	14		
Luck (Starting 75)			
Sanity (Starting 70)			14

NOT A STARTING INVESTIGATOR

Max Sanity 90 | Temporary Insanity ☐ | Indefinite Insanity ☐ | Major Wound ☐ | Unconscious ☐ | Dying ☐

Skills

Skill	Reg	Half	Fifth
☐ Accounting (05%)			
☐ Anthropology (01%)	25	12	5
☐ Appraise (05%)	40	20	8
☐ Archaeology (01%)	35	17	7
☐ Painting (05%) *Art / Craft*	50	25	10
☐ _____			
☐ Charm (15%)			
☐ Climb (20%)			
Credit Rating (00%)	85	42	17
Cthulhu Mythos (00%)	9	4	1
☐ Disguise (05%)			
☐ Dodge (half DEX)	35	17	7
☐ Drive Auto (20%)			
☐ Elec. Repair (10%)			
☐ Fast Talk (05%)			
☐ Fighting (Brawl) (25%)	30	15	6
☐ _____ *Fighting*			
☐ _____			
☐ Firearms (Handgun) (20%)	65	32	13
☐ Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)			
☐ _____ *Firearms*			
☐ First Aid (30%)			
☐ History (05%)	70	35	14
☐ Intimidate (15%)			
☐ Jump (20%)			
☐ Latin (01%) *Language (Other)*	75	37	15
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ _____ (EDU) *Language (Own)*			
☐ Law (05%)			
☐ Library Use (20%)	55	27	11
☐ Listen (20%)			
☐ Locksmith (01%)			
☐ Mech. Repair (10%)			
☐ Medicine (01%)	20	10	4
☐ Natural World (10%)	45	22	9
☐ Navigate (10%)			
☐ Occult (05%)	60	30	12
☐ Persuade (10%)	75	37	15
☐ _____ (01%) *Pilot*			
☐ Psychoanalysis (01%)			
☐ Psychology (10%)	45	22	9
☐ Ride (05%)			
☐ _____ (01%) *Science*			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ Sleight of Hand (10%)			
☐ Spot Hidden (25%)	50	25	10
☐ Stealth (20%)			
☐ _____ (10%) *Survival*			
☐ Swim (20%)			
☐ Throw (20%)			
☐ Track (10%)			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			

Combat

Weapon	Skill	Damage	# of Attacks	Range	Ammo	Malf.
Brawl	30 / 15 / 6	1D3 + DB	1	-	-	-
Webley Revolver	65 / 32 / 13	1D10+2				

Move 3

Build 0

Dodge (Reg / Half / Fifth) 35 / 17 / 7

Damage Bonus 0

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

My Story

Often at the House of Lords in Westminster, Sir Mycroft Bray takes a keen interest in politics, where he is a hereditary peer. He has travelled extensively around the world & is interested in ancient history. Refusing to accept his old age & continues to live an eccentric life seeking adventure. He's positive & motivated, as he joins your PARTY on this new journey into the unknown.

Once he read some manuscripts found on the body of a dead treasure hunter, inside a cave, in deepest Gambia. These papers turned out to be written in Latin & detailed a religion, centred around a pantheon of Elder Gods & Great Old Ones. He spent further time looking for more related information & has built up a knowledge of the Cthulhu Mythos & occult. He believes it is actually true.

Backstory

Personal Description

Obviously old and a little frail, his mind seems sharp enough and his eyes never stop moving . He has a friendly demeanour.

Traits

Sir Mycroft Bray is a venerable old noble. Despite his age, his mind is very sharp & he's still a fountain of knowledge & effective debater

Ideology & Beliefs

He believes in the Elder God's more than traditional religion. Yet he believes man is fated to play a larger part in cosmic events than we

Injuries & Scars

An appendix scar.

Significant People

His now late wife was his world. Now she is gone, he has decided to have one last adventure before joining her.

Phobias & Manias

Meaningful Locations

His family mansion in Rochester.

Arcane Tomes & Spells

Treasured Possessions

His father's Masonic Ring of the 33rd Order.

Encounters with Strange Entities

He has encountered the Mythos before in deepest Africa and not a stranger, to danger.

Gear & Possessions

- Webley Revolver with reload
- Masonic Ring
- Hip flask
- Sketchbook

Wealth

Spending Level

Cash

Assets

Fellow Investigators

Char. _____ Player _____

Char. _____ Player _____

Char. _____ Player _____



Char. _____ Player _____

Char. _____ Player _____

Char. _____ Player _____

Quick Reference Rules

Skill & Characteristic Rolls

Level of Success:	Fumble 100/96+	Fail > skill	Regular ≤ skill	Hard ½ skill	Extreme ⅕ skill	Critical 01

Pushing Rolls: must justify reroll; cannot push combat or Sanity rolls

Wounds & Healing

First Aid heals 1 HP Medicine heals 1D3 HP

Major Wounds = loss of ≥ ½ max HP in one attack

Reach 0 HP without Major Wound = **Unconscious**

Reach 0 HP with Major Wound = **Dying**

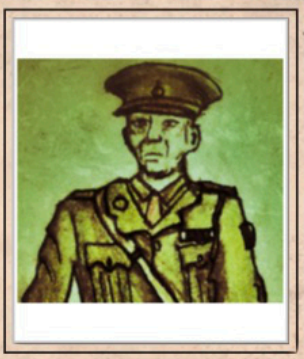
Dying: First Aid = temp. stabilized; then require Medicine

Natural Heal rate (non Major Wound): recover 1 HP per day

Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

1920s Era Investigator



Name: Major Ben Lombard MC | Birthplace: Lombard House | Pronoun: he/him

Occupation: Infantry Officer | Residence: Lombard House | Age: 43

Characteristics

	Reg	Half	Fifth
STR	62	31	12
CON	63	31	12
DEX	55	27	11
INT (IDEA)	50	25	10
SIZ	50	25	10
POW	60	30	12
APP	32	16	6
EDU (KNOW)	74	37	14

	Maximum	Current	Starting	Insane
Hit Points	11			
Magic Points	12			
Luck			0	
Sanity			39	7

Call of Cthulhu 40th Anniversary 1981 - 2021

NOT A STARTING INVESTIGATOR

Max Sanity ☐ | Temporary Insanity ☐ | Indefinite Insanity ☐ | Major Wound ☐ | Unconscious ☐ | Dying ☐

Skills

Skill	Reg	Half	Fifth
☐ Accounting (05%)			
☐ Anthropology (01%)			
☐ Appraise (05%)			
☐ Archaeology (01%)			
☐ _____ (05%) *Art / Craft*			
☐ Animal Handling	40	20	8
☐ Charm (15%)	40	20	8
☐ Climb (20%)			
Credit Rating (00%)	70	35	14
Cthulhu Mythos (00%)			
☐ Disguise (05%)			
☐ Dodge (half DEX)	45	22	9
☐ Drive Auto (20%)	40	20	8
☐ Elec. Repair (10%)			
☐ Fast Talk (05%)			
☐ Fighting (Brawl) (25%)	55	27	11
☐ _____ *Fighting*			
☐ _____			
☐ Firearms (Handgun) (20%)	55	27	11
☐ Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)	64	32	12
☐ _____ *Firearms*			
☐ First Aid (30%)	70	35	14
☐ History (05%)			
☐ Intimidate (15%)			
☐ Jump (20%)			
☐ German (01%) *Language (Other)*	20	10	4
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ _____ (EDU) *Language (Own)*			
☐ Law (05%)	25	12	5
☐ Library Use (20%)			
☐ Listen (20%)			
☐ Locksmith (01%)			
☐ Mech. Repair (10%)			
☐ Medicine (01%)	15	7	3
☐ Natural World (10%)			
☐ Navigate (10%)			
☐ Occult (05%)			
☐ Persuade (10%)			
☐ _____ (01%) *Pilot*			
☐ Psychoanalysis (01%)			
☐ Psychology (10%)			
☐ Ride (05%)	40	20	8
☐ _____ (01%) *Science*			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ Sleight of Hand (10%)			
☐ Spot Hidden (25%)	65	32	13
☐ Stealth (20%)	45	22	9
☐ _____ (10%) *Survival*			
☐ Swim (20%)			
☐ Throw (20%)	50	25	10
☐ Track (10%)	45	22	9
☐ Survival [battlefield]	60	30	12
☐ Demolitions	45	22	9
☐ _____			
☐ _____			

Combat

Weapon	Skill	Damage	# of Attacks	Range	Ammo	Malf.
Brawl	55 / 27 / 11	1D3 + DB	1	-	-	-
Lewis Gun	64 / 32 / 12	2D6+4	1 (D3 bullets)		45	
Webley Revolver	55 / 27 / 11	1D10+2			6	

Move: 8

Build: 0

Dodge: Reg 45 | Half 22 | Fifth 9

Damage Bonus: 0

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

My Story

Major Ben Lombard, is a determined man. Having seen the horrors of the Great War, he is disturbed, but still able to function. Seems the Major, was sent into a alternate timeline, by his Nemisis. In which time, his brother died. Now he is back and focused in destroying the curse and avenge his brother. Still armed with a Lewis Gun and service revolver, he means business. However, as a member of the Lombard Family, he is bound to only follow others who share his goal. Therefore, he can not be the Main Investigator, unless, he is the only surviving member of the PARTY. At which point he is determined to thwart the evil that has plagued his family.

Backstory

Personal Description

Wearing an officers uniform and looking tired, it is obvious he is a troubled man. He looks exhausted and a perpetual frown.

Traits

Brutally honest and has a dark sense of humour typical of British troops in hopeless situations. He never gives up. Tries to spur others on as a

Ideology & Beliefs

He knows the Great Old Ones are real and that man is just a passing nuisance to these Elder Gods.

Injuries & Scars

He has various pieces of shrapnel embedded in his body including his cheek.

Significant People

His late brother Edward Lombard is/was his whole world.

Phobias & Manias

Meaningful Locations

Lombard House

Arcane Tomes & Spells

Treasured Possessions

Nothing

Encounters with Strange Entities

He has encountered Hunting Horrors many times and is immune to any SAN loss from seeing a Hunting Horrror.

Gear & Possessions

Lewis Gun
Mills Bomb
Webley Revolver

Wealth

Spending Level
Cash
Assets

Equipment-
LEWIS GUN, Each "burst" fires 5 bullets. If hit Roll 1D3 to determine how many rounds hit. Each hit is 2D6+4 Damage. He has 2 drums of 45 rounds.
MILLS BOMB, Successful Throw does 3D6 Damage to All Enemy. If used indoors, or if Throw Fails, does 1D6 HIT POINTS to all PARTY. Fumble means the thrower loses 3D6 hit points as his body soaks up the entire blast.
Webley Revolver with 6 shots only.

Quick Reference Rules

Skill & Characteristic Rolls

Level of Success:	Fumble 100/96+	Fail > skill	Regular ≤ skill	Hard ½ skill	Extreme ⅕ skill	Critical 01

Pushing Rolls: must justify reroll; cannot push combat or Sanity rolls

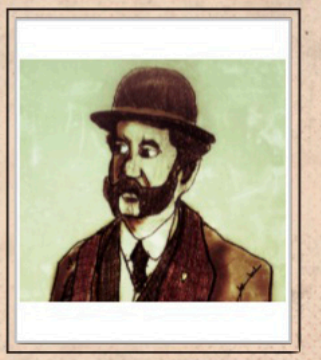
Wounds & Healing

First Aid heals 1 HP Medicine heals 1D3 HP
Major Wounds = loss of ≥ ½ max HP in one attack
Reach 0 HP without Major Wound = **Unconscious**
Reach 0 HP with Major Wound = **Dying**

Dying: First Aid = temp. stabilized; then require Medicine
Natural Heal rate (non Major Wound): recover 1 HP per day
Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

1920s Era Investigator



Name: DCI Reginald Monkfish | Birthplace: Bath | Pronoun: he/him

Occupation: Detective Chief Inspector, C.I.D. | Residence: Scarborough | Age: 41

Characteristics

	Reg	Half	Fifth		Reg	Half	Fifth
STR	50	25	10	SIZ	50	25	10
CON	50	25	10	POW	80	40	16
DEX	55	27	11	APP	55	27	11
INT (IDEA)	70	35	14	EDU (KNOW)	65	32	13

	Maximum	Current
Hit Points	10	
Magic Points	16	

	Starting	Current	Insane
Luck	0		
Sanity	62		12

NOT A STARTING INVESTIGATOR

Max Sanity 93 | Temporary Insanity ☐ | Indefinite Insanity ☐ | Major Wound ☐ | Unconscious ☐ | Dying ☐

Skills

Skill	Reg	Half	Fifth
☐ Accounting (05%)			
☐ Anthropology (01%)			
☐ Appraise (05%)			
☐ Archaeology (01%)			
☐ _____ (05%) *Art / Craft*			
☐ _____			
☐ Charm (15%)	45	22	9
☐ Climb (20%)			
Credit Rating (00%)	50	25	10
Cthulhu Mythos (00%)	6	3	1
☐ Disguise (05%)			
☐ Dodge (half DEX)	55	27	11
☐ Drive Auto (20%)	45	22	9
☐ Elec. Repair (10%)			
☐ Fast Talk (05%)	30	15	6
☐ Fighting (Brawl) (25%)	55	27	11
☐ Walking Stick *Fighting*	40	20	8
☐ _____			
☐ Firearms (Handgun) (20%)	55	27	11
☐ Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)			
☐ _____ *Firearms*			
☐ First Aid (30%)	35	17	7
☐ History (05%)			
☐ Intimidate (15%)			
☐ Jump (20%)			
☐ _____ (01%) *Language (Other)*			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ _____ (EDU) *Language (Own)*			
☐ Law (05%)	75	37	15
☐ Library Use (20%)			
☐ Listen (20%)			
☐ Locksmith (01%)	35	17	7
☐ Mech. Repair (10%)			
☐ Medicine (01%)			
☐ Natural World (10%)			
☐ Navigate (10%)			
☐ Occult (05%)	25	12	5
☐ Persuade (10%)			
☐ _____ (01%) *Pilot*			
☐ Psychoanalysis (01%)			
☐ Psychology (10%)	65	32	13
☐ Ride (05%)			
☐ Forensics (01%) *Science*	60	30	12
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ Sleight of Hand (10%)			
☐ Spot Hidden (25%)	70	35	14
☐ Stealth (20%)	55	27	11
☐ _____ (10%) *Survival*			
☐ Swim (20%)			
☐ Throw (20%)	30	15	6
☐ Track (10%)	35	17	7
☐ _____			
☐ _____			
☐ _____			

Combat

Weapon	Skill	Damage	# of Attacks	Range	Ammo	Malf.
Brawl	55 / 27 / 11	1D3 + DB	1	-	-	-
Webley Revolver	55 / 27 / 11	1D10+2			6	
Walking Stick	40 / 20 / 8	1D4+1+DB	1			

Move 7

Build 0

Dodge (Reg / Half / Fifth) 55 / 27 / 11

Damage Bonus 0

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

My Story

DCI MONKFISH is a travelled man & certainly a man of the world. He has been on some big cases in his time & also had threats against his life from organised criminals. That is why he has taken a back seat in this dead end town, to spend his days in a safer environment. He has had encounters with the mythos & cultists before. Making him very aware of the dangers around the occult and its practitioners. He is open minded & tried his best to be logical & methodical in his investigations. The PARTY'S story has got him intrigued, so he figures he will join them & sleep in the Sitting room at Lombard House for the duration if there are no vacant bedrooms.

Backstory

Personal Description

The middle aged detective chief inspector has a well groomed beard but balding head. He conceals it under his bowler hat that he tips.

Traits

Calm and collected, he considers all possibilities. He also let's others talk to read their personalities. He observes but knows when to

Ideology & Beliefs

He believes most people are just bad. Generally on the make and preying upon the genuine folk. He tries to make a difference.

Injuries & Scars

Significant People

His sister, who lives in Paris with her husband.

Phobias & Manias

Meaningful Locations

The pyramid of Cheops, but that's another story.

Arcane Tomes & Spells

Treasured Possessions

His father's service watch.

Encounters with Strange Entities

He has encountered several unexplainable cases that led him to believe in the supernatural. A brush with Harry Houdini brought worse.

Gear & Possessions

Webley Revolver with reload
Walking Stick
Flashlight
Lock picks
Whistle

Wealth

Spending Level
Cash
Assets

Fellow Investigators

Char. _____ Player _____
Char. _____ Player _____
Char. _____ Player _____



Char. _____ Player _____
Char. _____ Player _____
Char. _____ Player _____

Quick Reference Rules

Skill & Characteristic Rolls

Level of Success:	Fumble 100/96+	Fail > skill	Regular ≤ skill	Hard ½ skill	Extreme ⅕ skill	Critical 01

Pushing Rolls: must justify reroll; cannot push combat or Sanity rolls

Wounds & Healing

First Aid heals 1 HP Medicine heals 1D3 HP
Major Wounds = loss of ≥ ½ max HP in one attack
Reach 0 HP without Major Wound = **Unconscious**
Reach 0 HP with Major Wound = **Dying**

Dying: First Aid = temp. stabilized; then require Medicine
Natural Heal rate (non Major Wound): recover 1 HP per day
Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

© 2021 Chaosium Inc. Permission is granted to copy for personal, non-commercial use only.

5.30pm	6pm		7pm	7.30pm Evening Meal Go to 10	8pm		9pm	
10pm		11pm		Midnight Reading The Will Go to 49		1am Tired Go to 120		2am Sleep Go to 144
9am Breakfast Go to 123		10am		11am		Midday		1pm Lunch Go to 968
	2pm		3pm		4pm		5pm	
6pm		7pm	7.30pm Evening Meal Go to 606	8pm		9pm		10pm
	11pm		Midnight		1am Tired Go to 602		2am Sleep Go to 677	
9am Breakfast Go to 976		10am	Go to 910	11am		Midday		1pm Lunch Go to 918
	2pm	Go to 1137	3pm		4pm		5pm	
6pm	6.30pm Evening Meal Go to 993	7pm		8pm Go to 973		9pm		10pm
	11pm		Midnight		1am Tired Go to 605		2am Sleep Go to 687	
9am Breakfast Go to 870		10am		11am		Midday		1pm Lunch Go to 944
	2pm		3pm		4pm		5pm	

3rd November

4th November

5th November

6th November

6pm		7pm Evening Meal Go to 695		8pm		9pm		10pm
	11pm		Midnight		1am Tired Go to 872		2am Sleep Go to 965	
9am Breakfast Go to 987		10am		11am		Midday		1pm Lunch Go to 983
	2pm		3pm		4pm		5pm	
6pm		7pm Evening Meal Go to 967		8pm		9pm		10pm Go to 1090
	11pm		Midnight		1am Tired Go to 908		2am Sleep Go to 931	
8am Breakfast Go to 959		9am		10am		11am		Midday Lunch Go to 1004
	1pm		2pm		3pm		4pm Go to 7	END

6th November

7th November

8th November

LOG BOOK

PARTY MEMBERS	LUGGAGE Inventory	ALLIES	ELDRITCH POINTS
			TITLES

DIRECT ACCESS LIST

Author's Notes

This investigation has been inspired by a love of the real area between Scarborough and Whitby. The overall layout of this game is loosely based on the actual location on the North East coast of England. This part of the British coast is outstanding in both diversity and beauty. Researching the locations on the internet is interesting. Yet, fails to compare to visiting in person. However, if you wish to immerse yourself more, look at Frank Meadow Sutcliffe's photographs.

Follow the coastal path (Cleveland Way) or the parallel dismantled railway line between Scarborough and Whitby, where you will find a magical world of quaint rural life amongst the wild charm. Visit the Hayburn Wyke public house, RavenHall, Boggle Hole, or the Bay Hotel to be immersed in this Mythos setting. It is easy to imagine a dark occult plot in this quiet backwater with a rich history of smuggling, landed gentry, fishing, farming and tough conditions.

I grew up in Scarborough and have never tired of the sublime environment that surrounds the town. Golden beaches to some of the highest cliffs on the entire British coast. The sea always dominates the horizon. The rolling farmland, with numerous ancient woodlands scattered around, follows the river valleys (Dales) and the vast open moorland sandwiches it to the coast. The infamous "North Yorkshire Moors" is often a bleak area to traverse and the hub of Bronze Age culture, based around farming. Ancient sites are scattered across the area. A stone circle and numerous base stones, amongst others. I have wild-camped all around the area ever since I was at school and still do many times each year. The intrigue and charm have never faded. The place is idyllic. Although I am a Yorkshireman. My heart will always be here.

The towns and villages along the coast are perched on steep cliffsides and have a feeling of antiquity to this day. The hard-living of the majority produced a tough breed of character reliant on fishing and agriculture. A simple way of life and poorer standards were the norm. The game reflects typical Yorkshire folk as the norm for dwellers of the area within the game. Full of quirks and irony, these denizens are something I wanted to try and include in the game, along with the more cliché aristocrats and professionals. Again, look at Frank Meadow Sutcliffe's photographs for a magical glimpse into historic ways of life here.

Whitby is a unique location in its own right but suited perfectly for historical horror. No wonder Bram Stoker set his dark horror story, "Dracula," in this mysterious and stark landscape. Leaving no doubt, it captured his imagination, as it was already so full of character and potential. As a youth, I helped fence long stretches of the coastal cliff-top path. That long-since crumbled into the sea and been replaced by another generation's fence. The sea slowly eats away at the land. Given time, it will devour it all, like a Lovecraft plot from any of his tales of doomed protagonists.

I also worked a season on a farm near the "Brown Hill" and spoke to many locals. Topics I asked about included local history and strange phenomena or legends. This became more inspired by seeing a mysterious black "big cat" in a local woodland one day when off camping. Locals told me of their experiences and other sightings they knew about from farmers. I began to make plaster casts of tracks. I found more sightings and started to get ideas of what areas to perhaps make a sighting. However, I never found the creature. Yet, from playing Chaosium's Call of Cthulhu, since the 1980s, It had always struck me as a great scenario idea. Other local legends and gossip have inspired parts of the game. Also, there are many nods to other media inspirations tucked away with these pages. Maybe you are enough of a nerd to enjoy and spot them along the way.

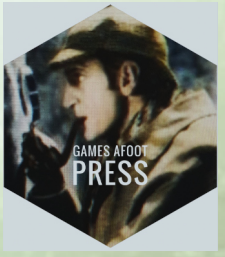
I've walked every route around this area many times over the long decades. It has allowed me to weave together a story that includes all the different aspects that caught my attention. Turning that knowledge into a Call of Cthulhu Campaign and then into this solo version has taken a few years. Hopefully, you will enjoy the fruits of my labours and the level of detail I have tried to include in a very ambitious ALONE AGAINST title. The largest ever that used both sandbox movement and detailed timeline to allow an experience that tried its best to emulate a regular group COC TTRPG event. Yet, without other players or a KEEPER, I hoped to be able to show players how a keeper might handle the rules, to tell the story and for that to be a good stepping stone in complexity, from solo play to PARTY play and how to even be a KEEPER.

Hopefully, I have succeeded. However, along the way, I had to pick up skills to make this game a reality. From illustrations to publishing software, I have tried to do everything in-house. Yet, play testing had to go to fresh independent eyes, so a massive thanks to the playtesters, especially K.J. Montgomery, who helped with the PRE GEN character sheets.

As you can appreciate, there may still be errors in the book. Please join the FB group and report them. Or feel free to ask any questions about the scenario there. Feedback is appreciated and will help to improve this labour of love.

I currently tour the UK as a Nomad, writing and exploring the wild places. Thank you for buying this publication. If it gets enough support, I would write another ALONE AGAINST story, perhaps even bigger. In the meantime, I plan to make a HOUDINI serial along these solo lines. With your continued support, this could become a reality. Thank you again from an Indie Game Writer/Nomad.

Lee Wade
(GAMES AFOOT PRESS)




"I'M NOT GOING TO REVEAL MUCH OF THE PLOT (OTHER THAN SAY IT'S A FUTURE CLASSIC) BUT I WILL TOUCH ON THE PRODUCTION QUALITY (EXCELLENT) VALUE FOR MONEY (SUPERB) AND ENCOURAGE ANYONE WITH AN INTEREST IN CALL OF CTHULHU TO OR SOLO SCENARIOS TO GIVE THIS TITLE THE ATTENTION IT DESERVES. YOU WON'T REGRET IT." - DAVE, CUSTOMER REVIEW
"A SIMPLE 5 STAR REVIEW DOESN'T DO THIS TITLE JUSTICE. IT'S A MONUMENTAL WORK AND THE BEST SOLO TITLE FOR CALL OF CTHULHU THAT EXISTS OUT THERE IN MY OPINION. IT EMULATES AMAZINGLY WHAT A NORMAL CALL OF CTHULHU SESSION FEELS FOR A SINGLE PLAYER." - HARRY, CUSTOMER REVIEW
"I'M HAVING SUCH A BLAST! I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW MUCH THE AUTHOR PUT INTO THIS. THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST SOLO GAMES I HAVE PLAYED. THERE IS SO MUCH TO DO. FOR THE PRICE IT IS DEFINITELY WORTH IT!!!" - MICHAEL, CUSTOMER REVIEW
WARNING CONTAINS: MYSTERIES, HAUNTINGS, MURDERS, CURSES, RITUALS, UNDEAD, PUZZLES, CRIME, RUMOURS, LYCANS, SLEUTHING, SOCIALISING, MYSTICISM, LEGENDS, VEHICLES, EXPEDITIONS, SPECIAL GUESTS, TOMES, ALLIES, COMBATS, MEGALITHS, TOWNS, TRAINS, AGENCIES, MAPS, HISTORIES, WEAPONS, INSTITUTIONS, ANIMALS, SPELLS, PROPHECIES, CULTISTS, BOATS, SUSPECTS, SECRET SOCIETIES, LOCALS, ARTEFACTS, HORRORS, SECRETS, NIGHTMARES, TWISTS, ELDRITCH MONSTERS, OUTER GODS AND INSANITY....
GAMES ABOOT PRESS