

Masks of NYARLATHOTEP

Dark Schemes Herald the End of the World

HANDOUTS

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ALDEPOT - ORH REC
CLT F/82 - 0403 SS6

THANK YOU YOUR JOINING THE EXPEDITION
STOP PLEASE JOIN ME IN LIMA STOP
HAVE BOOKED YOU ROOM AT HOTEL MAURY
STOP MEET 18 MARCH AT 7 PM AT BAR
CORDANO, JIRÓN ANCASH 202, DISTRITO DE
LIMA STOP

AUGUSTUS LARKIN

THE QUICKEST, SUREST, AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAM OR CABLE

SEARCH FOR ANCIENT PYRAMID IN PERU

*Explorer plans expedition to
discover site of lost civilization.*

LIMA, January 12.

Explorer Augustus Larkin is planning an expedition to the southern highlands of Peru, where he hopes to identify the site of a pyramid long forgotten by history. Following the discovery of a number of gold artifacts in the region, Larkin believes that he has found evidence that will lead him to their source. He is currently in Lima, planning the expedition, and is recruiting companions and possible backers.

Spanish, written by Gaspar Figueroa, 1543, on vellum.

Figueroa - Spaniard who had traveled to Peru with Francisco Pizarro.

According to the text, Figueroa set out to seek his own fortune following Pizarro's assassination in 1541. He was accompanied by Hernando Ruiz, Diego Garrido, Luis de Mendoza, and Pedro de Velasco -- fellow conquistadors who had served with Pizarro. They traveled into the southern highlands of the Andes, looking for treasure, hoping to make their fortunes before heading back to Spain and retiring in luxury.

Hearing rumors of an ancient temple filled with gold, the men set off into the mountains southwest of Lake Titicaca. There they found a pyramid surrounded by a maze-like structure of underground tunnels. The walls of the tunnels were inlaid with intricate gold carvings. The men pried out a large section of the gold, exhausting themselves in the attempt. That night, as they rested, an evil sickness befell Figueroa's companions; in the morning light they looked gaunt and deathlike. Complaining of agonizing hunger, they pursued Figueroa; de Mendoza caught up with him and started to devour him like a human leech. Figueroa shot his friend in the head and fled, pausing only to snatch up as much of the gold as he could carry.

Figueroa eventually arrived back in Lima, hoping to get passage home, but he was too weakened by his ordeal. Figueroa describes himself as wasted, little more than a walking corpse.

I read Final Confessions as Figueroa's attempt to lift the guilt that his avarice had placed upon him. He believed that his fate and that of his companions was brought about by their desecration of a holy place, and his most fervent wish was that he could undo the damage he had inflicted. He describes how he can still hear his friends' voices, crying out with inhuman hunger, and how in the dark of the night he can hear another voice, ancient and seductive, promising him eternal life if he returns to the temple. The voice told Figueroa how to contact it, but it seems Figueroa was too afraid to ever attempt this.

A postscript written by the priest - who performed the last rites - states that Figueroa died a day after completing his Final Confessions. His last words were an entreaty to whatever gods were listening to forgive him his blasphemies.

New York Pillar/Riposte, April 4th, 1919

BIG APPLE DATELINE

ROGER CARLYLE the playboy whom everybody knows—or knows about—is quietly leaving New Yawk tomorrow to check out the tombs of Egypt! You've seen the cuties ROGER has found in the nightspots. Who can doubt he'll dig up someone—er, something—equally fabulous from the Egyptian sands?

Carlyle Papers: The Expedition #4

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**WORLD-WIDE
TELEGRAPH
SERVICE**



NUMBER 29	SENT BY SA	RECEIVED BY XX	CHARGE TT
Dated 01/03		Received at HT/NY	
Fee PAID			

KINDLY RECEIVED at Hudson Terminal, 30 Church Street, New York, USA

HAVE INFORMATION CONCERNING CARLYLE
EXPEDITION STOP
NEED RELIABLE INVESTIGATIVE TEAM STOP
MEET JANUARY 15 NEW YORK STOP

JACKSON ELIAS

Carlyle Papers: The Expedition #1

WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT YOUR FRIEND JACKSON ELIAS

You remember Jackson Elias as an African-American man of medium height and build. He has a feisty, friendly air about him. As an orphan in Stratford, Connecticut, he learned to make his own way early in life. He has no living relatives, and no permanent address.

You like him, and value his friendship, even though months and sometimes years separate one meeting from the next. You'd be upset and probably crave vengeance if anything happened to your friend. The world is a better place for having Jackson Elias in it.

Elias speaks several languages fluently and is constantly traveling. He is social, enjoys an occasional drink, and smokes a pipe. A tough, stable, and punctual man, Elias is unafraid of brawls or officials. He is mostly self-educated. Once a skeptic, Elias began to question his stance after the events he witnessed in the mountains of Peru, although in most cases he has failed to find proof of supernatural powers, magic, or dark gods. His well-researched works always seem to reflect first-hand experience. Possibly his greatest flaw is that he's secretive, and never discusses a project until he has a final draft in hand. His writings characterize and analyze death cults. His best-known book is *Sons of Death*, exposing modern-day Thuggee cults in India. All of his books illustrate how cults manipulate the fears of their followers. Insanity and feelings of inadequacy characterize death cultists; feelings for which they compensate by slaughtering innocents to make themselves feel powerful or chosen. Cults draw the weak-minded, though cult leaders are usually clever and manipulative. When fear of a cult stops, the cult vanishes.

Elias' published works include:

- *Skulls Along the River* (1910)—exposes headhunter cults in the Amazon basin.
- *Masters of the Black Arts* (1912)—surveys supposed sorcerous cults throughout history.
- *The Way of Terror* (1913)—analyzes systematization of fear through cult organization; warmly reviewed by George Sorel.
- *The Smoking Heart* (1915)—first half discusses historical Mayan death cults, the second half concerns present-day Central American death cults.
- *Sons of Death* (1918)—modern-day Thuggees; Elias infiltrated the cult and wrote a book about it.
- *Witch Cults of England* (1920)—summarizes covens in nine English counties; interviews practicing English witches; Rebecca West thought some of the material trivial and overworked.
- *The Black Power* (1921)—expands upon *The Way of Terror* and includes some material on Asian and African death cults; includes interviews with several anonymous cult leaders.
- *The Hungry Dead* (1923)—exposes the modern-day survival of a Peruvian and Bolivian death cult from the time of the conquistadors. It omits many of the weirder details that those who accompanied Elias on his researches may remember, presenting the cult of the kharisiri as a purely human evil.

All of these books are published by Prospero House of New York City, and were edited by owner/editor Jonah Kensington. Kensington is a good friend of Jackson Elias and someone you may have previously met.



WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT YOUR FRIEND JACKSON ELIAS

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New York Pillar/Riposte, April 5th, 1919

CARLYLE EXPEDITION EMBARKS FOR LONDON

Led by the fabulously wealthy playboy Roger Carlyle, the Carlyle Expedition departed this morning for Southampton aboard the British steamship *Imperial Standard*.

Contrary to earlier reports, the expedition will perform researches in London under the auspices of the Penhew Foundation before continuing to Egypt next month.

Readers may recall the enormous party which Mr. Carlyle, now 24, gave at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel upon reaching his majority. Since then, scandals and indelicate behavior have become Carlyle's trademark, but he has never become tarnished in the eyes of Manhattanites.

Members of the expedition have been reluctant to reveal their purpose in Egypt.

Other Expedition Members
Renowned Egyptologist Sir Aubrey Penhew is assistant leader of the team, and in charge of excavations.

Dr. Robert Huston, a fashionable "Freudian" psychologist, accompanies the expedition to pursue parallel researches into ancient pictographs.

Miss Hypatia Masters, linked in the past to Carlyle, will act as photographer and archivist. Mr. Jack Brady, intimate to Mr. Carlyle, accompanies the group as general factotum.

Additional members may be secured while in London.

New York Pillar/Riposte, July 4th, 1919

CARLYLE DEPARTS EGYPT

CAIRO (AP)—Sir Aubrey Penhew, temporary spokesman for the Carlyle Expedition, indicated Thursday that the leaders are taking ship to East Africa for a "well-earned rest."

Sir Aubrey debunked rumors that the expedition had discovered clues to the legendary wealth of the lost mines of King Solomon, maintaining that the party was going on safari "in respite from our sandy labors."

Roger Carlyle, wealthy New York leader of the expedition, was unavailable for comment, still suffering from his recent sunstroke.

Discussing that unfortunate incident, local experts declared Egypt entirely too hot for Anglo-Saxons at this time of year, and suggested that the young American had not been well served by his democratic enthusiasm, rumored to have led him to personally wield pick and shovel.

New York Pillar/Riposte, July 31st, 1919

IMPORTANT VISITORS

MOMBASA (Reuters)—Leading members of an American archaeological expedition arrived here on holiday from digs in Egypt's Nile Valley.

Our Undersecretary, Mr. Royston Whittingdon, held a welcoming dinner for them at Collingswood House, where the wit of Sir Aubrey Penhew,

expedition co-leader, was much in evidence. Accompanying Sir Aubrey are the youthful financier Roger Carlyle and medical doctor Robert Huston, as well as socialite Miss Hypatia Masters.

The party leaves inland today, for Nairobi and hunting.

New York Pillar/Riposte, October 15th, 1919

CARLYLE EXPEDITION FEARED LOST

MOMBASA (Reuters)—Uplands police representatives today asked for public assistance concerning the possible disappearance of the Carlyle Expedition. No word of the party has been received in nearly two months.

The group includes wealthy playboy Roger Carlyle and four other American citizens, as well as

Egyptologist Sir Aubrey Penhew of the United Kingdom.

The expedition left Nairobi on August 3rd, ostensibly on safari, but rumor insisted that they actually were after legendary Biblical treasures. Carlyle and his party reportedly intended to explore portions of the Great Rift Valley, to the northwest of Nairobi.

New York Pillar/Riposte, March 11th, 1920

ERICA CARLYLE ARRIVES IN AFRICA

MOMBASA (Reuters)—In response to clues, Miss Erica Carlyle, sister to the American leader of the lost Carlyle Expedition, arrived in port today aboard the Egyptian vessel *Fount of Life*.

Several Kikuyu-villager reports recently have been received concerning the putative massacre of unnamed whites near the Aberdare Forest.

Miss Carlyle declared her intention to find her brother, regardless of the effort

needed. She brought with her the nucleus of a large expedition.

Detailing agents to coordinate supply and other activities with Colony representatives, Miss Carlyle and the remainder of her party depart for Nairobi tomorrow.

Her companion, Mrs. Victoria Post, indirectly emphasized Miss Carlyle's purposefulness by recounting the rigors of the voyage.

New York Pillar/Riposte, May 24th, 1920

CARLYLE MASSACRE CONFIRMED

NAIROBI (Reuters)—The massacre of the long-missing Carlyle Expedition was confirmed today by district police representatives.

Roger Carlyle, New York's rollicking playboy, is counted among the dead.

Authorities blame hostile Nandi tribesmen for the shocking murders. Remains of at least two dozen expedition members and bearers are thought found in a remote region of the Ab-erdare Forest.

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 3)

New York Pillar/Riposte, June 19th, 1920

MURDERERS HANGED

NAIROBI (Reuters)—Five Nandi tribesmen, convicted ringleaders of the vicious Carlyle Expedition massacre, were executed this morning after a short, expertly-conducted trial.

To the end, the tribesmen steadfastly refused to reveal why they had slaughtered Mr. Carlyle and his companions. Mr. Harvis, acting for the Colony, cleverly implied throughout the trial that

the massacre was racial in motivation, and that the fair-skinned victims were subject to the most savage treatment, preventing all but the most preliminary identification of the remains.

Miss Erica Carlyle, defeated in her efforts to rescue her brother, left several weeks ago, but is surely comforted now by the triumph of justice.

CARLYLE MASSACRE CONFIRMED

(Continued from Page 1)

Erica Carlyle, Roger Carlyle's sister and apparent heiress to the Carlyle family fortune, led the dangerous search for her brother and his party. She credited Kikuyu tribesmen for the discovery, though police actually found the site.

Among other expedition members believed lost are Sir Aubrey Penhew, noted Egyptologist; New York socialite Hypatia Masters, and Dr. Robert Huston. Many bearers also are reported dead.

Cairo, Egypt
2nd March 1919

Dear Mr. Carlyle,

Your lawyer informed me that you seek certain knowledge of this land and its distant past, and I believe I can aid you in this regard.

Inquiries in the Old Quarter have identified one Faras Najjar, in the Street of Jacobs, who claims to be in possession of "singular curios" which he believes will be of great interest to you. He is prepared to part with these items if a suitable price can be agreed upon, and I shall endeavor to make sure that matters are arranged to your satisfaction.

Yours,

M. Warren Besart

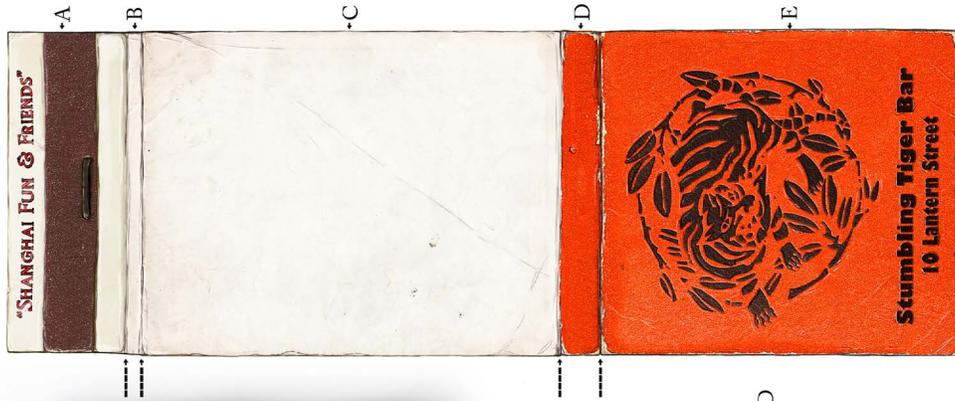
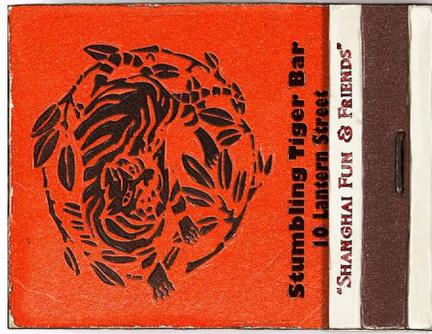
THE
PENHEW FOUNDATION

35 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD
LONDON, W. 1

Edward Gavigan, Director

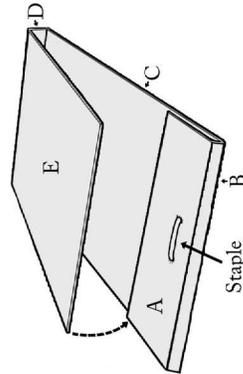
Carlyle Papers America #3: Matchbook

Carlyle Papers America #3: Matchbook



For the matchbook handout, either:

- a) Use the image above, or...
- b) Cut out the matchbook net to the right and follow these steps:
 - 1) Fold the net at the dashed lines.
 - 2) Staple A to C.
 - 3) Tuck E under A.



Carlyle Papers America #4: A Blurry Photograph



Carlyle Papers America #5: Emerson Imports Business Card

EMERSON IMPORTS

648 West 47th Street
New York, New York
Telephone: HA 6-3900

Front

Foldline -----

Back

Silas W. Kwanan

The reverse of the Emerson Imports card is in Elias' handwriting.
Cut the above out, fold it along the dotted line, and tape or glue it together.

Carlyle Papers America #6: Letter from Miriam Atwright

HARVARD UNIVERSITY



Cambridge, Massachusetts

Nov. 7, 1924

Mr. Jackson Elias
c/o Prospero House Publishers
Lexington Avenue, New York City

Dear Mr. Elias,

The book about which you inquired is no longer in our collection. The information you seek may be found here in other volumes. If you will contact me upon arrival, I will be most happy to further assist you.

As Always,

Miriam Atwright

Miriam Atwright
Harvard University Library

TONIGHT ONLY
**"THE CULT OF
DARKNESS**

**IN POLYNESIA
& THE SOUTHWEST PACIFIC"**

*A two-hour lecture with slides delivered by
Prof. Anthony Cowles, Ph.D.*

of the University of Sydney (Australia)
and presently Locksley Fellow of Polynesian
Esoterica at Miskatonic University (Arkham)

Schuyler Hall, New York University
8 PM

TONIGHT ONLY



AUTHOR MURDERED BY BRUTAL KILLERS

Body found in Hotel Chelsea

Possible connection to
Harlem murders.

By REBECCA SHOENBURG

Manhattan, N.Y., Jan 15.—Author Jackson Elias has been found murdered in his Chelsea Hotel room. The killers are reported to have used long knives to butcher their victim.

Lt. Martin Poole of the Murder Squad stated that he is exploring possible connections between this murder and similar slayings in Harlem last year. Local resident Hilton Adams was convicted of the Harlem murders in October last and is awaiting execution in Sing Sing. Lt. Poole offered no opinion whether this new murder indicates that Adams had accomplices or is innocent of the earlier crimes.

Greetings from beyond the grave!

By now you know that all I've really left you is a whole heap of trouble. If I were still around to have an opinion on the matter, I would understand if you decided to walk away from it all. Hell, if I'm dead right now, that's a good indication I should have done the same. But you know me too well, and I know you too well. If you were the kind of person who always did the sensible thing we wouldn't be such good friends.

You have been there when I needed you in the past and I hope you will be again, even if it's too late to save me. I've been pulling threads all over the world and while most of them are still unraveling I think I'm onto something big. Carlton and Janet can fill in more of the details for you—I've left some of my papers and notes with them, which should help you work out which hornet's nests you need to poke next.

I trust you to bring my killers to justice. Of course, Jim assuming I was murdered—it will be just plain embarrassing if I was run over by a trolley car! Follow my investigation to its bloody end, and seek out the truth. I'm not asking you to finish my book—none of you can write worth a damn.

Your friend, always,

Jackson

August 8, 1924
Nairobi

Dear Jonah,

Big news! There is a possibility that not all of the members of the Carlyle Expedition died. I have a lead. Though the authorities here deny the cult angle, the natives bring a different tune. You wouldn't believe the stories! Some juicy notes coming your way!

This one may make us all rich!
Blood and kisses,

J.

Many names, many forms, but all the same
and toward one end...

Need help...

Too big too ghostly These dreams... dreams
like Carlyle's?

Check that psychoanalytic files... All of
them survived!

They'll open the gate. Why?... so the power
and the danger is real. They...

Many threads beginning...

The books are in Carlyle's safe...

Coming for me will the ocean protect?

To do, no quitters now. Must tell and make
readers BELIEVE. Should I screen for them?
Let's screen together...

Set One of the Nairobi Notes sets forth the offices, officials, and tribes which Elias visited, searching for material concerning cults and cult rituals. Elias mentions Roger Corydon, the Colonial Undersecretary for Internal Affairs; however, he notes that nothing conclusive was learned. Elias discounts the official version of the Carlyle massacre.

Set Two describes his trip to the massacre site. He notes particularly that the earth there is completely barren, and that all the tribes of the region avoid the place, saying it is cursed by the God of the Black Wind, whose home is the nearby mountain top.

Set Three is an interview with a Johnstone Kenyatta, who says that the Carlyle murders may have been performed by the cult of the Bloody Tongue. He says that the cult is reputedly based in the mountains, and that its high priestess is a part of the Mountain of the Black Wind. Elias is politely skeptical, but Kenyatta insists upon the point. In quotes, Elias records that regional tribes fear and hate the Bloody Tongue, that tribal magic is of no protection against the cult, and that the cult's god is not of Africa.

Set Four follows up on the Kenyatta interview. Elias confirms from several good sources that the Bloody Tongue exists, though he finds no firsthand evidence of it. Tales include children stolen for sacrifice, and creatures with great wings are said to come down from the Mountain of the Black Wind to carry people off. The cult worships a god unknown to folklorists, one fitting no traditional African pattern. Elias lists "Sam Mariga, railway station," Neville Jermyrn, Dr. Starret, Lt. Selkirk, and Col. Endicott as people he questioned.

Set Five is a single sheet reminding Elias that the Cairo-based portion of the Carlyle itinerary must be examined carefully. He believes that the reason which prompted Carlyle's Kenyan side trip is on the Nile.

Set Six is a long interview with Lt. Mark Selkirk, leader of the men who actually found the remains of the Carlyle Expedition. Importantly, Selkirk says that the bodies were remarkably undecayed for the length of time which they lay in the open—"almost as if decay itself wouldn't come near the place." Secondly, the victims had been torn apart, as if by animals, though what sorts of animals would pull apart bodies so systematically he could not guess. "Unimaginable. Inexplicable." Selkirk agrees that the Nandis may have had something to do with the episode, but suspects that the charges against the ringleaders were trumped-up. "It wouldn't be the first time," he says cynically. Finally, Selkirk confirms that no caucasians were found among the dead—only the corpses of the Kenyan bearers were scattered across the barren plain, despite what was claimed at the inquest.

Set Seven is another single sheet. Elias ran into "Nails" Nelson at the Victoria Bar in Nairobi. Nelson had been a mercenary for the Italians on the Somali-Abyssinian border, and had escaped into Kenya after double-crossing his employers. Nelson claimed to have seen Jack Brady alive in Hong Kong, less than two years before Elias was in Kenya and long after the Kenyan court declared that Brady and the rest of the expedition were dead. Brady was friendly, though guarded and taciturn. Nelson didn't press the conversation. This report only strengthened Elias' belief that the principle members of the expedition might still live.

Set Eight discusses a possible structure for the Carlyle book, but is mostly featureless, with entries like "tell what happened" and "explain why."

Its external angles were magnificent, and most strange; by their hideous beauty I was enraptured and enthralled, and I thought myself of the daylight fools who adjudged the housing of this room as mistaken.

I laughed for the glory they missed. Through the twisted door to the jewelled throne of Darkness, I came with all reverence and humility, to gaze upon scenes of celestial majesty and rebirth. When the six lights were lit and the great words said, then He came, in all the grace and splendour of the Higher Planes, and I longed to sever my veins so that my life might flow into his being, and make part of me a god!

One: a bat cult once existed among the Aboriginal peoples of Australia. It was known across the continent, and the god of the cult was known as the Father of All Bats. Adherents believed that by making human sacrifices to their god, they themselves would become worthy enough that the Father of All Bats would appear to them. Once he was enticed to appear, the god would conquer all men. Sacrifices were run through a gauntlet of worshippers who struck the victims with clubs embedded with the sharp teeth of bats. The teeth were coated with a fast-acting poison, somehow derived from fermented bat droppings. The victims apparently went mad before they died. Leaders of the cult reputedly could take the forms of bat-winged snakes, enabling them to steal sacrifices from across the land. Cowles believes that this cult became dormant or extinct hundreds of years ago. Its former existence is the reason that he became interested in Jackson Elias' books about present-day cults.

Two: an Aboriginal song cycle mentions a place where enormous beings gathered, somewhere in the west of Australia. The songs say that these gods, who were not at all like men, built great sleeping walls and dug great caves. But living winds blew down the gods and overthrew them, destroying their camp. When this happened, the way was open for the Father of All Bats, who came into the land, and grew strong.

Three: a set of four overexposed glass slides. Each shows a few sweating men standing beside enormous blocks of stone, pitted and eroded but clearly dressed and formed for architectural purposes. Dim carvings seem to decorate some. Billows of sand are everywhere. Though he did not bring the book with him, Cowles says that the discoverer, one Arthur MacWhirr of Port Hedland, Australia, kept a diary in which he recorded several attacks on the party by Aboriginals. MacWhirr reportedly records deaths to victims from hundreds of small punctures, reminiscent of the earlier bat cult.

Four: Cowles tells a tale he collected from near the Arafura Sea, in northern Australia. In it Sand Bat, or Father of All Bats, has a battle of wits with Rainbow Snake, the Aboriginal deification of water and the patron of life. Rainbow Snake succeeds in tricking and trapping Sand Bat and his clan in the depths of a watery place from which Sand Bat can only complain, and is unable to return to trouble the people.

First Meeting: Jan. 11, 1918
Reference: Erica Carlyle
Closest Relative: Erica Carlyle

At his sister's insistence, Mr. Roger Vane Worthington Carlyle visited me this morning. He deprecates the importance of his state of mind, but concedes that he has had some trouble sleeping due to a recurring dream in which he hears a distant voice calling his name. (Interestingly the voice uses Mr. Carlyle's second given name, Vane, by which Mr. Carlyle admits he always thinks of himself.) Carlyle moves towards the voice, and has to struggle through a web-like mist in which the caller is ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ understood to stand.

The caller is a man-tall, gaunt, dark. An inverted ankh blazes on his forehead. Following the Egyptian theme (C. has had no conscious interest in things Egyptian, he says), the man extends his hands to C., his palms held upward. Pictured on his left palm C. discovers his own face; on the right palm C. sees an unusual, misshapen pyramid.

The caller then brings his hands together, and C. feels himself float off the ground into space. He halts before an assemblage of monstrous figures; figures of humans with animal limbs, with fangs and talons, or of no particular shape at all. All of them circle a pulsating ball of yellow energy, which C. recognizes as another aspect of the calling man. The ball draws him in; he becomes part of it, and sees through eyes not his own. A great triangle appears in the void, its twisted symmetry of the same fashion as the vision of the pyramid. C. then hears the caller say, "And become with me a god." As millions of odd shapes and forms rush into the triangle, C. wakes.

C. does not consider this dream a nightmare, although it upsets his sleep. He says that he revels in it and that it is a genuine calling, although my strong impression is that he actually is undecided about it. An inability to choose seems to characterize much of his life.

September 18, 1918: He calls her M'Weru, Anastasia, and My Priestess. He is obsessive about her, as well he might be—exterior devotion is certainly one way to ease the tensions of megalomaniacal contradictions. She is certainly a rival to my authority.

December 3, 1918: If I do not go, C. threatens exposure. If I do go, all pretense of analysis surely will be lost. What then will be my role?

THE SCOOP

SHOCKING CANVASES CRAZE

LOCAL ARTIST'S MONSTROUS SCENES MOCK 'SURREALISTS'

NOW COLLECTORS CAN BUY savage scenes which rival or surpass the worst nightmares of the Great War, but which are far more exotic than that grim business.

London artist Mr Miles Shipley's work is being sought out by collectors, who have paid up to £300 for individual paintings. This correspondent has seen a number of the works of artist Miles Shipley, and finds them repulsive beyond belief. Maidens ravished, monsters ripping out a man's innards, shadowy grotesque landscapes, and faces grimacing in horror represent only a fraction of Shipley's nightmarish work.

Despite their repellent content, these works are conceived and executed with uncanny verisimilitude. Mr Shipley's imagination is sublime and it is almost as though the artist had worked from photographs of alien places surely never of this Earth! The artist reportedly is in contact with 'other dimensions' in which powerful beings exist, and says he merely renders visible his visions.

Mr Shipley is a working class man without formal artistic training, who has nonetheless made good where thousands have failed. Art critics say that Shipley provides an English answer to the Continental artistic movement of Surrealism, whose controversial practitioners have still to convince John Bull that the way in which a thing is painted is more important than what is painted. A tip of the hat to Mr Shipley for exposing those frauds!

THE SCOOP

POLICE BAFFLED BY MONSTROUS MURDERS! KILLER BEAST SHOT BUT STILL ALIVE?

DERWENT VALLEY RESIDENTS, shocked last month by two murders and a serious assault on a third victim, are still without a satisfactory explanation or perpetrator of the dreadful attacks.

At that time, Lesser-Edale farmer George Osgood and resident Lydia Perkins were torn to shreds in apparently-unrelated murders on consecutive nights. On the third night, wheelwright Harold Short was nearly killed but managed to drive off his attacker, which he described as a 'grisly creature'.

According to the Lesser-Edale Constabulary, a rabid dog was shot and killed on the night of Mr Short's attack. The police believe the matter to be closed. Nevertheless, local residents have subsequently claimed to have seen and heard a strange beast lurking about the area. Reportedly, the good folk of Lesser-Edale still endure sleepless nights due to the bizarre wailings of the beast on nights of the full moon.

Readers of *The Scoop* are reminded of their esteemed journal's long-standing *Danger Protocols*, and are advised that the picturesque cloughs of the Derbyshire Peak District have been declared to be a zone of High Danger! Residents of the Midlands are advised to remain indoors at night and to report all mysterious happenings to the police and to *The Scoop*.

THE SCOOP

SLAUGHTER CONTINUES!

REWARD OFFERED!

AN UNIDENTIFIED FOREIGNER was found floating in the Thames last Tuesday, the 24th. Another victim in the so-called Egyptian Murders? Inspector James Barrington of the Yard refused to comment when asked by *The Scoop*.

Sources exclusive to this journal state that the victim had been beaten severely and then stabbed through the heart in a manner curiously similar to other murders that have taken place over the last three years. The connection seems obvious but New Scotland Yard has yet to confirm that the deaths are connected. Inspector Barrington and his colleagues appear baffled and no closer to catching the heinous perpetrator of these crimes. Londoners cry out 'When will our streets be safe?'

Readers of *The Scoop* are reminded that this esteemed journal has a reward, now standing at £24, for information leading to the apprehension and conviction of the murderer. Be vigilant!

Rumours continue to persist regarding the French tourists involved in the incident at Sakkara so badly handled by Mr Howard Carter, the events of which led to his resignation as Chief Inspector of Lower Egypt earlier this year. It is beyond the scope of this letter to comment on whether or not there is any truth to the tourists having been members of an occult society, so beloved by the French in the latter part of the 19th century. However, we can say with certainty that there is not, and never has been, any corroborated evidence for a so-called 'Black Pharaoh' who ruled during the Third Dynasty. This figure is merely garbled folk tales used to frighten naughty children in the same way that we use stories of 'Black Shuck' and 'Black Annis' in dear old England.

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THE SCOOP

IT ALMOST HAD ME!

by *Mickey Mahoney from a correspondent*

Glasgow resident, Mr Alan McGann, had an unwelcome encounter with a monster of darkness while making his way home this last October. On hearing wails and cries, a police officer arrived to find Mr McGann in distress and removed him to the local station, where he was able to give a statement. 'It was like turning suddenly, knowing something was there, only to find nothing. A nothing possessing hideous life! The dank smell of the fog was replaced by the foul stench of smouldering hair, which reached out and filled my lungs and made it hard to breathe. I began to choke. It meant to kill me. I couldn't see it, only feel its terrible fingers filling my mouth and nose!'

Readers visiting Scotland are advised to be cautious on night-time rambles in the Glasgow area and to be on the lookout for invisible monsters down dark alleys!

I only glimpsed it momentarily, when I was walking home after visiting one of my parishioners. It was around 9 o'clock and the moon was full, although a heavy mist had risen. As I was opening the front gate, I heard a heavy breathing a few feet away. Looking up, I saw a huge dark shape, shrouded in mist. While the form was obscured, its burning red eyes filled me with terror. It let out a bloodcurdling cry and I knew it had seen me. Without thought, I bolted into the house and locked the door, thanking God for my safety.

Omar al-Shakti
Gezira Mohammed
Cairo
Egypt

January, 1925

My Dear Gavigan,

IN HIS NAME DO WE SERVE

As the work of our lord and master grows ever nearer to completion, I must ask you, with all due politeness, to consider the return of that which your predecessor and his associates acquired from us under less than honest circumstances. As we are allies in this Great Endeavor, I seek not to dwell on past slights and inconveniences, but to move forward. I hope that this is your wish, also, and with this in mind, the return of the bust to its true home would not only be a gesture of goodwill, but also a reaffirmation of our most august and beneficial brotherhood.

Your humble servant,

Omar al-Shakti

23rd May 1924	invoice #32098. Fabricated materials and parts (prototypes). To Pale Viper, % Ho Fung Import/Export, Shanghai.
24th June 1924	receipt of technical schematics and blueprints % Pale Viper. Deliver to Henson Manufacturing, Derby.
15th July 1924	receipt #2067. Ancient machine parts % Huston, Australia Deliver to Henson Manufacturing, Derby.
9th August 1924	invoice #32121. 24 inch stockpile of the Father of Serpents, solid gold To Huston % Randolph Shipping in Darwin, Australia.
13th November 1924	receipt #2087 Forwarding of 'Red Diary of Anselm de Monfort' to Omar al-Hakki, Cairo, Egypt.
4th December 1924	invoice #32129 Astronomical charts, celestial references and large (6 feet) globe representational of Bloody Tongue. To Mija Singh, Kilimokini Market, Mombasa, Kenya.

For the adm. Pale Viper,

Elias has been dealt with by our friends in New York. Now we must turn to our other problem, namely Jack Brady. I understand that he may be in Shanghai and ask if you would direct your resources to hunting him down. It is stupefying that this troubling man has evaded us for so long. He may become an obstacle to our Great Plan. If you wish, I will.

"A lawyer contacted me—must have been five, six years ago; January, or maybe February. I agreed to act as purchasing agent for Mr. Roger Carlyle, a wealthy American. On written instructions from Mr. Carlyle, I purchased certain artifacts from Faraz Najjar, an antiquities dealer, and illegally shipped them out of Egypt to the Penhew Foundation in London. That was early April, I think, so they'd be there for when they got in from New York. I know the artifacts were ancient, but nothing more.

"When the Carlyle Expedition came to Egypt in May, was it? I met them and arranged for all their equipment and permits, and they invited me to travel with them in case there were any local difficulties. Their main site was at Dahshur, in the area of the Bent Pyramid.

"One day at Dahshur, Jack Brady came to me and told me that Carlyle, Hypatia Masters, Sir Aubrey, and Dr. Huston had entered the Bent Pyramid and had vanished. Brady was up in arms and suspected foul play, since the diggers had already fled the site and work had come to a standstill. We did not know what to do, so we... drank.

"The next morning, Carlyle and the others reappeared. They were excited by some tremendous find, but what it was, they would not say; nor did I learn, for Sir Aubrey was a fiend for secrecy. All of them had changed in some inexplicable way, and not for the better. I did not ask further.

"That evening, an old Egyptian woman visited me. She said that her son had been one of the diggers. She said the diggers had fled because Carlyle and the others had consorted with an ancient evil, the Messenger of the Black Wind. She said that she could recognize that the souls of all the Europeans, save Brady and myself, were lost. If I wanted proof, I should go to the Collapsed Pyramid at Meidum the night before the dark of the moon, at the time when the moon is slimmest. God help me, I went!

"I took one of the trucks, pretending to leave for a night in the pleasure quarter of Cairo. But instead, I drove the 20 miles south to Meidum and secreted myself where she advised. There in the midnight blackness I saw Carlyle and the others disport themselves in obscene rituals with a hundred madmen. The very desert came alive, crawling and undulating towards the ruins of the pyramid. To my horror, the stone ruins themselves became a skeletal, bulging-eyed thing!

"Strange creatures emerged from the sands, grasped the dancing celebrants and, one by one, tore out their throats, killing all until only the Europeans and one other robed celebrant remained.

"Something more loomed out of the sand, the size of an elephant but with five separate shaggy heads. Then I realized what it was but it is madness to speak of it! I saw it rise and in a great ravening, swallow as one all the torn corpses, leaving only five amidst the stench of the blood-soaked sands alive.

"I fainted. When I recovered, I wandered into the desert. There further horrors awaited me. Stumbling up a rise before dawn, I saw beyond hundreds of dark sphinxes, rank upon rank drawn up and waiting for the hour of madness when they will spring forth to devour the world! I fainted again and, this time, I left the world for many months.

"The man found me. For two years he and his mother cared for me—me, a man mindless and adrift. Eventually, I came back to Cairo. But I began to dream! Only hashish helps now, or opium if it can be found. My supply is low again and my life is intolerable without it. Will you good, kind people please contribute? Only strong drugs keep me from the madness. Everything, everything is lost. There is no hope for any of us. Everywhere they wait.

"Perhaps you will join me in a pipe? Yes?"



Cairo Bulletin 29th March, 1919

A MYSTERIOUS FIRE IN THE OLD CITY

In the early hours of this morning, the shop of a local antiquities dealer, a Mr Faraz Najjar, succumbed to a blazing inferno that destroyed the premises entirely. Fortunately, thanks to the prompt actions of local residents, the fire was contained and did not spread to the surrounding buildings. One dreads to think of the conflagration that would have followed if it had!

There are several reports from superstitious residents that Najjar's business was destroyed by a flaming demon in retribution for unspecified misdeeds. Although they have not yet fully ruled out that the fire was set deliberately, the police have assured the Bulletin that it was most likely the result of carelessness on the part of Mr Najjar, and no doubt involved an unattended oil lamp, as these things so often do.

Cairo Bulletin

TRAGEDY AT THE MOSQUE OF IBN TULUN

Five of Ibn Tulun's most respected scholars have been confirmed dead after last night's collapse of the ceiling in their study room. The cause of these tragic deaths is being investigated. Still missing, but presumed dead, is Nessim Efti, the institution's oldest associate. The nazir of Ibn Tulun, Ahmed al-Dhahabi, survived but was taken to hospital in a state of severe shock. The collapse occurred in a building adjacent to Ibn Tulun itself; the historic structure is, thankfully, undamaged.

My Dear Omar,

The scarab brooch, which arrived this morning, is magnificent. If the matching pieces could be found, I would be most appreciative.

A. P.

Yu-yuan Road,
Shanghai,
May, 1924

Dearest Mr. Jemyn, forgive me for contacting you without the proper introductions but, as we are so far apart and my business has yet to permit me the opportunity to journey to your country, I am sure you will forgive me this most modest of introductions

I recently acquired a copy of your honorable forbear's book 'Observations on the Several Parts of Africa', and I find myself intrigued by his tales of a city of white apes lost deep in the jungle. For I, myself, have

raised such creatures and am convinced that they must hail from this place, or one identical to it. They are the most intelligent and devoted beasts far beyond the capabilities of mere monkeys.

I would be greatly flattered if you could share with me any further details that your family may possess regarding these matters. I am not without means, and can assure you that any such assistance would be suitably recompensed.

yours, in anticipation,

Madam Lin Yenyu

"IT WERE RIGHT 'ORRIBLE. I SEEN NOTHIN' TO MATCH IT.
BODIES EVERYWHERE... NOT BODIES, MIND, BUT BITS O'
BODIES. AN 'EAD 'ERE, AN ARM THERE, TORN TO SHREDS
LIKE YOU WOULD A NEWSPAPER. SOMETHING GRABBED
THOSE POOR BUGGERS AND CHEWED THE 'ELL OUT OF
THEM, BEGGIN' YOUR PARDON. YOU WOULD A THOUGHT
THE JACKALS AND BUZZARDS WOULD A ET 'EM DOWN TO
THE BONE BY THE TIME WE ARRIVED, BUT THE LOCALS
SAID THE ANIMALS SHIED OFF AND WOULDN'T TOUCH THE
FREE MEAL. EVEN ANIMALS GET BAD FEELIN'S, I'M
THINKING. WELL, I NEVER WANT SIGHT O' SUCH A
THING AGAIN."

And then shall the gate be opened,
as the sun is blotted out. Thus,
the Small Crawler will awaken
those who dwell beyond and bring
them. The sea shall swallow them
and spit them up and the leopard
shall eat of the flesh in
Rudraprayag in the Spring.

The cult was responsible for the Carlyle massacre. Many terrible beasts were summoned from the Other Sides to kill and carry off the victims. Those carried away were brought to the Mountain of the Black Wind, a terrible place shunned by everyone. It is so called because a dread god inhabits it. Even the greatest spells cast against it have no effect.

Once per year, the Black Wind is unleashed, which brings plague, famine, and disaster. To satisfy the god, the cult abducts villagers and sacrifices them; then the god appears in all his terrible glory. He is as tall as the mountain itself. He has no face; only a blood-red tongue hangs down from where the top of his head should be. Monsters of all descriptions attend him. The mere sight of this hideous god can drive men mad.

The god's priestess is M'Weru. She lives in the mountain. It was she who prophesied the coming of the god's child, part human and part monster, who is soon to soak the land with blood.

Ancient tales speak of a great sign, the Eye of Light and Darkness, which could forever chain the cruel god within his mountain, but no one knows what the sign might be. Some magicians who are far-seeing say that the sign existed until a few years ago, when the god tricked men into destroying it.

March 7

Jock Kuburaqu says that Aborigines are following us. Most unusual if true. They have every reason to fear guns, and our bush ranger predilection for using them. In the past, I have always known them to head the other way as soon as they see white men.

March 21

We are about equally distant from Janna Spring and Separation Well, east of an awful line of dry lakes. The heat is terrible. Our hopes are low. There is nothing here, certainly not quartz reefs! Today we sighted several enormous birds flying lazily far above us. How did they get here and where can they be going?

March 22

At noon today we found Jock, partly buried in a gully. His body was scoured and covered with hundreds of small punctures as though someone had sandblasted him. We buried him, of course. I shall miss his counsel.

March 23

22°3'14" South by 125°0'39" East.

Great Sandy Desert.

Have discovered what appears to be remnants of an ancient city rising from the shifting sands! I believe I have secured several good photographs of this amazing find, though the heat has ruined all but six of my photographic plates. By the pitting of the stone, the blocks and pillars appear to be more than 10,000 years old! Incredible!

March 24

Four camels killed in the attack last night. I saw at least two men, and more must have been skulking out there. I'm sure I hit one. That ends this trip. We'll have to head back to Curcudgerie and report this incident. More than men were out there last night. I saw shapes much bigger than men during the attack. My evidence is the body of old Sam the camel. Punctured and scraped is the best way I can describe the remains, just like poor Jock.

Since the attack lasted only a couple of minutes, it's hard for me to believe that anything human could have done so much damage so quickly. But then, what was it?

May 15.

Have told Robert Mackenzie about the city. Together, we aim to return and undertake a full survey. When he saw the photographic plates he was flabbergasted. Now as keen as mustard to work with me to realise the discovery.

I dunno know how long it's been. Years, I think. I was down on my luck in Cuncudgerie when I met a Yank who claimed he had a map to a wonderful gold strike a long way east. Well, he seemed a shifty sort, like all bosses, but he was willin' to pay a sign-up bonus on the spot, so I took the work. Minin' work, it was.

"He hired a lot of men, 20 and more, and all of us agreed that the fellow was daft, and that we'd work until the bugger's cash ran out, and then come back to town. That's what a workin' man does, you see—one job, and then another.

"The bloke's name was John Carver. He led us out here where it's impossible for gold to be, leastwise gold-bearing quartz, and set us a-diggin' at an exact spot. "My researches are infallible," he said again and again, and Lord how we used to laugh about that! We made sure we got paid right to the day, because this fellow was going to take a tumble. So we worked through the sand, and then sediments, and then rock. And then the man's money ran out. No work, no pay, we agreed, and like we promised, we sat down to wait for the supply trucks from Cuncudgerie that would take us back.

"Meanwhile, the Yank began to act strange, walkin' into the desert, pretendin' to talk with invisible men, makin' gestures, and the like. Then, he disappeared for an entire day and part of another, and when he came back, his eyes were wild and evil-like. "There is a way," he said. "There is another way, and God has shown it. Leave if you wish; you are of no use to me now."

"One of the men said somethin' about wantin' wages for the days spent waiting for the trucks, and several more used very rude language to the Yank's face, for this camp wasn't exactly no hotel. Carver jumped a foot at this, and he swore blue murder at us. He got a most cruel look on his face. "If that is how you feel," he said, "then I shall show you something to change your minds." Well, that didn't sound too promising, but it did intrigue some of the men.

"He walked away, into the desert. That night, a couple of the fellows caught me cheatin' at cards, and they run me way into the bush before I lost them. When I was sneakin' back to camp, I saw Carver appear on the wall of rock, gesture and point, and then a great winged thing with talons like ropes descended from the sky. There was a crackling sound in the air, like a voice.

"The men fell to their knees. One of two tried to run off, but the thing just grabbed 'em and ripped 'em apart. I buried my face in the sand and covered my ears. When I looked up, why them men was bowin' to Carver, and he was leadin' 'em away.

"Goin' into the desert to die seemed like a better option to me, so I wandered off. Anything would be better than meeting such a devil-man or his demon. I found some shade the next day and lay down to die. For some reason that made my mind easy and clear. I slept for days and dreamed of cool water and peace. When I woke, I found a spring of pure water, just like in my dream. So I stayed and dreamed some more. Since then, I've befriended these dingoes. I've always had a way with animals.

TO: Acolytes of the Great Sand Bat
RE: Our Recent Hunt

We still have not found our last two-legged deer. There is utterly no excuse for not being able to find an unarmed human who has neither food nor water, and who possesses none of our arcane, god-given powers. Remind the line-walkers to be alert.

R.H.

1925

Gouvernor St.
Mayfair
London

Dear Huston,

Old chap, how go the excavations?
And, more importantly, how are the preparations proceeding for the big event? I'm not sure how much help al-Shakti and his bunch in Cairo are likely to be - they are far more focussed on raking over their own past than looking to the future. Still as long as you keep things up at your end I'm sure everything will be well.

Don't forget Sir Aubrey is expecting a progress report from you by the end of the month. You know he doesn't like to be kept waiting.

Happy Digging
E. G.

Madness is the mark of gods, the response to the whisper of ancient secrets, and the unseen hand that turns the world in its disordered course. With it, I have peered beyond mere dream and pattern, beyond childhood impetuosity and adult grief, beyond the analysis of which other men are capable. Accepting madness, I accept the gods and rule well with their gifts thereby.

That preening fool al-Shakti may be Lord and Master of his little Kingdom on the Nile, yet his vision is clouded by a narrowness of thought and a lack of imagination. He labors under the mistaken impression that age gives him seniority in matters pertaining to our lord's work. True, he may have seen the stars traverse the heavens many times over the course of his countless lives, and given devoted service in his own, petty manner, but he is too hidebound to embrace our vision of the future, and so must be left behind.

The old ones that dwelt here long ago were clearly destroyed by the piping monstrosities that lurk in the depths. It is fortunate that we have found so many of their weapons with which to keep these foes at bay.

The time is drawing ever closer. Gray Dragon Island and the Mountain of the Black Wind should be approaching readiness now. I hope Sir Aubrey and Gavigan have made good use of the artifacts that I have sent them. When that clock sounds on January 14th 1926, all creation shall quake, and our names will never be forgotten—those who opened the way! I will draw upon the power locked within the effigies of the gods, and the gods themselves will see me as an equal.

Shanghai Courier

SEAMEN'S CLUB DAMAGED

A portion of the Seamen's Club was destroyed late last night. Inspectors report considerable damage to the river side of the institution in excess of 8,000 pounds sterling, according to underwriters. No injury or loss of life is reported. According to unconfirmed—though informed—speculation, seepage undermined a portion of the embankment area upon which the club stands, causing the collapse.

Revellers from nearby taverns, who were congregating along the riverbank at the time of the incident, swear that "strange creatures" emerged from the water shortly before the building came down. The revellers' stories, while far-fetched, were a momentary relief to the risky business of sorting through the rubble.

Shanghai Courier

FIRE ON CHIN-LING ROAD

Three monks have been found dead in a pavilion fire at the Garden of the Purple Clouds of Autumn. They are thought to have died due to an overturned brazier. The names of the deceased have not yet been released, but a reliable source indicates that all three were respected scholars of T'ang, Five Dynasties, and Sung literature. Their deaths are a profound loss to all who value China's great heritage.

Eyewitnesses remarked that the evening fire leapt in an uncanny fashion from one blazing structure to chase the fleeing monks into the second pavilion. "A floating cloud of fire followed them," according to Mr. Liu Chen-dai of Brilliant Poppy Lane.

A European was seen leaving the vicinity of the conflagration. Police respectfully ask for this individual to come forward and give his assistance in their investigation.

Shanghai Courier

VIOLENT INCIDENT ON LANTERN STREET

Police report murders at a premises at 88 Lantern Street, sometime after midnight last night. The victims were identified as Miss Reparita Wong, resident at the address, and Mr. Chin Hsi-chou, whose address was unavailable at the time of publication. Lantern Street habitues, normally noted for compassion, were taken aback by the cruelty of the crimes. One witness was so distraught that she identified the killer as a giant bat!

Police Inspector Chong indicates that the slayings were unusually violent. He requests anyone with knowledge either of Miss Wong or Mr. Chin to make themselves known to his inquiry.

Shanghai Courier

THE STARS ARE RIGHT!

Do not allow dark fate to overwhelm you!

Worry not that evil rivals seem to possess secret knowledge that you lack!

The answer is in the stars!

Consult the Heavenly Stem and the Earthly Branch to peer behind the mask and uncover what is lost.



A most auspicious future is guaranteed!

Contact Shanghai's Famous Astrologer,
Mister Lung, 129 Kaoyang St.
No appointment necessary.

Chinese Scrolls Translation Notes

In this, the 35th year of the Chia-ching Emperor, the Great Goddess graced us with her presence and, in doing so, tore the earth asunder. The dying screams of the citizens of Shensi were a glorious hymn to her power and beauty. I hear the Blackfriars are calling it a punishment from their God after they saw the flaming star in the sky. Let them think that - they are nearer the truth than they care to know.

In this, the first year of the Kuang-hau Emperor, there will be many who come to feel a bloating of their bellies as they swell with hunger after our Great Goddess

demand a sacrifice worthy of her. The missionary, Richard, calls upon the men of Shanghai to give money for the starving, but by the time the harvest comes again, the Ching Dynasty will be weaker than ever.

In this, the 29th year of the Kuang-hau Emperor, we have arranged for many ships of our enemies to the north and east to meet their end beneath the waves to cement our treaty with those who dwell below. I do not know why their aid will be important, but the Goddess assures me it is so.

And so, the Great Goddess tells me, that, in the 14th year since the Hsuan-tung Emperor finally lost his tenuous grip on the Imperial throne, the Pale Viper's plan to salt the heavens with poisoned metals stolen from the sky comes to fruition. On the day the sun grows dark, the silver bird shall take wing. Its fiery death proclaims the opening of the way for our Mistress and her kin. All shall see, and burn. Their cries of agony shall form the chorus welcoming our Lords back to this Earth; I long to hear it.

IN THE HUNT,
THE WISE KING USES BEATERS
ON THREE SIDES ONLY,
FORGOING GAME THAT RUNS AHEAD,
THE QUARRY CHOOSES ITS OWN FATE.

局 報 電
The Chinese Telegraph Administration
照 收 費 報



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For free repetition of doubtful words, contact "TELEGRAMS ENQUIRY" with this copy at office of delivery.

P. V.
HIT A SNAG STOP
DOWNING TOOLS DOWN UNDER STOP
WILL CONTACT AGAIN ONCE WORK RESUMES APOLOGIES
STOP
HUSTON

FAO ALFRED PENHURST, C/O HO FANG IMPORT/EXPORT,
15 KAOYANG STREET, SHANGHAI

NO ENQUIRY RESPECTING THIS TELEGRAM CAN BE ATTENDED WITHOUT PRODUCTION OF THIS COPY.
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Min, my men -
Have to go underground to
finish the work. Get you
Firmes ready - we go soon.
Will contact you in the usual
manner. Sade

"I'm Jack Brady. I hear you've been looking for me. I got a minute, and you got some questions. If it's all the same, I'll talk now, and you can ask your questions later.

"As far as I can make out, we're all in a lot of trouble. The more I learn about the situation, the scarer I get. When I spilled the beans to Elias -- you know, Jackson Elias -- I figured people would read his book and do something about this cult. Sorry he ended up that way -- you guys friends of his? All the same, I did warn him, and I didn't hold nothing back. I'm warning you guys, too: the cult plays for keeps. Or maybe mugs like you already know that." (He laughs.)

"Well, right from the start I knew that Roger's little witch was trouble. She was as tough as they come, and she had him around her little finger. He must have known she was trouble, too, because the more he saw her, the more crazy dreams he had. I thought it was great when he wanted to go to Egypt -- that'd be the end of her, see, and things would get back to normal. I liked the guy, and I owed him a lot.

"It seemed for a while that everything would work out. The trip over to London was a lot of fun, but once we got there, Roger spent pretty much every waking minute with Sir Aubrey, poring over some junk Warren Besart had gotten hold of from this Najjar guy in Egypt. There was a black kind of head-and-shoulder statue that he'd stare at for hours. And there was a map that he'd study and study, like a normal guy would check out a beautiful dame. Yes, there were parties and sightseeing trips, but mostly it was all about that map.

"Once we got to Cairo, Roger started having dreams again about meeting a god, and crap like that. But now he wasn't drinking, and the girl wasn't around, and the gentlemen Roger had asked along started acting nuttier than Roger did, and so I said to myself, "Trouble is somewhere up the road." And then he really went off the deep end. He started telling me that we could meet the god as soon as he destroyed the eye and opened the path.

"That hotshot Huston should have talked Roger down, but he only encouraged him. So the first night that we were up the Nile at Dahshur, Roger snuck out and climbed up the Red Pyramid. Any of you guys ever climbed a pyramid? They're steep! But Roger started up that pile like a monkey. Never looked back or hesitated once, which proved to me that the poor guy was absolutely crazy. But I followed him up." (He laughs again.) "I was crazy, too."

"For about two-thirds of the way up the Red Pyramid, you just climb up over big chunks of rock, sort of like something some dumb kid could make by piling up a million great big construction blocks. The pyramid builders filled in all the gaps with nice smooth stone, but then later people stole that nice stone from around the bottom of the pyramid -- the high stuff was too hard to grab, and they couldn't finish the job. Well, Roger zipped right up this part, too, with me still behind, my eyes bulging out 'cause I could barely find handholds to keep from bouncing down the whole damn pyramid.

"There's a little flat place at the tip of the pyramid. When Roger reached the top, he put on some kind of robe and started making weird sounds, as though he had flipped for good. But then there was one hell of an explosion, with all kinds of funny echoes and screams with it, and a big red flash of light. Well, I lay there for a minute until it seemed safe to get up. He looked at me and said, "The eye is gone, Jack. Now we can be gods."



"Well, that was just Roger talk, you know, but beside him there was a big patch ripped right out of the stone, and it looked fresh. When I went back the next day, the patch had been filled in, as though the pyramid had repaired itself. But near the base of the pyramid, I found part of a rock which looked like it could have been in that patch originally, and it had this sign on it."

"I took it, even though I didn't know what it was at the time. But I know what it was now -- its strong magic kept evil things away from us, and Roger deliberately broke its power. It's still with my things, if you want it."

"Two days later, the whole gang -- Penhew, Roger, Huston, and Patty -- gave me the slip and disappeared into the Bent Pyramid. Some of the messenger boys went to find them, and they came out shrieking that the pyramid had eaten them! Woe, woe, woe! Bingo, the workers run in all directions! The whole dig was deserted. In five minutes, the only person left in the whole area was me. Well, I went in. Sure enough, nobody was inside. I was worried."

"But, a long time later, out come all the missing people from the pyramid. Roger says they'd been to Egypt, to the real Egypt. And that was about the most sensible thing he came out with. Penhew looked like he had lost about five years. And Patty and Huston both seemed somehow changed. Nobody would explain where they'd been, and nobody cared that from that day on it was hard to hire workmen."

"After that, when I'd wake up in the night, the rest of the gang would be talking creepy lingo like I'd never heard before. Then one evening, Roger said that he was going to show me the power of what they'd learned. We went out into the desert with a passel of Arabs. Everybody started screaming weird words and songs, and Penhew beat the drum that we got from Najjar."

"When creatures started coming out of the ground and eating the Arabs, and Roger and the others started laughing, why I took my leave, as they say, and went on a real toot. Roger found me the next day, and warned me that I'd better change my attitude. Well, I owed the kid, and I wouldn't desert him, but after that I started thinking real good."

"Then we went to Kenya, and Roger filled me in during the trip. They had found a true god, he said, who would rule the Earth, and we would rule with that god, for we were the chosen of the god. The god had picked us to open the way for his return. And there was enough in what they said -- and in what I saw -- to make me listen. Every week, Penhew seemed a little younger and a little livelier. Patty was sick a lot.

"We were going to leave Nairobi for some place in the mountains where there was no river, no railway, no telegraph, no police, and nobody who looked friendly. I figured that ol' Jack Brady wouldn't live very long there, so I made some arrangements. On the last night in Nairobi, I drugged Roger, grabbed the cash box (it was all Roger's money, anyway), and got me and him aboard an unscheduled deadhead freight train to Mombasa.

"Later I read that my guess was right. The newspapers said a lot of people died, including Roger. I figured it was better everybody thought that than tell them the truth, what with the state he was in and all.

"Anyway, my arrangements went off without a hitch -- that happens when you think small and carry a lot of cash. When we got to Mombasa, we got off before the causeway and found a fisherman who was willing to go to Zanzibar for a few dollars. From there we hopped a coastal trader to Durban, and in Durban we dyed our hair, got some decent clothes, and sailed for Perth.

"Now, on the way to Mombasa, Roger got some sleep, and he seemed to wake up a different person. I guess that being away from the influence of those other people let him return to his old self. I told him we were in a lot of trouble, and that we needed to hide out, and reminded him about the Arabs being killed in Egypt, and the god stuff, and so on, and he could remember it all right, although it didn't seem very important, somehow. But he understood the logic of the situation. After a week or so, though, his nightmares started, and he began to go off the deep end again. He was beginning to realize some of the things he had done.

"I was in Shanghai while I was in the Marines, and I had a fair number of friends here. By the time our ship put into Hong Kong, Roger could go no farther. He began shrieking at shadows and everything that moved. So I put him in a sanitarium there -- I had to use up most of the remaining money to get him settled. Then I went on to Shanghai, believing that I'd never see any member of that damned expedition but Roger again.

"So I thought, until I looked through naval glasses at a certain yacht, and saw Sir Aubrey Penhew preening on the deck of the *Dark Mistress*."

The ineffable Eye must be worked into a natural substance which is innately hard. The unrivalled light of the marvellous Eye transcends taint if all evil presences have been dispatched or dispelled.

He who first chants must be able to visualize the gift of the Elder Sign.

Of those signs sealing the festering of the dark god, the most potent is the Eye of Light and Darkness.

Inscribed into the substance of a high place near the haunts of evil, and no further than 30 li* from them, the Eye expels the evil strength for so long as the sign exists. The Eye must be created the afternoon before the full moon rises. Each Eye should reflect the lore of the place it is carved, and no two Eyes shall be exactly the same.

At moonrise, the blood of an innocent must fill the pupil of the Eye once per drumbeat from then to moonset. As the first blood is given, chant the words "sa-ma, sa-ma, te-yo, sa-ma," and continue until the moon sets. When next the moon rises, the Eye opens to ward and to guard. Gather the friends of good to work this wisdom, for too few shall surely fail.

The wondrous Eye must not first burn where evil beings or creatures lurk. Only one incorruptible Eye may guard a location. The blood for the pupil of the winnowing Eye must be fresh. All who chant must detest evil.

*Note: a "li," also known as a Chinese mile, is equal to roughly one third of a Western mile (0.5 km).

Grosvenor St.
Mayfair
London

December, 1923

Dear Sir Aubrey,

I hope this latest set of prototypes meets your approval.

The men at Henson's were both fascinated and perplexed by the last batch of schematics you supplied and as such, I would suggest casting a close eye over their craftsmanship, as they are not convinced that they have achieved the necessary tolerances set forth in your notes.

I would be grateful if you could either confirm that the implemented adaptations meet your requirements, or provide me with further instructions for Marshall's men.

Your loyal servant
Edward.

13th June 1921: at last I have arrived to begin the task of my lord and master, the Black Pharaoh. He has given me my dreams, given me Egypt, and I will duly repay him by giving him the world of nbn. The power, the beauty - none can appreciate who do not witness. I know the power, the glory; I bear the beauty of a life devoted to him.

30th August, 1927: Huston has at last sent the plans. Very complex and fascinating. It will take some time to grasp their meaning and begin building. I have been promised the knowledge necessary and my faith is strong.

4th September, 1921: the first shipments have arrived. All of us know great joy. Those from the sea have arrived to stay. The work begins...

15th January, 1922: the first, and simplest phase is complete. Shipments are arriving more quickly now. I must begin work on the trigger mechanism soon.

8th April, 1923: the rods have been drawn, but more knowledge is needed. Huston is worthy - I never would have thought it possible...

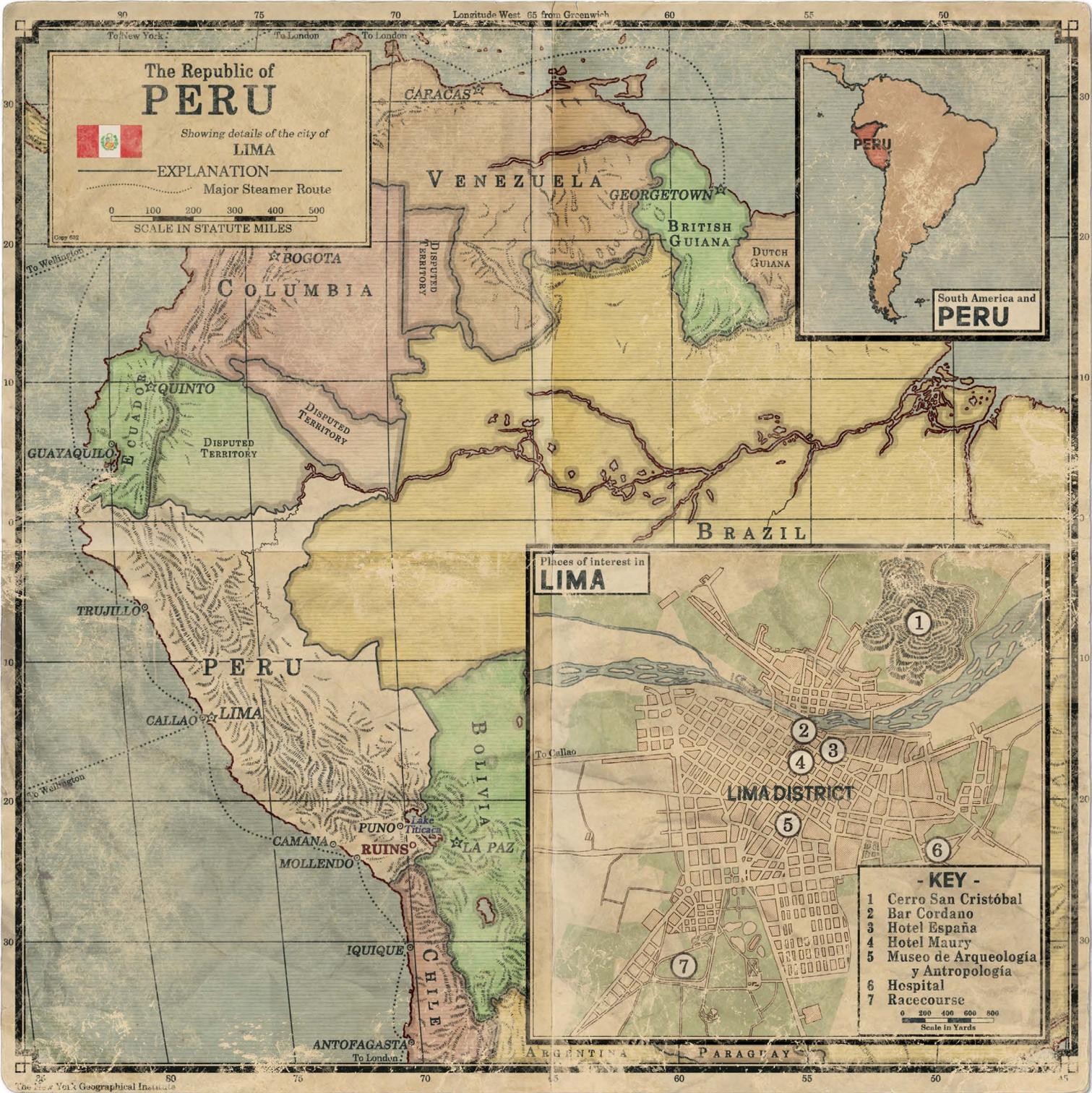
4th October, 1923: work on the missile has halted. Huston must open a deeper level, and that will take time. Our Master has promised to aid him by bringing one of the Great Race. How I long to speak to one of their number...

19th January, 1924: with joy we begin again. ~~The~~ Coon is the day...

29th September, 1924: Ho Fang warns of someone, a traitor, who knows our plans - is that nursing Carlyle still alive? Will Our Master deign to tell me? Perhaps I will call upon the Children of Great Ethulu to aid in rooting out and destroying the traitor.

7th February, 1925: the warhead and its trigger are finally complete, but the guidance system baffles me.

I must pray for instruction.

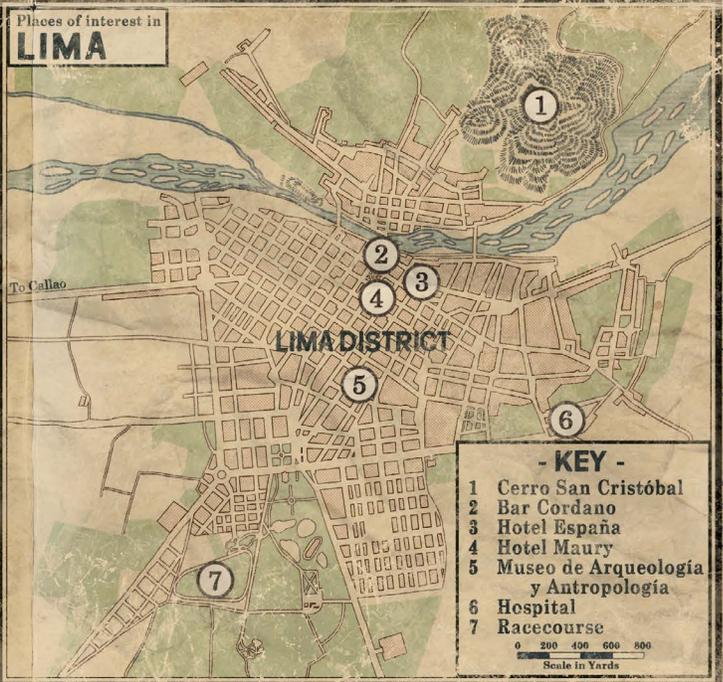


The Republic of PERU

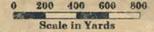
Showing details of the city of LIMA

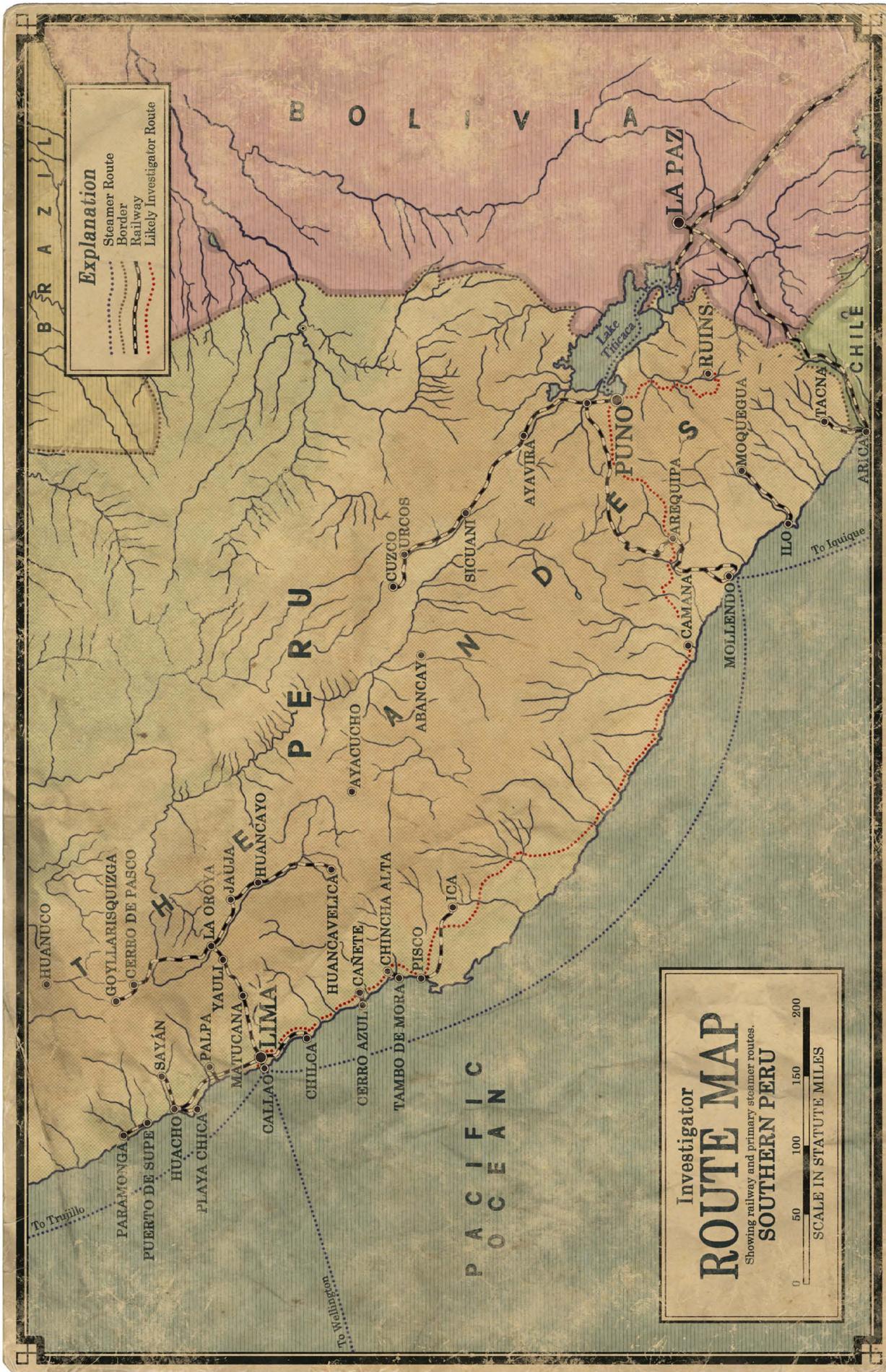


EXPLANATION
Major Steamer Route



- KEY -
- 1 Cerro San Cristóbal
 - 2 Bar Cordano
 - 3 Hotel España
 - 4 Hotel Maury
 - 5 Museo de Arqueología y Antropología
 - 6 Hospital
 - 7 Racecourse





Explanation
 Steamer Route
 Border
 Railway
 Likely Investigator Route

Investigator
ROUTE MAP
 Showing railway and primary steamer routes.
SOUTHERN PERU
 0 50 100 150 200
 SCALE IN STATUTE MILES

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A
N

To Trujillo

To Wellington

To Iquique

Lake Titicaca

HUANUCO

GOYLLARISQUIZGA
 CERRO DE PASCO

PARAMONGA
 PUERTO DE SUPE
 HUACHO
 PLAYA CHICA

SAYÁN
 PALPA
 YAULI

MATUCANA
 CALLAO
 LIMA
 CHILCA

HUANCAYO
 HUANCVELICA

CANETE
 CERRO AZUL
 TAMBO DE MORA

CHINCHA ALTA
 PISCO
 ICA

ABANCAY

AYACUCHO

CUZCO

URCOS

SICUANI

AYAVIRA

PUNO

AREQUIPA

CAMANA

MOQUEGUA

ILO

MOLLENDO

RUINS

TACNA

ARICA

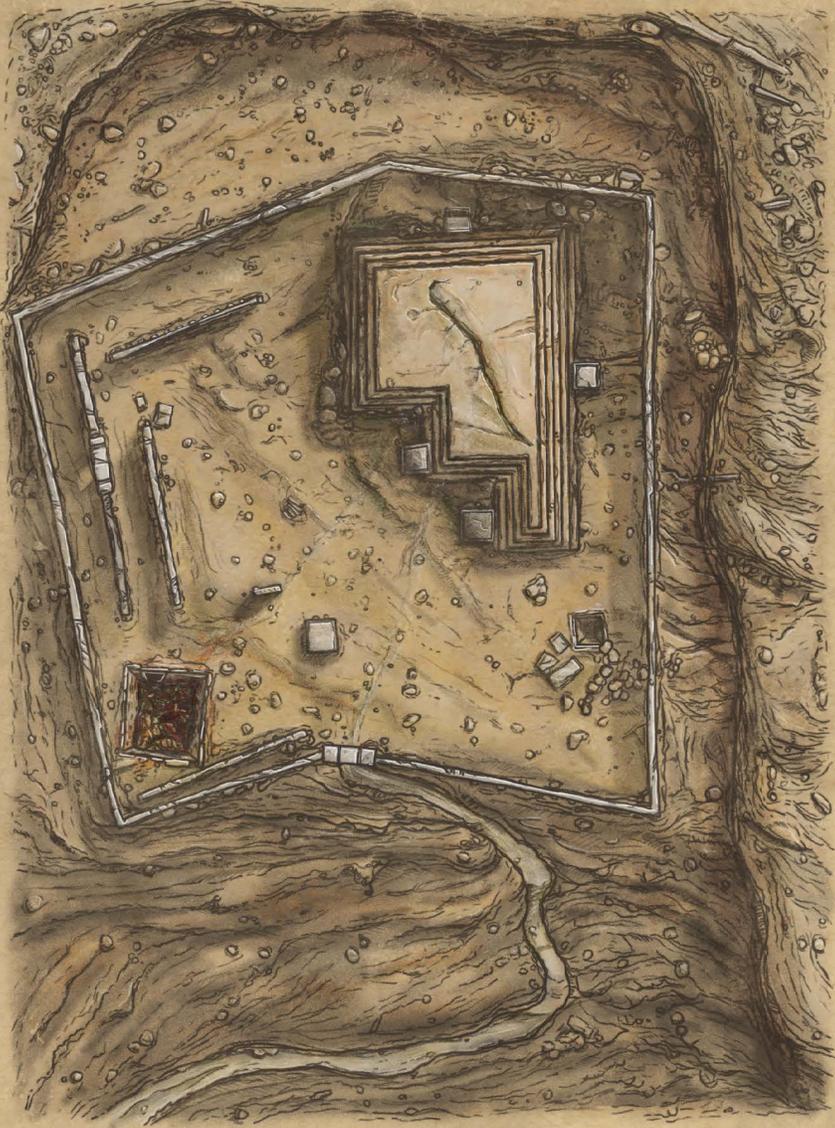
THE RUINS

Plan of the ruins and the tunnels beneath.

0 10 20 30
SCALE IN IMPERIAL YARDS



VIEW FROM ABOVE



THE TUNNELS BENEATH



— Player Notes —

Parts of GREATER NEW YORK

Marked with places of interest for the curious traveller.



- KEY**
- 1 New York University
 - 2 Bronx Zoological Park
 - 3 Yankee Stadium
 - 4 Central Park
 - 5 Medical Affairs Board
 - 6 La Prensa HQ

- INSET MAP**
- 7 The Plaza
 - 8 New York Times HQ
 - 9 Hotel Gerard
 - 10 Emerson Imports
 - 11 Times Square Hotel
 - 12 New York Public Library
 - 13 Murray Hill Hotel
 - 14 Prospero House
 - 15 The Alcazar Hotel
 - 16 Waldorf-Astoria
 - 17 New Grand Hotel
 - 18 Hotel Chelsea
 - 19 Broadway Central Hotel
 - 20 New York University
 - 21 The Hall of Records
 - 22 New York World HQ
 - 23 City Hall
 - 24 Woolworth Building
 - 25 New York Post Office
 - 26 Associated Press HQ
 - 27 Wall Street Journal HQ
 - 28 St. George Terminal



HARLEM

the Heart of Upper Manhattan

EXPLANATION

- SUBWAY STATION
- SUBWAY ROUTE
- RAILROAD
- RAISED RAILWAY

0 1/4 1/2 3/4 1
SCALE IN STATUTE MILES

KEY

- 1 Trinity Cemetery
- 2 Church of the Intercession
- 3 Polo Grounds
- 4 155th Street Station
- 5 Colonial Park
- 6 College of the City of New York
- 7 Hebrew Orphan Asylum
- 8 The Cotton Club
- 9 St. Nicholas Park
- 10 Fat Maybelle's
- 11 Convent of the Sacred Heart
- 12 New York Public Library
- 13 Amsterdam News HQ
- 14 Riverside Park
- 15 Grant's Tomb
- 16 Barnard College
- 17 Teachers' College
- 18 N.Y.C. Ticket Office
- 19 Columbia University
- 20 C. Ramsey's Office
- 21 Morningside Park
- 22 125th Street Station
- 23 Mount Morris Park
- 24 Saint Luke Hospital
- 25 Cathedral of St. John the Divine
- 26 Academy of Design
- 27 Harlem Hospital
- 28 Central Park



THE JU-JU HOUSE

Plan of the shop, surrounds, and basement.



West 138th Street

GROUND FLOOR

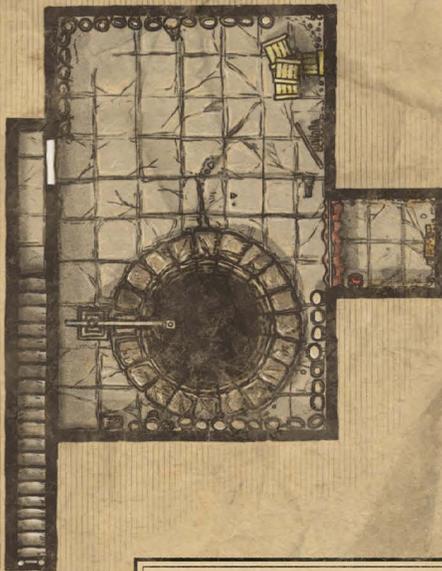
Abandoned
Pawn Shop



Alley leads to
West 137th Street



BASEMENT



Player Notes

KEY

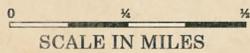
- 1 Grand Union Canal
- 2 King's Cross Station
- 3 St. Pancras Station
- 4 Euston Station
- 5 Gray's Inn
- 6 Liverpool St. Station
- 7 British Museum
- 8 Smithfield Markets
- 9 Penhew Foundation
- 10 St. Bartholemews Hospital
- 11 General Post Office
- 12 Public Records Office
- 13 The Scoop
- 14 The Bank of England
- 15 Royal Courts of Justice
- 16 St. Paul's Cathedral
- 17 Times Office
- 18 Inns of Court and Chancery
- 19 Covent Garden
- 20 Blackfriars Station
- 21 King's College
- 22 Blackfriars Bridge
- 23 Royal Academy
- 24 Southwark Bridge
- 25 The Tower of London
- 26 The National Gallery
- 27 London Bridge
- 28 Waterloo Bridge
- 29 Charing Cross Station
- 30 Tower Bridge
- 31 London Library
- 32 Admiralty
- 33 War Office
- 34 Hyde Park
- 35 Waterloo Station
- 36 Green Park
- 37 St. James's Park
- 38 Westminster Bridge
- 39 Buckingham Palace
- 40 Houses of Parliament
- 41 Westminster Abbey
- 42 Lambeth Palace
- 43 Elephant and Castle Station
- 44 Lambeth Bridge
- 45 Vauxhall Bridge



The city of
LONDON

EXPLANATION

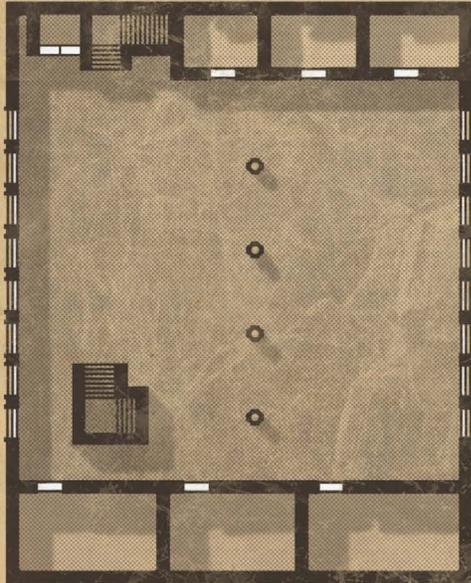
— Railway



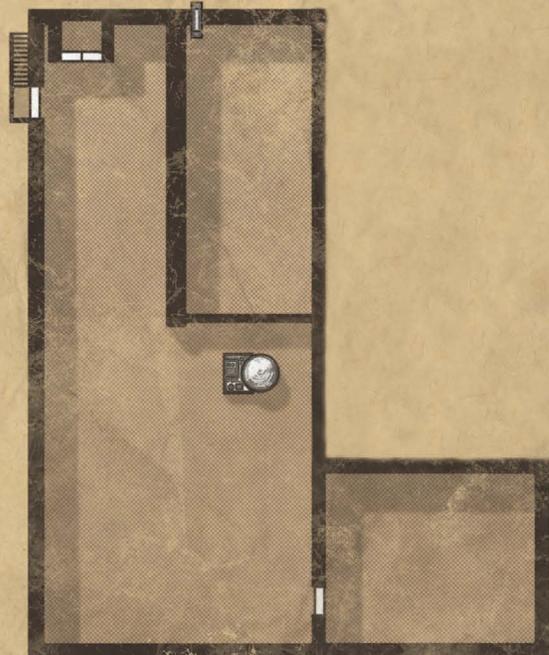
PENHEW FOUNDATION

A plan of the grand Penhew Foundation building.

0 5 10 15
SCALE IN IMPERIAL YARDS



— *Player Notes* —

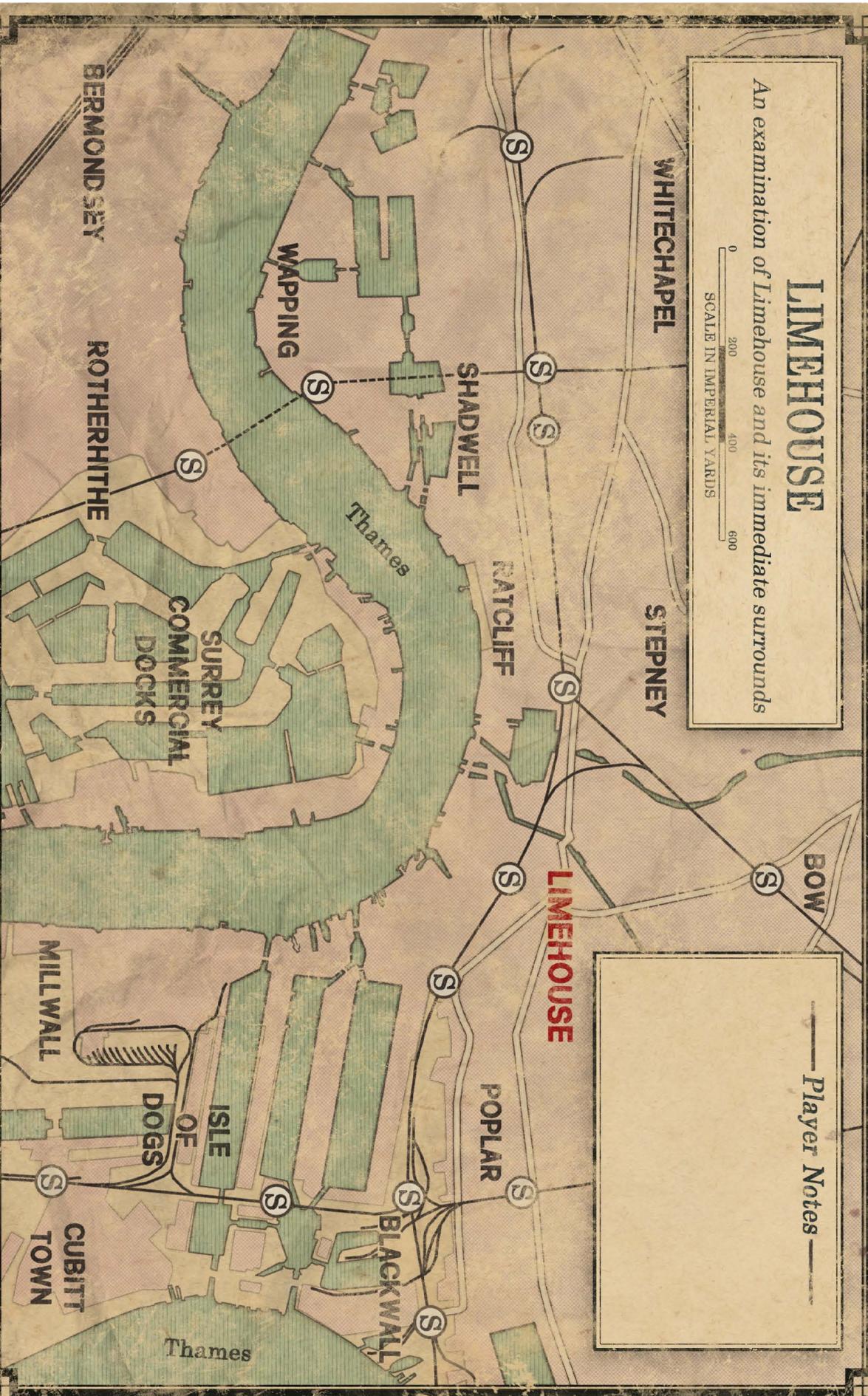


LIMEHOUSE

An examination of Limehouse and its immediate surrounds

0 200 400 600
SCALE IN IMPERIAL YARDS

— Player Notes —



WHITECHAPEL

STEPNEY

BOW

LIMEHOUSE

POPLAR

BLACKWALL

BERMONDSEY

ROTHERHITHE

WAPPING

SHADWELL

RATCLIFF

SURREY
COMMERCIAL
DOCKS

MILLWALL

ISLE
OF
DOGS

CUBITT
TOWN

Thames

Thames

SHIPLEY'S HOUSE

A plan and front elevation of Shipley's fragrant house.

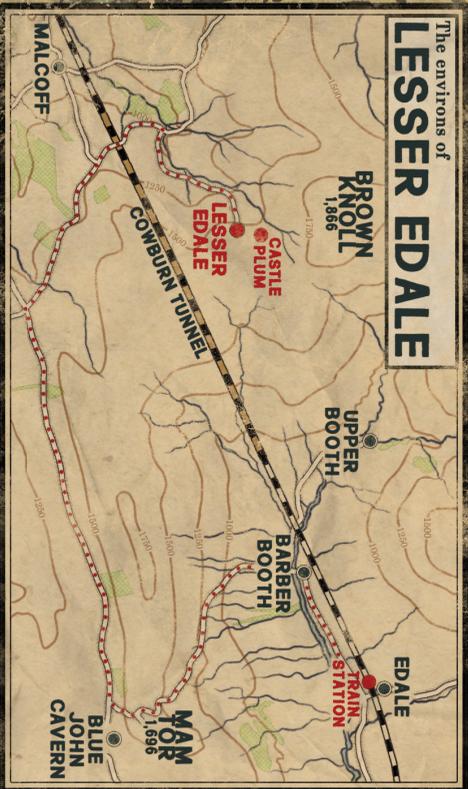
0 3 6 9
SCALE IN IMPERIAL YARDS

Player Notes



LESSER EDALE

Plan of the village and maps of its location



- Explanation**
- 1 Constable Tumwell's House
 - 2 Harold Short's House
 - 3 Church and Vicarage
 - 4 John Parkins' House
 - 5 Pitchlock General Store
 - 6 Laughing Horse Inn
 - 7 Veterinary Clinic

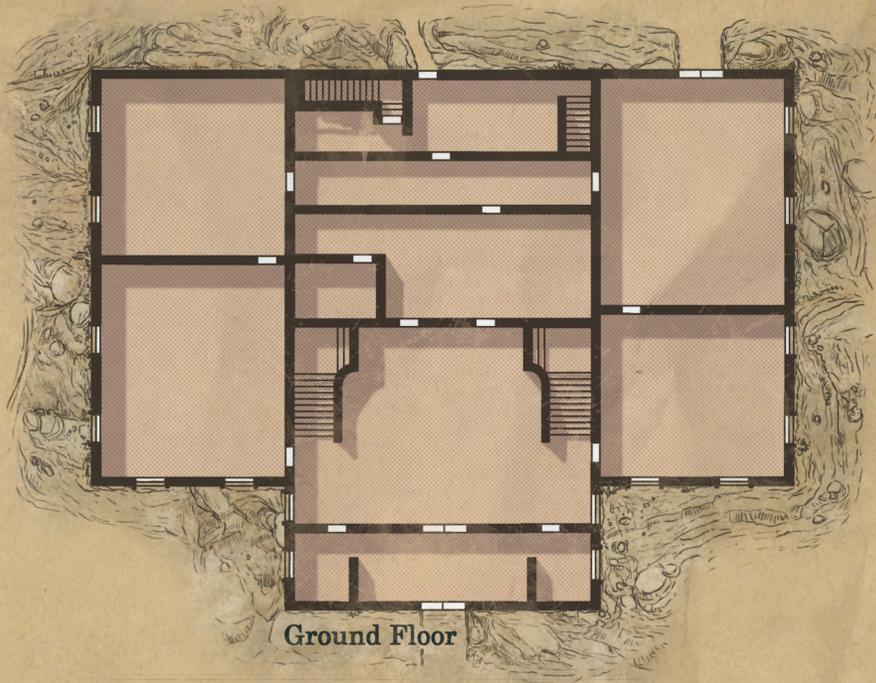
To Osgood Farm

To Castle Plum

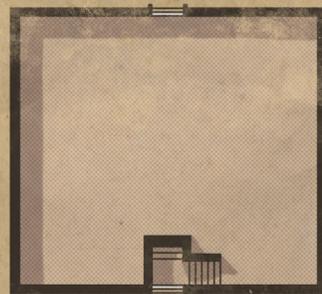
PLUM CASTLE

A plan of the castle

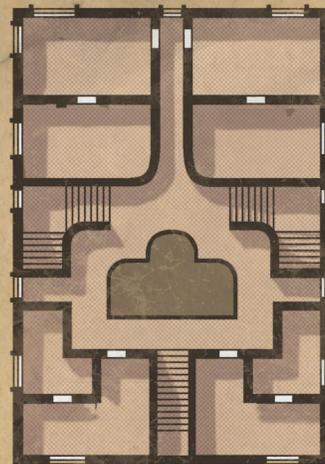
0 5 10 15
SCALE IN IMPERIAL YARDS



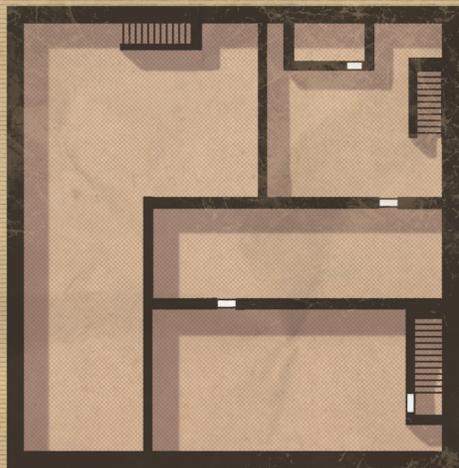
Ground Floor



Attic



Upper Floor

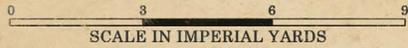


Cellar

— *Player Notes* —

BLUE PYRAMID CLUB

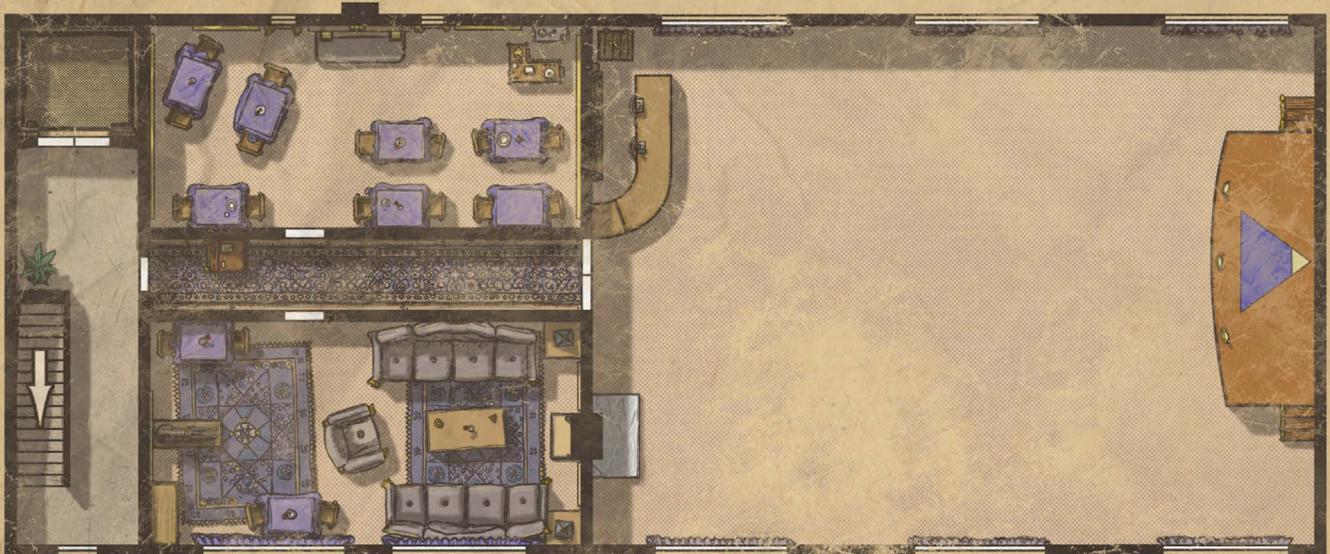
Details of the club and its position in Soho



Explanation

- A Blue Pyramid Club
- B Empire Spices

 Underground Station



GROUND FLOOR

All Arrows Point Up Stairs

EMPIRE SPICES

Plan of the shop and connected building



Neighboring Building



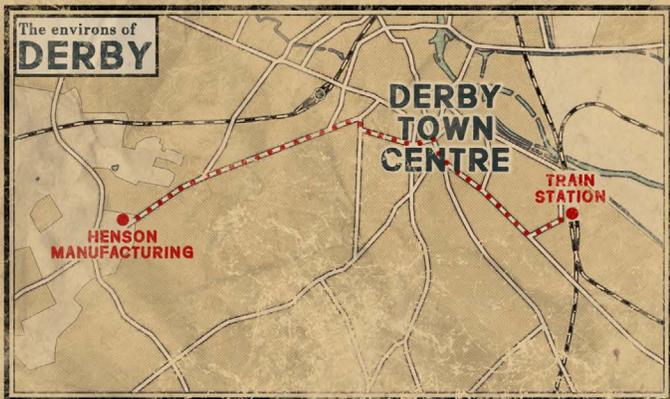
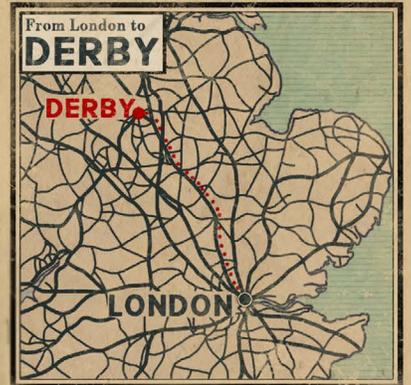
All Arrows Point
Up Stairs

— Player Notes —

HENSON MANUFACTURING

Plans of Henson Manufacturing and maps to guide interested investigators there.

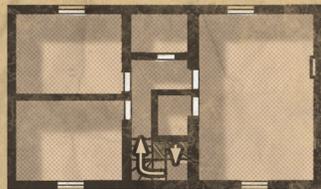
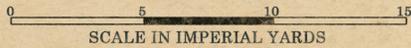
0 15 30 45
SCALE IN IMPERIAL YARDS



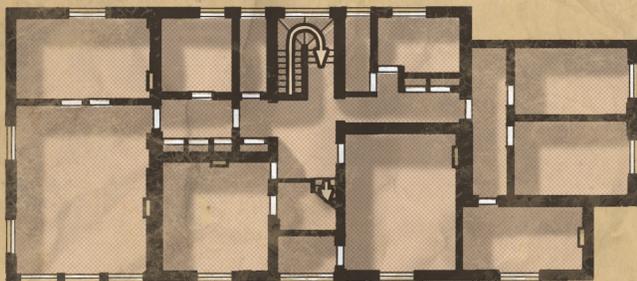
————— *Player Notes* —————

MISR HOUSE

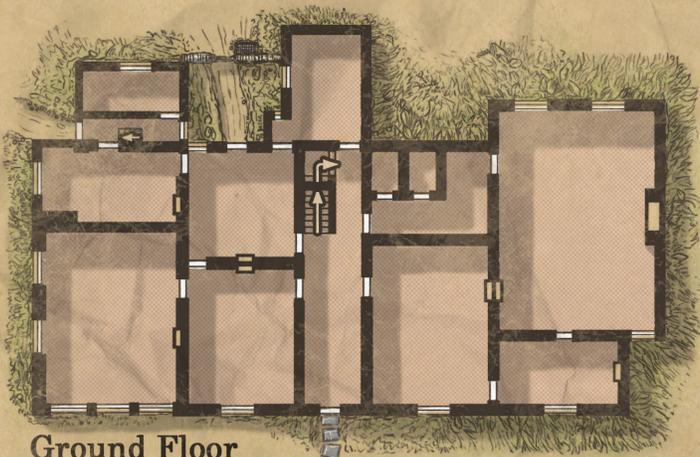
Plan of Misr House and maps concerning its location



Third Floor



Second Floor



Ground Floor



Basement

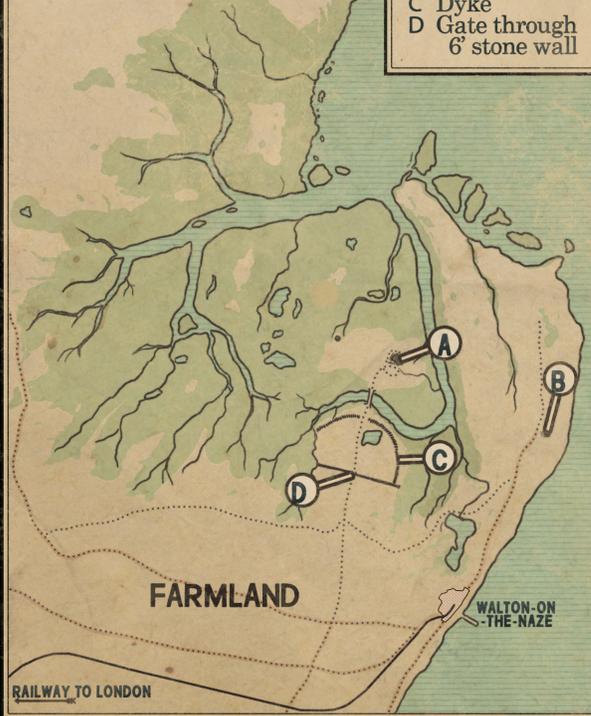
All Arrows Point Up Stairs

Details of THE NAZE

- Explanation -

- A Misr House
- B Naze Tower
- C Dyke
- D Gate through 6' stone wall

FARMLAND



From London to THE NAZE

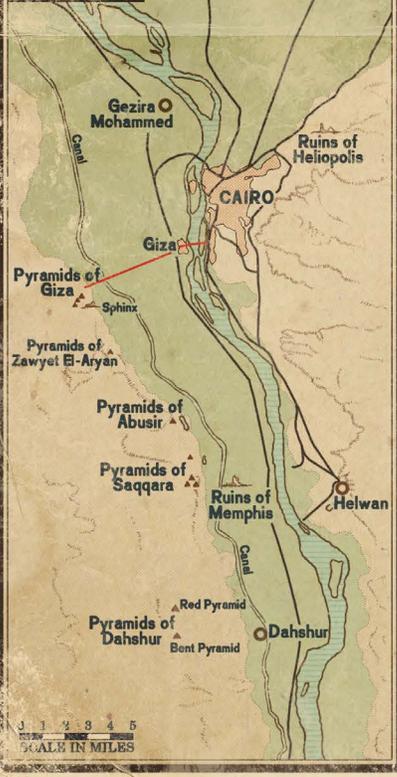


Player Notes

Places of interest in
LOWER EGYPT



Enviorns of
CAIRO



- KEY**
- 1 Main Station
 - 2 Gezira Sporting Club
 - 3 Shepherd's Hotel
 - 4 American Consulate
 - 5 Ezbekiya Park
 - 6 Street of Potters
 - 7 Post Office
 - 8 Muski Bazaar
 - 9 Khan el-Khalili Bazaar
 - 10 Al-Hussein Mosque
 - 11 Egyptian Museum
 - 12 Street of Jackals
 - 13 Abdin Palace
 - 14 Semiramis Hotel
 - 15 British Residency
 - 16 Street of Scorpions
 - 17 Citadel of Saladin
 - 18 Mosque of Ibn Tulun
 - 19 Zoological Gardens
 - 20 City of the Dead
 - 21 Mosque of Amr

The city of CAIRO

EXPLANATION

- Railroad
- Tramline

0 1/4 1/2 3/4 1

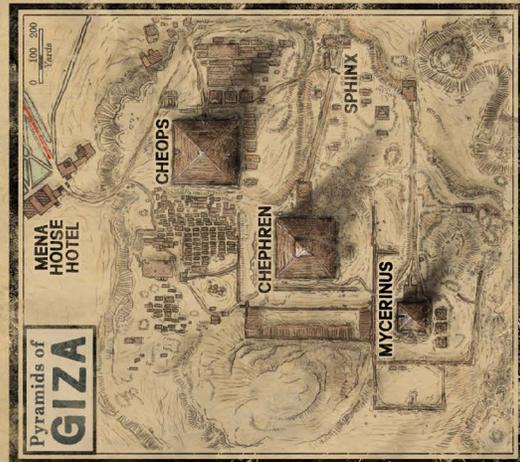
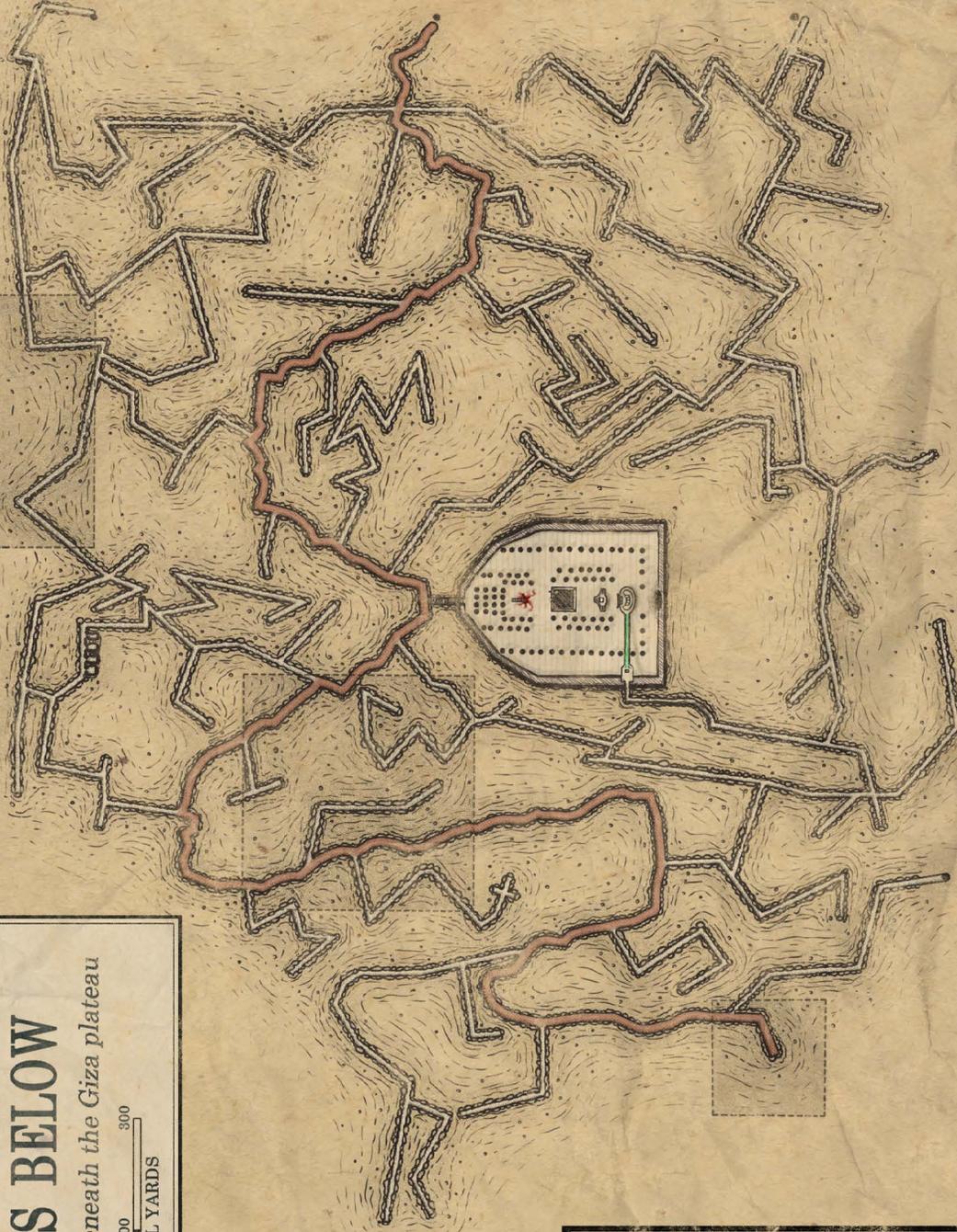
SCALE IN MILES

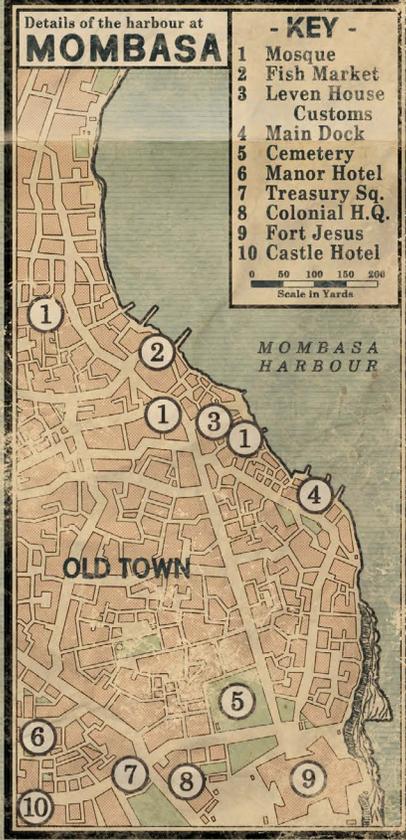
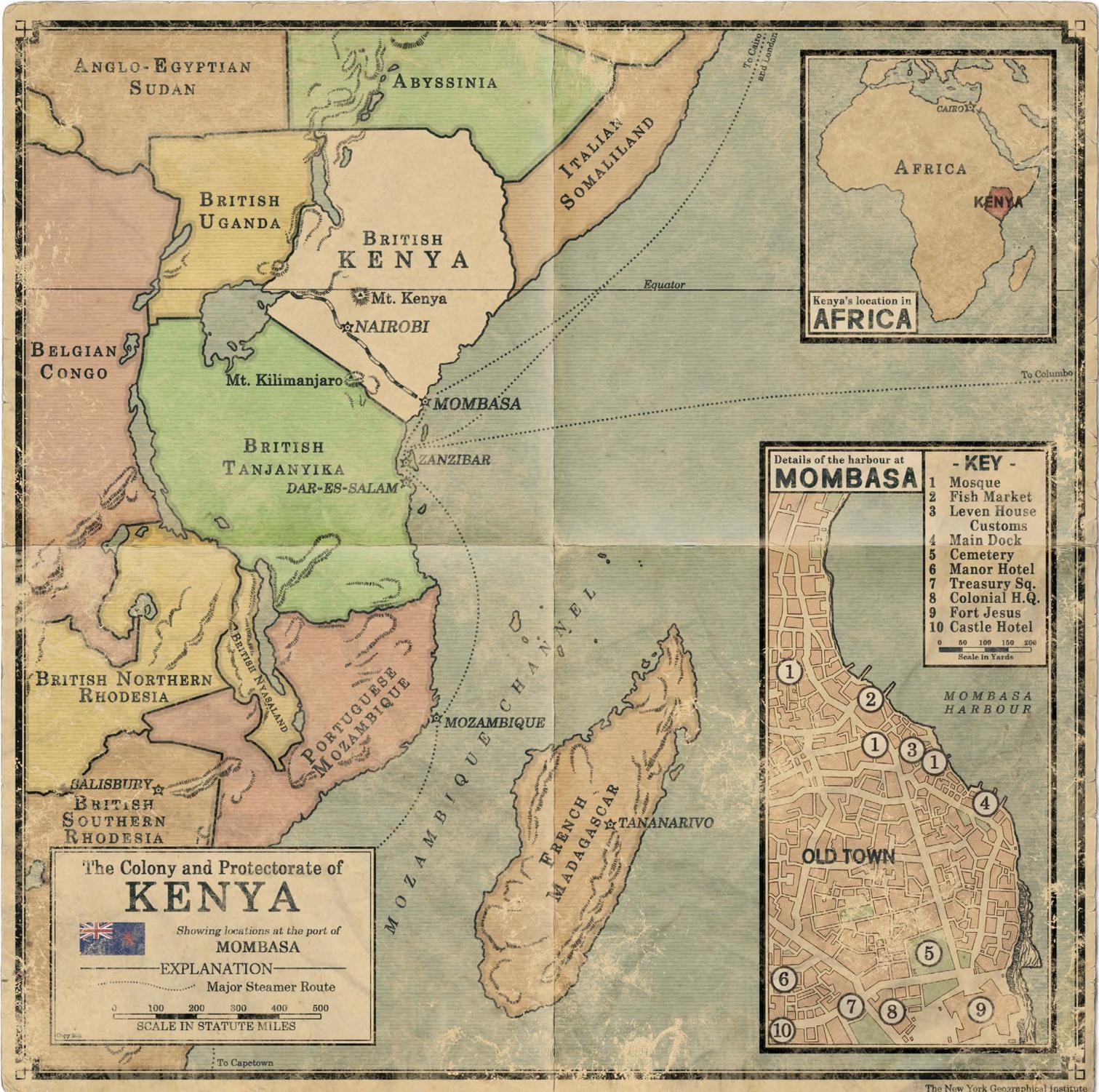
THE TUNNELS BELOW

A plan of the tunnel network beneath the Giza plateau



— Player Notes —



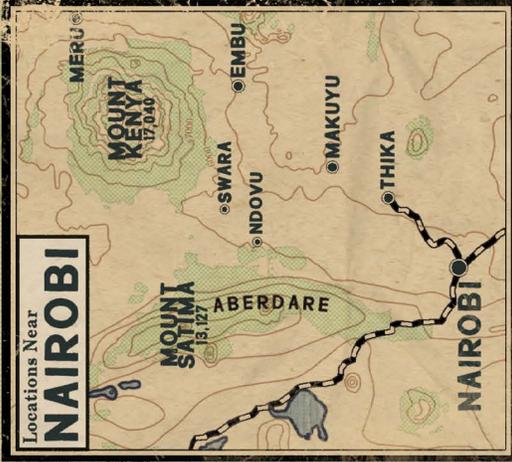


The Colony and Protectorate of
KENYA

Showing locations at the port of
MOMBASA

EXPLANATION
 Major Steamer Route

0 100 200 300 400 500
 SCALE IN STATUTE MILES



Explanation

..... Border

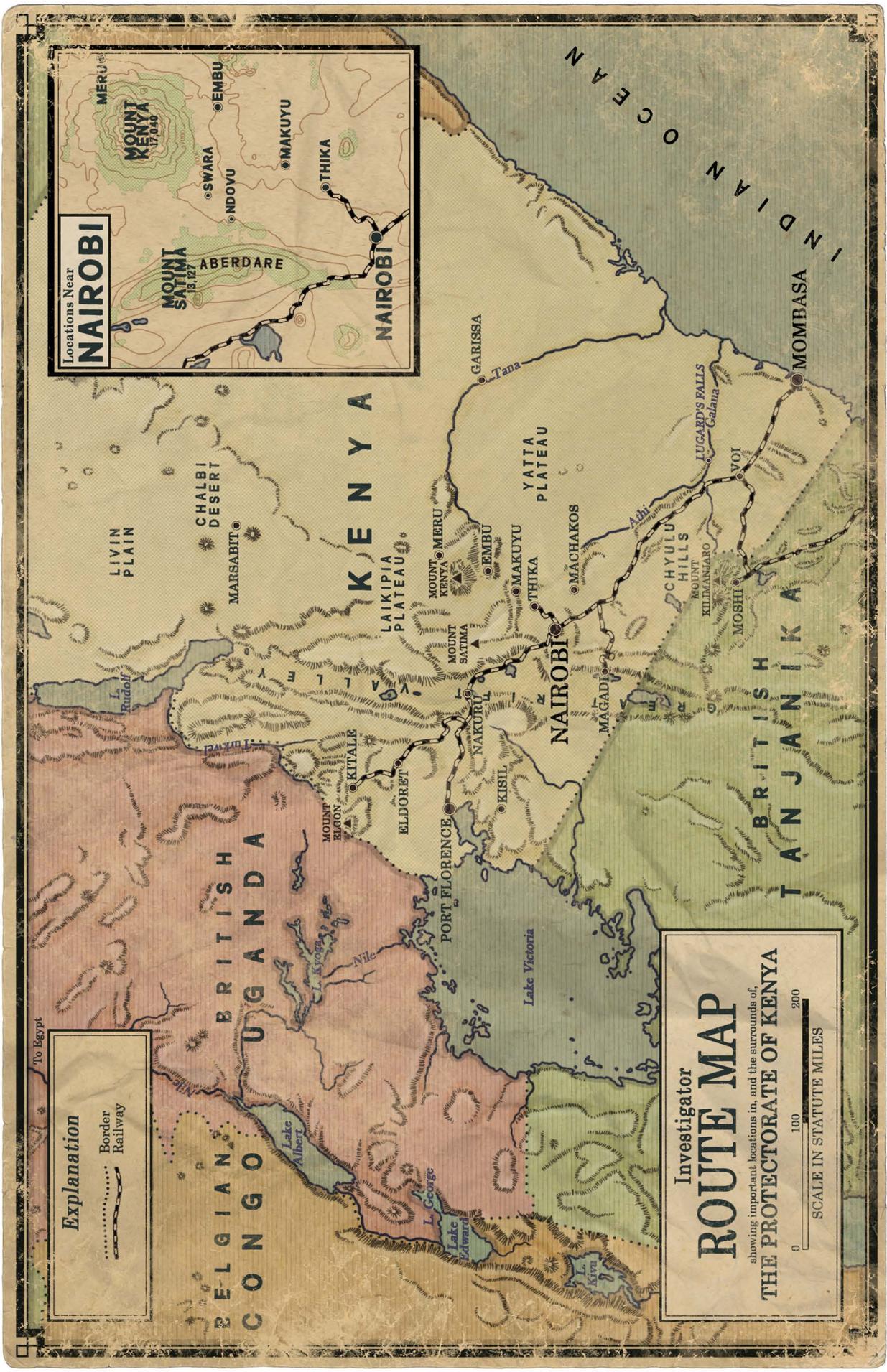
—— Railway

Investigator

ROUTE MAP

showing important locations in, and the surrounds of,
THE PROTECTORATE OF KENYA

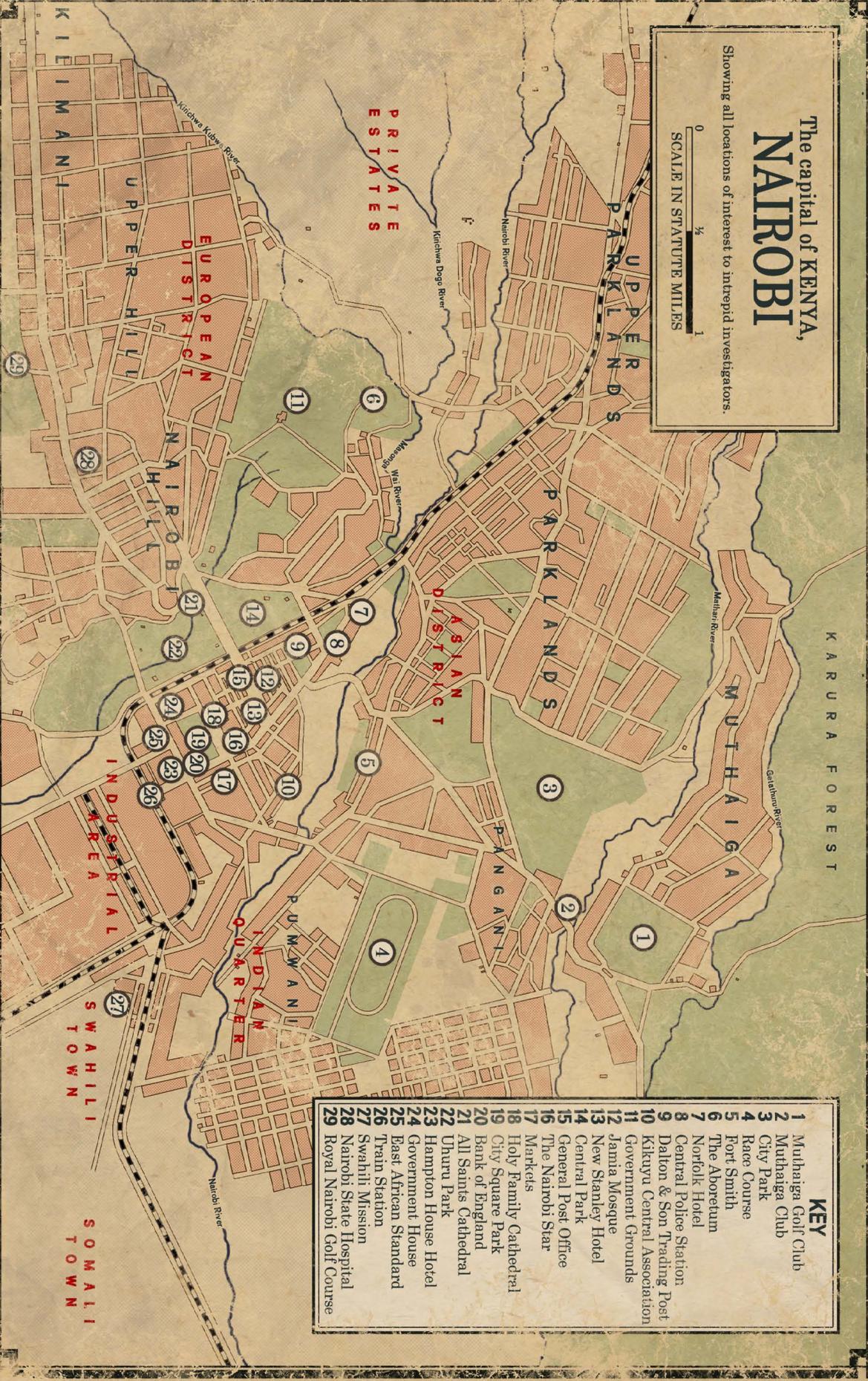
0 100 200
 SCALE IN STATUTE MILES



The capital of KENYA, NAIROBI

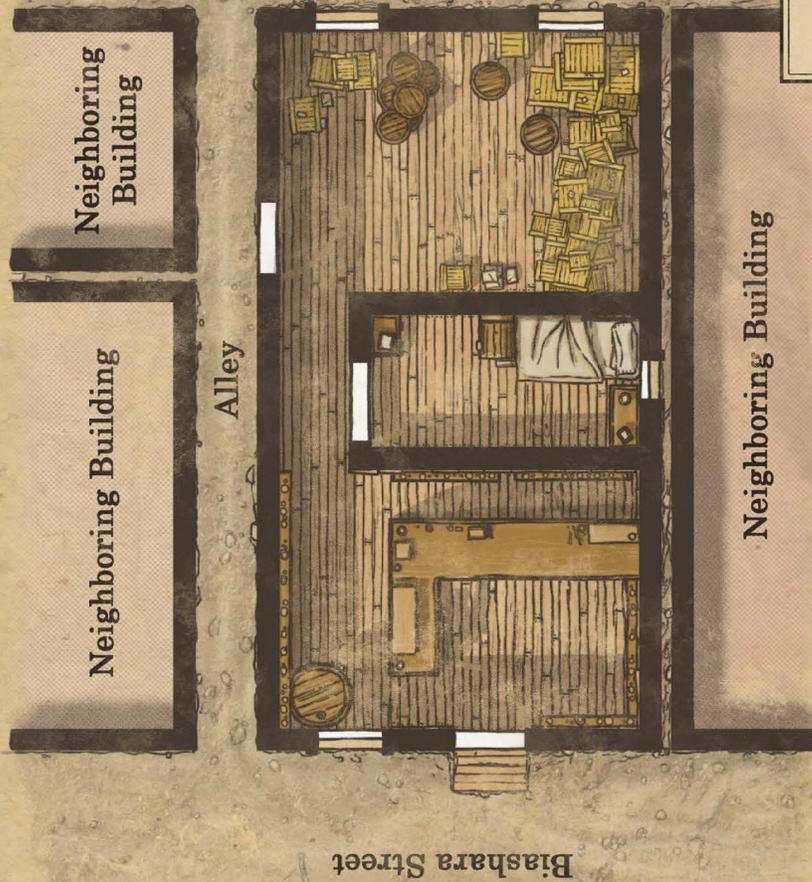
Showing all locations of interest to intrepid investigators.

0 1/2 1
SCALE IN STATUTE MILES



KEY

- 1 Muthaiga Golf Club
- 2 Muthaiga Club
- 3 City Park
- 4 Race Course
- 5 Fort Smith
- 6 The Aboretum
- 7 Norfolk Hotel
- 8 Central Police Station
- 9 Dalton & Son Trading Post
- 10 Kikuyu Central Association
- 11 Government Grounds
- 12 Jamia Mosque
- 13 New Stanley Hotel
- 14 Central Park
- 15 General Post Office
- 16 The Nairobi Star
- 17 Markets
- 18 Holy Family Cathedral
- 19 City Square Park
- 20 Bank of England
- 21 All Saints Cathedral
- 22 Uhuru Park
- 23 Hampton House Hotel
- 24 Government House
- 25 East African Standard
- 26 Train Station
- 27 Swahili Mission
- 28 Nairobi State Hospital
- 29 Royal Nairobi Golf Course

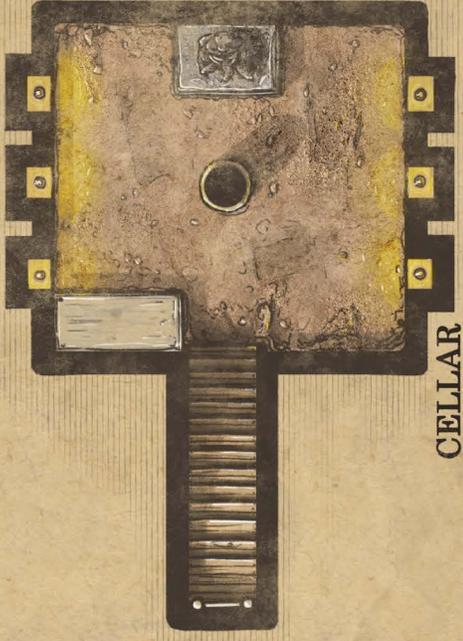


Neighboring Building

Neighboring Building

Alley

Neighboring Building



CELLAR

——— Player Notes ———

GROUND FLOOR

TAAN KAUR'S SHOP
 Plan of the ground floor, surrounds, and cellar.

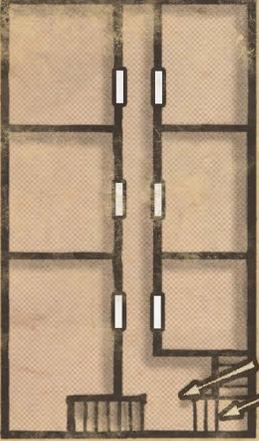
0 2 4 6
 SCALE IN IMPERIAL YARDS

THE GAME LODGE

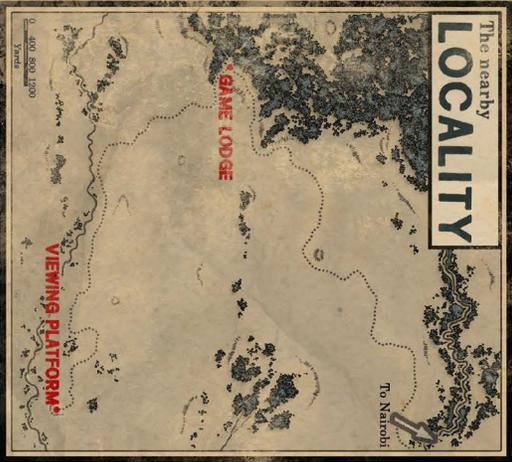
Examination of the lodge, viewing platform, and surrounding locality.



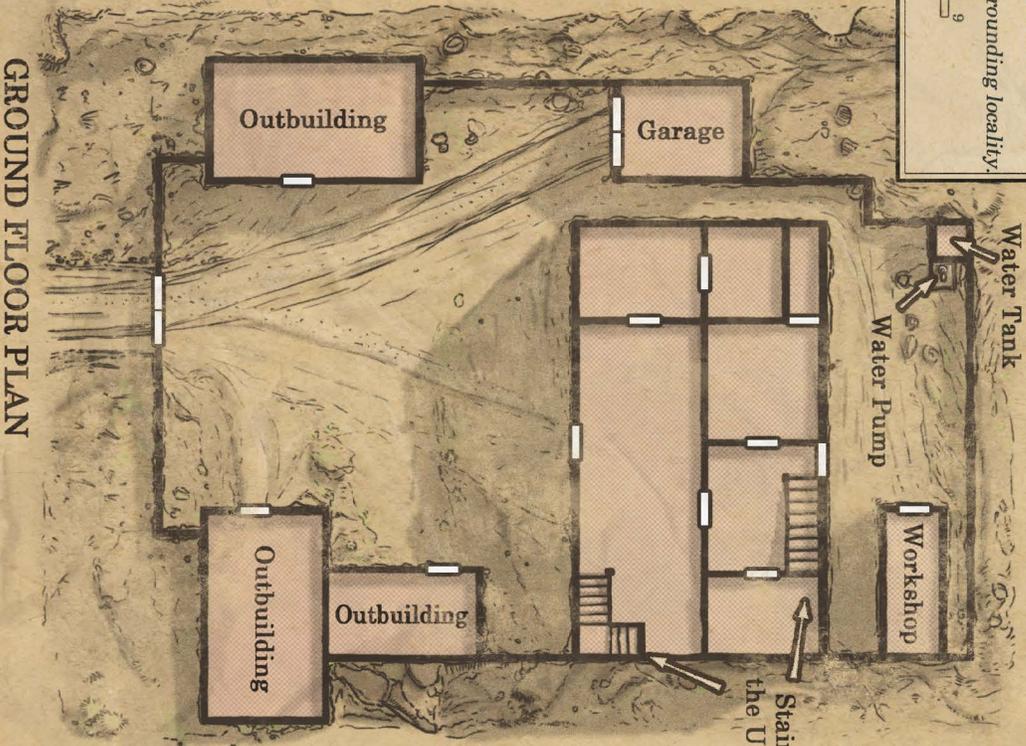
Stairs lead down to the ground floor



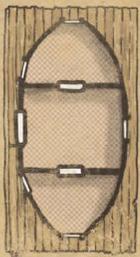
UPPER FLOOR PLAN



GAME LODGE



VIEWING PLATFORM



PLAN

Stairs lead to the Upper Floor



— Player Notes —

Player Notes

M'WERU'S CAVERN

Plan of M'Weru's gruesome lair.

0 1 2 3 4 5
SCALE IN IMPERIAL YARDS



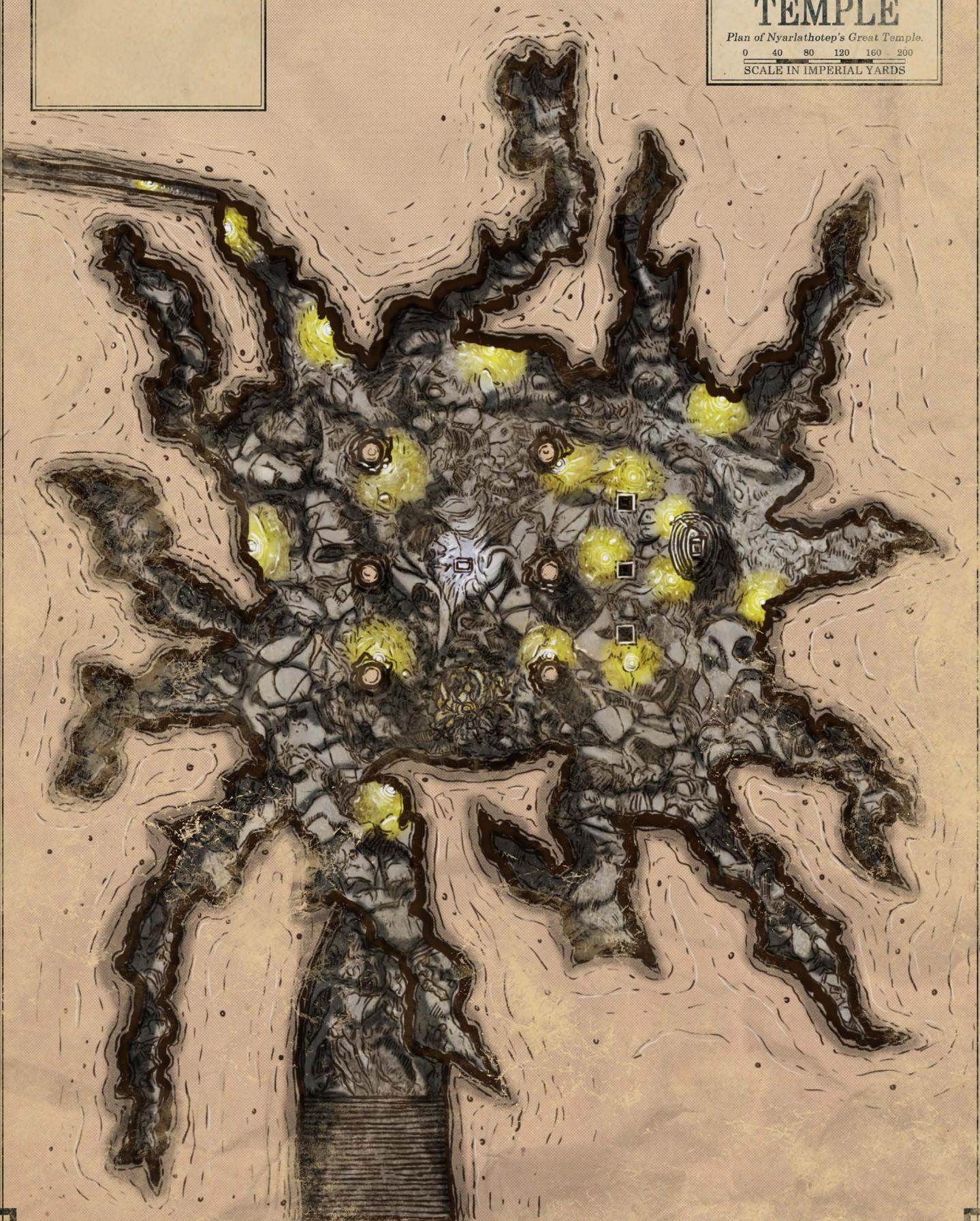
Explanation

THE GREAT TEMPLE

Plan of Nyarlathotep's Great Temple.

0 40 80 120 160 200

SCALE IN IMPERIAL YARDS





The Commonwealth of AUSTRALIA



With primary steamer ports marked.

EXPLANATION

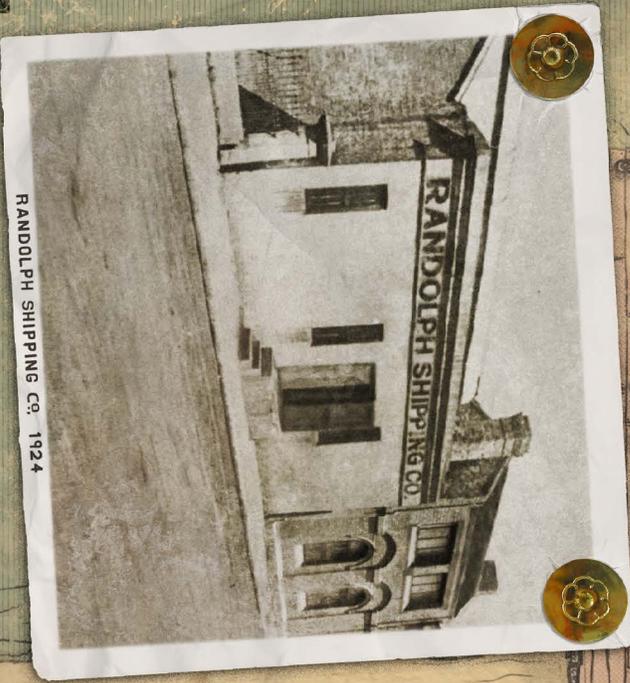
Major Steamer Route

0 100 200 300 400 500

SCALE IN STATUTE MILES

RANDOLPH SHIPPING CO.

Plan of the warehouse and surrounds



RANDOLPH SHIPPING CO. 1924



Beach

Road

Player Notes

Major Trails and Wells of the
CANNING BASIN
 in the north-west of the State of
WESTERN AUSTRALIA
 Note: Most marked lakes and rivers are dry outside rare wet seasons.
 0 100 200 300
 SCALE IN STATUTE MILES



Explanation

- Major Trail
- Canning Stock Route
- Railway
- Well

MOUNT ALEXANDER
 Welcome Water
 Escape Well
 Joanna Spring
 Discovery Well
 MOUNT MORRIS
 GREAT SANDY DESERT
 Adverse Well
 Percival Lakes
 Sahara Well
 CUNCUDGERIE HILL
 MOUNT MACHERSON
 DINGO FALLS
 Cuncudgerie
 MOUNT MCLARTY
 MOUNT BRUCE
 Family Well
 Jupiter Well
 Separation Well
 Bungabinni Well
 Nibil Well
 Mallova Wells
 Nimberra Well
 Surprise Well
 Patience Well
 GIBSON DESERT
 Lake Gregory
 Lake Disappointment
 Sunday Well
 LITTLE SANDY DESERT

The Close Environs of the
**CITY OF THE
 GREAT RACE**

The wells of the Canning Stock Route are numbered here 22 to 36.



G R E A T
 S A N D Y
 D E S E R T



G I B S O N
 D E S E R T

Explanation

- Trail
- Canning Stock Route
- Wycroft's Route

HUSTON'S MAIN ENTRANCE

0 1 2 3 4
SCALE IN IMPERIAL YARDS



— *Explanation* —

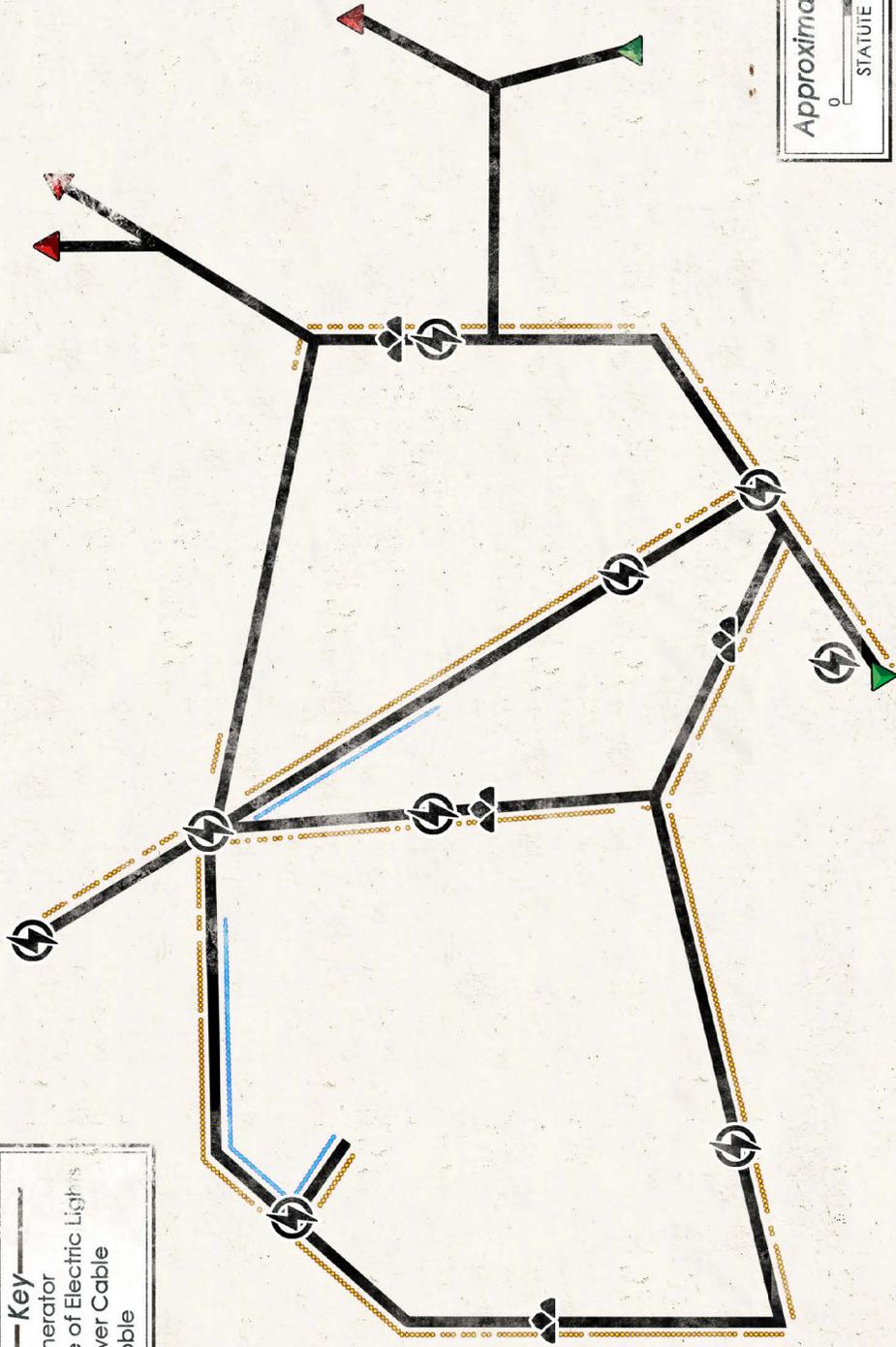
- 1 Parked trucks
- 2 Tarpaulin store
- 3 Generator

 Ancient blocks

PORTION OF THE CITY OF THE GREAT RACE

Key

- Generator
- Line of Electric Lights
- Power Cable
- Rubble



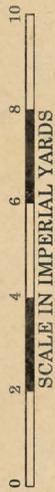
Approximate Scale

0 STATUTE MILES

This is a schematic map, with all distances between encounters approximate, though useful as a guide.

HUSTON'S HEADQUARTERS

Plan of the wood-frame building's three floors



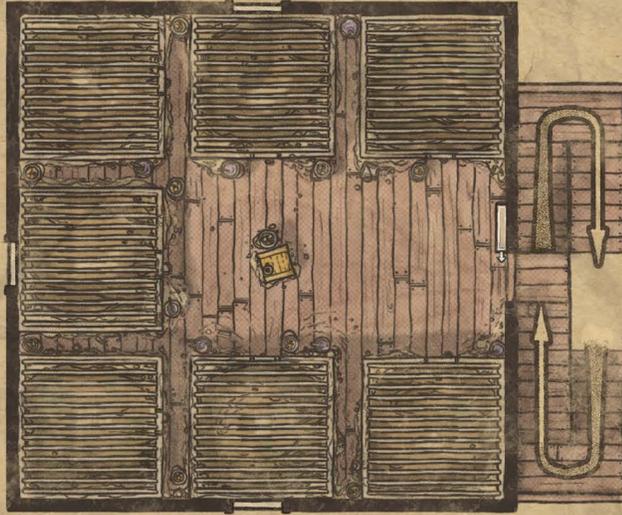
- Heavy curtain
- Sliding door
- Window

Top Floor



— Player Notes —

Middle Floor



Ground Floor



Environs of
SHANGHAI



Shanghai's location in the
FAR EAST



KEY

- 1 Hongkew Park
- 2 North Railway Station
- 3 Yo Fu Monastery
- 4 Court House
- 5 General Hospital
- 6 American Consulate
- 7 British Consulate
- 8 Shanghai Courier
- 9 Sassoon Building
- 10 Shanghai Library
- 11 Ching An Monastery
- 12 Post Office
- 13 Palace Hotel
- 14 Royal Asiatic Society
- 15 Recreation Ground
- 16 Shanghai Museum
- 17 Seaman's Club
- 18 French Consulate
- 19 Heng Shen Hotel
- 20 Town Gods' Temple
- 21 Confucius Temple
- 22 South Railway Station



The Pearl of the Orient
SHANGHAI

EXPLANATION
— Railroad

0 1/4 1/2 3/4 1
SCALE IN MILES

MR. LUNG'S APARTMENT

Plan of the apartment and its contents



— Player Notes —

Arrows point up
Stairs



Neighboring
Building

Stairwell to
other apartments

HO FANG'S WAREHOUSE

Plan of the warehouse's two floors



Arrows point
up stairs

— Player Notes —

Top Floor



Ground Floor



Dock



MU HSIEN'S HOUSE

0 1 2 3
SCALE IN IMPERIAL YARDS

— Player Notes —

Neighboring Building



HO FANG'S MANSION

A plan of Mister Ho's humble mansion.

0 5 10 15
SCALE IN IMPERIAL YARDS

Player Notes

Areas marked "X" are open to the air.



GRAY DRAGON ISLAND

Plan of the island.



Player Notes



Gray Dragon Lagoon Details

CALENDAR, 1925

JANUARY.							FEBRUARY.							MARCH.							APRIL.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
..	1	2	3	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	29	30	31	26	27	28	29	30
..

MAY.							JUNE.							JULY.							AUGUST.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
..	1	..	1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	28	29	30	26	27	28	29	30	31	..	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31	30	31

SEPTEMBER.							OCTOBER.							NOVEMBER.							DECEMBER.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
..	..	1	2	3	4	5	1	2	3	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	29	30	27	28	29	30	31
..

Printed, 1924

YEAR TO VIEW



DOCTOR ARTHUR DIBDEN

Age: 45 **Occupation:** Medical Doctor/Surgeon
Nationality: English

STR 50 **CON** 50 **SIZ** 80 **DEX** 70 **INT** 65
APP 35 **POW** 60 **EDU** 84 **SAN** 54 **HP** 13
DB: +1D4 **Build:** 1 **Move:** 6 **MP:** 12 **Luck:** roll 3D6 x5

Skills

Credit Rating 40% (20/8)
First Aid 70% (35/14)
Intimidate 20% (10/4)
Language (English) 84% (42/16)
Language (French) 20% (10/4)
Language (Latin) 20% (10/4)
Language (Spanish) 20% (10/4)
Medicine 75% (37/15)
Persuade 40% (20/8)
Psychoanalysis 30% (15/6)
Psychology 40% (20/8)
Science (Biology) 40% (20/8)
Science (Pharmacy) 35% (17/7)
Spot Hidden 40% (20/8)
Throw 40% (20/8)

Combat

Brawl 25% (12/5), damage 1D3+1D4
.32 revolver 30% (15/6), damage 1D8
Dodge 35% (17/7)

Backstory

Dibden served in the Royal Army Medical Corps for over twenty years. A brief marriage to his childhood sweetheart, Mary, ended in tragedy when she died in childbirth. Having lost both his love and his baby, Dibden lost himself in his work and service. Despite his experiences of the horrors of modern warfare during the Great War, his desire for travel was undiminished and, after the war, he journeyed across the Atlantic to the Americas. While initially enjoying the sights of the USA, his fascination for South America led him to Mexico, and then down to Colombia. Over the last few months, Dibden has provided medical and assistance in the aftermath of the Spanish 'Flu epidemic. Recently, he caught sight of press notices concerning an expedition being established in Lima, Peru by one Augustus Larkin. Eager to see for himself the ancient land of Peru, he contacted Larkin and secured a place on the expedition for his medical expertise in the field.



- **Description:** above average height and quite heavily built, with graying hair and lined features, his eyes have a haunted look.
- **Traits:** caring, but doesn't suffer fools lightly. Seeks escape from the horrors of the past.
- **Ideology/Beliefs:** has turned to atheism after all he has seen and experienced.
- **Treasured Possessions:** locket round his neck that contains a picture of his wife Mary.

PULP ADJUSTMENTS

Archetype: Scholar (page 20, *Pulp Cthulhu*)

Core Characteristic: change EDU to 90

Hit Points: 26

Add/Adjust Skills: Anthropology 40%, Language (Spanish) 60%, Natural World 30%.

Talents

- **Resourceful:** spend 10 Luck points to find a useful piece of equipment.
- **Stout Constitution:** spend 10 Luck points to reduce poison or disease damage and effects by half.

ARCHIBALD WASHINGTON

Age: 26 **Occupation:** Engineer
Nationality: American

STR 85 **CON** 70 **SIZ** 70 **DEX** 70 **INT** 70
APP 60 **POW** 50 **EDU** 45 **SAN** 50 **HP** 14
DB: +1D4 **Build:** 1 **Move:** 8 **MP:** 10 **Luck:** roll 3D6 ×5

Skills

Climb 40% (20/8)
Credit Rating 10% (5/2)
Drive Auto 40% (20/8)
Fast Talk 45% (22/9)
Intimidate 60% (30/12)
Jump 40% (20/8)
Language (English) 45% (22/9)
Listen 30% (15/6)
Mechanical Repair 60% (30/12)
Psychology 30% (15/6)
Science (Engineering) 70% (35/14)
Spot Hidden 40% (20/8)
Stealth 40% (20/8)
Swim 50% (25/10)
Throw 50% (25/10)

Combat

Brawl 70% (35/14), damage 1D3+1D4
.38 revolver 60% (30/12), damage 1D10
Firearms (Rifle)* 50% (25/10)
Dodge 35% (17/7)

**Archibald does not own a rifle.*

Backstory

Archibald spent his youth in Boston getting into trouble on the streets and with the law; everyone believed he'd spend the majority of his life inside a jail, that is until he discovered boxing. Directing all of his energy into the sport, he focused on winning matches and rose quickly through the ranks to become a real contender. Yet, fortune was never on his side. On the eve of title fight, he was "advised" to throw the fight or his family would face the consequences. He lost but hated himself for doing so. Driven by his innate sense of justice, he killed the gangster who had threatened his family and fled Boston, joining up with the Army to fight in the war where he was trained in engineering. Since returning from France, he has worked as a mechanic but better engineering jobs have eluded him. Archibald craves excitement, desperate to break free of the drudgery and the day-to-day racism he endures. Reading that an expedition in Peru needed an engineer, he contacted the expedition's leader Augustus Larkin and offered his services. Using up all of his meager savings, Archibald bought a ticket and headed for Lima in Peru. Perhaps there he'll find the meaning he has been searching for in life.



- **Description:** African American, with a broad and well-built physique; a handsome face belies his boxing career.
- **Ideology/Beliefs:** hates bullies and those who think they are superior; has a strong sense of justice and seeks to put matters right (even if it means stepping outside of the law).
- **Treasured Possessions:** photograph of his late mother, which he keeps in his wallet.

PULP ADJUSTMENTS

Archetype: Grease Monkey (page 19, *Pulp Cthulhu*)

Core Characteristic: change INT to 90

Hit Points: 28

Add/Adjust Skills: Electrical Repair 40%, Locksmith 40%, Spot Hidden 60%.

Talents

- **Night Vision:** in darkness, reduce difficulty of rolls for Spot Hidden and ignore penalty die for shooting in the dark.
- **Weird Science:** may build/repair weird science devices.
- Or, at Keeper's discretion, replace any one above with **Gadget:** start game with a weird science gadget.

PROFESSOR ELEANOR BUTLER

Age: 39 **Occupation:** History Professor
Nationality: American

STR 55 **CON** 65 **SIZ** 65 **DEX** 65 **INT** 65
APP 35 **POW** 65 **EDU** 90 **SAN** 65 **HP** 13
DB: 0 **Build:** 0 **Move:** 8 **MP:** 13 **Luck:** roll 3D6 x5

Skills

Archaeology 30% (15/6)
Climb 30% (15/6)
Credit Rating 35% (17/7)
Fast Talk 40% (20/8)
History 75% (37/15)
Jump 35% (17/7)
Language (English) 90% (45/18)
Language (German) 50% (25/10)
Language (Greek) 35% (17/7)
Language (Spanish) 40% (20/8)
Library Use 45% (22/9)
Listen 40% (20/8)
Mechanical Repair 15% (7/3)
Natural World 20% (10/4)
Occult 20% (10/4)
Persuade 40% (20/8)
Psychology 30% (15/6)
Spot Hidden 30% (15/6)
Stealth 35% (17/7)
Swim 40% (20/8)

Combat

Brawl 60% (30/12), damage 1D3
Dodge 35% (17/7)

Backstory

Eleanor grew up on a farm in the Midwest, yearning for a break from the monotony of her life. When faced with the prospect of marrying a local boy, she resolved to escape the future that destiny had in store for her and ran away, jumping a train to New York. Working what jobs she could find, she still found time for her favorite pastime, reading history books in the New York Public Library—a lifelong passion that drove her into getting an education and becoming a historian. In academic life, she has yet to make a mark, a fact that often plays upon her mind, as she sees others finding renown while her work goes unrecognized. After seeing Augustus Larkin's announcement about his expedition to find a lost pyramid in Peru, Eleanor resolved to do something challenging and unexpected. She signed up with Larkin and packed her bags for Peru in search of adventure and fame.



- **Description:** white American, average height and build, with shoulder-length brown hair and brown eyes.
- **Traits:** ambitious; rages with anger when pushed too far; tends to hold grudges.
- **Ideology/Beliefs:** grab the opportunity when it presents itself.
- **Treasured Possessions:** the fountain pen given to her by the fiancé she left at the altar.

PULP ADJUSTMENTS

Archetype: Femme Fatale (page 18, *Pulp Cthulhu*)

Core Characteristic: change APP or INT to 90

Hit Points: 26

Add/Adjust Skills: Art/Craft (Acting) 40%, Charm 50%, Stealth 45%.

Talents

- **Keen Hearing:** gain a bonus die to Listen rolls.
- **Resilient:** may spend Luck points to shrug-off Sanity loss, on one-for-one basis.

WINSTON GREENE

Age: 26 **Occupation:** Archaeologist **Nationality:** American

STR 75 **CON** 55 **SIZ** 70 **DEX** 50 **INT** 80
APP 75 **POW** 55 **EDU** 75 **SAN** 55 **HP** 12
DB: +1D4 **Build:** 1 **Move:** 8 **MP:** 11 **Luck:** roll 3D6 x5

Skills

Appraise 30% (15/6)
Archaeology 60% (30/12)
Charm 40% (20/8)
Climb 30% (15/6)
Credit Rating 70% (35/14)
History 55% (27/11)
Intimidate 30% (15/6)
Jump 30% (15/6)
Language (English) 75% (37/15)
Language (Latin) 20% (10/4)
Library Use 40% (20/8)
Listen 40% (20/8)
Mechanical Repair 35% (17/7)
Natural World 25% (12/5)
Navigate 35% (17/7)
Persuade 30% (15/6)
Spot Hidden 50% (25/10)
Stealth 30% (15/6)
Throw 35% (17/7)

Combat

Brawl 30% (15/6), damage 1D3+1D4
.38 automatic 30% (15/6), damage 1D10
Dodge 35% (17/7)

Backstory

Winston has always led a cosmopolitan life, being brought up by affluent parents in San Francisco. Never having to struggle to find his path, he enjoyed a private education away from the harsher realities of life. Despite his silver-spoon upbringing, Winston always looked to the horizon with a burning desire to challenge himself, and to find out who he really was. It wasn't until university that he discovered his passion for history and the ancient world. Tired of being excluded from college societies because of his race, he found that delving into the past seemed to provide him a means to escape the modern world and its ills. Upon graduation, Winston sought to join numerous archaeological surveys but was turned down again and again. Knowing his credentials were equal, if not better, than other graduates, he grew both angry and depressed, as it appeared he'd never be able to prove his worth and make a name for himself in his chosen field. Near to giving up his dreams, he came across a news article concerning a man called Augustus Larkin who was outfitting an expedition to find a lost pyramid in deepest Peru. On contacting Larkin, Winston was delighted to be accepted without reservation. Finally, it seemed the fates had allowed him an opportunity, which he now intends to seize with both hands.



- **Description:** African American; a slim and wiry physique, with handsome features.
- **Traits:** ambitious, yearns to make a name for himself, intolerant of bullies and racists.
- **Ideology/Beliefs:** Christian with a strong sense of right and wrong.
- **Treasured Possessions:** the pocket Bible from his mother.

PULP ADJUSTMENTS

Archetype: Outsider (page 20, *Pulp Cthulhu*)
Core Characteristic: change INT or CON to 90
Hit Points: 25 (32 if CON 90)
Add/Adjust Skills: Intimidate 60%, Fighting (Brawl) 50%, Language (Spanish) 30%, Navigate 50%.

Talents

- **Strong Willed:** gain a bonus die when making POW rolls.
- **Alert:** never surprised in combat.

PERRY ASTOR

Age: 36 **Occupation:** Explorer
Nationality: Canadian

STR 70 **CON** 70 **SIZ** 60 **DEX** 70 **INT** 50
APP 50 **POW** 65 **EDU** 25 **SAN** 65 **HP** 13
DB: +1D4 **Build:** 1 **Move:** 9 **MP:** 13 **Luck:** roll 3D6 ×5

Skills

Climb 25% (12/5)
Credit Rating 25% (12/5)
Intimidate 40% (20/8)
Jump 40% (20/8)
Language (English) 25% (12/5)
Language (Spanish) 11% (5/2)
Listen 30% (15/6)
Mechanical Repair 40% (20/8)
Natural World 30% (15/6)
Navigate 40% (20/8)
Psychology 25% (12/5)
Ride 60% (30/12)
Spot Hidden 30% (15/6)
Stealth 40% (20/8)
Survival (Desert) 30% (15/6)
Survival (Jungle) 15% (7/3)
Throw 30% (15/6)
Track 30% (15/6)

Combat

Brawl	50% (25/10), damage 1D3+1D4
.45 revolver	45% (22/9), damage 1D10+2
.30-06 bolt-action	60% (30/12), damage 2D6+4
Dodge	35% (17/7)

Backstory

Growing up in a ranching family outside of Calgary, Canada, meant Perry would never settle for a sedentary life. Even as a youngster, he lived to feel the wind rushing through his hair as he raced at breakneck speed on horseback around his father's ranch. "Tough as jerky" his father used to call him. Book-learning wasn't Perry's style; he preferred getting his hands all bloody and muddy at any opportunity, and despite the wishes of his father, was too full of spunk for the life of a rancher and yearned for adventure. At the age of 17, Perry took off and set about seeing the world. Over the years he has traveled extensively across North and South America, working all manner of jobs to pay his way. Recently, while supporting an expedition to Tiwanaku in western Bolivia, Perry heard about Augustus Larkin's proposed trek in Peru to seek out a lost pyramid. Wiring ahead, he wrote that there was no one better qualified to support the undertaking and told Larkin to expect him in Lima. Perry has raced up the Peruvian coastline (nearly 900 miles; 1,400 km) to Lima to arrive in time for the expedition's departure.



- **Description:** white Canadian, tall, with weathered features and short, unruly hair usually hidden beneath his hat.
- **Traits:** wanderlust: irritable when sat still for too long. Sometimes a little too quick to anger.
- **Ideology/Beliefs:** a man learns by doing and getting his hands dirty*.
- **Treasured Possessions:** "Mary," the Bowie knife given to him by his father.

**Although he doesn't know it, Perry suffers from dyslexia: the root cause for his dislike of books and reading.*

PULP ADJUSTMENTS

Archetype: Explorer (page 18, *Pulp Cthulhu*)

Core Characteristic: change either DEX or POW to 90

Hit Points: 26

Sanity Points: 90 (if POW 90)

Add/Adjust Skills: Animal Handling 40%, Climb 50%, Dodge 45% (if DEX 90), Fighting (Brawl) 70%, Survival 35%.

Talents

- **Heavy Hitter:** spend 10 Luck points to add additional melee damage die.
- **Quick Healer:** natural healing is increased to +3 hit points per day.

JENNIFER SMALLWOOD

Age: 36 **Occupation:** Dilettante
Nationality: English

STR 35 **CON** 70 **SIZ** 50 **DEX** 70 **INT** 65
APP 55 **POW** 60 **EDU** 60 **SAN** 60 **HP** 12
DB: 0 **Build:** 0 **Move:** 8 **MP:** 12 **Luck:** roll 3D6 x5

Skills

Art/Craft (Dancing) 35% (17/7)
Charm 50% (25/10)
Climb 25% (12/5)
Credit Rating 80% (40/16)
Disguise 40% (20/8)
Intimidate 30% (15/6)
Jump 35% (17/7)
Language (English) 60% (30/12)
Language (French) 20% (10/4)
Listen 30% (15/6)
Navigate 30% (15/6)
Psychology 20% (10/4)
Ride 35% (17/7)
Spot Hidden 30% (15/6)
Stealth 30% (15/6)
Swim 25% (12/5)

Combat

Brawl 30% (15/6), damage 1D3
12g shotgun (2B) 40% (20/8), damage 4D6/2D6/1D6
Dodge 45% (22/9)

Backstory

Jennifer heralds from an English family whose wealth was accumulated during the early 19th century through shipping ventures. Her parents were lost at sea in 1888 while on board the SS *Vaitarna* on route to Bombay, leaving Jennifer and her older sister Valerie the heirs to the Smallwood fortune. While Valerie preferred to remain at the family's home in Hampshire, Jennifer packed her bags and elected to travel to the New World. The decision strained her relationship with her sister, who considered a lady's job was to find a suitable husband and not go gallivanting to foreign climes. After partying in New York and then California, Jennifer grew weary of the endless dances and queues of men bidding for her interest. She resolved that there was much more to see and experience and set about looking for (as she put it) "something different." Seeing an article about an expedition being mounted in Peru seeking people with a yearning for adventure, Jennifer contacted the man in charge, one Augustus Larkin, who told her of his quest to find a lost pyramid. Her offer to donate \$1,000 toward the expedition was gladly accepted by Larkin. With her travel arrangements in place, Jennifer set off for Lima and her destiny.



- **Description:** white English, tall and slender, with dark hair sporting a fashionable bobbed cut.
- **Traits:** adventurous, foolhardy, and forever on the go.
- **Ideology/Beliefs:** sometimes you have to crack a few eggs to make an omelet (i.e., get things done). Devout Catholic upbringing.
- **Treasured Possessions:** travel wallet containing a photograph of her family in happy times; a gold necklace given to her by departed father.

PULP ADJUSTMENTS

Archetype: Thrill Seeker (page 22, *Pulp Cthulhu*)

Core Characteristic: change DEX or POW to 90

Hit Points: 24

Sanity Points: 60 (if POW 90)

Add/Adjust Skills: Climb 50%, Dodge 45% (if DEX 90), Drive Auto 40%, Fast Talk 40%, Stealth 50%.

Talents

- **Master of Disguise:** spend 10 Luck points to gain bonus dice to Disguise rolls; ventriloquism.
- **Nimble:** does not lose next action when "diving for cover" versus firearm attacks.

JOHAN BRAUN

Age: 48 **Occupation:** Professor of Languages
Nationality: German

STR 55 **CON** 60 **SIZ** 50 **DEX** 70 **INT** 65
APP 45 **POW** 70 **EDU** 85 **SAN** 70 **HP** 11
DB: 0 **Build:** 0 **Move:** 8 **MP:** 14 **Luck:**
roll 3D6 x5

Skills

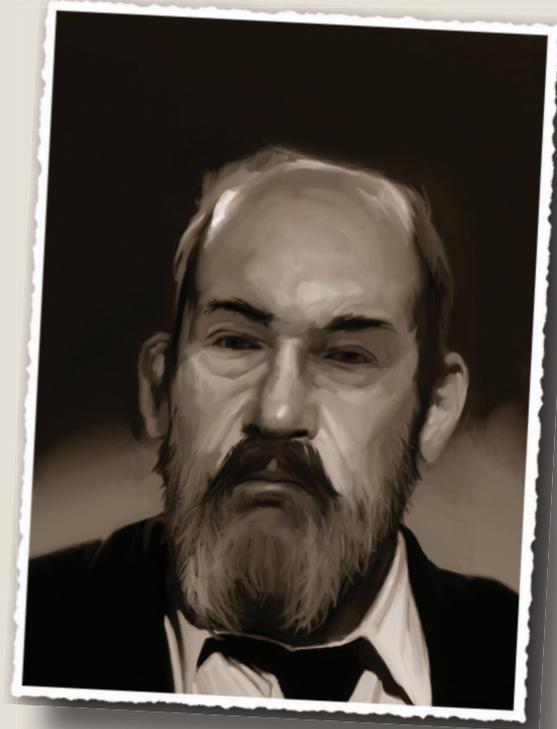
Appraise 30% (15/6)
Credit Rating 31% (15/6)
History 30% (15/6)
Intimidate 30% (15/6)
Language (Arabic) 40% (20/8)
Language (Cuneiform) 20% (10/4)
Language (English) 60% (30/12)
Language (German) 85% (42/17)
Language (Greek) 50% (25/10)
Language (Spanish) 30% (15/6)
Law 20% (10/4)
Library Use 60% (30/12)
Occult 20% (10/4)
Persuade 40% (20/8)
Psychology 40% (20/8)
Spot Hidden 30% (15/6)

Combat

Brawl 25% (12/5), damage 1D3
Dodge 40% (20/8)

Backstory

Johan's mother was a librarian and his father a language teacher, which may explain his great love of books and languages: throughout childhood, the young boy was surrounded with books on science, history, myths, and more. The top of his class, Johan pursued an academic career, reading languages and classics at the University of Würzburg in Bavaria. It was while teaching at his alma mater that the Great War broke out and Johan was called to serve on the Western Front. Surviving the horrors of the trenches, he left Europe as quickly as he could and headed to America to take up a post at the University of California in Berkeley. Despite a promising start, Johan never felt he fit in with the American way of life and began to grow disillusioned with academia. He read with interest about the resurgence of archaeological digs taking place in the wake of the war, and discovered an article featuring an interview with a man called Augustus Larkin, who was proposing to mount an expedition into the interior of Peru to seek out a lost pyramid; the interview ended with Larkin calling for experts and adventurers to contact him. Wasting no time, Johan corresponded with Larkin and secured a place on the team; Larkin felt his knowledge of languages would prove useful. Larkin's last letter told Johan to meet him and the other expedition members in Lima.



- **Description:** white German, short and a little overweight, with receding hair, a beard, and a prominent mustache.
- **Traits:** dives for cover when hearing a loud noise (compliments of his war experience); a distinct thirst for knowledge.
- **Ideology/Beliefs:** the war was a terrible mistake and humanity should never succumb to such base instincts again: we must work together to build a better future free from the horrors of the past.
- **Treasured Possessions:** the silver hip flask that saved his life: the English bullet is still lodged tightly in the metal.

PULP ADJUSTMENTS

Archetype: Seeker (page 21, *Pulp Cthulhu*)

Core Characteristic: change INT to 90

Hit Points: 22

Add/Adjust Skills: Appraise 50%, Library Use 80%, Listen 50%, Science (Mathematics) 30%.

Talents

- **Quick Study:** halve reading times for Initial and Full Reading of Mythos tomes and other books.
- **Linguist:** able to determine what language is being spoken or what is written; gains a bonus die to Language rolls.

PRANIT SINGH DHILLON

Age: 29 Occupation: Ex-Soldier
Nationality: Indian

STR 75 CON 65 SIZ 80 DEX 65 INT 65
APP 75 POW 60 EDU 65 SAN 60 HP 14
DB: +1D4 Build: 1 Move: 7 MP: 12 Luck: roll 3D6 x5

Skills

Climb 50% (25/10)
Credit Rating 20% (10/4)
Intimidate 55% (27/11)
Language (Arabic) 31% (15/6)
Language (English/Punjabi) 65% (32/13)
Language (Spanish) 31% (15/6)
Listen 35% (17/7)
Spot Hidden 55% (27/11)
Stealth 60% (30/12)
Survival (Desert) 30% (15/6)
Throw 60% (30/12)

Combat

Brawl 65% (32/13), damage 1D3+1D4
Kirpan (knife) 65% (32/13), damage 1D4+2+1D4
Saber (sword) 60% (30/12), damage 1D8+1+1D4
Chakram (thrown) 60% (30/10), damage 1D8+1D2,
(range 40 yards)
.45 Martini-Henry rifle 55% (27/11), damage 1D8+1D6+3
Dodge 65% (32/13)

Backstory

Born and raised in the Punjabi city of Ferozepore, Pranit's family have a long history of military service; first for the Maharajas of the Sikh Empire, and then for the British after the empire's fall. Keen to follow in his forebears' footsteps, Pranit joined the 14th Prince of Wales's Own Ferozepore Sikhs as soon as he could. During the Great War, the battalion saw service in Egypt, Gallipoli, Persia, and Mesopotamia (where the valor of the Sikh soldiers earned them the nickname "the Black Lions"). Having been one of the few to survive the bloodbath that was the Third Battle of Krithia unscathed (Gallipoli, 1915), Pranit was finally invalidated out of the army due to injury just before the Armistice. Finding it difficult to settle into civilian life, Pranit decided to put his military skills to good use and now travels the world as a soldier for hire. His previous contract as a guard at one of Peru's silver mines had just expired, so seeing an advertisement for Augustus Larkin's expedition to find a lost pyramid couldn't have come at a better time. On reading his service history, Larkin has taken Pranit on as security for the upcoming expedition.



- **Description:** Indian, tall and handsome, with piercing eyes, an unkempt beard, and a pale-blue turban.
- **Traits:** proud and loyal to those he considers his comrades.
- **Ideology/Beliefs:** god is one, and all men (and women) are equal.
- **Treasured Possessions:** the five Ks (the articles of his faith), including his kangha (ivory comb), kara (steel bangle), and kirpan (ceremonial knife).

PULP ADJUSTMENTS

Archetype: Steadfast (page 22, *Pulp Cthulhu*)

Core Characteristic: change CON to 90

Hit Points: 34

Add/Adjust Skills: First Aid 50%, Navigate 20%, Psychology 50%, Survival (Jungle) 30%.

Talents

- **Hardened:** ignores Sanity point loss from attacking other humans, viewing horrific injuries, or the deceased.
- **Heavy Hitter:** may spend 10 Luck points to add an additional damage die when dealing out melee combat.

FRANCOISE PELLETIER

Age: 33 **Occupation:** Photographer
Nationality: French

STR 55 **CON** 60 **SIZ** 55 **DEX** 65 **INT** 70
APP 55 **POW** 70 **EDU** 65 **SAN** 70 **HP** 11
DB: 0 **Build:** 0 **Move:** 8 **MP:** 14 **Luck:** roll 3D6 x5

Skills

Art/Craft (Photography) 65% (32/13)
Charm 65% (32/13)
Credit Rating 30% (15/6)
Drive Auto 30% (15/6)
Language (English) 30% (15/6)
Language (French) 65% (32/13)
Language (Spanish) 50% (25/10)
Persuade 50% (25/10)
Psychology 60% (30/12)
Science (Chemistry) 40% (20/8)
Spot Hidden 65% (32/13)

Combat

Brawl 25% (12/5), damage 1D3
Dodge 40% (20/8)

Backstory

The daughter of a naval attaché, Francoise had never lived anywhere long enough to consider it home. When her father was stationed in Lima as part of France's ongoing military mission to Peru, Francoise was dazzled by the nightlife of her adoptive city, and she drifted in and out of the social scene, struggling to find a place for herself that wasn't defined by her father's occupation. The chance gift of a camera for her 21st birthday gave her the answer, and she has steadily built a reputation for herself in Lima as a portrait photographer. However, she yearned to be taken seriously as something more than a chronicler of Lima's high society and wished to branch out into landscape photography. Lately, she has taken to visiting the numerous archaeological sites around Lima, particularly the temples at Pachacamac, whose antiquity and persistence fascinate her. On hearing Augustus Larkin's announcement about seeking out a lost pyramid, she saw an opportunity to finally break free and find adventure and fulfillment. Having secured a position to document the expedition, Francoise sees Larkin's endeavor as an opportunity to prove herself to those who feel she'd be better off sticking to what she knows.



- **Description:** white French; wavy, blonde hair and a broad smile. She dresses in male attire whenever she thinks she can get away with it. Her hazel eyes constantly search for the best angle for a shot.
- **Traits:** determined and stubborn.
- **Ideology/Beliefs:** believes a woman is just as capable as any man, and eager to prove the point.
- **Treasured Possessions:** her camera.

PULP ADJUSTMENTS

Archetype: Dreamer (page 17, *Pulp Cthulhu*)

Core Characteristic: change POW to 90

Hit Points: 23

Sanity Points: 90 (if POW 90)

Add/Adjust Skills: Art/Craft (Photography) 85%, Charm 75%, Language (English) 40%, Listen 60%, Natural World 30%.

Talents

- **Keen Vision:** gain a bonus die to Spot Hidden rolls.
- **Strong Willed:** gain a bonus die when making POW rolls.

BACKSTORY



Personal Description _____

Traits _____

Ideology/Beliefs _____

Injuries & Scars _____

Significant People _____

Phobias & Manias _____

Meaningful Locations _____

Arcane Tomes, Spells & Artifacts _____

Treasured Possessions _____

Encounters with Strange Entities _____

GEAR & POSSESSIONS

_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

CASH & ASSETS

Spending Level _____

Cash _____

Assets _____

QUICK REFERENCE RULES

Skill & Characteristic Rolls

Levels of Success:

Fumble 100/96+	Fail > skill	Regular ≤ skill	Hard ½ skill	Extreme ⅓ skill	Critical 01
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Pushing Rolls: Must justify reroll; Cannot Push Combat or Sanity Rolls

Wounds & Healing

First Aid heals 1HP; Medicine heals +1d3 HP

Major Wound = 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 1HP per day

Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

FELLOW INVESTIGATORS

Char. _____
Player _____

Me