

A Grain of Evil



Investigation One

June 30th 1929

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Investigation 1 Arkham, Massachusetts - June 30th 1929

Responding eagerly to the telegram sent by your new mentor, you rush to the Miskatonic Library in Arkham. There is a warm summer breeze rustling the trees gently and letting the dappled sunlight filter lightly onto the streets of the Massachusetts town. You quickly cross the university quadrant to reach the gothic entrance of the great edifice.

Dr. Henry Armitage greets you at the ornate, polished wooden door to his office. He leans heavily on his cane, his wrinkled face cracking into a smile, *"Well then, I have an interesting little problem for us to start your education with. Obviously, there is a chance that the events that I will lay out for you this morning are nothing more than a simple crime. However, after my experiences of last summer, one can never be too careful."* He shudders visibly as he alludes to his experiences in the cankerous village of Dunwich. He then settles down behind his heavy oak desk to lay out the facts for you...

"Detective Garrison came to call on me over breakfast this morning and precipitated my note to your good self. It seems he is at a loss, and requires our...ahem...somewhat specialist assistance. Last evening, as you may have already noted from the morning edition, a disturbance occurred in West High Street. It was a pleasant enough evening, as you remember, sun favoring our town for once; and at 7 o'clock the streets were relatively full. A young woman, well dressed and of seemingly good health, collapsed to the sidewalk after emerging from the Uptown Park in a state of distress."

"A small crowd of onlookers quickly gathered to assist the poor young lady. An orderly from the Hospital and his wife stooped to revive her, and a policeman was sent for. The orderly immediately noticed a growing crimson stain seeping onto the woman's white blouse. As the bloodstain blossomed and saturated the fabric, he slit the garment free with his pocket knife. At once the horrific nature of a wound in the lady's chest was apparent and he stemmed the steadily increasing flow of blood. I'm happy to report that the disaster was averted by his quick thinking. An ambulance arrived in good time to take her to the Hospital and they have managed to stabilize her condition."

The librarian pauses to sip coffee from a delicate cup, before continuing: *"The policeman's first thought was that this was an attack from an unknown assailant. That was until the woman regained consciousness momentarily as she was being placed in the ambulance. She suddenly and shockingly raved non-sensical syllables before crying out that the trees were alive. Clearly the policeman was one of Garrison's own inner circle himself, as he referred the matter immediately to his superior."*

"There is another fact that leads me to the conclusion of the policeman's quality: Whilst dealing with the mysterious, injured lady, he was also sharp-eyed enough to spot a man acting suspiciously in the small crowd. The man was acting in a rather furtive way, watching the proceedings with a curious detachment. He was tall, over six feet, according to the officer, with a worn brown suit and had dark, unkempt hair. The policeman was also able to discern a distinctive blemish or birthmark under his left eye. When the officer called out to him, the man fled the scene with alarm in his eyes. Being preoccupied with the lady, the policeman was not in a position to pursue him and merely noted the description in his pocketbook."

Armitage sits back, the leather of his chair creaking slightly. He steeples his fingers, *"The identity of both the woman and this mysterious fugitive remain a mystery. Clearly there has been a crime committed; it is for us to determine if there are forces beyond the mundane at work here. You'd better get going; just let Garrison's men take care of the crime scene. They do get rather protective..."*

Campus District

C11

Arkham's only hospital is an impressive, three-storied affair of red brick. Armitage often mentions his friend, Dr. Vincent Sutton, as being a useful point of contact at the hospital, and you immediately ask for him at the front desk. The stern administration assistant frowns at your request, but dispatches the message to Sutton all the same.

The hospital is surprisingly bright and clean, smelling slightly of antiseptic and disinfectant. Nursing staff and doctors, some with groups of students in tow, hurry in an almost constant stream through the atrium of the hospital. Some carry reports; some push patients on beds or gurneys; others still, carry equipment to the various wings of the hospital.

After waiting, for what seems like an age, Dr. Sutton appears and greets you in a detached and professional way. He is in his mid-forties and his clean shaven head, seems to amplify the size of his thick horn-rimmed glasses. He gives a cursory nod when you tell him the reason for your visit.

"Of course, Armitage told me to expect you if he is called away on other matters." You explain that you are investigating the mysterious woman who had been brought into the hospital after her collapse. *"Hmm, yes I did hear of that. It's not my case but let's head up to the wards and see what we can find out for you."*

Sutton consults briefly with the front desk and then leads you through the white halls, weaving in and out of the foot traffic that fills the corridors. He arrives at Ward Six and makes his way down a row of beds, stopping at the foot of one containing an attractive young woman. The woman is apparently sleeping soundly, and Sutton

lifts the chart from the end of the bed and consults the notes.

"We still don't have her name. She is listed here as being admitted as Jane Doe. Strange..." He glares at the notes as if he doesn't like what he is reading. *"The wound on her chest was very deep and looks as though it was done with a very sharp blade. The wound goes down to her ribs and there are blade marks on the bone itself. Five of the upper ribs on the left side of the chest have been broken somehow. Dr. Bowers, one of the resident surgeons, has reset the bones and stitched her up. It is as though someone was trying to remove a lung or something else from the chest cavity...most unusual, but she should recover."*

"Speaking of unusual, Bowers has had to clear away a good deal of brownish colored mucus of unknown origin from inside the wound itself. The inside of this young lady's chest was coated in the stuff! Bowers sent some down to the lab, but they have referred it onto the University Library, as they have never seen anything like it."

As Sutton is speaking, a nurse arrives to ensure that the sleeping woman is comfortable and to administer a shot. No sooner as the needle is withdrawn from her arm, she begins to thrash in her bed. Sutton doesn't look concerned, and he pats the nurse on the shoulder, *"Don't worry, that's something to help her rest easy. The discomfort will quickly pass."*

The jerky, forced movements, do not seem to abate for several minutes, and then the woman becomes still. Then, shockingly, her eyes snap open and she utters a piercing shriek. Sutton calls for help and the woman begins to rant, spittle running down her chin...

"Only at Bayfriar's.....But no not there. The Trees why are they walking...Edward? Where is my Edward? Why is this happening? The Trees have eyes!"

She appears in a state of delirium, her eyes glazed and distant as she continues her ranting...*“Edward, we were supposed to meet at the Bell! Why are we here? Edward! It hurts Edward, stop it! Stop it!”* At this point Sutton steps in and holds the woman’s shoulders, talking in a calm, soothing voice.

After a few minutes her movements become sluggish and she eventually slips back into a peaceful rest.

“She’s really been through the mill,” Sutton says, *“I’m sorry you had to see that. The wound will heal just fine given time. However, as you have seen first hand, there are some scars that are beyond the ability of our scalpels and stitches to fix.”*

It looks as though you have learned all you can from the good doctor and you turn to go. As you leave, Sutton calls after you, *“Her effects were taken for examination by the police. I think they were taken over to the criminologist, Mr. Corbett. Please let me know if you find out who she is.”*

C17

You find Professor Leonore Robinson at her desk in her office on the university campus. The small, athletic woman immediately rises from her seat to greet you. She has a youthful complexion, not looking much older than thirty, and wears her hair in a tight bun. You waste no time explaining what has brought you to speak with her.

“You found my card in the Graveyard?” She looks a little incredulous, before something in her mind clicks, *“Wait...Yes I have recently consulted with a gentleman about the Old Arkham Graveyard. He was writing a genealogical paper on the families of the original pilgrims who settled in Massachusetts in the 17th Century. A most interesting topic, hang on a moment.”*

The Miskatonic Professor of Folklore pulls open a drawer and roots around the paperwork inside, before pulling out a sheet. *“Yes here is the draft. A Thomas Illsley is the man you want to track down. I believe he is a native of Arkham himself.”*

C19

The East Dormitory is oddly quiet, before you remember that it’s Sunday and students don’t normally operate as the rest of society! With little difficulty you are able to track down the room with the information received from the administration building.



Your repeated knocking on the door of Barclay Rutger is eventually answered by a thin, weasely-looking boy of about twenty. He has a scruffy beard and his clothes appear to be about two sizes too big for him. *“What’d you want?”* He asks irritably in a reedy, cracked voice. You explain to him that you have found evidence of his presence on the Unvisited Isle and demand to know what is going on. A further threat that you may have to take this information to the police is all it takes to break his nerve.

“Okay, okay...sheesh! Yeah, me and my buddies went across to the island. We wanted somewhere secluded to try out our home brew that we’d fixed

up in chemistry class. We didn't do no harm, just cooked a little barbecue over a fire and drank ourselves silly. Look this don't have to go further, do it? My folks sure will be sore if I'm kicked out of the university."

You decide that a lecture on the evils of drink would probably fall on deaf ears, so you warn him off visiting the island again and leave.

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You come across Ms. Sargent amongst the stacks in the Miskatonic Library, filing some journals.

She looks surprised to see you: *"Don't tell me old Armitage has got you working on a Sunday as well!"* She says with a grin, *"What is it you need from our august repository today?"* You explain the nature of your visit and your request is met with a curious eyebrow raise, *"It's funny you should say that, the hospital has me working on something that came out of a patient. I've had to move on to some of our more 'esoteric' volumes after I drew a blank. Come on I'll show you where I've got up to."*

Ms. Sargent leads you up a narrow flight of stairs, through a door marked 'Staff Only', and into the restricted reading room of the library. The aged tomes reek of something indescribable, making the hairs stand up on the back of your neck. The librarian crosses to a heavy reading table made of solid oak and shows you the ancient tome malevolently resting there.

"This is the De Vermis Mysteriis, an ancient tome written by a German called Von Prinn. I think I have made the translation correctly." Her finger wavers over the page, shaking slightly, *"Here it talks about the mucus residue being a byproduct of some sort of ritual sacrifice. It also talks about the guardians of the cult's rituals, horrible monsters called the Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, who must watch over the rituals. I'm*

sure I have seen reference to them somewhere else."

The librarian moves to the shelf and hefts down another weighty tome with the word 'Eibon' embossed in gold upon its spine. She flips gently through the pages with a practiced ease, *"Yes I knew I had seen it before. Here is a myth about a creature called a Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath that was slain by a Teutonic Knight in the Twelfth Century. In the story, villagers who dwelt near the woods were going missing and a passing knight led a group into the darkest part of the forest to find them. According to this they only found the bones of the missing villagers, but they did find the monster responsible."*

"It is described as a tripod creature, standing at least the height of four men. It would stand perfectly still in the woods posing as a tree, before striking its prey. It is said to have attacked with long sinuous tentacles that sprouted from the top of its trunk-like torso. Well they sound frankly disgusting! At least they are just a monster from a story! I assume this is a variation on the Grendel myth from the Beowulf saga."

©24

The University Exhibit Museum is closed to the public on Sundays, and the iron-studded doors are fastened tight. On a hunch, you head round the side of the building to the loading dock. The dock is a large concrete abutment where trucks can offload crates and packages away from the prying eyes of the public.

There are several people, including a policeman, stood around the dock. The policeman is busy taking statements from two men, who look like watchmen. To one side, nervously pacing to and fro, is an academic in a dark, dust-covered suit. You approach the academic who introduces himself as Dr. Robert Gladding, a junior curator with the museum.

"I can't believe this has happened. This exhibit was going to be the thing that saw me secure the job of senior curator! Now Richard is to get the post for sure!"

As he clutches his head in his hands, you learn from his moaning that both he and Richard Jedry, the other junior curator, have been competing for the vacancy of a senior position. It transpires that both were given exhibits to display as part of a job interview for the position. A well respected curator was arriving from Boston to judge the exhibits and to present the board with his opinion as to who should be appointed.

"I mean who would steal a Twelfth Century wooden ritual bowl covered in uncouth carvings, except someone wishing to sabotage my exhibit? It's not worth anything to anyone, despite its age. There were very few people who even knew of its coming to the museum, just folk here at the museum, the staff at Rare Books & Maps, and the staff of the museum in Boston where it normally resides! What will Mr. Ingram think? I have lost one of his artifacts! I'd better send a message over to the Bancroft Arms immediately to let him know!"

With that Gladding hurries away.

Ⓒ25

Arriving at the Hoyt Administration Building, you are directed by a bored looking weekend porter to a student register. After a few minutes of scanning the pages, you are able to locate Barclay Rutger and his accommodation in the Campus' East Dormitory.

Downtown District

D2

The Fleetwood Diner is quiet and there are only a few patrons sitting in the booths. Your presence does not go unnoticed; the waitress changes course in your direction like a ship under steam.

"You looking to eat? Or looking for that no-good Will Coffin? Well he's not here, gone out of town for a few days." She taps the side of her nose with a knowing look.

D9

It looks as though you have missed the action by the time that you arrive at Bee's Diner. A police wagon is pulling away as you turn the corner, and a small crowd is beginning to drift away.

You spot Detective Garrison standing with several uniformed officers in the diner itself and push your way in.

The gruff detective greets you with a cursory nod of his head, *"Well we got him, thanks to that tip off from your friend Armitage. He knew that he would be here somehow! Edward Hartwell; he matches the description of the man that Keen saw fleeing the scene of the attack last night. I've placed him under arrest, but he wasn't being particularly co-operative. My boys don't take too kindly to the rough stuff though, and he will think twice before trying to run from Arkham's finest in the future."* He winks conspiratorially, *"That said, I think that he's going to end up in the Asylum, to be sure! The nonsense he was babbling about."*



How we'd regret holding him captive and the like."

It is obvious that Edward clearly did not take kindly to the arrival of the police. The overturned chairs, and a large amount of smashed crockery scattered around the diner tells its own tale of his arrest.

As you turn to leave, you ask if Edward was found with anything suspicious in his possession: *"No I'm afraid not."* replies Garrison, *"He did come in with a small package, according to the waitress. But he met a man who called himself Victor, here before we arrived and gave the package to that gentlemen,. The waitress overheard Hartwell's companion saying he had to rush off so that he didn't miss his train, and then Hartwell wished him luck."*

Garrison looks a little peeved that Hartwell's contact has managed to evade capture, but manages to find his usual glib manner, *"I'm sure my Captain will be happy we sorted out the assault on that poor woman anyhow. My jurisdiction ends at the city limits; that package is someone else's concern now."*

With a twinkle in his eye, suggesting he is already making trip arrangements to Boston in his head, he tips his hat and leaves you to ponder this turn of events. You realize that Garrison, knowing what he knows, wouldn't leave a loose end like that to chance...

D21

Arkham Town Hall is unusually quiet, though expected for a sunny, summer Sunday. A discreet tap on the glass of a side door attracts the attention of a busy looking clerk. With the exchange of a few dollars, he agrees to check the records for you.

A moment later he is thrusting the money back at you with a harassed expression, *"Do you have*

any idea how many people with those first names are likely to be in the Births, Deaths and Marriages record! I've got enough of my own work to be doing without searching for a needle in a haystack for you. Especially when you're not sure you've even got the right field!"

D32

Garrison is away from his desk when you call in on Arkham's Police Station. One of his sergeants, Mickey Tull, saunters over and attempts to make himself useful in his superior's absence. *"You lookin' for Garrison? He's out on a bust over at some diner this side of the river."*

You quickly ask if there is any further information regarding the case concerning the suspected attack on the woman in Uptown last evening, sensing the Sergeant's reticence.

"Not much more to add really, the lads have been going door to door in Uptown, but no-one has been reported missing."

"What about the policeman who was called to the scene?" You ask.

"That'd be Matthew Keen. He's not on shift today I'm afraid."

D34

"Sorry chief," shouts Arlo from the window of a cab that is being cleaned. *"Can't help you with that one I'm afraid."*

D45

You rap on the door to Herbert Corbett's lab, and after a moment you are greeted by his manservant, the model of elegance in a crisp suit and slicked-back hair. He immediately recognizes

you and shows you through to Corbett's workroom.

The workroom is more like a chemistry practical room from Miskatonic University; all lit Bunsen burners with bubbling liquids, in strangely shaped glassware. Corbett himself is bent over a bench as you enter, a smallish balding man in his mid-fifties. On his head he wears a strange magnifying apparatus, which he lifts off his head to greet you.

"Welcome to my criminology laboratory." He moves to quickly shake your hand and asks what service he can be of. Sensing that this man is kept very busy by the Arkham Police Department, you don't waste any time with pleasantries and ask about the attack on the woman in Uptown.

"Ah yes, a strange one that indeed. But I believe that I can shed some light on her lodgings if nothing else." Corbett walks across to a set of shelves built into one of the walls and lifts down a brown cardboard box, *"Hmmm....yes this is the one."*

"Garrison had these items dropped off with me when the lady was admitted to the hospital. Not much can be learned from the woman's clothing I'm afraid, the blouse as you can see is saturated with blood, the source of which was the wound on her chest. I was interested to note though that the blouse was not damaged in any way before the good Samaritan cut it open to administered first aid. This suggests that the blouse was put on after the injury occurred."

"Of more use is the lady's purse, which contains one clue as to her address. Here..." he rummages in the box, *"is a bill from Rennie's Boarding House and a receipt attached to it confirming that she had paid for the next month's rent in full."*

"Apart from some makeup and some folded money, there isn't much else. Except this receipt..."

MEREDITH'S USED BOOKS

\$3 received with thanks for Coleridge's
Collected Poems. To be inscribed on the
inside cover with:

To Edward with all my love M xxx

You thank Corbett and leave.

D67

Officer Matthew Keen's house is a small but tidy affair on East Curwen Street, facing Independence Square. Your knocks are greeted with the door being pulled open promptly by a muscled young man with a clipped and tidy mustache. He is dressed very well, which surprises you. That is, until you deduce that he has probably just arrived home from church.

Upon learning why you are here, Keen invites you inside where his young wife pours some coffee. Keen relates the tale, almost precisely as it was described to you by Armitage. *"Is there anything else that you can add?"* you ask.

"Not really; I'm sorry if you've wasted a trip, but I always try and make my reports as detailed as I possibly can. The orderly who helped attend to the lady, that's Lawrence Hetfield, and he and his wife Emily live on South West Street over up French Hill. I know that they took the injured lady to St. Mary's Hospital and Garrison had me deliver her belongings to Herbert Corbett, the consulting criminologist."



Easttown District

£29

The home of Thomas Illsley is a small apartment on the corner of East Armitage Street. Your repeated knockings are eventually rewarded as a disheveled man in his dressing robe, looking as though you have just roused him from his bed, wrenches the door open.

“Yes! What brings you pounding on my door at this hour of the morning?” You coolly remind the man that it is well past noon and his bad temper evaporates somewhat. *“Oh is it? I’m sorry. I do have terrible trouble sleeping and often remain in bed late.”*

Not wishing to spend long in the company of a man in his nightshirt, you ask about his nocturnal visits to the graveyard as tactfully as possible:

“Why certainly, it isn’t a crime is it? I’m writing a book of genealogical research concerning the families of the original pilgrims who first came to Massachusetts. Much of my fieldwork involves tracking down the actual graves of the families and copying down the headstone information.”

You thank him for his help and allow him to return to his bed in peace.

French Hill District

£h12

The Old Arkham Graveyard in French Hill is a weed-choked and overgrown affair with the most recent headstones dating to the mid-Eighteenth

Century. A chill runs down your spine as the sun goes momentarily behind a cloud. This place is unsettling in the day; you are still not sure why anyone would visit this place during the night for any sane purpose.

You elect to make a quick search of the headstones, amongst the undergrowth. Just as you begin to lose your patience, your perseverance is rewarded when you catch sight of a small rectangle of white card lying under a thorny bramble:

PROF. LEONORE ROBINSON

MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY
Department of Anthropology and
Folklore, Locksley Hall,
Miskatonic Campus

As you go to leave the crumbling monument to those passed over, you are hailed by a young man carrying a rake and a trash can.

“Hey there! You need to get permission from the parish before poking around the graves!” You quickly apologize and ask him about the stories in the local paper.

“Sure, occasionally there is a grave robbing or kids messing around with the graves that occurs here, every now and again. My partner’s theory is it’s over-enthusiastic medical students from the teaching hospital.” He doesn’t look convinced himself, *“I dunno why they’d be wanting centuries old bones? You’d think they’d want fresh cadavers to practice on!”*

£h14

You pause at Bayfriar’s Church and look around. It has clearly been abandoned for some time. However, there are a number of vagrants and homeless who are clustered around a small

oil drum fire, despite the sunshine. As you approach, you are viewed warily. One man towards the back of the group spits menacingly into the fire.

You quickly ask about a young woman who might have been in the area and you are told that a woman, matching your description, called Martha often came by with charitable gifts of food and clothing to help them.

fh16

The three storey, clapperboard house on Lich Street is neat and presentable. A small sign advertises that Rennie's Boarding House has rooms to let. You are greeted at the front desk by one of the Rennie twins, Thomas, a friendly man in his thirties with a mop of dark hair, who greets you amiably, *"Hello there, are you wanting to rent a room?"*

No you tell him, and describe the woman from the hospital who was attacked and explain that she had a receipt on her for payment for one of his rooms.

"Well that sounds very much like Martha, Martha Modine. She has been with us for over a year now. I believe she works over on Main Street in one of the stores. I do hope she is okay, she is a lovely young woman and a perfect tenant. She's got a kind heart too; always willing to do a kindness for a stranger. She's smitten as well, having recently fallen in love with a man named Mr. Hartwell. I'm not so sure about him myself, seems like a vacant, surly individual. But then what do I know about affairs of the heart, clearly young Martha can see redeeming qualities that I know nothing of!"

You politely ask if you may see Martha's room to assist with the investigation into her injury, and Rennie agrees, striding past you and up the stairs brandishing a pass key. Martha's room is modest but well kept, and pleasantly decorated. On a

small bookcase there are several works of poetry that betray an artistic and gentle side to the woman. There is little to learn here, but as you turn to go, a photograph in a frame on the mantle catches your attention.

You walk over and examine it. It shows a lady, and there can be no doubt that this is the woman that Armitage described. Also in the picture is a man posing with the woman. They are gazing lovingly at one another, with that faraway dreamy look of a movie romance. The man has a small birthmark under his left eye.

Rennie sees what you are looking at, *"That's them, Martha and Hartwell; though he looks as though butter wouldn't melt in his mouth in that shot!"*

You ask for any more information on Hartwell, but Rennie doesn't seem to know much more than that he had been seeing Martha for several weeks and that he had a house on the Lower Southside, on East Saltonstall Street. He knows this as on a few occasions he has posted letters for him on Martha's behalf.

fh27

The small apartment of Robert Gladding is currently unoccupied. A neighbor sees you knocking and tells you he is at work at the museum.

fh54

Richard Jedrey is an amiable man in his late twenties, dressed in a somewhat bohemian manner. He tells you that he had nothing to do with the missing artifact and he appears sincere about Gladding's distress. He confirms that the judge of the exhibit competition was to be Mr. Victor Ingram from the Boston Museum.



fh61

The home of Lawrence and Emily Hetfield is a tidy mid-terraced property. Your ring at the doorbell is promptly met by a plain looking middle-aged woman. After explaining why you are here she confirms that she is Emily Hetfield, but that she has nothing to add to the official story that Armitage related to you.

fh66

The property is owned by Matilda Hartwell, but she is clearly not the one you are looking for. The frail old lady angrily waves you away, gesturing at a sign indicating that she does not receive door to door salesmen.

Lower Southside District

LS1

The Arkham Historical Society is open, and there are several patrons inside perusing documentation in studious silence. Dorothy Davis spots you and hurries over. The short woman smiles a greeting. You briefly explain that you are interested in the Emperor Manse.

“That ruin? I think that the local philanthropist, Carl Sanford, owns it. You know him of course; he runs the private club, the Silver Twilight.”

LS4

You know that Armitage has little good to say in favor of the odious little man that is Pasquale Fenton, Arkham’s most celebrated occultist. Too much the showman and, some might argue –

charlatan for most people’s tastes, he still manages to make an impressive living. His mansion is a tawdry and garish affair decorated with a vast collection of occult bric-a-brac. He invites you in cordially enough, but the smirk that appears on his arrogant face when he learns the reason behind your call raises your hackles.

“Oh so now I’m consulted on this matter? I would have thought that bumbling idiot Garrison would have come himself, rather than sending that doddering fool Armitage’s lackeys along!”

Biting your tongue, you explain the wound and what you have discovered thus far, and he smirks once again in a self-satisfied manner.

“Yes I have encountered this type of thing a number of times in my research into the dark roots of European history. I would suggest that you have stumbled upon a group worshipping the foul and blasphemous fertility deity, Shub-Niggurath: She, who is the Black Goat with a thousand young. There are mutterings of certain dark rituals to bring her spawn into the world of men. It is thought that her followers use a sacrificial victim to host the spawn from unholy seed to infant. The wound on this woman sounds very much like that; she was literally a host for the seed which incubated inside her.”

Fenton continues, *“Finally when the time is right, the spawn of Shub-Niggurath is sliced free from the flesh of the host and brought into this world to wreak untold death and misery. I would suggest that this is the work of some sort of witch-cult, however that would be playing to the basest tabloid rantings on the subject.”*

Eager to depart, you ask what the spawn is likely to do, if indeed now it has been born into the world.

Fenton quickly responds, *“For the time being, nothing. The spawn will take a number of years to fully mature. The texts speak of these creatures being abhorrent to domesticated animals -*

particularly dogs and cats. Even in seed form, the animals can sense their evil presence.”

With this, you thank Fenton for his insights and leave.

£\$14

You find the rundown Lower Southside Tenements easily, and are struck by the large number of people of African descent. They are busy repairing the buildings, sweeping, and painting. You feel confident enough to approach and ask their business, and you are greeted warmly. One man, apparently a community leader, tells you that they are migrants, having fled violence in their African nation. They arrived for their new life in the USA, only to be turned away at Ellis Island, New York because of the government’s immigration quotas. You leave the people, clearly just trying to find a peaceful existence, and press on with your investigation.

£\$18

Sebastian Lyman is at home when you call. You tap three times on the back porch screen door as Armitage instructed, and a moment later the immaculately groomed man comes to the door, absent-mindedly twirling his waxed mustache. He glances furtively around to ensure that there is no one in sight before waving you inside, one finger to his lips.

“I can’t talk for long. I’m assuming that you are here about the Emperor Manse? Stanford and his inner circle have been there almost every night for a week. They are trying to contact something, don’t ask me what. I know better than to ask! What I do know however, is that they failed.”

Lyman continues, *“Carl was in a filthy mood when I saw him earlier today. Thankfully when he descends into one of his depressions, he has little*

interest with the occult - preferring more earthly diversions if you catch my meaning.”

You thank the well-spoken gentleman and bid him farewell.

£\$19

A young woman with a baby cradled on her hip answers the door. You ask about her cat and she describes the animal to you. It is unlikely this is relevant to your investigation however, and with an offer to call if you should come across the feline, you depart.

£\$26

Edward Hartwell’s house looks to be fairly normal when you arrive, and you carefully check round the building. A cat draws your attention as you step forward to knock on the door. The mangy feline is backing away from a basement window. The poor creature’s eyes are wide, and its back is arched, hair standing on end, and hissing in the most fearsome way.

Ignoring the perturbed creature, you knock on the door and then, when there is no reply, you repeat the action a few moments later. As more minutes tick by, you decide that a closer inspection of the rear of the property might be in order. After all, if his lady was injured then there is a chance that someone may have attempted to injure Edward as well.

The yard at the back of the building is well tended and the fencing is new and painted. The back door is, surprisingly, ajar. Deciding that your investigation is worth the risk of being caught uninvited in the house, you head toward it. Stealing inside quickly, so you are not observed, you find yourself in a clean and tidy kitchen. The cutlery and plates are neatly washed and stacked on the draining board.

A search of the ground floor reveals that you are in the correct house at least. The attention to tidiness continues in each room that you check. A pile of mail addressed to Edward Hartwell stands on a small table near the front door. Remembering the cat, you discover a small cellar door in the kitchen and head down some stairs, where a bare and flickering bulb illuminates a small cellar workroom. Discarded under a workbench is a small, broken packing crate stamped with the Miskatonic Museum's address. The desk itself contains more damning evidence as to the nature of Edward Hartwell's nefarious intentions.

On the work surface of the bench lies a wickedly sharp straight bladed dagger, etched with strange symbols. Its hilt is of aged and polished wood. The razor-sharp blade itself is stained dark with congealed blood and crusted mucus. Next to it stands a strange bowl, or dish. It too is stained with splatters of dark red blood.

Your stomach lurches at the uncomfortable thought that these are the implements that injured the woman at the hospital. A few pieces of old parchment with indecipherable crabbed handwriting lie scattered nearby. Placed next to the parchment is an open wooden box containing four large seeds, or grains. Each is about the length of your fingernail, and is jet black in color.

Also on the worktop is a note in a different hand to the parchment:

Edward,

I am glad it all went as we planned.

I will arrive in town Sunday by train and meet you at Bee's Diner. I will collect it from you there, be sure it is kept warm.

V.

Attempting to leave everything as you found it, you leave the property the way you came in.

Merchant District

M9

With little difficulty you are able to secure a row boat from an elderly, whiskered man who smells of cheap gin. Rowing out across the briskly flowing Miskatonic was more problematic. After some difficulty however, you are able to plant foot on the small island.

The ground is covered with thick undergrowth, scrawny shrubs and twisted, ugly trees. The boggy nature of the ground makes a search both time-consuming and tiresome. By the time you reach the eastern tip of the island, you are covered in briar scratches and your feet are sodden.

The standing stones that were visible from the Garrison Street Bridge are around seven feet tall and six of them are arranged in a circle vaguely reminiscent of pagan ruins found across northern Europe. The stones are of dark rock and are covered with a slimy moss, the color of brackish water.

A cursory search of the area reveals the remains of a fire, surrounded by discarded alcohol bottles and the remains of a beer keg. Amongst the dense undergrowth, your keen eyes pick out a dank, leather satchel bag with the Miskatonic University logo embossed on the front. Inside the satchel is a jotter with the name of Barclay Rutger on the front, and containing some, rather bad, poetry.





M10

The docks are a shadow of their former glory, covered with litter and attracting the wrong caliber of people. As you step onto the creaking boards of the dock proper, a small coastal steamer is being off-loaded by rough-looking dock hands.

You choose carefully a man loafing on a crate, sipping from a flask. He casually watches the members of the dock crew haul cargo with a small hand operated crane. The offer of a cigarette catches his attention and a well timed slur on the parentage of his comrades elicits a smile. You quickly use the opportunity to ask about the strange foreigners that have been seen slipping ashore at night.

“Yeah, I seen it happening with my own eyes. They come in under the cover of darkness by row boat. The lads reckon that a steamer that don’t want to attract the attention of the law, moors up in the estuary and lets them off a few at a time.”

“Definitely foreigners, but they don’t hang about long. They all head for the Lower Southside Tenements, that right Fritz?” He raises his voice slightly to a burly man, sweating like an ox under the weight of a barrel.

“Yar, that’s right. I stay at the flophouse near there,” he confirms before moving on.

Without wishing to overstay your tentative welcome, you give thanks and make a hasty retreat.

M42

The Bell Cafe is a homely and clean establishment, all wood paneling, with quaint furniture and gingham patterned cloth. The smells of baking fill the small eatery and it is far from unpleasant. Stomach rumbling, you approach the counter and ring the small bell. You are greeted by a thin, mousey woman with disheveled hair, pulled into a pony tail. Her sleeves are rolled up, her apron tied tight and her cheeks are rosy from exertion.

“Can I help you? Sorry, I was just rolling out some pastry. Did you want some coffee or some food?” Not wishing to impose, and resisting the urge to pause for a meal, you quickly explain the purpose of your interruption.

At your description of the woman who was attacked, the cafe owner looks concerned:

“Well I must say that that sounds very much like one of my regulars, Martha Modine. She is a lovely woman, always wanting to help those less fortunate, and very much in love as well. She would often come in with her sweetheart Edward to discuss poetry and the arts.” She gestures to a cosy looking booth near the window, *“They always sit there. I can’t believe that someone would hurt Martha, she was well liked by all who met her.”*

You ask about Bayfriar’s, that Martha had mentioned:

“What? Bayfriar’s Church? I think its abandoned, isn’t it? I know Martha was always keen to help out the destitute and homeless, so

maybe that's why she went there." The woman shifts her eye back to the kitchen and you realize that your welcome is in danger of being overstayed. With words of gratitude you head back to the street.

N50

You try open the door to Meredith's Used Books, but find the door locked. The opening hours of the shop are Monday to Friday 9.00am - 4:30pm. Unabashed, you try knocking and are rewarded after a few moments by a friendly, large man in a sharp tweed suit. His grey hair is thinning on top but his eyes twinkle with a youthful look, at odds with his advancing years.

You quickly explain the errand you are on, seeking to make the most of the man's good nature. He takes the receipt from you and turns it over in his hands, *"Yes, definitely one of ours. Come in for a moment won't you and I'll check the ledger of orders."*

Mr. Meredith leads you inside the musty smelling shop. Shelves cover every wall and groan under the weight of printed literature. He smartly rounds the counter and pulls out a worn, leather-backed book. Flipping through several pages his fingers scan the columns of names with practiced ease.

"Yes here we are, Coleridge's Collected Poems, to be inscribed in calligraphy with a personal message. We charged \$3 to the young lady in question...yes here it is, Martha her name was, and the Edward in question was her betrothed or some such; Edward Hartwell."

You quickly thank Mr. Meredith and leave.



Northside District

N24

The small, wizened woman behind the counter at Rare Books & Maps squints over her half-moon spectacles at you, as you push into the dusty store. The small bell tinkles gently, signaling your entry. It seems as though she might be of some use in your investigation as you begin to describe the theft from the museum:

"Yes I might be able to help you with that dear. I was asked by one of the junior curators of the museum to put aside several tomes of ancient mythology for him. He wanted to conduct some additional research to make his latest exhibits ring with as much authenticity as possible."

You go on to ask about the bowl that you believe was taken from the museum and the woman nods and pulls out a slim pamphlet entitled 'From Pnakotus to Present'. She quickly leafs through it with a practiced hand.

"Oh is that what was taken then? They didn't tell me. Well, here see... That bowl is a Cthotha birthing dish, from central Europe dating to the Twelfth Century," she shows you the page in the pamphlet with a hand drawn pencil sketch of a bowl.

"It says here that the bowl is used in tribal ceremonies of certain depraved, Germanic sects. It is connected with birth and containing the life brought into this world...Strange, it doesn't look big enough to hold a baby."

N28

The offices of the Arkham Advertiser are as busy as usual, with reporters frantically banging on battered typewriters and runners scurrying

fact-checks and archive requests backwards and forwards.

Your friend, Donnie Clark, waves you over to his cramped desk. The detritus of his profession fills the flimsy desk, that seems only just able to take the weight of the paperwork.

“What can I do for you?” He greets you with his trademark suspicious frown, that as ever, quickly melts into a smile. *“You got a scoop for your old friend at the Advertiser?”*

You quickly explain what you are looking into with Armitage and the expression turns to genuine disappointment. *“I put down everything I knew in the last edition I’m afraid. Be sure to let me know if you uncover any more details, won’t you?”*

N34

Standing on West High Street, the Bancroft Arms Hotel is the kind of establishment you wouldn’t associate with a visiting academic. It is strange that someone of apparent high standing at the Boston Museum would be willing to hang his hat in such a cheap hotel, aimed at catering for transients and dropouts. Stepping into the grubby lobby you ring the bell. It is answered, eventually, by a paunchy, sweating man in a stained shirt.

“Yeah? What’d you want? A room? Ninety cents a night, no questions asked.”

Appalled by both his stench and his lack of civility, you angrily ask him about Victor Ingram. As he begins to protest about the anonymity of his clientele, you slam your palm down violently on the desk. This simple intimidation tactic has the desired effect, as he throws down a pass key and mutters *“room 29”*.

Room 29 on the second floor is a squalid place to spend a night. The room looks as though it has been vacated in a hurry; there are still several garments hanging out of drawers, and several

items that had been hung in the wardrobe have been left fallen from their hangers as if the occupant couldn’t be bothered to pick them up.

Under a corner of the mattress, your attention is drawn to a sheaf of notepaper, seemingly forgotten in the haste. Upon closer inspection they seem to be pages copied from a book. You find page after page of neatly copied entries from some occult tome. The pages describe a ritual of the cult of Shub-Niggurath to bring a spawn into the world of men, using a type of seed placed into the chosen victim’s food. It seems that once the spawn has been incubated in the host, it can then be cut free and released. The host is then to be sacrificed and the blood of the victim used to nourish the newly born spawn. You suppose a museum curator may need this sort of information; it is likely that the notes would help in the research of a particular artifact or provide information for an exhibit....something about them though, gives you a chill of dread.

N38

Arriving at the station, the ticket office tells you that you have missed this afternoon’s train departing for Boston within the last hour.



The next service to that destination will not run again until tomorrow morning. The station is

quiet and there is no one on the platform, save for a man sweeping litter.

Uptown District

U18

Dr Henry Armitage is not at home when you call, however his pleasant wife hands you a note, telling you that her husband said to pass it on should you call. It reads: *"If you need me, I will be calling at the hospital and then I'll be off to see that old fraud, Pasquale"*.

U18

You find that Mr. Ambrose Checkley is at home, but after a brief consultation you realize he can tell you nothing about your current investigation.

U41

The Emperor Manse is a dilapidated, crumbling old building that exudes a kind of tragic melancholy for its loss of grace. The front door is boarded up, as are the windows. Around the side of the building you find a window that has had the boards carefully removed and placed neatly on the ground. Squeezing through the narrow opening you find yourself in a moldy hallway; the smell of rot and damp permeate the place.

You find little on the ground floor, apart from evidence that the hallways have been well trodden recently. The dust is thick everywhere, except a trail leading to the stairs. The trail continues up the stairs onto the third floor of the Manse. In a large room, presumably a former music room judging by the moldy piano pushed into a corner, you find something a little more disturbing.

The room has a large painted pentagram on the wooden floor, with unlit black candles at each point. A series of strange sigils are daubed across the walls and floor with the name Nyarlathotep reoccurring again and again. You try not to stare at the symbols too closely as they make your vision swim slightly. Between a gap in the floorboards you spot a small silver broach, but apart from its unusual design it doesn't tell you much. Another twenty minutes of searching reveals little else and you decide to continue your investigation elsewhere.

U67

Uptown Park, much like the rest of the district, is well maintained and pleasant for the most part. The southwestern corner is heavily wooded, but you start gradually in the open areas. There is no sign of the police; the official investigation has moved on.

The search of the majority of the park is conducted quickly, the open spaces dotted with benches that make for light work of your powers of observation. You leave the wooded corner until last, patently aware of the warning that the "trees were alive". Unlikely you admit, however that is something you do not wish to test!

The wooded area rises slightly, and you notice the crumbling remains of a building, all but overgrown. In a clearing beside the building, you notice a dark stain on the bare earth - blood! A rustle of the trees catches your attention, and then suddenly your blood runs cold as the stench, akin to an open grave, reaches your nostrils.

You turn slowly, sweat pricking on your skin, in the direction of the noise and smell. Your mind instantly recoils in horror as one of the trees surrounding the clearing literally steps into view! The creature is near sixteen feet tall, ink black, with ropy, branch-like tentacles that reach for the summer sky.



Your mind blanks...you can taste bile in your mouth, vomit rising in your throat...and then you flee. Running from the territorial monster, you barely break stride for two full blocks. Armitage was right! The dread books that he has let you glimpse do contain the truth; for surely you have been witness to a Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath! You shake yourself out of the stupor, feeling lucky to be alive. There is a case to investigate...





Questions

Part One

1. What is the name of the woman who collapsed in the street?
2. Who was the suspicious character who made a quick exit from the scene of the crime?
3. How did the woman come by her injury?
4. What is the danger in the park?
5. What was stolen from the museum?
6. Who is the out-of-town cultist of Shub-Niggurath?

Part Two

1. Why did the cat hiss at the wall on East Saltonstall Street?
2. Who did the hospital workers see on the top floor of the Emperor Manse?
3. What was Barclay Rutger up to?
4. What was the name of the late night graveyard visitor?
5. Why did the late night graveyard visitor visit at night, and what was he doing?

Solution

“In the end, a simple little problem to get to the bottom of.”

Back in Armitage's office, you feel as though your leg work of the day was far from as simple as the old librarian was suggesting. Garrison, reclining near the open window in a leather wing-backed chair, gives you a look that implies he agrees with you on the matter.

“Well there was the question of the woman's identity to wrestle with Henry! That seems like the most pertinent fact that we were missing from the start!”

Armitage nods, *“Indeed that was forefront in my mind as well Inspector, and once I had visited her accommodation at Rennie's Boarding House, I was able to put a name to our young lady: Miss Martha Modine.”*

Garrison looks perplexed, *“What on earth led you up French Hill to the Rennie House?”*

Armitage grins, *“Alas Inspector, so wrapped up were your officers in asking door to door about the identity of the young lady, they neglected her possessions. Her receipt from the boarding house clearly showed that she had intended to stay there for at least another month. This then led me to the fiend, Hartwell, and his lair...so clean and tidy.”*

Garrison shrugs grudgingly, an admission that a focus on the surrounding streets was the wrong call in the circumstances. *“Well what happened to her then? Why did that villain Hartwell attack the woman he professed to love?”*

“In that Inspector, perhaps we will never fully comprehend. Mr. Edward Hartwell, for indeed that was who attacked young Martha, seems to have had a love even greater than the one he professed to hold for Martha. It is clear that there was a special bond between the two, but Edward is held thrall to dark powers beyond our world. The rantings he uttered upon his arrest are testament to that. His love for the unspeakable evil of Shub-Niggurath outweighed even his fondness for the lovely Miss Modine.”

“He must have been planning it for sometime, slipping one of those damnable seeds into Martha's food whence it wriggled its insidious way into her chest cavity. There to grow and succor on her, like some parasite from tropical climes. Martha was the unknowing host to an evil growing inside her. I must admit, that weasel Fenton was of some use there, and it confirmed what I had learned from the Book of Eibon in the library. A lingering memory of the spark he felt for Martha must have prompted Edward, in remorse, to re-dress Martha and lay her out to expire, rather than complete the prescribed sacrifice that the ritual normally demands.”

“It is likely that the secretions of the spawn, that foul mucus, stayed the blood flow for a short time and dulled the pain. As the influence of the spawn waned after its removal, it is clear Martha awoke and was able to stagger back to the street to try and find help.”

Garrison interjects suddenly, *“Why the attack in the park then? Surely he was taking a risk in such a public place?”*

Armitage pauses, then knowingly responds, *“It would seem the ritual needed to be overseen by a watcher, a Dark Young - Shub-Niggurath's blasphemous child. Where could one of these evil creatures hide in Arkham, but in a heavily wooded park? He needed to conduct the ritual outside. Indeed what risk was there in the overgrown part of the Uptown Park? With a slice and a snap of bones he was able to free the unholy spawn and store it in the Cthotha birthing dish that he had stolen from the museum. That is until he could transfer it to more secure bindings and hand it off to his friend, Victor Ingram. It is a shame that you missed him Inspector.”*

Garrison nods at the suitcase next to Armitage's desk, the twinkle back in his eye. *“Aye a shame; seems like you and I have a trip to make in the morning...unfinished business!”*

Dr. Henry Armitage

Dr. Armitage, the Head Librarian at Miskatonic University, solved this case by investigating 7 Clue Points, and a reasoned deduction that the bowl was used in the ritual. The free Clue Points for this investigation are:

- Arkham Hospital (C11);
- Miskatonic Library (C23);
- University Exhibit Museum (C24);
- Pasquale Fenton, the Occultist (LS4);
- Herbert Corbett the Criminologist (D45);
- Rennie's Boarding House (FH16);
- and finally, to account for Martha's paramour, Edward Hartwell's House (LS26).

Scores

Part One

1. What is the name of the woman who collapsed in the street? Martha Modine (25 points)
2. Who was the suspicious character who made a quick exit from the scene of the crime? Edward Hartwell (25 points)
3. How did the woman come by her injury? The ritual extraction of the spawn of Shub-Niggurath (25 points).
4. What is the danger in the park? A Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath (10 points).
5. What was stolen from the museum? A ritual bowl; a Cthotha birthing dish to be precise (5 points)
6. Who is the out-of-town cultist of Shub-Niggurath? Mr. Victor Ingram (10 points)

Part Two

1. Why did the cat hiss at the wall in the East Saltonstall Street? It was picking up on the ungerminated seeds of Shub-Niggurath in Edward's basement (5 points).
2. Who did the hospital workers see on the top floor of the Emperor Manse? Members of the Silver Twilight (10 points).
3. What was Barclay Rutger up to? Drinking moonshine with his friends on the Unvisited Isle. (15 points).
4. What was the name of the late night visitor to the graveyard? Thomas Illsley (10 points).
5. Why did the late night graveyard visitor visit at night, and what was he doing? He suffers from insomnia, and was conducting his research into the families of the first pilgrims (5 points).

Sanity Penalties

If you visited Uptown Park and encountered the Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, take a 10 point penalty to your score for the mental trauma this encounter with the horrifying creature caused.

Scoring Example

Working your way through the solution, you determine that you correctly answered questions 1, 2, 3 and 5 in part one and only question 1 in part two. This gives a subtotal of 85 points (25+25+25+5+5). During the investigation you visited 11 Clue Points; of those, 5 turned out to be 'free' Clue Points. Therefore you must deduct 30 points (11 Clue Points - 5 'free' = 6 Clue Points x -5 each = -30). Your total score for the investigation is 55 points.