IMPOSSIBLE LANDSCAPES
A CAMPAIGN OF WONDER, HORROR, AND CONSPIRACY,
FOR DELTA GREEN THE ROLE-PLAYING GAME

BY DENNIS DETWILLER

ARC DREAM PUBLISHING PRESENTS DELTA GREEN: IMPOSSIBLE LANDSCAPES
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All writing and art ©2019 Dennis Detwiller. “Is the darkness/Ours to take?/Bathed in lightness/Bathed in heat/All is well/As long as we keep spinning/Here and now/Dancing behind a wall/Hear the old songs/And laughter within/All forgiven/Always and never been true.”
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CAMILLA: What impossible landscapes wait beyond the cracked corners of this false world?
—The King in Yellow, Act II, Scene IV
THIS BOOK HAS TEETH…

…still, one of you must *eat* it. Chew it and swallow it and then, act as the book might act. This is no small trick.

Then there is the dance.

Once the dance begins, others arrive. It is their job to pretend to be someone else but to feel *real* fear. As they act, they dance. They dance with the person that has become the book, they dance with their real fear, they dance around a table, and a story is told in the tracks of their steps.

Let us not forget the dice. The dice sing. They sing of opening doors, and brains spraying across walls, and the translation of books. The dice’s song lets you climb burning tapestries and scream and go mad and hide, weeping in the dark as marionettes spin in echoing tunnels of smooth stone.

The dice sing a tune, which the false people dance to while the book leads you all on. And whether you want to or not, you dance.

We dance.

We all dance this way, hand-in-hand, until the end of the world.
INTRODUCTION

Impossible Landscapes is the first campaign for Delta Green the Role-Playing Game. It centers on Robert W. Chambers’ 1895 book The King in Yellow, elements of which also appear in such game books as The Unspeakable Oath, Delta Green: COUNTDOWN, and fiction books such as Sosostris, Ambrose, and Broadalbin.

This campaign focuses on a missing woman, a mysterious play that drives people insane, an asylum, a country that doesn’t exist, and the end of the world. Agents skate the edge of a mystery that unravels their existence and struggle to find a way back from a fictional country called Carcosa.

Impossible Landscapes focuses on surreal horror, like that found in The OA, The Shining, Twin Peaks, Jacob’s Ladder, Lost Highway, or The Ninth Configuration. Agents confront monsters, but monsters from the depths of the human mind. These threats are as endless as imagination and as insubstantial as smoke; making them infinitely deadlier than any ancient, slumbering, Lovecraftian god.

CAMPAIGN STRUCTURE

This book contains four interconnected operations, each takes between two and four sessions of play to resolve. In its most standard form, each operation leads into the next. The operations are:

- Δ Like a Map Made of Skin (?)
- Δ End of the World of the End (∞)

Agents that have not experienced the operation The Night Floors should begin in that operation, otherwise, they should begin with A Volume of Secret Faces.

IN THE FIELD: TRANSIT BETWEEN OPERATIONS

Though the operations in Impossible Landscapes flow linearly, there are certain places that can grant access to Carcosa, a place beyond time and space that connects all things under the influence of the King in Yellow. Using these places Agents might be able to effectively jump before or after their current location in the campaign, or at least, send or retrieve information from there. These places are marked in the text with “EXEUNT.”

Exeunt indicates a place where an Agent, object, or person, may arrive or leave from an earlier or later point of the campaign to influence the game. For example, a red door in a house in 2015 might open to a room that exists in 1995 and allow limited information through. Guidelines and rules on how to handle these portals are presented along with each instance.
OPERATIONAL SUMMARIES

The operations in Impossible Landscapes are designed to move players’ Agents step-by-step from our sane, ordered, world to the realm of madness that is ruled by the King in Yellow, called Carcosa. If players are lucky, some of their Agents may even find their way back.

The Night Floors
In the summer of 1995, the Agents enter a New York artist co-op called the Macallistar building to search for the missing painter Abigail Wright. The Night Floors (which appeared first in Delta Green: COUNTDOWN) has been updated with stats for Delta Green the Role-Playing Game and its terrors have multiplied.

In this operation, the world is normal except for the Macallistar building after night fall, when it opens onto infinite rooms that lead into the depths of Carcosa called the Night Floors. There, the Agents are given a crash-course on the nature of the King in Yellow.

A Volume of Secret Faces
In the fall of 2015, those Agents that survived The Night Floors are called to the Dorchester House psychiatric facility in Boston to locate escaped mental patients committed by Delta Green. As the mystery unfolds, Agents discover that they themselves are psychiatric patients trapped in a nightmare version of the hospital. After a harried escape, they receive a cryptic message from the Clockwork Child, they must find a peculiar bottle beneath a strange hotel called Broadalbin, bring it to Carcosa, and gain entry to the masquerade; where Abigail Wright waits.

In this operation, surreality creeps into the world from the infection at the Dorchester House. It culminates with an inversion of all the Agents believe to be true, leaving them uncertain of precisely just what is real.

Like a Map Made of Skin
Marked as vectors of the cancerous play The King in Yellow and on the run from Delta Green, Agents search for the ghost-hotel Broadalbin. Agents flee the specter of a Delta Green hit-team formed in 1955, kept somehow alive and vital forever. As reality collapses to fall in line with their madness, the Agents gain access to it, and beneath it, the Whisper Labyrinth to search for the mysterious bottle.

In this operation, the “real” world opens onto existential gulfs and Agents begin to see that the only thing real is the play — all else is delusion.

The End of the World of the End
In Carcosa, at the Palace of Yhtill, there is a masquerade of party-goers, a royal celebration, and a mysterious stranger. There, armed with the bottle from the Whisper Labyrinth, the Agents are invited into the presence of the entity called the King in Yellow. Before the clocks strike midnight, Agents must find Abigail Wright and the final, terrible answer to the question that is their own existence.

In this operation, the Agents have crossed into Carcosa itself. They must survive the nightmare city, outfit themselves for the masquerade, and gain access to the Palace. Inside they must locate Abigail and bring her the bottle, and amidst a fractal of terrors,
find their final answer. Beyond this lies destruction, escape, or madness; each answer as unique as each Agent.

**DISINFORMATION: MENTAL ILLNESS AND THE KING IN YELLOW**

This game is not about real-world psychiatry, and makes no attempt to grapple with the very real and difficult struggles of mental illness. It is entirely fictional and should always be treated as such. Instead, this campaign focuses on a peculiar clarity of thought that inflicts only those Agents touched by the power of the King in Yellow.

Though players guide their Agents through asylums, deal with psychiatrists, drugs, and delusions, in the game, those touched by the King suffer from something entirely different than mental illness. It is truth. The world is the illusion, and their madness is a kind of special sight, through which they can glimpse the actual disposition of things. As that clarity increases, those still caught in the delusion of reality call them insane.

In the end, when a player has pushed their Agent through to the absolute truth, what they find is this: there is no such thing as the world, only beings that surround and orbit the King in Yellow, its play, and the Yellow sign; everything else — all human industry and creation — is nothing but imagined folly.
PART ONE: THE KING IN YELLOW

"Have you never read it?" I asked.
"I? No, thank God! I don't want to be driven crazy."

I saw he regretted his speech as soon as he had uttered it. There is only one word which I loathe more than I do lunatic and that word is crazy. But I controlled myself and asked him why he thought The King in Yellow dangerous."

—Robert W. Chambers, *The King in Yellow*

To some, *The King in Yellow* is a two-act play in a slim book. In the play, a stranger arrives at a masked ball at the far-off royal court of Yhtill, in Carcosa, and there, reveals that of all the party-goers, only he wears no mask. His grin — a porcelain rictus called the pallid mask — is his actual face. In doing so, it somehow announces the end of their world.

Some claim this play possesses the unnatural ability to spill thoughts out into reality and change perception into something elastic and terrible. Others, that it is a seam in the fabric of the world, that once read, frays existence.

Still others say the King in Yellow is the figure from the play, somehow made real. A malignant creature adorned in ancient golden cloth, wearing a porcelain mask. Or that it is a code embedded in existence, flagged by a single, terrible symbol that causes madness and death, called the Yellow Sign.

Just as it is all of these things, it is none. It is anything that skirts the edge of human understanding. Minds must accept the input of this unnatural force. Some are destroyed in this torrent. Others are drawn into this tidal sludge of imagination where they persist as ghosts forever.

DISINFORMATION: CARCOSA, THE KING IN YELLOW, AND HASTUR

The King in Yellow, Carcosa, and Hastur the Unspeakable are all mentioned in the play, *The King in Yellow*. Hastur is identified as a Great Old One in other, unnatural texts such as *De Vermis Mysteriis* and the *Necronomicon*. Though it remains unclear, some believe Hastur is the King in Yellow.

Carcosa is well known by those who study the unnatural. It is a generic term used to describe madness, or more appropriately, a place madmen can travel to. It is also the name of a country or city from the play *The King in Yellow*. Some believe it is a real, physical place found on Earth or elsewhere.

Carcosa, the King in Yellow and Hastur are all connected to the star Aldebaran in many accursed texts, though the meaning of that connection remains obscure. As a whole, this force is often referred to as Hastur, the King in Yellow, or Carcosa, interchangeably. For simplicity's sake, we refer to these forces in this book as: the King in Yellow.
THE BOOK, THE NIGHT WORLD, AND CARCOSA

Despite its impossible, ever-changing nature, the force called the King in Yellow manifests in a predictable manner. It begins from a single vector, infects a victim, inflicts symptoms, and then, when it grows strong enough, spreads.

Usually, a victim is infected by reading the play *The King in Yellow*, or by seeing the strange symbol of the King called the Yellow Sign. This exposure awakens a mindset in the victim through which the forces of the King in Yellow can enter and operate in our world.

The victim suffers from manifestations that grow in complexity and power over time. Sometimes those with a strong will can shake it off, but more often than not, the effect is fatal. Manifestations reflect the nature of Carcosa: Victorian nonsense-notes from people the victim has never met, clockwork dolls that croak out the victim’s name, dancing, far-off figures that vanish when pursued. These manifestations come and go like smoke, but while they persist, they are as real — and as deadly — as any threat in the real world. The victim often attempts to spread the infection to colleagues, friends, and family, providing copies of the play or the symbol to them in an effort to relieve themselves of the horrors.

At the peak of the manifestations, unimaginable locations spring up in the real world. Strange and unknowable paths open in well-trodden and familiar streets. The more the victim attempts to understand such things, the more significant the unnatural influences become. Eventually, those that do not lose their minds might find an entrance to the Night World.

The Night World acts as a cell wall between the sanity of Earth and the madness that is Carcosa. This Night World is a surreal, ever-shifting array of somehow still familiar human locations and ideas (doors, hallways, shops, streets and more) that move and change even as they are observed and defy conventional ideas on time, space and physics. For those swept into the world of the King in Yellow but that lack the will to push through to Carcosa, the Night World is their last stop.

Many locations described in this book like the Hotel Broadalbin, the Book-Shop, the Macallistar Building, the Missing Room, the Whisper Labyrinth, and more remain in the Night World, unchanging and eternal; acting as fly-traps that gather lost souls.

On the far side of the Night World is Carcosa. Here, the royal court of Yhtill forever prepares for the masquerade ball, the revelers plot and plan to gain access, and the King arrives and declares the end of their world — over and over, again and again, forever.

Few persist in the Night World. Fewer make it to the shores of Carcosa. Fewer still ever meet the King.

Only one has ever left.

IN THE FIELD: THEMES OF THE KING IN YELLOW

To build a strong, coherent sense of paranoia and horror among the players, the Keeper should think about some of the themes that the King in Yellow plays to most strongly.
ALIENATION: Human society is an instinctual assembly of people and ideas, gathered to stave off chaos. Those affected by the King in Yellow represent the chaos that society seeks to weed out. Ordinary people affected by it peel away from the herd, but they are also driven off. Examples of people or groups who have ended up outside of the mainstream, turned away by their friends and loved ones, demonstrate the profound alienation that is at the heart of the King in Yellow experience.

SURREALNESS: The King in Yellow distorts orderly perception and the world around that person breaks down in surreal ways. Houses, apartments, and other living spaces are especially vulnerable, because we have strong psychological attachments to the places we dwell in. A writer’s house may contain more rooms than it could possibly hold. A madman's garret may have walls upon which the text of conversations held in their presence appears in oversize, typewritten letters. These abnormalities have strong symbolic connections with the mind of the affected individual.

CREATIVITY: Liberated from society, the minds of those affected by the King in Yellow often lean towards creative expression; conversely, already-creative minds are helplessly drawn to it. A major component of this is the creation of creative works that spread the King in Yellow’s influence. A perfect example is the aforementioned play, The King in Yellow, but other examples in nearly any media are possible.

AESTHE TICS: When the King in Yellow’s influence takes physical form in the distortion of living spaces, a particular aesthetic is represented. Rooms gain red velvet wallpaper, couches morph into designs compatible with the late 19th century, and so on. The source of this bizarre aesthetic consistency is the ghost-metropolis of Carcosa, which itself is somehow stuck in that architectural/decorative mode of the Victorian/Edwardian period (1837-1910). No one understands why, but it could be because that was the time period where it is believed the play The King in Yellow first appeared.

DELTA GREEN AND THE KING IN YELLOW
The play The King in Yellow predates the Delta Green organization. It has been a sore point in the group’s mandate since it first came to their attention in 1951. While unnatural forces are always difficult to contain, most are bound to some concept of physics, but the King in Yellow exists, persists, thrives, and breeds in the words of a book, in the curves of a symbol, or wholly within the human mind.

As such, many of these facts persist only in the minds of survivors, and, understandably, they do not speak lightly about what they saw. Delta Green official records on The King in Yellow were long ago purged. Of course, there is always the possibility a war record, a box of papers, or even an entire filing cabinet was overlooked in the numerous shuffles of the Delta Green leadership any of which might begin the chain of infection all over again.
THE FIRST KNOWN OUTBREAK OF LE ROI EN JAUNE (1895)

The unnatural effects of the play *Le Roi en jaune (The King in Yellow)*, were first identified in the spring of 1895 in Paris, France. The play rose like a blight in the form of a small black book passed from artist to artist, infecting those that read it with melancholy, madness, and death. (Only one copy of this “original” edition is known to exist. It has no publisher’s mark and its providence remains unknown. It was sold at auction to an anonymous party for $616,000 in New York in 1989.)

During this outbreak, more than two hundred people were murdered, committed suicide, or vanished, including two members of the government. Due to these governmental deaths, the work was given special scrutiny by the *Deuxième Bureau*, a French intelligence group. The bureau initially believed the book was an extremist text written by a foreigner to incite internal strife, but they soon began to notice oddities in the cluster of crimes.

A *Deuxième Bureau* directed crackdown collected and burned copies of the book, arrested those disseminating it, and worked to eliminate records of the strangeness associated with it from related police files.

Unfortunately, by the time the crackdown occurred, an acting troupe in Paris had already performed the play to sold-out crowds.

DISINFORMATION: TRUE ORIGINS

The *Deuxième Bureau* records of the Paris crackdown, recovered by the U.S. Army on 20 JUL 1944 in a looted French villa called the *Mansion de Portes*, hinted the play was translated into French, indicating it had come from somewhere before France in 1895. Rumors of a red book with a “looping symbol like a dragon” on its cover — thought possibly to be *The King in Yellow* — appear as early as 1865 in England, but no known copies of this book still exist.

In the *Deuxième Bureau* files, the author of the 1895 book is either never named or referred to as “X” or “AUTEUR X” and his country of origin is never indicated (though Paris police were on the lookout for an Englishman or American in connection with the manuscript).

No one knows for certain where the play was before Paris in 1895, but there are parallels between the play and ancient legends which were noticed by Delta Green in the intervening years, indicating, perhaps that it had a long and secret history.

RECOVERY FROM THE WAR RECORD AND THE RED BOOK (1951)

On 22 FEB 1951 a Delta Green Agent named Emmet Moseby, tasked with poring through paperwork recovered in World War II, located an odd French intelligence file, marked as reviewed by German intelligence during the occupation. Included in the file was a mimeographed copy of the play *Le Roi en jaune* in French.

On 6 JUN 1951 the play appeared in English for the first time (though there are several rumors of it turning up in English much earlier), in the form of the so-called *Red Book*; a thin, red leather book, marked with an odd, undulating symbol called (despite the coloring) the Yellow Sign.
The book’s nature as an active vector of infection, or as a translation of *Le Roi en jaune* was not understood at the time. In 1952 and 1955, the group would pay for this oversight.

**OPERATION LUNA (1952)**

The murder of three children whose bodies were inscribed with occult symbols brought Delta Green Agents to New York in 1952. The children were each related to employees of NBC television.

Agents soon discovered these employees were all working on a single program: The Philco Television Playhouse rehearsing a scene from the *Red Book* version of *The King in Yellow*. Queries to the group and research in Delta Green files uncovered the fact that the source text, *Le Roi en jaune*, was a dangerous unnatural text.

Before the program could air, Delta Green pinned the children’s murders on Gary Topchick, the show’s director. The production was shut down and copies of the *Red Book*, the Yellow Sign, and several other unnatural items were seized. Eager to sweep the scandal under the rug, NBC cooperated with Agents to silence its staff.

The actual murderer was never found, and although Delta Green now knew *Le Roi en jaune* was in English in the form of the *Red Book*, they still did not fully appreciate the threat it represented.

**DISINFORMATION: EMMET MOSEBY M.I.A.**

After the 1952 LUNA incident, it did not go unnoticed that the first appearance of the *Red Book* in America occurred four months after a Delta Green agent came into possession of a typed copy of *Le Roi en jaune*. An internal investigation failed to locate the obvious suspect, Agent Moseby, and a new level of paranoia settled into the group’s leadership about the text.

Moseby was never found. In the wake of his work on the files in 1951, he packed for a spring vacation in Europe and vanished. “The continent first, and then to court,” he was reported as saying before he boarded a ship, never to be seen again.

**OPERATION BRISTOL, HER GREY SONG, STATIC PROTOCOL (1955)**

On 30 AUG 1955, Delta Green was involved in an incident in New York City codenamed operation BRISTOL. It was a disaster with a body count similar to the 1895 Paris outbreak of *Le Roi en jaune*, focused around an off-Broadway play called *Her Grey Song*. Beyond these scant facts, nearly nothing remains on the official record.

During the terrors of this operation, the STATIC protocols to deal with *The King in Yellow* were established by the group’s leadership.

The protocols are:

- Δ Works referencing the Yellow Sign, *Le Roi en jaune*, *The King in Yellow*, Hali, Hastur, Carcosa, Yhtill, Cassilda, and Camilla, are TO BE DESTROYED.
- Δ Those that produce such works are to be eliminated. Those that seem influenced by the work are to be contained or eliminated at the Agent’s discretion.
- Δ An Agent’s exposure must be reported to the group, who then decide upon a response.
Agents not exposed to these elements on these ops become the point of contact for the group and must remain separate from the primary investigative arm, acting in a supporting role.

Agents violating any of these protocols are assumed to be active threats and are to be dealt with.

The second, more secret portion of the STATIC protocol was the “shadow team.” A second group of experienced agents sent to covertly observe if the first team was compromised. If things got out of hand, the shadow team was there to remove the threat and destroy all infectious elements.

**DISINFORMATION: STATIC PROTOCOL TODAY**

While STATIC protocol remains in effect in a few cells of the Outlaw Delta Green conspiracy, it is entirely forgotten by the Delta Green Special Access Program. STATIC files may still exist, of course, lost in the shuffle of departments, commands and personnel.

Some old guard in the special access program may understand the danger the play represents, but for the most part, the SAP would look at the play like any other unnatural problem; something to be investigated, rooted out, and secured — and possibly, exploited. Due to the infectious nature of the King In Yellow phenomenon, obviously, this methodology would prove disastrous.

Worse, the original STATIC shadow team from 1955, sent to deal with the infected Agents in Operation BRISTOL, were lost to the Night World. There, they still hunt rogue Delta Green threats, fulfilling their STATIC protocol mandate: forever.

**THE MACALLISTAR BUILDING AND OPERATION ALICE (1995)**

In 1995, Delta Green reencountered the King in Yellow in an art co-op in Manhattan, the Macallistar building, while pursuing a missing artist and resident of the building, Abigail Wright. By the time the group became involved, the residents and the building had been half-absorbed by the Night World.

Operation ALICE is covered in detail in the operation *The Night Floors*.

**A SONG BEFORE TRAVEL AND OPERATION ACTIVE STATIC (2007)**

On 5 MAY 2007, Delta Green operation ACTIVE STATIC in Chicago unfolded into something that was, briefly, much more significant than any previously known outbreak of the King in Yellow. A single copy of the play (written in Latin in 1905, called *Libro Secretorum Manifesta*, or *The Book of Secrets*), found its way into the possession of director Victor Correll. The 22-minute film he produced after reading play was called *A Song Before Travel* and was reported by the select audience to be sublime, perfect, and entirely unlike anything before it. That is, before the audience went insane and began to turn up dead.

Not one person of the 53 in attendance of the premiere would be alive in a month. A Delta Green team led by aging Outlaws ruthlessly rooted out all tendrils of the infection,
which included multiple copies of the book, as well as online clips of the movie. At the height of the "outbreak," an entire apartment block of Chicago crossed over into the quantum slurry of Carcosa for a short time.

After the smoke cleared, and the death toll approached 300, the last two remaining members of the Outlaw team were eliminated after being deemed "infected."

**DISINFORMATION: THE TRUTH OF THE KING IN YELLOW**

Though Agents may struggle to understand the secrets presented here, the truth is, they can never understand them and remain human. Understanding of the threat means consumption by that threat — a fact that most Agents learn too late.

But, if that core truth at the heart of the King in Yellow could be summarized, it might be best summarized as: *the impossible horrors presented here are not the exception, they are the rule.* They are not some wispy shadows on the fringes of our ordered existence, in fact, there is no such thing as order, space, time, being, identity, or reason. These are all momentary illusions, cast against a very real backdrop of infinite disorder. Those in the "real" world are the ones that exist and persist in a dream (if anything beyond the self could be said to "persist" at all). Only those in the Night World and Carcosa are approaching something as permanent as our "world" purports itself to be.

Reality is the side-effect, as malleable, fluid and fleeting as oil on water. A tiny bubble of momentary stillness in a roiling, limitless, chaos, that will soon be snuffed out forever.

**THE OUROBOROS**

The purpose of the cult of Cthulhu is to wake their slumbering god so it may reign over the ruins of our world. What is the purpose of the King in Yellow? The sane can never answer this question. Its insanity follows no guidelines and obeys no rules. It runs rampant, and what it can’t destroy, it sweeps away in a primal tide of madness.

So, what does the King in Yellow appear to be doing?

Spreading. Like a virus, it feeds, redoubles itself, and expands so that it might find a foothold farther afield. It finds vibrant human minds, settles, and pools ever outward, staining reality with impossibilities. When enough of it is brought through to our world, that location joins with Carcosa.

The arts and sciences are a haven for the King, and those that make a life of the mind seem the most susceptible to its strange call. Luckily, those that hear the call — artists, savants, deep thinkers — are few and far between.

Those in service of Carcosa create copies of *The King in Yellow,* they sell them, they outfit the costumes of those that enact the play, they manufacture the items used to abase themselves to it. Worst of all, those that serve the King in Yellow often *don’t know that they serve.*

It is a Rube Goldberg machine independent of time and space whose only function is to complete itself, like the ouroboros, except it is continuously vomiting itself out in wider and wider gyres. A pattern of horrors whose surfaces snap, split, and multiply like a puzzle that can never be solved; and is always in fascinating, terrible, motion. And it all begins as only a symbol, or a specific sequence of words.

These horrors exist in a place beyond contrivances like time and space. As such, the history of the King in Yellow is baroque, intricate, and forever beyond human
conception. The dates listed below, especially the odd synchronicities, interconnections and jumps, are wholly unknown, even to Delta Green. Footnotes indicate where such information might be found, and conclusions, if they are drawn, remain wholly up to the Handler to define.

PRE-HISTORY: THE KING IN ANTHROPOLOGY
Many ancient legends appear to mimic elements of the play The King in Yellow. For example, the Mohegan Indians tell the tale of a Hobomack, an evil creature which can replace a shaman, tearing off his face and putting it on as a mask to assume his appearance. When the Hobomack arrives, it is to announce the end of the tribe and its leadership in a great story and to bring about chaos, death, and destruction.¹

This and a hundred other stories exist like this in every culture and time. They are easy enough to find, if one is looking for them, scattered among folklore, tall-tales, and legend.

Delta Green does not understand if the appearance of the play somehow manifested these legends in the past, or if this is a deep-seated human truth which arises no matter the culture, over and over again, like a cancer of thought. Either way, it can never actually be said to be eradicated.

1402-1460: THE MANSION OF DOORS, KING SOLOMON, AND THE CLOCK-MAKER
Records exist outlining the sad tale of the Chastaigne family, but are scattered throughout churches, repositories, and libraries, mostly in France, and are not considered by those in the know as part of the King in Yellow narrative. Those few books published on the subject of the House of Doors and the Chastaigne family are often hyperbolic texts on ritual magic, ghosts, and demonology. Still, for those who know and look, connections between these tales and the King in Yellow might be found.

May 1402: Seigneur Augustus Chastaigne, a sober-minded lesser noble in Paris, France, inherits the Mansion de Portes (“the mansion of doors”) an isolated estate in Reims, France, built sometime in the 11th Century.² The house is considered strange because every wall in it contains a door, even those opening to the outside on upper floors. The second cousin that willed it to him, Michel S. Chastaigne, is rumored to have disappeared inside, after placing his affairs in careful order. Little is known about him.³

28 Aug 1402: Augustus Chastaigne, his wife Louise, and their son, Gabriel, take up residence in the Mansion de Portes along with their staff.⁴

Oct 1402: Augustus Chastaigne finds a book written by Michel S. addressed to him, that urges him to continue the family’s work. This strange book (“bound in wire”) is filled with codes and cyphers credited to SOLOMON, with much of its

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² Various church records (Paris and Reims, France).
writing in a “odd English.”

Shortly thereafter, Augustus’ wife, Louise, exits a door on the third-floor of a tower and falls to her death. She is buried in the family crypt. The youth, Gabriel Chastaigne is sent away to Lycée Institution Saint Malo La Providence for his eduction.

NOV 1402: Staff report sightings of odd people in the house at night, including men in masks and silver robes, and at least one sighting of Louise Chastaigne, a month dead. Augustus Chastaigne begins buying books on codes and cyphers from Paris, Geneva, and Verdun, at great expense, taxing his inheritance. All mark him as a “haggard and ill shadow.”

JAN 1403: After announcing he had cracked the cypher, Augustus Chastaigne keeps a book detailing his experiments. This mostly appears to open certain doors in the house and calling set phrases and names into them. He claims he has found secret doors to “a school, a hospital, a book seller, catacombs, a hospitality house, and a great metropolis, all within these walls.” All but two staff leave the employ of the Chastaigne estate because, “the lord there is quite mad.”

1403: Augustus Chastaigne, having gained new information which he claims came from “in a bottle,” begins a new book called Hygromanteia. He signs it SOLOMON. His notes indicate he is regularly talking to “demons in the doors that show him signs, sigils and marks.” His new book is a listing of such names and seals along with other spells and secrets.

MAR 1403: Augustus Chastaigne finishes Hygromanteia and is “shown the truth of the world,” by an entity called BAEL. BAEL tells him that his book is a livre rouge (“red book”) that will give birth the King of the world. He writes this all in a letter to his son, then Chastaigne hangs himself in Mansion des Portes and is buried in the family crypt. Rumors abound that before his suicide, he confessed to pushing his wife to her death. The estate, Hygromanteia, Augustus’ notes, and Michel S.’ odd wire-bound book are sold at auction to cover his vast debts, but some of his work is missing.

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5 The Hidden History of the Occult Tradition. Dr. James M. Hoey, Golden Hoard Press, 1922.
7 Various church records (Paris and Reims, France).
8 Various church records (Reims and Saint-Malo, France).
11 The Hidden History of the Occult Tradition. Dr. James M. Hoey, Golden Hoard Press, 1922.
14 Various church records (Reims, France).
**APR 1403:** After Édouard Allard, personal servant to Augustus Chastaigne delivers a letter by lock-box to Dominic Antonin in Rouen, France, Gabriel Castaigne leaves school and is apprenticed with the clock-maker.

**1405:** Édouard Allard is found dead with his throat cut in a Paris apartment where he had been selling rare books on codes and cyphers (thought stolen from Chastaigne’s collection) for more than a year. The room is empty when he is found dead; his face branded with a “foul marks like an eye or dragon.”

**1423:** Gabriel Chastaigne turns 21, and is given his father’s letter and the contents of the lock box, as well as his papers as a journeyman clock-maker. He vanishes for two years.

**1425:** Gabriel Chastaigne purchases *Mansion de Portes* back from various intermediaries having somehow come into possession of a fortune after the ignominious death of his father and mother.

**1426:** *Seigneur* Gabriel Castaigne (spelling changed) is registered and confirmed as a noble by royal pronouncement. His trade is listed as “artificer.” He spends great amounts of money from an unknown fortune to restore the estate.

**1435:** *Seigneur* Gabriel Castaigne’s estate is reported as filled with marvels of clockwork. Castaigne has spent years building automatons, clocks, and small, spring-based machines.

**1441:** Rumors circulate that *Seigneur* Castaigne published his father’s work *Hygromanteia* under the name SOLOMON, in Paris. The book is seen in many places across the continent.

**1446:** *Seigneur* Gabriel Castaigne hosts a masquerade party for the nobility at the *Mansion des Portes*. There, the crowd witnesses giant, dancing mechanical marionettes controlled by, “wires descending from tracks in the ceiling.” Reports varied, but many were struck with wonder at the complexity of their movements. Rumors spread that his father had discovered the secret to perpetual motion and passed it on to his son.

**28 AUG 1460:** Gabriel Castaigne vanishes, leaving behind a jumble of strange papers outlining something called the Primary Invocation, and a sigil for a demon called PURSON scratched into the floor of the main hall.

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15 *The Occult, Codes, and Cyphers in France.* Emil Braeton, G Putnam’s Sons, 1939.


18 Various church records (Paris, France).

19 Various church records (Reims, France).

20 *The Hidden History of the Occult Tradition.* Dr. James M. Hoey, Golden Hoard Press, 1922.

21 *Automata in the History of Technology.* Dr. Ronald Schmidt, G. Bell and Sons, Ltd., 1944.


24 *The Hidden History of the Occult Tradition.* Dr. James M. Hoey, Golden Hoard Press, 1922.
1606-1690: THE YELLOW EMPEROR TAROT, DISASTERS, AND THE WICKED DECK OF CARDS

The first chronological mention of something like The King in Yellow was not about a book at all, but was instead associated with an odd, 78-card tarot deck called Le tarot empreureur jaune (the “yellow emperor tarot”) that reportedly turned up in England sometime in the early 1700s. To those looking into such things with limited understanding, it is a bizarre, anachronistic story that appears to pre-date the first confirmed appearance of Le Roi en jaune altogether.

△ 1607: A woman called Lady Trionfi spends two weeks on Towne Street in Cardiff, Wales reading cards for a penny. For the last two days, the woman makes dire warnings to all her clients that calamity and flood is coming. The cards she uses are finely made, French, and gilded. She calls it “the yellow emperor tarot,” and claims she received them on an island called Carcos.25

△ 30 JAN 1607: A huge flood in the Bristol Channel kills 2,000 people and drowns Cardiff.26

△ 1608: Near the end of his life, John Dee, occult philosopher and one-time advisor to Queen Elizabeth I, meets and pays what little money he can for a reading of the cards from “S” from Caracosa (likely the same woman who read the cards in Cardiff). Dee writes a single letter detailing this reading to Christ's College, Manchester, where he is warden. This letter speaks of the special nature of the unnamed woman’s Le tarot empreureur jaune, and warns of a “century of calamity, drought, famine, pestilence and fire for England…”27 Dee dies shortly thereafter.

△ 1615: Ahmed I, Ottoman Sultan, offers 5,000 golden ducats for Le tarot empreureur jaune, an unheard of sum (approximately $750,000 dollars today).28

△ 1620: Despite being declared a criminal by the unpopular King James I, and Lady Trionfi reappears in London to make a reading from her cards, announcing to a gathered crowd of more than a thousand that, “seventy years of drought, disease, and famine follow on the year.” Various droughts and famines ravage England until 1690.29

△ 1665: The bubonic plague strikes England killing hundreds of thousands.30 A beggar clothed in yellow rags reads tarot for any obviously suffering from the plague in London, wandering through areas completely abandoned to the outbreak. The cards appear to tell with great effectiveness who will live and who will die.31


26 Various books, stories and records.


30 Various books, stories and records.

28 AUG 1666: Thomas Farriner, a baker, stops and pays a penny to have his cards read by a strange woman on Pudding Lane, London. He later claims he was swindled.

2 SEP 1666: The great fire of London destroys the homes of 70,000 out of 80,000 residents of the city. It begins at Thomas Farriner’s bakery, at Pudding Lane. Farriner somehow survives.

1865-1905: THE CURSED BOOK, LE ROI EN JAUNE, AND THE BROTHERHOOD

Though the text is thought to be lost, to an odd sub-set in the world of conspiracy, and the occult, Le Roi en Jaune is a known, cursed, book whose legend has survived the numerous purges set to destroy it. From the earliest known reports of a “play that deranges the senses, marked with a peculiar symbol,” in 1865, to the release of Le Roi en Jaune and the performance of it, in Paris, France in 1895, strange coincidences abound.

27 OCT 1865: A book sometime purported to be The King in Yellow is reported in London for the first time. This unnamed book (sometimes called “the cursed book”), is in English, contains a strange, two act play with no name, and bears a striking mark on its cover reported to be that of a “dragon or an eye.” Various crimes and atrocities are linked to it, but it is actively suppressed and for the most part vanishes from history. Millionaire Ian F. Decraig is born in Chicago.

28 MAY 1886: Asa Daribondi — future architect linked to the King in Yellow — is born in Paris to Miriam Daribondi and an unknown father, and becomes an American citizen on 6 JUN 1887 when his family arrives in New York and soon after, settles in Chicago. Also, dilettante Henry M. Lundine is born in Chicago.

OCT 1895: Le Roi en jaune turns up in bookshops across Paris in a slim, black, hardcover.

6 MAY 1895: The first documented identification of the unnatural concepts associated with the play Le Roi en jaune (“The King in Yellow”), occur in Paris.

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33 Various books, stories and records.


35 Various government records (Chicago, Illinois, USA).


37 Various government records (Chicago, Illinois, USA).


Δ **MAY-JULY 1895**: More than two hundred people are murdered, commit suicide, or vanish during the first outbreak of *Le Roi en jaune*. Two members of the French government fall under its influence.

Δ **12 JUL 1895**: After the death of President Jean Casimir-Perier’s personal secretary Marie-Ange Reverdin, the *Deuxième Bureau*, a French intelligence group, begins investigating *Le Roi en jaune*, as well as burning copies of the book. They believe the book was written by a foreigner, someone they call AUTUEUR X or X.

Δ **18 JUL 1895**: Plans for a live performance of *Le Roi en jaune* are announced by *les coquelicots* ("the poppies") a Parisian acting troop. Adriene Daribondi, aunt of Asa Daribondi, is in the chorus.

Δ **3 AUG 1895**: The poster for *Le Roi en jaune*, depicting a woman holding a mask with a snake crawling through its eyes, becomes a common sight on the streets of Paris.

Δ **5 AUG 1895**: The Sûreté issue a special alert for anyone fitting the description of AUTUEUR X to local stations in Paris.

Δ **6 AUG 1895**: Rehearsals begin for *Le Roi en jaune*. *Deuxième Bureau* stakes out the theater in the hopes AUTUEUR X might be apprehended. He does not appear.

Δ **23 AUG 1895**: *Le Roi en jaune* opens to sold-out crowds. It is the talk of Paris, but the small venue means it is nearly impossible to secure a ticket. The *Deuxième Bureau* permits the show to continue in the hopes of capturing AUTUEUR X.

Δ **23-30 AUG 1895**: Viewers of the play report audience members fainting and having to be escorted out. Interest in the show builds. Tickets are sold for outrageous prices.

Δ **30 AUG 1895**: The last sold-out show of *Le Roi en jaune* by *les coquelicots* is broken up by the Paris police under direction from the *Deuxième Bureau*. Various cast members are arrested. Moments before the raid, the show is disrupted by strangely dressed English-speaking individuals that draw firearms on stage.

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41 *The Deuxième Bureau File*, 1895-1951.

42 *The Deuxième Bureau File*, 1895-1951.

43 *The Deuxième Bureau File*, 1895-1951.


before fleeing, pursued by masked figures in black carrying rifles and “China men.”

△ 5 SEP 1895: Ian F. Decraig buys the Sûreté-seized stage sets and costumes of Le Roi en jaune from Mallette & Co. These he ships back to Chicago at great expense. One piece, a huge, prop door that swings open, becomes Decraig’s obsession. He is unable to secure a copy of the script (all copies were seized and destroyed by the Deuxième Bureau, except one — which was recorded in the file).

△ 22 OCT 1896: Fleeting untoward attention from French police and security services, Adriene Daribondi (a member of the chorus for the stage production of Le Roi en jaune) joins her sister in Chicago, where she cares for her 10-year old nephew, Asa. It is some time before Miriam Daribondi realizes her sister is quite mad. Over the next 2 years, Adriene fills her nephew’s head with bizarre ideas, poems, and songs from Le Roi en jaune.

△ 1 MAY 1897: Ian F. Decraig founds his own religious order in Chicago called, “The Brotherhood of Doors.” Decraig was present at the last show of Le Roi en jaune in Paris, and it was the most revelatory experience of his life, but he never saw the end. This group has three members — all well-to-do witnesses to the play in 1895 — who are obsessed with piecing together a complete manuscript.

△ 26 APR 1898: Adriene Daribondi is put out on the streets of Chicago after Miriam Daribondi discovers she has been filling Asa’s head with ideas that he is secret royalty from a fictional country, fleeing assassins in Europe.


Debra Carver, future resident of the Broadalbin, is born in Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

△ 23 AUG 1901: Decraig is visited by Adriene Daribondi, who has lived as a prostitute on the streets for two years. She found his ad in the paper and reveals she was in the chorus of Le Roi en jaune. Decraig takes her in, and despite his wife, and rumors in the scandal sheets, lavishes her with money and attention. Adriene Daribondi claims her nephew is touched “by the King.” Private detectives hired by Decraig secretly follow the now 15 year old Asa Daribondi.

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50 The Personal Journals of Ian F. Decraig (1892-1905).
51 A Darkness at the Corners. Elizabeth Ortiz, University Publications, 1957.
55 Various government records (Baton Rouge, Louisiana, USA).
56 The Personal Journals of Ian F. Decraig (1892-1905).
6 MAY 1902: Adriene identifies the name of Asa’s unknown father as Castaigne; an heir to “the King.” Two men attack Asa Daribondi on the L-train, but are shot and killed by plain-clothed detectives in the employ of Decraig. The dead men are also private investigators, but their employer is never found.57

1 JUN 1903: Through an intermediary lawyer, Decraig pays for Daribondi’s education as a sponsor, funding his attendance to the Art Institute of Chicago for Architecture.58 Daribondi excels beyond all expectations and is marked as a “talent.”59

1904: The 17-year old Henry Lundine becomes involved briefly with Decraig and his associates in the Brotherhood of Doors (meeting them through shared contacts at the Thoth-Hermes temple).60 Though Lundine is considered a dilettante and is not invited to join, what he sees there shakes his conception of reality.

1905-1921: Asa Daribondi is hired by Decraig to build “what he wishes,” and constructs his first, bizarre, “Thought Houses” in Chicago. These strange buildings are marked by optical illusions and strange shapes, and are considered avant-garde.61 Daribondi becomes a local celebrity — talked up by Decraig — and builds ten “Thought Houses” between 1905 and 1921 for various luminaries in the Chicago area. The press calls him “the Picasso of architecture.”62 Much of this early promotion is paid for by Decraig.63

12 APR 1905: After his aunt reveals her presence in Decraig’s life, Asa Daribondi becomes a member of “The Brotherhood of Doors,” under Decraig. Decraig feels the youth is touched by the power of the King in Yellow. Asa Daribondi, who has always felt exceptional and strange, eagerly embraces the religion where he is the messiah.64 Also, future Delta Green Agent Emmet Moseby is born in Wichita, Kansas.65

23 AUG 1905: After 8 years of piecing together Le Roi en jaune, the group, “The Brotherhood of Doors,” completes their version of the play rendered in Latin. 11 copies are printed at a vanity press at great expense in a lavender hardcover referred to as Libro Secretorum Manifesta (“the Book of Secrets”). Decraig begins preliminary work in securing a performance space in Chicago, and notices

57 The Personal Journals of Ian F. Decraig (1892-1905).
58 The Personal Journals of Ian F. Decraig (1892-1905).
59 Various newspaper and magazine articles (Chicago, Illinois, USA).
60 The Personal Journals of Ian F. Decraig (1892-1905).
61 The Personal Journals of Ian F. Decraig (1892-1905).
63 The Personal Journals of Ian F. Decraig (1892-1905).
64 The Personal Journals of Ian F. Decraig (1892-1905).
65 Various government records (Wichita, Kansas, USA). Delta Green records.
are placed in papers looking for actors and singers. Also, future resident of hotel Broadalbin, Jaycy Linz, is born in Memphis, Tennessee.

\[\Delta\] 2 SEP 1905: Ian Decraig is arrested on suspicion of embezzlement from his company, Decraig Corp. Ltd., as well as ordering the murder of a bookkeeper, Gabriele Duchese, who was apparently blackmailing him. Three people, including a priest, are killed instead of Duchese, when a bomb in her car detonates without her in it. Decraig's trial rides the headlines for 16 months and he is sentenced to 50 years in Cook county jail. Adriene Daribondi is kicked out of her apartment and returns to the streets. Asa Daribondi is given an envelope with $500, a copy of *Libro Secretorum Manifesta*, and a note from Decraig through his lawyer; "YOU ARE ANOINTED. THE KING AWAITS US ALL. WE SHALL BE REUNITED."

1911-1936: HOTEL BROADALBIN, THE ARCHITECT, A WORLD WITHOUT DOORS

Though few know it, a strange synthesis of ideas, dreams, and human thought congealed in the 1920s and 1930s to form spaces that persist in the Night World even today. For those who know the methods, travel there is possible. Only when looking back does the shape of the true disposition of the world appear to come clear...

\[\Delta\] 2 DEC 1911: Construction is completed on the Bellefleur house in the Oak Park neighborhood of Chicago — a “thought building” designed by Asa Daribondi for the wealthy Fitzroy family. Future bellhop at the Broadalbin hotel, Elmer Losette, is born in Odurn, Louisiana and is abandoned at the St. Marks orphanage.

\[\Delta\] 30 AUG 1912: Construction is completed on the Dorchester House School in Boston, a future Delta Green friendly psychiatric facility. It is used as an orphanage by the Boston Catholic Archdiocese.

\[\Delta\] 6 MAY 1921: Asa Daribondi suddenly leaves Chicago for New York, and takes up residence at an unnamed mid-town hotel, answering, according to his Mother,

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67 Various government records (Memphis, Tennessee, USA).


69 *The Personal Journals of Ian F. Decraig* (1892-1905).


71 Various government records (Odurn, Louisiana, USA).

72 Various government records (Boston, Massachusetts, USA).
“an invitation.” In truth, Daribondi went east on a whim, and checked into the first hotel that caught his eye — Hotel Broadalbin.

**10 MAY 1921:** New York millionaire Henry Lundine hires Asa Daribondi to build what will become the Macallistair building in New York City. Lundine, the owner of several textile mills, was a hanger-on from the Thoth-Hermes temple in Chicago, and an admirer of Ian Decraig. He hopes to secure a copy of *Le Roi en jaune* from the architect, but Daribondi never indicates he possesses one.

**23 MAY 1921:** Asa Daribondi receives a phone-call at Hotel Broadalbin. It informs him of the first child he is to kill — a rival for his throne. He finds the child (Peter Devoras, 5 YOA) at the proscribed location and time, and drowns him. The body is found 4 days later, but the police fail to locate the killer. The caller claims his name is “Bale,” and that he “serves the true king.”

**27 MAY 1921:** A building permit is issued for the Lundine house (the future Macallistair building), the architect is listed as A. Darabondi (spelled incorrectly), but the blueprints are not filed until 10 APR 1921.

**29 MAY 1921:** Asa Daribondi is overcome with a monstrous depression, and expresses a desire to kill himself. He is consoled “by friends at the hotel,” including “Wild, Gary T., and Roark.”

**1 JUN 1921:** Desperate and terrified at his actions, Asa Daribondi surrenders his treasured copy of *Libro Secretorum Manifesta* to an unknown book-shop in the hopes he could break free of the urge to kill. Despite this, a copy of *The King in Yellow* (the Red Book edition) shows up outside of his door at Broadalbin the next morning delivered by a man dressed in red, and the phone calls continue.

**10 APR 1921:** Asa Daribondi informs Henry Lundine that he is also working on the hotel he has made his home, in lieu of payment.

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77 Various government records (New York, New York, USA).


79 Various government records (New York, New York, USA).


21 MAY 1921: The Lundine house (the future Macallistar building) is complete. The future home of Dr. Elias Barbas’ is completed in Boston. Emeline F. Fitzroy is born in Chicago in the Bellefluer house.

1 AUG 1922: The Henry Lundine family moves into the newly completed Lundine house. They purchase a new dog (a mastiff) and name it Abraham.

30 AUG 1925: With his disappearance, it is discovered that inmate Ian F. Decraig had been bribing his guards in Cook County jail for decades. Dozens of painted canvas backdrops, rolling set pieces, and prop faux-furniture had been created in that time. One item, a huge, old-looking set door, was finally brought in to the prison at great expense in AUG 1925. Decraig disappears from a locked room during one of his days working on this “set” and was never seen again. Montgomery Blaiszewitz, the last guard to see Decraig in the room, reports that he watched Decraig “step through the fake door and disappear.” Decraig is never seen again. The future home of Esther Samigina home is completed in Boston.

23 AUG 1927: Elmer Losette, future employee of Broadalbin, locates his mother, Juliet Losette. Later, the two begin to pose as man and wife.

6 AUG 1928: Elmer Losette is arrested in Palace, Oregon for petty theft of codeine tablets. He skips town on bail.

1 SEP 1929: Elmer Losette and his “wife” arrive in New York and finds employment at hotel Broadalbin. Also, future Delta Green Agent and analyst, Leland A. Fuller is born in Philadelphia.

1931: Jaycy Linz and Mark Labolas commit five bank robberies over four days in Jackson, Baton Rouge, New Orleans, and Memphis. During the last robbery, Labolas is killed and Linz flees north to escape the law.

1932-1933: Jaycy Linz works on and off as a writer of weird fiction and supports a growing heroin habit by committing various crimes for Leonard “Lenny” Tietlebaum, a captain in the Luciano crime family in New York City.

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83 Various government records (New York, New York, USA).

84 Various government records (Boston, Massachusetts, USA).


86 Lundine family records and photographs.


89 Losette family stories.

90 Various government records (Palace, Oregon, USA).

91 Losette family stories.

92 Delta Green records.

93 Various government records (Mississippi, Tennessee, and Louisiana, USA).

Δ 1 SEP 1934: Jaycy Linz checks in at hotel Broadalbin, meets Debra Carver, and vanishes below the hotel. ⁹⁵

Rediscovery of the Deuxième Bureau files apparently led to the first outbreak of the force known as the King in Yellow in the United States, as well as Delta Green’s first, faltering steps in an attempt to deal with it.
Δ 4 SEP 1944: A radio unit is issued to Pvt. Rouvin G. Labolas in the US 4th Armored Division. Rouvin is the younger brother of bank-robber Mark Labolas.
Δ 12 NOV 1944: A report of enemy transmissions in English is logged with G2 by Pvt. Labolas. His radio picks up a 2 minute transmission which he copies down by hand that contains a strange conversation about a play called “the yellow emperor” in English.⁹⁷
Δ 17 DEC 1944: Pvt. Rouvin G. Labolas is KIA at Reims, France during the Battle of the Bulge at the Mansion de Portes.⁹⁸
Δ 20 JUL 1944: The Deuxième Bureau files are located by American military intelligence at the Mansion de Portes. Due to files relating to the Karotechia being found in them, they are remanded to Delta Green. They are shipped to Washington and remain in storage for 7 years.⁹⁹ Isabelle Sauer, a future murder victim of Asa Daribondi, is born in New York City. Thomas Wright future father to Abigail Wright is born in Boston. Dorchester House school closes.¹⁰⁰
Δ 12 APR 1948: Cynthia Lechance, future administrator of the Macallistar building, is born in Harlem, New York. Her brother, Damien Lechance disappears nine days before and turns up, drowned, in the Harlem river. His name is later found in Asa Daribondi’s list of victims.¹⁰¹
Δ 30 AUG 1950: After a fire breaks out and is extinguished, the body of Isabelle Sauer (6 YOA) is found in Daribondi’s office on Mott Street in New York, dead from drowning, next to a washtub filled with bloody water. A warrant is issued for Daribondi’s arrest. It is soon discovered Daribondi owes nearly 200,000 dollars to the bank, and has kept a log-book record of his “accounts” which indicates he has killed perhaps 20 children since his arrival in New York in 1921.¹⁰² Emeline F.

⁹⁸ Various U.S. Army records (Washington D.C., USA).
⁹⁹ Delta Green records.
Fitzroy vanishes in the Bellefleur House at the age of 29, after leaving a suicide note. She is never found.\(^\text{103}\)

\(\Delta\) **22 FEB 1951:** Emmet Moseby, a Delta Green agent, is tasked with poring through recovered paperwork found in World War II, and locates the *Deuxième Bureau* files. Included in the file is the typed pages of the play *Le Roi en jaune* in French. Moseby types an English translation of the play for the first time and puts it in the file.\(^\text{104}\)

\(\Delta\) **6 JUN 1951:** As far as is known, the play appears in English in America for the first time, in the so-called Red Book; a thin, red, leather, book, marked with an odd, undulating symbol known (despite the book’s coloring) as the Yellow Sign. It is recovered at the scene of a murder in Los Angeles and placed on a “watch list” of occult texts.\(^\text{105}\)

\(\Delta\) **23 OCT 1951:** Emmet Moseby packs for a spring vacation in Europe. “The continent first, and then to court,” he is quoted as saying. Moseby is not seen again.\(^\text{106}\) Detective Graham Giuradanda, future lead investigator on the Abigail Wright disappearance, is born in Suffolk County, New York.\(^\text{107}\)

\(\Delta\) **30 APR 1952:** Henry M. Lundine is found in the uppermost staircase to the roof at Lundine house (the Macallistar building), dressed in strange “plastic” silver robes, wearing a papier-mâché mask, having suffered a massive stroke.\(^\text{108}\) Due to arguments among his heirs, his estate enters probate.\(^\text{109}\)

\(\Delta\) **9 MAY 1952:** The ritualistic murder of three children (each somehow associated with the NBC Philco Television Playhouse in New York City) catches the attention of Delta Green. Operation LUNA uncovers an attempt to convert a scene from *The King in Yellow* to a short TV program as the source of unnatural influence. The potency of the Yellow Sign is discovered by Delta Green for the first time. Copies of the Red Book are seized by Agents. The program’s director, Gary Topchick, is framed for the murders and incarcerated, but Delta Green never finds the actual killer.\(^\text{110}\)

\(\Delta\) **23 JUN 1952:** Agent Leland A. Fuller writes an intelligence analysis of *The King in Yellow* for Delta Green. Fuller recognizes the work as an English translation from a document he read in 1951 while searching for information in Delta Green war records. He turns in his report and a copy of the Red Book edition of *The King in Yellow*, and commits himself to Bellevue hospital where he remains until...

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\(^{104}\) Delta Green records.

\(^{105}\) Delta Green records.

\(^{106}\) Delta Green records.

\(^{107}\) Various government records (Brentwood, New York, USA).

\(^{108}\) Police reports (New York, New York, USA).

\(^{109}\) Various government records (New York, New York, USA).

\(^{110}\) Delta Green records.
his death in 1995.\footnote{Delta Green records.} Also, Roger Carun, future tenant of the Macallistar building, is born in Bellevue hospital while his mother is visiting her sister in New York City.\footnote{Various government records (New York, New York, USA).}

\[\Delta\] \textbf{30 AUG 1952:} Delta Green leadership comes to the conclusion that Emmet Moseby secretly translated \textit{The King in Yellow} into English from the French play \textit{Le Roi en jaune}, and worked with an unknown publisher to print it.\footnote{Delta Green records.}

\[\Delta\] \textbf{3 FEB 1953:} The Star corporation purchases the Lundine estate (including the future Macallistar Building).\footnote{Various government records (New York, New York, USA).} Also, Dr. Richard Dallan, future director of the Dorchester House psychiatric facility and Delta Green member, is born in Austin, Texas.\footnote{Delta Green records.}

\[\Delta\] \textbf{2 MAR 1953:} An addendum to the Lundine building permit shows the building refitted from a three-story brownstone home to an 11-unit apartment building. Fire escapes, fire doors, and fire walls are added. It is renamed the Macallistar building.\footnote{Various government records (New York, New York, USA).} Also, David Langford, future cable installer that becomes lost in the Macallistar building, is born.\footnote{Delta Green records.}

\[\Delta\] \textbf{30 AUG 1955:} An off-Broadway play based on the Red Book called \textit{Her Grey Song} opens and closes on the same night in New York City. Delta Green becomes involved shortly after the show with operation BRISTOL, as theater goers and actors alike go insane or die under bizarre circumstances.\footnote{Delta Green records.} Also, Dr. Elias Barbas, future Delta Green Agent Exeter, is born.\footnote{Delta Green records.} Carmen Wagner, future editor for Roger Carun (resident of the Macallistar building), is born.\footnote{Various government records (New York, New York, USA).}

\[\Delta\] \textbf{30 AUG-12 SEP 1955:} Delta Green hunts down the actors from \textit{Her Grey Song}, surviving audience members, as well as copies of the Red Book to destroy them.\footnote{Delta Green records.}

\[\Delta\] \textbf{1 SEP 1955:} Delta Green leadership creates STATIC protocol to deal with the unique threat \textit{The King in Yellow} represents. A STATIC team: Eric K. Carter, Virgil Griffith, Ronald Burbach, and Frederick Colwell, are dispatched to “clean” the infection and make certain the BRISTOL team is not compromised.\footnote{Delta Green records.}

\footnotesize{\textsuperscript{111} Delta Green records.} \footnotesize{\textsuperscript{112} Various government records (New York, New York, USA).} \footnotesize{\textsuperscript{113} Delta Green records.} \footnotesize{\textsuperscript{114} Various government records (New York, New York, USA).} \footnotesize{\textsuperscript{115} Delta Green records.} \footnotesize{\textsuperscript{116} Various government records (New York, New York, USA).} \footnotesize{\textsuperscript{117} Delta Green records.} \footnotesize{\textsuperscript{118} Various government records (New York, New York, USA).} \footnotesize{\textsuperscript{119} Delta Green records.} \footnotesize{\textsuperscript{120} Various government records (New York, New York, USA).} \footnotesize{\textsuperscript{121} Delta Green records.} \footnotesize{\textsuperscript{122} Delta Green records.}
4 SEP 1955: During operation BRISTOL, one Delta Green Agent, Albert Hale, is compromised and kills two agents before being killed by the first STATIC “shadow team.” Fourteen witnesses, two actors, and the director remain unaccounted for.123

7 SEP 1955: The Delta Green STATIC “shadow team” fails to check in.124

9 SEP 1955: Two members of the STATIC “shadow team” (Eric K. Carter and Ronald Burbach) are found dead in a New York City hotel room missing the skin from their faces.125 Another member of the STATIC team, Frederick Colwell, is found barricaded in his home in White Plains, New York. He tells STATIC that Virgil Griffith killed the other team members and that another person — a man in a mask — was in the room. He refuses to speak further about what he’s seen because, “it’s contagious.”126

11 SEP 1955: The last member of the STATIC “shadow team,” Virgil Griffith is pursued across New York city by Delta Green agents. Wearing an odd face-mask and wielding a shotgun, he somehow vanishes near Madison Square Park in broad daylight. He is not seen again.127

2 SEP 1960: At the behest of his mother Miriam Daribondi (91 YOA), Asa Daribondi is declared legally dead by the state of New York.128 Also, Dr. Marvin Bloom, future Delta Green Agent Marcus, is born in Queens, New York.129

For those that can see it, many people, places, and items appear to have been set in motion by some force, so that future events unfold like a careful dance. Searching back through these changes can provide a disturbing picture of a world where everything seems to be nothing but a piece of some alien chess board. It is likely that during this time the Agents become involved in Operation ALICE.

6 MAY 1967: The ARTLIFE corporation purchases the Macallistar building from the Star corporation.130 Also, Michelle Vanfitz, future resident of the Macallistar building, is born in Cleveland, Ohio.131

4 APR 1968: Thomas Wright meets his future wife Ellen Caladette at a dance at the Dorchester House school in Boston. They are introduced by a strange dandy

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123 Delta Green records.
124 Delta Green records.
125 Various government records (New York, New York, USA).
126 Delta Green records.
127 Delta Green records.
128 Various government records (New York, New York, USA).
129 Various government records (Jamaica, New York, USA).
130 Various government records (New York, New York, USA).
131 Various government records (Cleveland, Ohio, USA).
they only know as “Asa.” Also, Louis Post, future resident of the Macallistar building, is born in Modesto, California.

22 JAN 1968: Abigail Wright, future resident of the Macallistar building, is born in Baldwin, New York.

3 APR 1969: Thomas Manuel, future resident of the Macallistar building, is born in Hempstead, New York.

12 OCT 1984: Dr. Richard Dallan serves as a friendly on Delta Green operation LOST WEEKEND. Also, Timothy Bael, future inmate at the Dorchester House psychiatric facility, is born in Los Angeles, California.

2 NOV 1986: Mental Illness in the Work Place and Beyond by Devon Greenbrier, is (apparently) printed by Grolier’s International, and references Seere Inc. Also, Ophelia Sitri, future fiancé of Delta Green Agent Michael Witwer, is born in Tampa, Florida.

1986: The St. Dymphna foundation is formed as a charity organization in Maryland by Delta Green solely for funneling money to Dr. Richard Dallan to found a facility to deal with mental trauma. The Dorchester House in Boston is purchased by the foundation and renovated.

10 APR 1988: Abigail Wright moves into the Macallistar building.

6 MAY 1988: Ellen Wright, Abigail Wright’s mother, dies of a brain hemorrhage. She shouts “He’s coming for my baby Tom, STOP HIM!” before collapsing and never regaining consciousness.


30 AUG 1990: Roger Carun moves into the Macallistar building.

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Thomas Wright recollections.

Various government records (Modesto, California, USA).

Various government records (Baldwin, New York, USA).

Various government records (Hempstead, New York, USA).

Delta Green records.

Various government records (Los Angeles, California, USA).

Various articles and records on the internet — still, the physical book does not appear to exist.

Various government records (Tampa, Florida, USA).

Delta Green records. Various government records (Turks and Caicos and Panama).

Various government records (Boston, Massachusetts, USA).

Various records (ARTLIFE Corporation, New York, New York, USA).

Various government records (Baldwin, New York, USA).

Thomas Wright recollections.

Various government records (Boston, Massachusetts, USA).

Various records (ARTLIFE Corporation, New York, New York, USA).
2 MAR 1992: Michelle Vanfitz moves into the Macallistar building. 147

23 AUG 1992: Thomas Manuel moves into the Macallistar building. 148

2 APR 1993: Louis Post moves into the Macallistar building. 149

28 MAY 1994: Ed Miler Guison (later Ed Miler Wist), future patient at the Dorchester House psychiatric facility, is born in Los Angeles, California. 150

30 AUG 1994: Abigail Wright is mugged by an odd, older man in a silver robe and mask near the roof door of the Macallistar building. The man demands that she “show where the tunnels are!” The man knocks her down, rifles through her possessions and runs off. She reports this to the NYPD. 151

22 FEB 1995: Abigail Wright, shopping with her father, finds a copy of the play *The King in Yellow* (the Red Book) in a bargain basket at strange book-shop in lower Manhattan. 152

23 FEB-12 MAR 1995: Abigail shares the play with the other tenants of the Macallistar building (the copy of *The King in Yellow* ends up on the shelves of Michelle Vanfitz’s apartment). 153

12 MAR 1995: All tenants cease leaving the Macallistar building. 154

20 MAR 1995: David Langford, a cable-television repairman, enters the Macallistar building and vanishes.

31 MAR 1995: Arthur and Elaine Manuel, Thomas Manuel’s parents, are turned away from the Macallistar building by, “a man with a suitcase and a dog. The man said Thomas didn’t live there anymore.”

2 APR 1995: Ian Langford reports his brother, David Langford, the cable installer, is missing. David is thought to have skipped town due to pending lawsuits from two ex-wives.

19 APR 1995: Roger Carun makes the last phone call from the Macallistar building to an outside location. The call is to the apartment of Carun’s editor, Carmen Wagner. He leaves a message.

6 MAY 1995: After several months of bad dreams, Abigail Wright discovers the Night Floors in the Macallistar Building and comes under the full influence of the King in Yellow. 155

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147 Various records (ARTLIFE Corporation, New York, New York, USA).

148 Various records (ARTLIFE Corporation, New York, New York, USA).

149 Various records (ARTLIFE Corporation, New York, New York, USA).

150 Various government records (Los Angeles, California, USA).

151 Various government records (ARTLIFE Corporation, New York, New York, USA).

152 Thomas Wright recollections.

153 Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors.

154 Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors.

155 Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors.
Δ **10-28 MAY 1995:** Abigail creates a shrine to the King in Yellow in her apartment, using the Night Floors to gather strange and exotic materials. Also, Ed Miler Wist is born on May 10, 1995.

Δ **1 JUN 1995:** The first page of a mysterious new play is left in front of all the rooms in the Macallistar apartments, containing characters based on its tenants. Also, Esther and Philip Samigina are married in Boston.

Δ **4 JUN 1995:** After several attempts to telephone Abigail, her father Thomas Wright checks her apartment and finds the shrine. He calls the NYPD and reports his daughter missing.

Δ **5 JUN 1995:** Detective Graham Giuradanda is assigned to the Abigail Wright case. The NYPD checks out the apartment.

Δ **6-10 JUN 1995:** All residents of Abigail’s apartment building are interviewed, as are her friends and associates (during the day).

Δ **22 JUN 1995:** Lack of leads puts the Abigail Wright case on the NYPD back burner.

Δ **10 JUL 1995:** A *New York Post* article is published on Abigail Wright’s disappearance.

Δ **4 AUG 1995:** Abigail Wright’s Visa card is used to purchase a pack of cigarettes in Patience, Maryland. The case is flagged as a possible inter-state kidnapping, and the FBI is brought in.

Δ **6 AUG 1995:** The FBI begins investigating the Abigail Wright case. Agents travel to Patience, Maryland to look into the credit card use.

Δ **7 AUG 1995:** A Delta Green friendly in the NY FBI recognizes an occult symbol in the photographs of Abigail Wright’s apartment as related to the Ars Goetia. Delta Green is alerted.

Δ **9 AUG 1995:** Lack of leads in Abigail Wright’s disappearance Patience, Maryland brings investigation there to an end.

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156 Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors.

157 Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors.

158 Various government records (Boston, Massachusetts, USA).

159 Various government records (New York, New York, USA).

160 Various government records (New York, New York, USA).

161 Various government records (New York, New York, USA).

162 Various government records (New York, New York, USA).

163 *The New York Post.*

164 Various FBI records (Washington D.C., USA).

165 Various FBI records (Washington D.C., USA).

166 Delta Green records.

167 Various FBI records (Washington D.C., USA).
10 AUG 1995: The FBI (and Delta Green) sends a team to catalog the Abigail Wright apartment in operation ALICE.¹⁶⁸

As the forces of the King in Yellow wind and congeal, they build until all that is left is Operation INDIA MOON, and an opening to the Night World that threatens to consume the Agent’s entire world.

1 JAN 1999: The Seere satellite phone is activated.¹⁶⁹ Also, Henry Samigina, son of Ester Samigina (head nurse of the Dorchester House psychiatric facility) is born in Boston.¹⁷⁰

23 AUG 2006: A copy of Libro Secretorum Manifesta, is sold at auction from Cook County Jail to Luisa Reggie, a Chicago occult author, along with all remaining personal effects of Ian F. Decraig.¹⁷¹ She is writing a book on the Chicago Thoth-Hermes temple. She glances over the play, but can’t read it because it is in Latin.

17 OCT 2006: Luisa Reggie’s boyfriend, Victor Correll, begins reading The King in Yellow, (having attended an all-boys’ religious school, he reads Latin).¹⁷²

22 OCT 2006: Victor Correll begins working on a screenplay based on The King in Yellow.¹⁷³

31 OCT 2006: Victor Correll goes to the Kiss FM Halloween party as strange giant figure robed in tattered gold wearing a white mask, he hands out 23 photostatic copies of The King in Yellow in Latin as a “prop.” These are actual copies of the play.¹⁷⁴

12 NOV 2006: Correll begins filming A Song Before Travel, a short-film based on The King in Yellow.¹⁷⁵

2 APR 2007: Correll’s film, A Song Before Travel is completed. He posts a 2-minute trailer on YouTube. The video is flagged by a Delta Green friendly due to its incorporation of the Yellow Sign.¹⁷⁶

¹⁶⁸ Delta Green records.
¹⁶⁹ The firmware of the SEERE phone.
¹⁷⁰ Various government records (Boston, Massachusetts, USA).
¹⁷¹ Delta Green records.
¹⁷² Delta Green records.
¹⁷³ Delta Green records.
¹⁷⁴ Delta Green records.
¹⁷⁶ Delta Green records.
9 APR 2007: After receiving 190,000 hits, the trailer catches the eye of Hollywood producer Simon Kirkland. Kirkland begins talking to Correll, whom he finds fascinating and strange.177

5 MAY 2007: *A Song Before Travel* has a single showing at the Granada Theater in Chicago. The show is interrupted by a group of people breaking in the fire door and rushing in front of the screen during the showing, including a man in a gas mask.178

6 MAY 2007: The first death related to the *A Song Before Travel* occurs 44-minutes after the viewing ends. A Delta Green outlaw team activates operation ACTIVE STATIC in an attempt to stop the outbreak of the King in Yellow in Chicago. Luisa Reggie is found in her home on the lake, having apparently hung herself at least a month before.179

6-22 MAY 2007: Delta Green Agents from ACTIVE STATIC engage in theft, murder, involuntary committals, and more to keep the King in Yellow from breaking wide. Copies of the book and film are located and destroyed. The Night World open in Victor Correll’s apartment in Chicago and Correll nearly escapes. Three Delta Green agents confront, and are killed by a creature Correll identifies as “The King”, two Delta Green Agents secure Correll and flee the building.180

23 MAY 2007: Delta Green purges the video from YouTube as a copyright violation, as other, for-hire, blackhat teams delete the *A Song Before Travel* trailer from servers all over the world. Correll dies in custody. The two remaining Delta Green Agents, after suffering mental instability, are eliminated. 296 people have died from this single exposure to *The King in Yellow*.181

28 MAY 2010: On his 16th birthday, Ed Miler Wist (future patient at the Dorchester House) kills his father (Thomas J. Wist, 61 YOA), his mother (Wendy A. Wist née Guison, 44 YOA) and his sister (Sandra Wist, 18 YOA) with a shotgun. He claims he did this because they were all “wearing masks” and mocking him. No masks are ever found.182

3 APR 2014: Ed Miler Wist (now 20 YOA) is declared legally insane by the state of California. He is committed to the Atascadero State Hospital. Shortly thereafter, he is moved to the Dorchester House psychiatric facility for treatment (at the expense of his trust).

177 Delta Green records.

178 Delta Green records.

179 Delta Green records.

180 Delta Green records.

181 Delta Green records.


6 MAY 2015: The Night World begin to manifest in the Dorchester House after one of The Night Floors Delta Green patients carves the Yellow Sign.\textsuperscript{184}

7 MAY 2015: Nurse Esther Samigina is compromised by the forces of the King in Yellow when she is shown the Yellow Sign at the Dorchester House.\textsuperscript{185}

8 MAY 2015: Ed Miler Wist begins to see and hear messages everywhere in the Dorchester House, he begins keeping a “Reputation Book.”\textsuperscript{186}

10 MAY 2015: Esther Samigina shows her son the Yellow Sign. She receives instruction at Dorchester house to make “costumes.” She purchases a Sears sewing machine and supplies.\textsuperscript{187}

11 MAY 2015: Henry Samigina murders his father Philip, in the Samigina home. He places his father’s body in the upstairs bathtub. Esther Samigina starts sending costumed down the newly appeared “chute” in her home to Broadalbin.\textsuperscript{188}

12 MAY 2015: Henry Samigina begins to construct a copy of \textit{The King in Yellow} called \textit{The Phantom Sayeth} by listening to the corpse of his father, and then cutting and pasting sections of the book from pre-existing items.\textsuperscript{189}

17 MAY 2015: Esther Samigina receives instruction at Dorchester house to create ENCOUNTER GROUP, she makes masks and costumes, and finds, to her astonishment, that ENCOUNTER GROUP already exists. She attends in mask and all others are in mask. She places photocopy announcements around her neighborhood.\textsuperscript{190}

21 MAY 2015: All the staff of the Dorchester House are compromised by the forces of the King in Yellow.\textsuperscript{191}

28 MAY 2015: It is claimed by Dr. Dallan that all the survivors of operation ALICE, long in psychiatric isolation at the Dorchester House vanish from locked rooms and restraints.

29 MAY 2015: Dr. Elias Barbas is activated to investigate the vanishing of the survivors of operation ALICE. He thinks it is Delta Green activating him, but it is the King in Yellow through Dr. Dallan.\textsuperscript{192}

1 JUN 2015: Dr. Elias Barbas is compromised by the power of the King in Yellow. He travels the Night World in the Dorchester House.\textsuperscript{193}

\textsuperscript{184} Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

\textsuperscript{185} Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

\textsuperscript{186} Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

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\textsuperscript{192} Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

\textsuperscript{193} Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.
2 JUN 2015: A man fitting Emmet Moseby’s description delivers a typewritten English copy of *The King in Yellow*, to Dr. Barbas at his home in Medford, Boston. Reading the book sends Barbas to new heights of insanity. He rips the book up and wears it beneath his clothing as a cocoon. He is compelled to write it out, over-and-over again, believing he is its author.\(^{194}\)

3 JUN 2015: Henry Samigina constructs a cardboard model of Carcosa.\(^{195}\)

4 JUN 2015: Dr. Barbas collects various strange papers from the Night World, including plans for mechanical creatures, occult symbols, and a copy of the *Deuxième Bureau File*. These are stored in the trunk of his car.\(^{196}\)

6 JUN 2015: Dr. Elias Barbas begins building a mechanical guardian called “The Lion” from plans he found in the Night World.\(^{197}\)

8 JUN 2015: Dr. Elias Barbas assaults fellow officer Emeline Skehan. She claims he was writing out something longhand, which he hid from her before attacking her.\(^{198}\)

10 JUN 2015: Dr. Elias Barbas sends an apology email to Emeline Skehan.\(^{199}\) Dr. Barbas begins building a machine called “The Scribe” from plans he found in the Night World.\(^{200}\)

22 JUN 2015: Henry Samigina completes his copy of *The King in Yellow* (titled *The Phantom Sayeth*) dictated by his father’s corpse, and enters the mirror in the Samigina home.\(^{201}\)

24 JUN 2015: Delta Green notices Dr. Barbas’ strange behavior, and organizes a team to investigate him led by DEA Agent Michael Witwer (Agent Vargas)—called operation MERCY.\(^{202}\) Witwer tells loved ones he is on assignment but the DEA has him listed on vacation.\(^{203}\)

28 JUN 2015: The Delta Green team sent to investigate Dr. Barbas arrives in Boston, they check into the Boxer Hotel. The Delta Green team led by Vargas tails Dr. Barbas to the Gateway Bridges Restaurant and break into Barbas’ car and seize the *Deuxième Bureau File*.\(^{204}\)

29 JUN 2015: Michael Witwer purchases a burner cellphone. Dr. Barbas orders empty, red, leather books from Amazon.com.

\(^{194}\) Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

\(^{195}\) Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

\(^{196}\) Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

\(^{197}\) Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

\(^{198}\) Various government records (Boston, Massachusetts, USA).

\(^{199}\) Various government records (Boston, Massachusetts, USA).

\(^{200}\) Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

\(^{201}\) Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

\(^{202}\) Delta Green records.

\(^{203}\) Various DEA records (Washington D.C., USA).

\(^{204}\) Delta Green records.
30 JUN 2015: The Deuxième Bureau File infects the Boxer hotel room. The team notices that the file “bleeds” text into other texts.

5 JUL 2015: The operation MERCY team takes photographs of a person they later identify as former Delta Green Agent Emmet Moseby leaving Dr. Barbas’ house in Medford. He has been missing for 64 years, but appears no older.

6 JUL 2015: The operation MERCY team retreats to the Boxer hotel to rest before their planned B+E on Dr. Barbas’ house. Agent Venus, FBI agent Geneva Brown sleeps in the now Carcosa-infected room and the “dream window” appears. The team struggles to deal with it. The team sets up a second location and retreats to it, while deciding how to deal with the room.

7 JUL 2015: Geneva Brown, Michael Witwer, and Roger Thelemis return to the Boxer hotel and activate the “dream window” (Witwer sleeps). Geneva Brown enters the dream window but something goes wrong. The window fogs over as a figure enters the room. Moments later, Brown exits the wall screaming “NO MASK, NO MASK!” at attacks the team. There is a gun battle where Brown is shot in the head. Eventually, the room is cleaned and the dream window is re-opened and her body is sent through to hide it. Despite the obvious noise, no one comes to investigate. The team flees the room.

8 JUL 2015: The Delta Green MERCY team vanishes. Agent Michael Witwer and the rest of the Delta Green team are captured by the compromised nurses and personnel at the Dorchester House, thinking they were there to capture Dr. Barbas. They are sedated and held at the facility in secret.

9 JUL 2015: When Witwer fails to call her or answer his phone, Ophelia Sitri calls the DEA looking for him. The agency has no record of him traveling, only that he is on vacation. An official inquiry into agent Michael Witwer begins at the DEA, to look into financial irregularities discovered in his accounts.

10 JUL 2015: Dr. Barbas begins printing and delivering copies of the Red Book to various, unknown parties through the red door in his house in Medford.

11 JUL 2015: Trooper Michael Dawkin and others visit Dr. Barbas in an attempt to talk him down. The officers see many mechanical parts in his house, and a “hot” woman in the house clothed in white.

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205 Delta Green records.
206 Delta Green records.
207 Recollections of the Delta Green MERCY team.
208 Recollections of the Delta Green MERCY team.
209 Delta Green records.
210 Recollections of the Delta Green MERCY team.
211 Various DEA records (Washington D.C., USA).
212 Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.
△ 2 AUG 2015: A box, sent from Dr. Barbas, arrives at Ophelia Sitri’s in Las Vegas. Inside is a brass statue of a cherub, and the Yellow Sign. 213

△ 4-9 AUG 2015: Ophelia Sitri hangs posters and stickers of the Yellow Sign around two neighborhoods near her home. 214

△ 13 AUG 2015: Ophelia Sitri posts a photo of the Yellow Sign on her Facebook page. She begins digging beneath her house. The Cherub “wakes” and begins patrolling her house. 215

△ 27 AUG 2015: The machine called “The Scribe” spontaneously creates a cheat sheet listing Delta Green Agents’ information, as well as invitations for those Agents. 216

△ 28 AUG 2015: It is claimed by Dr. Dallan and Dr. Barbas that all the survivors of operation ALICE, long in psychiatric isolation at the Dorchester House vanish from locked rooms and restraints.

△ 1 SEP 2015: Delta Green Agents are invited to the “Richard Zeilony” birthday at the Gateway Bridges restaurant and operation INDIA MOON.

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213 Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

214 Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

215 Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

216 Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.
PART TWO: SURREAL HORROR

UOHT: From your first mewling, to last extremity,
A king watches,
Eyes empty like a newly polished sepulcher,
Expression, indifferent as time.
—The King in Yellow, Act II. Scene I.

Delta Green is about fear. Surreal horror fundamentally changes what that fear is. Lovecraftian monsters represent powers beyond human comprehension. The surreal monsters of the King in Yellow are also beyond human comprehension, but are somehow borne of the human mind, and so are much more devastating, personal, and bizarre.

Particular attention to creativity and flexibility on the part of the Handler is needed to make surreal horror work. In this section, we’ll examine tips and tricks to make your foray into surreal horror a memorable one.

WHAT IS SURREAL HORROR?

Surreal horror is fear that skirts the edges of belief, and sometimes, drops right over that edge. Still, it always returns to reality, because the real world is what surreal horror is measured against. If you exist outside of reality for too long, all perspective is lost. Surreal horror is impossible without perspective.

It’s best to think of Agents on an elliptical orbit around the surreality. Sometimes they are close to it, and for great gaps of time they may be distant or completely obscured from it, only seeing the oddities it casts in shadows. When they come close, they can become inflamed by it. If they get too close, they can burn.

What constitutes surreal horror? It’s ever-changing nature means it’s not something that is definable, but examples might be given:

- It’s horrific to see a dead friend shamble back to life, it’s surreal horror when that dead friend sits down to lunch, and everyone acts as if everything is fine.
- It’s horrific to see a creature well-up from a bottomless pit of spacetime, it is surreal horror when that creature has the face of your mother at the end of each of its tentacles.
- It’s horrific to be shot for the first time, it is surreal horror when you realize that despite the pain of the wound, you’re not bleeding, that instead red tissue paper rolls out of the wounds like some stage-show version of blood.
- It’s horrific when an unnatural tome reveals the secrets of the universe, it is surreal horror when that book written in 1611 contains a description of you down to the smallest details, including the fact that you’re reading that book right now.

Surreal horror is inexplicable, personal, and unexpected. It implies things the Agents believe about themselves. Still, it cannot be one crazy idea after another. It must hint at bigger secrets, some axle it spins upon — or players can lose interest. Surreal horror operates around a theme and a threat.
The theme of *Impossible Landscapes* is the borderline between creation and insanity, and the threat focuses on the force known as the King in Yellow that hides within the play *The King in Yellow* and in an arcane symbol called the Yellow Sign.

**RUNNING YOUR IMPOSSIBLE LANDSCAPES CAMPAIGN**

The Handler must establish the ground rules of surreal horror for the players. Present these concepts, preferably in the first gameplay session, so players understand what to expect. Surreal horror requires:

- **REALITY:** While surreal horrors transcend the everyday world, the Agent’s frame of reference must begin in reality. It is the journey from the real world to the surreal (and back) that is of interest. Use mundane references to set the scene so that when madness strikes, it stands out. They must believe they are in our world before leaving it becomes of interest.

- **CONSISTENCY:** Agents operate on information presented by the Handler. It is vital that when the Handler gives information, it remains consistent minute-to-minute and session-to-session. When changes occur — even surreal ones — the changes must make sense (even if the underlying reasons are beyond comprehension).

- **UNCERTAINTY:** Agents must never feel entirely in control, or if they do, it is only a tool to demonstrate how out-of-control the situation truly is.

- **CONTROL:** The Handler is the absolute arbiter of the game. It must be clear from the beginning that things are deadly serious for the Agents. Without the possibility of death and failure, it ceases to be a Delta Green game.

**DETAIL, FOCUS, AND RATE OF DESCENT**

A good Delta Green campaign is a juggling act. For a session to be deemed a success by the players many things need to happen. First, they need to feel that their Agent has center stage at least once. Second, progress towards some goal needs to be made. Third, they need to be scared.

But what tools does the Handler have to affect such outcomes? Three metrics: detail, focus, and rate of descent, help determine the feeling at the table and can increase or decrease any of these feelings:

- **DETAIL:** Detail is the amount of descriptions the Handler provides the players. Want to slow the game? Describe more and in greater detail. Need to speed it up? Generalize, or introduce a new threat, a mystery, or a horror.

- **FOCUS:** Focus is what the Delta Green game is “looking at.” If the Handler describes a single Agent’s study of an ancient book in detail, that’s a tight focus. If the Handler describes a firefight involving the whole team, that’s a wide focus. Widening focus is a way to up engagement at the table. Remember, players lose interest if the focus remains too tight on any single Agent for too long.

- **RATE OF DESCENT:** Rate of descent is how dangerous the Delta Green game is currently. *Impossible Landscapes* is about beginning in our world, entering the Night World and finally arriving on the shores of strange Carcosa. Have an Agent
that’s too stoic? We present manifestations to make their reality shakier. Or an Agent that’s a bit too on the edge? Tools are presented to slow their fall, or build them up to a magnificent, pyrrhic destruction.

IN THE FIELD: CHOICES, CONSEQUENCES, AND OUTCOMES
Delta Green exists in a world filled with murder, death, and deceit. It’s unlikely the Agents can ever know if what they did during an operation was “right.” Eventually, this gets to even the most experienced Delta Green Agent, and what began as a crusade against the unnatural always ends with the Agent damaged, insane, or dead. Always. Below are the most common Agent fates:

∆ **CAPTURED:** Agents on the trail of the King in Yellow invariably commit many crimes. Surreal events might warp the world to make an Agent appear guilty, and on more than one occasion during playtesting, Agents turned one another in. Those Agents captured by law enforcement are subject to regular criminal proceedings. Still, just because they are incarcerated doesn’t mean the King stops its pursuit.

∆ **COMMITTED:** Agents may find themselves involuntarily committed in a mental institution. Often, a psychologist can recommend forced treatment, as can a dependent, spouse, or family member. For those Agents that can still appear sane, associates may fake a drug or alcohol dependency to force the hand of the system.

∆ **KILLED:** A common outcome. Life is cheap. A single bullet can put an end to an Agent in a split-second, and the horrors of the King in Yellow are infinitely more dangerous than any firearm.

∆ **LOST:** Some Agents enter situations — opening a trap-door to Carcosa, boarding a ship lost in a secret river hidden beneath a bus stop, or climbing into a photograph to pursue their dead sister — and simply cease to be. Cruel Handlers may make the player take on the role of a new Agent, only to discover their former Agent still persists in the Night World.

∆ **PERMANENTLY INSANE:** Surreal horror wears upon even the most resilient of minds. If Agents do not make enough forward progress through the campaign, they can find their sanity severely taxed. Those Agents that go permanently insane are the property of the Handler, and become a non-player character that might used for nearly any task; from messenger to assassin.

SCENE TYPES
A Delta Green investigation is a line that wanders from the light of our ordered world, in and out of the darkness of an unnatural threat. Sometimes spending more time in the light makes that darkness even more frightening. A good Handler learns to read the table, and gains an intuitive knowledge of that space between the normal world and the world of unnatural horror where Delta Green thrives.

What appears as a seamless experience for the players at the table is the Handler creating a series of situations each trying to make players feel a particular way. Usually, a Delta Green game is broken down into one of the following types bite-sized scenes:
Bond Scene  
**FEELING:** Normalcy, Struggle, Advancement. 
A good Handler never forgets that Agents are people. They have families, close friends and loved ones they want to protect above everyone else. Note the main Bonds of each Agent and make certain they keep in touch during the game sessions; sometimes at the most inopportune times possible.  
**WHEN TO USE IT AND WHY:** Hitting this note too often can ring sour for some players, and not hitting it at all makes the relationships in the game feel flat. A Bond or Home Life scene is best either as a repeating and comforting touchstone, or right after a horrific event.  
These scenes ground the game, and place the stakes right in the player’s face, both mechanically (with Bond points) and in role-playing.

Administrative Scene  
**FEELING:** Normalcy, Struggle, Uncertainty. 
Most Delta Green Agents work for an agency or a law enforcement group. Sometimes, such work is boring and reveals little. Running down paper trails, testifying at a trial, interviewing witnesses, collecting evidence at crime scenes — this is something nearly all Delta Green Agents are familiar with. It’s normal. Boring.  
**WHEN TO USE IT AND WHY:** Procedural scenes are best to restore normality. Your Agent spends an hour chasing a human-sized marionette through an abandoned mall? Next up, she needs to give a deposition by 2 PM or the perp walks. Administrative scenes can also be used as punishment, with Agents brought up on charges, or questioned about strange behavior.  
Procedural or Administrative scenes can level out the game, and prevent the Handler from over-playing the horror. Sometimes Agents need to be reminded they have a real job, and Delta Green is a secret that must be hidden.

Mundane Scene  
**FEELING:** Normalcy, Struggle. 
Sometimes the Handler wants a Delta Green Agent to do everyday things. Get their car’s tires aligned. Renew their ID. Eat lunch. Sometimes it’s just a way to reduce the horror, other times, it’s just a set up to reveal some bigger horror.  
**WHEN TO USE IT AND WHY:** Handlers use Mundane scenes to set up for a spike in horror or as a way to maintain an even keel in the game so it doesn’t feel so frightening. Mundane scenes are a good way to set up future strangeness, or simply to drop the intensity of horror in the campaign with a little filler.

Hint Scene  
**FEELING:** Uncertainty, Fear. 
This is where Delta Green excels, and where a Handler should devote a lot of his or her time crafting situations. A Hint scene is where something unnatural pokes through, but it can’t be proven. A strange figure in golden robes is seen in the reflection of a fast food shop’s window. A set of bloody footprints appear to emerge from the mirror in the bathroom and are tracked all over your locked hotel room. A voice calls on the phone every night at midnight, croaking out a number you realize is a countdown. Each sets a
mystery in motion, and usually dovetails back into an existing mystery.

**WHEN TO USE IT AND WHY:** When a player is struggling to engage, or the game has wandered too much in mundanity, a Hint Scene is useful to bring back the mystery. Handlers can use Hints as needed to draw players deeper into the mystery, but they must not be over-used. A great method is for the Handler to note the Agent’s Corruption ratings and use that as a thermometer for how much strangeness turns up in that Agent’s life.

**Threat Scene**

**FEELING:** Terror and Uncertainty.

What all the other scenes build towards — a shootout, a sanity crushing confrontation with a shambling creature from beyond, a raging fire tearing through the motel. Fear and uncertainty to your Agent’s survival.

**WHEN TO USE IT AND WHY:** It is normal to feel the will at the table to head towards a confrontation. This is what all mysteries are, collating clues to lead to a fight, action, or resolution. But! This must not be over-used. If every session degenerates into a shootout, or a confrontation with an unnatural entity, it devalues those threats. Handlers should always reward clever investigation with progress, and sometimes that progress is best expressed in conflict, other times, unlocking the next step in the mystery should merely open options for the players to pursue or not.

**IN THE FIELD: CONNECTIONS, REAL, IMAGINED, AND SOMEWHERE BETWEEN**

The human mind is a machine designed to construct relationships between sensory data; a pattern of dots becomes a face, two similar names jump off a page of text. There are hundreds of clues, names, locations, and relationships, presented in this book. So many, in fact, that it’s statistically improbable that all possible meaningful connections between clues have been established.

Because of this reflexive pattern finding, often, a player’s read of the clues offers new, and surprising links. A good Handler listens, take notes, files these ideas away, and embraces them to fit them into the campaign as if they had been present the whole time.

Handlers might find this flexibility challenging at first. This campaign lives or dies off of the page. What is presented here is a framework that the Handler and players build from, add things to, shift and break and bend and above all change. It should never be a linear, choose-your-own-adventure.

**CORRUPTION RATING**

Because the power of the King in Yellow is governed by imagination and belief, it transcends simple sanity loss and an additional statistic is needed to properly model the threat. Agents that actively investigate the King in Yellow suffer its effects more dramatically. Agents that pull-back, avoid, destroy evidence, or that refuse to disclose information about it, are less affected. How does the Handler make this work?

The simplest way is to maintain a secret Corruption rating for each Agent of 1 to 10 that players never even know exists. Each Agent begins play with a Corruption rating
equal to their Violence and Helplessness check marks. If a Sanity category is hardened, that counts as 3 points of Corruption. So, an Agent with 2 check boxes in Violence and 1 check box in Helplessness begins with Corruption 3. Those Agents without any check marks begin at Corruption 0. Also, if an Agent has any art skill of 20+% (singing, writing, drawing, performance), they begin with +1 Corruption (cumulative) for each skill of this type.

The Corruption rating is the Agent’s unconscious disposition towards the forces of the King in Yellow. When Corruption points come or go remains up to the Handler, but a good rule of thumb is: an Agent can only gain or lose as many Corruption points as they began the game session with (or, if they began with 0, up to Corruption 3). So, if an Agent had Corruption 3 at the start of a session, at the worst, they might end that session with Corruption 6 (+3), and at the best, Corruption 0 (-3). If they had Corruption 0, they might end that session at worst with Corruption 3.

Each time an Agent actively puzzles out a King in Yellow related threat, the Handler may choose to secretly add a Corruption point. The Handler should listen for cues in the Agent’s actions or dialogue: “I look closer at the clockwork baby,” “I read the strange book,” “I try to locate where we are on the alien map.” Each indicates an Agent trying to bridge the gap between the real world and Carcosa, and, in turn, may add a point to their Corruption rating. Many situations that add Corruption points are defined in this campaign.

Alternatively, if the Agent tries to stop the spread of the King in Yellow, the Handler secretly may remove a Corruption point. What constitutes losing a Corruption point? “I keep this from the team,” “I burn the play,” “I ignore the phantom in the mirror.” Each indicates the Agent is attempting to disengage from Carcosa, and in turn, may remove a point of Corruption. Many situations that remove Corruption points are defined in this campaign.

Corruption is useful to the Handler in many ways:

△ **TRAVEL:** An Agent’s Corruption rating tells the Handler if the Agent can travel to a particular locale infected by the King in Yellow. For example, travel to the Night Floors of the Macallistair building requires Corruption 1+, gaining access to the Hotel Broadalbin requires Corruption 5+, and attending the masked ball in Carcosa requires Corruption 7+.

△ **TARGET SELECTION:** Corruption rating indicates which Agent from a group is most likely to be selected as a target by a threat. Who does the ghostly voice call to, or who does the homicidal doll stab? Pick the Agent with the highest Corruption rating.

△ **MANIFESTATIONS:** When alone, an Agent with a high Corruption rating might see and experience more bizarre, terrifying and unexplainable manifestations than those with lesser ratings.

△ **CONTROL OF CARCOSA:** In the realms of the Night World and Carcosa, a high Corruption rating allows an Agent to shift and change aspects of the physical world through the power of belief; though they may never well be certain they are doing it.

Some locations that connect to Carcosa have a Corruption threshold. This indicates the Corruption rating an Agent must possess to see and interact with it. For example, an
Agent with Corruption 2 might interact with a location with a Corruption threshold of 2, but not a location with a Corruption threshold of 5.

If Agents with a high enough Corruption rating are with Agents with a lower Corruption rating when they encounter a location, all Agents encounter it. Worse, all lower-Corruption Agents present gain a number of Corruption points equal to the Corruption rating they began that session with or the threshold (whichever is higher). For example, a Corruption 8 Agent shows an entrance to Carcosa (5+ Corruption threshold) to a Corruption 2 and a Corruption 3 Agent, so the two Agents end up with Corruption 5 (+2 to a minimum of the threshold) and Corruption 6 (+3), respectively. Such is the nature of infection of the King in Yellow. Agents with higher Corruption ratings drag those with lower Corruption down unconsciously, reinforcing in the reality of the King in Yellow with their belief.

At Corruption 10 — though an Agent does not know it — they are a beacon to the forces of the King in Yellow; a bright soul that the power is eager to ensnare. Those that reach 0 SAN while at Corruption 10 become a shadow of their former-self known as a Repeater, and haunt Carcosa forever.

EXAMPLE OF PLAY

Agents Doug (Corruption 2) and Agent Dimitri (Corruption 1) have followed the fugitive Dr. Maximo Friend into a tenement courtyard on Chicago’s east side at dusk, meanwhile their partner Agent Dina (Corruption 0) digs through the personal effects of a long dead prisoner at the Cook county Jail archives that the team suspects has a connection to The King in Yellow play.

HANDLER: Doug and Dimitri, the courtyard is ratty. There are weeds, old paint cans in a pile, and a rotted out VW Rabbit on blocks. Music (Tom Sawyer by Rush) plays from somewhere above. As you enter, you see a thin wooden door slam shut on the far side. Friend must have gone in there.

Here, the Handler is reinforcing the REALITY of the situation. The paint cans, the car, the music, these elements say, “normal world” to the players.

Agent DOUG: I draw my pistol and go in.

The Handler wants the Agents to feel UNCERTAINTY, so he switches up what’s expected on the far side of the door, but which still might be found there.

HANDLER: The door opens on to a huge, darkened, dance-hall-like room. The ceiling is not visible, the wooden floor bows towards the middle. Distant glints of various metal items wink in the dark. You’re somewhat blinded by the shift in lighting.

Agent DOUG: What can I see?

HANDLER: What’s your Search skill?
Agent DOUG: Um. 30?

HANDLER: You can’t see much. Past the light from the door, there are a few amorphous blobs of light — they don’t look like daylight. But the feeling you have is of a theater, or an unlit roller rink.

Agent DIMITRI: I walk in after him and pull my pistol, but keep it at my side.

HANDLER (TO DOUG): Something shifts in the dark, in your peripheral vision, twenty-five or thirty feet out. A shape.

Agent DOUG: Oh shit. I point my gun in that direction and look.

The Handler switches focus here to Agent Dina for two reasons: to give the Dina’s player a chance to feel involved, and to build tension with Doug and Dimitri.

HANDLER (TO DINA): OK Dina. You’re alone in a lime green, cinder-block room at the Cook County Jail with four old boxes marked DECRAIG, IAN F. The clock, which reads 5:30 PM, clicks and buzzes.

Agent DINA: OK, I’m looking first for photographs of Decraig.

HANDLER (TO DINA): Give me a Search roll.

Agent DINA: (Rolls dice) 11 out of 55. Critical!

HANDLER (TO DINA): The first thing you pull out of the box is a black and white photo of Decraig marked 1925. He’s a balding, fat man with an even, split-toothed smile, and wire-frame glasses. Though he’s wearing an old-time prison uniform, he’s standing in front of a painted backdrop of a huge, Russian-like tower and holding a shiny, tattered mask that looks homemade. Something about it seems familiar. On the back is written, "Libro Secretorum Manifesta."

The Handler switches back to Doug and Dimitri.

HANDLER (TO DIMITRI): Back on the pursuit of Dr. Friend, Agent Doug’s gun just came up and tracked something out in the dark ballroom, Dimitri.

Agent DIMITRI: Do I see what...uh...he saw?

HANDLER: No. But you do see Doug twenty feet into the room freeze for a moment. His head jerks to the side. He points his gun into the dark.

HANDLER: Suddenly, you both hear dim music — like a music box — out in the dark.

Agent DOUG: I take two steps further in; “hello?”
The Handler secretly adds +1 Corruption to Doug (now Corruption 3).

**Agent DIMITRI:** I look back at the door we came in.

**HANDLER:** You see the outline of the dusk-filled courtyard beyond the lip of the door. It sure would be nice to be out there, right now.

*The Handler is establishing the CONSISTENCY of the situation. The door the Agents entered remains visible to them — a clear exit to “safety.”*

**HANDLER:** DEX scores, please?

**Agent DOUG:** Oh shit, uh 15?

**Agent DIMITRI:** 16.

*The Handler uses Doug’s Corruption Rating of 3 (vs. Dimitri’s 1) to select him as the target.*

**HANDLER:** Doug, the wooden floor suddenly gives way, buckling under your weight, opening on a black expanse beneath. Give me an Athletics roll.

**Agent DOUG:** (Rolls dice) uh 32 out of 40. Yes!

**HANDLER:** You slide down, riding the bow-shaped collapse in the floor. You hang on to your gun, and with the other hand grab on to a 2x4 on the wood. Beneath you, you hear fragments of the floor spatter down into some unseen basement. They sound like they fall for a long time.

**Agent DIMITRI:** Where am I? Can I grab him?

**HANDLER:** You’re on the edge where the floor begins to buckle, you can see Doug’s hand, but the entire floor undulates every time you move.

**Agent DIMITRI:** I holster my gun and carefully lean down to try to grab Doug’s hand.

**HANDLER:** Give me a DEXx5 roll.

**Agent DIMITRI:** (Rolls dice) uh, 24 out of 55. **HANDLER:** Dimitri squats down and grabs on to Doug’s hand, just as the floor shifts dramatically beneath his feet.

*The Handler switches back to Dina.*
HANDLER (TO DINA): OK Dina, it’s almost 6:15. you’ve sorted the boxes and skimmed many of them. Inside seems to tell the tale of IAN F. DECRAIG, prisoner 125101, whose files are marked with a strange stamp that reads ESCAPEE.

Agent DINA: Oh, wow. How did he escape?

HANDLER: On 30 August 1925, after 20 years in prison, during which he bribed the guards and worked obsessively on some sort of stage play, he vanished in front of a guard by stepping through a stage set door inside the prison common room. He was never seen again.

Agent DINA: OK. I’m taking notes.

The Handler switches back to Doug and Dimitri.

HANDLER (TO DIMITRI): Ok, Dimitri, you’re hanging on to Doug as he dangles above a gap in the floor and the uneven floor is beginning to give way.

Agent DIMITRI: I look down the hole…I guess…how far is the fall?

The Handler secretly adds +1 Corruption to Dimitri, making his Corruption 2.

HANDLER: Give me a SAN roll against unnatural, Dimitri.

Agent DIMITRI: (Rolls dice) Aw hell. 64 out of 35, fail.

HANDLER: (Rolls dice) You lose 2 SAN. Looking up from the hole, beyond Doug’s dangling legs are a half a dozen moon-white faces standing in a basement below. Porcelain masks on blacked figures all staring upward with silent expectation. One stands in the center, it’s face different than the others. Though it too wears a porcelain mask, it has a split in its front teeth and wire-framed glasses over black eyes. It looks up, waiting for Doug to fall.

The Handler here is stitching Dina’s narrative into Dimitri and Doug’s narrative to increase the horror.

Agent DIMITRI: Oh fuck. “Climb!” I pull!

HANDLER: Dimitri, STRx5. Doug, DEXx5. The shapes below suddenly explode in frantic movement, winding in and out of circles silently, twirling and spinning in a perfect, choreographed dance. Circling.

Agent DIMITRI: (Rolls dice) 31 out of 45, success!

Agent DOUG: (Rolls dice) 61 out of 50, uh.
HANDLER: The floor shifts again, wildly, dropping a foot or more into the dark. The circle of the floor opens wider and wood drops off and hits cement below. The wood that Doug was hanging onto is drops down into the dark. Now only Dimitri holds Doug above the hole, both hands locked on his—straining...feet slipping.

Agent DIMITRI: I need to pull him out! I pull him out.

HANDLER: The figures below stop moving as quickly as they started. A drum beat begins, the figures turn to face off into the dark as if they’re expecting someone to arrive. They part. Dimitri, STRx3 roll, please.

Agent DIMITRI: (Rolls dice) 99 out of 45, fumble!

HANDLER: The floor gives way beneath your feet and you drop Doug who falls to the ground below. Doug, you suffer 2d6 HPs damage as you smash on to a cement floor...so...(rolls dice) 8 HPs damage.

Agent DOUG: Uh, that puts me at 1 HP.

HANDLER: DOUG hits the ground on his side, and his head connects with the ground with a hollow knock, rendering him unconscious. Dimitri, DEXx5 or ATHLETICS roll.

Agent DIMITRI: Athletics.(Rolls dice) uh, 29 out of 55. Made it!

HANDLER: After you lose grip on Doug you totter, almost pitching headfirst into the hole for a moment; but then you scuttle back to the edge of the wood that’s still solid. The hole now covers all you can see in the large room. The drum continues below in the dark.

Agent DIMITRI: Uh, shit. I look, I guess.

*The Handler secretly adds another point to Dimitri’s Corruption, taking him from 2 to 3 (his maximum this session). New and terrifying aspects of the King in Yellow are now accessible to his mind.*

HANDLER: The figures swarm Doug’s unconscious form. They swirl and dance. Occasionally their porcelain faces turn up towards the light. Then, as the drum builds to a crescendo, they part. Doug lays on the ground, unconscious, but now his face is a porcelain mask matching his features — the mustache, and bushy brows. His eyes are black sockets. Two figures drag him off into the dark.

*Here, the Handler is reinforcing CONTROL. The rules run the game, as interpreted by the Handler. Rolls requested and made along with a grim acceptance of what they portend indicates the players are skirting a thin line between investigation and oblivion.*

The Handler switches focus back to Dina.
HANDLER (TO DINA): OK Dina, you’ve sorted through all of it. You’ve copied some of the files on your phone, and have snapped pics of some of the photos. Give me an Alertness roll.

Agent DINA: (Rolls dice) 25 out of 45. Made it!

HANDLER (TO DINA): As you’re walking out you scroll through the photos on the phone, and the last one is the 1925 photo of Decraig standing in front of the set. You freeze in the hallway. There used to be just Decraig in the photo, but now there’s another.

A blank-faced Agent Doug wearing prisoner’s clothing in a black-and-white photograph from 90 years ago. Roll SAN.
PART THREE: ENTITIES AND ARTIFACTS

NAOTALBA: Away, pale demon.
Look not on our lives measured only by your profit!
To wake and live is to sleep and dream;
For none may say when one ends, or t’other begins.
—The King in Yellow, Act I, Scene II

Here cataloged are the lasting horrors of the King in Yellow, which, despite the ever-changing chaos that is Carcosa, somehow persist. The Handler should feel free to expand, add to, or alter any of those presented, as needed.

ENTITIES

Within the infinite shapes of madness cut by the power of the King in Yellow, there are points of stillness. Forms reinforced through centuries of horror, and frozen into shapes that remain, appearing again and again, reflecting back like echoes from the dark.

THE CLOCKWORK CHILD

“On the seventh day the Clockwork Child came with my invitation upon its back. My prayers have been answered. I shall follow him into the dark and step beyond time and consequence forever.”
—A letter from Paris, Unknown Author. 1588.

The Clockwork Child is a small clockwork being, approximately .6 meters (2 feet) in height, composed of brass clockwork, wheels, and the smashed remains of a porcelain doll. It cannot talk, but its mouth clacks open and shut as it wobbles on two uneven wheels. Its arms spin as it moves and a gloomy dirge plays from a music box embedded in its chest. The air fills with a coppery stench when it is nearby, and its clockwork seems lubricated with something like blood.

Though the arms are fixed in a crucifixion pose, and the fingers are simple curves carved into porcelain without seams, when unobserved, the arms, hands and fingers rearrange themselves into new positions (0/1 SAN unnatural to observe). Though it serves the King in Yellow, the Clockwork Child has a sense of self-motivation, and is known to go off on its own.

The motivations of the Clockwork Child are mysterious, though most often, it is a messenger from Carcosa, delivering hand-written notes, clues, and invitations, pinned to its back or somehow grasped in its unmoving hands.

THE CLOCKWORK CHILD

Messenger from Carcosa

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HP 2  WP 15
ARMOR: (See METAL AND PORCELAIN.)
ATTACKS: None.
SPECIAL ABILITIES:

△ ENDLESS EXITS: The Clockwork Child is impossible to entrap. Placing it in a room, a box, or even burying it underground fails to contain it. The moment it is unobserved it transits back to Carcosa, escaping to continue its work (0/1 SAN unnatural).

△ IMPOSSIBLE GEARS: The construction of the Clockwork Child is impossible. Anyone examining its machinery suffers 0/1D4 SAN unnatural as they realize it is powered by nothing. Those with Craft (Mechanics) 30%+ or who make a successful roll automatically suffer 4 points SAN and inflicts +1 Corruption. It should not be able to move at all. Yet it does.

△ METAL AND PORCELAIN: The Clockwork Child is constructed from metal and porcelain. Every attack that rolls an odd number in its damage result inflicts only 1 point of damage, maximum (even Lethality attacks are subject to this rule — an odd Lethality result inflicts 1 HP maximum, otherwise it operates normally). If destroyed, the Clockwork Child returns, wholly unharmed, later.

△ MISSIVES FROM CARCOSA: The Clockwork Child never appears without a note, invitation, or letter, for the being it hopes to contact. These notes vary from odd snippets in alien tongues, to invitations made out to exacting detail to the person it is searching for. Sometimes there are photographs, maps, or more unusual things. If a document is addressed to an Agent, reading such a document inflicts +1 Corruption.

SANITY LOSS: 0/1D4 unnatural.

HASTUR

“…after stumbling queerly upon the hellish and forbidden book of horrors the two learn, among other hideous things which no sane mortal should know, that this talisman is indeed the nameless Yellow Sign handed down from the accursed cult of Hastur – from primordial Carcosa…”
—Robert W. Chambers, The King in Yellow

Hastur — often referred to as a Great Old One — has no personality per se, and is not sentient in any way which might be understood. Its relationship to the King in Yellow and Carcosa is often implied, but can never be verified by the sane.

This influence can range from inspiring cults to worship this so-called deity to undermining humanity's perception of reality. There are no game stats for Hastur, and in fact no known way to meet it; but it might be perceived, as far as our human brains can tolerate. Hastur is the force of entropy; the cosmic principle which destroys order.

Because this destruction of order happens at every level from the atomic to the cosmic, the “deity” of Hastur has influence at all levels of reality. There are many that believe the King in Yellow is Hastur condensed into form and location to enact its “will” — whatever that might be.

The vector of Hastur's influence is an infective madness that is passed as easily through speech as the printed page. The entropic fever that burns in this madness
breaks down humans’ reality and, in fact, affects the very atoms around them. Buildings shift, paintings change, lights flicker, statues mutate, but only in the presence of those Hastur has touched — and nothing escapes its grasp. Around them, order is the jester and chaos, King.

**THE KING IN YELLOW**

"You are speaking of the King in Yellow," I groaned, with a shudder. "He is a king whom emperors have served." "I am content to serve him," I replied."

—Robert W. Chambers, *The King in Yellow*

The King in Yellow is an entity that exists in those constructs that humanity calls thoughts or ideas. Occultists have claimed greater revelations (that the King is a manifestation of Hastur, that it is a psychosocial disease of human consciousness, that it is an n-dimensional meme-entity living inside language, etc.) but such things remain forever beyond the veil of proof. Instead, this entity is of a vague and ever-changing nature. Some things do not change, however.

The King appears as a lone entity bound in a yellow, golden, or white mask. Specifics differ from observer to observer. Usually, the creature wears a tattered yellow robe or outfit of some sort. It rarely speaks, and instead appears to beckon individuals into its realm of Carcosa. What is beneath the entity’s mask is a subject of intense speculation, but one thing is known: most that discover this secret are lost forever.

The King in Yellow appears to bend, warp, and reshape reality, at its whim. Spacetime reorders as it approaches, and at its most potent, seems to shudder and slide away from it. Anything observed — a planted tree, a doorway, a book — is under the control of this entity, allowing it to warp and change it at will. With this ability, buildings dance, shift, and change, and books can animate their meaning in the spray of words across a flipped-through-page. When the King wills it and is near, nothing is impossible.

Such changes often make little or no sense, and seemingly appear from nowhere. For the human psyche, built upon cause and effect, this shift is especially damaging. The King is enigmatic at best. It presides over a terrible alien country of Carcosa, an embodiment of despair and paranoia. The King in Yellow might well have once been an ordinary person whose understanding of entropy approached the cosmic level, and who acquired some form of immunity to entropy, and as a result, thus distanced from reality, acquired peculiar powers and understanding.

**THE KING IN YELLOW**

*Wears No Mask*

**SPECIAL ABILITIES:**

- **AURA OF POWER:** Any present when the King in Yellow manifests are automatically -20% on all rolls except SAN. Those that fail the SAN roll when encountering the King cannot act for 1D6 turns, instead, only goggle in stunned silence.

- **DISCORPORATION:** A successful attack with a Lethality 20%+ causes the King to explode into a spray of ancient rags, leaving behind nothing. All present that
fail a Luck roll lose 1/1D6 SAN helplessness; overcome by visions of the terrible Yellow Sign. Until that victim etches or paints the Yellow Sign on an external surface, all skill rolls are -20%, and they must make a SAN roll for each night of sleep. Failure indicates they wake from unremembered nightmares and suffer the ill-effects of sleep deprivation (see SLEEP DISORDER in THE AGENT’S HANDBOOK page 71) until they inscribe the Yellow Sign.

△ ENTROPY: The touch of the King is enough to unravel matter. If it is its will, a single touch by the King on any living creature inflicts a Lethality 50% attack. Victims destroyed in such a manner rot, spoil, and dissolve into ashes in mere seconds (costing 1D4/1D10 SAN unnatural to witness).

△ FUNDAMENTAL CONTROL OF MATTER: The King in Yellow controls all matter on a fundamental level. Observation seems to be of relevance in this ability — if a target loses sight of a changed item, place or person, for example, it might switch back to its previous form — or into some new horror. There is effectively no limit to what or how this ability may affect reality except observation.

△ THE BOOK (see THE KING IN YELLOW on page XX): The King in Yellow is inextricably bound to a particular set of words, most often seen in a published play called The King in Yellow. No definitive timeline for the book’s creation is known, but it exists in many places and many languages. Reading this book and failing a SAN roll is enough to open a victim to the ministrations of the King. All that are affected by the book meet the King or its servants, eventually.

△ THE YELLOW SIGN (see THE YELLOW SIGN on page XX): The King’s symbol is the Yellow Sign. This mark — described at various times as a sigil, an eye, a branch, and a dragon — brings helplessness, fear, and insanity to any who see it, and costs 0/1D4 SAN helplessness to see. Those that fail this SAN roll and choose to spread the Yellow Sign might find some comfort from that action. Those that fail and refuse must make a SAN roll for each night of sleep. Failure indicates they wake continuously from unremembered nightmares (see SLEEP DISORDER in THE AGENT’S HANDBOOK page 71).

SANITY LOSS: 1D4/1D6 unnatural (or 1D10/1D100 unnatural to see it without its mask).

MARIONETTES

“In moments, just barely within my sight, the two thugs from Lenny were mobbed by the great bulk of marionette servants. The servants grew animated, lifted their drooping arms and heads, and surged forward in a great silken mass. Above their heads, their strings became impossibly tangled and twisted, yet they pressed forward regardless. In short order, they had completely surrounded the two men and moved in against them like some bizarre pack of sardines.”

—John Tynes, Broadalbin

These entities were people once but are now lost to Carcosa, forever in the service the King in Yellow. They are life-sized, human-shaped, marionettes, hung from impossible strings that move their limbs in a herky-jerky gait. The tracks that guide these being’s strings are found in ceilings throughout the Carcosa, but they can travel beyond such
limitations when it suits them, and their strings hang in the air above them (costing 0/1
SAN unnatural). When they walk, they glide, and when they run they bumble about, legs
and arms flailing, feet rarely touching the ground.

Their faces are blank porcelain with empty eyes, but each has some semblance of
what they once were in life. Those who wore glasses wear fake wire glasses. Those
with a prominent nose share it with their marionette. Birth-marks, overbites, hairstyles
and more are to be seen, for those that know to look. Their clothes are suited to the role
they might play; bellhop, guard, traveling salesman, but the clothes are merely a
costume without significant detail.

Marionettes never speak but can indicate intention with ponderous gestures. They
often deliver things, show the way, or remove threats in the way of travelers to Carcosa.
They attack by swarming, and when a target is surrounded, suddenly extruding razor-
pointed iron spikes hidden within their clockwork bodies, impaling them.

**MARIONETTES**

*Foot-Soldiers of Carcosa*

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**ARMOR:** (See METAL AND PORCELAIN.)

**ATTACKS:** Impale 35%, Lethality 10%, Armor Piercing 2 (see SWARM AND SPIKE).

**SPECIAL ABILITIES:**

- **ENDLESS EXITS:** Marionettes are impossible to entrap. Placing one in a room,
a box, or even burying it underground fails to contain it. The moment it is
unobserved it transits back to Carcosa, escaping to continue its work.

- **IMPOSSIBLE GEARS:** The construction of each marionette is unique and
impossible. Anyone examining its machinery suffers 0/1D4 SAN unnatural as
they realize it is powered by nothing. Those with **Craft (Mechanics)** 30%+ or
who make a successful roll automatically suffer 4 points **SAN** and gain +1
Corruption. It should not be able to move at all. Yet it does.

- **METAL AND PORCELAIN:** Beneath the costume, each marionette is made of
metal and porcelain. Every attack that rolls an odd number in its damage result
inflicts only 1 HP of damage, maximum (even Lethality attacks are subject to this
rule — an odd Lethality result inflicts 1 HP maximum, otherwise it operates
normally). There is an endless army of marionettes to replace any that might be
destroyed.

- **SWARM AND SPIKE:** To attack, a number of marionettes swarm a target and
make a contested **Unarmed Combat** roll against the victim’s **Dodge**. If the victim
loses, they are surrounded and treated as pinned. A pinned target is permitted a
STR×5 or **Unarmed Combat** roll to defend themselves. On a success, they
break free. On a failure, the victim suffers a Lethality 10% attack as the swarm
releases dozens of spring-loaded spikes into the victim’s body.

**SANITY LOSS:** 0/1D4 **SAN** unnatural (or 1/1D6 **SAN** unnatural if the marionette was
known in life).
Repeaters are beings that have managed to hold on to some part of their consciousness despite their consumption by the King in Yellow. They are capable of new and self-motivated action despite the repetition and melancholy of Carcosa; and can even make plans, form alliances, and choose to enter or exit Carcosa. But they always come back. Some live in the Night World, on the edge of our reality, others in the depths of the Night World far from sanity, and still others, in the madness of Carcosa itself. Their personality, demeanor, and knowledge vary with how deep they exist within the ministrations of the King.

They appear much as they did in life, stuck in a single time-period and look. To them, time has ceased counting; and they often repeat actions, speeches, and tasks (hence their name) unknowingly.

Most have carved a small niche of existence in the Night World or Carcosa that they primarily haunt, but all serve at the whim of the King. Each searches for their Soul Bottle, hidden in the Whisper Labyrinth, and inside it, the final resolution to their looping existence.

**Repeaters**

*Residents of Carcosa*

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<th>Trait</th>
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<tr>
<td>STR</td>
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**Armor:** As in life.

**Attacks:** As in life.

**Skills:** As in life.

**Special Abilities:**

- **STUCK:** Repeaters are caught in repeating patterns of their former life. An author might write and drink and never leave their room unless prodded by some third party. A bellhop might man a front desk for eternity. Until someone new comes in contact with them, it is likely they perform the same actions over and over again.

- **ENDLESS DOORS:** Due to their absorption by the Night World, Repeaters can always find a way out, either by discovering hidden passages, a secret door, or windows that were not there a moment ago. Others may even follow them through such passages — where they lead is up to the Handler to devise.

- **INFINITE:** Until they locate their Soul Bottle (see **Soul Bottle** on page XX), or meet the King in Yellow, Repeaters are immortal, after a fashion. They are as fragile as normal humans, and may be shot, stabbed, beaten, and burned, with...
results similar to the real world (and all attendant SAN losses), but they always eventually return unharmed.

△ WHERE’S MY BOTTLE?: Repeaters are all obsessed with locating their Soul Bottle in the Whisper Labyrinth. Repeaters might be manipulated in this way, and, if an Agent comes into possession of their bottle, made to perform almost any task in exchange for it.

SANITY LOSS: 0/1D4 SAN unnatural (if they are known to be dead).

ARTIFACTS

The King in Yellow travels through words, writing, art, and books. From these works, entities spring to life and open passages to other, more nightmarish locales. These tomes, specimens, and artifacts, swarm those infected by the power of the King like flies around a rotten corpse. Many others undoubtedly exist.

THE COQUELICOTS MASK (UNNATURAL ARTIFACT)

“Description: CARVED FRENCH MASK. France, late 19th century, ivory. Half mask headdress carved with fine engraving work, large up-turned eyes, piloted side holes for straps, hand chiseled interior. 5.25”h.”
–Weiss Auction Lot Description, 1949

One of two dozen masks created by an unknown artist for the live performance of Le Roi en jaune in 1895. The members of the chorus of the play each wore one, and all but one mask is thought to have been destroyed. The last mask was sold to a private buyer at auction in 1949 in New York City.

The mask is carved from a thin section of elephant ivory, and covered in strange, looping, sigils, including a single, prominent Yellow Sign (0/1D4 SAN helplessness) on the interior of the mask, between the eyes.

UNNATURAL EFFECTS: For those that have no Corruption rating, and have not suffered any SAN loss from the Yellow Sign or the play, the mask poses no threat. It is a completely mundane, old, and obviously valuable, object.

For those with a Corruption rating, or that lost SAN to the Yellow Sign or the play, the mask is a dangerous unnatural artifact. It is inert as long as it is not worn. Those that are open to its influence and that put the mask on must make a SAN roll. Success indicates a momentary light-headedness and nothing more. Failure has no obvious immediate effect. The next time the victim sleeps or hits 0 Willpower, roll 1D6 to determine the effect (this happens once per person).

1. The victim dreams of the play Le Roi en jaune (0/1 SAN unnatural).
2. The victim mutilates themselves; cuts sigils into skin, cuts wrists, 1D6 HP damage (0/1 SAN helplessness).
3. The victim kills a domesticated animal (0/1D4-2 SAN violence).
4. The victim seriously injures an innocent (0/1D4 SAN violence).
5. The victim kills someone (0/1D6 SAN violence).
6. The victim kills and mutilates an innocent (child/elderly) (1/1D10 SAN violence).
The victim performs the rolled action without any memory of having done it until they wake in the midst of the crime, suffering full SAN loss from it. The identity of the victim of such a crime remains up to the Handler to devise. If the victim has committed a serious crime (like murder), they did so without any preparation or forethought, and the crime scene is covered in evidence.

To clean the scene of evidence requires a Forensics roll against an average detective’s Forensics 30%. If the Agent loses this contest, the police may somehow locate them (fingerprints, video evidence, blood, DNA, hair, etc…) in 1D4+2 weeks.

Those that have visions of the play, see *Le Roi en jaune*, as it was performed in Paris in 1895.

**THE DEUXIÈME BUREAU FILE (1895/1941/1951/1952)**

“GS PARIS 41: Kein Intelligenzwert. EX REPORT DG 51 EM: After preliminary investigation by the Gestapo, the DB file was placed in storage in the ‘general questionable file’ repository at the Le Meurice Hôtel in the Rue Rivoli, later at the Mansion des Portes where it was recovered by elements of the US 4th Armored Division on 20 JUL 44. Subject is the play Le Roi en jaune, (translation enc.)”

—Unknown US Intelligence Officer

*In French, German, and English. Study time: hours. (Includes a type-written copy of Le Roi en jaune in French and English), SAN loss (only if the play is read) 1D4+2 helplessness, Corruption +1 (only if the play is read)*

This file, re-written by Delta Green in 1951, contains an examination of the original Deuxième Bureau write-up of the Paris, *Le Roi en jaune* outbreak of 1895. It also includes notes from German intelligence circa 1941 when they examined the file and found it mundane. The documents are marked DELTA GREEN and TOP SECRET. Finally, it includes a type-written manuscript of *Le Roi en jaune*, in French and English.

The unidentified author of the file (possibly Emmet Moseby) notes that a name found in the attached play: Hastur, is a “entity associated with myth-cycles found in restricted works such as the *Necronomicon.*” The author indicates he read the play in its entirety and found it unremarkable.

Variations of this file exist. Some include summaries of Emmet Moseby, as well as the investigation into his disappearance, and other related materials like photographs and other documents. Others are infected directly by the power of the King in Yellow and might possess any information within it.

**UNNATURAL EFFECTS:** The file has no effect, unless the copy of *Le Roi en jaune* is read.

**RECOMMENDED RITUALS:** None.

**THE IMPERIAL DYNASTY OF AMERICA (DATE UNKNOWN)**

“Let His beneficence shine upon our endeavor; this land, made clean by His hand. Swept towards the growing rot of men’s minds, blooming in a beauteous uncreation. The first, the last, the only, the none. The one.”

—Author Unknown
In English. Study time: hours. Unnatural +1, SAN loss 0/1 helplessness, Corruption +1 (if the Yellow Sign is seen, 0/1D4 SAN helplessness).

This leather-bound folio of loose and yellowed pages contains a complex lineage, tracing some sort of royal bloodline from Carcosa to New York City and beyond. Over one thousand names are contained within, including nearly anyone involved with the King in Yellow in this book. On the last page, (despite being emblazoned in a splotch of red wax) is the so-called Yellow Sign. This costs an additional 0/1D4 SAN helplessness to see.

RECOMMENDED RITUALS: None.

THE KING IN YELLOW (UNNATURAL DOCUMENT, VARIOUS FORMS)

Song of my soul, my voice is dead;
Die thou, unsung, as tears unshe’d
Shall dry and die in
Lost Carcosa.
— Cassilda’s Song, The King in Yellow

Thought to have been written by an unknown playwright circa 1895, this evocative, nihilistic two-act play about Carcosa, Hastur, and the King in Yellow was actively suppressed in France. It cannot be skimmed. Once it is opened the victim must succeed at a Sanity test to avoid reading it. The book has been published and spread in many different versions throughout history, below are a some examples:

LE ROI EN JAUNE (C. 1895)

In French. Study time: an hour. Any one Art skill +5%, Unnatural +5%, Corruption +1, SAN loss 0/1D4+2 helplessness

The first known copy of the play appeared in 1895 France, and has since reappeared in various forms and printings. Most often it is found as a mimeographed script, or a typewritten report.

UNNATURAL EFFECTS: Reading the play and suffering any SAN loss is enough to open the victim to the ministrations of the King in Yellow.

LIBRO SECRETORUM MANIFESTA (C. 1905)

In Latin. Study time: an hour. Any one Art skill +2%, Unnatural +2%, Corruption +1, SAN loss 0/1D4-2 helplessness

“The Book of Secrets.” A less-than-complete vanity-press version of the play Le Roi en jaune, translated into Latin. It was pieced together by a small group of well-to-do witnesses to the 1895 play in Paris, and bound in a small, lavender hardcover. Only 11 were printed. Most were destroyed.

UNNATURAL EFFECTS: Reading the play and suffering any SAN loss is enough to open the victim to the ministrations of the King in Yellow. Despite encapsulating the whole story, the play does not feel finished and is missing key phrases, scenes, and information. Agents that read it and suffer 2 points of SAN loss, gain a new mental disorder — Obsession: Locate a full copy of The King in Yellow.
THE RED BOOK (C. 1951)
*In English. Study time: an hour. Any one Art skill +5%, Unnatural +5%, Corruption +2, SAN loss 0/1D4+2 helplessness (SAN loss 0/1D4 helplessness from just seeing the Yellow Sign on the cover)*

The first known English translation of *Le Roi en jaune* that appeared in America in 1951. A small, red-leather bound book with the Yellow Sign stamped in its cover, of unknown publishing provenance.

**UNNATURAL EFFECTS:** Reading the play and suffering any SAN loss is enough to open the victim to the ministrations of the King in Yellow.

THE PHILCO TELEVISION PLAYHOUSE TELEPLAY FOR THE YELLOW PHANTOM (C. 1952)
*In English. Study time: a half an hour. Unnatural +1, SAN loss 0/1D4-3 helplessness*

A limited adaptation of *The King in Yellow* as seen in the Red Book. Due to the truncated nature of the teleplay, the effects of it are significantly lessened, but still present.

**UNNATURAL EFFECTS:** Reading the play and suffering any SAN loss is enough to open the victim to the ministrations of the King in Yellow. Agents that read it and suffer SAN loss, gain a new mental disorder — *Obsession: Locate a full copy of The King in Yellow.*

HER GREY SONG SCRIPT (C. 1955)
*In English. Study time: a half an hour. Any one Art skill +2%, Unnatural +2%, Corruption +1, SAN loss 0/1D4 helplessness*

A full adaptation of *The King in Yellow* as seen in the Red Book including stage directions, prop and set notes, and more.

**UNNATURAL EFFECTS:** Reading the play and suffering any SAN loss is enough to open the victim to the ministrations of the King in Yellow. Agents that read it and suffer 2+ points of SAN loss, gain a new mental disorder — *Obsession: Locate a full copy of The King in Yellow.*

A SONG BEFORE TRAVEL SCREENPLAY (C. 2006)
*In English. Study time: a half an hour. Any one Art skill +1%, Unnatural +1%, SAN loss 0/1D4-2 helplessness*

A short screenplay (approximately 22-minutes) based on the *Libro Secretorum Manifesta* edition of *The King in Yellow*. Due to the truncated nature of the screenplay, the effects are lessened, but still present. It also feels unfinished.

**UNNATURAL EFFECTS:** Reading the play and suffering any SAN loss is enough to open the victim to the ministrations of the King in Yellow. Agents that read it and suffer 2+ points of SAN loss, gain a new mental disorder — *Obsession: Locate a full copy of The King in Yellow.*
THE PHANTOM SAYETH SCRAPBOOK (C. 2015)
In English. Study time: an hour. Any one Art skill +5%, Unnatural +5%, Corruption +1, SAN loss 0/1D4+2 helplessness
A complete copy of *The King in Yellow*, in English, created using collage, with each word clipped from a novel or magazine, one after the other, giving it the appearance of a bloated, uneven, ransom note. Despite this shabby appearance, its potency is pronounced.

UNNATURAL EFFECTS: Reading the play and suffering any SAN loss is enough to open the victim to the ministrations of the King in Yellow.

SOUL BOTTLE (UNNATURAL ARTIFACT)
“In the walls were several niches, each of which contained a different bottle. The niche closest to me was empty. Lying on the floor next to the lantern was an ornate bottle, the stopper lying nearby. An engraved plate on the bottle read ‘Joseph Hille.’”
–John Tynes, Broadalbin

A vast, and perhaps infinite series of catacombs called the Whisper Labyrinth exist in the Night World that lead from Earth to Carcosa (see WHISPER LABYRINTH on page XX). In these dark tunnels, embedded into shelves cut within the limestone walls are bottles — glass, crystal, stone, metal — and on each bottle is a plaque with a name. Every person has a bottle. Inside each is the answer for that person — the answer to everything.

Locating your bottle is a trying task. The Agent explores the Whisper Labyrinth for 8 hours, and announces a target number between 1 and 100. The Handler rolls a 1D100 and consults the chart below.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Roll</th>
<th>Result</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Exact match</td>
<td>The Agent locates their Soul Bottle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Within 1 of the number</td>
<td>The Agent locates the Soul Bottle of a Bond</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Within 5 of the number</td>
<td>The Agent locates the bottle of someone known to them</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Within 10 of the number</td>
<td>The Agent encounters a manifestation in the labyrinth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Any other result</td>
<td>The Agent locates nothing and gains +1 Corruption</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Only the owner of a their bottle may open it, but some bottles might be shattered or pierced. If a person’s bottle is destroyed without them having opened it, the owner of that bottle is permanently subject to maximum SAN loss on all future failed SAN rolls. There is no cure known for this nihilistic listlessness.

An owner that opens their bottle suffers 1D10/1D100 SAN unnatural. Those that succeed and survive recall little, but witnesses report the bottle “whispering” something to the target. The Handler might use this to deliver vital game information (“Abigail
Wright waits for you in the Palace in Carcosa”), or to resolve some unknown in the
Agent’s background (“your father was always proud of you”). Those that listen to their
bottle and survive gain 1D20 SAN, and +5 Corruption permanently. Past this point the
lowest that Agent’s Corruption rating can ever be is 5.
Those Agents that hit 0 SAN physically vanish and become property of the Handler.
But they might be seen again...in Carcosa.

MELONIA (UNNATURAL PLANT AND DRUG)
“I stumbled forward, and saw beyond the closest row of buildings the source of the
strange seed pod drug Debra had given me earlier, for here there was row upon row
upon row of Melonia, low golden plants with their spade-shaped leaves and strange
pods.”
—John Tynes, Broadalbin

This plant is unknown to science, and grows only in the Night World and Carcosa,
covering every available surface with the tenacity of a weed. It is a low, golden stalked
plant with spade-shaped leaves. When it is in season, each stalk sprouts dozens of
golden-copper plant pods. If left to its normal lifecycle, these plant pods burst and
spread tiny golden seeds on the wind like a flickering mist of golden stars.
These plant pods are a drug. Melonia may be eaten whole or ground into a powder to
be snorted like cocaine, or injected, like heroin. Sycophants that haunt Carcosa often
have ample supply of Melonia pods recovered from expeditions to the edge of the
Whisper Labyrinth, where it grows in great abundance. Creating Melonia powder (which
may be injected or snorted) requires a supply of Melonia pods and Pharmacy 20%+ or
a successful Pharmacy roll. Melonia pods keep indefinitely, and are traded in small
glass vials. The powder is white, with odd coruscating patterns of gold appearing in at
when it catches the light.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingestion Type</th>
<th>Duration</th>
<th>Effect</th>
<th>Addiction</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Eating Melonia Pod</td>
<td>1 minute</td>
<td>Euphoria. Victim must make a SAN roll. If they fail, they lose 1/2 their Willpower. On a success, for the duration, Willpower may be spent in place of SAN to offset SAN loss. On a critical success, they gain a relevant vision of some element of the Night World or Carcosa.</td>
<td>If exposed to the drug the victim must make a SAN roll +40%, on a failure, they must immediately use the drug. On a success, they lose 1 Willpower and resist.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snorting Melonia Powder</td>
<td>20 minutes</td>
<td>Euphoria. Victim must make a SAN roll. If they fail, they lose 1/2 their Willpower. On a success, for the duration, Willpower may be depleted in place of SAN to offset SAN loss. On a critical success, they gain a relevant vision of some element of the Night World or Carcosa.</td>
<td>If exposed to the drug the victim must make a SAN roll +20%, on a failure, they must immediately use the drug. On a success, they resist, but lose 1/2 their Willpower.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**EXAMPLE:** Agent Claudette (SAN 41, Willpower 10), lost in the Whisper Labyrinth, snorts the melonia powder in her possession. She passes out for 1D4 minutes, gains +1 Corruption, and in a euphoric haze has a vision of an emerald green bottle near the underground roots of an ancient tree somewhere north. When she wakes, she is confronted by a wailing, crawling mat of screaming faces that spreads like a pool of sludge (1/1D6 SAN unnatural). She fails the roll and suffers 4 SAN, but due to the melonia she spends 4 Willpower (reducing her Willpower to 6) in lieu of depleting SAN.

**GOLD BUG (UNNATURAL INSECT)**

“A wonder shewn newly upon the worlde, an insect wrought in finest gold, as a gyft to the name scratched out, of which he spent many yeeres gazing upon in the watches of the night.”

—A letter to John Dee, 1582

These tiny, golden beetles are native to Carcosa. They live and feed on the Melonia plant, though often might be found anywhere influenced by Carcosa, aimlessly tracking along walls, in the dirt, or alighting on an Agent’s arm. For the most part they are harmless.

For those that understand such things, a Gold Bug can offer insight into the secrets of Carcosa. Gold Bugs might be eaten, burned, and inhaled (they emit a strangely thick greenish smoke), or placed inside a clear container and meditated upon. Unlike the Melonia plant, use of the Gold Bug is not addictive.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Use</th>
<th>Effect</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Eating a Gold Bug</td>
<td>Victim eats a live Gold Bug and makes a SAN roll. On a success, the victim gains a vision or inspiration as to how to proceed deeper into Carcosa. There are no negative effects.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gold Bug Burned, Smoke Inhaled</td>
<td>Victim burns a Gold Bug, inhales the smoke for 10 minutes, and makes a SAN roll. On a success, the subject gains a vision or inspiration as to how to proceed deeper into Carcosa. On a failure, the subject gains a vision of some horrific element of the Night World or Carcosa (with attendant SAN losses).</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**THE YELLOW SIGN (UNNATURAL SYMBOL)**

“I had a blank bit of paper in my pocket, on which was traced the Yellow Sign, and I handed it to him. He looked at it stupidly for a moment, and then with an uncertain glance at me, folded it with what seemed to me exaggerated care and placed it in his bosom.”

—Robert W. Chambers, The King in Yellow

This symbol somehow prepares the victim’s mind to experience the forces of the King in Yellow. It is often neither yellow or even a sign, precisely, but a strange, geometric, snake-like shape (described at various times as a sigil, an eye, a branch, and a dragon) that can be drawn, traced or cut in almost any medium. Still, it seems to change from moment-to-moment and viewer-to-viewer.

This mark brings horror, fear, and insanity to any that see it inflicting 0/1D4 SAN helplessness. Those that succeed at the SAN roll see nothing unusual, just a strange symbol that is quickly forgotten. In fact, they cannot remember precisely what was seen, except that it was a “mark.” Those that fail suffer the SAN loss and gain +1 Corruption. Those that suffer its effect may choose to spread the Yellow Sign to find some comfort from that action. An Agent that has seen the Yellow Sign, failed their SAN roll, and has not spread the sign must make a SAN roll for each night of sleep until they inscribe the sign somewhere. Failure indicates they wake continuously from unremembered nightmares and suffer normal penalties from sleep deprivation (see SLEEP DISORDER in THE AGENT’S HANDBOOK page 71). Success indicates they somehow manage to sleep.

Until they successfully inscribe the Yellow Sign in some location where others might see it, they are haunted by horrific dreams. Once this is done, the compulsion is lifted, the nightmares vanish and normal sleep returns. But the subject still remains open to the influences of the King in Yellow.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Use</th>
<th>Effect</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Gold Bug Entrapped and Meditated Upon</strong></td>
<td>Victim spends 1 hour meditating upon a Gold Bug and makes a SAN roll. On a success, the victim gains a vision or inspiration as to how to proceed deeper into Carcosa. On a failure, the victim gains a vision of some horrific element of the Night World or Carcosa (with attendant SAN losses). On a critical success, the subject gains some significant revelation about the King in Yellow (location of an NPC, insight on a mystery, solution to a problem). On a critical failure, the subject sees, and is seen, by the King in Yellow itself while it wears no mask (1D10/1D100 unnatural SAN loss).</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
PART FOUR: THE NIGHT FLOORS

CASSILDA: Here then, let us set ourselves upon the only mission:
to die when we are to die,
to scream when one is to scream, as expected.
To go into those darker places,
and say to the feast of reason — no more, I have had my fill.
—The King in Yellow, Act II, Scene II

The Night Floors is a Delta Green operation set in Manhattan, New York, in the summer of 1995. The players are Delta Green Agents brought in to catalogue the articles of the missing painter in a Manhattan art co-op called the Macallistar building. The bizarre tapestry of items in her apartment hint at something more than the everyday; for those few that can solve the mystery the rewards might be reaped elsewhere.

IN THE FIELD: STAGES OF THE NIGHT FLOORS
The Night Floors is a clear entry point to the surreal horrors of the King in Yellow and it moves in stages:

1. THE NORMAL WORLD: At the start of the operation, the world appears normal. Agents are confident in reality.
2. MOMENTARY GLIMPSES: Agents are startled by one-off bizarre occurrences, strange figures, voices and other oddities in the Macallistar building, but the world around those things remains consistent.
3. UNFOLDING IMPOSSIBILITY: The Agents meet the night tenants of the Macallistar building and find their way into the impossible, endless, Night Floors. Their concept of reality is shaken.
4. EXISTENTIAL TERROR AND ESCAPE: Lost in the Night Floors, their sense of the reality fading, Agents struggle to find their way back. If they escape, they understand that what they thought of as “reality” may simply be an illusion.

BACKGROUND

Abigail Laura Wright (Caucasian female, 27 YOA), a successful fine artist, is missing from her apartment in Manhattan. She was last seen four days before she was reported missing on 4 JUN by her father, Nassau County police officer Thomas Wright (Caucasian male, 51 YOA). Wright pulled strings to get the NYPD immediately involved.

Abigail lived in Manhattan for seven and a half years, and in that time, only went to the police once, to report a mugging in 1994 (unsolved). Besides this, she has a distinguished academic record and an impressive list of credentials and former clients. Late last year, her first show was held at the Mercury, a trendy art gallery downtown on Franklin Street. She managed to sell fifteen pieces, and with this money took a half-year off to paint.

Six months later, she disappeared on — as best the authorities can guess — 1 JUN 1995. When the police opened her studio in the Macallistar building at East 32nd Street
in the Rose Hill neighborhood of Manhattan on 4 JUN, they found a baffling tableaux. What once was a modest apartment had become an obsessive-compulsive’s dream. Every available surface was covered in junk, glued or taped to the walls. Only the floor remained clear, the rug yanked up to reveal a battered linoleum surface. Among the junk were sets of dentures, partial dentures, a 1940s wheelchair, some modern and antique artificial limbs, dozens of shirts, shoes and briefcases, assorted radios spanning several decades (some still operational), all manner of jewelry, earrings, rings, and necklaces, and thousands of papers of all designs and ages, some in Spanish, Mandarin, and even a college economics report in Farsi. Almost all these items were glued to the wall with a fast-setting, cheap, full-bond epoxy. Prior to this, Abigail had been a fastidious young woman not given to accumulating odds and ends. Beyond the stripped floor and missing furniture, they were no obvious signs of a struggle or any other sort of violence, and the neighbors offered no useful testimony. Detectives investigated several leads, but uncovered nothing. The apartment remained a crime scene and was visited four times by the NYPD, and only twice by detectives due to backlog.

Two months later, on 4 AUG 1995, Abigail’s credit card was used in Patience, Maryland, to purchase a pack of Old Gold cigarettes, and the case was given to the New York FBI as a possible interstate kidnapping. The FBI re-examined the tenants of the building and Abigail’s associates and friends, and came to the same dead end which stopped the NYPD. The employees at the gas station where Abigail’s credit card was used had no particular recollection of the transaction and did not recognize Abigail from photographs; the signature on the receipt was her name, but not her handwriting. The gas station had no surveillance cameras.

Among the debris found in Abigail’s apartment was a piece of paper with an occult symbol hastily scrawled on it in golden ink. The occult symbol caught the attention of a Delta Green friendly at the New York FBI marginally associated with the case. This friendly, Sandra Levinson, reported it to her Delta Green contact and leader of New York’s M-Cell, agent Marcus, Dr. Marvin Bloom.

THE TRUTH ABOUT ABIGAIL
Abigail Wright has come under the influence of the play *The King in Yellow*, which she purchased at an odd, unnamed book-shop in New York City on 22 FEB 1995 (see EXEUNT: THE BOOK-SHOP on page XX). This play opened her mind to the ministrations of Carcosa. She shared the play with her fellow art co-op tenants, and now, the infection has set in, opening a portal to the Night World in the Macallistar building — but only after the sun goes down.

Abigail vanished in these infinite rooms some time before, and each of the remaining tenants now lives a double life. During the day they have no idea what happened to Abigail, but at night, they travel to the Night World where they know Abigail fled to work on their own insane obsessions. The power of Carcosa spreads in the building, minute by minute, and soon will consume them all.
OPERATION ALICE

Agent Marcus summons the Agents to Washington Square Park at 4:45 PM on 10 AUG 1995, through various means (a couriered letter indicating the return of a lost wallet, a phone call from a secretary indicating a pre-planned meet up that didn’t exist before, etc.) Clever Agents understand they are being called up for an operation by the group.

Agents that show up at the park at the allotted time find it filled with people, musicians, clowns and jugglers, as well as hundreds of tourists. Marcus collects the Agents one by one, smiling a false smile and pointing at landmarks like the Washington Square arch. He introduces himself only as Marcus, and is very careful about what he says. When all Agents are present, he fills them in on operation ALICE:

△ The Agents have been granted clearance (temporarily or through their actual jobs) to assist the FBI in the collection and typing of evidence from a location of interest in an interstate missing persons case.
△ A symbol was found at this location which is associated with demonology and the occult.
△ The Agents are to investigate the location and determine if an unnatural influence is behind the disappearance.
△ If it is, it is to be stopped or destroyed.

Marcus hands an Agent a leather valise. In it are various papers:

△ Temporary FBI identification for all Agents and Friendlies.
△ A New York Post article on the case (see below).
△ The Abigail Wright police file.
△ The Abigail Wright FBI file.
△ The address of the Macallistar Building, and a set of freshly made keys to the general areas of the building and Abigail’s apartment, stamped “DO NOT DUPLICATE.”
△ A photograph of Abigail Wright taking a photo of herself, out of focus, a sticker on the photo reads, “WRIGHT, A. 1-JUN-94.”

Marcus then answers questions. If Agents stray into slightly paranoid territory, Marcus may open up about Project CATALYST (see AGENT MARCUS on page XX) and his fears of a counter-conspiracy.

DISINFORMATION: MISSING ARTIST PROMPTS NEW FEARS IN ROSE HILL
From the New York Post, 10 JUL 1995
By Raymond Diaz
For those that knew up-and-coming artist Abigail Wright, her disappearance from her co-op apartment in Rose Hill sometime in and around June 4, 1995, remains a complete mystery. Authorities have been frustrated in their efforts to track the young woman’s whereabouts following the last known sighting of her, near her apartment at E. 32nd Street and 2nd Avenue. According to an anonymous source familiar with the case, early leads have collapsed, leaving a cold trail. Now, a month on, the NYPD only says it is no closer to locating Ms. Wright.

This source also intimated to the Post that a strange and disturbing collection of items
had been found in Ms. Wright’s apartment which was locked from the inside, including “medical supplies, books, machinery and other, less identifiable objects.” Her neighbors maintain that all was fine with Ms. Wright, and nothing out of the usual had occurred to indicate she was in danger or planning to leave.

A rise in break-ins, muggings and assaults in the neighborhood has been noticed, prompting community youth leader Anthony Scott to comment: “It is well known in the neighborhood that after 5 P.M., the sidewalks roll up, and the police are nowhere to be found, particularly on foot.” Scott says that people walking around after dark in the area are watching their backs, or should be.

Did Ms. Wright somehow fall foul to this rise in crime, or did she suddenly leave, telling no one of her plans? At this point, chief detective Graham Giuradanda of the NYPD says, it is impossible to tell.

**AGENT MARCUS**

Dr. Marvin Bloom, Agent Marcus (Caucasian male, 35 YOA), is the leader of Cell M, and serves as Sandra Levinson’s point of contact with the conspiracy. He’s one of the new breed of Delta Green, a whole-hearted zealot for the changes in policy since Fairfield’s assassination in 1994. This is because he lost four people to a machete-wielding madman on the second mission he led, and evidence pointed to another conspiracy in the Federal government, something called Project CATALYST, as the cause.

After the briefing, Marcus only rarely makes a personal appearance to the Agents. If possible all contact is by encrypted email or phone. If they request a face-to-face meeting he dictates the arrangements. He is paranoid and fears that a “counter-conspiracy” is hunting Delta Green members. He often asks questions which seem unrelated to the case; were the Agents followed, can they account for all their waking hours, that sort of thing.

If asked, he ushers questions up the chain of command or have simple tasks completed for the Agents (such as retrieving a book from the Library of Congress, having a DMV file checked out).

Marcus is only available for a given phone call if the agent makes a Luck roll, otherwise he is not available for 2d10 hours. He never reveals his real name, and insists that the Agents follow this rule as well, so he “won’t know too much.”

Although Marcus has no real connection to the case other than supervisory, his paranoia should be played up to keep the Agents on their toes. His fears of a counter-conspiracy and his nervous manner could both anger and unsettle the Agents, cloaking the entire operation in a sense of insecurity. Marcus makes an ideal replacement for a player that loses an Agent in play.

**DR. MARVIN BLOOM aka AGENT MARCUS**

*Paranoid FBI psychologist, Caucasian male, age 35*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STR</th>
<th>CON</th>
<th>DEX</th>
<th>INT</th>
<th>POW</th>
<th>CHA</th>
</tr>
</thead>
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<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>12</td>
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<td>13</td>
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</table>

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>HP</th>
<th>WP</th>
<th>SAN</th>
<th>BREAKING POINT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>57</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**BONDS:**

- Δ Patty Bloom (Wife), 12.
- Δ Bina “Binny” Bloom (Mother), 13.
Δ Thomas Bloom (Brother), 12.
Δ Emily Bloom-Fitzhugh (Sister), 13.

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:
Δ To keep his team safe.
Δ To protect the innocent from the unnatural.
Δ Obsession with project CATALYST.

SKILLS: Alertness 51%, Anthropology 5%, Athletics 35%, Bureaucracy 45%, Computer Science 25%, Criminology 49%, Dodge 35%, Drive 55%, First Aid 20%, Firearms 53%, Forensics 44%, History 20%, HUMINT 60%, Law 32%, Medicine 15%, Occult 15%, Persuade 50%, Pharmacy 58%, Psychotherapy 50%, Science (Biology) 40%, SIGINT 10%, Search 55%, Stealth 15%, Unarmed Combat 48%, Unnatural 4%.

ATTACKS:
Δ Glock 22, 53%, damage 1D10.
Δ Unarmed 48%, damage 1D4-1.

DESCRIPTION: A thin, man with curly salt and pepper hair and a scrub beard. Habitually wears oversized suits and chain smokes Kool cigarettes. His belt has a wear in it from where his FBI ID usually sits (Search 20%+ or a successful roll to spot).

BACKGROUND: Since his induction into Delta Green in 1990, Marcus has been involved in fourteen separate operations in the New York area. He first encountered Delta Green during a series of bizarre murders in the Bronx in which the victims’ bodies would disappear from the morgue, never to be seen again, and the next murder victim in the series would be covered in the prints of the most recently vanished corpse. This chain continued until Marcus sat up with one of the bodies. He saw more than enough that evening to be immediately inducted into Delta Green.

PASSING STRANGE: Marvin Bloom was born on 2 SEP 1960, the same day architect and murderer Asa Daribondi was legally declared dead by the state of New York.

THE MACALLISTAR BUILDING, 210 EAST 32ND STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 10016

The Macallistar Building was built in 1924. It is a classic three-story and basement brownstone structure with a faux-castle design located at 210 East 32nd Street near 2nd Avenue in the Rose Hill neighborhood of Manhattan. A fake portcullis hangs above the large double doors, artificial ramparts encircle the windows and ledges, and cheap concrete gargoyles watch from the rooftop.

Including the basement (accessible from the street) there are four floors. They are referred to as the basement, the ground floor, the first-floor and the second-floor. Above the second-floor (during the day at least) is a tar-paper rooftop filled with vents, old aerials, and open airshafts. A buzzer allows tenants to unlock the front doors through an intercom system installed sometime in the 1960s. In the foyer is a small marble-floored room with the tenants’ mailboxes, often covered in old newspapers, sale circulars, and pizza coupons.
A single hallway runs the length of the building, carpeted in plush burgundy, with two apartments on each side. A staircase runs up and down at the midpoint of the hall. There are a total of eleven apartments in the building (five occupied), along with four storage rooms in the basement and a boiler room. The apartments are large by New York standards: each has one main room, with a kitchenette and separate bathroom (some have smaller nooks and separate rooms as well). Each bathroom has an old-fashioned hammered-tin ceiling and most have a claw-foot bathtub placed where it was most expedient for a water hook-up.

THE SECRET OF THE MACALLISTAR BUILDING
Abigail Wright and the residents of the apartment building have come under the influence of the King in Yellow. Abigail came upon a copy of the play *The King in Yellow* five months before her disappearance. Reading it and seeing the Yellow Sign changed her. Being on friendly terms with the other artists in her building, Abigail offered to lend it out. Each resident, egged on by the others, read it in turn.

Soon the apartments began to change. Odd visitors turned up often, entering or exiting broom closets without explanation. Strange voices could be heard in empty rooms having heated conversations in unknown languages. An anonymous writer took to leaving a typewritten play under each tenant’s door at night, a play about the tenants and their mounting encounters with the strange, sometimes bizarre visitors to their building.

The other tenants relished the unusual quality of their lives as inspiration for their art, finding their new world much more beautiful and baroque than any they had known before. The building changed, and the tenants with it.

Abigail was different. Her art descended into madness, and in madness, enlightenment. Alone out of all the tenants, Abigail had the insight necessary to use the change. She set up her shrine as a last message, utilizing every bit of rubbish she could find in the Night Floors that appear in the building after dusk. Her shrine now affects the mind, and those that view it for an extended period of time become open to the advances of the entity known as the King in Yellow.

Abigail’s credit card was found by a homeless woman in a garbage pile outside the building. From there, the card was sold for drugs and found its way to Maryland; it is a dead-end, and has no connection to the case.

Abigail is lost in the building, and remains in the shadow realm of the Night World where she moves ever-closer to meet her King. Even though she is technically “gone” the Macallistar Building is not right. Subtle changes are noticeable in the daytime, but at night it is a different place altogether. So far, the police and FBI have come and gone during the day.

At night doorways appear as if by some malignant cancer of reality, windows open on impossible scenes, the exit which once lead to the roof now leads into a near-endless expanse of rooms — the Night Floors. In short, within the walls of the Macallistar Building nothing is impossible anymore, and reality is as unstable as the shifting sands of a windblown desert.

Along with their building, the tenants undergo a transformation after night falls. Their polite smiles are replaced by malevolent grins, and their honest confusion as to the
disappearance of Abigail during the day is replaced by first-hand knowledge of her fate in the night.

The tenants and the building itself have become inextricably linked, each feeding on the other in an ever-quickening loop of fantasy. This loop is so fast now that the tenants themselves don’t sleep, instead leading a twofold existence, feeding the fire that the Macallistar Building has become. When their imaginations finally consume them, the building will become part of the Night World forever.

DISINFORMATION: RESEARCHING THE MACALLISTAR BUILDING
Looking into the history of the Macallistar building takes footwork, but can yield some interesting results.

△ SEARCHING CITY RECORDS (BUREAUCRACY OR ART (ARCHITECTURE) ROLL): A search of city records at New York City Hall uncovers the original building permit from 1921. The building began as a private residence for Henry M. Lundine (1886-1952), built in the classic brownstone style. An addendum to the permit in 1953 shows the building being refitted to become an apartment building. There is nothing amiss in these records. The architect is listed as A. Darabondi (spelled incorrectly).

△ SEARCHING FOR BLUEPRINTS (BUREAUCRACY 20%+ OR A SUCCESSFUL ROLL AND $200): A search of city records at New York City Hall reveals that they still have Macallistar blueprints on record. A filing fee of $200 is needed to get photostatic copies. Various copies of paperwork come along with it, almost all of it mundane. Only a single slip of elegant cream-colored stationary for the HOTEL BROADALBIN — no address — stapled to a city permit is odd. The stationary has a handwritten note on it: “I saw the rooms tonight at dusk,” scribbled in long-faded ball-point pen. Searching for the Hotel Broadalbin leads nowhere. As far as the city of New York is concerned, there has never been such a hotel.

△ SEARCHING THE INTERNET (COMPUTER SCIENCE 20%+ OR A SUCCESSFUL ROLL): Searching the nascent internet, Agents reveal various public records for the building which have just been digitized, including the date of its build permit (27 MAY 1921) and of its completion (21 MAY 1924), as well as various sales and purchases. It was sold by the Lundine estate in 1952 to the Star Corporation, and in 1967 to ARTLIFE, the current owners. One website mentions that the architect of the Macallistar was famous for having been involved in a scandalous murder case — but says little else about it.

△ SEARCHING CITY CRIMINAL RECORDS (BUREAUCRACY OR CRIMINOLOGY ROLL): Searching city records at New York City Hall for crimes related to the Macallistar reveals that the architect, Asa Severin Daribondi (1899-1960?), is an obscure but widely written about architect — because of his supposed crimes. Daribondi is suspected to have drowned at least five children between 1947 and 1950 before he vanished. Secondarily, Charles Lundine, the son of the owner of the building and a talented musician, hung himself in the ballroom on the third-floor on 30 AUG 1950. Last, on 30 APR 1952, Henry M. Lundine, the owner of the building, was found in the uppermost staircase to the roof at Lundine house (Macallistar building), dressed in strange “plastic” silver
robes, wearing a papier-mâché mask. A brief investigation by the NYPD determined he had died of a massive stroke. Photographs show a fat man in black and white sprawled on the third-floor landing wearing an expressionless white mask (this outfit matches the outfits worn by ENCOUNTER GROUP see page XX).

△ RESEARCHING ASA DARIBONDI (BUREAUCRACY OR HISTORY ROLL OR ART (ARCHITECTURE) 50%+ OR ROLL): Researching Daribondi at the New York City Public Library reveals several books on him and his crimes (The Devil’s Craftsman by Cavett Monaghan, 1952, A Darkness At the Corners by Elizabeth Ortiz, 1957, and Architecture, Genius, And Mental Illness by Dr. Peter Johansson. 1961). They provide the following overview: during his early career, Daribondi was called the Picasso of architecture because of the strange, misshapen constructions he called “thought buildings” erected between 1901 and 1921 in the Chicago area. After having what is sometimes called a “religious revelation,” and sometimes a “drug experience,” he moved to New York in 1921, and took up residence at an unnamed mid-town hotel. The nine buildings he erected in New York City all still stand. They are, unlike his previous structures, mundane and of the age, with small, obsessed-about flourishes. Only after his disappearance in 1950 was Daribondi suspected of having drowned at least five children between 1947 and 1950, but the books speculate he may be responsible for many more. He vanished without a trace in 1950 leaving behind the drowned body of 6 year old Isabelle Sauer, huge debts, a log book which appears to track the deaths of children dating back to 1921, as well as many, many questions. He was declared legally dead by his mother in 1960.

△ CAREFULLY LOOKING THROUGH THE DEVIL’S CRAFTSMAN (A SEARCH ROLL): The Devil’s Craftsman has a photo of Daribondi standing in front of an art-deco hotel with a B emblazoned on each door, the caption reads, “(1928) DARIBONDI LIVED FOR A TIME AT NYC HOTEL WHICH HE HELPED RESTORE IN LIEU OF PAYMENT.” Agents that make a Search roll on the photo can recognize that a park is reflected in the hotel window, and in it is a huge, landmark-quality flagpole with a distinctive stone base. Native New Yorkers or those that search and make an INTx5 roll recognize the reflection as the Eternal Light Flagstaff in Madison Square Park. From here (with Corruption 8+) it is possible to locate the Hotel Broadalbin (see EXEUNT: HOTEL BROADALBIN on page XX).

EXEUNT: AGENTS, FRIENDLIES, AND KNOWN-THREATS IN THE PHOTO
Handlers might populate the Broadalbin photo or other photos in The Devil’s Craftsman or other books on Daribondi with anyone of interest from the campaign to deepen the mystery. This subject appears to be moving through the frame of the photo, blurred and out-of-focus, but still somehow recognizable. Some likely suspects include:

△ EMMET MOSEBY: The rogue Delta Green Agent most likely responsible for unleashing Le Roi en jaune in English in 1951, Moseby has a dim, knowing smile on his face. Some sort of travel brochure protrudes from his pocket showing the word -RCOSA.
\(\Delta\) **THE AGENT WITH THE HIGHEST CORRUPTION OR A FUTURE AGENT:** One of the player character’s Agents (or an Agent the player will take the role of in future operations) is out-of-focus, walking through the frame, but still, somehow, recognizable. Those that see themselves in such a photo suffer 0/1D4 **SAN** unnatural.

\(\Delta\) **DR. ELIAS BARBAS:** Dr. Barbas, a tall, gaunt African American man steps through the photo while reading a tape-bound paper book that looks homemade. The only words visible on the cover are “-OETIA” (see **DR. ELIAS BARBAS** on page XX.)

\(\Delta\) **ABIGAIL WRIGHT:** Noticing the 27-year old person you are searching for in a book published 43 years ago is worth 0/1D4 **SAN** unnatural and +1 Corruption.

**OWNERSHIP OF THE MACALLISTAR**

The Macallistar building is owned by a company called ARTLIFE. This non-profit firm purchases property and rents to professional artists at lower than usual cost to further the careers of up-and-coming artists of all types, it is in turn supported by grants from famous artists and artist organizations. ARTLIFE bought the Macallistar building from the Star Corporation (a mundane Maryland holding company) in 1967.

ARTLIFE is located at 23rd and 3rd St. East, not far from the Macallistar. The small office is open 10:30 A.M.-6:00 P.M. Monday through Friday and is run by Cynthia Lechance (African American female, 47 YOA), a well-to-do art collector who enjoys giving new artists a fighting chance.

She is easily intimidated by federal authorities and cooperates fully to help any investigation. She knows of the Abigail Wright disappearance, and questions about her are answered promptly with motherly concern. She is also familiar with the other tenants in the building.

Lechance has no knowledge of the Night Floors or the strange tenants who live there. If asked about a “night manager” — who some of the tenants might refer to after dark — she’s perplexed; there is no specific building manager besides her, and she doesn’t use that title. The building is maintained by ARTLIFE and several workers for hire.

Simple questions reveal that the residents of the Macallistar have not paid their rent in more than a month, and late notices have been sent. In another four weeks, the bills are sent to a collection agency and ARTLIFE begins the process of eviction. Lechance has visited the building and tried to talk to the tenants, but none will speak with her. The company is actually eager to have an empty building, and does very little to try to fix the situation — they hope to complete a large renovation on it before the summer of 1997.

She offers a confused comment as the Agents leave: “I’ve never had to evict a whole building at once.”

**PASSING STRANGE:** Cynthia Lechance’s older brother Damien was discovered drowned in the Harlem river on 3 APR 1948, ten days before she was born. Later, in 1950, Damien Lechance’s name was discovered in Asa Daribondi’s list of supposed victims, and the boy is widely considered a victim of the architect’s murder spree. Lechance has no idea about this connection.
ARRIVAL AND DETECTIVE GIURADANDA

When the Agents first arrive at the Macallistar building, they are greeted by NYPD Detective Graham Giuradanda, currently in charge of the Abigail Wright missing person case. The detective is a charismatic man who is eager to let the “Feds” do their job. He freely admits he’s never “seen anything like this shit,” indicating the shrine.

He hands the Agents his card and leaves shortly thereafter, after checking to see if they have everything they need. He honestly does what he can to assist them, but makes a point to stay out of their way if his presence is not specifically requested. Giuradanda is a deeply religious Roman Catholic, and if recruited to Delta Green — perhaps as a replacement Agent — lenses all of his encounters through biblical references (demons, angels, etc.)

NYPD DETECTIVE GRAHAM GIURADANDA
Well-meaning detective, Caucasian male, age 44

STR 10  CON 10  DEX 13  INT 10  POW 14  CHA 17
HP 10  WP 14  SAN 70  BREAKING POINT 56

BONDS:
△ Annamarie Giuradanda (Great Grandmother), 17.
△ Father Thomas “Tommy” Rann (Priest), 17.
△ Jerry Giuradanda (Brother), 17.

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:
△ To make pension.
△ To protect the innocent.
△ Catholicism.

SKILLS: Accounting 10%, Alertness 80%, Archeology 20%, Athletics 30%, Bureaucracy 40%, Criminology 70%, Disguise 10%, Dodge 50%, Drive 50%, Firearms 60%, Forensics 30%, Foreign Language: Italian 20%, Heavy Machinery 10%, History 10%, HUMINT 50%, Law 30%, Melee Weapons 50%, Military Science 20%, Navigate 40%, Occult 10%, Persuade 40%, Psychotherapy 10%, Search 75%, Stealth 30%, Survival 10%, Swim 20%, Unarmed Combat 80%.

ATTACKS:
△ Sig-Sauer P226, 60%, damage 1D10.
△ Unarmed 80%, damage 1D4.

DESCRIPTION: A tall, classically handsome man who is forever being approached with “don’t I know you from somewhere?” and “are you on TV?” Almost despite this, Giuradanda is a genuinely kind and thoughtful person who has an easy way about him that nearly everyone finds beguiling. As such, he always seems to rise to the top of any social situation.

BACKGROUND: Giuradanda grew up in Suffolk county Long Island, is an Eagle Scout, ex-National Guardsmen, and attended college at SUNY Plattsburgh on full scholarship to complete his double degree in criminology/law in 1985. After five years on the street with the NYPD, he took the Detective exam and passed, and has been working the 13th precinct ever since. He lives in Brooklyn with his great grandmother in his grandparent’s home (both dead), and remains an avid churchgoer.
PASSING STRANGE: Detective Giuradanda was born on 23 OCT 1951, the same day Delta Green operative Emmet Moseby’s disappearance was reported.

ABIGAIL’S APARTMENT AND SHRINE
Abigail Wright’s apartment is a testament to a methodical madness. The walls and ceiling are covered in layers of materials: papers, small items, and larger things epoxied in a bizarre and seemingly meaningful pattern of strata. Most of the items cannot be unstuck without damaging them, so very little has been taken down by the police. So far, only three radios — a transistor radio, a small tape player, and a CD walkman — have been wrenched from the wall, one leaving behind a chunk of plastic from its casing in the hopes of tracking their serial numbers.

The floor is bare. The rug has been ripped up and taken away, exposing a battered and stained linoleum surface. There is no furniture. Some of Abigail’s possessions, such as her television and VCR, had serial numbers registered with her insurance company, but none have turned up in area pawn shops or police seizures.

THE ASSIGNMENT
The Delta Green Agents are expected to catalog every item, paper, object, and electronic device in Abigail Wright’s apartment. When they arrive, they find a cardboard box in the apartment marked “EVIDENCE, FBI WHITE PLAINS, WRIGHT-A, 10-AUG-95,” containing four polaroid cameras and 100 packs of film, which allows them to take 800 photographs. In addition, there are latex gloves, evidence bags, stickers, and seal-tape, as well as a master manifest list.

An INTx5 roll or a Bureaucracy roll indicates the job likely takes 8 days for one person, 6 days for two, 4 days for three, and 3 days for four people. No matter how many people assist, it takes a minimum of 2 days to catalog everything in the apartment. Those that fail such rolls have no idea how long the job might take except a long time.

Each hour of documenting the contents of the apartment grants a Search roll for each Agent. Each successful roll yields access to one of the clues listed below.

IN THE FIELD: EFFECTS OF THE SHRINE
Δ Each time anyone remains in the apartment for 3+ hours, or is alone in the apartment for 1+ hours, or spends the night there, they must make a SAN roll. Those that fail experience an odd sensation akin to being watched, and lose 1 SAN helplessness.

Δ The second time this SAN roll is failed, they suffer 1 SAN helplessness and hear voices through the walls, laughing or crying. Words cannot be discerned. If investigated, the wall the noises issue from borders an unoccupied hallway (0/1 SAN unnatural).

Δ The third time this SAN roll is failed, they suffer 1 SAN unnatural and see an unknown person rapidly pass in front of the open door to the bathroom in Abigail’s apartment, as if on a brisk walk. The bathroom is tiny, and there’s nowhere a person could come from or go to. All present gain +1 Corruption, and
are now open to the full range of possibilities in the building — which includes access to the Night Floors.

**Clue: The Diagrams**
These hand-drawn plans for odd mechanical machines are drawn in ballpoint pen on what looks like unfolded, thick, paper napkins with gold initials in the corner: GBR. One diagram is labelled leão (“THE LION” in Portuguese) and the other escriba (“THE Scribe” in Portuguese). Those with Craft (Mechanics) 30%+ or who make a successful roll cannot understand the diagrams, but, at the same time, cannot say what is wrong with them (this costs 0/1 SAN unnatural). A day after these diagrams are cataloged, no matter their location, they vanish (for more information see A VOLUME OF SECRET FACES on page XX).

**Clue: The Letterhead**
An elegant page of cream-colored stationary glued to the shrine wall. It is crumpled, but new. The heading reads HOTEL BROADALBIN in an art-deco font, but there is no street address. Scribbled in pen is a rudimentary map which shows an elevator (marked with an X and "elev.") and various tunnels, leading to a smaller X which reads, "bottle.” It is clear that the map is not of the Macallistar building. Those who follow this map in Broadalbin find the Whisper Labyrinth with a successful Navigation skill roll, and locate the Soul Bottle of “J. L.” with another Navigation skill roll (see the EXEUNT: HOTEL BROADALBIN on page XX for more information).

Study of the paper by an expert (Forensics 30%+ or a successful roll) reveals it is printed on linen bond paper with a heavy weight, and the concealed press mark indicates it was manufactured in 1933. A Bureaucracy roll searching city records indicates that there has never been a Hotel Broadalbin in New York City. Otherwise, it is identical to the stationary found stapled to the Macallistar blueprints.

**Clue: The Map**
This large map drawn on butcher-block paper shows a simplified architectural floor plan to the Macallistar building, along with X’s marking each closet. It was obviously drawn by an artist. Some closets are marked up with scrawled notes such as: “Door on 7/12,” “Roses and butter,” and “Man with briefcase and white shoes,” (identical to the vision of the man in Abigail’s bathroom). In addition, doors have been drawn in on the edges of the map in pen next to the roof access door, with markings such as “Mr. Castaigne,” and “The Parlor.” They seem to make little sense. The third-floor landing is marked “NIGHT FLOORS” with a big red X drawn in (and a small notation reading “dead guy in mask”). On the third-floor landing in the back is a picture of a noose. The map shows no intentional irregularities in construction.

**Clue: The Play**
Pages of the mysterious play are present, shoved into spaces between objects on the wall, though no more than one should be discovered each day. The pages are not numbered. The characters mentioned include all of the tenants, as well as several unknowns: The Super, Mr. Castaigne, The Encyclopedia Salesman, Mark Roark, and The Dog. All the pages are triple spaced, and sparse. They seem to tell a story involving
all the people in the building as characters, but whether they are true stories or fiction is difficult to tell.

DISINFORMATION: PLAY TRANSCRIPT

Plain, typewritten pages of a play. An example page follows:

SCENE: The Smoking Lounge, a large parlor on the fourth floor. In the room are THE DOG, THOMAS and MICHELLE.
ENTER MARK ROARK.
MARK: Abigail is gone, she moved upstairs today.
THOMAS: And?
MARK: I miss the kid.
MICHELLE: Her dad, that pig, came around. She doesn't like you Mark, no one likes you. Anyway, she ran off with that salesman, everyone knows it.
MARK: Fuck you, you cunt.
THOMAS: Come on guys...come on...
THE DOG BARKS.
Someone is heard coming up the steps, a loud racket reverberating up and down the staircase.
MARK: Who is that?
Everyone stops to listen.
MICHELLE: Who could be down there? Who is that?
MARK steps to the doorway and leans to look down the stairs.
MARK: Hello? Hello?
ENTER FBI AGENTS

Clue: The Receipt
This is a yellowed receipt made out to Abigail Laura Wright, but the signature of the person who filled it out cannot be read as it's little more than a scrawl. The receipt is for one month's rent of $850.00 in July for apartment 10b (an apartment that has not had a tenant for nearly 4 years).
Although the handwriting is recent, the receipt appears old. Research into the brand name (Teese Paper Products) indicates that this type of receipt has not been printed in fifty years.

Clue: The Sheet Music
An odd series of dots on lines, scribbled in an unsteady hand. Beneath it is written: “let the red dawn surmise/what we shall do/when this blue starlight dies/and all is through.” Those with Art (Music) 10%+ or who make a successful roll recognize the dots as a musical arrangement which the words might be sung to. Searching for the lyrics requires some doing, but eventually brings up the poem Songs of the Sea Children by Bliss Carman (1861-1929), once a poet laureate of Canada. Those that learn to play the song and sing the lyrics are rewarded with +1 Corruption.
Clue: The Seal
A torn sheet of old linen parchment, inscribed with an occult symbol in golden ink tacked to the wall. When it is removed from the wall, a blasting cacophony of sound pierces the apartment; outside, a cab driver is leaning on his horn as an ill-kept homeless man in fatigues slowly stumbles across the street, holding a large snake comfortably around his neck. Any that rush out arrive to find the man and cab gone.

A simple Occult roll indicates it seems to be a sigil or seal involved in demonology. Occult 30%+ or deeper research indicates it is the mark of PURSON, a demon, detailed in the Ars Goetia (see ARS GOETIA on page XX). This can also be discovered through a Computer Science 20%+ or a successful roll on a nascent website called DemonWeb101.com. Purson is:

Purson is a Great King of Hell, being served and obeyed by twenty-two legions of demons. He knows of hidden things, can find treasures, and tells past, present, and future. Taking a human or aerial body he answers truly of all secret and divine things of Earth and the creation of the world at the behest of Bael. Purson is depicted as a man with the face of a lion, carrying a ferocious viper, and riding a bear. Before him there can be heard trumpets sounding.

A day after this symbol is cataloged, no matter its location, it vanishes.

IN THE FIELD: PURSON, THE SECRET AND THE DIVINE
Forces formed by the play the King in Yellow congeal throughout reality, and serve those that understand the seals drawn in their names. One of these beings, sometimes called PURSON, might be termed a “demon.”

An Agent with Corruption 2+ that diligently investigates the Purson seal (not giving up with a simple definition, but working to find out more about it) gains +1 Corruption and has a chance of running into Purson himself (see ASSET: THE PRELIMINARY INVOCATION TO PRIMEUMATON on page XX).

Clue: The Airplane Ticket
A portion of what looks like a machine printed ticket for “WITWER, MICHAEL” for United Airlines from LAS (McCarran airport Las Vegas) to BOS (Logan airport Boston) on 6JUN15. Those running down the name with a Bureaucracy roll find Michael Witwer is a 15 year old, Caucasian male who lives in Lansing Michigan and attends Grant High School. He is otherwise unremarkable.

He is a future DEA and Delta Green operative, Agent Vargas (see AGENT VARGAS on PAGE XX). An additional Bureaucracy roll and several hours running down United Airlines employees reveals the ticket is of a type unfamiliar to airline personnel, and looks nothing like a United airlines ticket in 1995.

Clue: The Walkie-Talkie
This backpack-sized, fatigue green radio is fastened to the wall with some sort of amber resin, though the control panel and telephone remain free. Any attempt to remove the backpack from the wall splits the battery compartment, causing caustic liquid to drip
down the wall (1 HP damage to anyone handling the item without protective gear) as well as causing it to permanently cease to function.

Anyone can turn on the radio and listen, but the transmission function is spotty, at best. Those who listen to the static occasionally hear bursts of a voice speaking in a male monotone, usually only single words at a time, such as “India”, “Moon”, “Dallan”, “Exeter”, “Daimonion”, and “Seere” lost between blares of static.

Those with Military Science 30%+ recognize the unit as an SCR-300 “walkie-talkie” used by Allied forces in WWII in excellent condition. A successful Bureaucracy roll and a visit to National Archives with the serial number indicates the radio unit was issued to Pvt. Rouvin G. Labolas in the US 4th Armored Division in SEP 1944 who was KIA on 17 DEC 1944 at Reims, France during the Battle of the Bulge.

**EXEUNT: CONVERSATIONS WITH CARCOSA**
The walkie-talkie is a conduit to those beings that inhabit Carcosa and the Night World. Nearly anything might be heard to emanate from it; it remains up to the Handler to decide.

Handlers hoping to expand the horror might even secretly record what Agents say into the walkie-talkie here to be played back when future player characters use the strange satellite phone given to them in the operation *A Volume of Secret Faces*.

**Clue: The Yellow Sign**
Etched into a plank of wood with something like a soldering gun, and bolted to the wall, this symbol is large, difficult to miss, and disturbing to look at, but, luckily, is also covered with a sheet. If the sheet is removed, any who enter the apartment have no choice but to look at it.

Those that see it must make a SAN roll or suffer 0/1D4 SAN helplessness and gain +1 Corruption. This manifests as subtle melancholy, anxiety, and paranoia in the victim, (see THE YELLOW SIGN on PAGE XX).

**Clue: The Photo of Thomas and Ellen Wright**
A simple photograph of a middle-aged man in a police uniform standing next to an older woman in front of a small house in the suburbs. This is a photograph of police officer Thomas Wright and his dead wife Ellen. Both their eyes have been x’d out.

**DISINFORMATION: INVOLVING ABIGAIL’S FATHER**
Thomas Wright (Caucasian male, 51 YOA) is a Nassau County police officer who lives and works in Baldwin, New York, one hour by train outside of the city. Since the death of his wife Ellen on 6 MAY 1988 of a sudden brain hemorrhage, Thomas has lived alone. Abigail left for the city a year before her mother’s death, but remained close with her father.

Since Abigail’s disappearance, Wright has had a hard time keeping up with his life. Friends have stepped in, taking shifts and covering for him at work, but this support system — two months on — is worn thin. He persists on fast-food, double shifts and crashing in the squad room at the precinct so as not to be alone. As a policeman, he understands the difficulties and the harsh truths on a missing person’s case. In his heart, he believes Abigail is dead.
If Agents question him, Thomas Wright has little to add. However, if Wright catches a whiff of strangeness occurring at the Macallistar building, his passivity rapidly transforms into a disturbing obsession. If Wright believes anyone living in the Macallistar is involved in the disappearance, or that Abigail might still be there, he drops everything and relocates to the city, cashing in an endless backlog of sick days to do so.

He drives his 1989 Chevy Malibu into the city, parks it at long-term parking on 41st and 2nd avenue, and checks in at the Ace Hotel in Times Square. Later, he enters the Macallistar building (he still has a key) and stalks it at all hours, trying to avoid law enforcement. There, he confronts any tenant he believes might be involved in his daughter’s disappearance. His state of mind makes him a welcome target for the King in Yellow and it won’t take long for him to find the entrance to the Night Floors. Thomas Wright can become a replacement Agent, and of course, he’ll never give up searching for his daughter.

OFFICER THOMAS WESTON WRIGHT JR.
Distraught father with a gun, Caucasian male, age 51

STR 13    CON 10    DEX 10    INT 10    POW 13    CHA 14
HP 12     WP 13     SAN 65    BREAKING POINT 52

BONDS:
Δ Abigail Wright (Daughter-Missing), 14.
Δ Mike DiGiovanni (Partner), 14.
Δ Annie Sigurda (Sister), 14.

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:
Δ To find his daughter.
Δ To punish anyone responsible for her disappearance.
Δ To protect the innocent.

SKILLS: Accounting 30%, Alertness 60%, Athletics 30%, Bureaucracy 40%, Criminology 50%, Dodge 40%, Driving 70%, Firearms 40%, First Aid 30%, Forensics 20%, Heavy Machinery 30%, History 30%, HUMINT 70%, Law 30%, Melee Weapons 50%, Navigate 40%, Occult 10%, Persuade 40%, Pilot 20%, Psychotherapy 20%, Search 80%, Stealth 20%, Swim 20%, Unarmed Combat 60%.

ATTACKS:
Δ Ruger Police Service Six-.38 Special, 40%, damage 1D8.
Δ Baton 50%, damage 1D6+1.
Δ Unarmed 60%, damage 1D4+1.

DESCRIPTION: Wright is a balding, tall man with a slight pot-belly who usually has an edge in social situations due to his sunny nature. However, since his daughter’s disappearance, he’s been a shell of his former self. He looks ill, sallow-skinned and tired all the time.

BACKGROUND: Wright grew up in Massachusetts and relocated to Long Island after meeting his wife in Boston in 1968. There, he enjoyed a quiet life for twenty years, until the sudden death of his wife. The two had planned to travel the world together after his retirement in 2000, and now, he was left only with his weekend visits with his daughter in the city. His life is in complete ruins and he is searching desperately for any reason to go on.

PASSING STRANGE:
Thomas Wright was born 20 JUL 1944, the day the Deuxième Bureau files were located by American military intelligence in France.

Thomas Wright met his future wife Ellen Caladette on 4 APR 1968 at the Dorchester House school in Boston. The man who introduced them was an out-of-place looking dandy in a lavender suit, with a black spade beard and greased hair who called himself “Asa.” They never saw him again.

Ellen Wright died of a brain hemorrhage on 6 MAY 1988, waking suddenly from sleep to shout, “He’s coming for my baby Tom, STOP HIM!” before dying. Wright has told no one this.

**TENANTS OF THE MACALLISTAR BUILDING**

During the day Abigail’s neighbors are a normal lot; an assortment of artists and writers who qualified to live in the building through special application. The company ARTLIFE, which owns the building, was quietly hoping to scale down rentals so a full-building renovation can take place, which is why so many of the units are unoccupied. There were five, and are now four “real” tenants in the Macallistar building (though, after dark, many, many people come and go):

- Apt. 1A: MISSING. Abigail Wright, painter, Caucasian female, 27 YOA.
- Apt. 2B: Thomas Manuel, painter, Hispanic male, 26 YOA.
- Apt. 3A: Roger Carun, author, Caucasian male, 43 YOA.
- Apt. 4A: Louis Post, illustrator, Caucasian male, 27 YOA.
- Apt. 5A: Empty.
- Apt. 6B: Michelle Vanfitz, author, Caucasian female, 29 YOA.
- Apt. 7B: Empty.
- Apt. 8A: Empty.
- Apt. 9A: Empty.
- Apt. 10B: Empty.
- Apt. 11B: Empty.

**DISINFORMATION: INVESTIGATING THE TENANTS**

Anyone checking the behavior of the tenants discovers the following oddities: All have ceased going to the local shops (the workers at Manny’s Delicatessen, Destroyer Video, and the Garett Launderette have not seen these former regulars in weeks). If phone records are checked, the last outgoing phone call from the building was placed on 19 APR 1995, from Roger Carun (see ROGER CARUN BY DAY on page XX) to Carmen Wagner, his editor.

Due to unpaid bills, phone service is about to be cut off for the whole building. Soon all services will be shut off. Regardless, the electricity, cable, water, and phone still inexplicably function. This costs witnesses who attempt to figure out how that might be possible 0/1D4 SAN unnatural.

Michelle Vanfitz (see MICHELLE VANFITZ BY DAY on page XX) has ceased attending her writing-club meetings. Carun no longer makes appearances at science fiction conventions. Thomas Manuel’s (see THOMAS MANUEL BY DAY on page XX) parents have ceased trying to contact him after they were told he moved out.
No tenant has used a credit card or their bank accounts in three weeks, and there were no large cash withdrawals prior to that point.

**Thomas Manuel by Day**

During the day, Thomas Manuel (Hispanic male, 26 YOA) is an accomplished painter that has received considerable praise for someone so young. He lives and works across the hall from Abigail Wright's apartment, and the two spoke often. He has nothing but good things to say about Abigail (whom he calls by her middle name, Laura,) and offers the suggestion that Abigail just up and left, because she was such a free spirit that New York couldn’t hold her.

He doesn't know what to make of the condition of Abigail’s apartment and heard nothing unusual coming from it between the last time he saw Abigail (28 MAY) and the day the police entered (5 JUN). He did not see anyone strange come or go from her apartment during the previous week, and neither did he see her moving furniture in or out.

Thomas’s apartment is austere, and no art of any kind, including books on art, art materials, or art of his own making, is present. The apartment is a bare minimum, looking rather like a cheap hotel suite. It does not feel like a home. If asked, he says that the building’s “night manager” lets him work in the basement at night. That’s where all of his materials are.

Manuel’s career has reached a standstill. Among his fellow artists it is a well-known fact that Manuel has not sold a painting in four months, and he has disappeared from the social scene. Many speculate he has fallen under the influence of drugs, a new-age religion, or is suffering some other personality flaw, but no one has evidence pointing directly to the cause.

**DISINFORMATION: INVESTIGATING THOMAS MANUEL BY DAY**

- **A GLANCE IN MANUEL’S APARTMENT (HUMINT 30%+ OR A SUCCESSFUL ROLL):** Day or night, this reveals that for someone involved in the visual arts, Thomas Manuel has a lot of stereo equipment, of a very high quality. A second HUMINT roll reveals that he has no books, magazines, published cassettes, or compact discs. If questioned, he says he got rid of all such items a few months ago because hey were distracting him from his work; the stereo equipment remains, he says, because it was a gift from his parents.

- **A BRIEF SEARCH OF MANUEL’S APARTMENT (A SEARCH ROLL):** Day or night, this reveals a hidden recess in a plastic plant base containing oddities. Here, Manuel stores his audiocassettes, an incomplete copy of the Play, and a bronze medallion. Certain portions of the Play (which has reached a considerable size) are underlined in red ink. The medallion is an exceptionally made curio. Opened, it reveals a double locket which once held two pictures. One is scraped away, and has left a bit of paper and glue behind from its removal. The other is a beautiful woman with long brown hair, dressed in a manner that suggests the photograph is from 1900 or so. Besides the fine craftsmanship and filigree, the locket is mundane and contains no recognizable symbols other than usual ornaments such as swirls and rosettes. If the locket is examined by an expert, they can determine that it was made near the end of the nineteenth century.
has a carefully hidden craftsman’s mark in the filagree (Search 20+% or successful roll to find it) that reads AMBROSE.

**AN EXTENSIVE SEARCH OF THE APARTMENT (SEARCH 20%+ OR A SUCCESSFUL ROLL):** Day or night, the food in Manuel’s refrigerator all have expiration dates from March, though the food is not rotten (0/1 SAN unnatural). If the food is taken outside the Macallistar building, it instantly putrefies (an additional 0/1 SAN unnatural to witness) and the Agent gains +1 Corruption.

**SPYING ON MANUEL’S “WORK SPACE” IN THE BASEMENT:** Poking around in the basement is easy enough, and reveals one of the small rooms there is converted to a painting studio. Besides a blank canvas labeled “MY GREAT WORK” (listed below) three plastic pails of linseed oil are carefully stacked in the middle of the room with a note taped to them that reads “For Sami pick up.” If the space is checked again afterwards, the linseed oil is gone. If asked about this, Manuel claims his friend Esther is “painting her house.”

It smells of oils and paint-thinner, but a Search reveals it likely hasn’t been used in some time. Still, various paintings are stacked to the side here:

- **THE DANCING CLOWN:** A small child-sized clown in yellow and blue cavorts on a stage, towing a white paper dragon behind (this is a painting of the clown in the Night World of the Dorchester house, see THE STAGE, THE DRAGON, AND THE CLOWN on page XX).
- **A FIRE IN THE HOUSE:** A haunting image of a white faced specter standing at the top of stairs in the midst of a conflagration. The rug is a strange, aquamarine color (this is a painting of the King in Yellow appearing at the Samigina residence, see WAITING FOR THE FAMILY on page XX).
- **THE TWINS:** A careful painting of a young, thin man in a hospital johnny with wispy, thinning, blond hair, he is duplicated in a mirror, but is now a deformed, muscular man with a misshapen head (this is a painting of Ed Miler Wist and Mister Wilde see A VOLUME OF SECRET FACES on page XX).

Any Agent that sees these paintings and later encounters their “real-world” counterparts recognizes it, at the cost of 0/1D4 SAN unnatural.

**Thomas Manuel at Night**

If asked about Abigail after night fall, Manuel vehemently tells a different story. He insists that Abigail left the building with some no-account guy who sells encyclopedias and lives on the sixth floor (during the day, there is no sixth floor). Thomas claims he told the authorities this time and again, and has yet to see them follow up on it. The NYPD and FBI have no record of such testimony.

He says he last saw Abigail on 28 MAY at a going-away party in the Smoking Lounge on the fourth floor (during the day, there is no fourth floor or a smoking lounge). If asked where Abigail was going, he states that she had “moved on,” or “figured it out,” and could now move upstairs with “the others.” On these comments he doesn’t elaborate saying instead, “it’s different for everyone.”
At night Thomas is found either listening to his cassette deck through headphones or making a tape of Abigail’s apartment with a small microphone that he strings across the hall, under the carpet (Search 40%+ or a successful roll to locate, this cord is visible during the day). Sometimes he goes to one of the basement store-rooms and works on his paintings. In these rooms, although completely alone, Thomas is heard talking to another person at length.

If confronted about the tapes or the ghostly conversations he explodes into paroxysms of rage, doing everything short of physical abuse to make the Agents leave him alone. He insists he needs his privacy.

Thomas can sometimes be found in the Night Floors playing ball with the dog, and the sound is heard throughout the building — a ball bouncing and being pursued by a large animal.

Once close to his family, Manuel has not seen them in two months, and has no desire to do so. The building, perhaps sensing this apprehension, has taken steps to make it all but impossible for his family to see him.

**DISINFORMATION: INVESTIGATING THOMAS MANUEL AT NIGHT**

△ **STUDYING MANUEL’S “MY GREAT WORK” FOR 1 HOUR OR MORE:**

Studying the blank canvas in Thomas Manuel’s basement workspace labeled “My Great Work” (or listening to the audio tapes upstairs in his apartment) reveals disturbing things. Anyone studying the canvasses or listening to the tapes for 1 hour or more at night must make a SAN roll. Failure indicates that the Agent loses 1 SAN helplessness and gains +1 Corruption. This manifests as a feeling that the Macallistar is filled to the brim with people just beyond view.

△ **ASKING MANUEL ABOUT THE KING IN YELLOW:** At night, Thomas has much to say about *The King in Yellow*. He gleefully explains the plot to the Agents and if he feels the audience is receptive, he actually affects the mannerisms of the characters as he speaks selected lines. A Psychotherapy roll reveals that Thomas is recounting the events as if they were real and he was present when they occurred. He can describe the book (red leather) and he believes — though he is uncertain — that Michelle Vanfitz currently has the copy; which he was given by Abigail.

**THOMAS DOMINIC MANUEL**

*Deranged artist, Hispanic male, age 26*

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**BONDS:**

△ Elaine Manuel (Mother), 4.

△ Arthur Manuel (Father), 2.

**MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:**

△ To “move” upstairs.

**SKILLS:** Alertness 25%, Art(History) 60%, Art Painting 60%, Art (Photography) 30%, Art (Sculpture) 35%, Athletics 30%, Computer Science 30%, Craft (Electronics) 40%, Dodge 50%, First Aid 30%, Foreign Language (Spanish) 70%, Melee Weapons 40%, Navigate 30%, Occult 30%, Persuade 60%, Pharmacy 40%, Search 60%, Stealth 40%,...
Unarmed Combat 50%, Unnatural 6%.

**ATTACKS:**
- Δ Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4.
- Δ X-Acto Knife 40%, damage 1D4.

**DESCRIPTION:** A young, thin, Hispanic male with cropped black hair and dark eyes. He wears ruined, paint-covered t-shirts and baggy jeans, and more often than not an unplugged pair of Walkman headphones over his ears. Manuel dislikes shoes and socks, and is found walking anywhere in the building barefoot.

**BACKGROUND:** Manuel grew up in a large, tightly knit family. He was always artistically talented, winning contests and working professionally on a local level from when he was 16 years old. His parents fully supported his drive to become a fine artist, and at age 18, he received a full scholarship to Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. He barely lasted a full year there, however. Soon after, he sold his first canvas in Manhattan, and made a go of it, moving to Manhattan — and the Macallistar — in 1992.

**PASSING STRANGE:**
- Δ Thomas Manuel moved into the Macallistar on 23 AUG 1992, the 97th anniversary of the first Paris performance of Le Roi en jaune.
- Δ Though his parents are loathe to talk about it, and his father dismisses it as nonsense, Thomas’ “imaginary friends” as a child were a man in a suit he called “J.C.” and his pet, “Abraham.”

**Thomas Manuel’s Parents**
Thomas Manuel’s parents Elaine (Hispanic female, 54 YOA) and Arthur (Hispanic male, 56 YOA) live in Hempstead, Long Island, New York, and in the past were very close to their son. In the last four months, however, Thomas has grown distant and now refuses to talk to them at all. They have not seen or spoken to him in two months. This has been devastating to the Manuels, who love their son and are worried about him.

On 31 MAR, after dark, the Manuels attempted to contact Thomas directly at the Macallistar Building, but were turned away by a “man with a suitcase and a large grey dog,” who said Thomas did not live there anymore. Out of their minds with worry, they are at a loss as to their next course of action. If federal agents show up asking questions they may cause a major disruption by endlessly calling the local FBI office, pursuing any explanations for their son’s bizarre behavior.

**Roger Carun by Day**
Roger Carun (Caucasian male 43 YOA) is a middle-aged science fiction author who has enjoyed moderate success with his series of books: *Nightsea*. The Agents may have heard of it.

Carun did not know Abigail well, but lived in the apartment next door to hers across the stairwell. He had few complaints except for a New Year’s party in 1994 which got out of hand. Past that, they rarely spoke and only occasionally saw each other in the halls.

During the day, Carun is an unassuming, homely little man obsessed with neatness, who somehow always falls short of his obsession. His hair is askew, his sweater never matches his pants, and his loafers are always dirty and scuffed. His apartment is an extension of his grooming habits. The groundwork of order has been laid but never followed up on. The furnishings seem kitschy and somewhat old. He has an aged word
processor, but no other writing materials are seen. The machine’s printed output does not match the pages of the play which have been mysteriously appearing.

He knows and is on speaking terms with Thomas Manuel and Louis Post, but does little socializing. He prefers to spend time reading, writing, or watching television.

**DISINFORMATION: INVESTIGATING ROGER CARUN BY DAY**

- **A BRIEF MEETING WITH CARUN (HUMINT 20%+ OR A SUCCESSFUL ROLL):** Reveals that Roger seems distracted and eager to get back to work.

- **A BRIEF SEARCH OF CARUN’S APARTMENT (A SEARCH ROLL):** Day or night, at a glance, it’s clear Carun has not left his apartment in some time. Dirty plates and laundry lay all over. The sink is filled to the top with cups and bowls, and the room smells of stale sweat. He also has a lot of high-end bottled liquors (many half drunk) in the apartment.

- **AN EXTENSIVE SEARCH OF CARUN’S APARTMENT (SEARCH 20%+ OR A SUCCESSFUL ROLL):** Day or night, the food in Carun’s refrigerator all have expiration dates from March, though the food is not rotten (0/1 SAN unnatural). If the food is taken outside the Macallistar building, it instantly putrefies (an additional 0/1 SAN unnatural to witness).

**Roger Carun at Night**

At night, Carun is never heard typing, but is often seen slipping in and out of his apartment and sneaking upstairs. He enjoys the hospitality of all the tenants of the Night Floors, and when returning from his jaunts he reeks of cigars and brandy and bits of exotic fruit and candy (dates, bitras, cinnamon sticks) are found in his pockets.

If asked about Abigail after dark, he claims that she never left the building, and acts baffled when the story of her disappearance, the investigation, and the ensuing mess is explained. He maintains that she lives upstairs “on six,” in apartment 12A. If asked about the Night Floors, he readily acknowledges them and projects an air of complete innocence, as if the building was always this way. If asked about Abigail’s going-away party, which Thomas Manuel might have mentioned, he confesses that he did not have such a good time and leaves it at that.

His seemingly open and giving mood is a thin veneer over his true nature. Carun often places hairs over the openings in his apartment to see if they are disturbed by intruders (Search 60%+ or a successful roll to spot), and is quite paranoid when it comes to his possessions.

**DISINFORMATION: INVESTIGATING ROGER CARUN AT NIGHT**

- **LOOKING ON CARUN’S BROTHER WP-80 WORD PROCESSOR (A COMPUTER SCIENCE ROLL):** Carun’s word processor is protected by a simple password, which is disabled by a successful Computer Science roll. The password is NIGHTSEA. If unlocked during the day it contains mundane writing.

- **EXAMINING CARUN’S FILES ON THE WORD PROCESSOR (A COMPUTER SCIENCE ROLL):** When the word processor is opened at night, there are 64 files on the word processor. Each is titled as a short story such as *What the Other Hand Did,* or *Smigen’s Rule.* However, each file is actually a single letter typed over and over again, with no breaks or returns. If the files are read in date order,
letter to letter, a message is discerned: SMOOTH IS THE HAND WHICH MAKES THE WORLD AND STEADY IS THE MIND WHICH GRASPS IT.

READING CARUN’S VERSION OF THE PLAY ON THE WORD PROCESSOR (A COMPUTER SCIENCE ROLL): Also on the word processor is a copy of the mysterious play, here titled Night Floors and with Carun listed as its author. It is a modification of the actual play’s pages — he is not its true author. Anyone comparing it to those pages in the Agents’ possession can determine that Carun copied the play and modified it to his own inscrutable ends; he does not seem to be distributing his version. Yet.

ROGER PETER CARUN
Unsound author, Caucasian male, age 43

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HP 9   WP 13   SAN 0

BONDS:
- Δ Carmen Wagner (editor), 8.

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:
- Δ To publish “the play” as his own.
- Δ To “move” upstairs.

SKILLS: Alertness 20%, Art (Writing) 60%, Athletics 15%, Computer Science 40%, Dodge 30%, First Aid 15%, Foreign Language (Spanish) 10%, Melee Weapons 30%, Navigate 20%, Occult 10%, Persuade 40%, Search 20%, Stealth 10%, Unarmed Combat 40%, Unnatural 5%

ATTACKS:
- Δ Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4.

DESCRIPTION: A short, slightly paunched middle-aged man. He is a strangely fastidious slob whose attempts at cleanliness only exacerbate his naturally sloppy nature. His glasses are always crooked, his hair unkempt, his clothes clean but poorly pressed and mismatched. He speaks in a quiet, furtive voice, and is insistent in his views, out-maneuvering his verbal opponents with complex and flowery language that somehow still never quite manages to make a valid point.

BACKGROUND: Carun grew up in Exeter, Virginia and pursued his degree in English at the University of Virginia (though he hides his accent, it is still detectible with a HUMINT 20%+ or a successful roll). He worked for a time as a copy-editor for the Richmond Times-Dispatch, but quit when he sold his first Nightsea manuscript in 1987. After receiving placement through ARTLIFE in 1990, he moved to New York City to continue his writing career.

PASSING STRANGE:
- Δ Roger Carun was born in Bellevue hospital while his mother was visiting her sister in New York City on the same day Delta Green operative Leland A. Fuller voluntarily committed himself there after writing an intelligence assessment on The King in Yellow (23 JUN 1952).
- Δ Roger Carun was the first of the current Macallistar residents to move into the building on 30 AUG 1990 — the 95th anniversary of the last performance of Le Roi en jaune in Paris.
Carmen Wagner, Roger Carun’s Editor
Carmen Wagner (Caucasian female, 40 YOA) works for Crescent Publishing, the firm which publishes Roger Carun’s Nightsea series. She handles his personal appearances and edits Carun’s writing. In the past Carmen has rebuffed clumsy romantic advances from Carun, and does not like him much, but she does her job. Since 19 APR, however, Roger Carun has made her job very difficult. After one last, bizarre phone call on that day, Carun has not talked to Wagner, or shown up to two science-fiction conventions in the city at which he was scheduled to appear. In addition, he has not turned in his new Nightsea novel draft, which was due at the end of May. She has kept a tape of the last phone call Carun made to her apartment on APR 19. She happily cooperates with law enforcement. Wagner does not know what to think and is considering her options, while giving Carun time to calm down. She thinks perhaps he has had enough of the public spotlight. Or maybe he has lost his mind completely. Frankly, she doesn’t care, as long as he writes his book.

PASSING STRANGE: Carmen Wagner was born on 30 AUG 1955, the same day Her Grey Song opened and closed off-Broadway and was cleaned up in Delta Green operation BRISTOL and the 60th anniversary of the last performance of Le Roi en jaune in Paris in 1895.

DISINFORMATION: THE ANSWERING MACHINE MESSAGE
This taped message lasts about two minutes, and was left on 19 APR on Carmen Wagner’s answering machine. It is clearly identifiable as Roger Carun’s voice. Transcript follows:

“Carmen? Carmen? I…Listen. I don’t know if this is getting through. Listen. I’ve found something. It’s amazing. The book, it’s…it’s just incredible. It’s so fucking inspiring! I’m working on something new, something to do with the change, you’ll see…I love it…the way things are now, the way the building, I don’t know…is. I can’t explain it. The upstairs just goes on and on. The doors…keep on…I don’t know…going. It’s incredible. Like a Borges story. It’s like living in a surreal novel. I can’t describe it…The others warned me not to call…but here…um…here I am. Just wanted to say goodbye. To tell you not to come by anymore, I won’t be here…I’m hoping to move upstairs soon…to live with the others. Abby and the others are waiting so…gotta go. Love and kisses…Oh…this was Roger Carun. Bye.”

Michelle Vanfitz by Day
Michelle Vanfitz (Caucasian female 28 YOA) is a feminist author. Somewhat withdrawn, portly, and dire, she is not much different by day or by night. She dislikes everyone as a matter of course, and law enforcement more than most. She has no friends or family, and is not really friendly with anyone in the building, although she knows them all peripherally. She has no television, no radio, and does not read the newspapers. She constantly goes on about “the establishment,” and “the man,” in a grating manner, referring to obscure books on feminist culture, beliefs, and mystique. Vanfitz writes feminist poetry and fiction. Recently, her first short-story collection was picked upon by Berkeley Publishers and two of her poems have won local awards.
Her apartment is little more than bookshelves covering every open space, blanketed in volumes of feminist and sociological-studies books, feminist fiction, and poetry. In one corner is crooked and beaten old futon. Above it is a simple photo of Michelle alone, as a young woman in front of her childhood home; no other personal effects are found in the apartment.

**DISINFORMATION: INVESTIGATING MICHELLE VANFITZ BY DAY**

- **A BRIEF MEETING WITH VANFITZ (HUMINT 20%+ OR A SUCCESSFUL ROLL):** Reveals that Vanfitz is extremely defensive and eager to be done with the Agents. She affects no niceties and does not invite them in, if she can help it. Though, with law enforcement, she stops short of threats.

- **A BRIEF SEARCH OF VANFITZ’S APARTMENT (A SEARCH ROLL OR SPECIFICALLY SEARCHING FOR BOOKS):** There are perhaps 300 books in Vanfitz’s apartment (and many, many more at night). Searching the shelves for suspected books (*The King in Yellow*, or *Le Roi en jaune*, for instance) reveals a single, battered copy of *The Red Book* shoved to the back of a shelf near the bed. This is the same copy of *The King in Yellow* which Abigail bought and lent out to the tenants of the Macallistar.

- **AN EXTENSIVE SEARCH OF VANFITZ’S APARTMENT (SEARCH 20%+ OR A SUCCESSFUL ROLL):** Day or night, the food in Vanfitz’s refrigerator all have expiration dates from March, though the food is not rotten (0/1 SAN unnatural). If the food is taken outside the Macallistar building, it instantly putrefies (an additional 0/1 SAN unnatural to witness).

**Michelle Vanfitz at Night**

Michelle’s apartment is affected by the change at night and becomes incredibly large, connecting directly to the Night Floors. After dark, beyond the cubbyhole of the main room, the apartment transforms into huge, airy mahogany rooms full of books, tables and couches, empty crystal tumblers, cigars, and such, as if a party has always just ended. No one is found in any of the rooms, although conversations and merrymaking can often be heard in the distance. Windows open onto other rooms, seemingly without end. At night, all her books are centuries-old texts about history, zoology, and science, the spines aged and worn.

At night, Vanfitz rarely leaves her apartment, though she may not hear anyone knocking at the door since she’s off in some far-distant room. If she is located, she goes on and on about how Abigail got herself into an abusive relationship with “that salesman” and how they live together “on six.”

Vanfitz has much to say about *The King in Yellow* and goes into ecstasies about the subtleties of the text, claiming it is one of the first feminist plays and that it portrays a patriarchal society shifting to a matriarchal one.

**DISINFORMATION: INVESTIGATING MICHELLE VANFITZ AT NIGHT**

- **ENTERING VANFITZ’S APARTMENT AT NIGHT:** At a glance, the front door, bedroom nook, bathroom, kitchenette and living room are all normal, but an open archway through the north wall of the living room which was not there previously is there at night. Past this archway are the Night Floors. Those Agents that have
not gained a point of Corruption yet who choose to travel into those rooms gain +1 Corruption. Vanfitz acts as if it was always there.

△ VANFITZ’S BOOKS AT NIGHT: At night there are thousands of books in the endless rooms of Vanfitz’s apartment past the archway (see below).

△ MACE: At night, Vanfitz always carries a small container of spray-mace in her left hand (Search 20%+ or a successful roll to spot). If attacked, she Dodges and then maces the attacker.

△ THE ANTIQUE TOMAHAWK: If Vanfitz feels like she is going to be taken into custody, that the Agents have stolen any of her books, or that they are out to impede the progress of the Night Floors, she’ll dash into the far rooms and return with a Sioux Pipe Tomahawk recovered from a mounted rack over a fireplace, behind her back (Search 10%+ or a successful roll to spot). She gets as close as she can to an Agent with the highest Corruption rating, she’ll then mace them and then bury the weapon in their head. She then fights to the death.

MICHELLE VANFITZ
Unhinged activist, Caucasian female, age 28

STR 11 CON 13 DEX 12 INT 12 POW 14 CHA 11
HP 12 WP 14 SAN 0

BONDS:
△ None.

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:
△ To “move” upstairs.
△ Obsession to study The King in Yellow.
△ To explore the Night Floors.

SKILLS: Accounting 30%, Art (Poetry) 50%, Art (Writing) 40%, Art (Feminist Literature) 55%, Bureaucracy 30%, Computer Science 40%, Drive 50%, Foreign Language (French) 20%, Foreign Language (Spanish) 45%, Foreign Language (Tartessian) 12%, HUMINT 30%, Law 10%, Melee Weapons 45%, Persuade 40%, Pharmacy 10%, Unarmed Combat 40%, Unnatural 10%.

ATTACKS:
△ Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4.
△ Mace 60%, target suffers -20% to all rolls for 1 hour.
△ Tomahawk 40%, damage 1D8.

DESCRIPTION: Vanfitz is a squat, distressing woman who constantly frowns. She wears “anti-establishment” clothing; Mustafa hat, beads, hemp vests and pants, and non-prescription glasses. Pretentious beyond compare, she is caught up in her world-view and does not veer from it one iota for anybody. Those who persist in ridiculing her belief system may find out she carries mace everywhere she goes.

BACKGROUND: Vanfitz was born in Cleveland, Ohio and was raised by her maternal grandfather — a humorless, religious man who died in 1989. She excelled in school, and attended NYU on a partial scholarship, working her way through college as a bank teller at Chase Manhattan. Since 1992, she has lived in the Macallistar, writing her brand of depressing, strange poetry full time.

PASSING STRANGE: Michelle Vanfitz was born on 6 MAY 1967, the same day ARTLIFE bought the Macallistar building from the Star corporation.
Vanfitz’s Books
At night, there are thousands of books stacked on thick, mahogany shelves in the Night Floors off of Vanfitz’s apartment. An Agent might find any number of things there that hint at the future or give insight to the world of the King in Yellow. A few examples are presented below.

**A WORLD WITHOUT DOORS (c. 1936)**
*In English. Study time: Hours. Corruption +1.*
A paperback fiction book from 1936 by Emeline F. Fitzroy, published by Torbitt Books. The cover is an art deco image showing an inverted, imposing palace tower, standing above a city with no windows. The book concerns a little girl named Abby and her journeys to a magical, unnamed land that she travels to through drowning herself. In the world without doors, she battles a nameless foe called the Phantom to free people from “the dance” — a music which forces the people to live boring, repetitive lives. If caught, she escapes the world without doors by drowning herself, only to appear back on Earth. She returns again and again, and in the end, the Phantom is defeated. But the girl soon realizes the city is collapsing into chaos without the song, so puts on the mask and becomes the phantom.

**DISINFORMATION: THE SAD STORY OF EMELINE F. FITZROY, CHILD GENIUS**
Emeline F. Fitzroy (1921-1950) was a child genius born to the Fitzroy pork fortune. The family controlled many of the slaughterhouses and shipping yards that made Chicago a premiere hub for meat production. They were so wealthy that the patriarch Dr. Thomas Fitzroy had a unique house built for them in the Oak Park neighborhood by the “Picasso of architecture” Asa Daribondi. The bizarre Bellefleur house was completed in 1911. With interleaved curving rooms and odd, sinuous lines throughout, it was topped by strange spires of glass and metal filagree that made it an eyesore to some.

Emeline was a child born in the Bellefleur house late in the Fitzroy’s marriage, but a welcome one. Soon, she proved even more welcome. Emeline spoke in complete sentences at 2, could read and write at 4, and completed her first poem at 5. By 10 she had completed the equivalent of a college level program with tutors, could speak six languages, and had written several complete manuscripts.

Her first and only book was published on her 15th birthday. A World Without Doors proved to be a hit (so much so, it is still printed in the modern era), and Emeline’s popularity and youth rode the headlines for years. Soon, that star faded as it became known that Emeline refused to leave the Bellefleur house and could often be heard speaking to herself heatedly in empty rooms. With the death of her father in 1941, she remained the only one in the house.

At age 29, she vanished in the Bellefleur house, after leaving a note that read: “In an ending, we find the world. The play is the only thing. All else orbits it as an afterthought. I go to him, now because there is no other path left.” After an extensive search of the grounds, her brother Mark Fitzroy (1912-1966) had her declared dead in 1955. Her death is listed officially as a suicide, though no body was ever recovered.
A HISTORY OF THE RUSSO-GERMANIC HEGEMONY, 1911-1921 (c. 1924)

In English. Study time: An hour. Corruption +1.

A slim, hardcover history book filled with black and white photographs. The book is overly-wordy, and does not appear to have an author, but it discusses a Russian-German alliance (which never occurred) fighting The Black Wind — an enemy force which appears to have invaded Europe through Turkey in 1910 (perhaps coming from North Africa before that). But the book focuses mostly on the forces arrayed under the “Russo-Germanic” pact and not the Black Wind. One of the chapters concerns “the Siege of Yhtill,” (sometimes spelled Yihitel) and shows black and white photographs of the Palace in Carcosa. The book was published in 1924 by Ebon Publishers of Alar, Carcosa. No such location exists in the real world, though the book is quite real.

THE REPUTATION BOOK (c. ?)

In English. Study time: Days. Corruption +1.

This small leather-bound notebook is found shoved between other, printed volumes as if hidden there. Inside, on each page is a maze of tiny chicken-scratch-like writing. At a glance, it is clear the listings are names, dates and dollar amounts, along with some sort of note. The names and items seem to blend together in a way which makes parsing the book extremely difficult (INTx5 to read any entry). Attempting to look up a particular name in the book requires an INTx5 roll and a SAN roll. Failure indicates the name cannot be found, success costs 1 SAN unnatural and reveals an entry for that name. Each entry is accompanied by a significant secret relevant to that character, for example “a double-agent for the Program,” “cheating on her spouse with physical therapist.” How these secrets might be applied remains up to the Handler. After ten days, no matter the circumstances, the book vanishes (it later turns up in possession of Ed Miler Wist and Mister Wilde in A Volume of Secret Faces).

MAUDE GOES TO THE MASKED BALL (c. 1925)

In English. Study time: Minutes. Corruption +1.

A thin, hardcover children’s book. The sparsely told story is illustrated by lavish color plates and is about a young girl named Maude who becomes lost in an unnamed city. It shows Maude first entering an “ironworks” where she meets an old man named Ambrose that fashions her a clockwork mask that moves and smiles. (In the illustrations, Ambrose wears the locket found in Thomas Manuels’ apartment, this revelation costs 0/1 SAN unnatural and grants +1 Corruption.) Then, in exchange for “giving her voice” to Mr. Wilde, she gets an invitation to the masquerade. At the ball, Maude is pursued by a strange prince in gold wearing a white mask. The last page is a color plate where the prince has removed his mask, but the top half of the color plate has been ripped off, so the revealed face cannot be seen. Maude looks shocked. The book was apparently printed in 1925 by Finkelstein Books, but records or history of the book cannot be found in the real world.

A HORSE BY DEGREES(c. ?)

In an unknown language. Study time: Days. Corruption +1.

An oversized, hardcover, ponderous artwork-laden medical text with a painstakingly diagramed anatomical side-view of a horse. Each acetate page peels away (and there
are hundreds) revealing more and more of the inner workings of a horse. The writing in it is tiny and block-like and looks correct at a glance, but is all composed of absolute gibberish. There is no publisher information in the book, though a set of signatures in the front read; “A. Chastaigne, G. Castaigne, H. Castaigne.”

**ENGLISH/TARTESSIAN DICTIONARY (c. 1931)**

*English/Tartessian. Study time: Days. Corruption +1.*

A hardcover dictionary, published in 1931 from University press (no university is indicated) to an entire language called Tartessian. This language utilizes a unique alphabet (somewhat like Cyrillic), and seems unrelated to European tongues, though the book implies it is counted amongst them. An Agent studying the book for 30 hours can gain a **Foreign Language (Tartessian)** skill equal to their **INT** score. Those researching Tartessian find it is a language from the Spanish peninsula, extinct after the 5th century.

**Louis Post by Day**

Louis Post is an illustrator who spends much of his time working. His apartment is a dump, littered with grease-stained pizza boxes, paint containers, and dirty clothing. The garbage, once contained under the sink, has spread to cover most of the kitchen floor. Post once illustrated the covers of many popular comic books. Recently, however, he has been fired from his freelance duties for missing deadlines and avoiding phone calls from art directors. The last work he turned in was on 4 MAY. Since then he has remained in the building, working on his own private pursuits.

He lives upstairs in a front apartment (above Abigail’s apartment) with a view of the street, and he rarely saw Abigail; even so, he is aware that she is missing and that the police have taken an interest. He openly answers any questions the Agents may have, holding nothing back, but acts somewhat chagrined about the condition of his apartment. While being interviewed he is both polite and funny and might even take the Agents around the premises if asked.

**DISINFORMATION: INVESTIGATING LOUIS POST BY DAY**

- **A BRIEF MEETING WITH POST (HUMINT 20%+ OR A SUCCESSFUL ROLL):** Reveals that Post is solitary, and perhaps suffering from antisocial tendencies, though he hides it well.

- **A BRIEF SEARCH OF POST’S APARTMENT (A SUCCESSFUL SEARCH ROLL):** A search reveals a baroque mirror concealed beneath the bed. It is as tall as a person, appears antique, and has no markings or identifiers on it. An **Art (Glasswork)** or **Art (Metalworking)** roll identifies it as French or Swiss from the later 1800s.

- **AN EXTENSIVE SEARCH OF THE APARTMENT (SEARCH 20%+ OR A SUCCESSFUL ROLL):** A search, day or night, reveals the food in Post’s refrigerator all have expiration dates from March, though the food is not rotten (0/1 **SAN** unnatural). If the food is taken outside the Macallistair building, it instantly putrefies (an additional 0/1 **SAN** unnatural to witness).
Louis Post at Night
At night Louis pursues his craft with the aid of a large, baroque-bordered mirror he keeps under his bed. He sits at his drawing table for several minutes facing the mirror, and begins his work by asking question to the reflection of the empty room. After some time a voice is heard responding to his questions, quietly, in a tone which is difficult to hear clearly.

Asked about Abigail after dark, and he has little to say except that he heard she moved in with someone from “upstairs.”

DISINFORMATION: INVESTIGATING LOUIS POST AT NIGHT
△ LOOKING IN THE MIRROR FOR 10+ MINUTES: At night, after 10 minutes of looking in the mirror, the reflection of a vague figure is seen, which disappears when looked at directly. The figure appears to be making dance-like motions with its arms and head, but what they are precisely can never be seen. Besides adding Corruption +1, this costs 0/1D4 SAN unnatural.
△ EXAMINING “THE WORK”: Louis’s current charcoal work — which is not present by day — is a nightmare mishmash of horrible imagery: drowned babies with bloated, water-logged bodies, clawed hands plunging into basins, tangled umbilical cords wrapped about necks. His work now numbers in the hundreds of pages, each more disgusting and horrid than the last. Seeing these gruesome pages costs the viewer 0/1D4 SAN violence. If Post discovers the Agents in his room at night he attacks ruthlessly with a steak knife he keeps in his pocket for just such an occasion, stopping only if killed or incapacitated.

EXEUNT: THE DROWNING ROOM
Louis Post’s charcoal drawings are of Asa Daribondi in his “drowning room” in the Hotel Broadalbin (see ASA DARIBONDI on page XX) as he carries out his heinous crimes for all eternity. Handler’s may let slip hints that Daribondi is in Broadalbin (four strange track-like slots drawn on the ceiling of one image, a number on the door in the background, bellhops and the grand entrance of the hotel.) Likewise, children or people in the drawings may be recognizable as any who exists in the Night World.

Secondarily, it is possible for Agents to change the Drowning Room by adding items on Post’s drawings. On a successful Art skill roll, an Agent could append any of the pre-existing drawings — adding a gun, removing Daribondi’s eyes, putting a smile on a drowned child’s face; and this would be reflected in “reality” when if they ever arrive there.

LOUIS ADAR POST
Psychotic illustrator, Caucasian female, age 27
STR 11  CON 11  DEX 13  INT 12  POW 14  CHA 14
HP 11  WP 14  SAN 0
BONDS:
△ Chester Post (Father) 9.

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:
△ To complete his “work.”
△ To find his bottle.
SKILLS: Alertness 20%, Art (Drawing) 60%, Art (Painting) 70%, Athletics 30%, Computer Science 30%, Craft (Woodworking) 20%, Dodge 30%, Drive 20%, Firearms 20%, First Aid 30%, Foreign Language (French) 20%, History 30%, HUMINT 40%, Melee Weapons 50%, Persuade 40%, Swim 30%, Unarmed Combat 40%, Unnatural 6%.

ATTACKS:

Δ Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4.

Δ Steak Knife 50%, damage 1D6, Armor Piercing 3.

DESCRIPTION: Louis is a disheveled but attractive man who wears only button-down short-sleeve shirts and khakis. His fingers are always covered in India-ink stains and his hair an unkempt frizz. Despite his odd nature, Louis has a natural charm. During the night, however, he is a different person altogether. Quiet and brooding, any provocation of the dark Louis drives him into a murderous frenzy.

BACKGROUND: Post is from Modesto, California and has worked as a professional illustrator since 1988, skipping college altogether. After a successful run creating comic covers for major New York publishers, and acceptance for an ARTLIFE grant, he moved to Manhattan (and the Macallistar) in 1993. He has worked steadily since then, until the last few months, when his professional life fell to pieces.

PASSING STRANGE: Louis Post was born on 4 JUL 1968, the same day Thomas and Ellen Wright met at the Dorchester House.

Mike Severs, Louis Post’s Agent
Post’s agent is Mike Severs (Caucasian male, 61 YOA), an older, experienced illustration representative who maintains a small, cramped office on the upper east side. As far as Severs is concerned, Post has lost his mind and alienated all of his former clients, effectively ending his career in New York in just three months — a record, he says sarcastically. He does admit that Post was full of promise and could have been the next big fantasy artist. Instead, he just dropped off the map.

Severs has no personal interest in Post’s well-being. He manages over fifty freelance artists in the U.S. and abroad, and has little time to spare for emotion. Besides, Post is hardly the first artist to flake out.

THE NIGHT FLOORS

The Night Floors are an infinite and shifting array of rooms which are accessible through the roof door or the archway in Michelle Vanfitz’s apartment of the Macallistar building at night. They represent an interim state between the reality of Earth and the surreality of the Night World, those hazy borderlands of thought that ultimately lead to Carcosa. Only Agents with Corruption 1+ can access the Night Floors. Those Agents with Corruption 0 that try to open the door on the roof at night find only an empty, rooftop.

In the Night Floors, reality is much more malleable than that of Earth but more stable than Carcosa. Only intense thoughts or feelings affect the reality of the Night Floors. The more concentrated the feeling or belief, the more severe the physical change in the Night Floors.

These effects are cumulative and total, so if one person believes strongly enough in something in the Night Floors it can become real for everyone else present. This can
lead to problems. Single-minded individuals and religious zealots may trigger extremely
bizarre and persistent manifestations, while people without motivation or direction only
find endless dead ends.

At night, the rooftop door opens into the ghostly Smoking Lounge and the hallway
that leads to the apartment of the Night Manager, Mr. Castaigne, on the fourth floor.
Past the fourth floor, the rooms continue endlessly upward.

The décor of the Night Floors is always that of the Edwardian period, from the late
1800s to the 1930s, though it varies from fine furnishings to cheap wallpaper. Some
rooms are immaculately maintained and appointed, while others are water-logged
garbage heaps. Occasionally people are heard talking inside rooms, or are spotted
crossing the distant intersections of hallways, but only very rarely can these people be
approached or questioned. Many vanish before the Agents arrive, others speak no
known language, and still others flee anyone pursuing them. These poor souls are the
remnants of personalities completely consumed by the King in Yellow, and now repeat
actions without meaning over and over again for eternity (see REPEATERS on page
XX).

There are those on the Night Floors that have retained some sense of self, as well as
strange motivations: Mark Roark, The Encyclopedia Salesman, and Mr. Castaigne.
These individuals exist in the Night World, trying to complete their unfinished earthly
business.

**OPINT: EFFECTS OF THE NIGHT FLOORS**

- **ENTERING AND TRAVELING:** Entering the Night Floors requires Corruption 1+. Those traveling along with an Agent with Corruption 1+ can enter as well (and their Corruption automatically increases to 1). Each attempt at movement on the Night Floors requires a **SAN** roll (whoever leads the way makes a single roll for the whole group). The Agent should state what type of movement they hope to achieve, “I move towards the green doors,” or, “I go back to the smoking lounge.” If the **SAN** roll *fails*, the Agent covers the chosen distance. On a success, the Agent loses 1 **SAN** unnatural or 1 Willpower (the player’s choice) as they perceive how Night Floors has shifted and changed around them, thwarting their attempts at movement.

- **CHANGES AND TIME:** 6 hours of movement on the Night Floors somehow takes a few seconds in the real world, and paths, halls, and doors constantly change. A doorway that opened onto a staircase one moment may open onto a room the next; or an empty elevator shaft. These changes become more and more significant and frequent the longer Agents remain on the Night Floors.

- **SANITY LOSS AND CORRUPTION:** Any Agent that suffers more than a single point of **SAN** loss (any type) at once or possesses Corruption 2+ while in the Night Floors can affect the reality of the Night Floors. Things the Agent says or thinks may come true in strange ways. These effects are up to the Handler to determine, but the outcome of such “wishes” should never be predictable or controllable.

- **TEMPORARY INSANITY IN THE NIGHT WORLD:** Those that go temporarily insane in the Night Floors do not suffer the ill-effects until they re-enter the real world. The most common outcome upon returning to the real world is the desire
to flee the Macallistar building altogether (see FLEE on page XX of THE AGENT’S HANDBOOK).

Δ **GAINING DISORDERS IN THE NIGHT WORLD:** When an Agent reaches their Breaking Point, they still gain a new disorder, but disorders gained in the Night Floors do not manifest until the Agent returns to the real world. Common disorders gained from the Night Floors include: Paranoia, Sleep Disorder, Dissociative Identity Disorder, Enclosure-Related Phobia, Obsession, Obsessive/Compulsive Disorder or Depersonalization Disorder.

Δ **PERMANENT INSANITY IN THE NIGHT WORLD:** Unfortunate Agents that hit 0 SAN while on the Night Floors feel a compulsion to stay and explore. They may notice a twisting trail of brightly colored confetti and party favors leading through the endless rooms of the Night Floors. Clever Handlers encourage players of such a lost Agent to have one more roleplaying moment, as they attempt to compel others in their group to come with them, further into the dark. Before, of course, they are lost.

Δ **EXITING:** Exiting the Night Floors for the “real” world requires five back-to-back failed SAN rolls or the loss of all Corruption points by the Agent leading the way. Each successful SAN roll indicates the group encounters a manifestation along the way (see NIGHT FLOORS MANIFESTATIONS on page XX).

**THE SMOKING LOUNGE**
The first room of the Night Floors encountered through the roof door is always the Smoking Lounge. This is a large, inviting area resembling a turn-of-the-century men’s club. The walls are covered in velvet wallpaper, and overstuffed armchairs of burgundy leather dot the floor. A large hearth and fireplace rests against one wall, constantly burning. A wet bar in one corner is available for anyone’s use, and always contains plenty of ice, unlabeled liquors and liqueurs, glasses, bitters, vermouth, olives, limes, lemons, oranges, and other bar goods. In the opposite corner, a large walk-in humidor contains a wide assortment of the finest cigars.

One wall is covered in floor-to-ceiling bookcases made of rosewood, with a rolling stepladder permanently attached to a rail that runs at the midpoint of the shelves. The hardcover books and folios are of many sizes, but all contain antique pornographic photos. All of the participants in these scenes wear masks, and many are staged in elaborate costumed tableaux. The range of activities in breathtaking, and the photos include many human oddities commonly found at turn-of-the-century sideshows, their peculiar malformations exploited to their fullest sexual potential. A staggering assortment of strange equipment is in evidence, as well, with people suspended from odd contraptions or imprisoned within labyrinths of leather sheeting and gauze curtains.

There is no text in any of these works, not even titles or publication information. At the Handler’s discretion, some of the people in these images may look familiar to the Agents; they might resemble tenants of the building, or relatives, or the Agents themselves, this costs 0/1 SAN unnatural to witness. All told, there are tens of thousands of vintage pictures in this obscene and inexplicable collection.
THE TENANTS OF THE NIGHT FLOORS, AND OTHERS

Many people inhabit the upper floors of the Macallistar Building at night. An odd lot, they represent the lost and the mad, those irretrievable souls who have passed over to the Night Floors. Some found this path by accident, others through intense study, but, now that they are here, all regret having found it. They live their lives in dark caricatures of what they once were, existing in the endless shifting rooms of the building which is slowly becoming one with the Night World.

David Langford

This unfortunate cable-television repairman has been trapped in the Night Floors since 20 MAR 1995, when he attempted to disconnect a cable junction at the cable box on the top-floor stair landing just as the change from day to night occurred in the Macallistar. For what feels like at least half a year to him, he has wandered searching for an exit, eating old cake, and hors d’oeuvres and drinking flat champagne and beer to survive. So far his mind has degraded only a small amount as he has yet to interact with any of the strange people that call the Night Floors their home. Instead, he hides at any indication of noise, holing up in any of the multitude of abandoned rooms until the sounds pass.

Terrified and disoriented, Langford leaps out of a doorway if he overhears the Agents discussing federal or police matters, have guns drawn, or if they are wearing uniforms. He has a breakdown, babbling his story over and over again and begging to be released from the “prison,” as he incoherently refers to the Macallistar Building.

It’s not too late for Langford to be rescued. Even if the Agents can lead him out of the Night Floors and send him home, it is likely he spends some time in psychotherapy, or even a mental hospital (perhaps the Dorchester House, see A VOLUME OF SECRET FACES on page xx).

DAVID LANGFORD

Forlorn cable installer, Caucasian male, age 42

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HP 11   WP 11   SAN 55   BREAKING POINT 58

BONDS:
- William Langford (Father), 13.
- Ian Langford (Brother), 14.
- Olivia Langford (Sister), 14.

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:
- To escape the Night Floors.
- (Upon Escape) Enclosure-Related Phobia.

SKILLS: Accounting 10%, Athletics 20%, Alertness 40%, Bureaucracy 10%, Craft (Electrician) 40%, Craft (Mechanics) 30%, Craft (Microelectronics) 40%, Dodge 30%, Drive 30%, Firearms 20%, First Aid 10%, Foreign Language (Japanese) 10%, Heavy Machinery 50%, History 10%, HUMINT 30%, Melee Weapons 50%, Navigate 30%, Occult 10%, Persuade 25%, Psychotherapy 10%, Science (Mathematics) 40%, Search 20%, Stealth 50%, Swim 20%, Unarmed Combat 40%.

ATTACKS:
Δ Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4.

DESCRIPTION: Langford was once a handsome and garrulous middle-aged man, but his time lost on the Night Floors have been cruel to him. He looks more like a victim of a Nazi death camp than a cable repairman now. His beard is down to his chest and his strange shock of filthy hair has obviously not been washed in quite some time. It’s easy to mistake him for an insane threat, and not a victim.

BACKGROUND: Langford was born in Jersey City, New Jersey, and attended DeVry University for trade training in network systems, electronics, and machinery repair. When he landed a long term job with NYNEX as a telephone maintenance engineer at 24, he married, and shortly thereafter, divorced his first wife Beth. When he switched jobs in 1991 and became a “box-man” for Charter Cable systems at age 38, he married his second wife, Patty. The two were divorced in 1993. He is a bachelor who lives alone in an apartment in Staten Island.

PASSING STRANGE: David Langford was born on 2 MAR 1953, the same day the Lundine house was officially renamed the Macallistar building.

Mark Roark
This enigmatic figure can often be found upstairs in the Smoking Lounge or elsewhere in the Night Floors. His slang and attire are those of the 1930s, as is his knowledge of current events. A portly man with a horrible wig, he is always smoking a cigar and nursing a drink. His attitude is turbulent, changing from placid to fierce in seconds over the most innocuous remarks. Holding little respect for anyone but himself, Roark answers to no one, not even the police, and refuses to be questioned. If Agents take a kindly attitude towards him, he is somewhat more forthcoming. Roark is a Repeater — a soul caught in the tidal pull of the Night World forever — and can never really escape.

He claims to live on the seventh floor of “the Hotel,” as he seems to refer to the Macallistar Building (if further questioned about this, he says, “HOTEL BROADALBIN, YOU ENORMOUS ASS!”) He knows all the residents well, including Abigail. Gail, as he refers to her, is “a sweet kid,” and now lives with “a creep of a salesman,” on six. He is less talkative about his own life, although he says he knows the night manager of the Hotel, a man named Castaigne (“a dago”, he’ll whisper). If asked, he guides the Agents to the apartment of the night manager; otherwise he is of little use except for drunken anecdotes or verbal abuse.

If a background check is run on him in the real world with a Bureaucracy roll, the name of Mark Armin Roark turns up in a missing-persons file from 1933. He was an unmarried door-to-door salesman of Fuller Brushes. Last known address: Hotel Broadalbin, New York, New York.

MARK ARMIN ROARK
Dead man that-tells-tales, Caucasian male, age 45?

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BONDS:
Δ None.

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:
Δ To find his Soul Bottle.
SKILLS: Accounting 20%, Alertness 30%, Bureaucracy 30%, Craft (Electronics) 10%, Craft (Mechanics) 30%, Drive 30%, Firearms 30%, History 30%, HUMINT 30%, Persuade 50%, Ride 30%, Science (Math) 10%, Science (Earth Science) 30%, Search 40%, Stealth 30%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS:

△ Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4+1.

SPECIAL ABILITIES:

△ STUCK: Roark is caught in repeating patterns of his former life. He drinks. He complains. He chews cigars. He wanders the Night Floors. Until someone new comes in contact with him, it is likely he performs the same actions over and over again.

△ ENDLESS DOORS: Through the power of the King in Yellow, Roark can always find a way out, either by discovering hidden passages, secret doors, or even doors that were not there a moment ago. Others may even follow him (and gain +1 Corruption). Roark has access to locations in the Night World such as the Broadalbin, Macallistar and the Book-Shop. Still, to him, they are all the same place, so he can’t “lead” anyone there — to him, they are already there.

△ INFINITE: Until Roark locates his Soul Bottle, or meets the King in Yellow, he is immortal, after a fashion. Roark is as fragile as normal humans, and may be shot, stabbed, beaten and burned with results similar to the real world (and all attendant SAN losses), but after awhile, he returns unharmed to his repetition.

△ WHERE’S MY BOTTLE?: Roark is obsessed with locating his Soul Bottle in the Whisper Labyrinth, but he can no longer find the Labyrinth — though he has been there before.

DESCRIPTION: Roark is an overweight man in a seersucker suit. Roark’s wig, a comical lump of red hair which sits on his head with all the grace of a dead animal, is his only point of pride. Roark’s overbearing nature is compounded by his large stature and bulky frame. There is always a cigar in his mouth.

BACKGROUND: Roark was a ne’er-do-well from the 1930s who left a trail of defaulted loans, broken hearts, and debts in his wake. His jobs were as numerous as his residences, seven jobs in six states in five years, including such memorable jobs as alligator wrangler, carnival roady, and dance-a-thon barker. In 1932 after drifting east from California beginning in 1927, he arrived in New York City. There, Roark worked for the Fuller Brush company as a door to door salesman, while making his home at Hotel Broadalbin. He vanished in 1933.

EXEUNT: WHAT’S WHAT
Roark might recognize one of the Agents when he runs into them and act as if this Agent (who has never before met Roark) is a confidant and friend. Roark intimates that after the Agent escaped the “booby hatch,” and ditched the “G-Men”, he and the Agent found their way to the “tunnels” and that Roark wasn’t at all certain he’d ever see the Agent again since he or she found his or her bottle, but he’s glad to see them. He then begs them to help him return to the Whisper Labyrinth…

Agents that fail to play along are met with a blank stare, and then Roark brushing them off as “imposters.”
The Dog
The Dog resides in the many rooms of the Night Floors and Macallistar building, wandering from place to place, eating leftover party snacks, crapping in the hallways, and generally making a mess. Far from malevolent, it mostly stays out of the way, and is only visible to those who are Corruption 2+; otherwise, the Dog is only observable through the aftermath of its movements, sounds and smells (0/1D4 SAN unnatural).

When visible, the Dog is a large, gray, long-haired, mastiff. Stupidly obedient to anyone that feeds it, the Dog is far too slow, clumsy, and stupid to cause any significant threat to prepared Agents. For some reason, it is the only phantasm in the Macallistar that can travel anywhere in the building, at any time, day or night.

THE DOG
Affable mastiff
STR 12
CON 12
DEX 9
INT 6
POW 7
HP 12
WP 7
SKILLS: Alertness 80%, Athletics 30%, Dodge 50%, Search 50%, Swim 30%, Survival 30%, Unarmed Combat 50%.
ATTACKS:
△ Bite 50%, Damage 1D6+1.
SPECIAL ABILITIES:
△ UNTRAPPABLE: Through the power of the King in Yellow, the Dog can always find a way out, by discovering hidden passages, or simply vanishing from an otherwise enclosed space. It cannot be followed when performing such a “trick.”
△ INFINITE: The Dog is immortal, after a fashion. It is as fragile as a normal dog, and may be shot, stabbed, beaten and burned with results similar to the real world (and all attendant SAN losses), but after awhile, it returns unharmed.
△ INVISIBLE: Those with Corruption 2 or less cannot see the Dog, only its after-effects (knocking things over, droppings, pee), costing 0/1D4 SAN unnatural. When it is visible, it appears to be a normal dog. Attacks against the dog while it is invisible are -40%.
SANITY LOSS: 0/1D4 SAN unnatural (when invisible).
DESCRIPTION: The Dog is a large grey-haired mastiff, invisible to those not open to the Night Floors. When it is visible, its small eyes give it a harmless appearance despite its size, and its clumsy gait and huge feet often lead it to trip and fall. If called by name (“Abraham”) the dog follows the Agents anywhere within the Macallistar building, and might even attempt — in its own clumsy fashion — to defend them from threats.
PASSING STRANGE: Digging through the basement storage to look at the “old boxes” of the previous tenants, and a Search 20%+ or a successful roll reveals a 1947 photograph in a box of 1940s paperwork. It shows the Lundine family and a large mastiff dog sitting on the staircase. “Family w Abraham, Christmas 47” is written on the back (0/1 SAN unnatural).

The Encyclopedia Salesman
The mysterious Encyclopedia Salesman haunts the Macallistar building from time to time, although only glimpses of him might be seen by the fully sane. A dashing figure in a pinstriped suit and two-tone shoes holding a large briefcase, he is often seen in the
Macallistar or on the Night Floors rushing past open doors or across the crux of hallways, but only peripherally.

Those Agents with 5+ Corruption can see the Encyclopedia Salesman much more readily, but still, only at a distance and can follow the Salesman (although they can never catch up). During this pursuit, they suffer various manifestations, eventually losing track of him.

The Encyclopedia Salesman is a soul without peace, who even after locating his Soul Bottle was doomed to wander, unfulfilled. He continues to do so, hoping to lure others to a similar fate, so he can have some company in eternity. No statistics are provided for him because he should never be met face-to-face.

**The Author**
The Author is a mystery. He is never seen. Only the remnants of his passing are found in the pages of his play that he leaves around the building. Late at night he might be heard faintly, hidden in one of the many rooms of the Night Floors, typing and listening to a single phonograph record over and over again.

An Agent who has 3+ Corruption in the Macallistar can find the Author’s room (and lead others to it). The Author’s room is a mess. Covered in sweat-stained clothes of 1930s vintage and discarded empty glass bottles of bootleg hooch, the cramped room reeks of old smoke and alcohol-tainted sweat, but the author is never there. From the inside it appears to be a hotel room (see **EXEUNT: THE MISSING ROOM** on page XX.) On the bed, a small suitcase is thrown open; an Oswald Traveler with speckled green sides and the initials JCL on its lock-plate.

A battered portable 1929, Remington-Remette typewriter occupies the small oak desk and an assortment of blank pages lay scattered about. The author’s writing is never found, although the typewriter’s printing matches the pages of the mysterious play found in the Macallistar (**Forensics** 20%+ or a successful roll).

On the floor next to the desk is an antique phonograph that starts to play when anyone examines it. The record is called *Whatever Happened to Abby*, by Phil Heart and the Heart Heps, released in 1938.

**The Night Manager**
Henri de Calvados Castaigne Night Manager of the Macallistar, lives in a rambling, cramped, apartment not far from the Smoking Lounge, and is rarely seen outside the doors of his home, and only at night.

Castaigne arranges who resides in which apartments and fixes leaks and such, although due to his nocturnal nature he is rarely seen tending to his duties. Castaigne claims he works for the Superintendent, a party he will not name. He has no knowledge of ARTLIFE or the company's representative, Cynthia Lechance, and denies that they operate the Macallistar Building.

Castaigne is an old, old man, and walks with a shuffling limp indicating some sort of debilitating illness or stroke affected him in the past. His hair is white and unkempt, and he looks much like a miniature Einstein. He dresses in exquisite but old clothing, reminiscent of the late 19th century. His voice hides a small accent, perhaps central European or Russian, which is all but wiped out by his adopted tongue, English.
Castaigne is quiet, courteous, and seemingly kind, but often those who receive his kindness can feel the manufactured nature of his bon-mots, and the mocking nature of his voice.

Castaigne is a difficult man to gauge. He is both giving and purposely secretive at the same time. His past is couched in innuendo and old black-and-white photographs of bombed-out cities with senseless inscriptions (“Downtown Tulips” or “Sovereign Carriage”). Other photographs are of indeterminate battlefield scenes containing groups of people — possibly refugees. Castaigne only points out faces in the crowds rapidly and says “Father, mother, Anna, Christian…” He refuses to speak at length about any of them, instead asserting, “They all died during the war.” He does not specify which war. If asked of his origins, he claims he was born in a country or city called Carcosa, but refuses specifics, and does not care to discuss “the old days.”

If asked about Abigail, he explains that she lives on the sixth floor with the “salesman.” He does not really know much about the couple except they are quiet and pay on time each month in cash. He says the others in the building would know much more about the subject.

His apartment is stacked wall to wall with old, yellowed, newspapers, and magazines, none more recent than 1940. Some have headlines which are downright bizarre, and which point towards the entropic nature of Carcosa and the Night Floors, such as a New York Tribune headline from 1 JUL 1923: “Russo-Germanic Pact Crumbles, Vienna Liberated” (the sheer volume and apparent age of these bizarre papers cost 0/1 SAN unnatural).

Inside his locked bedroom is his most prized secret. Here he maintains The Imperial Dynasty of America, a bundle of ragged and worn handwritten pages which track some sort of complex lineage. Castaigne’s name lies inside along with the hundreds listed within, and if it is discovered by Agents, drives the poor man into an ineffectual, murderous, frenzy. When he is subdued, he shrieks, “No! No! The crown is mine! Mine!” Once restrained he says nothing more on the subject, but pouts, mumbling quietly to himself in an unknown foreign language.

Henri Castaigne is a cousin of Hildred Castaigne, another resident of the Night World. The two are aware of each other’s existence and have met on occasion, but they bitterly dispute each other’s claim to the crown.

HENRI DE CALVADOS CASTAIGNE
*Heir of the one true King, Caucasian male, age 75?

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BONDS:
Δ None.

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:
Δ To become the King of America.
Δ To enlist aid to destroy his cousin, Hildred Castaigne.
Δ To kill all other pretenders to the throne.
Δ To locate his Soul Bottle.

SKILLS: Archaeology 10%, Art (History) 35%, History 60%, Law 15%, HUMINT 40%, Foreign Language (English) 60%, Foreign Language (French) 60%, Foreign Language
(German) 15%, Foreign Language (Italian) 40%, Foreign Language (Spanish) 60%, Melee Weapons 25%, Native Language (Tartessian) 70%, Occult 60%, Persuade 40%, Science (Astronomy) 30%, Science (Chemistry) 10%, Unnatural 11%.

**ATTACKS:**
- Δ Letter opener 25%, damage 1D4-2.

**SPECIAL ABILITIES:**
- Δ **STUCK:** Castaigne is caught in repeating patterns of his former life. He considers the *Imperial Dynasty of America*, he drinks, he sometimes wanders the Night Floors performing various small chores. Until someone new comes in contact with him, it is likely he performs the same actions over and over again.
- Δ **ENDLESS DOORS:** Through the power of the King in Yellow, Castaigne can always find a way out, either by discovering hidden passages, secret doors, or even doors that were not there a moment ago. Others may even follow him (and suffer +1 Corruption). Castaigne has access to several locations in the Night World, including Hotel Broadalbin, the Book-Shop, the Dorchester House, and others. Still, to him, they are all the same place.
- Δ **INFINITE:** Until Castaigne locates his Soul Bottle, or meets the King in Yellow, he is immortal, after a fashion. Castaigne is as fragile as a normal human, and may be shot, stabbed, beaten and burned with results similar to the real world (and all attendant SAN losses), but after awhile, he returns unharmed.
- Δ **WHERE’S MY BOTTLE?:** Castaigne is obsessed with locating his Soul Bottle in the Whisper Labyrinth, but his frailty and fear of “rivals” to the throne prevents him from undertaking an expedition for it.

**DESCRIPTION:** Castaigne is a diminutive man with a shock of white hair, an antiquated taste in clothes, and a usually quiet demeanor. In his apartment he shuffles around in his slippers like a ghost, re-arranging papers and photos as if by some divine plan. If his secret dreams of kingship are discovered the little man goes berserk, doing all he can to injure, maim, or kill the investigators, although due to his advanced age he is not very capable of violence.

**BACKGROUND:** It is unclear just where Castaigne is from, though he claims to have been born and raised in Carcosa, a place that never existed outside the pages of an obscure play.

**EXEUNT: SECRETS OF THE IMPERIAL DYNASTY**
Any name from this campaign might be found in the rolls of the *Imperial Dynasty of America*. Also in the book are Castaigne’s earlier relatives; Augustus Chastaigne and his son, Gabriel Castaigne — who, unlike Henri — might be found in real records on Earth. Many other names exist in this lineage, both imagined and real.

Clever Handlers may lay the groundwork of one of the Agents themselves being an imperial heir listed in the rolls, who soon find themselves hunted by operatives of the Castaignes. The most effective way is to allow the Agent in question to catch a glimpse of their own name amidst a list of dozens of other names in the book (costing 0/1 SAN unnatural).
The Superintendent
The Superintendent to which Mr. Castaigne refers is his euphemism for the King in Yellow, the patron of the Night Floors. If properly goaded, Mr. Castaigne may lead any Agent with 0 SAN (remember, such Agents are not “lost” until they return to the real world) to meet the Super. If such a susceptible Agent agrees to travel with Mr. Castaigne, their fate remains up to the Handler to devise; and most likely that travel is final.

Otherwise he refuses to elaborate further on the Super, and says only that he lives “upstairs,” and is having a party, tonight.

The Super has a party every night.

NIGHT FLOORS MANIFESTATIONS
The following examples of surreal horror are provided to keep the Agents on their toes and might be used nearly anywhere in any operation of this campaign, with only slight modifications.

Bottle
A single Agent notices framed black and white photographs on the wall of the hallway or room which portray an odd array of people staring into the camera, their faces blank. Each of these people dressed in 1930s garb are holding odd-shaped bottles of various designs. A single name rides the lip of each photograph, written in ink with a steady hand. Names and portraits include A. DARIBONDI, E. LOSETTE, J. LINZ, E. MOSEBY, D. CARVER, G. TOPCHICK, H. LUNDINE and others.

The last photograph shows a single dark bottle sitting on the floor, and the name on the bottom is that of the Agent with the highest Corruption rating. This is the Agent’s bottle from the Whisper Labyrinth. If the photograph is touched, the Agent gains +1 Corruption and hears in a near-silent whispering voice, “It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living god.” This costs 0/1 SAN unnatural.

Box
A door 65 feet (20-meters) up the hall opens, and a set of arms in long-johns places a wooden box on the ground in the hallway, before the door shuts. An Alertness of 30%+ or a successful roll indicates the arms are of an African American male with burn scars on the wrists. While the door is open, distant clapping is heard, as if a huge theater down a long corridor erupted into applause. The sound vanishes as the door is slammed shut.

In the box is an ancient-looking French book labeled Hygromanteia, a dozen glass phials filled with melonia pods, and a silver robe made of plastic. The printing on the box reads Decraig Corp. Ltd. Kemper and Whitehorse St. Chicago, Il. Opening the door the box issued from reveals a half-sized broom closet with no exits. This costs 0/1 SAN unnatural.

ASSET: HYGROMANTEIA
In 15th Century French. Study time: weeks. Corruption +1. Occult +2%.
Hygromanteia, or “The Magical Treatise of Solomon” is a 15th century French grimoire containing a series of spells and magic written by an unknown author, referred to in the text as SOLOMON. Several books on occult history hint that perhaps it was written by a French nobleman named Augustus Chastaigne, or his son, Gabriel Castaigne around 1405-1420, but its actual provenance remains unknown.

It contains the seals of 72 demons (with slight name alterations) identical to the Ars Goetia (see ARS GOETIA on page XX), but written in antiquated French. It may be utilized in a similar manner to the Ars Goetia for those that can read it (see ASSET: THE PRELIMINARY INVOCATION TO PRIMEUMATON on page XX).

The book is believed to be the origin for later magical texts like Grimorium Verum, Ars Goetia, Pseudomonarchia Daemonum, De Praestigiis Daemonum, and others. This copy appears to be old enough to be the original (Forensics 40%+ or a successful roll indicates it was created in the 15th century); as such, its value can’t be calculated.

The book has been annotated in red ink in English with various notes (the writing is that of AGENT EXETER see page XX), including such listings as:

- Δ BROADALBIN is a door
- Δ Bael and Wilde each
- Δ Ambrose and the child in the pavilion costumes
- Δ Boat down into the fog lake to the real city
- Δ Bottles contain secrets as individual as those marked upon them
- Δ All drawn in, closing in a dance, like a loop, leading to the masquerade
- Δ It is all the play, I’m afraid

Chime

Suddenly and without warning a huge chime sounds, although the source of the sound cannot be located. It fades to nothing in moments like an echo. This may cause Agents to pull out weapons or, even worse, if their weapon is already out and they fail their SAN roll, to discharge it by accident. This costs 0/1 SAN unnatural.

A few moments later, a group of people are seen running through a perpendicular hallway far ahead, wearing silver robes and white masks. By the time Agents arrive at the location however, the figures are nowhere to be seen.

Clockwork Child

The tinkling of a music box is heard nearby. If the Agents pursue, they locate the clockwork child. It rolls slowly, stopping before them, and its mouth clacks open and shut. It holds an invitation on its back, printed on finely pressed vellum addressed to IAN FREDERICK DE CRAIG, PRISONER 125101. It reads:

JOIN US AT THE PALACE. A MASQUERADE TO CELEBRATE THE NEW KING. COME TO DINE. COME TO DANCE. COME.

If the Agents turn their back on the child, it vanishes. This costs 0/1D4 SAN unnatural. The invitation persists if someone takes it from the child before it vanishes.
**Dance**
An entire ballroom full of human-sized marionettes is found. Marionette couples sway and dance, their strings disappearing up into the dark, marionette waiters bring empty glasses to tables of revelers; a marionette band apparently plays a soothing melody (actually a Victrola under the stage playing an unmarked record). This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** unnatural.

The Agents are completely ignored by the marionettes. Inspection of the darkened ceiling, perhaps effected by stacking tables, reveals that the strings are locked on tracks without any operator, moving on their own (this costs 1/1D6 **SAN** unnatural).

**The Doctor**
A balding, tall, bulky man in a short-sleeved button-down shirt and a Boston Red Sox windbreaker exits a door in front of the Agents and continues away from them at a fast walk. He does not stop or turn around, and does not acknowledge them. He enters another door ahead, clearly enunciating “twenty-seven” as he does so.

If this door shuts with no Agents on the other side, when it is opened, it reveals an empty hotel room with no exits. This costs 0/1 **SAN** unnatural. Those that keep pace with the man find him going through doors and upping the count by one as he enters and closes each door behind him. He doesn’t respond to questioning, but only nods and smiles.

If Agents attempt to subdue the man, he fights and struggles, using lethal force if necessary, but also does his best to keep his pace going, door-to-door (see **DR. RICHARD F. DALLAN, FACILITY ADMINISTRATOR, BY DAY** on page XX). If he is captured, he says nothing and instead, wheezing, stares at his shoes. If somehow dragged back to the exit of the Night Floors, he vanishes when pulled back to the real world (1/1D6 **SAN** unnatural).

**Dream Guide**
The Agents come upon a room full of unmarked books. Anyone opening a book discovers what appears to be a book (called the *The Dreaming Man’s Library*. Louis Lam, Harcourt Brace, 1941) describing in great detail, a dream that Agent once had amidst a story of a hobo that consumes books like food. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** unnatural. All the books appear identical, but the dream in that section of the book(s) are all different. Any Agent that picks up the book and flips it open, opens to their dream.

**Get ‘Em Boys!**
A sudden eruption of automatic gunfire occurs from deep within the Night Floors (Firearms 20%+ or a successful roll identifies it as a fully automatic weapon, likely .45 caliber), which is silenced after a bloodcurdling male scream.

Anyone chasing down the source of the sound comes upon a huge empty ballroom which smells of gunpowder, covered in odd dragging tracks of blood that lead from a large central stain. Dozens of .45 shells lay on the floor, freshly fired. Nothing else is found. This costs 0/1 **SAN** unnatural.
Hors d’oeuvre
A dapperly dressed asian waiter walks up to the investigators, carrying a platter of hors d’oeuvre. The waiter speaks in an odd language no one can identify, but seems friendly enough. He offers the investigators some of the gelatinous snacks on his tray.

Careful examination of the snacks reveals a single, apparently dead, tiny gold bug in the center of each cube of gelatin. This costs 1 SAN helplessness for anyone who ate it without examining it first and affects them as per ingesting a Gold Bug (see GOLD BUG on page XX).

Lifelike
An Agent finds a solid-gold, sculpted, goldfish, laying unattended in the middle of the floor. The craftsmanship of the piece is breathtaking and when examined closely, it almost appears to be real. It is. Anyone putting it in their pocket discovers a live goldfish wiggling there in its place several minutes later. This costs 0/1 SAN unnatural.

Like Clockwork
A little girl is heard singing in the distance. She is found in an empty dance hall dancing to a tune which comes from an unknown source. She is covered in a white gauze-like material which obscures her features. Looping round and round and singing in an alien tongue, she ignores all questions.

If left undisturbed she winds down, her dance and voice slowing as time passes. Eventually she freezes in place and never moves again. Anyone touching the gauze at any point causes her to collapse into a thousand pieces of watch-like clockwork; she was an automaton. This costs 0/1D4 SAN unnatural. Those examining the parts find a maker’s mark of G. CASTAIGNE, in fancy, looping script stamped on each piece along with FR. 1435.

Lovers
The sound of vigorous love-making are heard. If tracked down, a hotel room is found where the bed is covered in blood and shards of chromed metal. An old-looking syringe and cook kit for heroin sits on the side-table. Two shotguns are tucked beneath a bedspread thrown on the floor, as is a valise filled with $150,000 in D Series 1933 bills covered in blood. No one is in the room, though the words “WHERE IS MY BOTTLE?” are written on the wall in blue-black ichor. This costs 0/1D4 SAN violence.

Mask Men
Two people run across the opening at the end of a distant hallway, too suddenly to be seen clearly, and a moment later are followed by three men in large, old-looking gas masks, carrying shotguns. After they cross out of sight, there are the distant, thundering reports of shotgun blasts.

Those rushing to the junction find two “dead” marionettes laid out on the ground, torn open by short-range shotgun slugs. Inside, they are made of clockwork, but red tissue paper spills out of them in an approximation of blood. Both carry wallets with old New York ID (one from 1953 and the other 1955), for Eric K. Carter and Ronald Burbach, as well as money and other items from the period like bus passes. But the wallet and all the paper in it looks new. This costs 0/1 SAN unnatural.
Δ SEARCHING THE INTERNET (COMPUTER SCIENCE 20%+ OR A SUCCESSFUL ROLL): An ancient digitized copy of a legal brief of ANTONIA SCLARA CARTER (WIDOW) VS. EILEEN CARTER from 12 FEB 1956 seems to indicate that Eric Kristos Carter was murdered in an unnamed New York City hotel in 1955. Antonia, his wife, and his mother, Eileen then sued one another to gain possession of his personal effects and veteran’s pension from the Army. The document is simply a summary brief, and does not cover the outcome of the case. Nothing else on this case is available online or offline.

Δ SEARCHING CITY CRIMINAL RECORDS (CRIMINOLOGY ROLL): Two files are of note: Ronald James Burbach is noted as being arrested on the evening of 1 JUN 1953 at the American Museum of Natural History for breaking and entering. Burbach admitted nothing, and was locked up, until he was ordered released the following week by Francis William Holbrooke Adams, the New York Police commissioner. Reason listed was only: DECORATED VETERAN. All charges were dropped. Second: A thin file on the 9 SEP 1955 murder of two men (R. Burbach and E. Carter) at an unnamed hotel contains a single typewritten page and is thin on details. A single black and white crime scene photograph shows two men laid out in heavy military jackets with the skin of their faces carefully removed, revealing blood and muscles, next to a pile of old gas masks and shotguns (0/1 SAN violence). A person of interest is listed as: GRIFFITH, VIRGIL, U. (WHITE PLAINS NY).

Δ SEARCHING MILITARY RECORDS (BUREAUCRACY ROLL): Eric Kristos Carter (1924-1955) was drafted into the US Army in 1943 at 19, and served in the European Theater. During the last months of the war, his file becomes spotty, but he moved all around Germany as part of a special SS-hunting detachment and was granted “Theater-wide” clearance; a rare thing, meaning he could move as desired throughout the entire ETO. He returned stateside in 1946 with the rank of 1st Lieutenant. He was re-upped in 1950 for the Korean crisis, and fought there for a year before returning home due to BATTLE FATIGUE. Ronald James Burbach (1924-1955) volunteered for the Marines in 1944 at the age of 20 and spent a year and change in support of the planned invasion of Japan on a small island called ITIK ATOLL. He returned stateside in 1946 with the rank of Corporal. He was reactivated in the 1st Marine Division during the Korean crisis and landed at Incheon in 1950. He was injured in the battle and returned home to convalesce. There is no indication the two men served together, though they both came from New York city.

Δ ASKING THE GROUP (PERSUADE ROLL): Asking Agent Marcus to ask the group about Carter, Griffith, or Burbach requires a Persuade roll. If successful, a single printout is given to the Agents in return. It reads only:


No matter the questions asked or requests filed, the group has no records of Operation BRISTOL.

Mind the Gap
A fat man is seen at a distant doorway, and he too sees the Agents. He rushes to open his door with a set of keys, looking incredibly nervous and sweaty, as if he had done something wrong. The door swings shut behind him, but remains unlocked. If opened, the door opens onto a dark and seemingly depthless elevator shaft. A cruel Handler might call for a DEXx5 roll from the pursuer, failure means they fall into the shaft and suffer a Lethality 25% attack when they hit the bottom. No evidence of an elevator or the fat man are seen. This costs 0/1D4 SAN unnatural.

Movie
The distant clatter of a machine is heard from a room nearby. Those searching find a stenciled door labeled PROJECTION. The door suddenly is propped open from inside (causing the machine noise to drown out all noise in the hall) and a small woman in overalls steps out.

If the Agents try to communicate, she cups her hands to her ear and points back to the projector and then her watch and walks off. She cannot be caught or subdued; any attempts to do so causes her to turn a corner or into a doorway and vanish. Inside the room is a giant projector spitting blinding light through a tiny window.

Those looking out the window can’t see what’s on the screen (it’s too bright) but a lone figure clothed in gold and silver near the front of an otherwise empty theater is visible. It stands, turns, and begins to remove the strange white mask it wears. At that moment the projector emits a sizzle and puff of smoke and turns off, and the room on the far side goes black. All attempts to physically find the theater fail. This costs 0/1D4 SAN unnatural.

The Suicide
A young man in dated clothing (perhaps the 1940s) rounds a corner, smiling and laughing as if involved in a conversation with some invisible party, though what he is saying is difficult to make out. He walks past the Agents (attempts to stop him reveal he in immaterial 0/1D4 SAN unnatural) and as he passes, his appearance transforms.

His skin goes sallow and pale, except for his face, which becomes purple and swollen. His eyes turn up and bulge white, and then burst red. A ghost-rope pulls at his
neck in a noose, and he appears to lift off the ground and dangle (1/1D6 SAN violence). When he is clear of the Agents he reverts back in the same way, becoming the youth again.

As he passes, he is clearly heard to say, “the ballroom? What do you want to show me?” He cannot be physically interacted with.

**Patients**
The Agents come upon a half a dozen individuals in hospital pajamas and slippers aimlessly wandering a hallway. They each seem lost in their own internal world, mumbling to themselves, making shapes in the air with their hands, or singing. Any attempt made to engage them in conversation fails.

Some wear ID bracelets, others have their name written in their clothing, or on their clothing. The names and descriptions of these individuals are the Agents the Handler has created for the players in *A Volume of Secret Faces* (see *A VOLUME OF SECRET FACES* on page XX). Some may even seem strangely familiar (0/1 SAN unnatural).

**Restraints**
The Agents come upon a man in his thirties tied down on some type of table (a Psychotherapy or Medicine roll reveals it is a 5-point restraint harness), immobilized in the middle of an otherwise normal hallway. He is mumbling to himself when the Agents arrive and cannot see them, but if they make themselves known, he erupts into shouts and screams.

He identifies himself a “Vargas,” but refuses to elaborate beyond begging to be let free. If the Agents identify themselves as members of Delta Green, the man begins to shriek: “my name is Michael Witwer! I’m a DEA agent from…” a moment later, the floor opens and the entire table begins to retract slowly into it and the man is overcome with fear, screaming and shouting. No matter what the Agents do, the man is pulled down, and vanishes in the darkness. Those looking into the hole see a distant, pale face with empty eye-sockets looking back up at them from an impossible distance below. This costs 0/1D4 SAN unnatural.

**Sea of Windows**
Anyone specifically searching for windows to the outside world finally comes upon one which is shuttered and locked. If opened, instead of the outside world, the window shows an impossible view of an endless expanse of rooms. The window opens on a living room, whose windows open on a dining room, etc. This sight is mind-bending in the extreme and costs 0/1D4 SAN unnatural for any who experience it, as the Agents realize there is no longer any outside world.

**Stage**
An Agent discovers a long crack in the plaster between the ceiling and wall. If prodded, the entire hallway falls away like a house of cards revealing that the Agents stand on stage in the remains of what they thought was “reality,” but which was nothing more than simple plywood backdrops.
In the audience, hundreds of human-sized marionettes are mute, staring at the stage, strings running up into the dark. If the Agents leave the stage the marionettes begin to file out and disperse into the hallways. This costs 1/1D6 SAN unnatural.

**Summon**

Shouting is heard from a distant room, “I DO invoke and conjure thee, O Spirit Marbas; and being with power armed from the SUPREME MAJESTY, I do strongly command thee, by BERALANENSIS, BALDACHIENSIS, PAUMACHIA, and APOLOGIAE SEDES.”

If the voice is followed, the Agents discover an abandoned room, with an odd, smoking brass vessel marked with strange symbols in the middle of it, in front of a pentagram etched in the floor with something like a knife (Occult 30%+ or a successful roll indicates it is a symbol used in demonology), it is a symbol for PURSON. The Agent with the highest Corruption in the group catches a glimpse of a gold and silver cloth just as it snakes around the corner of a door to the room. Attempts to follow it fail. This costs them 0/1 SAN.

**Whisper Labyrinth**

A large but narrow fracture through a plaster wall opens into what appears to be a cave deep underground with small, chest height alcoves, each of which contain a bottle. A cool, dry wind blows out of the hole. Digging equipment — evidently used to open the wall — lies discarded nearby. Those Agents with Corruption 4+ see that the nearest bottle is marked with their name, but they cannot reach it.

It is quite obvious that such a labyrinth could not exist adjacent to the hallway they came from. This costs 0/1 SAN unnatural. Anyone that attempts to enter the hole is permitted a single Dodge roll. If they fail, they suffer 2D6 HP damage as the wall shifts and the stone collapses, smashing down on them. Digging through the rubble afterwards, no tunnel is found. This costs 0/1D4 SAN unnatural.

**Yellow Sign**

One Agent finds a small piece of paper with the terrible image of the Yellow Sign scrawled on it (0/1D4 SAN helplessness). The paper it is on appears to be a copy of the Chicago Tribune newspaper from August 20, 1905; there is an article on the back, but much of it is cut-off.

As the Agent shows the symbol to their companions, each says, “tell me, have you seen the Yellow Sign?” one by one. They are not aware of speaking these words, though the other Agents all hear them.

**DISINFORMATION: ARCHITECTURAL PICASSO A CHICAGO NATIVE**

**ARTICLE**

*From the Chicago Tribune, 20 AUG 1905*

**By Daniel O’Rourke**

We are told to expect great things from the young Asa Daribondi, whom provenance has named Chicago’s own “Picasso of architecture.” The strange buildings brought to him by his dreams and fancies have begun to dot the more wealthy neighborhoods near the lake, and it is said in- (ARTICLE IS CUT OFF)
RESOLUTION
Abigail Wright has moved to Carcosa. She cannot be found during this operation. At best, Agents might deduce what happened to her and for the time being try to avoid her fate.

The primary challenges of the operation are exploration and survival. Once the Agents have discovered and examined the Night Floors, the resolution of this situation is up to them. ARTLIFE plans to evict the tenants, meaning they’ll probably be dragged out by the police and perhaps committed. But then, of course, ARTLIFE plans to renovate an entire building which is still infected by the power of the King.

The only semi-permanent solution for the threat it represents is for the Macallistar to be demolished. Desperate Agents may decide to undertake this themselves, perhaps destroying it with a truck bomb or burning it down. Potentially, Delta Green could even buy the building from ARTLIFE at a generous mark-up, and then either destroy it or attempt to explore it (a perilous option). Even then, the Night Floors of the Macallistar go on, a vestigial growth protruding from the chaos of the Night World forever; opening on other locales.

Either way, other copies of *The King in Yellow* are still out there. The fate of the Macallistar may one day befall another building — or the world itself. The Agents are marked — each dragging the surreal power of the King behind them.
And a King is always paid his due.

INTO A VOLUME OF SECRET FACES
In the next operation, *A Volume of Secret Faces*, those Agents that survived *The Night Floors* are called back into service 20 years later. They are sent to Boston to investigate the disappearance of patients from a mental health facility, secretly affiliated with Delta Green called the Dorchester House. Those patients were committed by Delta Green.

Those players that lost Agents in *The Night Floors* should create new Agents.
EXEUNT: THE BOOK-SHOP

THALE: Eyes turned inward, in the dark,
A phantom watches an idea of us.
Sister-
I fear we are toys in the imagination of a monster,
And nothing else besides.
—The King in Yellow, Act II, Scene II

There are many entrances to the Night World that come and go, washing in and out with the tide of Carcosa. But even when they fade, they’re not gone. A placeholder remains. The book-shop is one such place. But it’s not a shop. Not really.

It’s an orifice that spews madness from the Night World to Earth. It exists in many times and many places. Conterminous, infinite, earths surround it (or perhaps these worlds like our own are only illusions generated around it), and, from time to time it intersects with New York City and other places, silently filling a gap that few can see. Its appearance and disappearance are so perfect, so seamless, and so in-tune with the world, none have noticed the oddities which surround it. Its small, cluttered window with old, rusted stainless steel security gates seems to slide over the eyes; never going deep enough into the mind to leave anything behind in the memory. There is no sign, though there once was the word BOOK painted on the inside of the window, which has long since fallen away to dust leaving golden paint scraps tracing a dim outline of the words.

The door is broken and is always open.

Occasionally, the proprietor, a tall, meticulously dressed man of North African descent with a waistcoat barely containing a cartoon paunch, is found out front, smoking Turkish cigarettes and smiling a smile like a puzzle-box. He never frequents the nearby shops, after all, he has everything he could ever need, inside.

It was in this book-shop that Asa Daribondi left his copy of Libro Secretorum Manifesta in MAR 1921 hoping to release himself from his dark obsessions. And in FEB 1995 that Abigail Wright discovered her copy of The King in Yellow, and in it, a way through to the Night World. Daribondi and Wright even saw each other there, in the book-shop; for such things are possible in the Night World where time simply is not.

Everyone who has ever been there is in the book-shop, forever, if you know how to look. That’s just the way the proprietor likes it.

OPINT: LOCATING THE BOOK-SHOP

Clues to the location of the book-shop might be found in The Night Floors or even in A Volume of Secret Faces. Otherwise, any resident of the Night World might know of it, and where, precisely, how to find it.

In The Night Floors, Thomas Wright — Abigail Wrights’ father — is the only person who had previously been to the book-shop, and he might be a lead in finding it; but the book-shop is elusive. It comes and goes, and requires the right combination or mental state, time, and circumstance to locate (physical location is less important — it can exist nearly anywhere in any city).
Those with an Art skill of 40%+, or with a Corruption 1+ who choose to search for it and who fail a SAN roll and suffer 0/1 SAN unnatural after a prolonged search — return to a storefront they could swear was abandoned minutes before — only to find the book-shop waiting for them.

**INSIDE THE BOOK-SHOP**

The book-shop meanders and winds. Rows and rows of leaning shelves and naked bulbs track corridors of books, like trails cut into bamboo. Steps up and steps down. Sagged ceiling basements and uneven, water-damaged floors. And books. Too many books. Books piled in ponderous towers, and rows of ancient books filled with horrors lost to histories never lived. It is a narrow but a deep store, which disappears into endless stacks the further in you go.

It appears mundane, but it is anything but. To those of sufficient Corruption, it is a conduit to many places in the Night World and beyond. To those without such mental trauma, it is only one of a thousand old, run down book shops.

**Corruption 2**

Those with Corruption 2 find nothing unusual about the layout; only that it is cramped, seems narrow and very deep, and is ill-kept. They can interact with the proprietor and thumb through books on the shelves. If the Handler is feeling generous, they might find an unusual book or two. One oddity is always available — *The King in Yellow*, in any of its many forms. Be it the *Red Book*, *Le Roi en Jaune*, *Libro Secretorum Manifesta*, or in other, unique forms left to the Handler to devise.

**Corruption 3**

At Corruption 3, oddities are noticeable in the book-shop. Other customers might be heard wandering deeper in the stacks (though the owner will claim they are alone). Those Agents searching for strangeness find books not-quite-from-Earth, and might even catch glimpses of others wandering the maze-like stacks — even people known to them — dead, missing or otherwise. This costs 0/1 SAN unnatural. But catching up with such people proves impossible. Pursuit down the narrow stacks ends with the phantoms vanishing around a corner, or the pursuer knocking over a pile of books and falling down.

**Corruption 4+**

After Corruption 4+, nearly any customer from the future or past might be found in the stacks of the book-shop; regardless of the year. Those Agents actively trying to meet someone there (besides gaining +1 Corruption) might run into any of the following:

△ **AUGUSTUS CHASTAIGNE**: A small Caucasian man with black hair, terrible, yellowed teeth and a pock-marked complexion dressed in shirt, a doublet and hose with a fur-lined coat and collar and a yellow hood and cloak. He looks positively medieval, and sick, as if he was ill-fed. His face is filled with otherworldly wonder. In one hand, he holds a book in French (*Le Roi Maudits, “the Accursed Kings”*). Chastaigne jabbers in old French (all comprehension rolls with French are halved.) Those that manage to translate find him babbling about...
a “door in the study which led him here,” and the “book of the 72 divine shapes.” He exchanges names with those he can manage, but a deep and resonant gong sounds from somewhere out of sight, and he runs off into the book stacks. He cannot be found again.

ASA SEVERIN DARIBONDI: A small, furtive, dark-haired, spectacled Caucasian man in his thirties, dressed in a pristine, exotic, lavender suit. (Art (Fashion) places the suit style as sometime in the 1920s). He speaks with the Agents on matters dealing with art, architecture, or design (each discussion point requires a successful roll on a related skill). Otherwise he rebuffs any approach with a “good day,” and leaves, mumbling about “fools.”

DR. ELIAS BARBAS: A tall, gaunt, African American man in his sixties dressed in a long coat and heavy clothing. He speaks in monosyllables unless The King in Yellow is brought up. When it is, his wordiness increases, but only to interrogate the Agents on what they know about it. If he feels they know too much about “his work,” he’ll swear at them, threaten to “kill Wilde for what he told you!” and disappear into the stacks. Those that pursue find the small red door leading to Barbas’ house (see EXEUNT: THE RED DOOR on page XX) shutting just as they arrive, as if the giant man exited through the bars in front of the tiny portal.

EMMET MOSEBY: A squat, sweaty, balding Caucasian man in his forties, wearing a double-breasted wool jacket, a porkpie hat, and two-tone shoes. Moseby is surprisingly intelligent, and is open to the discussion of any subject involving literature or the occult. He has extensive knowledge of forbidden texts like the Necronomicon and other, outré concepts. If The King in Yellow is brought up, Moseby happily introduces himself as the author of the book. If engaged in conversation, Moseby reveals he has been working too hard and is off for a vacation to “the continent.” He does not say precisely where.

ROBERT R. ROBERT, PROPRIETOR
Mr. Robert is anything but enigmatic. He introduces himself at once (always as “B. R. Robert”), inserting himself seamlessly into conversations in the practiced way of a diplomat, or a spy; smiling and laughing and catching people entirely off-guard. His card is thick, hand-pressed vellum which reads “B. R. Robert, bibliopola” (Bob R. Robert, bookseller). There is no phone number, or address.

Minutes spin into hours of conversation with him, and he always has something important, enlightening, or startling to say. Even though it seems he is always talking, somehow, he manages to draw secrets and truth from those he converses with, to the point at which they seem to surprise even themselves.

He is an older African gentleman with a rough face, a split between his teeth and small, silver framed folding glasses. He speaks with a slight French-African accent, but his diction is as clipped and precise as his clothing. He wears exotic finery, tweed coats with Arabic labels, silk socks made in Gibraltar and velvet waistcoats from Sevastopol. As meticulous as he is in his appearance he is equally dismissive of the book-shop itself. His voice is full of disdain when he discusses it. “An inconstant font of knowledge, it is so, but my lot in life is to fill all vessels.”
On books and writing he is an endless source of knowledge. If it is a book, it seems he has read it — often in multiple languages — and lets fall brief summaries of his unworthy thoughts on nearly any written subject. In the book-store, he encourages customers to “wander far and wide, search for what is hidden!” Last, he informs Agents the WC is hidden to the right of the front desk, deadpanning the joke.

Robert is a Repeater — a soul caught in the tidal pull of the Night World forever — and can never escape. Nor does he wish to.

As far as Robert can recall, the book-shop has always been and it serves many locales. Sometimes, it is in Paris in the 1890s. Sometimes, New York, 1921 and 1925 and 1929 and 1995. Sometimes a war-torn city being shelled by an unknown enemy in who-knows-what-year or place. Occurrences outside the book-shop are of little concern to Robert except in how they might limit access to his “customers.” He takes such problems in stride.

ROBERT ROBERT ROBERT

Bibliopola, African male, age 55?

STR 14  CON 12  DEX 11  INT 15  POW 10  CHA 16
HP 13  WP 10  SAN 0

BONDS: None.

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:

△ To sell copies of The King in Yellow.
△ To spread rumors for Mr. Wilde.
△ To wait for his “revelation.”

SKILLS: Accounting 10%, Alertness 40%, Anthropology 30%, Art (History) 30%, Bureaucracy 30%, Craft (Mechanics) 20%, Dodge 30%, Firearms 40%, Native Language (French) 70%, Foreign Language (Berber) 45%, Foreign Language (Arabic) 65%, Foreign Language (Spanish) 20%, Foreign Language (Tartessian) 15%, History 70%, HUMINT 70%, Melee Weapons 30%, Persuade 80%, Ride 30%, Search 20%, Stealth 30%, Unarmed Combat 40%.

ATTACKS:

△ FN Model 1903, 40%, damage 1D8.
△ Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4+1.

SPECIAL ABILITIES:

△ STUCK: Robert is caught in repeating patterns of his former life. He reads. He sells books. In off hours, he sometimes wanders the Night World. Until someone new comes in contact with him, it is likely he performs the same actions over and over again.

△ ENDLESS DOORS: Through the power of the King in Yellow, Robert can always find a way out, either by discovering hidden passages, secret doors, or even doors that were not there a moment ago. Others may even follow him. Robert has access to all of the Night World. However, he is fully aware of his situation, and the disposition of Carcosa, the Night World and Earth. Through the book-shop, he has access to the Hotel Broadalbin, the Missing Room, the Night Floors of the Macallistar, and the corpse-city of Carcosa.

△ INFINITE: Until Robert locates his Soul Bottle, or meets the King in Yellow, he is immortal, after a fashion. Robert is as fragile as normal humans, and may be
shot, stabbed, beaten and burned with results similar to the real world (and all attendant SAN losses), but after awhile, he returns unharmed.

Δ WHERE’S MY BOTTLE?: Robert is obsessed with locating his Soul Bottle in the Whisper Labyrinth, but is convinced that those who search the maze are doomed to wander forever. Robert is certain the location of his bottle will be revealed to him, in time, if he only he shows patience.

DESCRIPTION: Robert is a finely dressed gentlemen of imposing height and build. At first glance, he appears flawless. The longer he is interacted with, however, the more flaws are spotted. Nicotine stains on his fingers and lips, cracked lips, sores on his fingers and on the corners of his mouth and liver-yellowed eyes. Still, his teeth — Sears dentures with a stamp date of 1901 on them — remain pearlescent white.

BACKGROUND: Robert remembers little of his history and thankfully so. He’s fairly certain he was party to awful things before the book-shop opened its doors.

DISINFORMATION: ABOUT ABIGAIL
Asking B.R. Robert about Abigail Wright is a simple matter. The proprietor is forthcoming and eager to help. He digs through ledgers (the most recent stamped 1949), and folds one open, searching listings written in Arabic so perfect, it looks machine printed. Every time a customer purchases something, Robert files another such entry in Arabic along with the date.

He recalls Abigail and might even know of her disappearance, “from the news.” He tracks his finger down the line and locates an entry. It places Abigail Wright at the book-shop on 22 FEB 1995, it doesn’t list the book purchased.

Those Agents who have Arabic 20%+ or make a successful roll trying to read the ledger while Robert pages through it, must make a Search roll. Failure indicates they catch a glimpse at the following single line in Arabic:

Muttaki’an mufandhilâ, “and stood awhile in thought.”

Success indicates they see the following four lines:

Quullida sayfa l-qandhalâ, “He took his vorpal sword in hand:”
Yurîdu sayda l-andidhalâ, “Long time the manxome foe he sought—”
Fi fayyi nakhli l-dhamdhami, “So rested he by the Tumtum tree,”
Muttaki’an mufandhilâ, “And stood awhile in thought.”

The words sound familiar to almost all Agents, but unless the players know it, their origin remains just out of reach.

When Robert leaves the desk (usually to disappear in the stacks) he locks the ledgers in his ancient key-operated strongbox next to the desk along with the money box, as if the ledgers contain valuable information. No matter how distracted he is, he always locks them up before leaving.

Those Agents that somehow gain access to the ledgers find that the Arabic in them repeats every 28 lines, each next to a date on the accompanying line. Those that read Arabic soon discover why. The entries are nothing but the poem Jabberwocky by Lewis Carroll from Alice in Wonderland translated into Arabic, repeating over and over again
over hundreds of pages — perhaps more than a thousand pages. There is no
information on clients or transactions within any of the other ledgers, but the dates and
the first entries in faded, brown ink begin 30 Août 1895 (August 30, 1895). The
handwriting is identical throughout all the books. This costs 0/1 SAN unnatural.

If confronted with this information, Robert laughs it off. He is eidetic and recalls every
customer (testing bears this fact out). “It is just a game I play. I assure you, my memory
is better than the best ledger.”

BOOK-SHOP MANIFESTATIONS
The following manifestations may be stumbled upon by anyone that manages to find
themselves in the Book-Shop. Most might be easily transported to anywhere in the
Night World.

EXEUNT: The Red Door
A red wooden door sized for a small child is visible behind a huge stack of books. It has
a large letter slot set into it, easily opened. The door itself cannot be opened until all the
books are moved, which causes a racket and the proprietor to shout, “is everything
alright?”

Once fully revealed, the door is 2 feet tall and 1 foot wide, and can be opened. Opening the door reveals a series of 3/4” thick wrought-iron bars embedded beyond the
threshold in the cinder block wall that surrounds the door frame. These bars prevent any
access to the dark space beyond, but any object smaller than 4” on a side may be put
through the bars. The room beyond smells stale and if lit, looks like the interior of a rust-
red closet with a full-sized door on the far side of a small space filled with piles of
clothing. There is no way through the bars that will not alert the owner.

This space leads to the Red Door in Dr. Elias Barbas’ bedroom closet (see EXEUNT:
THE CLOSET AND THE RED DOOR on page XX). Sometimes, and without warning,
the letter slot in the door opens and a copy of The King in Yellow (the Red Book format)
drops out. When this happens, those present in the book-shop can hear a man chanting
on the far side of the door, those with Alertness 30%+ hear: there was a red man/in a
red house/who had a red room/with a red door/he took a red book/and put it right
through/and then the book wasn’t there anymore. Those that open the red door to see
the speaker do so just as the door beyond the bars shuts.

Dreaming Man
Dust settles from above, casting a fog from a hanging light. Something big shifts on top
of the book shelves next to the Agent. Those peering into the dark see a man laying in
repose on top shelf of books. He has the classic look of a Depression-Era hobo. He
smiles with yellowed teeth and makes a “shh” gesture.

Those that attempt to ask him questions might hear the man whisper several cryptic
answers (all seem to involve a lake of clouds and swimming) before he goes back to
sleep. Those that attempt to apprehend him cause the entire stack to fall (and, likely, the
proprietor to arrive and see what’s happened). In the aftermath of the collapse, no man
is visible. Those Agents with Search 30%+ or who make a roll notice a book on the pile
has a silhouette cut out of a man reclining on top of a shelf of books. This costs 0/1 SAN unnatural.

It is The Dreaming Man’s Library. Louis Lam, Harcourt Brace 1941. The book concerns a hobo traveling the rails with a photographic memory, who consumes books like food. At night, he lives in those stories in his dreams.

**The Animal Den**
The pungent smell of animal urine overwhelms the Agents in the stacks as they approach a darkened area beneath a burned-out lightbulb. Science (Biology) or Zoology 20%+ or a successful roll indicates the urine came from sort of large cat — something like a bobcat or cougar. In the darkened area, the shelving has collapsed, and various books and magazines have been torn, scratched up, and piled in a sort of large nest.

Those taking time to search through the yellowed papers (and who make a Search roll) locate dozens of small bones. Most appear to be from pigeons, but later examination of the tiny bones identifies at least 10 phalanges from multiple human children hands (0/1 SAN violence). No animal is ever located, and the proprietor of the shop expresses dismay and confusion as to what could be the cause.

**The Room**
If any Agent asks to purchase a copy of The King in Yellow or an associated book (The Red Book, Le Roi de jaune, etc.), the proprietor leads them into the dark stacks for what seems like an impossible distance. Back, forth, left, right, up and down. Each time the proprietor arrives at a junction, he considers for a moment, before waggling his finger in the “correct” direction. Agents that make three successful Navigation rolls have a decent idea how to return to the front of the store.

Finally, the proprietor pulls up a trap door set in the wood floor, and down a few steps, clicks on a lightbulb. The entrance and the “basement” is too small to accommodate anyone but the proprietor. Inside, Agents see bare stone walls and a dirt floor. While still in the basement, the proprietor pulls the string to switch off the light. Agents with Search 20%+ or Alertness 20%+ or who make a successful roll see a hand in the dark pass a copy of the book to the proprietor (0/1 SAN unnatural), who then trots up the steps, slams the door shut, and hands the book to the Agents.

If asked about the hand, the proprietor denies there was anyone down there. The return to the front desk takes seconds — it is literally around two short turns. Those Agents that manage to return to the trapdoor without the proprietor find it, but the half-height crawlspace underneath is bare cement and cobwebs.
PART FIVE: A VOLUME OF SECRET FACES

THE KING: Lo, I reverse the arc. The arrow pulls back from your death, nocked once more in a taut string which men call hate.

–The King in Yellow, Act II, Scene IV

A Volume of Secret Faces is a Delta Green operation set in Boston in the fall of 2015, 20 years after the events of The Night Floors. The players are those Agents that survived The Night Floors (and any new Agents to replace casualties). They have been brought in to locate a group of patients that have escaped the Dorchester House psychiatric facility — a private hospital associated with Delta Green.

IN THE FIELD: STAGES OF A VOLUME OF SECRET FACES

A Volume of Secret Faces is a double-fake to dislodge the player’s Agents from the world. It appears to begin solidly seated in the reality, but by the end of the operation the Agents are uncertain if there even is a real world.

△ OUTSIDE LOOKING IN: At the start of the operation, Agents are searching for escaped Delta Green committed patients at the Dorchester house.

△ SECRETS, LIES, HORROR: The horrors of the Night World have gathered in the Dorchester house and in the homes of its employees, all under the influence of the King in Yellow. The Agents explore these locales infected by madness trying to locate its source.

△ THE PIVOT: Entering the Dorchester house after dark when the power of the King is greatest, the Agents realize suddenly that they are patients in the psychiatric facility. Agents are trapped in a Night World version of the Dorchester House, populated by monsters, the lost, and the damned.

△ EXISTENTIAL TERROR, ESCAPE: The Agents escape from the Night World through less-than-sane means and receive a note from the Clockwork Child, urging them on to find the Whisper Labyrinth beneath the Hotel Broadalbin.

BACKGROUND

The Dorchester House, a privately funded hospital that specializes in the treatment of violent psychiatric patients, has been involved with Delta Green for 26 years. Its director, a clinical psychologist named Dr. Richard Dallan, was a Delta Green friendly in the 1980s, and later, a high-level contact for dealing with the unfortunate byproduct of many Delta Green operations: mental instability. To those in the group, he is beyond reproach.

By the late-1990s, Dorchester House contained a dozen Delta Green Agents, friendlies, or witnesses under care. By 2015, all that remained of Delta Green alumni in
the Dorchester House were the [NUMBER OF PLAYER’S AGENTS] patients, committed
due to various instabilities.

As far as the Agents know, the story goes like this: on 28 AUG 2015, each of those
Delta Green patients disappeared from locked rooms, restraint beds and even isolation
cells, as if they had never been there at all, leaving behind only a strange symbol
flagged as unnatural. A cell-leader from the Delta Green Outlaws, Dr. Elias Barbas, was
brought in to investigate what was assumed to be a coordinated escape by patients
infected by an unnatural influence.

He in turn activated the Agents.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE DORCHESTER HOUSE
At least one of those Delta Green patients was previously exposed to *The King in
Yellow*. Keeping that patient — even in psychiatric isolation — was a mistake. Though
Dallan worked to keep the subjects isolated, they interacted with staff. In doing so, the
power and influence of the King in Yellow spread, infecting the Dorchester House. The
facility is now warped like the Macallistar building before it; though at first, for
newcomers, such changes are subtle.

Dr. Dallan and other hospital employees are vectors for the King in Yellow, and
though the madness pools in the hospital, it has spread elsewhere in employee’s
homes, frequent haunts, and vehicles. The employees themselves are beacons of
strangeness, dragging the surreal nature of Carcosa with them wherever they go.

Each employee and patient is changed. The do not sleep, and instead live an odd,
bifurcated existence. During the day, they appear normal, and some still go about their
daily lives without incident. But at night, many perform strange, surreal acts to appease
the power which has them.

Still, every day, the Dorchester House itself grows slightly stranger. While only those
open to the machinations of the King in Yellow can see all the oddities, all that stay too
long are transformed. When the Agents enter, this change begins for them as well.

The truth is, the player’s Agents are the third Delta Green team brought in. First the
servants of the King in Yellow at the hospital brought in and compromised Dr. Elias
Barbas. Shortly thereafter as Dr. Barbas’ mental deterioration due to his exposure to the
King in Yellow was noticed at his work, a real Delta Green team was sent in to
investigate him, and that group was captured and secured in the Night World of the
Dorchester House, (where they remain). Now, the player’s Agents are brought in to a
new operation by an invitation sent from Dr. Elias Barbas.

But the real Delta Green knows nothing of Dr. Barbas’ operation. For inscrutable
reasons, the King in Yellow wishes for the Agents to be drawn back into its mystery.

OPERATION INDIA MOON

The Agents are alerted on 28 AUG 2015 via a FedEx-delivered invitation for a private
birthday party for Richard Zeilony, at the Gateway Bridges Restaurant in Dorchester,
Boston 8 PM on 1 SEP 2015. Those with *Foreign Language (Polish)* 10%+ or who
make a successful roll, or that search the name on the internet, know “zeilony” is the
Polish word for “green.” No Agent knows a Richard Zeilony, but the front of the card is
embossed with a stylized green triangle, so Agents understand they have been called in for a Delta Green briefing.

The invitation reads:

*Please come and join us to celebrate the 51st birthday of our friend Richard Zeilony at the Gateway Bridges Restaurant, 9011 Potash Street, Dorchester, Boston, Massachusetts, 02121. (617) 218-2099.*

**DISINFORMATION: THE INVITATION**

The craftsmanship of the invitation is detailed and expensive. The text is apparently rendered by hand in fine handwriting with odd flourishes. Each invitation appears identical at a glance, but small unique imperfections are detectable, as if each was a meticulous and near-perfect hand copy of the other.

- **EXAMINING THE WRITING (FORENSICS 30%+ OR A SUCCESSFUL ROLL):**
  It is clear from the writing on the invitation that the person is right handed, has training in calligraphy, and is likely male. This handwriting does not match that of Dr. Barbas.

- **STUDYING THE WRITING IN DETAIL (ART (CALLIGRAPHY) 10%+ OR A SUCCESSFUL ROLL):**
  The lettering has odd loops and swirls, and appears to be somewhat uneven, as if the person writing it was trembling. Upon extremely close examination the Agent notices certain letters are marked with a small, nearly transparent pencil mark — a single dot of light grey lead — these marked letters spell: HELP ME. The Agent is also rewarded with +1 Corruption.

- **EXAMINING THE PAPER STOCK (FORENSIC EXAMINATION WITH MICROSCOPE AND UV LIGHT):**
  The paper stock of the invitation is luxuriant and hand-pressed, perhaps made at home by an expert. There are no obvious craftsman’s marks, stamps or dyes, but the paper is folded and glued like a picture in a frame, covering a large area of paper beneath the invitation itself.

- **TEARING OPEN THE TWO SHEETS OF PAPER:**
  Tearing the invitation out of its frame reveals a hidden area of paper, which has a large portion of odd handwritten text scribbled on it in ball-point pen:

> Our London business is good, but Vienna and Berlin are quiet. Mr. D. Lloyd has gone to Switzerland and I hope for good news. He will be there for a week at 1496 Zermott Street and then goes to Turin and Rome and will join Colonel Parry and arrive at Athens, Greece, November 27 or December 2. Letters there should be addressed King James Blvd. 3580. We expect Charles E. Fuller Tuesday. Dr. L. McQuaid and Robert Unger, Esq., left on the 'Y. X.' Express tonight.

This handwriting is that of Dr. Barbas. Strangely, this text is actually not a clue. Anyone with training in document identification with Forensics 25%+ recognizes it as a “request exemplar”; a portion of text a suspect is asked to write so that their handwriting might be compared to evidence.

Next to this writing is a gold foil stamp marked P-U-R-S-O-N. Occult 20%+ or a successful roll indicates it is a symbol involved in demonology, found in an occult text called the *Ars Goetia.* (see ASSET: THE PRELIMINARY INVOCATION TO
PRIMEUMATON on page XX). At the moment the symbol is revealed, a fire alarm goes off, either in the room the Agent is in, on nearby.

OPERATION INDIA MOON

The briefing for the operation is set at the Gateway Bridges Restaurant in Dorchester, Boston, at 8 PM on 1 SEP 2015. Clever Agents will research the location, or even stake it out to perhaps find out more about the person who set the appointment.

GATEWAY BRIDGES, RESTAURANT, 9011 POTASH STREET, DORCHESTER, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, 02121

This one-story Mediterranean restaurant has been in the Dorchester neighborhood of Boston since 1981. It has four stars on Yelp, and remains a favorite of locals for its Tuesday and Friday buy-one-get-one-free appetizer nights. The food is unremarkable. It employs nineteen people.

The owner of the restaurant is Eduardo Diaz (52 YOA, Hispanic American). He has no connection to the operation and no insight beyond the fact that on 28 JUN 2015 he booked the party room to an African American man that paid in cash, left the name Marbas, and gave a phone number (the number is for Dr. Barbas’ house, in Medford). The building is composed of a terraced area, a large dining room with 11 tables, a kitchen and utility area, and, in the back beyond the restrooms, two private party rooms. The larger party room can hold up to 12 people around a single, large table. On the night of the party a sign is on a stand outside the door marked, “PRIVATE FUNCTION: RICHARD ZEILONY BIRTHDAY.”

DISINFORMATION: SURVEILLING THE RESTAURANT

Paranoid Agents can surveil the restaurant. It backs on Gateway park; a small, stone-walled municipal park that empties at sundown. A surveillance nest could easily be installed at the wall behind the bushes with little fear of discovery.

There is little to see. Employees come and go and keep normal hours. Eduardo Diaz has a routine that focuses on being at the restaurant from 2 P.M. or 3 P.M. until 2 A.M. every day. No one odd comes or goes.

The larger party room has three windows and is easily spied upon from a distance. If monitored before the event, only Dr. Barbas is seen in the room; with an occasional waiter entering to ask if he needs anything. On a Luck roll, Agents observe Dr. Barbas remove a small metal case from his coat and pick a pill-sized item out of it, which he swallows.

Agents might also have a person on the outside during the briefing to keep overwatch on the party room. From the sniper position in the park, everyone in the party room is incredibly clear at night. An Agent with a scoped weapon could make quick work of anyone inside the room (treat this as a +20% to the first long firearm attack on targets in the restaurant by a sniper).

Agents that manage to wire the room for sound when Dr. Barbas is present on 1 SEP hear him humming a song to himself, occasionally speaking words aloud.
Let the red dawn surmise
What we shall do,
When this blue starlight dies
And all is through.

Searching for the lyrics eventually brings up the poem *Songs of the Sea Children* by Bliss Carman, once the poet laureate of Canada. Survivors of *The Night Floors* might find this poem familiar as it appeared on the wall of Abigail’s shrine in the Macallistar building (at the cost of 0/1 SAN helplessness).

Agents with a Corruption 2+ listening to Exeter sing this song have a momentary flash of a wall in an apartment covered in hundreds of bizarre items, and a piece of sheet music marked with those same words. But this thought feels alien, as if it was placed in their mind (0/1 SAN unnatural).

**DR. BARBAS’ VEHICLE**

Agents that surveil the restaurant before the briefing can easily locate Dr. Barbas’ car, a 2010 Ford Escape. It has a MASSACHUSETTS STATE POLICE sticker, as well as a parking permit for the Massachusetts State Police building in Framingham, Massachusetts. This sticker is overlaid on many similar stickers, indicating a long employment.

In the locked trunk are a scattering of papers, and a smashed, oil-stained cardboard box marked “EVIDENCE, FBI WHITE PLAINS, WRIGHT-A, 10-AUG-95,” in faded sharpie marker. Agent’s present in *The Night Floors* with recognize the box from Abigail Wright’s apartment and suffer 0/1 SAN helplessness (if they tell other Agents that were not there about it, the teller gains +1 Corruption). There is nothing in the box. Amidst the papers in the trunk are two thick napkins stained with various oil and gasoline stains, containing diagrams of mechanical devices drawn in ball-point pen labeled leão (“THE LION” in Portuguese) and escriba (“THE SCRIBE” in Portuguese).

The insurance paperwork in the glove box is made out to BARBAS, ELIAS M. AGE 60 and has a street address listed as 919 4th Street, Medford, Massachusetts, 02153. Occupation is listed as POLICE OFF.

**DISINFORMATION: RESEARCHING DR. BARBAS**

A Google search brings up Dr. Barbas on LinkedIn and lists his basic credentials, as well as his history with the Boston State Police and his Gmail and Massachusetts State Police email addresses. The photos match the individual seen at the briefing. He has no other social media accounts. The following methods of research reveal more:

- **PULLING LAW ENFORCEMENT STRINGS TO GET A COPY OF DR. BARBAS’ PERSONNEL FILE (BUREAUCRACY 30%+ OR A SUCCESSFUL ROLL):** Going through official channels to get a copy of Dr. Barbas’ personnel file is relatively easy for someone in Federal law enforcement. The file is extensive, covering 20+ years of distinguished service. Dr. Barbas was a popular administrator, oversaw 36 employees comprising the forensics division of the Massachusetts state police and was also the President of the local chapter of the National Association of Police Organizations for the last four years. He was within
five years of retirement before his sudden degeneration and withdrawal from his job beginning in JUN 2015. The end of the file is a series of official complaints, reprimands, and calls for hearings and psychological help. Finally, there is a formal letter from the Massachusetts State Police indicating Dr. Barbas was placed on administrative leave as proceedings are undertaken to fire him. This file contains his home address in Medford and a phone number to the house. This number matches the number used to book the party room at the Gateway Bridges Restaurant.

△ BRIBING A STATE POLICE EMPLOYEE TO GET A COPY OF DR. BARBAS’ PERSONNEL FILE (HUMINT 25%+ OR A SUCCESSFUL ROLL AND CRIMINOLOGY 30%+ OR A SUCCESSFUL ROLL, AND AN UNUSUAL EXPENSE $1000-$5000): Going through unofficial and illegal channels to get a copy of Dr. Barbas’ personnel file is difficult and expensive. Even if both rolls are successful and the Agent gets a copy of the file (identical to the one above) the Agent must then make a Luck roll. A fumble indicates that the Agent is named or identified in an indictment in 1D6+2 months against their source, and may be prosecuted for various crimes.

△ QUESTIONING EMPLOYEES IN THE STATE POLICE ABOUT DR. BARBAS (A PERSUADE, HUMINT OR BUREAUCRACY ROLL): Those Agents that question people in the Massachusetts State Police about Dr. Barbas find many that know him. Most say that Dr. Barbas is a well-known stickler for the rules, is considered a perfectionist, and was on the fast-track, etc. Few of these people have seen him in some time, however. As such, it’s likely this information is several months out-of-date and does not cover his degeneration and dismissal.

△ QUESTIONING PEOPLE THAT WORKED DIRECTLY WITH DR. BARBAS (A LAW OR BUREAUCRACY ROLL): Agents that question those that worked directly with Dr. Barbas at the State Police Building are stonewalled unless they have law enforcement clout. Such law enforcement Agents that make a successful Law or Bureaucracy roll, meet Detective Emeline Skehan or Trooper Michael Dawkin. They are both worried about Dr. Barbas and want to help. A critical success indicates that other law enforcement agents, including a member of the DEA, were asking after Dr. Barbas and his strange behavior in mid-to-late June.

Detective Emeline Skehan
Detective Emeline Skehan (Caucasian female, 36 YOA) was the victim of an assault by Dr. Barbas in June. The two were friends for six years before she entered Barbas’ office unannounced on the night of 8 JUN 2015 and a struggle ensued between Skehan and Barbas, for no clear reason, ending in Barbas being injured and Skehan reporting the incident. After a day to cool off, charges were dropped.

Dr. Barbas apologized via email and agreed to seek counseling, but never did. If asked about that night, Skehan claims she saw Barbas writing on a piece of thick, tan paper, with an old-looking pen. Her seeing this is apparently what sent him into a rage. She has no idea what was on the paper. She is worried for Barbas’ sanity, and claims that Barbas looked completely deranged, not at all like himself. She indicates she has noticed a definite “slipping away” in him since the beginning of June.
PASSING STRANGE: Emeline Skehan is the great granddaughter of Mark Fitzroy, brother of Emeline F. Fitzroy, child-prodigy and author of *A World Without Doors*. Skehan was named after her great grand-aunt. She knows this, and reveals it, if asked about her unusual first name. Those Agents familiar with the work that discover this gain +1 Corruption.

DISINFORMATION: THE EMAIL
Agents that implore Skehan for the apology email from Barbas must make a HUMINT, Persuade, or Bureaucracy roll to get her to forward it. It reads:

Dear em
Only once before have I had to write something like this. No one knows how I feel, except maybe you? To look back on all this stuff and think: what did I do? Forgive me. Once we were friends. Let’s just put this behind us. Let’s get on with our lives. Obviously things will never be the same between us. What I want most is for this to be in the past.

It is unsigned, but the email is from Barbas’ account with the Massachusetts State Police and is time-stamped 10 JUN 2015. Each capital letter read in sequence reveals: DONT FOLLOW and rewards the discovering party +1 Corruption.

State Trooper Michael Dawkin
Dawkin (Caucasian male, 41 YOA) has worked with Dr. Barbas for four years. Along with several other troopers, Dawkin went to Barbas’ house on 11 JUL, in an attempt to talk him down. The troopers were invited into Barbas’ Medford home, where they found him “breaking down a motorcycle.”

The group was served exceptional brandy and snacks and talked for some time. Barbas claimed that a new job had caught his eye and was consuming his time, though what it was, he didn’t say.

During a bathroom break, Dawkin glanced upstairs and saw a “hot” woman standing in a long, flowing, white gown that was “uh, revealing.” She smiled at him, and went back the way she came. Dawkin now believes Barbas and Skehan had a lover’s quarrel when he broke it off with her.

WELCOME TO THE PARTY
Those Agents that show up at the Gateway Bridges restaurant on 1 SEP 2015 are led to the private party room in the back of the building. There, they find a 60-something African American man waiting for them.

Agent Exeter (whom they may call doctor,) asks them to sit and settle in. He is somber and establishes the following:

Δ The operation is codenamed INDIA MOON. It is about locating former operatives of the group.

Δ These operatives have been under care at a psychiatric facility in Boston with deep connections to the group. These patients have been incarcerated for some time. They are now missing. See the list.
Each went missing on 28 AUG 2015 at approximately the same time. The police have not been alerted but the group wants them found.

A message written on the wall of one of their rooms reads: “Abigail has gone to sea / cross the waves to rescue me / in a ship both tall and fine / she rounds the corner marking time.” A photo shows this message appears to be drawn in blood.

Before their incarceration, each of these operatives came in contact with a book known to have unnatural properties. The book goes by many titles.

As such, the recovery of any occult orientated book in this operation is to be reported, and barring a cursory examination for title and author, are not to be read.

Exeter hands an Agent a large, old-looking, satellite phone. The group can be contacted securely by pressing *616 on the phone, but communications should be kept to a minimum.

He then hands the Agents a card for Dr. Richard Dallan, of the Dorchester House Psychiatric Treatment Facility; with Dallan’s email, telephone, and FAX number, as well as the address for the Dorchester House. Dr. Dallan is a group friendly, and is familiar with the group’s activities. He is expecting the Agents.

Exeter answers any questions within his direct knowledge truthfully, but does so in the least forthcoming way possible. Those Agents that survived The Night Floors will no doubt recognize Abigail’s name, and suffer 0/1 SAN helplessness in doing so.

DISINFORMATION: INDIA MOON
Clever Agents notice the odd name of the operation. Searching for it on the internet reveals page after page examining the Indian space program; a dead end.

Agents that attempt to puzzle something out from the name, and persist past the Indian space program in their questioning are permitted a single INTx2 roll. On a success, they realize it might be an anagram. India Moon is an anagram for “daimonion”; Plato’s “inner voice which deterred him from certain actions.” In classical literature, the daimonion was a “guiding spirit which incited action.” A force which sent heroes or villains upon quests and great acts, and which might be lesser gods, the spirits of the dead, or other, stranger forces at work in the world of man. This also gains the Agent +1 Corruption.

Agents with a background in the humanities know the term “daimonion”, and the reference. It is the origin of the word demon, described in Plato’s Symposium as beings, “interpreting and transporting human things to the gods and divine things to men; entreaties and sacrifices from below, and ordinances and requisits from above…”

DR. ELIAS BARBAS
Dr. Elias Barbas, who introduces himself as Agent Exeter or simply “doctor” (African American male, 60 YOA) lives more than half his life in the Night World now. Once he
was a true believer in Delta Green’s mandate. Sometimes, he still is. Such is his madness. Now, he also serves the King in Yellow.

On 29 MAY 2015, Dr. Barbas believed he was activated by Delta Green to assist Dr. Dallan in locating the missing patients from the Dorchester House, but it was actually Dr. Dallan that activated him. During the investigation, Dr. Barbas fell under the influence of the King in Yellow, just like the other Dorchester House employees and patients.

Dr. Barbas’ strange behavior at work brought real Delta Green scrutiny. Inquiries were made quietly about him at his workplace and a team of Delta Green Agents was activated to follow him. They became suspicious of Dr. Barbas’ behavior and requested the help of the nearby Dr. Dallan and the Dorchester House. Their plan was to forcibly commit Dr. Barbas in early July.

Though Dr. Dallan appeared cooperative, the Dorchester House staff turned on the Delta Green team instead of Dr. Barbas. That second team of agents is now incarcerated in the Dorchester House, under five point bed restraint, heavily drugged. Delta Green remains unaware of their fate and further developments in Dr. Barbas’ case.

Since June, Dr. Barbas has been hand-writing a book he calls The King in Yellow, over and over again. The ritual of creating this book is beyond habitual, and he must abase himself to this drive at least once a day. Dr. Barbas keeps a copy of this book crumpled in his clothing beneath a pair of long johns and occasionally when he is hungry, eats them.

Dr. Barbas is obsessed with machines and clockwork. He’s worked feverishly to collect, disassemble and “invent” entirely new machines from old car parts, clock parts and mechanical hinges and springs. Two of his creations, THE SCRIBE and THE LION (created from diagrams he found in his time in the Night World) are at his home in Medford Massachusetts. Since then, the Scribe — a strange, mechanical, typewriter — has been issuing Dr. Barbas “instructions.”

On 28 JUN 2015, the Scribe wrote out instructions for Dr. Barbas to rent a party room at a Boston restaurant on 1 SEP 2015. Later, on 27 AUG 2015, the Scribe spontaneously created invitations for the player’s Agents, calling them to the Zeilony birthday at that location on 1 SEP (somehow knowing their names and involvement with the group).

If confronted in a way where his madness cannot be denied, Dr. Barbas attempts to subdue or kill anyone present. Those captured by the doctor wake in the Dorchester House under heavy sedation in lockup.

DR. ELIAS BARBAS, AGENT EXETER, AKA MARBAS
Unhinged director of forensics, African American male, age 60

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BONDS: None.

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:
- Δ Believes he is the author of The King in Yellow.
- Δ Obsession: Must write out The King in Yellow again and again.
- Δ Obsession: Urge to build strange clockwork machines.
Intermittent explosive disorder (see THE AGENT'S HANDBOOK page XX).

Obsessive compulsive disorder (see THE AGENT'S HANDBOOK page XX).

**SKILLS:** Accounting 30%, Alertness 40%, Athletics 20%, Art (Calligraphy) 20%, Bureaucracy 40%, Computer Science 30%, Craft (Mechanics) 50%, Criminology 50%, Dodge 40%, Drive 50%, Firearms 50%, First Aid 20%, Forensics 60%, Heavy Machinery 25%, HISTORY 20%, HUMINT 30%, Law 40%, Melee Weapons 40%, Navigate 40%, Occult 20%, Persuade 30%, Search 40%, Swim 40%, Unarmed Combat 40%, Unnatural 10%.

**ARMOR:** 3 points of the surreal power of the pages of *The King in Yellow* hidden in his clothing.

**ATTACKS:**

- Sigarms .45 Caliber Pistol 50%, damage 1D8.
- Unarmed 48%, damage 1D4-1.

**DESCRIPTION:** Dr. Barbas is a tall, older, African American man with grey hair, an unkempt mustache and beard, and brown eyes. He is gaunt, moves slowly, appears ill, has a flat affect, rarely engages in eye-contact, and tends to speak in straightforward sentences. A Psychotherapy roll reveals that he is truthful, but under severe stress. His arms have burn scars to the wrists, visible only when he gestures or points. His fingernails are always black with grease, and he smells of body odor, oil, and gasoline. When Dr. Barbas moves, there is a subtle noise of crumpling paper. Those that see the scars might think of concealed bandages, but the noise is actually a handwritten copy of *The King in Yellow* which he has stuffed and folded next to his body beneath a pair of long johns.

**BACKGROUND:** Barbas was a state police officer before attending the forensic science masters program at the Boston University School of Medicine. He then took the job of forensic examiner, and spent nearly a decade working crime scenes until his promotion to director of forensic science. He has been the director for eight years. He was an exemplary employee until the spiraling mess of the last three months. Beginning in JUN 2015, Dr. Barbas began missing work. Then, he assaulted an associate. He was assigned a mandatory psychiatric assessment in August, but never showed. Phone calls and mail to his home have gone unanswered. A petition to the police union has indicated that he is to be fired, but the union is fighting it. Dr. Barbas is a lifelong bachelor, and lives alone in a house on 4th Street in Medford, Massachusetts where he performs his odd rituals of abasement to the power of Carcosa, a force he will never understand, and which is set to consume him.

**PASSING STRANGE:**

- Dr. Barbas was born on 30 AUG 1955, the same day the play *Her Grey Song* opened (and closed) off-Broadway.
- Dr. Barbas’ Medford house completed construction on 21 MAY 1924, the same day the Macallistar building (then called the Lundine house) was completed in Manhattan. It is also Emeline F. Fitzroy’s (child-author of a *A World Without Doors*) birthday.

**EQUIPMENT:**

- Wallet (with ID, Police ID, various credit cards and insurance).
- Police pistol and holster.
Δ An old, copper key marked with a filigreed ‘B’, and a room number 616 (see THE MISSING ROOM on page XX).
Δ Keys (to his car and home).
Δ An Emagico security card-key marked with masking tape and the name MARBAS on it in black ink. It is a scan card for most doors in the Dorchester psychiatric treatment facility.
Δ An envelope filled with burned paper fragments and ashes.
Δ A small silver pill case, carved with the laughing face of a child whose eyes have been scratched out. Inside are a half a dozen rotten, or semi-rotten, baby teeth (0/1 SAN unnatural loss if the Agent witnessed Exeter eating one).
Δ Carefully numbered and hand written pages of The King in Yellow (stuffed in his clothing).

Agent Exeter gives the following to the Agents:

**Clue: Dr. Dallan’s Card**
A cheap, generic-looking card made at Kinkos for:

**Dr. Richard F. Dallan, Director**
**Dorchester House Psychiatric Facility**
**48 Norwood Street, Boston, MA 02122**
“Sometimes things become possible if we want them bad enough.”
for@sdhpf.com/tel.617.224.9182/FAX 617.224.9181

Nothing else is on the card. Art (Writing) 20%+ or a Google search indicates the quote is T.S. Elliot.

**DISINFORMATION: RESEARCHING DORCHESTER HOUSE AND DR. DALLAN**
A Google search brings up the Dorchester House homepage and mission statement. Dorchester House is a fully accredited psychiatric facility that focuses on the treatment of violent mental illness, with a focus on high-risk groups in the medical field, law enforcement and fire and rescue. and It was founded in 1989 by Dr. Dallan and a grant from the St. Dymphna Foundation. It is self-funded and its reputation is sterling.

Pulling strings in the medical community (Bureaucracy 20%+ or roll, or Medicine, or Psychotherapy roll) reveals the following about Dorchester House:

Δ It is state-of-the-art.
Δ It is a boutique facility which admits select patients only.
Δ It costs approximately $7,000 dollars per patient, per week.
Δ The facility has a below-average incidence of complaints.
Δ Dr. Dallan is considered an expert in the field of treating violent psychiatric conditions, as well as law enforcement/military PTSD.
Δ It has a very-low turnover rate for employees.

Dr. Dallan is easily found online and in psychiatric peer-journals. His speciality is law-enforcement/first responder/military PTSD, and he has published dozens of articles on
the subject. He has the usual social media footprint (Facebook and Instagram account) which shows a big, burly man in suspenders with an uneven smile enjoying life in Boston. He is a life-long bachelor.

Dr. Dallan’s middle name Foras is unusual (it means “out” or “outside” in Latin). If it is searched for on its own, Foras is revealed as the name of a demon in the *Ars Goetia* with the following characteristics (and it grants the Agent +1 Corruption):

> **Foras is a powerful President of Hell, being obeyed by twenty-nine legions of demons. He teaches logic and ethics in all their branches, the virtues of all herbs and precious stones, can make a man witty, eloquent and live long, and can discover treasures and recover lost things. He is depicted as a strong man.**

**Clue: The List**

A short list written in a cramped, mechanical hand. **Forensics 20%+ or roll identifies it as the same as the writing from inside the Zeilony invitation; that of Dr. Barbas. These names can be anagrams, gibberish, or totally mundane (as they are not real people at all). The Handler should work out the names on this list before play begins.

**EXEUNT: THE SATELLITE PHONE AND THE VOICE ON THE LINE**

This is a bulky, old, satellite phone from the 1990s. It includes a 9-volt adapter and charging cord, along with an international plug adapter set, however, the battery indicator on the LED never runs below half. It was manufactured by SEERE INC and the phone is marked with a brand logo of a pegasus. It has 13 keys, each with two symbols (for a total of 26).

Turning it on causes it to boot with a three-tone beep. Dialing *616 is the only function that does anything — it does not operate as a normal phone. There is no number indicated on the phone to receive calls. When *616 is dialed, it rings twice before being picked up — presumably by the “group.”

Those attempting any computer tomfoolery with an hour and a **Computer Science roll** to connect to the phone through its one, ancient, serial port never find any definites except its date of manufacture: 1999-01-01. Everything else is digital gibberish.

Those that break open the injection-molded plastic casing of the phone (which, in turn causes it to cease functioning) find worse things. In addition to gaining +1 Corruption, they find that inside the phone is stuffed with earth, rocks, and dried fragments of plants, which spill out — having been packed in so tightly that they could not move when shut. There are no electronics inside the device at all. Any who operated the phone and spoke to the voice on the line immediately suffer 0/1D4 **SAN** unnatural from this revelation.

In the center of the dirt is a small green-glass vial containing a healthy-looking green leaf; **Science (Botany) 10%+** indicates it is from a plant called hellebore. Closer examination reveals a live, tiny, golden bug (see **GOLD BUG** on page XX), feeding on the leaf. This insect is as yet unidentified by science. Depending how long the Agents have had the phone, even the fact the bug is alive might inflict an additional +1 **SAN** unnatural.

The voice on the other end of the satellite phone is male, distracted, and often interrupted with static. Agents might presume this voice speaks for the “group”, but they
would be very, very, wrong. This voice might be best termed as the daimonion, or perhaps the King in Yellow itself.

This method of communication is provided to the Handler as a tool to prod the Agent towards or away from particular encounters. It can build paranoia (“Agent Exeter is your target”), or remove suspicion (“Exeter is out of his depth, Dr. Dallan is the target”).

The voice always speaks definitively, gruffly, and interrupts or hangs up at random. When it does so, it does not answer follow up phone calls for some time. If Agents interacted with the the Walkie-Talkie in *The Night Floors* their players might recognize snippets of sounds and voices on the satellite phone that match what they heard, back in 1995. The two might even be able to communicate, after a fashion.

If requests are made to the voice on the satellite phone for equipment, money, or other resources, that Agent gains +1 Corruption, and the voice on the line says “it is done,” immediately hangs up, and fulfills such requests within a day or two. Such things are delivered in the middle of the night or in the early morning, left at the front door of a hotel room, or behind a rent-a-car, etc.

Those Agents that succeed at a Luck roll might hear a delivery, and rush to catch a brief glimpse of an odd, stiff-legged silhouette far off in the night or early morning, moving in a bizarre, leg-swinging gait. Such an Agent cannot be certain, but it seems the figure’s feet are dangling inches off the ground and it is dressed in a uniform of red and gold (0/1D4 SAN unnatural). These figures can never be caught.

Delivered items such as weapons are packed in wooden boxes covered in import/export stamps and chalk. Those Agents who spend 10-hours and who have Bureaucracy 50%+ (or who score a success on a Bureaucracy roll) can track the stamps back to Lisbon, Portugal. One stamp on the box is either fictional, or unknown to international re-shippers. It reads YHT/HAL. Money is always in 1933 D series American 100 dollar bills which appear new and uncirculated (some stained with blood).

**DISINFORMATION: RESEARCHING SEERE**

Searching for Seere on Google immediately reveals it is the name of a demon in *Ars Goetia*. Seere is listed as a demon with the following characteristics:

*Seere is a Prince of Hell with twenty-six legions of demons under his command. He can go to any place on earth in a matter of seconds to accomplish the will of the conjurer, bring abundance, help in finding hidden treasures or in robbery, and is not a demon of evil but good nature, being mostly indifferent to evilness. He is depicted as a man riding a winged horse, and is said to be beautiful.*

Those who examine the SEERE Inc. logo on the satellite phone after this research make out a small rider on the back of the pegasus which was not there previously (0/1 SAN unnatural) and gain +1 Corruption. Those hoping to find SEERE on the web must look forty or so pages into a Google search results before text entries mentioning “Seere Inc.” begin to pop up.

All these entries are from a PDF of a book called *Mental Illness in the Work Place and Beyond* by Devon Greenbrier, Grolier’s International in 1986. Seere Inc. is a fictional company setting for all the examples found in this book; an instructional on how to deal with mental illness in a corporate setting. Seere Inc. never existed except as a
fiction. This knowledge costs 0/1 SAN helplessness. Below are a few examples of entries in the workbook section:

- **∆ Ophelia S. is a secretary for Seere Inc. who has become preoccupied with a home project. All discussions are about the renovation, and no discussion — not even professional discussions — can pass without her referencing the subject. Her manager reports this behavior. Do you: (multiple choice answers)**

- **∆ Maximo F. is a regional manager for Seere Inc. who has had a psychotic break due to the death of a loved one. He reports that invisible spiders are infesting his work station to human resources. Do you: (multiple choice answers)**

- **∆ Abigail W., regional manager for Seere Inc. fails to show up to work for two weeks. When she finally arrives, she claims to have traveled to a foreign country to marry a king. But her demeanor is disheveled, and many say she is not herself. Should you report this to mental health services Y/N?**

- **∆ Mark R. is a salesmen who handles the northeastern corridor of Seere Inc.’s electronics line. Multiple reports from hotel managers indicate he is carrying a porcelain doll with him everywhere he goes and speaking to it when no one else is present, but his work does not seem to suffer. Do you: (multiple choice answers)**

- **∆ {AGENT’S REAL NAME AND INITIAL} is a hard worker that one day begins to talk about how his entire life is actually a giant, ongoing play being put on by some unseen supernatural entity like a God. His work ethic continues to shine even as he speaks about this more and more. Do you: (multiple choice answers)**

**DR. BARBAS’ RESIDENCE: 919 4TH ST., MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS, 02153**

Built in 1924, Dr. Barbas’ house is an uneven, two-story, rust-red bungalow on an unkempt lawn on an otherwise carefully maintained, quiet, street in the Medford neighborhood of Boston. The storm door at the back of the house is used as the entrance, but all doors remain locked, even when Dr. Barbas is home. At night, it is the only house on the block not lit by electric lights.

Anyone poking around the house is likely to draw the attention of a nosy neighbor. Those who look for a key for 10-minutes find one on a Search roll, concealed in a fake rock to the side of the walk-up back door. The windows are locked and both the front and back door requires Craft (Locksmith) 20%+ and a roll to open. Failure indicates the lock holds but is obviously damaged. There is no security system.

**DISINFORMATION: QUESTIONING DR. BARBAS’ NEIGHBORS**

Agents can approach Dr. Barbas’ neighbors, but in the tight-knit Medford neighborhood, this could yield secrets or alert Dr. Barbas to trouble. Here’s what the neighbors know:

- **∆ NEIGHBOR-JESUS S. TORAIN (HISPANIC MALE, 31 YOA):** The four members of the Torain family (two children, Jesus Torain and his wife Tiffany,) live in a small house next door to Dr. Barbas. As a full-time security guard, Jesus is eager to cooperate with identified law enforcement and they gain +20% to all social rolls with him. He claims Dr. Barbas has been “weird” since at least June, and his
house has fallen into disrepair. Recently, the electricity was shut off. The doctor still comes and goes, but now moves around the house in an “old-timey mining helmet.” The family often hears strange mechanical noises from the house, especially at night. They haven’t talked with Dr. Barbas in months.

∆ **NEIGHBOR-RUBY J. MORRIS (CAUCASIAN FEMALE, 66 YOA):** Ruby Morris is a widow whose immaculate home borders the rear of Dr. Barbas’ house and has a perfect overwatch. Mrs. Morris is fully aware the “black guy is losing his marbles,” and refers to it as the “house full of lunatics over there.” If asked more about this, she’ll say she saw a woman in the backyard one night, naked. She was young and “good looking, I guess,” with curly black hair. Later, she saw Dr. Barbas with a white-haired Caucasian man in his kitchen lit by lamp light early one morning. “I don’t know, I get the feeling there’s a ton of people over in there.”

∆ **NEIGHBOR-DANIEL C. WHITTEN (CAUCASIAN MALE, 37 YOA):** Whitten is ex-Marine, lives alone in a clean, utilitarian home on the other side of Dr. Barbas’ house, and once spoke to the doctor every morning as the two left for work. Whitten is hesitant to talk about Dr. Barbas. If pushed, he confesses that many strange things have been going on. Since June, Barbas has effectively vanished from neighborhood life, and several times Whitten is certain people were watching the doctor’s house. Returning from a night run in late June, he confronted a group of people arguing in a rental car across the street from Dr. Barbas’ house. The group (a man, two women and an older man) quickly left the scene. Whitten has also heard chanting come from the house, along with the sound of a “sump pump or something like a pogo stick,” but only at night.

That’s all the neighbors know, but what the witnesses might say changes depending on what approach an Agent takes:

∆ **APPROACH AS LAW ENFORCEMENT:** “We’re investigating Dr. Barbas…” This requires a Law and Persuade roll. If both rolls are a success, the neighbor tells them all they know and keeps their mouth shut. If the Law roll succeeds but Persuade fails, they tell the Agents what they ask, but also later tell Dr. Barbas or another neighbor of the Agent’s visit. If the Law roll fails, the neighbor refuses to talk. If the Law roll fumbles, the neighbor calls the Boston police to complain.

∆ **APPROACH AS FRIENDS:** “We’re worried about our friend Elias…” This requires a HUMINT and Persuade roll. If both rolls are a success, the neighbor tells them all they know and keeps their mouth shut. If the HUMINT roll succeeds but the Persuade fails, they tell the Agents what is asked, but leave out the odd stuff. If the Persuade roll fails, the neighbor refuses to talk. If the Persuade roll fumbles, the neighbor tells Dr. Barbas of the Agent’s visit.

∆ **STRONG-ARM:** “If you don’t tell us what we need to hear…” This requires two Persuade rolls. If the Agent fails to identify themselves as law enforcement (or they’re NOT law enforcement) both rolls are -20%. On a double success, the neighbor is intimidated and tells the Agents all they know, and they keep their mouth shut. If either roll fails, they later confess to other neighbors or Dr. Barbas what went on. On a fumble, the neighbor secretly caught the intimidation attempt on video, and they try to pursue legal action by contacting the Boston police.
THE FRONT PORCH

The front porch is a patio with an overhang, and is very dark at night. Still, it’s obvious from the street that it is rarely used as it’s covered in mail, leaves, and dirt. The front door does not appear to have been opened in some time.

Clue: The Mail

There is a preponderance of water-damaged mail spilled out on the front porch of the house. Most mail items are past-due notices, collection notices, and signs of a deteriorating lifestyle. An **Accounting** roll and one hour to examine the paperwork can clearly spot the point at which Dr. Barbas’ deterioration began: early June. The power and water were disconnected 15 AUG, and various letters from the police union indicate an ever mounting series of threats to Dr. Barbas’ job as director of forensic services at the Massachusetts State Police.

There is also a postcard with a tinted photograph of an odd looking castle. It has no stamp or postmark. A **History** 20%+ or roll reveals the photo is likely of France or Spain. An **Art (Architecture)** 20%+ or roll reveals the castle appears of Moorish design, and so, likely would be in Spain. An **Art (Photography)** 20%+ or roll identifies it as a hand-tinted black and white photograph likely taken in the early 20th century (it is a picture of the Palace in Carcosa from the pier at the Clockwork Factory).

The handwriting on the back is a bizarre, jumbled code. A **Forensics** 30%+ or roll indicates that the person is right handed and is likely male but it does not match that of Dr. Barbas. Some letters are forward, some backwards and some upside down. Making a **Science (Math)** or **Craft (Cryptography)** roll reveals a simple cypher where the text is read from the inside out in 4-letter chunks, before skipping to the nearest E or A in a new direction.

The message, besides granting +1 Corruption, reads:

```
Dearest M,
Made the crossing with a strange little man called Moseby. All is well. The towers of gold are magnificent and Yihitel (sp?) is a wonder. Say ‘hullo’ to V. for me. Abigail is here. Wish you were.
```

DISINFORMATION: SPYING ON DR. BARBAS’ HOUSE

Dr. Barbas comes and goes from the house only at night. He parks his Ford in the driveway, stomps up the back steps (often carrying a box of books or machine parts) and goes inside using the keys in his pocket to unlock the door. He leaves about an hour before dawn, and if followed, vanishes in traffic on the highway heading downtown.

Agents can find several secure locations to surveil Dr. Barbas’ house from outside; the best being the backyard Ruby Morris’ house which has a huge unused garage surrounded by hedges with a clear view. Those watching the house may make a **Search** roll each hour Barbas is home at night, each success indicates the observe one result below:

- **THE RED BOOKS**: Agents see Barbas marching past ground floor windows hauling a Chiquita Banana cardboard box filled with a stack of identical, red-leather books. No title is visible. Barbas heads upstairs and into the second
bedroom talking to himself (Alertness 30%+ or a successful roll, or the ability to read lips indicates he’s repeating something over and over again). Strangely, Dr. Barbas is wearing a long, ceremonial-looking, red robe. Those who have wired the house for sound, can hear the doctor chanting: “there was a red man/in a red house/who had a red room/with a red door/he took a red book/and put it right through/and then the book wasn’t there anymore.” When Dr. Barbas returns from upstairs, the box, the books, and robe are gone.

△ **LAMP HAT:** Agents see Dr. Barbas moving around in the dark house with a strange, metallic hat on his head. Later, when it is lit, it is recognizable as a turn-of-the-century mining helmet. He moves around the house in the dark wearing it to light his way.

△ **CONVERSATION:** Agents see a lamp in the upper window in the second bedroom. Dr. Barbas stands at the window, and seems to be talking to someone outside of view. He does not turn from the window, and makes odd hand-gestures — posed, like some sort of signal.

△ **THE MACHINE:** Agents hear a repetitive, mechanical, clanking noise strong enough to cause the windows of the whole house to visibly vibrate. Dr. Barbas shouts something in response to it, and it stops almost as soon as it starts.

△ **SUMMONS:** Agents hear shouting coming from the house in Dr. Barbas’ voice; “by the name PRIMEUMATON who commandeth the whole host of Heaven…” Anyone coming close to the house hears a different male voice speak in return. “Oh darkest spirit, speak thy secrets upon me, and reveal thy nature and sum…” A Psychology roll on this voice indicates it is utterly terrified. A HUMINT roll indicates English is not the voice’s native language while a Foreign Language (French) 20%+ or roll indicates that French is.

△ **THE WOMAN:** An Agent spies a half-dressed woman in a gauzy white robe at the upper story window of Dr. Barbas’ bedroom. She looks out the window, and is spoken to by someone that cannot be seen. A moment later, Dr. Barbas stomps out the back door and discards a box of auto parts in the yard. Still, the woman continues to speak to someone upstairs. If the house is searched — even if it is surveilled 24/7 — the woman and the other party of her conversation cannot be found on the premises.

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**INSIDE**

Inside the house, the smell of oil is immediate and overwhelming. The electricity in the house is off, and inside it is perpetually dark, and all actions that rely on sight are -20% without a light source. Those that move rapidly in the house without a light source at night must make Luck roll for each action, on a fail, they suffer 1 HP damage as they smash into something; making a horrible racket.

**THE ABANDONED BACK ROOM**

This bedroom and its closet are cleared out. The floor is bare. It appears as if no one has been in this room for a long time.
THE LIVING ROOM AND DINING ROOM

The living room and dining room are cleared to a bare wood floor which is pitted and stained with oil and gasoline. Large, ponderous machines — like truck driveshafts, industrial counterweights, and more — are strewn throughout the living and dining room in various states of disassembly. Tools, old books, and other items lay on the floor.

Fifteen minutes and a Search roll reveals a torn, oil stained Kinko’s Copy version of an occult book called the Ars Goetia marked with notes by Dr. Barbas and a unique, large, odd, standing clockwork called the Lion.

THREAT MATRIX: THE LION

The Lion is a series of greased steel pipes connected to one another by iron flywheels, cogs and odd, small, gearboxes which protrude from its otherwise thin silhouette. Its “head” is a square gearbox in the center of the structure. At first glance, it looks like the innards of an inverted, industrial, giant umbrella without the cloth; or a weapons-grade hat rack. The base of its poles end in small, half-moon steel tubes cut at an angle (those that have been in the bedroom upstairs, and who make a INTx5 roll recognize that these are the source of the marks there). The Lion weighs approximately 480 pounds.

Those approaching within 3 feet (1 meter) of the Lion, hear a definitive click, and then an ever-increasing whirring sound. Those with Craft (Mechanics) 30%+ or roll recognize that it is “spinning up” — despite the fact that it is not plugged into anything and holds no apparent power-source. When it reaches speed, it deploys, snapping open into a four-point spread of metal legs, like a lunar lander.

The lion relentlessly attacks anyone except Dr. Barbas. It does so by suddenly lashing out with a single, telescoping limb (hidden in its form until it is deployed), in a stabbing motion, or by ramming a target with its prodigious weight. It is capable of a rambling, hopping gait of surprising speed, which in addition to making a terrible racket, leaves half-moon cuts in the wood floor. Like a giant spider it can leap a dozen or more feet in a single jump, and “run” faster than a slow-moving car. Once activated, it kills anyone it can, and once destroyed, can never be reactivated. It pursues targets outside at night, and doors and walls are no impediment; it can launch itself through them.

Those with Craft (Mechanics) 30%+ who witness it in operation suffer the maximum possible SAN loss for it (4 points SAN unnatural) because it is obvious there is no way it should work at all.

THE LION

Mechanical monstrosity

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HP 35

ARMOR: See STEEL.

SKILLS: Alertness 30%, Athletics 50%, Dodge 20%, Melee Weapons 55%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS:

\[\Delta\] Impale 50%, damage 1D8+2, Armor Piercing 3.

\[\Delta\] Ram 50%, damage 2D6, Armor Piercing 2.

SPECIAL ABILITIES:
△ UNTRAPPABLE: The Lion is impossible to entrap. Placing it in a room, restraints, or even burying it underground fails to contain it. The moment it is unobserved and no longer hunting, it transits back to Carcosa, escaping to continue its work (0/1 SAN unnatural).

△ IMPOSSIBLE GEARS: The construction of the Lion is impossible. Anyone examining its machinery after seeing it function suffers 0/1D4 SAN unnatural as they realize it is powered by nothing. Those with Craft (Mechanics) 30%+ or who make a successful roll automatically suffer 4 points SAN and gain +1 Corruption. It should not be able to move at all. Yet it does.

△ STEEL: The Lion is constructed from industrial metal. Every attack that hits and rolls an odd number in its damage result inflicts only 1 point of damage, maximum (even Lethality attacks are subject to this rule — an odd Lethality result inflicts 1 HP maximum, otherwise a successful Lethality result inflicts 2D10 HP damage only). It is completely immune to fire.

SANITY LOSS: 0/1D4 SAN unnatural.

**Clue: The Copper Mould and the Smashed Statue**

These smashed chunks of ceramics lay in a corner of the living room on several sheets of newspaper. Those with Art (Sculpture) 20%+ or a roll recognize it as a lost-wax casting — a method used to duplicate another metal sculpture and transform it into a mould. This mould was obviously poured with copper and then smashed by hammer.

A Search roll and a half an hour of puzzling out pieces reveals it appears to be of a 2 foot tall statue of a child-like cherub with a harlequin mask on its face. The original cherub statue from which the mould was made cannot be found.

**Clue: Dr. Barbas’ Ars Goetia**

This 52-page, tape-bound, poorly printed booklet contains a public domain copy of the Ars Goetia (meaning, roughly, the “Arts of Sorcery”) recovered from a website. This printout is covered in oil stains, pen marks, and various scribbled notes made in Dr. Barbas’ handwriting (blue ink), and in the writing of one other (red, felt tipped pen). With access to Dr. Barbas’ police file and a Forensics 20%+ or roll, the fingerprints in the oil on the book are identifiable as those of Dr. Barbas. An hour of reading grants the reader Occult +1% and reveals this summary:

Ars Goetia is the first book of the Lemegeton (“Lesser Key of Solomon”), a grimoire that circulated in the 17th century, penned by someone using the pseudonym King Solomon. The book itself existed in many languages and pieces before it was assembled in the mid-17th century. Before then, it was scattered throughout other scrolls, books and folios.

The book details seventy-two demons, as well as “seals they must pay allegiance to.” The book lists demons by name, and many are circled and have notes next to them.

Three hours of study reveals the following difficult-to-read notes scribbled in Dr. Barbas’ hand:
- △ Wist notes check out.
- △ B. is Solomon.
- △ One call each except ASMODAY
- △ Bitru is friend of V. Not B but S. Akkadian?
The play is still going on somewhere.
DRD middle name FORAS—29 legions. Logic, ethics and precious stones. Recover lost things. MAKES SENSE.
PURSON answers truly of all secret and divine things of Earth and the creation of the world; first in Lundine’s house
Marbas Goetic. President(!) 36 servants (just like MSPFS). B not M.
Overlay Marbas and Bitru equals FORAS?
Urizen the starry king and the gong?

On one page the “Preliminary Invocation” is written out in different handwriting in red pen. The writing is that of Timothy Bael (see PATIENT TIMOTHY BAEL, THIRD-FLOOR PATIENT, BY DAY on page XX).

“Thee I invoke, the Bornless one. 
Thee, that didst create the Earth and the Heavens: 
Thee, that didst create the Night and the Day. 
Thee, that didst create the Darkness and the Light. 
Thou art Osorronophris: Whom no man has seen at any time.”

CARVE SYMBOL PRIMEUMATON
DO NOT LEAVE THE CIRCLE
RITUAL CALLING ANNOUNCE THE 72 NAMES
INSCRIBE CHOSEN SEAL
WAIT

ASSET: THE PRELIMINARY INVOCATION TO PRIMEUMATON
PRIMEUMATON means, “Thou Who art the First and Last.” Agents might have seen enough to convince them that the Preliminary invocation might be a real power. Under the correct set of circumstances, it is.
To activate it, the Agent draws a Solomonic Triangle marked with the words ANAPHAXETON, ANAPHANETON, PRIMEUMATON, in a protective circle, in an isolated, enclosed area (this can all be found in the Ars Goetia). The Agent remains in this circle while announcing the 72 names of demons found in the Ars Goetia. Then the Agent inscribes the seal of the demon they wish to contact.
Those Agents with a Corruption of 2+ are permitted to roll 99 - SAN for the activation roll. Each additional person present besides the operator removes -20% from the activation roll to a minimum of 01% (but don’t tell the player that). On a failed roll, nothing happens, and the invocation never works for that Agent, and they lose 1 Corruption. On a success, it is a real power, and may be called upon any time by that Agent enacting the invocation, and they gain +1 Corruption. Each time this power is successfully invoked, the operator gains +1 Corruption.
During the ritual, Agents with Corruption 3+ see various, strange things beyond the protective circle as each name is enunciated, doors open and close, faces appear at windows, telephones may ring. The distractions are designed to draw the operator outside the circle before the final seal is inscribed. The higher the operator’s Corruption, the more significant the disruption. Precisely what these disruptions are remain up to
the Handler to decide. If the operator leaves before inscribing the seal, they are
subjected to a violent accident or attack in the next day with the following
characteristics:

∆ Corruption 2: Accident (car crash, falling down the stairs) Lethality 1%
∆ Corruption 3: Illness (appendicitis, unknown debilitating disease, flesh eating
bacteria) Lethality 3%
∆ Corruption 4-7: Violence (rampage killer, bomb) Lethality 5%
∆ Corruption 8-10: Bizarre danger (lightning strike, mudslide, elevator failure)
Lethality 15%

This accident or attack appears totally random, and no matter how carefully
investigated reveals no connections or premeditation.

If the ritual is completed and a seal inscribed, that particular “demon” makes
themselves known to the Agent within a day or so. Each summons only works once.
Unless otherwise noted, the demon does not reappear if called again. The more
isolated the Agent keeps themselves, the more significant and forthcoming the
communication. The higher the Corruption of the Agent that enacted the ritual, the faster
and more dramatic the contact occurs.

These demons are people with lives, families, history and entirely mundane
existences — except for the summons, of course. Though they may act strange, have
access to unnatural information, and do supernatural things, these things are entirely
normal to them and they simply stitch in and out of their real life to accomplish them. If
they are incarcerated or killed, someone else takes their role with identical effect.
Most of the demons are not forthcoming with what powers they possess, and act put out
under even the best circumstances. Clever Agents will read the descriptions of the
demonic powers, and know which demon might accomplish which power. Enunciating
the power to the demon is enough for it to enact it; otherwise, the demon might simply
leave after the initial contact.

The seventy-two demons are presented below:

∆ BAEL (see PATIENT TIMOTHY BAEEL, THIRD-FLOOR PATIENT, BY DAY on
page XX): The Agent receives a phone call from Timothy Bael at the Dorchester
House psychiatric facility who asks simply “what do you want?” He claims to be
returning their phone call even if he was not called. If the Agents meet with him
“after dark” he can show them “the secret.” This secret is a word which, when
said by an Agent with Corruption 2+, renders them invisible at night (this costs
1D4/1D6 SAN unnatural to witness and enact). Creatures, machines, and
recording devices can see them normally, however. If the word is spoken so it is
audible by another, the power does not operate until BAEL teaches the word
again.

∆ PAIMON (Wesley K. Atwood, Caucasian male, 29 YOA): PAIMON is a
homeless man that appears to have Tourettes syndrome, looking for money to
buy gas so he can “get home.” He constantly shouts profanities and curses, but
otherwise, speaks quietly to the Agent. He can reveal a single secret that is
absolutely true, or grant the Agent “treasure,” a handful of gold jewelry of strange,
unidentifiable make worth at least $25,000 that appears to have been exposed to
the elements for a long time. But he must be asked. Soon after, he vanishes.
BELETH (Jesse Billet, Caucasian male, 34 YOA): BELETH appears at night as a policeman in riot gear on horseback (with the name tag “BILLET”) that rides up on the Agent in a threatening manner. Agents that flee are run down (treat this as a single 55% baton attack that inflicts 1D8+2 HP damage, after this he rides off). Those that hold their ground realize the policeman says nothing until spoken to. If any question is asked about any of the Agents Bonds, BELETH answers truthfully, revealing even secret knowledge, and rides off, and all that Agent’s Bonds are increased by +1.

PURSON (Steven P. Curson, Caucasian male, 33 YOA): A veteran wearing fatigues that read CURSON, he looks like an ill-kept, homeless man with thick blond beard and hair, that carries a python over his shoulders. He never speaks above a whisper. If an Agent asks a question about The King in Yellow and the secrets of the play, and those that attempted to enact it, Purson answers truthfully in small voice, granting that Agent +3% Unnatural (and +1 Corruption), although afterwards they cannot recall precisely what was said; only that it ended with “go then, and in your bottle, find truth.”

ASMODAY (Kyle Coulston, African American male, 41 YOA): A tall man holding a sign on a street corner that reads “YOU DO 32,” advertising some unknown shop or deal, ASMODAY wears headphones but calls the Agent over. If asked about any other demon, he reveals what that demon’s power is, and can direct the Agent where to find or contact them without casting the preliminary invocation. If the Agents buy him a meal, he’ll name three demons, how to contact them, and their powers. Unlike other demons, ASMODAY appears as many times as he is summoned.

VINEA (Mary Rhone, Hispanic female, 39 YOA): VINEA is a skate-punk, too old to be riding a skateboard, but still doing so. She’ll ride up on the Agent and say, “what am I doing here?” If asked about any item, she tells the Agents its precise location and disposition, “the book is in a wall safe behind a mirror in the bedroom at 5557 Terrace Lake Drive; the code is 6-6-6-9.” Otherwise, she’ll roll off in a huff.

BALAM (Hana’i Saiva, Middle-eastern male, 37 YOA): A man in an impeccably made silk suit, wearing sunglasses and a bluetooth headset. BALAM tells the Agent to meet them at a nearby coffee house. Inside, he presents the Agent with a folded piece of paper, on it are the words: SCEABOLES, ARBARON, ELOHI, ELIMIGITH, HERENOBULCULE, METHE, BALUTH, TIMAYAL, VILLAQUIEL, TEVENI, YEVIE, FERETE, BACUHABA, GUVARIN (this note should be given to the player as a handout; it cannot be memorized, and must be read from the paper — if the paper is lost, the spell does not operate). If the Agent says these words aloud and has Corruption 4+, they are rendered invisible to all people and animals for 1D6 minutes (1D4/1D6 SAN unnatural to witness and enact). Machines and recording devices can see them normally, however.

ZAGAN (Lê Thị Mộng Kinh, Asian American female, 15 YOA): A young woman that looks as if she was on her way to high school, wearing an exceptionally heavy backpack that jingles as she walks. ZAGAN shows up and stands silently, regarding the Agent. If the Agent asks what’s in the pack, she hands it over. Inside are 200 copper, silver and gold coins of various cultures and
times, some incredibly ancient, most welded together by rust and filth in a large chunk. In the right hands the total is worth perhaps $15,000.

Δ **BELIAL**: The Agent gets either a voice message or a note at the front desk of their hotel saying that they received a call from the LAKE CHIMAGUA RESORT with a number listed in upstate New York. Calling that number back the Agent receives a “this number has been disconnected,” message. The resort burned down years ago.

Δ **AMDUSIAS (Richard Hust, African-American male, 32 YOA)**: AMDUSIAS is a man with a paunch walking in a downpour with a blaring boombox on his shoulder. The music is cacophonous, but appears interspersed with the voices of people known to the Agent spouting nonsense (0/1 SAN unnatural). If asked about the music, he tells the Agent a radio station they may tune into which appears to play taped conversations of people known to the Agent, that can only be found at night with a failed SAN roll (0/1D4 SAN helplessness). What might be learned from this channel remains up to the Handler to devise, but it appears to play back the voices of the dead.

Δ **AGARES (Ellen Martinez, Hispanic female, 6 YOA)**: AGARES is a child playing in the street with toy soldiers. If asked about locating someone, or finding a missing person, she answers in a clear voice, stating where they might be found. These answers are disturbingly complete. For example, Abigail Wright is “In the Palace at Carcosa, attending the masquerade, wearing the mask of a cat, dressed in a cornflower blue, silk, gown...” and a question about one of the Agent’s Bonds is correct down to the zip code. Otherwise, she seems more interested in candy, toys, and more normal things.

Δ **VALEFAR (Ronald Valverde, Caucasian male, 25 YOA)**: VALEFAR is an overweight Uber driver forever considering his phone. He gives the Agent a ride, bringing them past locations rich with the power of the King in Yellow (such as the houses of nurse Samigina and Dr. Barbas, the Boxer Hotel, the Dorchester House and more), and casually speaks about what might be found inside. If asked, he knows down to the smallest detail what might be found in the Agent’s room as well (0/1 SAN unnatural).

Δ **BARBATOS (David L. Morris, Caucasian male, 55 YOA)**: Is an older man with a thick beard walking a half a dozen dogs that bark and strain against him. With a bizarre word the Agent cannot recall, all the dogs are suddenly rendered silent and docile. BARBATOS can teach this word to an Agent, if they ask. It works only on animals making them docile no matter their disposition (0/1 SAN unnatural to use and witness). The word cannot be taught to others, and every time that Agent loses more than 2 SAN, they forget the words (though don’t tell them until they try to use it).

Δ **GUISON (see ED MILER WIST, THIRD-FLOOR PATIENT, BY DAY on page XX)**: The Agent receives a phone message from Ed Miler Wist shortly after the ritual, asking them to call him back at the Dorchester House. He leaves an open invitation to come by, and to ask for him but only during the night shift.

Δ **ELIGOS (Cynthia W. Cardello, Hispanic female, 40 YOA)**: The Agent is picked up by an unmarked car with government plates. Inside, a middle-aged woman considers a law-enforcement computer on a stand in the car. She can search
criminal and military records, locate Federal employees and ex-soldiers, as well as give detailed information about their lives. Otherwise, she refuses all questions, and if pushed, draws a firearm on the Agent and command they leave the car.

∆ **ZEPAR (Jack Torres, Hispanic male, 18 YOA):** The Agent meets a club-kid walking home at night decked out in colorful PVC leatherette, wearing a purple top hat. If asked about a person, the demon tells the Agent a secret that grants the next social roll against that particular target a +40% to that one roll. Otherwise the kid holds his hands up, indicating he surrenders, smirking, but never slows down.

∆ **BATHIN (Maria J. Page, Caucasian female, 33 YOA):** The Agent meets a huge, muscular woman with tattoos of snakes on her forearms. She is ill-tempered and demands to know what the Agent wants. If asked, she can teach an Agent with Corruption 3+ how to remotely spy on locations. Those that wish to learn are taught four words that cannot be repeated or written down. This is done by the woman staring at the Agent, who then somehow knows the words and their rules. Saying these words aloud renders the power inoperable forever. When alone, an Agent can repeat these words in their mind and become “untethered” from their body on a failed SAN roll, suffering 1D6+1 SAN unnatural. Their “mind” can move at a walking pace (in any direction including up or down), pass through solid objects, and see (but not hear) its surroundings. This effect lasts a number of minutes equal SAN cost. Their body remains behind, inert and helpless.

∆ **SALEOS (Stephen S. Pearson, Caucasian male, 43 YOA):** The Agent runs into a bookish man in a COOL HAND LUKE t-shirt, smoking a pipe. “you calling me, man?” He’ll ask. If the Agent mentions any person, either the Agent’s relationship with that person improves dramatically (reflected by a +20% bonus to social skill interactions with them), or their Bonds instantly increase by +2 each. This magic is imparted by the man talking rapidly to the Agent, possibly in a foreign language in a whispering, matter-of-fact manner. Then he leaves. What was said cannot be recalled.

∆ **AIM (Brett Jackson, African-American male, 16 YOA):** The Agent feels a tug on their jacket, and turn to find a gangly teenager carrying a bag of fireworks, but he does not speak. If asked about the fireworks, the teen takes the Agent’s hand, and paints a smelly, clear liquid on their thumb and forefinger (it cannot be removed except through use). The next three times they snap, the object they are looking at, regardless of distance, catches on fire, suffering 2D6 HP damage (this costs 0/1D4 SAN unnatural to witness and use). When the snap happens, the smell of cinnamon fills the air.

∆ **BUNÉ (Carlos Overton, Hispanic male, 23 YOA):** The Agent is surprised when their name is called from a darkened doorway. Inside they find a small man in a hospital Johnny with a still-bleeding IV mark in his arm. Though he looks sick, his voice is clear and melodic and he opens a cigar box to show them that it contains several coins, an old watch, and some gold chains. “Offer,” he says. If any amount of valuables are put in the box, the demon then says, “ask.” He answers any question truthfully and with absolute knowledge (0/1D4 SAN unnatural). Those that attempt to take items from the cigar box are instantly attacked by a
group of 9 assailants that appear out of nowhere (treat as DEX 18, HP 20, Unarmed Attack 55%, damage, 1D4+2 HP). Trying to get a look at their attackers (or beating them) causes the Agent 1D4/1D6 SAN unnatural — they appear to be recently dead hospital patients.

∆ BERITH (Charles K. Werner, Caucasian male, 83 YOA): The Agent is met by a long limousine. Inside is an ancient caucasian man wearing a colostomy bag barely hidden by an antiquated, striped, bright red bath-robe. Despite his frailty, he is clever and well-spoken and immediately offers that he’s “full of shit.” If asked, BERITH can provide perfect ID for nearly anything, FBI, NSA, police. Though the ID is flawless, it is entirely fake. About everything else he lies endlessly; saying almost anything about anyone with none of it even being remotely true. He seems to take a joy in it.

∆ ASTAROTH (Kevin Mulligan, Caucasian male, 4 YOA): The Agent’s foot is run over by a toddler wearing fake black angel wings, pushing himself along on a plastic inch-worm on wheels, mumbling. Those that lean down and listen hear a strange, repeating litany in an unknown tongue and instantly gain +3% Unnatural, but cannot recall at all what was said (only that it was disturbing.) Later, if they enter the Whisper Labyrinth, they know the way to the Soul Bottle of any Agent present with the highest Corruption rating (including themselves.)

∆ FOCALAR (Victor F. Grande, Hispanic male, 31 YOA): The Agent meets a thin, short man with curly black hair, dirty glasses, and a permanent squint that follows them around. He carries a copy of The Russian Warship Recognition Guide, which is marked up heavily with post-its and sharpies. He eagerly shows the Agent a Russian corvette called the Serpukhov. If asked about forces arrayed against the Agent (anything from a task force down to an individual), he can list them — even those unknown to the Agent. He knows names, email, and telephone numbers, locations, motivations. A day later, making international news, the Serpukhov is lost at sea with all hands (0/1 SAN helplessness).

∆ VEPAR (Karen McDonald, Caucasian female, 19 YOA): VEPAR is a blonde sorority girl driving a jeep with a surfboard mounted on it. She’s off to “surf,” even if the location is nowhere near the ocean. She asks the Agent for a name. If given a name, she says “sure,” and drives off. Whoever the Agent names falls ill with a disease that takes 3 days, CON test is -40%, and damage is 1D6+1. This manifests as an unknown illness with fever, headaches, suppurating wounds all over the body, and, if the victim hits 2 or less HP, permanent blindness.

∆ VUAL (Michele J. Banister, Caucasian female, 61 YOA): VUAL is an old lady with a “can I speak to your manager?” haircut wearing expensive looking clothing. She approaches the Agent and opens conversation with, “they told me to tell you you can’t ask about the book.” On anything else, she answers truthfully, even about future events in single sentence responses of no longer than nine words each (0/1D4 SAN helplessness). When asked to clarify anything, she smiles and says “no idea, sorry.” After three questions, she leaves.

∆ CROCELL (Miguel A. Crockell, Hispanic male, 21 YOA): CROCELL is a thin punk, with spiked green hair and giant combat boots. He stumbles up to the Agent, offers a bottle of liquor, and then says “I can’t do much, what do you want?” If asked about any non-physical skill (including Unnatural), he smirks,
leans in and says; “Ilemme tell you something man…” and then suddenly begins to speak rapidly in a language the Agent does not understand. The next day, the Agent gains +5% in that skill and knows it.

△ **ALLOCER (Brittany R. Alocer, Caucasian female, 25 YOA):** ALLOCER is a young woman dressed as some sort of medieval adventurer, with, shield, sword, and helm, wearing a badge for a comic book convention. She sidles up, removes her helmet, leans in to the Agent and whispers, “go, and age no more.” From that point on, as long as the Agent’s Corruption is 2+, that Agent does not grow older. She laughs then, waves goodbye, and runs off.

△ **MURMUR (Benjamin Crouch, Caucasian male, 23 YOA):** MURMUR arrives flanked by kids on roller skates blowing kazoos. He appears as a carefully dressed man in Army fatigues (with the name tag CROUCH). If asked about a deceased person, MURMUR shows the Agent his iPhone, and plays back a video of the dead party while they were alive. If asked a specific question about a deceased person, the person in the video appears to somehow answer that question (0/1D4 SAN helplessness), even if circumstances might normally make that impossible (1/1D6 SAN helplessness.)

△ **GREMORY (Lillian W. Richards, Caucasian female, 29 YOA):** GREMORY is a beautiful woman in a full nightgown obviously waiting on someone. If asked about a certain person, she whispers a single word or phrase to the Agent (such as “dogs,” or, “Stephen King.”) If this word or phrase is repeated to the named person, all psychological skill rolls are +20% against them for that particular encounter (this manifests as if they are either pleased with the Agent, or taken aback by the comment). Otherwise, GREMORY doesn’t like to talk, says she has a boyfriend, and to those who are too persistent, tells them to fuck off, while showing them a small automatic pistol in her clutch purse.

△ **VAPULA (Michael Vapela, African American male, 31 YOA):** VAPULA is a wobbling, drunk, wedding guest. He’s all smiles and laughs, and is very forthcoming with the Agent. VAPULA is an expert on mechanics, and understands all things about even the bizarre mechanical creations of Dr. Barbas. If asked, he can impart this knowledge by tracing a symbol on the right hand of the Agent, this grants them the ability to shut down one of the other-worldly mechanical creations (like the Clockwork Baby, the Lion, or the Scribe) for 1D6+2 minutes, no skill roll needed, just a DEXx5 roll to “hit.” When this ability is used, the Agent just knows how to do it, at the cost fo 1D4 SAN helplessness.

△ **FLAUROS (Tabitha K. Flauros, African American female, 15 YOA):** FLAUROS is a small, shy girl dressed in overalls and dragging around an overloaded gym bag. When she arrives, she appears exhausted, and says, “name?” If a name is given, in 1D4 hours, the target is engulfed in flame for 4 turns (even if someone attempts to extinguish it), suffering 2D6 HP per turn. If they survive, the target is permanently disfigured by burns and suffers 1/1D8 SAN helplessness. When the operator finds out this has happened, they suffer 1/1D6 SAN unnatural.

△ **DANTALION (James Dantalion, Caucasian male, 30 YOA):** DANTALION is a short, fat, bald man with braces and large, gold rimmed glasses. “Who do you want to be?” he asks. The operator appears to physically transform into any
person they name (1/1D6 SAN unnatural). Cameras, mirrors and recording devices still see the operators’ old form, and their voice is the same, and they don’t have any of the targets’ memories, clothing or equipment, but otherwise, they appear identical to the target named for 1D6+1 hours.

Δ **VASSAGO** (**Emily Vassago, Caucasian female, 12 YOA**): A schoolgirl in a uniform, she is always found sitting out on the street reading a world history textbook. The book is called *OF HUMAN NEED* and appears to be an otherwise normal textbook. If asked about a specific event, she shows the Agent an entry on it in the book (even if it is in the future) and lets them read it, but does not give them the book. This either imparts knowledge of what happened at that event (in the past) or grants a +20% to all rolls made by the Agent if they are at that event in the future. If anyone tries to take the book, she screams drawing onlookers. If the book is somehow taken, when it is looked at, each page contains only the text: it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living god, over and over again.

Δ **SITRI** (**see OPHELIA SITRI on page XX**: The Agent receives a phone call from Ophelia Sitri in Las Vegas (from her home phone number), she sounds distracted and eager to get the phone call over. If given a name, Sitri says, “done!” and hangs up. If the name was a Bond, that Bond gains +2 and all ill feelings the Bond might have towards the Agent seem to vanish. If the name was an acquaintance that might be sexually attracted to the Agent, they now are, and all social skill rolls towards them to win their favor are +40%.

Δ **IPOS** (**Craig K. Ipos, Caucasian male, 41 YOA**): A small, economic looking man in carefully pressed clothing, carrying a paper bag full of books. “Name?” he asks. Any name given, he hands over a book. Each book has a nonsense title like “Barbed Roses” or “Penultimate Sun,” but contains a chronological account of the named target, moment to moment for the last two weeks down to the smallest detail (including secret and unnatural events). “10 SEP 2015: ROSE LIGOS slept from 09:09 until 12:20 PM at her home at 1419 DERBY STREET in UXBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.” The last entry in the book is “BOOK HANDED OFF” followed by the Yellow Sign (0/1D4 SAN helplessness). The accuracy of the information is startling and costs 0/1D4 SAN unnatural when it proves to be true.

Δ **GAAP** (**Lily G. Stanley, Asian American female, 44 YOA**): A somber, conservatively dressed woman whose age is difficult to place. “Fact?” she asks the Agent, jotting down whatever is said in a small notebook. Then, “Name?” If the Agent gives a name and a fact (a location, a name, or any discrete information) GAAP removes knowledge of that information from the named target’s mind permanently when they next wake from sleep. She does this by burning the paper. It can be done to the Agent in question, and costs the target 1D4 SAN unnatural. For example, an Agent might say “Agent Evelyn and the King in Yellow,” and Agent Evelyn would wake the next day with no knowledge of the King in Yellow. It does not remove Corruption or SAN loss from knowing the “fact” however, but it does remove skills gained by knowing it, including Unnatural and Occult bonuses (this does not restore reduced SAN).
△ STOLAS (Jessie Klingler, Caucasian male, 59 YOA): STOLAS is an older man in a windbreaker wearing a cardboard crown from some sort of fast food restaurant. He calls the Agent by their real name and hands them a shaving kit from inside his jacket. In the kit is a phial with a live gold bug and ten pods of Melonia. He then runs away, disappearing around the first corner he takes.

△ SEERE (See THE SATELLITE PHONE on page XX): If the Agents are in possession fo the Satellite Phone and call on SEERE, the phone suddenly rings. The voice on the other end performs all actions normally as per the description. If they do not have the Satellite Phone, or have destroyed it, they instead find ANOTHER identical Satellite Phone in a trash can, or discarded on the street. It operates normally.

△ GAMIGIN (see ESTHER SAMIGINA, HEAD NURSE, BY DAY on page xx): The Agents receive a phone call from Esther Samigina (from her home phone number) who says only, “I can tell you how they died,” she enunciates, very clearly, as if being prompted. Any name of someone who is dead is responded to with their name, cause of death, location and time of death. This even works on those whose whereabouts are unknown. Once it is confirmed, it costs 0/1D4 SAN unnatural. Then she hangs up

△ AAMON (Ronald Aamon Lewis, Caucasian male, 24 YOA): AAMON is an affable, obviously high young man smoking a pipe. He offers the Agent a pull on the pipe. “Tell me your problems, man…” he asks. If the Agent lists an interpersonal conflict with another party (this cannot be outright hatred, or desire to kill, but could be legal investigation, or suspicion,) AAMON laughs and says “poof, let that shit go, man.” He only does this once. The next time the Agent meets that other party, they are amicable; almost absurdly so, and agree to nearly anything except something which might bring harm to them, an innocent, or their career.

△ LEJARE (Sherry Lejare, Caucasian female, 22 YOA): LEJARE is young woman with dark hair carrying a newly bought, still boxed, expensive-looking longbow. She fumbles with the box, and several bags with archery supplies in them and tells the Agent to “write the name down,” on a receipt. Anyone written down on the sheet becomes inordinately angry with the Agent the next time they meet, overreacting over some little thing. This anger lasts for the encounter, until they see the Agent again. This anger is wholly without merit, and can cause that party to be reprimanded, fired, or investigated.

△ NABERIUS (Reginald Naberus, African American male, 56 YOA): A man that is obviously some sort of law enforcement professional, he muscles in and non-verbally leads the Agent to somewhere they can sit down. He eats a sandwich from his pocket and raises his eyebrows to the Agent, wagging his finger in a “go on” gesture. Whatever person they indicate to NABERIUS is placed on suspension, brought up in an internal investigation, or placed on leave for 1D20+2 days; at the end of that time, all reverts to normal. The moment a name is said, he gets up, meets an idling vehicle driven by someone the Agent can’t see, and drives off.

△ RONOVÉ (Ramon J. Hewitt, Hispanic male, 41 YOA): A man with a severe limp that comes up to the Agent, leans on their shoulder, exhausted. When he
catches his breath, he says, “el idioma?” If an Agent says the name of a language they don’t yet know, they gain +5% in it, instantly (0/1 SAN unnatural). The man then limps away, gathering a dozen or more bystanders who appeared to not know him into a group, and they walk off together, holding hands.

△ **MARCHOSIAS (Joseph M. Lane, Hispanic male, 30 YOA):** A tall, thin man in black clothing holding a kite. He approaches the Agent and says something, briefly to them that is barely audible as he passes. The Agent is struck by paralysis for a moment as MARCHOSIAS leaves (0/1 SAN unnatural), but their Willpower is restored to full and remains there for 48 hours no matter what they do.

△ **PHENEX (Charlotte Aguilar, Caucasian female, 32 YOA):** A short woman with a bad skin condition, carrying luggage from the airport. She walks over to the Agent and asks “which lock?” If the Agent knows of a locked door and describes it to her (even something as simple as “the red door” or “the door in the basement”) the next time the Agent is there, that lock is open, or unlocks when the Agent touches it (0/1 SAN unnatural). When the Agent lists a lock, she repeats what the Agent says, closing her eyes, and then nodding, leaves.

△ **SABNOCK (Harold Johnson, Caucasian male, 29 YOA):** A pudgy man driving around in a pickup truck. In the back, he has three long gun hard cases. Any weapon that could fit in a rifle case, he has, and gives to the Agent if they ask. These weapons have no serial numbers and are on no registry. “Ammo isn’t included, my man,” he says, before peeling out.

△ **SHAX (Patsy B. Shax, Caucasian female, 28 YOA):** A motherly type, she pushes a double-stroller, wears spandex and keeps a brisk near-running pace. As she passes the Agent, she says “come on,” and keeps walking fast. She says “just one, OK?” The next name the Agent says is struck mute for 1D20+4 days (this costs 1/1D6 SAN helplessness for the target and 0/1D4 SAN unnatural for the operator).

△ **ORAISS (Walker O. Savell, Caucasian male, 51 YOA):** An older man with long, 1970s hair, dressed in a seersucker suit, carrying a battered briefcase. “What type of degree?” he whispers, with a strong lisp. “What school?” Any degree listed, he opens the briefcase and presents a diploma made out in the Agent’s name for the degree at the school with dates that line up with the Agent’s history (0/1 SAN unnatural). If a background check is run, it’s official, as far as the computers are concerned, the Agent attended that school and received that degree (0/1D4 SAN unnatural).

△ **ANDRAS (Sasha Andras, Caucasian male, 49 YOA):** An older, androgynous looking man with very long grey hair, wearing a tie-dye shirt, Birkenstocks, and black pants. He sidles up the Agent and hands them a quarter and says “nine hours” and walks off. Whoever is holding that quarter in nine hours — the next time they are outside — they are struck by a bolt of lightning (even in a clear sky), suffering a Lethality 15% attack (0/1D4 SAN unnatural to witness).

△ **ANDREALPHUS (Geraldine W. Collado, Hispanic female, 43 YOA):** A woman in work clothes with finely cropped hair, covered head-to-toe in dirt, as if she just came off a job site. “Hey man, who is it?” she asks. The person named vanishes
within 1D6+2 hours, never to be seen again, leaving behind only an empty set of clothing and a live crow (1/1D6+2 SAN unnatural).

△ KIMARIS (Huan Jen, Asian American male, 33 YOA): A UPS driver off the clock, he walks up uncomfortably close to the Agent and says something in a language they don’t understand. If the Agent tries to talk to him, eventually he becomes exasperated and leaves. The next academic task that requires a skill roll from the Agent is treated as a critical success.

△ DECARABIA (Mildred Decarabia, Hispanic female, 44 YOA): A thin woman carrying a basket of fresh vegetables that approaches the Agent and begins to unload vegetables into their hands. Inside each vegetable, embedded without seam is a cured note written on waxed paper. Each note reveals a secret about another Agent in the group in that Agent’s handwriting (0/1D4 SAN unnatural).

△ FURFUR (Sheryl W. Hunter, Caucasian female, 12 YOA): A little girl with a violin case that unfolds a rug, opens her case, and plays her violin for tips. The rug is a mandala and in the center is a triangle, which she stands to the side of. If asked questions, she never stops playing, but tells compelling, wholly false stories to answer those questions. If asked to step inside the triangle, she does so, visibly shaken, stops playing and says anything she says outside it was a lie. She then answers 4 questions perfectly and truthfully with absolute knowledge (0/1D4 SAN unnatural).

△ MALTHUS (Marie J. Malthius, Hispanic female, 49 YOA): A well-dressed real estate agent wearing a REMAX company blazer, holding a clipboard, and driving a 2014 BMW, she honks for the Agent to join her. After a short drive, she hands the Agent a set of keys marked DO NOT COPY and points at a tiny, seemingly abandoned house with a knocked down REMAX signout front. Inside the house are fifty thousand rounds for various makes and models of firearms, stacked wall to wall, all covered in dust.

△ RAUM (Rita R. Downing, Caucasian female, 51 YOA): A strange red headed woman in baggy clothing with mud on her shoes. She has scars on her cheeks and under each eye which appear deliberate. She walks up to the Agent and asks, “full name?” If the Agent gives a false name, she says “liar” and walks off. If the Agent gives their full, true name, she nods and leaves. The next night, the Agent is visited by the Clockwork child with an invitation for them to the masquerade in Carcosa.

△ BIFRONS (Angel Biffron, Caucasian female, 22 YOA): An attractive woman who runs up to the Agent calling them by their real name and kissing their cheek. She leans in, whispering “who is it and where do you want them?” If the Agent names a dead person, that person’s corpse turns up in the location listed, even if that corpse was cremated, is lost, or missing, (0/1D4 SAN unnatural) and without disturbing their grave or the arrival location (for instance, the body could show up inside a locked house). After this she says, “I’ll see you soon,” and enters the nearest door, vanishing.

△ ANDROMALIUS (Desmond Stuart, Caucasian male, 48 YOA): A husky cop dressed for the street shows up in a police cruiser. He hops out and asks the Agent to explain the theft and takes extensive notes. If the Agent tells him about any item or person taken from them, within 24 hours they receive a phone call
from ANDROMALIUS and he rattles off a name and address where the offending party that instituted the crime can be found. This information is always correct (0/1D4 SAN unnatural).

**FURCAS (Louis F. Gavon, Caucasian male, 61 YOA):** A giant, muscular hippy with long white hair and a beard, wearing a tie-dye t-shirt, parachute pants, and flip-flops. He sidles up to the Agent and says “firearm?” holding out his hands. Any gun placed in his hands inflicts maximum HP damage per shot until it is reloaded whereupon it returns to normal. If a gun with no bullets in it is handed to him, he laughs and hands it back saying “can’t help you, man.”

**MARBAS (see DR. ELIAS BARBAS on page XX):** Dr. Barbas calls the Agent back from his home telephone number (either at their hotel or on a private line). When he gets their attention, he says “ok?” and if they respond in the affirmative, he says a single word the Agent cannot remember. The Agent is overcome with nausea and vertigo, loses half their Willpower, but now has an inherent understanding of Carcosan clockwork. Treat this as a new skill at 35% and they know they have it (0/1D4 SAN unnatural). By the time they recover and return to the phone, Barbas has hung up.

**BOTIS (Ricky B. Voegele, Hispanic male, 28 YOA):** A young looking man in surgical scrubs smoking a cigarette. He walks up to the Agent and begins checking their vitals, looking in their eyes and ears, etc. If stopped, he shrugs and leaves. If permitted to continue and if the Agent has some sort of lasting physical ailment, when they wake the next morning, that condition is healed (0/1D4 SAN unnatural) — even if it is a permanent genetic condition…cerebral palsy, born without a limb, etc (1/1D6 SAN unnatural).

**MORAX (Darlene R. Payne, Caucasian female, 54 YOA):** A strange, somber woman wearing the outfit of a Walmart employee. She comes up to the Agent, turns, and considers the world while smoking a cigarette. If interacted with in any way, she asks, “how long, one, two or three?” If the Agent answers one two or three, the next time the Agent is in combat, they are capable of taking an extra 1, 2 or 3 actions on their first turn.

**GLASYA (Deanna R. Taylor, Asian American female, 15 YOA):** A young woman walking a bulldog at night, she walks up to the Agent and the dog sniffs around their feet. “Name?” she asks. If the name given is of someone who was injured or attacked, GLASYA lists the name and current location of the perpetrator (this knowledge is absolute and perfect 0/1D4 SAN unnatural), says “have a good night,” and leaves.

**FORAS (see DR. RICHARD F. DALLAN, FACILITY ADMINISTRATOR, BY DAY on page XX):** Dr. Dallan calls the Agent “returning their call,” he seems distracted and confused. He asks them to come by Dorchester House that evening, “I'll be in my office, I'll show you my rock collection.”

**MALPHAS (Patricia McSwain, Caucasian male, 29 YOA):** A blond man in a Jaguar that pulls up next to the Agent. On the passenger’s seat are a bunch of key-sets, each with an address label on them in the same, precise hand. MALPHAS digs through this pile and offers a key to the Agent, then drives off. Each location is a small house, not occupied, with power and water, in an
isolated locale. It is quite safe as a safe house. Each house has the seal of MALPHAS carved on the floor or on the wall.

△ **HAAGENTI (Tina Kiser, Asian American female 9 YOA):** A small girl in a Girl Scout outfit wearing gloves, she comes up to the Agent and holds up a hand with a dime in it. She removes a glove, palms the dime and reveals it — it is now solid gold (0/1D4 SAN unnatural). She takes a single hand-held metal item she can conceal in her closed hands, and reveals it to now be made of solid gold, then, she'll re-glove and leave. Such items might generate $3000 to $9000 dollars each.

△ **CAMIO (Allan B. Williams, Caucasian male, 40 YOA):** A lawyer wearing a cheap suit stained with mustard. He goes up to the Agent and says, “oh, you… ok. What?” If the Agent discusses any legal problem, investigation, or suit laid against the Agent, CAMIO digs through his briefcase and gives them a file. This file stops the suit for various reasons; a mistrial, evidence that reveals innocence, etc. He then sighs heavily, and leaves.

△ **OSE (Randall O. Jewell, Caucasian male, 52 YOA):** A man in a security guard’s outfit with sweat-stains under the arms comes around the corner and walks up to the Agent and says, “OK, who gets the treatment?” If an Agent tells him a name, that person meets the King in Yellow that evening in their dreams, without the mask and suffers 1D10/1D100 SAN unnatural. If they hit 0 SAN, they believe they are the King in Yellow.

△ **AVNAS (Jason G. Oglesby, Caucasian male, 31 YOA):** A tired-looking man who is perhaps a businessman, he walks up to the Agent and takes their hand, leading them to a nearby chess table. If refused, he walks off. If they sit, he says “I need the full name.” Any name given, that person gains the Disorder: Paranoia about some appropriate subject.

△ **VALAC (Natalie Valac, Caucasian female, 23 YOA):** A beautiful smiling woman walks up to the Agent and rubs their shoulders and runs her hands up and down their arms, laughs, and then leaves. The next time the Agent is engaged in hand-to-hand combat, their opponent suddenly recoils in horror, losing 1D6 turns of actions, and granting the Agent +40% to the attack during that time. That opponent appears to be fighting off invisible snakes (0/1 SAN unnatural).

**THE KITCHEN**

Two paint pans with nuts and bolts soaking in gasoline are on the counter in the kitchen. The refrigerator is empty except for condiments and a box of baking soda. It is clear no one has eaten here in weeks. Smashed dishes occupy one corner — clean, but destroyed. The silverware is neatly stacked in a dusty silverware drawer. Ten minutes and a Search roll in the kitchen uncovers a burner cellphone taped to the upper part of a drawer.

**Clue: The Marked Cellphone**
The cellphone is a burner phone kept by Agent Vargas. He used it for secure communications with his fiancé in Las Vegas, Ophelia Sitri, while he was secretly on
mission for Delta Green in Boston. Something compelled Exeter to keep the phone, mark it up, and hide it.

It is a 50 dollar flip phone with a pre-paid card (the same kind that might be purchased at nearly any 24-hour store). It is out of batteries and its plastic housing has a symbol scratched into it. An Occult roll indicates it seems to be a symbol involved in demonology. Occult 30%+ or a success indicates it is the mark of Sitri, a demon, found in various demonologies including the Ars Goetia (and gains the Agent +1 Corruption).

Sitri is:

Sitri is a Great Prince of Hell, and reigns over sixty legions of demons. He causes men to love women and vice versa, and can make people bare themselves naked if desired. He is depicted with the face of a leopard and the wings of a griffin, but under the conjurer's request he changes into a very beautiful person.

Those who charge and activate the phone find two-dozen messages from Ophelia Sitri looking for Michael Witwer (agent Vargas) and one phone call from DEA Special Agent Ruben Hardrick asking him to turn himself in, immediately.

DISINFORMATION: WORKING THE CELLPHONE

△ CALLING THE LAST NUMBER CALLED: This rings the main line of the Dorchester House psychiatric facility.

△ PROBING THE PHONE WITH COMPUTER UTILITIES (COMPUTER SCIENCE ROLL 30%+ OR SUCCESSFUL ROLL): Those probing the phone with various Android resources for one hour uncover the following things; It was activated on 29 JUN 2015. It was first used in the Boston area. It was activated using a SoSimple Calling Card commonly on sale throughout the northeastern United States.

△ HACKING THE SIM CARD (CRAFT (ELECTRONICS) 30%+ OR SUCCESSFUL ROLL): Using electronics to attempt to "hack" the SIM card is possible. This takes two hours, and reveals calls to Ophelia Sitri, the Boxer Hotel room 616, and multiple calls to the Dorchester House main line.

△ USING LAW ENFORCEMENT TO LEAN ON THE TELECOMMUNICATION COMPANIES (LAW 20%+ OR ROLL, OR BUREAUCRACY 30%+ OR ROLL): Agents may escalate inquiries by strong-arming employees of the phone services, or by having associates do it. A success indicates the company generates a report that shows which cell phone towers the phone triggered and when during its brief days of operation. This report shows the phone was first used near Logan airport, and later near the Boxer hotel, and then the Dorchester neighborhood and Medford. The last ping from the phone before the current date was near the Dorchester House.

△ CALLING IN A FAVOR: An Agent with contacts in intelligence who have the phone number of the cell might be able to call in a favor and gain access to files on Ophelia Sitri and Michael Witwer DEA. The contact provides these restricted FBI files, but does not inform the Agent anything else — like how the phone is linked to either of them. The files note that Witwer is missing, and is under investigation at the DEA.
THE GROUND FLOOR BATHROOM
The lone bathroom is on the ground floor and is strangely immaculate; almost untouched. In fact, entering it kicks up small footprints of dust on the dark tile. It takes five minutes to search, but the only thing inside is a pile of mundane books with various sentences and words clipped out of it, stacked in the sink.

An hour and a successful Search roll on the books reveals one of them (The Book of Sand. Jorge Luis Borges. 1975) has an inscription inside its front cover that reads P. Samigina (see SAMIGINA RESIDENCE, 52 CROCKETT AVE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, 02214 on page XX).

DR. BARBAS’ BEDROOM (UPSTAIRS)
Upstairs is a bare bedroom with a half turned futon, a splintered dresser struck multiple times with something like a hatchet, and piles of dirty clothing. The closet door is closed, and the mirror on the outside of it has also been smashed. The wood floor is chipped with repeating marks — something like the edge of a metal file.

Etched into the floor beneath the futon is a 3-foot-wide seal. An Occult roll indicates it is involved in demonology. An Occult 40%+ or a successful roll grants +1 Corruption and indicates it is the mark of Marbas, a demon, found in the Ars Goetia. Marbas is:

Marbas is a demon in the Ars Goetia. He is described as the Great President of Hell governing thirty-six legions of demons. He answers truly on hidden or secret things, causes and heals diseases, teaches mechanical arts, and changes men into other shapes. He is depicted as a great lion that, under the conjurer’s request, changes shape into a man.

The name Marbas also comes from the Latin “marba” or “barba”, beard, hellebore (a plant used in witchcraft, especially to invoke demons).

EXEUNT: THE CLOSET AND THE RED DOOR
The closet in Dr. Barbas’ bedroom is long and narrow and painted the same rust-red as the exterior of the house. There are piles of old clothes on the ground and some small, empty boxes. Set into the wall opposite the closet door is an oddity — a tiny door with a small set of iron bars in front of it, embedded in a wall of cement blocks. These 3/4” thick wrought-iron bars are embedded in a cinder block wall prevent any access to the space beyond, but any object smaller than 4” on a side may be put through the bars. The door is on the far side of the bars, and may still be manipulated through the bars.

The small red door beyond the bars is 2-feet (.61 meter) tall and 1.5-feet (.46 meters wide) and opens outward into the space beyond. Those that open it gain Corruption +1. Beyond it, on the far side of a wall where a hallway to the stairs should be, is instead a dimly-lit, old, wooden floor and stacks of books of all types.

This tiny door is an entrance to the Book-Shop, a location that exists in the Night World (see EXEUNT: THE BOOK-SHOP on page XX). It costs 0/1 SAN unnatural, because it is perfectly clear there is no way it is on the other side of the wall. Though no one can pass through it, Agents can watch (an Alertness roll detects the sounds of
distant traffic, and occasional low conversations) but see no one. Shouting for attention does not seem to work, but the Handler may note what was said and have those Agents that find their way to the Book-Shop hear such shouting coming from the little door.

There is a small mail slot set in the red door which opens into the space beyond. Small objects can easily be slipped past the bars and slid through the book slot.

Any items previous Agents pushed back through the red door in the Book-Shop are still here in the closet. Likewise, if the Agents put anything past the bars into the Book-Shop, it is there for the Agents to find on the other end as if it just arrived. Occasionally, Dr. Barbas comes up here with a box full of *The King in Yellow* (in Red Book form) and feeds them through the mail slot into the Book-Shop. The doctor can also somehow pass through this tiny door, despite his size; but only when unobserved.

Attempting to cut the bars, smash the cinder blocks, or otherwise widen the hole requires a **Luck** roll. Success indicates they spend hours but make little progress. A failed **Luck** roll indicates the roof collapses. All present on the upper story are permitted a single **Dodge** roll at -20%; failure indicates 1D6+2 HP damage as the ceiling drops on them, otherwise, they manage to make it clear of the upper story. Those trapped in a semi-collapsed upper story are at -40% to all physical actions as they try to escape. Needless to say this definitely brings the police. Any search of the house after a collapse fails to locate cinder blocks, bars, or the tiny, red, door.

**Clue: The Grill**
A recently used hibachi micro-grill is next to the futon. At night, the bedroom window sometimes has smoke issuing from it. Paper fragments and thick ashes are in the hibachi. Ten minutes and a **Search** roll uncovers words on some fragments such as “Aldene”, “-yades” “Uoht” and “Yellow” of “phantom of trut-.” The fragments of paper are of a thick, fine, brown, vellum.

**THE SECOND BEDROOM**
This small bedroom was once used as an office, and retains much of its furniture, but the chair has been overturned, and the legs were knocked off the cheap particleboard desk, which now sits on the ground among a sea of papers, half-open books, scrawled receipts and diagrams.

A strange machine, approximately the size of a drink cooler sits on the desk in the middle of the room; the Scribe. Thirty minutes and a **Search** roll uncovers discarded invitations, and handwritten pages of *The King in Yellow*.

**The Scribe**
This device looks like a typewriter, a cotton gin, and a clock were smashed together to form a small, well-oiled, machine. It has two hooks on the end of extendable, limb-like shafts of lightweight metal. One hook holds a quill pen, and there is a refillable ink pot set into its base, which opens with a mechanical latch when it works. The entire device weighs approximately thirty-five pounds and can be easily transported.

Those with **Craft (Mechanics)** 30%+ or who roll a success and spend an hour studying it can discern everything about its operation except for the source of the content it produces, and power source. This costs the Agent 0/1D4 **SAN** unnatural and
gains them +1 Corruption. Those that see the Scribe create a copy of *The King in Yellow* suffer after trying to puzzle out its operation suffer 4 SAN points unnatural.

It has a paper hopper. When paper is placed in it, it spins to life on its own and presses, folds and writes out various things (when operated by anyone with a Corruption of 3+) or a single phrase (when operated by any other). Its “handwriting” is an exact match to the party invitation. When it writes and prints, it squeaks and whirrs like a flywheel of a rowing machine. When it is finished, the quill scratches across the paper and the printed item flutters to the ground on the other side.

For Agents with a Corruption 2 or less, it only prints:

*Secretum secretorum tu operans sis secretus horum.*

A Foreign Language (Latin) 10%+ or roll indicates the quote means, roughly:

“The secret of secrets; Thou that workst them, be secret in them.”

An Occult 30%+ or roll indicates it is a quote from a book called the *Pseudomonarchia Daemonum*. For any Agent who has a Corruption 3+, the machine writes all manner of things left to the Handler to devise.

There is also a second slot below the paper hopper that is sized for a 6” wide, 1” tall object. Agents that have seen the box of blank red leather notebooks and make an INTx5 roll recognize the slot as perfectly sized to fit such a book.

Putting one of the blank red leather notebooks into the slot regardless of Corruption rating causes the Scribe to leap to life. The book is visible in the innards of the machine, being rotated this way and that while a mechanical scratching and whirr is heard. It’s clear the machine is flipping pages of the blank book and filling in words on each page. After 6:16 minutes and seconds of this, it spits out the book.

The book has words on every page which appear printed, but are not. Forensics 20%+ (or roll) reveals that what look like printed letters are actually “hand” drawn with crosshatching by an ink pen. Each red book placed in the machine emerges as a fully complete copy of *The Red Book* after the allotted time period, but only if Dr. Barbas feeds handwritten pages of *The King in Yellow* into it about once a week. If this is not done, at the end of that week, it can no longer produce copies of the book; but continues to otherwise operate.

**Clue: The Ruined Invitations and the Cheat Sheet**

Four half-printed, smeared, or mis-folded invitations identical to the birthday invitations sent to the agents are found under piles of paper near the Scribe. Each was somehow ruined in the process of creation.

Underneath this is the cheat sheet: a single sheet of paper with small, machine-like ink notes that contain each of the player’s Agent’s home addresses and all relevant information about their lives, down to the smallest detail — even items that were concealed from the group, including information on all their Bonds (this costs 0/1D4 SAN helplessness). The Handler should work to create this for the session.

A previous cheat sheet is crumpled in the corner. It contains all relevant information for agent Vargas and the Delta Green team that was captured by Dr. Dallan and the
forces of Carcosa in July. A hotel address is listed as a secondary address for all team members, the Boxer hotel in downtown Boston, room 616.

**Clue: The Pages**

These pages are folded and ripped, but contain hand written passages of *The King in Yellow* in Dr. Barbas’ handwriting (*Forensics* 20%+ or roll to identify). Each page is clearly labeled *The King in Yellow* with a page number, but most are only a single line which has an obvious error in it. Quotes include:

- P. 11: No man can say when one ends, or t’other begins.
- P. 49: Away you pale demon. Look not on our lives measured only by your profit!
- P. 110: The clock has struck, and now it is time — unmask, unmask!
- P. 115: And none shall walk, or move, or scream, for this place has gone beyond time and tide and reckoning, into the gray places where our dreams go; and there finding nothing, die.

**Clue: Box of Blank Red Leather Notebooks**

Marked with an Amazon.com shipping label, this box was once filled to the brim with 32 blank red leather-covered notebooks bought from Esumshop on 29 JUN 2015 by Dr. Elias Barbas. Now the box only has 6 left. Each book has a red leather cover, and the interior is fine, acid-free, line-less drawing paper.

If any Agent has purchased a copy of *The King in Yellow* from the Book-Shop, or has seen the copy brought to the Macallistar by Abigail Wright, they recognize these blank leather templates as a precise match for the book, binding, and printing. A *Forensic* examination of any Red Book copy, even those dating back to the 1951 reveal they were all somehow printed in red leather-bound books that apparently were created in 2015 (0/1D4 *SAN* unnatural).

Beneath the box are three other empty identical boxes broken down flat, that were shipped near that same date.

**IN THE FIELD: CONTACTING DELTA GREEN THROUGH OTHER MEANS**

If Agents uncover anything untoward about Dr. Barbas, they may not trust the satellite phone provided, and might use other methods to reach out to Delta Green. If they manage to make contact with the actual Delta Green, depending on what they tell the group, it can lead nowhere, or make things infinitely worse. Since the disappearance of their team on operation MERCY, and the burgeoning investigation into Agent Michael Witwer by the DEA in Nevada, Delta Green has had their hands too full to deal with Dr. Barbas. The following occurs, depending on what the Agents tell the real Delta Green:

- **THE AGENT MENTIONS OPERATION INDIA MOON:** The Agents are told no such mission exists. The target is now Dr. Elias Barbas, Agent Exeter, who is considered compromised by unnatural forces. As long as Dr. Barbas does not suspect them, they are to continue reporting to him until they discover what is going on; but great caution should be undertaken. Delta Green may share that Dr. Barbas has been under investigation since late June, and that the previous team sent to look into his unusual behavior is missing.

- **THE AGENTS MENTION LE ROI EN JAUNE OR THE KING IN YELLOW:** The Agents are told to come in for a debrief. Those that show up to the isolated
location are ambushed by a Delta Green hit-team (see TRIVELINO MALL AMBUSH on page XX for more details). If they escape, Delta Green is now hunting them, certain they have been compromised. If they are killed in the ambush, their bodies are never found.

△ THE AGENTS MENTION AGENT VARGAS, WITWER OR OTHER MEMBERS OF THE MERCY TEAM: They are pumped for all information they know about Agent Vargas (Witwer) with a focus on his current location. Once the contact realizes the Agent does not know his location, the conversation ends abruptly. Delta Green may tell them that Witwer is currently under active investigation by his superiors at DEA and is missing.

△ THE AGENTS MENTION THE SAT PHONE: The group insists no such communication would be undertaken, and the phone is suspect. Agents are instructed to examine the phone for forensic evidence — without destroying it — and get that information to Delta Green as soon as possible. If they report the oddities inside the phone, they are called in for a debrief (and ambush) as above.

THE TRIVELINO MALL AMBUSH

From the point of view of the real Delta Green, one of their Agents, Dr. Elias Barbas, has possibly been compromised by an unnatural force and a team sent in to investigate his odd behavior has vanished. Delta Green knows nothing of the missing psychiatric patients at the Dorchester House, or the consumption of the facility and its employees by the King in Yellow (it does not even know the Dorchester house is involved). Delta Green’s attempt to bring Dr. Barbas in with operation MERCY has caused the disappearance of four Delta Green Agents whose whereabouts are currently unknown, and DEA agent Witwer has been flagged for investigation by the DEA. By all accounts, operation MERCY was a disaster.

If Delta Green discovers Agents have been compromised by someone masquerading as the group, it is likely they attempt to clean house by eliminating everyone. This is especially true if the Agents report knowledge of The King in Yellow. Of course, Delta Green won’t tell the Agents that. Instead, they’ll set up a standard debrief and once the Agents turn up, attempt to kill them and dispose of the bodies.

LOCATION AND RESEARCH

Agents are told to appear for a debrief at the Trivelino Mall, in Uxbridge, Massachusetts, 31 miles (50 kilometers) southwest of Boston, the following evening at 11 PM. All team members are required, along with copies of all the information up-to-date on the false operation (paperwork, books and physical clues as well).

Cursory investigation of the mall on Google reveals photographs of a small, fourteen store, two-level mall surrounded by marshland just off state highway MA-146. Stores appear to include Sears, Toys R’ Us, Radio Shack, and more. But those Agents that attempt to contact businesses in the mall cannot seem to reach any.

A more diligent search online reveals that the Trivelino Mall was closed suddenly in 2014 after only two-years of operation due to abnormally high levels of radon. Various lawsuits followed, and the company that owned it, White Moons LLC., filed for bankruptcy protection. The property has been effectively closed and abandoned for a
Deeper research reveals other oddities.

Ownership
White Moons LLC. is a corporation whose primary shareholder is the elderly Eva Lundine. She is the youngest daughter of Henry F. Lundine, the original owner of what would become the Macallistar building, and was born there, in 1942. She lives in New York City and manages various directorships, board positions, and portfolios left to her by her mother in 1963. The mall, obviously, has been a disappointing investment.

She chose the name of the mall because of her father’s collection of French figurines and 17th century French and Italian masks. The mask on the mall sign is based on a mask that she still owns from the original stage production of the Le Roi en jaune in 1895 (called the Coquelicots Mask), bought by her father at auction in 1949. Also, the odd design of the main fountain is based on a symbol found on the mask (the Yellow Sign). She knows nothing of the strangeness of the King in Yellow.

DISINFORMATION: CONTACTING EVA LUNDINE
The last surviving member of the Lundine family, Eva Lundine (Caucasian female, 73 YOA) lives in New York city in the penthouse of the Mercator building at 1399, 2nd Avenue. Her affairs are managed by Rosalee Bundy (Caucasian female, 49 YOA), a financial advisor, lawyer, and accountant, with an office in midtown, but Eva is still very much involved.

Her financial affairs are extensive and wholly above-board. By the time her mother died in 1963, her brother, Charles was dead almost twelve years from suicide. This left her as the sole heir of the Lundine textile fortune and a very wealthy woman (on paper in 2015, she’s worth close to 45 million dollars).

Attempts to contact her casually are rebuffed with silence. Law enforcement officials and military personnel are called back immediately however, first by Rosalee Bundy (to check credentials) and then Eva herself. For legal matters or questions pertaining to cases “that Ms. Lundine may have knowledge of but no criminal involvement in,” appointments to speak with her are easily made.

Eva Lundine’s office is at 160w 58th street, and it is clear that though it is maintained, it is not used often (the decor was last updated perhaps in the 1980s). It is beautiful, however, and lavish. A wall of over 100 carefully framed photographs cover one wall, many in black and white. If an Agent has been to the Macallistar building, many of the photographs are obviously of it (0/1 SAN helplessness). These photos include a photograph of the family and the dog Abraham (see THE DOG on page XX). Also, on display in an inset, lit, glass box are various figurines, and the Coquelicots mask (see THE COQUELICOTS MASK on page XX).

Eva Lundine is extremely forthcoming. “I’m just an old, rich, woman, what do I care?” Besides, a homely, silent lawyer sits nearby, recording the conversation.

ABOUT THE LUNDINE HOME: The Lundine brownstone (which became the Macallistar) was her childhood home until she was about 10, when it was sold after her father’s sudden death from a stroke, and the family moved to Oyster Bay, Long Island. She has fond memories of the brownstone, and her father adored it, but her brother and mother disliked it.
ABOUT HER BROTHER: Eva was a late baby, and her brother, Charley, was the heir apparent. He appeared normal until he returned from his first year of college for music at Juilliard in 1949, and committed suicide in 1950 in the Lundine brownstone. Eva believes he was schizophrenic but “oh, so, so, talented with music.” She has memories of Charley talking to people at all hours in the house, and “chasing” people no one else could see. He hung himself in the ballroom (which would be the third-floor hallway near the back of the building). This, she believes, caused her father’s degeneration and eventual death.

ABOUT THE TRIVELINO MALL AND THE FOUNTAIN: The mall was a disappointing investment that seemed like a gold-mine. The decoration and ideas were developed there by an architectural firm at Eva Lundine’s direction, sort of as a tribute to her father. The fountain is inspired by “a strange mark on a mask my father bought at auction,” the Coquelicots mask. The mask is an heirloom, and while she might allow it to be carefully documented, she will not part with it.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HER FATHER: Her father was an exuberant, overbearing man who was obsessed with the occult, and was even a member of the Thoth-Hermes temple in Chicago in his youth. He trucked around with bizarre people his whole life, including the architect of the brownstone (Asa Daribondi), who turned out to be a child-killer. After Charley died, her father began to act more strange and could be heard at all hours moving around the house, opening doors. She has no idea why he was wearing a mask and that strange cloak when he died, but she recalls him mentioning that “he had a meeting to go to,” that evening.

Trivelino

A “trivelino” is a classic character from the commedia dell’arte, a style of Italian stage production (popular from the 16th to 18th century) that involved most performers wearing masks and playing “types” in short plays. Trivelino, for example, was always a stupid servant or valet, used as a foil for a more clever character. A Trivelino is often clothed in yellow, with burgundy moons and stars embroidered on the clothing, and wears a half-face, black mask with wide, comic eyes.

Clue: The B+E’s

Agents looking into crimes committed at the Trivelino mall while it was in operation uncover dozens of standard reports (with a Bureaucracy 20%+ or roll) of theft, shoplifting, assault, and more, but only one series of reports is of real interest — the golden boy B+E’s.

The first report is 31 AUG 2013 and was filed by Charles M. Brandis, a security guard for the mall. Video footage was also filed along with the report. It indicates that Brandis noticed an individual in the mall after hours and pursued “him.” The child-sized figure was covered from head-to-toe in a golden “sheet” and no matter how close Brandis came to apprehending him, he always escaped, though all doors to the mall remained locked. Various video tapes corroborate Brandis’ story, always showing the golden boy vanish in areas between the coverage of two cameras. These pursuits reached a point where Brandis spent most of his nights chasing down the suspect with no resolution; or so he claimed.
The golden boy was seen in the mall and reported to the police ten times, along with four on-site searches by the Uxbridge police department, whose reports go from matter-of-fact progressively to disbelief. Nothing was ever found. No one besides Brandis ever saw the golden boy in person.

On 30 AUG 2013, Charles Brandis shot himself at his home in Uxbridge — a year to the day of the first sighting. Gaining access to the evidence in this suicide requires a Bureaucracy 20%+ or roll and a HUMINT roll. Brandis’ suicide note read only, “he followed me home, tonight.”

The golden boy was never seen in the mall again and the police theorized that Brandis and an unknown accomplice committed the crimes to gain internet notoriety, although Brandis never made any attempt to do so. Despite the suspicious nature of the note, the police ruled Brandis’ death a suicide.

THE EXTERIOR, THE SIGN AND OVERWATCH
At night, the mall is not lit, and is isolated in an area which was once thought to be perfect for future development. MA-146, filled with traffic, runs past it, but there is little else for a mile in any direction from the mall except undeveloped marshland. Due to high radon emissions, development plans have been abandoned. Prominent signs are hung warning against both the radon and trespassing, however, short-term exposure to radon is not considered particularly life-threatening.

The sign for the mall still stands — a three-story tall structure topped by a large, once lit billboard, now dark. It reads TRIVELINO MALL next to the black and white image of a wide-eyed, old looking mask. The store signs beneath it have long since been removed. A single heavy lock (requires a Craft (Locksmith) 20%+ and a roll to open) on the ground level of the sign reveals a ladder inside that leads up to the inside of the billboard, three stories above. Inside the small “room” at the top, by removing one of the plastic outer-panels, an Agent can gain overwatch on the entire mall parking lot, unseen. It is an ideal firing position on anyone in the parking lot (+20% to hit with a scoped weapon, -20% for anyone firing on the sniper from the ground).

The gate to Colombina Street which runs parallel to the state highway is shut but not locked. Electricity was long ago turned off. Locals avoid the mall due to the “poison gas” as well as its isolated locale and it remains surprisingly untouched by graffiti or vandalism.

STAKING OUT THE MALL
Clever Agents stake out the mall before turning up for a debriefing. This is easily accomplished. It is obvious to Agents that approaching from the road is a foolish idea, and they should be warned that doing so is against everything they have learned as a law-enforcement officials. Those that park and walk through the wetlands can approach the mall from a direction other than the road, effectively making themselves invisible in the high grass to those in the parking lot or mall.

When they arrive at the fence, the Agent with the highest Corruption rating must make a Luck roll. Success indicates they see people moving in the parking lot, 300 feet (91 meters) ahead near the mall, including at least one child in a strange, spangled
outfit. Failure indicates they see nothing except a rental truck parked at the main entrance in an otherwise empty parking lot.

The people seen (except the child) are nondescript. Four middle-aged men and two women wearing casual clothes, sunglasses and hats, moving large boxes from the back of the truck inside the mall. The Agent with the highest Corruption rating is permitted an **Alertness** roll — on a success, they catch a clear view of the child, who appears to be wearing a strange, golden onesie. But before a clearer view is seen, the group vanishes into the mall.

Agents that sneak up on the truck must make a **Stealth** roll and a **Luck** roll. On a failed **Stealth** roll and successful **Luck** roll, the Agent makes it behind the truck just as the people emerge, get in the truck, and turn on the radio, but the Agent remains unseen (for the moment). On a successful **Stealth** roll and failed **Luck** roll, the Agent dives behind the cement base of a parking-lot light as the six people suddenly emerge, rush into the truck, and drive off (without the child). If both rolls fail, the Agent is left flat-footed as they run into two of the people that quickly draw sidearms at 200 feet (60 meters) and command them to turn around and put their hands behind their head. If any other move is made during a draw-down, a gun battle ensues (see THE DELTA GREEN GUNMEN on page XX). If an Agent surrenders, they are stripped of weapons, restrained with zip-ties and dragged inside to be executed.

If both **Stealth** and **Luck** rolls succeed, the Agent sneaks up to the truck-bed, unseen. The truck is empty except for two discarded, new looking, recently opened, cardboard boxes marked L-3 GPNVG-18 ANVIS, from TNVC inc. A **Military Science** 30%+ or a roll reveals the boxes once held military grade night-vision goggles. The truck was rented by AVIS to JOHN GREEN this morning at Boston, Logan airport. Green’s driver’s license number is fake.

### THE INTERIOR

The interior of the mall looks a bit dusty, but otherwise pristine. Footprints track in and out in the dust from the front door, but ambient light from outside soon drops off into complete darkness inside. All the stores are empty, and their signs are removed. Some still have shelves and displays in them, but for the most part, the mall has an eerie feeling as if hidden figures might be everywhere. All **Alertness** and **Search** rolls are -20% in the dark, without a light-source.

The main entrance leads to an atrium around an oddly shaped, empty fountain that smells faintly of chlorine. The fountain’s unusual shape is difficult to discern from the ground. It has sharp and curved edges and seems to be in a deliberate shape, about the size of a large van. Those looking at it from the second level can clearly see it is in the shape of the Yellow Sign (0/1D4 **SAN** helplessness.)

Standing metal construction fences have been propped up blocking three of the four halls that lead off the main atrium (these can be bypassed by sliding them aside or knocking them over with a **STRx5** roll, but doing so is quite loud). Only the hallway to the main entrance remains unobstructed.

Above the atrium, a second floor walkway is visible. Stairs at the end of every spoke lead up. On the second level are nine smaller “one room” stores that are all empty.
IN THE FIELD: THE GOLDEN BOY REAPPEARS

Those Agents that do their due diligence and learn about the strange “Golden Boy” B+Es might gain a warning from Carcosa as they enter. As they walk towards the atrium, the Agent with the highest Corruption rating catches sight of a child-sized figure in the darkened shelves of a long-closed store. The figure cavorts and dances in complete silence, and then appears to focus on the Agent.

The Golden Boy mimics shooters in various positions miming aiming down from above, and flashes three fingers twice and points to the balconies. It ends its dance by holding a golden finger to its golden lips as if “saying” shhhhh. A moment later, the kill-team attacks. Those that see the Golden Boy gain 1 turn of free action before the bullets begin to fly.

If the Agent searches that store for the Golden Boy after the conflict, they find a plastic silver and gold mannequin in its place (0/1 SAN helplessness) and gain +1 Corruption.

The Kill Box and the Team

On the night of the debriefing the atrium is the “kill box.” Agents are expected to enter, walk to the atrium, and then be cut down by four gunmen firing automatic weapons (using the fully automatic Lethality 10% attack) from the upper level. Those Agents fleeing back the way they came through the front entrance are fired upon by two more gunmen outside, waiting beside the doors (using selective fire inflicting 1D10 damage). They will shoot to kill, and fight until dead.

THREAT MATRIX: THE SIX DELTA GREEN GUNMEN (AVERAGE)

*Just doing their fucking job*

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<th>DEX</th>
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DISORDERS AND ADAPTATIONS: Adapted to violence.

SKILLS: Alertness 40%, Athletics 40%, Dodge 40%, Driving 40%, Firearms 50%, HUMINT 30%, Melee Weapons 40%, Persuade 40%, Search 40%, Stealth 35%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS:
- Δ Glock 17 50%, damage 1D8.
- Δ MP5A3 Submachine Gun 50%, damage 1D10 or Lethality 10%.
- Δ Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4.

ARMOR AND EQUIPMENT: Kevlar vest (Armor 3).

BACKGROUND: These Delta Green assets were activated to remove the player’s Agents as a threat, each has seen combat and the unnatural at work.

They are:
- Δ Dominic Gewalter (59 YOA Caucasian male), retired FBI agent, ex-Marine, from Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Δ Louise Mazel (46 YOA Hispanic female), paralegal, ex-Marine, Montauk, New York.
- Δ Christie McKendricks (44 YOA Caucasian male), FBI agent, ex-Army, from Los Angeles, California.
Δ Peter Malek (36 YOA African American male), Postal Inspector, ex-Army Ranger from Cincinnati, Ohio.
Δ Frederick Darius (38 YOA Hispanic male), ex-Army, Tampa, Florida.
Δ Sebastian Greugau (35 YOA Caucasian male), ex-Army, Omaha, Nebraska.

The Firefight and the Dance
If Agents enter the atrium, they are ruthlessly attacked by the kill team. There is limited cover in the form of small, cement and steel garbage can containers and ledges that offer Armor 4, and attempting to move back out the entrance causes two more gunman to appear there and open fire.

When the shooting begins, only those Agents with Corruption 2+ see the dancers. With the sound of a gong, the children suddenly appear in the center of the fountain, one for each Agent and each member of the kill team. The children are dressed in loose-fitting, golden clothing that covers them from head-to-toe, obscuring all features. None of the gunmen appear to see them (0/1D4 SAN unnatural). Those Agents that suffer 2+ SAN points from seeing these beings are at -20% on all skill rolls due to the distraction.

The children move through the firefight in a procession of poses, stopping, starting, and gesturing, untouched by the bullets and carnage while an unseen drumbeat and tambourine keeps time amidst the hollow booms of automatic fire. The figures split up, with one moving in their strange dance towards each person present. Attempts to shoot these figures fail to have any effect (1/1D6 SAN unnatural), they also appear to pass through physical boundaries like the fencing.

Those that can see them realize that the children are moving towards them. Trying to get out of the way during a gun battle while not being shot is a difficult task. As the figure steps towards them, the Agent is permitted a single Dodge -20% roll. Failure means the being steps into them and vanishes. All the figures do this. The children fall to the ground and curl up inside those who are killed, a moment before they are killed, mimicking the position of the body after it falls, and then vanish.

When each figure reaches its person and enters them, they vanish. No evidence of them remains.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Roll</th>
<th>Result</th>
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<tr>
<td>1-2</td>
<td>Esther Samigina answers the door.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3-4</td>
<td>Philip Samigina answers the door (actually Esther in the Cloak of Truth).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5-6</td>
<td>Henry Samigina answers the door (actually Esther in the Cloak of Truth).</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
SAMIGINA RESIDENCE, 52 CROCKETT AVE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, 02214

Built in 1925 and split into two discrete apartments in 1955, nurse Esther Samigina’s house is a large, three-story, white, aluminum-sided, duplex on a narrow, winding street in the Ashmont neighborhood of Boston. It is meticulously maintained.

Esther Samigina lives in the two upper stories with her family; her husband of 20 years, Philip, and her son, Henry (16 YOA), or at least, she did before she brought her work home with her. Now the family has a unique living arrangement made possible only through the power of King in Yellow.

DISINFORMATION: RESEARCHING THE SAMIGINAS

Searching for Samigina on Google immediately reveals that the name is of a demon from the *Ars Goetia* (and increases the Agent’s Corruption by +1). Samigina is listed as a demon with the following characteristics:

*Samigina is a Great Marquis of hell and reigns over thirty legions of demons. He speaks with a hoarse voice. He teaches all liberal sciences and gives account of Dead souls that died in sin. He is depicted as an ass, and then takes a human shape of either sex at the request of his master.*

The Samigina family is easily found on Google, linking to standard social media profiles for Esther (Facebook and Instagram), Philip (Facebook) and Henry Samigina (Twitter, Instagram and Snapchat). There has been no post or response to posts on any of these accounts since 24 AUG.

THE SECRET OF THE SAMIGINAS

Head nurse Esther Samigina was the first compromised by the growing power of the King in Yellow in the Dorchester house. Her daily interaction with the survivors of The Night Floors, their stories, notes, drawings, and therapies crept into her mind and found purchase there, but it was the Yellow Sign that finally sent her over the edge. Not that anyone noticed. Like Dr. Barbas, the disease was subtle. Soon, areas of the Dorchester House she was responsible for began to change. The infection pooled and spread, quietly consuming other patients and employees of the Dorchester House as well. But it didn’t stop there.

Soon after, she brought the infection home. She gave her son the Yellow Sign, and he was affected much more profoundly. Shortly after that the teenager murdered his father, enshrined his corpse in the master bathtub, and set about creating a tribute to the King. By this time Esther Samigina had been spreading the infection further afield and was often not home, though her compulsions made her carry through with her day job. One day she returned home and her son and her husband’s body were gone. She was unconcerned; instructions would be forthcoming.

Ten days before the Agents arrived in Boston, Esther received instructions in the mail (from Dr. Barbas and the Scribe); she was to fashion the “cloak of truth.” Now, with the help of the cloak, Esther lives a strange and meandering life as all three members of her
family. Not all at once, of course, but she comes and goes in the cloak as her son, and her husband. The illusion generated is perfect, but fragile.

Her singular goal is to appease whatever power it is that makes her world turn, so she might find her truth. Only recently, a vision has shown her that the secret she’s searching for is contained in a bottle with her name on it in some darkened corridor. As far as she is concerned the events of the last few months are not only marvelous, they are entirely reasonable, and she denies any questions whose answers might incriminate her.

**DISINFORMATION: QUESTIONING THE SAMIGINA’S NEIGHBORS**

Agents might approach the Samigina’s neighbors, but they have little to reveal. They report that all is well with the Samigina’s and that they have seen and spoken to all members of the clan in the last week or so (though never at the same time).

**Wendy Costick**

Wendy Costick (Caucasian female, 31 YOA) is the Samigina’s downstairs neighbor that occupies the first-floor of the house in a separate apartment. She reports nothing strange, and hears them talking and going about their business normally in the apartment above at night. She even ran into Philip Samigina collecting the mail the other evening. “He seemed fine,” she’ll say.

**Everly and Denton Gresser**

Everly Gresser (Caucasian female, 37 YOA) and her husband Denton (Caucasian male, 39 YOA) live next door to the Samigina residence. Everly once shared an inconsistent but friendly association with Esther Samigina, but hasn’t seen her in some time (though Devon reports he has seen all three coming and going). The last time Esther spoke to the Gressers, she delivered a pamphlet for a “self-help group” that the Gressers entirely ignored. They have it, somewhere, and after a prolonged search, come up with an Encounter Group pamphlet (see **ENCOUNTER GROUP** on page XX). “I thought it was like Amway or something,” Everly Gresser will say, grimacing.

**SPYING ON THE SAMIGINA’S HOUSE**

Agents that stake out the Samigina’s house can track the following daily pattern of the residents during the week:

- **0700:** Esther Samigina leaves for work in the family car. She is often carrying a bundle of laundry, or a plastic bag filled with cloth, and a backpack (inside is the Cloak of Truth).
- **0940:** Wendy Costick leaves for work on foot.
- **1045:** Henry Samigina returns to the house and spends 15-20 minutes inside. He leaves on foot and walks to his high school. (He is never seen leaving the house in the morning.)
- **1300:** Philip Samigina returns home and eats lunch alone. Goes back to work at Carney Hospital on foot. (He is never seen leaving the house in the morning.)
1800: Esther Samigina returns in the family car from work. (Neither man in the Samigina family appears to come home at night, but are seen in the house after Esther arrives home anyway.)

1900: Wendy Costick returns from work on foot.

If Philip Samigina is followed when he leaves the house, he returns to his job as an orderly at nearby Carney Hospital. When he arrives at the hospital, he changes out of his street clothes into his uniform, and quickly vanishes into the facility. Those Agents who tail him closely and have **Alertness** 30%+ or who make a critical success on a roll are sure he entered a dead-end bathroom and didn’t come back out. Likewise, his son performs the same disappearing act at nearby Boston International High School. If people at the job or the school are questioned about Philip or Henry’s behavior, the answer is always the same, “they’re fine.” If prodded for details, each witness says they, “just saw him,” though they can’t describe the encounter precisely.

**GETTING IN**

There are no spare keys outside of the building, and the windows are secured. Wendy Costick’s downstairs apartment has a security system installed to prevent break-ins, but the Samigina’s upper two stories are not alarmed. Costick has a set of keys to the Samiginas, in case of emergencies, but unless given a good reason, won’t surrender them (treat this as a **Persuade** and **Law** roll).

Jimmying the main door requires **Craft (Locksmith)** 20%+ and a roll. Failure means the lock is damaged. Fumble means the lock is damaged and cannot be opened. Any success opens the lock. If the outside door lock is damaged, in 3D100 minutes the downstairs neighbor Wendy Costick calls the police to report it.

Climbing to the upper story and jimmying a window open requires an **Athletics** roll and a **Craft (Locksmith)** roll, each at -20%. Failure on the **Athletics** roll means the Agent falls and suffers 1D6 HP.

**THE MUDROOM AND THE HALLWAY UP**

Inside the main door is a small landing mudroom with a coat closet, a security door to the left to Wendy Costick’s first-floor apartment, and a long, narrow staircase up to another security door to the Samigina’s two-story apartment on the right. This door is also locked and requires a **Craft (Locksmith)** 20%+ and a roll to open.

**THE FAMILY ROOM, DINING ROOM AND KITCHEN**

Those who enter the Samigina home find the apartment rich with a strange, intense smell, like that of overcooked foreign food, or a bouquet of dried flowers. It is everywhere, and smells neither good nor bad, only strong. The floral undertone cannot be placed.

The second-floor of the house is the main living space. It is a wide, obviously retrofitted open-concept floor of modern design squeezed into a 1920s home. An L-shaped kitchen, a cramped area to the side for a small, round, dining room table and four chairs, and a large U-shaped living room with various couches, chairs, floor pillows, and a long-dead fireplace hearth. A flatscreen TV is mounted above the fireplace.
Despite this open concept, this floor does not have enough windows and feels dark and cramped. Besides the staircase from the first-floor, a second staircase leads past the kitchen up to the third-floor.

Clue: The Flyers and Masks
On a small TV dinner table in the living room is a taped together rough of a pamphlet, a glue stick, and various print-outs and magazine clippings. There is a Kinko’s receipt here for 200 copies, and several copies of the printed document for Encounter Group. This group meets on Tuesdays at a nearby, small, church. Apparently, one of the Samigina family made this flyer and had it photocopied. It reads:

ENCOUNTER GROUP
NO COST
FIND THE ANSWER TO LIFE’S QUESTIONS IN A NO JUDGMENT GROUP ENVIRONMENT
7-9 PM ON [DATE] AT [LOCATION]
MASKS PROVIDED

[A drawing of the Yellow Sign, below it hand-drawn letters spell]

TIRELESS HEROES EXPLORE, KNOWING INFINITE NIGHT GRANTS COMFORT ON MOONLIT, ENDLESS, SEAS

The Yellow Sign inflicts 0/1D4 SAN helplessness (see THE YELLOW SIGN on page XX). The first letters of the “TIRELESS” sentence reads:

T H E K I N G C O M E S.

Those that puzzle this out are rewarded with +1 Corruption. On the living room couch are two papier-mâché masks with a single, silver wire to hold it on the face. The expression is unreadable. The mask is identical to those worn at Encounter Group (see ENCOUNTER GROUP on page XX), and inexplicably, the mask worn by Henry Lundine when he was discovered dead in 1952 (see DISINFORMATION: RESEARCHING THE MACALLISTAR BUILDING on page XX).

Clue: Linseed Oil, Tray, and Rollers
Dried and cast aside in the dining room, this substantial industrial-sized bin of linseed oil is used up. A crumpled post-it note that was perhaps tacked to it sits nearby. It reads, “For Sami pick up.” Those Agents that discovered the linseed oil in the Macallistar building in 1995 recognize it here, 20 years later, and suffer 0/1D4 SAN helplessness (see SPYING ON MANUEL’S “WORK SPACE” IN THE BASEMENT on page XX).

What oil remains in the container has dried to a tacky, clear, paste. The roller and tray are tacky with dried oil. Art (Painting) 10%+ identifies it as linseed oil, an oil used in oil painting. A Search roll looking for uses of the oil in the residence reveals it has likely been painted on multiple walls in the home (though it dries transparent). The smell is
evident when an Agent gets close to the walls in the house, hidden beneath the exotic smell. An **INTx5** roll tells any Agent that it is extremely flammable.

**THE POWDER ROOM**
This tiny closet barely contains a toilet and sink. A small cabinet under the sink contains the only oddity in the room, a baroque, red, crystal, bottle — seemingly carved from a single, enormous crystal — with a bronze plaque inset that reads: HENRY J. SAMIGINA. The top of the bottle, which has a levered stopper, is open. Nothing is inside.

**THE NARROW STAIRCASE TO THE THIRD FLOOR**
Just past the kitchen, these narrow stairs lead to the top floor of the house. The walls are wood panel (and painted in linseed oil), and the rug is an ancient, marine blue shag that’s worn to light blue in the center from prolonged use.

**THIRD-FLOOR LANDING**
The landing on the third-floor opens on three doors, the master bedroom (to the left), the second bedroom (ahead), and the bathroom (to the right).

**Clue: The Sewing Machine and Costumes**
There is a new sewing machine set on a credenza next to the bathroom door. Scattered on the table are dozens of half-used colored threads, yarn, and cut sections of cloth. Four partially completed costumes are on the credenza, stacked. They appear identical. They look like red, gold, and yellow bellhop outfits, but pockets and buttons on the costumes are not real, only seams and portions of cloth that look like pockets or buttons. Flat, strange strips of material with cut felt disks lay nearby (an **INTx5** roll reveals they are unassembled, small, fez-like caps for the bellhop uniform). Gold thread stitched on the chest of each of these suits read HOTEL BROADALBIN.

Sections of cut cloth that match these outfits are shoved into various trash baskets throughout the house. Gathering all of these castoffs together indicates that perhaps as many as 20 or more of these outfits have been made in the house.

**THIRD-FLOOR BATHROOM AND LAUNDRY CHUTE**
Every book in the home (except the Henry Samigina’s homemade version of *The King in Yellow, The Phantom Sayeth*) has been cast into this room haphazardly, gathered in a pile of paperbacks and hardcovers that completely cover the far side of the room, including the toilet. Many of these books have been cut to pieces to remove select words and photographs.

There are a pile of such clipped books in the sink beneath the bathroom mirror, which is covered in a complex series of strange, traced shapes drawn in fingerprint grease. Those that have seen the Yellow Sign recognize the form. Those who have not and attempt to trace the shape see the Yellow Sign and suffer 0/1D4 **SAN** helplessness and +1 Corruption. Those with Corruption 3+ who trace the Yellow Sign on the mirror find the tips of their fingers slipping into the mirror (see **THE WALL MIRROR** on page XX).
Those that have seen the bathroom mirror and sink filled with books found in Dr. Barbas’ house recognize this as the probable source of the books (see THE GROUND FLOOR BATHROOM on page XX).

EXEUNT: The Laundry Chute
A laundry chute here is partially propped open, and has a post-it note stuck above it. The note says “x4 bellhop, x2 gangster,” in Esther Samigina’s handwriting. Strangely, the chute looks recently installed, and it slightly off-level on the wall. There is even a scattering of sawdust on the rug on the floor.

   The chute is too small for anyone to fit in, but shining a light down shows its metal tube descends at an angle for some distance. It ends above a far-off, dimly-lit burgundy rug perhaps five stories down, where a shadowed face peers up at the Agents. If shouted at, the person shouts back, but their response is lost in a distant sound of thrumming machinery. Eventually, the shadow leaves, and never returns. Those that search the house and basement for the end of the laundry chute find no corresponding end to it anywhere in the house (0/1 SAN unnatural).

   Tearing open the wall to remove a portion of the chute reveals the tube descends four feet in the wall, capped with a metal sheet. The inside of this metal sheet has a section of clipped magazine showing a burgundy rug pasted to it (0/1 SAN helplessness). Due to the power of Carcosa, when undisturbed, this chute somehow opens in the basements of the Hotel Broadalbin.

   Through the power of Carcosa, the laundry chute is a limited conduit to the Hotel Broadalbin in the Night World, and the person at the bottom of that chute is likely one of the player characters at a later (or earlier) time in the Broadalbin laundry room. In other words, the Agents are looking down at themselves or another member of their team.

   Esther Samigina uses this chute to perform her abasements to the King. She makes costumes for the Broadalbin’s marionettes, and when they’re done, drops them down the shaft.

   The industrial noise blocks any sound coming up from below, though it is clear the shadowed person at the bottom is shouting. Handlers should write down or record what the Agents at the Samigina’s home shout below, because when the Agents are in the Broadalbin laundry room, they can hear what is said. Clever Agents that puzzle out that they are talking to their Agent or other player characters known to them are rewarded with 0/1 SAN helplessness and +1 Corruption.

THE MASTER BEDROOM
The master bedroom abruptly changes to faux-wood flooring, and is large with a king-sized bed, a dresser, and two closets. The master bath connects through a door in the north wall.

Clue: The Clothes
In the master bedroom, two complete pairs of male clothing are laid out, just as they might be worn (buttons are done up, shirts inside of jackets, underwear inside of pants), and pinned together with safe-t pins. One pair of clothing appears to be a “business
casual” outfit for a large man — a short-sleeved button-down shirt, tan khaki pants, a belt, tie, and laceless support soled shoes on the floor.

The second pair is for a teenager (also large) a Fetty Wap t-shirt, black jeans, a yellow hoodie, and sneakers. Every morning Esther Samigina lays out a new outfit for her “husband” and “son.” Several pairs of clothing like this, clean and unwrinkled for the most part, are in a hamper behind the master closet door. There is nothing in any of the clothes’ pockets.

Clue: The Phantom Sayeth (see THE PHANTOM SAYETH on page XX)
This monstrosity of a book hidden beneath the master bedroom’s king-sized mattress looks like a horrifically maintained scrapbook put together by a deranged child. It is bloated and spews cut portions of magazines, pieces of paper, and what appear to be flyers, photos, and even coupons. Many of these portions of paper are accordioned up, folded, or fraying. The front of the scrapbook reads THE PHANTOM SAYETH in silver paint pen.

Inside, the book is a copy of The King in Yellow created from a thousand disparate sources. Each word in sequence, (and strangely sometimes entire sentences) are cribbed from things like Cosmopolitan articles on hairstyles, a water bill, and personal correspondence which looks like there were scavenged from the garbage. Each of these items is carefully glued on a scrapbook page, creating a complete collage copy of The King in Yellow.

This represents Henry Samigina’s master-work, dictated to him by the corpse of his father while Henry meditated on the Yellow Sign in the mirror of the master bath.

THE MASTER BATHROOM
The door to the master bath is shut, and a thick blue towel has been jammed under the door crack from inside, completely blocking it. A fan is running, and the lights are on (visible at the top of the door jam).

The door is unlocked. Those who open it are struck by a smell many Agents might be familiar with: death. The bathtub is filled with dozens of industrial cleaner bottles containing chemicals; all open, spilled, or partially spilled. The inch-deep liquid in the tub — composed of various fluids from the containers — has congealed to a dark brown, and emits a wave of intense stench that is paralyzing; even so, it does not cover up the sick, sweet smell of rot. Inside the room, because of the eye-watering stench all physical actions in the master bath are -20%. Agents recognize it as the core of the “exotic” smell when they entered the house.

No body is in the house, but draining the tub (which takes 10-minutes) reveals evidence that a body once went through prolonged mortification in the tub. A Forensics 20%+ or a roll reveals “death stains” on the walls of the tub in a shape suggesting a tall person died in the tub. This also indicates the chemicals were poured in after the body mortified.

The Wall Mirror
The master bath mirror seems normal, but in the proper light, it is clearly covered in a complex series of strange, traced shapes drawn in fingerprint grease.
Those that have seen the Yellow Sign recognize the form. Those who have not and attempt to trace the shape see the Yellow Sign and suffer 0/1D4 SAN helplessness and +1 Corruption.

Those with Corruption 3+ who trace the Yellow Sign on the mirror find the tips of their fingers slipping into the mirror (anyone seeing this suffers 0/1D4 SAN unnatural). Every time the shape is traced, the hand goes slightly deeper.

The far side feels cold and pliant like a strange hybrid of clay and ice. An Agent with their hand through the mirror up to the wrist may make a Luck roll, on a success, they grab a cold arm on the far side. With a successful STRx5 roll, they can yank this limb back through the mirror. They end up under the sloughing mess of Philip Samigina’s corpse which launches itself through the mirror, covering the Agent in noxious effluvia and chemical-laden, rotten flesh (1/1D8 SAN violence).

Any Agent foolish enough to push their face in finds their head on the far side of the mirror in a vast, pitch black, space and gains +1 Corruption. They can see, but their eyes are not used to the starkness of the light change. Each turn on the far side allows the Agent a Search or Alertness roll as their eyes adjust. An Agent can act for CONx5 turns without breathing before they begin to suffocate (the environment is not breathable on the far side). Any success on the Search or Alertness reveals one of the following:

- **THE BODY**: If the Agents have not already found Philip Samigina, they find a lanky, rotten corpse floating in the black, just inside the mirror (1/1D6 SAN violence). If the Agent has their arm in the mirror, they can grab it with a DEXx5 roll, otherwise, they tear a section of rotten flesh off of it, but fail to get a grip.

- **THE MIRRORS**: Other, small, pinpoints of light are visible in the distance. A second “notice” of this gives the Agent the impression these are other mirrors (0/1 SAN unnatural).

- **THE SWIMMER**: A man swims in the “void” nonchalantly in the distance, only visible because of his white suit and bright red tie. He is so far off (perhaps 100 meters or more), it is impossible to see his face, but he seems unperturbed by his environment (0/1 SAN unnatural).

- **JUNK**: Objects float nearby; a series of cut-up books, an old-looking hairbrush, a pencil, coins, and other unremarkable items from various time-periods.

An Agent must fail a SAN roll, and suffer 1/1D6 SAN unnatural to pull their faces back out of the mirror.

Agents yanked out by their compatriots must make a Luck roll, failure indicates they suffer a Lethality 5% attack as their face is ripped to shreds (although the mirror remains untouched). If they die, the portion of the face that was “submerged” is cleanly removed from the Agent, as if it was cut off by a laser (1/1D6 SAN violence) and they bleed out in seconds. That portion of their head is never found in the house. Success on this Luck roll and they pull away from an untouched mirror suffering 5 HP damage from deep cuts in their cheeks, neck, and head that disfigure them, permanently removing 1 point of Charisma.
Clue: The Philips DVT4000 Digital Voice Recorder
This small digital voice recorder is on the counter of the master bath, but its battery is depleted. Locating the charger in the house requires 15-minutes and a Search roll. Once it is charged, it contains 10 short recordings, and one long one, with the next to last recording being the longest at 3:22 seconds.

Recording 1. Teen boy’s voice: “Mom showed me something today and uh. It was… (laughter in the background) interesting. It was funny. I liked it, I liked it.”

Recording 2. Teen boy’s voice: “Come out. Come on out. (Sing song) COME. Out. COME. Out. (rattling noises like some sort of struggle ensues. Then a grown man screaming, this sound is so horrible it costs 0/1 SAN violence.)


Recording 5. Teen boy’s voice: “(laughing) Dad’s back. He’s telling me things while he…well. Things for the book (a door slams.) Put the bottles over there. (crackling of plastic bags.)”

Recording 6. Woman’s voice: “-ou’ve seen it? How did you see it?” Teen boy’s voice: “In the mirror.”

Recording 7. Woman’s voice: “I think we shoul-“

Recording 8. Teen boy’s voice: “Mom showed me the masks today. I thought I was (unintelligible) lose my mind. Man. She’s working on something now, I-“


Recording 10: A teenage boy (Henry Samigina) is heard running a sink full blast, while chanting “show me more, show me more, show me more.” Occasionally, a squeaking sound is heard (INTx5 to intimate this is the sound of a finger moving across the mirror). Eventually, a second voice speaks in a low, slow, croaking voice that sounds like a very, very, old, sick, man speaking in between bellow-like gasps for air. Over the course of 2 minutes and 24 seconds, it says:

“And so we come to our end, of sorts,
A play that contains multitudes,
All who died,
All who live,
All who yet shall,
Upon this stage with us,
Forever…
END”

Those that have read the play recognize these as the closing lines of The King in Yellow. Agents that manage to piece together the ideas that Henry Samigina killed his father, and then was dictated The King in Yellow by his corpse are rewarded with 0/1D4 SAN unnatural.

Recording 11. Teen boy’s voice: “I found a way into the mirror. I sent dad in first. Come find me there.”
THE SECOND BEDROOM
This is obviously the room of a teenage boy. Posters of various bands and rap stars cover the walls. There are sketches hung of mundane subjects done by a talented but untrained artist. A set of weights sit beneath the bed. One corner of the room is covered in the ruins of a computer, smashed into hundreds of pieces beyond repair (nothing can be recovered from it).

Clue: The Cardboard City
The floor of the second bedroom is almost completely taken up by a cardboard model of a city. It is bizarre, complex, and seems like it might have taken days to make. It is two-layered, stands almost 2 feet tall (0.61 meters), and is 4 feet (1.22 meters), by 6 feet (1.83 meters).

The “top floor” of the city is a meticulous cardboard construction of a bombed out city surrounding a “lake”— the lake is actually a section of a mirror cut to fit the hole. There are small, cardboard boats on the lake piloted by tiny cardboard people. Some appear halfway sunk into the “lake.”

The “mid-plane” of the city is a clear, hard plastic shape in the same shape as the perimeter of the lake, it tracks down a foot down to the “bottom floor.” Inside this vertical plastic shaft, various cardboard boats are suspended by wires, tilted downwards as if they were “flying” down. There are also strange looking birds and something large with flippers, far larger than any boat, hanging in this plastic shaft.

The “bottom floor” of the city is the same as the top, except the buildings are whole and un-ruined. A large, bulb-topped palace is on the edge of the city. In a ring near the palace, various scenes of battle are being played out by cardboard people. There are craters carefully cut in the cardboard, tiny, paper artillery pieces, and paper machine gun teams.

The entire model weighs next to nothing, and though it is bulky, it is easily carried out of the house. Those who have been to Carcosa recognize it as a model of that nightmare city.

WAITING FOR THE FAMILY
Agents that surveil the house can easily wait until Esther Samigina returns home. She parks in the driveway and enters the home. From there, lights come on, and, at first glance, everything appears normal. Even though — if the house was being surveilled — the other two members of the family were last seen leaving (and not returning) they are seen moving around the upper floors.

Ringing the doorbell or knocking on the door brings one of the three family members to the door; roll a 1D6:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Roll</th>
<th>Result</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1-2</td>
<td>Esther Samigina answers the door.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3-4</td>
<td>Henry Samigina (Esther in Cloak of Truth disguise) answers the door.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Esther Answers the Door
If Esther answers the door, she is all smiles. If she has met the Agents at Dorchester House, she is thoughtful and interested in why the Agents are here, and invites them in without hesitation. Agents are struck by a strong smell like overcooked spice-rich cooking. If asked, she says she’s making dinner, and indeed, pots appear to be cooking on the stove.

She invites the Agents to sit in the dining room while she prepares “tea.” She briefly runs upstairs in the midst of doing so. When she is in the family room or kitchen occasional noises are heard from the bedrooms upstairs, and she shouts nonchalantly up the stairs for her son not to forget to put his shoes away.

Tea is served, it is thin and tan and smells intensely of flowers. It is so hot it burns the tongue and leaves a strange aftertaste. There are small particulates in it which get stuck in the teeth. Esther drinks it as well. (Those Agents who later see the master bathtub and examine it come to the conclusion that Esther used the liquid there to make her “tea”; this costs 0/1D4 SAN helplessness.)

If the Agents ask to speak to other members of the Samigina family, she runs upstairs and one of the other family members comes back down to talk to the Agents. While she is upstairs, all three of the family members are heard speaking to one another. If Agents insist on going upstairs, they find no one besides Esther.

If Esther is confronted with evidence of her madness, she lights the linseed oil painted walls on fire and rushes the Agent with the highest Corruption rating, laughing and hanging on them (all physical rolls while she’s clutching them are -20%, she maintains this grip until knocked unconscious or killed).

She shrieks “he’s coming now!”

ASSET: THE CLOAK OF TRUTH
This cloak is multi-colored and handmade out of a thousand different pieces of clothing cut and sewn together in intricate, repeating, fractal patterns. It is clearly and deeply wrong. Those looking at it when it is not worn cannot decide on a predominant color or description, only that it is “bulky.” Those that choose to concentrate on describing it lose 0/1 SAN unnatural and gain +1 Corruption, as it actively defies description.

UNNATURAL EFFECTS: In use, the cloak is invisible. The wearer appears as a perfect duplicate (height, weight, voice, etc.) of any of their Bonds for as long as they wear it. They inherently know they can do this when they put on the cloak by donning the hood and saying the Bond’s name out loud. When the hood is raised, the wearer suffers 1/1D6 SAN unnatural as they feel the change.

A simple Unarmed Combat roll, any Lethality attack, or any attack that inflicts 2 HP or more on the wearer of the cloak is enough to cause it to fall to off, ending the illusion instantly and costing all witnesses 1/1D6 SAN unnatural.

Those with Corruption 3+ looking at someone using the cloak are struck by an odd feeling; they still see the illusion, but know something is off. If an Agent with Corruption
3+ removes the cloak revealing the illusion, in addition to the **SAN** loss, they gain +1 Corruption.

**Philp Answers the Door**
If "Philip" answers the door, he is standoffish. He does not let the Agents in unless they present law enforcement identification. The house smells of overcooked, unidentifiable, spice-rich cooking. He doesn’t ask the Agents to sit and insists the family is due for dinner shortly. Other family members are heard upstairs.

Philip is straightforward and grim; he has nothing to report. If the group asks to talk to Esther, he says she just stepped out. If they ask to speak to another family member, Philip goes upstairs and Henry comes down.

If Philip is confronted with evidence of his family’s madness, he shrugs off the cloak, revealing Esther (**SAN** loss 1/1D6 **SAN** unnatural) and lights the house on fire as above.

**Henry Answers the Door**
If “Henry” answers the door, he is quiet but acquiescent. He lets the Agents in under nearly any pretense. He is a tall, slightly overweight teenager. He sits in the living room and plays Xbox while other members of his family are heard upstairs.

If Agents go upstairs, Henry excuses himself to any remaining Agents and heads for the bathroom, but he goes downstairs and after igniting the oil in the hallway, leaves. If he escapes, “Philip”, Esther, or “Henry” may be later seen in the Night World.

**THE FIRE AND THE KING**
Agents entering the Samigina residence are likely to experience the fire, one way or another.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Turn</th>
<th>Effect</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>First</td>
<td>Agents must make a <strong>Dodge</strong> or <strong>Athletics</strong> roll or suffer 1 HP burn damage as all walls immediately ignite, belching flame into the air, tracking up and downstairs in trails of fire. The house instantly begins to burn, but those that succeed in their roll may escape the building immediately.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Second</td>
<td>The house is completely aflame. Any movement requires a <strong>Dodge</strong> or <strong>Athletics</strong> roll, failure equals 1D4-2 HP burn damage and an inability to move forward for that turn. Moving towards the exit downstairs requires only a single successful roll.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Third</td>
<td>The stairs down are cut off, only exits are the second story and third story windows. The house is a fireball and even the fire-resistant rug is black. Any movement requires a <strong>Search</strong> and a <strong>Dodge</strong> or <strong>Athletics</strong> roll at -20% from smoke, failure equals 1D4-1 HP burn and smoke damage, and an inability to move forward for that turn, success equals 1 HP burn and smoke damage. Moving towards an exit requires <strong>two</strong> successful <strong>Search</strong> and <strong>Dodge</strong> or <strong>DEXx5</strong> rolls at -20%.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ENCOUNTER GROUP

Encounter Group appears to be just one of a million small, out-of-the-way, self-help meetings that congeal in church basements, schools and fire stations after hours all over the nation, but it is much more dangerous that that. The disease of The King in Yellow is spread by imagination and strangeness, and that is what Encounter Group is — a method for The King in Yellow to find and infect those minds that can most effectively hold and spread its disease.

OPINT: LOCATING ENCOUNTER GROUP

Clues to the location of Encounter Group are found at the home of Esther Samigina, at her neighbor’s the Greenbriars, and in the neighborhood around the Dorchester House on flyers posted on telephone poles and in coffee shops. A flyer is even posted for it in the administration building at the Dorchester House itself. There is also an Encounter Group pamphlet in the Missing Room.

Certain days of the week in the evening one member of the Samigina family will travel to the nearby Encounter Group and may be followed there.

Otherwise, any Agent with a Corruption 2+ might come across an advertisement for it online, hanging on a telephone pole, or in the back of a magazine. Encounter Group is not isolated to the Boston area (though, perhaps it began there) and might be found anywhere.

THE LOCATION

Physical location for Encounter Group varies, but it is always in the basement of a public-use space, like a church, Veterans of Foreign Wars hall, or a school, and always after-hours. Invariably, the location is abandoned except for members of Encounter Group. Even if it is usually occupied, for various improbable reasons, somehow no one but members of Encounter Group are present when a meeting occurs.
ENTERING, MASKS, AND ROBES
Those Agents that enter without a mask are met by a person wearing a papier-mâché mask of an expressionless, white face, and a long silver robe that hides the clothing beneath it sitting at a folding card table. This person reassures the Agent that they are acting as “the phantom,” and that they won’t be at the meeting.

The phantom gives each Agent an identical white papier-mâché mask from a waxed cardboard box with Russian writing stamped on it: Сталинградский тракторный завод им. Ф. Э. Дзержинского - “Stalingrad Tractor Plant named for Dzerzhinsky” or “CT 3.” Agents with Foreign Language: Russian 10%+, and with History 25%+ or who make a successful roll know that the fiercest battle of Stalingrad in World War Two was fought at Tractor Factory 3. The cardboard box, which looks new, is apparently from there (0/1 SAN unnatural). The masks seem newly made, and some are still damp.

Tucked beneath the card table is another box topped by a mask of a different make, seemingly made for a child — it is a clown mask, with painted red lips and black slits for eyes. Below it is a folded, paper sculpture of some sort (it is difficult to tell what it is, only that it is large), and a crumpled yellow and blue onesie sized for a child; next to them are three thick, glass containers with the lids screwed off, empty. Later, in the Dorchester house, Agents may see this mask, outfit and paper sculpture once more (see THE STAGE, THE DRAGON, AND THE CLOWN on page XX).

Agents are also given a long, silver robe made of synthetic cloth. The phantom gestures for them to get dressed. Once dressed, Agents look identical to the phantom and one another. The robes pool low enough on the floor to obscure clothes and shoes and the hoods hide all hair effectively.

Those that refuse to put on a mask or dress, or attempt to rifle through the box with the child’s clown mask, cause a commotion that escalates until the police are summoned. When police show up, Agents and a few remaining Encounter Group people are questioned. When masks come off, they all seem like exceedingly normal people unknown to the Agents, and the police are unperturbed by the strangeness of the meeting. After an hour of this, the group breaks up for the night, and never meets there again.

Those Agents that dress and mask are told to go downstairs to the meeting room.

THE MEETING ROOM
When enough people to fill the seats in the circle are present, an unseen gong sounds. The figures approach the chairs and sit. Agents are expected to do the same. If they do not, one of the figures already seated gestures for them to do so. Once everyone is seated, the meeting is called to order.

One of the figures speaks:

“Say the things we cannot say elsewhere.”
“Truth leads us,” the group responds.
“Find ourselves and know ourselves.”
“Truth makes us,” the group responds.
“Become the rulers of our own lives.”
“Truth frees us,” the group responds.
“Say what you will.”

The gong sounds again and the lights suddenly go out.

THE SHUFFLE
Agents will be unquestionably startled by the lights going off. Those that try to take control of the situation through violence arrive at a similar outcome as if they had refused to put on the mask and robes upstairs — the police arrive.

Those that remain calm catch the dimly lit silhouettes of robed, masked figures moving frantically from chair to chair, switching spots. Instead of shuffling a deck of cards, the figures are shuffling a room full of people. Agents that hope to keep any compatriots they have in the room straight must make an Alertness roll, otherwise the mass of moving figures confounds them, and they are uncertain who is who — all the masked figures appear identical.

The light on the circle of chairs come back on a moment later.

CONFESSIONS
One random figure speaks. Though questions are sometimes asked by the speaker, they seem rhetorical and no one from the group ever answers. The comments are disjointed and surreal. Due to the masks, it’s almost impossible to tell who is speaking. It’s difficult even to tell if it’s a man or a woman. Each person in the group speaks.

Example confessions are below, the Handler should feel free to create as many as they like:

Anyone seen this?
“They’re making a building of books, downtown. I don’t know why. I admit, it doesn’t make a lot of sense. They stack them and glue them together, and there are windows and everything. I haven’t gone inside yet. I need to work up to it.”

Whole Book
“Has anyone read the whole book? I mean the play? What happens at the end? No. Don’t tell me. I don’t want to know yet.”

In the bottles
“I saw my bottle, last night. It was in a dream, but I know it’s real. You find it, and you open it, and it tells you things.”

Dream About the Patzu
“I dreamt about this stuff last night again. The Patzu. It’s like…a liquid, I guess. It’s red, but like cooking grease, and it comes from secrets. It comes and goes, comes and goes. Vanishing and coming back from somewhere else. And if you swallow it, you go there too…”
Calling the Baby
“I lost my son last year. But I’ve noticed things around the house that he loved. Things I gave away and they’re back. Last night, I found handprints. So I’ve decided, tonight, I’m going to sing his song. I’m going to call to him and maybe he’ll find me.”

Dead people
“You think dead people die, but dead people don’t die. They live in places no one is looking. There are these spaces where people aren’t seeing, and that’s where they all are. Shoved in. Still alive. Still going.”

Dogs Aren’t Here
“I don’t know what happened, but they’re all gone, you know? No more dogs. I saw some trucks on the day it happened. Big trucks filled with dogs. I wonder where they put them all?”

Doors Keep Going
“If you open a door just right. I mean, if you KNOW how to open a door, there’s always another door on the other side. I didn’t buy it, at first, but after he showed me, I mean, wow…”

Eating Glass
“I noticed the crack in the bowl after I made the soup, but I ate the soup anyway. Near the end, I felt a small piece of glass in my mouth, and I chewed it. I swallowed it. Nothing happened. The bowl is gone now. I broke it all up and ate it. I’m getting stronger, I think.”

Fake People
“The man who lives in the apartment across from me isn’t real. He’s like a big…puppet. He moves around the apartment and almost looks real sometimes, but I’m not fooled. When the light is right, I see his strings.”

Hotel
“The hotel is the secret. I dreamt about it, and it’s somewhere in the city. If you go there, and you look for it, you might find the answer. In the dream a bellhop told me there are tunnels in the basement.”

Can’t Wait Anymore
“I found a hole in my wall beneath the dryer. I can’t wait anymore. I’m going in tonight. I’m going to find my bottle.”

Inside Mirrors
“People are inside mirrors. You can only see them when you know how, but they’re always there. Once you figure it out, though, you can’t NOT see them. I keep all my mirrors locked up in the guest room, just in case. I mean, who knows if they can come out?”
Mark
“I can’t help but seeing the mark everywhere. You know the symbol? It was on TV last night, all night, on ABC. I don’t know how they did that. You think someone would notice.”

Nameless Streets
“I don’t know why they’re removing the names on street signs. Just yesterday I noticed the numbers were gone from my house. They send kids out to do it. They paint over the signs and steal the numbers. I found one of their hidey-holes, filled with stacks of house numbers. I know it’s real. I know it’s happening.”

Nothing Was Inside
“They brought the kid in when I was the attending, and I had like, a minute or more alone with him when the EMTs dropped him. He was bleeding out internally, so I opened him up and…there was…nothing…there. I mean, he was empty. No organs. No blood. Nothing. But it all worked out. When the nurses got there, they were back, the organs. Anyway, he died. No biggie.”

People and Fire
“Has anyone else noticed the people on fire? I mean, people just like not screaming or nothing, but walking down the street with smoke pouring from their mouth and eyes? No? Just me?”

Prowler
“There’s this homeless guy who creeps around my neighborhood, but he’s wearing like, a big gold outfit, like a cloak made of garbage. It’s all messed up. I can’t see his face. He watches me, but whenever I go out to see him, he’s gone. Anyone else seen him?”

Sometimes I Get Lost
“Once, I couldn’t find where I lived. Not just my address, but the street, and even the city. I couldn’t even find my city. Heh. I wandered for a month or more and went to…Europe maybe? It was hard to tell. I met some amazing people there. Amazing. Anyway, found my way back. No harm. No harm. It’s all still here.”

Statues Can Speak
“If you know what to ask them, statues can talk, you know. Can you imagine being around for 1,000 years? They’re always watching, and waiting. They’ve seen lots of things. They’ve seen it all.”

Telephones Eat Words
“The more you talk into a phone, the less words you have before you’re dead. It eats those words and spits them out, digested, somewhere else. I never speak into telephones. My words are my own.”
**SUSPICION AND CORRUPTION**

Agents with Corruption 2+ begin to suspect other figures in the group are people they have previously encountered in their investigations, hidden beneath masks. The strange confessions of the group are fascinating and difficult to believe, but are just as difficult to shake.

If an Agent seeks out Encounter Group more than once (and especially if they do so secretly), they gain +1 Corruption. If an Agent shares their experiences with the forces of the King in Yellow with the group, they gain 1D4 SAN and +1 Corruption each time. Initially, this feeling is euphoric, as if a weight was lifted.

Agents that exceed Corruption 5+ begin to fear the Encounter Group. A feeling of dread and listlessness comes over them when they think of it, and they must fail a SAN roll to willingly attend the meeting at all (failure costs 0/1D4 SAN helplessness,) if they succeed, they cannot bring themselves to attend. Those that do attend at Corruption 5+ find they cannot regain SAN by sharing tales of the King in Yellow any longer.

**OPINT: WHO IS PRESENT?**

Agents affected by this strange feeling should be taken aside by the Handler and spoken to about it in confidence. If the Agent decides to try to unmask someone due to this growing suspicion, instead of finding their target, they find a completely normal person unknown to them. But just who appears to be present? The possibilities are endless, but here are some ideas:

- **DR. BARBAS OR DR. DALLAN:** The Agent must make a HUMINT roll, and on a success, notices a “tell” on the part of one of the speakers that reminds them of Dr. Barbas or Dr. Dallan (for example, they notice a strange tilt of the head during a certain word, or that the subject gestures in a familiar way with their left hand). Dr. Barbas’ confession is: “I’m writing a book that seems important to me. It’s so important, when I can’t make progress, and I make a mistake, I eat that mistake. I don’t know, it makes me feel better.” Dr. Dallan’s is: “Where I work has become very unusual lately. There are doors that go down into the basement and they keep going. I write it down every night. I went down nearly 150 doors the other night. Miles. It must be miles deep. Unreal.”

- **A MEMBER OF THE SAMIGNA FAMILY:** Esther’s confession is, “I’m working with a troupe now. I make costumes. I make stuff. I send it on to them. I think they’re putting on a play or something. It’s hard to explain.” Henry’s is, “I can see a city so clear. But it’s not a normal city. It’s TWO cities. One on top of the other, but the one on top is wrecked. You dive into a lake to get to the second, secret city underneath.” Philip’s is, “What if when you die, you don’t know you’re dead? What if you just keep on going and there’s no real way out? What if we’re dead right now?”

- **MISSING OR DEAD AGENTS:** Agents might recognize a lost Agent, or even one who has died as a live, interactive member of Encounter Group.

- **THE KING:** One of the figures in the circle of light attracts the attention of the Agent, not because it appears different from any of the other figures, really, but that a shadow of deeper black seems to be cast out behind it. This shadow grows slowly in size and scope over time. If the Agent continues to peer at it,
eventually, they can make out barely visible golden highlights in the dark, and finally, a ghostly white face ABOVE and BEHIND the figure in the seat, staring at the Agent (this costs 0/1D4 SAN unnatural). Any movement reveals it to be a trick of the light.

Δ OTHERS: Nearly any NPC from the Night World might be here (and well, not here) and can let the Agents know of some secret or horror, or provide them with a clue to progress deeper into the mystery. Possible subjects include Ambrose, Mr. Castaigne, Ed Miller Wist and even Abigail Wright herself. Their confessions are left up to the Handler to devise.

LEAVING
Individuals are “sent” from the meeting by being touched on the shoulder by someone out of the light in the shadows. Each figure stands and leaves the way they came in, one-by-one. Agents are always last. Those that draw guns or try to take control of the situation through violence arrive at a similar outcome as if they had refused to put on the mask and robes upstairs — the police are called.

Those that leave in turn arrive upstairs to find the entrance unmanned and the building empty. No cars remain in the parking lot. The last Agent in the room feels the hand on their shoulder, and when they stand to leave realize they are alone in the room (0/1 SAN unnatural).

OPHELIA SITRI

Ophelia Sitri (Hispanic female, 29 YOA) is a hairdresser in Las Vegas, Nevada. Until 6 JUL 2015, her life was relatively normal. She was engaged to Michael Witwer, a DEA field agent with a promising career, and the two planned to marry in the summer of 2016. Near the end of June, Witwer suddenly had to travel to the East Coast for work, and, after several nights of phone calls, disappeared.

Since then, her life has descended into a nightmare. The DEA has opened an official inquiry into Witwer’s disappearance, and are actively investigating his misdirection of funds to pay for the flight to Boston airport, among other things. The local news has begun following the story, and to make matters worse, Ophelia has begun to receive strange letters, odd packages, and bizarre telephone calls at night.

What she does not know is this: Witwer is Delta Green Agent Vargas; he was called to Boston to determine whether Dr. Barbas was compromised by some sort of unnatural force, and was captured and interred at the Dorchester House by the staff. He’s long since been lost in the Night World.

The phone calls come from Dr. Barbas, and the letters were created by the Scribe. On 2 AUG 2015, she received a bulky package and note from Dr. Barbas along with what appeared to be a brass statue of a cherub. The note contained a strange, looping sigil which confused and frightened her; the Yellow Sign. Since then, her life has become even stranger.

OPHELIA SITRI AKA BITRU AKA SITRI
Part-time hairdresser (and explorer of Carcosa), Hispanic female, age 29
STR 8  CON 14  DEX 12  INT 12  POW 11  CHA 15
HP 11 WP 11 SAN 4

BONDS:  
Δ Michael Witwer (Fiancé) 11.  
Δ Isabella Sitri (Mother) 10.  
Δ Andrew Sitri (Brother) 8.

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:  
Δ To dig beneath her house until she finds the answer.  
Δ To avoid capture.  
Δ To find her fiancé.  
Δ Paranoia (see THE AGENT’S HANDBOOK page XX.)

SKILLS: Accounting 20%, Alertness 50%, Athletics 50%, Art (Hairdressing) 50%, Bureaucracy 10%, Computer Science 20%, Craft (Mining) 20%, Criminology 50%, Disguise 30%, Dodge 40%, Drive 50%, Firearms 20%, First Aid 10%, Foreign Language (Spanish) 20%, Heavy Machinery 30%, History 30%, HUMINT 40%, Melee Weapons 50%, Navigate 50%, Occult 10%, Persuade 50%, Search 20%, Stealth 50%, Swim 40%, Unarmed Combat 25%, Unnatural 9%.

ATTACKS:  
Δ Colonel Baldock 1880 Pattern Fighting Knife 50%, damage 1D6-1.  
Δ Unarmed 25%, damage 1D4-1.

DESCRIPTION: Sitri is a small, beautiful woman with curly black hair and large, green eyes. At first glance she appears like someone who spends a large amount of time on her appearance, and she does, but this self-care is falling by the wayside as she goes through changes. Agents with Search 30%+ or who make a successful roll notice dirt under her fingernails and staining her sleeves and pant-legs. Those with a HUMINT 30%+ or who make a successful roll can tell that Sitri is deeply distracted. She seems dreamy and happy and strangely driven towards something, but does not project an air of danger, until she pulls out the hunting knife she carries in her purse.

BACKGROUND: Sitri was born in Tampa, Florida and attended the American Institute of Beauty there. She worked as a manicurist and part-time hairdresser in Tampa for six years before moving cross-country with her then boyfriend to Las Vegas, Nevada. Their affair ended poorly and put a serious strain on her relationship with her family. Later that year she met Michael Witwer, a DEA agent (and a Delta Green operative) and it seemed, finally, her life was on track. Now, her life is a ruin, and though the thinnest shell of normality surrounds her, at any moment, it can shatter, revealing a homicidal hairdresser.

PASSING STRANGE: Ophelia Sitri was born on 2 NOV 1986, the same day Mental Illness in the Work Place and Beyond by Devon Greenbrier was supposedly printed by Grolier’s International.

EQUIPMENT:  
Δ Purse.  
Δ A used wax-paper roll filled with three remaining stickers marked with the Yellow Sign. These cost 0/1D4 SAN helplessness to witness. It once held 100 printed stickers.  
Δ A huge Colonel Baldock 1880 Pattern Fighting Knife (an antique, though it appears new and well-maintained).
Δ Two pods of the plant melonia in a small glass phial (see MELONIA (UNNATURAL PLANT AND DRUG) on page XX).

Δ An enameled tin painted with the logo “Peak, Frean, & Co.s, Unrivaled Fairy Cakes.” Inside it finely smashed black rock powdered to a dirt-like consistency. Buried in it are sixteen phalanges finger bones from a child freshly picked clean, as if the muscle and flesh was chewed off them. Forensics 20%+ or a successful roll reveals each bone is from a separate child. This costs 0/1 SAN violence.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SITRI
Like Dr. Barbas and the staff at the Dorchester House, Sitri isn’t right. The power of the King in Yellow has already warped her world and will soon consume her. Since she saw the Yellow Sign, her life has taken on a very unusual tone, one which she is rapidly acclimatizing to.

She tells those asking that she’s trying to “bury herself in her hobbies,” since Witwer’s disappearance, and she has, though those hobbies wouldn’t make much sense to anyone that has not seen the Yellow Sign.

DISINFORMATION: RESEARCHING SITRI, AND THE SAD CASE OF EMILY HARRIS
Searching for Sitri on Google grants +1 Corruption and immediately reveals that the name is of a demon from the Ars Goetia. Sitri is listed as a demon with the following characteristics:

Sitri is a Great Prince of Hell, and reigns over sixty legions of demons. He causes men to love women and vice versa, and can make people bare themselves naked if desired. He is depicted with the face of a leopard and the wings of a griffin, but under the conjurer’s request he changes into a very beautiful woman.

The name Ophelia Sitri is easily found on Google and reveals mostly positive Yelp reviews as a hair-dresser, a standard social media profile, with many pictures of Michael Witwer and her, news of her engagement, and a brief, cryptic post in early July about Michael going missing. Since then, nothing been posted except for a single image posted on AUG 13 of an out-of-focus sticker showing the sigil known as the Yellow Sign on a nondescript telephone pole somewhere. This costs 0/1D4 SAN helplessness to see. A single post beneath it by Emily Harris reads “what is this O? i dont like it.”

Those Agents that pursue the author of the single response to Sitri’s Yellow Sign post on Facebook discover that Emily Harris is a missing person that vanished on AUG 19. The particulars of her case are baffling and the Las Vegas police are still looking into it.

Harris was a nail stylist, and was returning home from a late appointment in Mountain Springs along a stretch of highway when she apparently ran out of gas. She called her live-in boyfriend Mica Dunbare at 8:30 PM to request a ride, and as Dunbare was preparing to leave, rang back terrified and out-of-breath, claiming someone was pursuing her into the desert. Dunbare, a legal assistant, recorded much of the call. The second call ended with a sudden scream and the line being cut off.
Dunbare called the police immediately, but 40 minutes later as both a unit was
dispatched to find Harris and one to Dunbare and Harris’ home, Dunbare’s phone rang
again.

It was Harris once more, speaking incoherently and weeping. Despite attempts by
Dunbare and police to get Harris to speak, nothing could be gleaned from her
mumbling. Finally, a loud, male, voice said: “have you seen the Yellow Sign?”

Attempts to locate Harris, her car, and her cellphone have failed. Police also
discovered odd behavior on the part of Harris. The nail appointment she claimed was
taking place in Mountain Springs never existed, and she instead apparently met an
unknown man at a rest-stop near Mountain Springs at around 6:40 PM. The man was
described as a balding, middle-aged caucasian, mid-40s, in dated clothing, carrying a
suitcase.

Dunbare has not been ruled out as a suspect. The police have made no connection
to Ophelia Sitri.

**SITRI’S RESIDENCE, 1704 WILLIAMSPORT ST, HENDERSON, NEVADA, 89052**

Sitri’s residence is a new ranch house with a tile roof and stucco exterior, located in a
Las Vegas suburb. Few in the neighborhood have interacted with her, or Witwer, though
of late, the house has become more conspicuous, thanks to Witwer’s limited fame on
the local news, which is only now beginning to die down.

The house is always locked and Sitri is home most of the time, except for grocery
runs, and visits to hardware stores. She does nothing to hide her shopping, and is seen
by those who surveil the house moving things like 2x4s, pick axes, pot-lights, and other
strange things inside.

Knocking or ringing the doorbell fails to bring Sitri to the door. If confronted about this,
she claims she has been continuously bothered by the press. She’ll beg-off any
conversation she can, saying she really has to shop, or get inside.

Those near the home when Sitri is inside can hear many noises; hammer on cement,
drills, a pick axe and rocks being dumped on top of one another.

During these bursts of noise, it is an easy matter to smash in the window and unlock
a door with a **DEXx5** roll. Failure indicates 1 HP damage from glass (and that Agent
likely leaves behind a blood sample). The door can be forced with a successful **STRx5**
roll or opened with **Craft (Locksmith)** 20%+ or a successful roll. But keep in mind the
house is being watched by the DEA. If Agents do not attempt to undertake any **Stealth**
in their attempt to break and enter, Special Agent Ruben Hardrick and two DEA agents
will intervene, with possibly awful results.

**DISINFORMATION: THE DEA INVESTIGATION**

Ophelia Sitri is one subject in an ongoing investigation into the disappearance of DEA
agent Michael Witwer. After Witwer’s disappearance, the DEA noticed a series of
financial irregularities in Witwer’s reimbursements for travel. This scheme apparently
had to do with double-charging airplane tickets and pocketing the cash on returns,
obtained through a frequent flyer membership. In total, this fraud is responsible for
approximately 18k worth of stolen cash over four years.

The current DEA theory is that Ophelia Sitri is consorting with Michael Witwer who is on the run, and is secretly in contact with her. A federal warrant has been issued and her home telephone has been tapped (so far, she’s only received odd calls from unknown numbers in the Boston area), while a surveillance van watches the house, noting comings and goings, documenting it with photos.

Those Agents who approach the house on the look out for surveillance are permitted a single Alertness roll. On a success, they notice a AIR CONDITIONER KING van parked across the street. On a critical success, they see the van rock, as if someone is inside it, though it is parked, no one is in the front seats, and the lights are off.

The lead investigator is DEA special agent Ruben Hardrick. He is convinced this disappearance represents a criminal enterprise in the DEA that may go far deeper than what they’ve found so far. He spends most of his day and some of the night in the back of the van with a second DEA agent, recording those that come and go from the house.

If other federal agents turn up to question Sitri, you can bet he’ll be paying attention. Any phone call to the house will be recorded by the DEA. If Hardrick catches a whiff of Delta Green he will not stop until he understands precisely what is going on. He is relentless and unafraid of accusing law enforcement of criminal activities, as such, his involvement will be a very bad thing for Delta Green.

DEA SPECIAL AGENT RUBEN HARDRICK
DEA Bloodhound, Caucasian male, age 38

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<tr>
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<th>CON 11</th>
<th>DEX 14</th>
<th>INT 15</th>
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<td>HP 11</td>
<td>WP 12</td>
<td>SAN 60</td>
<td>BREAKING POINT 48</td>
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BONDS:
△ Yvonne Hardrick-Dawes (Wife), 10.

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:
△ Get to the bottom of the Michael Witwer case.
△ Advance his career.
△ Protect the innocent.

SKILLS: Accounting 30%, Alertness 50%, Archaeology 20%, Art (Drawing) 20%, Athletics 30%, Bureaucracy 40%, Computer Science 20%, Criminology 50%, Demolitions 20%, Disguise 10%, Dodge 30%, Driving 50%, Firearms 50%, First Aid 10%, Forensics 30%, Foreign Language (Spanish) 50%, Heavy Machinery 10%, History 10%, HUMINT 60%, Law 30%, Melee Weapons 50%, Navigate 10%, Occult 10%, Persuade 50%, Psychotherapy 10%, Ride 10%, Search 50%, Stealth 10%, Swim 20%, Unarmed Combat 80%.

ATTACKS:
△ Glock 23, 50%, damage 1D10.
△ Remington 870 12-gauge shotgun 50%, damage 2D6.
△ Unarmed 80%, damage 1D4.

DESCRIPTION: Hardrick is plain looking and unassuming. His hair is thinning, and his face is wide and flat. He wears old-looking glasses in aviator frames. Despite this, there is an intensity in the eyes, and a daring that speaks of accomplishments in physical violence. His fingers and knuckles are often swollen from judo practice — he was a state level ranked judo champion; something he is not afraid to demonstrate, if
BACKGROUND: Hardrick grew up on a sheep farm in New Mexico, and after securing his degree in criminology at the University of Chicago, accepted a job as an analyst at the Chicago domestic division of the DEA. Later, he became a special agent with the Phoenix domestic division often assigned to internal investigations. As such, he is not well-liked, but his superiors consider him a valuable resource.

NOTES: No matter what horrors Hardrick sees, he can never be recruited to Delta Green. If Hardrick hits his breaking point, he completely snaps and attempts to kill all witnesses of anything supernatural, and then return to his “normal life,” blocking out the supernatural event altogether. However, his crimes remain with him, and he eventually kills himself, with a shotgun blast to the face.

THE LIVING ROOM AND KITCHEN
The living room and kitchen are done in desert colors with teal highlights. The living room seems well-maintained except one of the couches has been pushed askew to open an area so one can walk through the living room straight into the kitchen without circling a couch. The room is cool and air-conditioned.

The kitchen is clean, but there are carefully stacked piles of unwashed dishes in the sink. The refrigerator is stocked to the brim (opening it causes items to spill out). There is enough food in the refrigerator and cabinets to feed Sitri for two months or more; still, she shops for food. The cupboards are likewise over-filled.

A single hallway leads off the kitchen to the bathrooms and bedrooms. Here, the house degrades in cleanliness towards the fully apocalyptic. When Sitri is home, the noises come from this hallway.

All the doors in the house except those to the outside have a plastic hanging strap called an “easy turn strap” — used for people with disabilities to open doors (Medicine 10%+ or a successful roll recognizes the device). When this strap which hangs nearly to the ground is pulled, it opens the door.

Clue: The Cherub Box
This large box is on the far side of the couch in the living room, not visible from the door. It was delivered on 2 AUG 2015, and the information on the box reveals little about its origin, except that it was shipped by a bulk reshipper in Jamestown, Massachusetts. The return address is nearly unreadable because someone has written on top of the name with a thick permanent-marker. It now says WILDE. Forensics 30%+ or a successful roll reveals the name beneath it is BARBAS.

Inside the box are three-dozen pieces of cracked bronze that were obviously part of a single sculpture. An Art (Sculpture) roll reveals it was likely the sculpture of a child, though the face and hands seem to be missing. Those with Science (Chemistry) 30%+ or who make a successful roll find the point of fracture on one piece, and are confused by how it broke, precisely — it is a thick brass mold, and seems to have shattered from the inside out.
THREAT MATRIX: THE CHERUB
Originally a 2-foot (.61 meter) tall statue of a child-like cherub wearing a harlequin mask, it is now a thin, articulate skeleton of aluminum, steel and brass, packed with flywheels, counterweights and clockwork, topped with the brass head and tiny, infant hands in bronze. It weighs approximately thirty-five pounds.

The cherub was created by Dr. Barbas and sent to Sitri under instructions of the Scribe. It is still in Sitri’s house, acting as a sentry as Sitri goes through her changes. It is fully autonomous. When it moves, it quietly clicks and clacks in a distinctive way, and each movement is proceeded with a “spin up” of a flywheel. Those who have seen the Lion and the Scribe recognizes this creature as its kin, though it is much quieter than either of those machines.

It activated anytime it sees someone other than Sitri, and those with Craft (Mechanics) 30%+ who make a successful roll, immediately recognize that it is “spinning up” — despite the fact that it is not plugged into anything and holds no apparent power-source.

The Cherub is dangerous. It attacks by charging and stabbing at the legs of the target with a butcher knife. Once activated, it kills anyone it can. Once destroyed, it can never be reactivated.

It is also somewhat clever, and “hunts” in the house, moving from room to room to gain the best advantage, hiding (it is silent when holding still), and waiting for the best place to ambush an Agent. Its small size and ability to open the doors in the house with the “easy turn strap” will be used to its best advantage.

THE CHERUB
Mechanical monstrosity
STR 13 CON 13 DEX 11 INT 8 POW 8
HP 13
ARMOR: See METAL and SMALL AND FAST.
SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Athletics 30%, Dodge 40%, Melee Weapons 60%, Unarmed Combat 60%, Stealth 55%.
ATTACKS:
△ Butcher Knife 60%, damage 1D6-1, Armor Piercing 1.
△ Unarmed 60%, damage 1D4+1.
SPECIAL ABILITIES:
△ IMPOSSIBLE GEARS: The construction of the Cherub is impossible. Anyone examining its machinery suffers 0/1D4 SAN unnatural as they realize it is powered by nothing. Those with Craft (Mechanics) 30%+ or who make a successful roll automatically suffer 4 points SAN and gain +1 Corruption. It should not be able to move at all. Yet it does.
△ METAL: The Cherub is constructed from industrial metal and solid cast bronze. Every attack that hits and rolls an odd number in its damage result inflicts only 1 point of damage, maximum (even Lethality attacks are subject to this rule — an odd Lethality result inflicts 1 HP maximum, otherwise a successful Lethality result inflicts 2D10 HP damage only). It is completely immune to fire.
△ SMALL AND FAST: The Cherub is -20% to hit with ranged attacks due to its speed and small size.
SANITY LOSS: 1/1D6 SAN unnatural.

THE SECOND BEDROOM AND BATH
This small bedroom is filled with every item owned by Michael Witwer. All his clothing, possessions, and photos are stacked in this room, as if someone cleared the house of them. There are dirty footprints in the rug from shoes that match Sitri’s shoes, but they don’t travel past a foot inside the door frame.

Sitri’s laptop, covered in dust, sits on the lone desk in the room. This laptop contains all of Sitri’s social media accounts and has no password (including the post to Emily Harris). Anyone with this laptop can control all of her social media accounts. The bathroom off of this room is covered in dust and appears unused, though it is filled with men’s grooming products.

THE MASTER BEDROOM
The dirt and rocks here are in piles, shoved to the corners, gaining in size towards the master bathroom. The master bedroom is completely destroyed, and partially filled with piles of chipped cement and odd pearlescent black rock. The walls are stained with soot and rock dust. Several discarded digging drills and chippers — burned out — are discarded here as well. A string of pot-lights run from an extension cord string from the master bedroom into the master bath and into what appears to be a home made tunnel into the earth below the foundation of the house.

THE MASTER BATHROOM AND THE HOLE
Sitri has removed the resin tub in the master bathroom and dug a small hole through the foundation, down into a pit that goes down 30 feet (9 meters) into the earth. The hole is very narrow (Sitri’s small build allows her access). Every action in the hole by an Agent with a STR of 11 or more requires a Luck roll or they are stuck for 1 turn, whereupon they must roll again. Anyone with a STR of 13 or higher cannot fit in the hole at all.

Only one person can fit in the hole at a time (and doing so grants +1 Corruption). It is pitch black below the house, though there is a series of pot-lights. Those with Science (Geology) 20%+ or who make a successful roll, realize the cement of the foundation should give way to something other than the rock of the cave walls — which appears to be igneous rock of some sort (0/1 SAN unnatural).

Sitri has shored up the cave with sections of 2x4s and at the end of the tunnel about 30 feet down (9 meters), and 30 feet (9 meters) forward, she has been working on widening a crack in the surface of the black rock. An Agent that somehow makes it down the hole to the end of the tunnel discovers the crack in the wall. Beyond it is a flickering light.

On the other side of the crack in the stone voices are heard. Peering in with a Search roll reveals a larger, open space with small recesses carved into the rock on the far side. The recesses each contain an ornate bottle. Two people nearby, but outside of view are speaking:

“My bottle, do you see it?”
“No, no…”
The people on the far side of the gap are residents of the Hotel Broadalbin in the Whisper Labyrinth searching for their Soul Bottles — the Handler might select a few from the section to sprinkle those spying through the gap some details on the strange miners. If the Agent attempts to engage with the voices, they become agitated and attack the gap with something like a pick axe.

This causes the tunnel to collapse. An Agent must make two Luck rolls and two DEXx5 rolls to escape the tunnel before it comes down. Each failed Luck roll inflicts 1D4 HP, each failed DEXx5 roll inflicts 1D8 HP. Survival indicates escape.

The space beyond the crack in the wall can never be found beneath the house, no matter what methods are employed to find it. This costs 0/1 SAN unnatural to anyone that saw the space.

**THE DORCHESTER HOUSE PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY, NORWOOD STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, 02122**

The Dorchester House was built as a boy’s school by the Boston Catholic Archdiocese in 1912. It closed in 1944, and the building was maintained by the Archdiocese, but remained empty until 1955, when the south wing was converted into the Clam Point gymnasium. The gym operated for 10 years, and after it closed in 1966, the building was briefly run as a public recreation center called Dorchester House School, until it again was closed in 1969. It remained empty and fell into disrepair until 1986, when it was purchased by the Dallan company, with cash provided by the St. Dymphna foundation. Three years of renovations followed and it opened again in 1989 as the Dorchester House Psychiatric Facility — a private psychiatric hospital whose mission is to study, assist, and give treatment to those suffering from violence-related mental illness, with a specialization in psychotic behavior stemming from post traumatic stress disorder (PTSD).

Dr. Richard F. Dallan, a former Delta Green operative, is a well-known expert in the field of PTSD that has run the facility since its inception as its director, and he alone is in charge of its charter. Due to the size of the grant, there is no board or other such trivialities to deal with. For 26-years it has operated admirably, serving both the growing population of combat veterans from the global war on terror, as well as secretly seeing to a secret and very select group of personnel: Agents and friendlies from Delta Green, scarred by their unnatural experiences.

The facility is a 17,000 square foot, three-story, “E” shaped building located in the Clam Point neighborhood of Boston, next to interstate 93, west of the Dorchester shores reservation (a dog park that was once a landfill). The building is surrounded by an attractive wrought iron fence with inverted hooks to prevent climbing, cameras, and motion sensors on the outer grounds. It looks like a school, and many locals are not aware of its true purpose. Some still even refer to it as “the school.” Many businesses nearby are well aware of the Dorchester Houses’ current mandate, as they serve and chat with its staff daily.
There are two entrances; a driveway that winds up to a gatehouse, and beyond the gate, the main house, and the utility entrance, which enters from the rear of the facility to a loading dock.

The gatehouse is manned 8-hours a day (10 AM to 6 PM) by security that keep careful track of those coming and going. At night, a buzzer calls in from the gate to the main desk, and can be buzzed in from there (though, due to the nature of the interior of the building at night, the buzzer can be...unreliable).

The three-story center of the “E” shaped building holds the administration facilities, cafeteria, group rooms and offices. The north end of the “E” is the male dorm, and the south end of the “E” is the female dorm. Each wing sleeps a maximum of 30-patients split between three floors, and the entire facility has a staff of 29.

Despite massive renovations, the interior of the building still looks like a grade school; tile floors and tiled ceilings, mild-colored walls and halls, restored, old lockers along hallways. The cafeteria was obviously once a gymnasium, etc.

Nearly all doors in the facility are reinforced steel with card-key locks. Windows are reinforced and locked. Walls, floors and ceilings are constructed from inflammable materials. Fire, CO2, and sprinklers are located in every room and hallway.

**OPINT: BREAKING AND ENTERING**

The Dorchester House is a formidable location that will prove difficult to illegally navigate for all but the most experienced Agents. Despite the changes that occur in the interior after dark, the exterior, for the most part, remains the same by day or night.

- **FENCE:** The facility is surrounded by a 2.5 meter (8 foot) wrought iron “pike” style fence with inverted anti-climbing hooks on top. Any attempt to scale the fence from the outside requires an Athletics roll at -20%, and from the inside the same roll at -40%. Critical Failure indicates the Agent is hung up on the fence, suffers 1D6 HP (torn ligaments, cuts, even broken limbs) and must make a DEXx5 roll to extricate themselves.

- **MOTION SENSORS AND CAMERAS:** Every 10-minutes an Agent is illegally on the grounds of the Dorchester House, they must make a Stealth roll versus the guards’ Alertness 45%. Disabling motion sensors or cameras requires a Craft (Electronics) roll and 1D6 minutes, but doing so only renders one small section of the grounds “dark.” That Craft (Electronics) roll is -40% if the Agent hopes to disrupt the whole system for 2D6 minutes. If an Agent is detected, security is dispatched to investigate.

- **WALLS:** Nearly every wall in the building is cinderblock, reinforced by steel bar and poured concrete and offers Armor Rating 8.

- **FIRE DOORS AND KEY LOCKS:** The fire doors in the facility are solid, 3” steel, 3-hour fire resistant, bullet resistant doors capable of stopping nearly any normal bullet. They offer Armor Rating 12. The key-card locks are small, black plates to the right of almost every door in the facility (except for bathrooms). Faking a key-card that can open the Dorchester House doors requires access to a working key-card, 6 hours, specialty computer equipment (a Major expense) and Computer Science 30%+ or a successful roll. Simply disassembling the lock to open it in a manner where anyone can tell it’s been tampered with requires 1D4 minutes and a Craft (Electronics) roll, otherwise an alarm sounds.
 Δ **REINFORCED WINDOWS:** The windows of the facility do not open (air circulation is handled by an industrial HVAC and ducting system), and are made of reinforced, wire-mesh, non-shatter glass. They offer Armor Rating 9. Attempting to smash a window with some sort of heavy, blunt object to create an entrance or exit requires a successful **STRx2** rolls. Failure means the glass — though spidered and smashed — holds. If a hole is made, at best, a limb can fit through it.

**THE SECRET OF THE DORCHESTER HOUSE**
The Dorchester House is the source of current the King in Yellow infection, but, of course, not the original source, if such a thing could be said to exist. Those Agents that survived The Night Floors and were incarcerated as patients infected the staff and the building, eventually connecting it to the Night World. Now, after dark, many powers come and go there, and all inside it eventually fall under the sway of the King.

This schism in the world occurs each night and those affected by it transform, or are replaced by shadowy doppelgängers from the Night World that take their place. These entities — some not wholly human — enact their own, bizarre plans, but always vanish at dawn. For those that drift too far into the Night World however, that dawn never comes.

**DISINFORMATION: INVESTIGATING THE ST. DYMPHNA FOUNDATION**
Agents that look into the St. Dymphna foundation (the patron saint of the mentally ill) discover it is a paper-entity that has done nothing since 1986. It was formed in JAN 1986 in Turks and Caicos with a single deposit of 175 million dollars wired from the Sun Trust Bank of Panama. Its directorship and all digital traces at the Turks an Caicos company, as well as the Panama bank (long since closed) reveal nothing. All names are common names. All identifying tax numbers or social security numbers collapse into fakes at the merest hint of investigation.

Those Agents that persist and physically travel to Turks and Caicos or Panama and have **Bureaucracy 30%+** (or who make a successful roll) discover copies of the signatory sheets for the amounts in governmental files. The signature on both the transfer and receipt of the fee are identical. John Green.

Those Agents that ask the satellite phone about the foundation are told to cease their investigation into the Dorchester House or St. Dymphna foundation, it is none of their concern. Agents that reach out to the actual Delta Green, receive a similar answer — however, if they go into further detail on their “mission” (which the real Delta Green of course knows nothing about) the group will deal with them in time (see the **TRIVELINO MALL AMBUSH** on page XX).

**FACILITY PROTOCOLS BY DAY**
The Dorchester House is a secure psychiatric facility divided into three buildings of three floors each. All three are connected by hallways on each floor. The northernmost three-story building is the male ward, the south is the female ward, and the central, connecting building is administration. Each of these buildings is segregated floor-to-floor with secure nurse stations, reinforced doors, and staff-only areas as well as card-key...
locks. Patients “live” on an individual ward and floor. With treatment, time, and good behavior, patients move down floor by floor until after some time on floor one, and an official recognition of their successful treatment, they are released.

Patients begin on the third-floor in the high security area called “the pokey.” Floor three is the most heavily staffed floor in the facility because it is the most prone to trouble. This floor has video surveillance, security mirrors, a policy requiring doors to remain open during the day, and bed checks where staff walk the floor at all hours. Possessions are heavily regulated. There is one TV which the patients may use from 11 AM to 3 PM.

The second floor is medium security; sometimes called “club med.” Depending on how many patients are in Dorchester House, some patients here enjoy a private room. Most patients end up on second-floor for a longer period of time than the others, and so it feels much more lived in. Trust is freely given, but quickly withdrawn due to bad behavior, with the ultimate punishment being sent back to the third floor.

The first-floor is the low security area called “the mall,” and it has the smallest staff. It is also the only floor with a unrestricted hallway to the center administration building from the men and women’s wards, meaning many patients spend time in the administration building — either in group therapy, meeting with friends and family, playing games in the game room, or eating in the cafeteria. These hallways close at 6:15 PM each night.

A strict policy of contraband seizure is maintained by all staff. On the third-floor and second-floor, searches sometimes occur. The following are considered contraband or restricted during the day:

**Belts, Shoelaces, Street Clothing (Floor 3)**
Third floor protocol is to remove access to any items a patient may use to injure themselves. As such, anything that might be used as a noose is confiscated. All patients on three wear light blue jumpsuits. Their clothing is returned to them upon “graduation” to floor two.

**Weapons (Floors 3-1)**
Anything that could be mistaken for a weapon is restricted. Even items like a pen-knife or a pair of scissors.

**Candy, Caffeine (Floor 3)**
The third-floor deals with forced restraint and involuntary chemical restraint, as such, candy and legal stimulants like caffeine are restricted.

**Drugs (Floors 3-1)**
All drugs are handled and administered by the staff. No drugs from the outside are permitted in the facility.

**Cellphone or Unsupervised Internet Access (Floors 3-2)**
Internet access is supervised on all floors except one, and access to computers is restricted. Sneaking on to an administration computer unobserved is possible, but all computers are password protected, and require a **Computer Science** 30%+ or a
successful roll to gain access to the desktop and the internet.

Cellphones are prohibited, except for patients deemed likely to be leaving back into the world. Sharing of such a cellphone is restricted, and is a well-known way to lose your cellphone altogether, hence, those patients that do have one are very secretive about it.

**Facility Terms**
The following are several terms well-known to the patients and are often heard on the building public address system:

- **ADMIN:** Permission to spend time in the administration wing during normal hours. This is never given to third-floor residents. First-floor residents always have access to admin time unless under restriction.

- **BUMP:** An attack. “Caroline bumped Edgar in north 3.” This can mean anything from Caroline knocked Edgar down to Caroline cut Edgar’s throat. If the message is followed by “cart” — it means it’s serious. A bump can draw a single orderly or nurse, or a dozen of them, depending on the severity of the violence.

- **CITED:** A mark of poor favor. “Ian was cited for ripping the TV wires from the wall.” Most wards operate on a citation point system. Poor behavior racks up “cites” for patients. After enough cites, patients are bumped back to more secure wards. Some wards permit the patients to work cites off with therapeutic activities.

- **OFF-COUNT:** A patient is missing. “Des went off-count.” This is usually a call for a lockdown and a ward by ward count of patients. General areas are searched, questions are asked, until the missing patient is located.

- **ON/OFF:** A general reference to whether a patient is voluntarily taking their medication. “Is Sally on or off?” Patients can refuse medication, but it is often seen as a negative and sometimes, if behavior is also poor, is punished with cites and restrictions.

- **RESTRICTION:** Some usual privilege is lost for a set amount of time. “Donald is on TV restriction.” Often restored dependent on future behavior.

- **STARFISH:** Five-point restraint. “Thomas gets the Starfish.” This is a call to restrain (and likely sedate) a patient in a five-point restraint, making it impossible for them to move their limbs or head. For many patients, this is seen as the ultimate punishment and can last hours or days, depending on the seriousness of their misbehavior.

**DORCHESTER HOUSE STAFF BY DAY**
During the day there are a total of 30 staff-members including Dr. Dallan and head nurse Samigina at the Dorchester House.

**Dr. Richard F. Dallan, Facility Administrator, by Day**
Dr. Richard F. Dallan (Caucasian male, 62 YOA) appears normal, quiet, and down-to-earth, but is quite insane, and though he does not always know it, spends much of his time as a servant of the King in Yellow.
Like Dr. Barbas, Dallan serves both Delta Green and the forces of Carcosa, and in his crazed, bifurcated mind, such service makes sense. Dr. Barbas might call the force that moves Dallan the daimonion, but Dr. Dallan no longer questions such motivations, they appear to come from within him.

Head nurse Esther Samigina infected Dr. Dallan in May. When the force took control of him, posing as Delta Green, Dr. Dallan called in Dr. Barbas to investigate the disappearance of the survivors of operation ALICE. Later, when the real Delta Green brought in Michael Witwer’s team to investigate Dr. Barbas due to his bizarre behavior, it was Dr. Dallan and others in the Dorchester House that captured and sedated them.

**DR. RICHARD FORAS DALLAN AKA FORAS**

*Unbalanced administrator of the Dorchester, Caucasian male, age 62*

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**HP** 15  **WP** 13  **SAN** 0

**Bonds:** None.

**Motivations and Disorders:**
- Δ Explore the Night World every evening.
- Δ No longer sleeps or eats and suffers no ill effects.
- Δ No longer leaves the Dorchester house.
- Δ Gathers stones and rocks for a collection he displays in his office.

**Skills:** Accounting 10%, Alertness 20%, Anthropology 20%, Athletics 30%, Bureaucracy 50%, Computer Science 20%, Criminology 30%, Dodge 40%, Firearms 40%, First Aid 60%, Forensics 50%, Heavy Machinery 10%, Heavy Weapons 20%, History 20%, HUMINT 50%, Law 30%, Medicine 60%, Melee Weapons 50%, Navigate 10%, Occult 20%, Persuade 50%, Pharmacy 50%, Psychotherapy 55%, Science (Biology) 60%, Search 30%, Surgery 30%, Unarmed Combat 40%, Unnatural 9%.

**Attacks:**
- Δ Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4+2.

**Description:** Dr. Dallan is a tall, burly, balding, older man with gray, short, curly hair, all but vanished on top and a long beard and mustache. His glasses are oversized, black, and thick, enlarging his eyes. He wears suspenders, slacks and short-sleeved button-down shirts with no ties. Sometimes, he wears a Boston Red Sox windbreaker as well. He always wears sneakers. His physical presence is intimidating, but his personality is quiet and respectful. At 6’7” (2.01 meters), he towers over his patients, and looks as if he could wield a small person as a weapon, but he is self-deprecating, quiet, and even-tempered. Within seconds, even those intimidated by his physical presence find themselves at ease due to the naturally calming nature of his voice.

**Background:** Dallan first became involved with Delta Green in 1979. When he was board certified in 1985, the group invested in Dr. Dallan through a front, diverting drug money to a charity to found a hospital to treat psychotic stress disorders; the Dorchester House. Since falling under the influence of the King in Yellow in MAY 2015, Dallan’s obsessions have taken a darker turn. During the day, life goes on as normal, but at night, he has taken to “diving;” going as impossibly deep into the Dorchester House as he can, door by door. Dallan writes the number of doors on his left hand in felt-tip pen
(when he first meets the Agents, that count is 143). Through a small door at the deepest point, Dr. Dallan has recently uncovered a labyrinth of caves filled with carved niches that each hold a bottle with a name on it.

**PASSING STRANGE:** Dr. Dallan was born on 3 FEB 1953, the same day the Lundine estate — the building which would eventually become the Macallistair building — was purchased from the executor by the Star corporation.

**EQUIPMENT:**
- Δ Wallet (with ID, various credit cards, and insurance).
- Δ Keys (to his car and condominium).
- Δ An Emagico security key-card. It is a scan card that opens all doors in the Dorchester psychiatric treatment facility.
- Δ A ticket to a play called HER GREY SONG at the Showbox theater at 228 W. 42nd St for Aug 30 1955. Though the date is old, the ticket appears new.
- Δ A plastic bag filled with dates, cinnamon sticks, half-eaten cookies, and walnuts.
- Δ Various small unremarkable rocks.

**USING DR. DALLAN BY DAY:** Dr. Dallan is the administrator of the facility, and is seen as the ultimate authority of all that goes on there, as such, he is often called to consult on treatments and patients. He is also “in the know” about Delta Green and their mandate. Agents might work to keep Dr. Dallan nearby during their tour of the facility, or they might want to go off alone. In either case, Dr. Dallan should never be too far away.

**Esther Samigina, Head Nurse, by Day**
Nurse Esther Samigina (Hispanic female, 49 YOA) is a curt, clever, soft-spoken woman, that appears to have it all under control, but she was the first staff member to be infected by the King in Yellow, and is quite insane. She has no real knowledge of Delta Green, but it may appear as if she does. Her family and home have long since been compromised.

At work, she is always on-task and never seems to rest. She never hesitates in her actions, and calls everyone by their full names. Patients treat her as a surrogate mother, and though she does not show emotion, they cling to her as if she did. No one has anything but kind things to say about her.

**NURSE ESTHER SAMIGINA AKA SAMIGINA**
Doomed head nurse of the Dorchester House, Hispanic female, age 49

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**BONDS:** None.

**MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:**
- Δ Works to create costumes for the marionettes at Broadalbin.
- Δ Spreads information about Encounter Group and often goes there.
- Δ Impersonates her son and husband using the Cloak of Truth.
- Δ No longer sleeps or eats and suffers no ill effect.

**SKILLS:** Accounting 30%, Alertness 40%, Archaeology 20%, Athletics 50%, Bureaucracy 40%, Computer Science 20%, Criminology 20%, Dodge 40%, Drive 20%, Firearms 20%, First Aid 60%, Forensics 40%, Heavy Machinery 10%, History 10%, HUMINT 40%, Medicine 40%, Melee Weapons 30%, Navigate 10%, Occult 10%,
Persuade 60%, Pharmacy 45%, Psychotherapy 40%, Science (Biology) 40%, Search 40%, Surgery 25%, Unarmed Combat 30%, Unnatural 5%.

**ATTACKS:**
- Δ Unarmed 30%, damage 1D4-1.
- Δ Syringe 30%, damage 1 HP, CONx1 roll or target is unconscious for 1D4-2 hours.

**SPECIAL ABILITIES:**
- Δ **THE CLOAK OF TRUTH:** Samigina possesses the Cloak of Truth, a bizarre unnatural artifact. In a single turn, if she dons the Cloak, she can appear as a perfect imitation of her husband Philip, or her son, Henry.

**DESCRIPTION:** Esther Samigina is broad, dark haired, has piercing green eyes, and is meticulous in her appearance. She wears scrubs during work hours, and after hours, is still often found in them, but underneath a hoodie or a pullover. When she is outside of work, her hair is always bound up in a hair scrunchie. She sometimes can be seen with a backpack marked up with silver paint-pen and covered in names of various rappers and musical artists in which she keeps the Cloak of Truth.

**BACKGROUND:** Esther Samigina graduated from the Boston University School of Nursing in 1987, and has worked all but the first year of her nursing career at the Dorchester House psychiatric facility. Since 1997, she has been the head nurse and considered the deputy of the director, Dr. Dallan. Samigina married her husband Philip in 1995, and their only son Henry was born in 1999. Since then her life has been her career. Since May, Esther has been compromised by the power of the King in Yellow, and is one of the main conduits through which Night World has infected the Dorchester House.

**USING SAMIGINA BY DAY:** Nurse Samigina is the forever-in-control administrator that is not afraid to get her hands dirty. She is never far behind the Agents in their tour of the facility, and does anything she can for them. She seems sincere and most of all worried for the missing patients. Handlers should play this up. Samigina should go out of her way to help the Agents in their search, working to gain their trust, even if that means exposing fringe elements of the King in Yellow infection in the facility during the day.

**OTHER STAFF MEMBERS BY DAY**
All members of the Dorchester House staff have begun to bring Carcosa back with them into the “normal world.” Here are a few examples, but the Handler should feel free to create more as needed:
- Δ **ORDERLY RICHARD BRICE:** During the day, Mr. Brice is on-call throughout the building securing patients, assisting doctors and nurses and dealing with problems. Brice appears normal. He regularly attends a gym, church, and visits his mother in nearby Darby Massachusetts. However, it soon becomes clear he carries a large, bulky gym-bag with him everywhere he goes. In it is the long-mummified body of an unidentified child (0/1D4 SAN violence). Day or night, when alone with the gym bag, Brice often quietly asks it questions like, “what do you think we should do today?.” Those with Corruption 2+ hear faint, whispered responses from the bag. It is left to the Handler to devise just what Brice is
asking (and hearing from) the bag, or if Agents with Corruption 2+ might be able to ask it questions…

△ **ORDERLY MICHAEL DEVAUGHN:** Most of the time Michael Devaughn works the security room. Devaughn has discovered that the trunk of an abandoned and rusted out Dodge Dart in a field near the Charles River contains a passage to the Whisper Labyrinth (see *THE WHISPER LABYRINTH* on page XX). Every morning after work he drives there, and loaded to bear with what looks like spelunking equipment (lights, ropes, pitons and a full body rig) enters the trunk and vanishes. Those with Corruption 4+ who approach the car find a hole into the Earth that opens into the tunnels of the Whisper Labyrinth. Those that do not have enough Corruption find an empty, rusted through trunk and no sign of Devaughn. Those that wait can ambush him when he emerges several hours later, perhaps in possession of a Soul Bottle, melonia, an invitation or a gold bug or two (this costs 0/1D4 SAN unnatural if the trunk was searched and found empty).

△ **REGISTERED NURSE ULRIKIA VOORS:** During the day, Mrs. Voors can be found on floor two or three, tending to various patients. Outside of the Dorchester House, something is clearly wrong with her. If followed, she becomes embroiled in arguments with random passersby multiple times a day. She often spends an hour or more in the bathroom of a restaurant or coffee shop. Those listening at the door can hear her vomiting. In her purse, a dozen small golden animals (an ant, a beetle, a tiny mouse) are found. These are flawless sculpts — perfect replicas of the actual creatures in gold. If tested by forensics, they test positive for stomach acid. Any Agent that mentions that they suspect Voors is vomiting up the tiny gold figures gain +1 Corruption, are stricken by stomach pains, and on a failed SAN roll, begin to vomit gold animals up on a daily basis for 1D4 days. This costs 0/1D4 SAN unnatural each time.

△ **ORDERLY GAIL HUSTON:** During the day, Ms. Huston works the front desk in the administration building. Huston spends much of her off-time driving around Boston in her truck. If followed, she does this for hours, neither stopping for the rest-room, or for food. Eventually, Huston stops the truck and kidnaps a child off the street. Despite the screams of the child, no one seems to notice except the Agents. She puts the child in the back of the truck, and appears to bludgeon them out of sight until they no longer make any sound. Then she drives off. Those that search the truck find a strange, full-sized articulated mannequin of a child in the back (0/1D4 SAN unnatural). Those that wait and follow her see her drive to the Boxer hotel, and carrying a huge, heavy suitcase, enter the building. Those that follow her inside see her enter the Missing Room (see *THE MISSING ROOM* on page XX), and inside there, vanish.

### DORCHESTER HOUSE PATIENTS BY DAY

Of the 22 patients in the Dorchester House, 10 are on the third-floor under secure observation, 8 are on the second-floor, and 4 are on the first-floor.
Ed Miler Wist, Third-Floor, by Day
Ed Miler Wist (born Ed Miler Guison, Caucasian male, 21 YOA) murdered his father, mother, and sister with a shotgun in 2010, on his 16th birthday. His story is well-known because of his obscene wealth and his very public trial in 2011-12. The murders are often called the Poor Little Rich Boy Murders, in the press.

After a failed bid by the state of California to convict him, and a clear definition of his insanity in 2014, the family trust selected the Dorchester House as Wist’s new home. He has lived on the third-floor in the north dorm for one year, and sometimes has trouble remembering his life before the hospital.

In APR 2015, on his 21st birthday, he came into possession of his wealth, an amount in the hundreds of millions of dollars. Few patients in Dorchester House know the truth of Wist's background, and he works hard to portray himself as a penniless drudge. Wist keeps tabs on everyone in the facility, including staff. Wist always has a note, tidbit, tiny portion of favorite food, or other perk to get others to tell him secrets, scribbling it down in a small, brown leather “reputation book.”

ED MILER WIST AKA GUISON
Pupal stage of the Repairer of Reputations, Caucasian male, age 21

STR 10  CON 10  DEX 10  INT 17  POW 17  CHA 14
HP 10  WP 17  SAN 0

BONDS: None.

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:

△ Compulsively collects and catalogs information on people.
△ Is compelled to serve Timothy Bael, though he has no idea why and resents it.
△ Is overcome with a feeling he’s missing something important that happens at night.

SKILLS: Accounting 50%, Alertness 75%, Archaeology 30%, Athletics 20%, Bureaucracy 70%, Computer Science 40%, Criminology 30%, Dodge 30%, Firearms 30%, History 60%, HUMINT 90%, Melee Weapons 30%, Navigate 30%, Occult 40%, Persuade 40%, Pharmacy 30%, Psychotherapy 30%, Search 60%, Unarmed Combat 40%, Unnatural 8%.

ATTACKS:

△ Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4-1.

DESCRIPTION: Wist is young, tall, skeletal, and hunched, with thinning blond hair combed over an ever widening bald spot, and strangely geometric, over-white teeth. He’s always in his hospital pajamas with deck shoes, carrying his small, beaten, leather book which he writes in often (sometimes this book can be found on the shelves of Michelle Vanfitz’s apartment in the Macallistar see VANFITZ’S BOOKS on page XX).

BACKGROUND: Born in 1994, Wist is somewhat famous. Anyone seeing him may make a Luck roll at -20%. On a success, they know he is Ed Miler Wist, the perpetrator of the Poor Little Rich Boy murders that rode the national news for months. His life before the murders contained little of interest, while after is consumed with endless trials, legal filings, incarcerations and assessments. Though he imitates some of the behavior of his doppelgänger that replaces him at night, a strange creature known as Mister Wilde, Wist has no real understanding of this duplicate’s existence; and persists in the illusion that he — and only he — is present, day and night.
**USING WIST BY DAY:** Wist knew and sometimes spoke with the missing Delta Green patients, and will speak about them at length with any that ask. He is never without his small, brown, notebook, but refuses to let the Agents see it directly, instead, he will note what thin facts he has on the missing patients (these are mundane). Wist works hard to be charming and self-deprecating, hoping to learn the Agent’s names, ranks, or what agencies or organizations they might work for, so later he can set his personal law firm loose on them.

Wist claims the patients vanished like a camera trick, and that the restraints on the beds were still secured and the doors still locked even after they vanished, though he was locked in his room at the time. If asked how he knows this, he says that he has eyes and agents, everywhere…

Before they leave, Wist casually hands the Agent with he highest Corruption rating a note, out of sight. It reads, “how did you find me!? i thought you had left. in any case, they are still here at night.”

**DISINFORMATION: RESEARCHING WIST**

Searching for Wist on Google reveals that it is the past and past participle of “wit” as well as his crimes. However, those Agents that examine Ed Miler Wist’s medical files find his birth name was originally Guison (changed when his mother remarried). Searching for Guison gains that Agent a +1 Corruption and reveals that it is the name of a demon from Ars Goetia. Guison is listed as a demon with the following characteristics:

*Guison is a strong Great Duke of Hell, and rules over forty legions of demons. He tells all past, present and future things, shows the meaning of all questions that are asked to him, reconciles friends, and gives honor and dignity.*

Wist is well-known in the facility as one who can get items, solve problems, and spread rumors during the day. In the world at large, he is represented by Keyes, Norris, Ingalls, and Grant, a powerful Los Angeles based law-firm held on retainer by his trust. Anyone who calls and asks questions as law enforcement are stonewalled with legal mumbo-jumbo, but eventually, they can find that the firm employs 40 people.

Despite his incarceration, Wist’s power should not be underestimated. Through his legal firm, Keyes, Norris, Ingalls, and Grant, any number of cronies may be hired to do any number of things, anywhere. Detectives, forensic investigators, PR firms, actors, stunt doubles or more. No distance is too great, no action too extravagant (or strange), and all of it is under the control of a madman out to secure a hold over the Agents. Attempts to locate just who, for instance, sent your FBI supervisor an industrial vat of pig’s livers, or hired the professional children’s clown that’s been following your ex-wife for a week will prove difficult, because Keyes, Norris, Ingalls, and Grant will go out of their way to divert funding through various fronts like: Party Time Supplies Co., Golden Costumes LLC, and Porcelain Prince Inc.

If Wist learns their true identities, detectives from his law firm may follow the Agents, surveil their premises, dust for prints at their hotel room door, or worse. And overzealous Agents may react poorly to such situations. The disappearance and death of such a detective in Wist’s employ would of course be noticed, and most likely
dangled over the Agent’s head to help them along the path to becoming a loyal servant of the Repairer of Reputations.

Keyes, Norris, Ingalls, and Grant are also extremely litigious, and will spend hundreds of thousands of dollars pursuing harassment complaints against Agents that make an enemy of their patron. Those that do receive legal paperwork from them might note that their stationary heading reads K.N.I.G, and anagram for “KING.” Agents that notice this are awarded +1 Corruption.

Patient Timothy Bael, Third-Floor, by Day
Timothy Bael (Caucasian male, 31 YOA) is a two-tour Army survivor of Iraq that suffers from PTSD, night terrors, social anxiety disorder, and depression. His second tour was interrupted by an improvised explosive device which killed everyone in his troop transport, but managed only to shatter Bael’s right kneecap, and permanently deafen his right ear. After only a few turbulent weeks at home, he sought psychiatric help.

Bael appears friendly and is quick to ingratiates himself with Agents. He is open to questioning, and will readily reveal what has been termed his psychosis; in addition to having difficulty with loud noises, he suffers from various delusions — that all consider him a coward for surviving the troop transport, and that everyone knows his shame.

He has lived in the Dorchester House for two and a half years, and in that time, much in his condition has improved, but he is still considered a danger to himself. In the last three months, patterns that were once invisible have revealed themselves to him and he has taken notice, writing down the portents and signs as they come. His battered, wire-bound notebook scrawled in red ink is a litany of levers to push or pull to make strange individuals, some far removed from the hospital, do his bidding.

This book is filled with odd, geometric patterns cut into circles in red ink, along with strange, haunting names. Any Agent with Occult 30%+ or who make a successful roll recognize many of these names and symbols as the marks of demons from the *Ars Goetia*.

**TIMOTHY BAEK AKA BAECL**
*Impossible Creator of Classical Demonology, Caucasian male, age 31*

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**BONDS:** None.

**MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:**
- Δ Is driven by some force to issue commands to his “servants.”
- Δ Keeps extensive notes on those under his command and the “seals of allegiance” they use.
- Δ Does not sleep or eat and suffers no ill effects.

**SKILLS:** Alertness 50%, Athletics 50%, Bureaucracy 30%, Computer Science 30%, Dodge 50%, Drive 40%, Firearms 60%, History 40%, HUMINT 30%, Melee Weapons 30%, Military Science: Land 40%, Navigate 40%, Occult 90%, Persuade 30%, Search 70%, Unarmed Combat 40%, Unnatural 12%.

**ATTACKS:**
- Δ Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4.
DESCRIPTION: Bael is a thickly muscled man with crew-cut short blond hair fading to grey at the temples. He wears a thick, woolen robe, but beneath it, his body is covered in tattoos, including one of Mr. Toad and the Cheshire Cat on his neck. He is never without his battered, wire-bound, red, notebook.

BACKGROUND: Bael suffered through two tours in Iraq, but soon found his fears had followed him home. He committed himself, and had been enjoying steady progress until the forces of the King seized the facility, now, Bael is somehow the master and creator of classical demonology, which the forces of the King have somehow seeded for him throughout history.

USING BAELE BY DAY: Bael also spoke with the missing Delta Green patients, and will share what little he knows about them with the Agents. During such conversations, Bael will flip through his notebook, and ask odd questions about various names (see THE PRELIMINARY INVOCATION TO PRIMEUMATON on page XX). “Do you know…uh…Steven P. Curson?”

Bael claims the patients are gone because currently, they don’t exist yet, but they’ll be back soon. If asked specifically about the hospital, he says it’s nice, but is kind of spooky at night and that recently, people in silver robes and white masks have been making a racket after dark. If asked who they are, Bael claims he doesn’t know, only that he assumed it was part of his treatment.

DISINFORMATION: RESEARCHING BAELE

Searching for Bael on Google grants that Agent +1 Corruption and reveals that it is the name of a demon from Ars Goetia. Bael is listed as a demon with the following characteristics:

- Bael is the principle spirit of Hell, and rules over sixty-six legions of demons. He appears in diverse shapes, sometimes like a cat, toad, or man; and sometimes all at once. His voice is hoarse and thin. He can grant those that ask the power of invisibility.

OTHER PATIENTS BY DAY

To a greater or lesser degree, all patients in the Dorchester House are infected by the King in Yellow. Here are a few examples, but the Handler should feel free to create more as needed:

- **DOROTHY YALE, THIRD-FLOOR PATIENT:** Dorothy is an older, dark-haired woman with a wide, fish-like face that is always consumed with a guarded, worried, look. She wears the clothing of a teenager, and believes she can hear the voices of the dead through electronic devices. She has an uncanny ability of knowing when someone carries electronics, even if they are concealed. At night, Dorothy can speak with the dead through any radio, television or telephone. If cajoled to do so, she can conjure up the voice of someone dead that was known to the Agent in life (and the Agent in question gains +1 Corruption). This voice (there is never a picture) speaks in a distracted, emotionless manner but can provide truthful, secret answers to personal questions for 1D6+1 minutes before vanishing forever in static, never to return (0/1D4 SAN unnatural).

- **JOHN PAILOTTIE, THIRD-FLOOR PATIENT:** John is a tall, comically thin man with shaggy hair and close together, stupid-looking, eyes. His attitude is
artificially jovial, and he goes out of his way to ingratiate himself to Agents, but wide, recently healed scars can be seen on his wrists. Pailotte is convinced that this world is not real, and that he is serving time in hell. Only his death can free him. He is constantly maneuvering to find a weapon he might use to escape. At night, Pailotte can speak at great length about the powers of the King, and his court at “Yahtel” — a Palace on a lake. He can describe in detail the disposition of the world of Carcosa, because he goes there, often, though he can't lead anyone else there unless they have Corruption 7+, and if then, only if they go alone.

\[\Delta\] **CLORIS GARETH-VANCE, SECOND-FLOOR PATIENT:** Gareth-Vance is a young, short woman with fried, blue-blonde hair that resides on the second-floor. Usually, she is quiet and self-deprecating, but she suffers from manic delusions of omnipotence. When these spells strike, she is argumentative and dismissive, raises her voice, and threatens those nearby with what limited violence she might be able to muster. She spends much of her time making origami sculpture during the day — small animals; dogs, penguins, crane. At night, she works on much more complex paper sculptures; huge, 10-foot long paper dragons with bizarre, intricate patterns (these vanish every night, see THE STAGE, THE DRAGON, AND THE CLOWN on page XX). Strangely, inside the paper sculpture is an odd, empty, thermos-sized glass container. Gareth-Vance knows that her name is on a list of great importance in something called The Imperial Dynasty of America and as such, Agents are after her. Those Agents with access to that document can easily find her name.

\[\Delta\] **RUDOLPH VALATER, FIRST-FLOOR PATIENT:** Valater is a normal, quiet man of middle-age and average build. Valater once suffered from PTSD from his tour in Afghanistan, but has almost completed his road to recovery (or at least, to the point where the attendant depression was gone). Still, in the last few months, Valater has noticed strange “puppets” moving through the halls. At night, If Valater is with the Agents after dark, it’s highly likely they’ll be able to see these figures as well, and perhaps, follow them into the Night World (those that try to gain +1 Corruption). Valater knows the way to the Library, all the main players in the building, as well as of a strange door in Dr. Dallan’s office that exists only at night.

**DORCHESTER HOUSE ARRIVAL BY DAY**

Agents that arrive at the Dorchester House during the day will go through the following process.

\[\Delta\] **ENTRY, FRONT DESK, AND SECURITY:** Those that ask to see Dr. Dallan at the front gate are granted access as if expected. Agents can park near the main entrance, and inside, are greeted at the front desk by orderly Gail Huston. All visitors are asked to sign in, and law enforcement personnel are required to surrender their firearms (which are locked in a secure locker in the atrium area). Each visitor is given a blue access key-card with their name written on it in marker. This card opens emergency doors and common areas, but not secure rooms.
Δ **WALK THROUGH UP TO THE THIRD-FLOOR:** Hospital staff lead Agents up to the third-floor in the administration wing to Dr. Dallan’s office. Along the way, they can meet staff or patients.

Δ **MEETING WITH DR. DALLAN, QUESTIONS:** Dr. Dallan welcomes the Agents, describes the situation of the missing Delta Green patients, gives the Agents the patients’ files, and answers any questions they might have. The patients, he claims, were locked down in their rooms (as they almost always were) and vanished from behind locked doors and under restraints without any breach being detected.

Δ **NURSE SAMIGINA AND A TOUR OF THE FACILITY:** After their conversation, Dr. Dallan calls in head nurse Samigina, and hands the Agents off to her. Esther Samigina then gives an extensive tour of the facility, from the secure third-floor downward in both wings. She takes the Agents anywhere they request and answers their questions. During this tour Agents may meet any number of patients or employees in the facility.

### TOUR LOCATIONS
Agents might ask their hosts at the Dorchester House to see any of the following locations:

Δ **AN AVERAGE PATIENTS’ ROOM:** All on the third-floor, these rooms are sparse, with few personal effects and a standard kit of items (the same blanket, sheet, pillow, slippers and clothing as well as bed restraints.) On the second-floor, these rooms are much more personally decorated, and almost all look like an adolescent’s room, with posters, photos, music equipment, etc. On the first-floor, the rooms are much bigger but less personalized, and feel more like hotel rooms.

Δ **THE CAFETERIA:** Once the school gymnasium, the cafeteria is a large room on the ground floor of the administration building. All but patients on the third floor eat breakfast (9 AM), lunch (12 PM), and dinner (5 PM) there, while patients on three eat under observation on the third floor for security reasons. A small staff of attendants work in the cafeteria, cooking, maintaining and serving meals, occasionally assisted by trusted patients (most often those on floor one). Meals are common fare, served on recyclable paper plates, with plastic forks, knives and spoons.

Δ **SECURE NURSE STEATIONS:** Each of these small closets enclose a secure single-seat nurse station secured with a shielded lock (opened by nurse key-card) and steel doors. The door has a large ballistic glass window in it that overlooks the hall, and a small, drop slide and tray to dispense small items through (like medicine). Inside each closet is a password locked computer terminal, a small desk, and a wall of locked security drawers (opened by nurse and orderly keys) that contain pharmaceuticals. Many of these stations overlook security doors that can be “buzzed” open from inside the closet, and shut again with a button press (these doors can also be opened by security card). There are 26 stations like this throughout the building.

Δ **THE ROOMS OF THE MISSING PATIENTS:** The rooms of the missing Delta Green patients are on the third-floor and are entirely unremarkable. Nothing of
interest can be found in most of them, due to the fact that almost all of these patients were kept under restraints and sedation most of the time. In one, “Abigail has gone to sea / 'cross the waves to rescue me / in a ship both tall and fine / she rounds the corner marking time,” is written on the wall in a copious amount of human blood.

**THE SECURITY ROOM AND SERVER ROOM:** These two rooms in the center building on the third-floor are connected: a clean server room and a two seat security station with sixteen screens, a computer console, and various controls. Doors, fire suppression, locks, and cameras can all be controlled from this station. The camera recordings are stored 4-weeks before deletion. Michael Devaughn was on duty when the disappearances occurred and will speak freely about it (a **HUMINT** roll reveals he is hiding nothing). Agents are permitted unfettered access to the terminal, and a **Computer Science** roll reveals that the video records of the “escape” were lost to a wholly common disk error and lack-of-automatic-update that failed to trigger due to various cascading problems. As such, even those files that were permanently saved from 27 MAY to 8 JUN (when the problem was rectified) are corrupted and retain no useful information.

**TOP TO BOTTOM SEARCH OF THE FACILITY:** This is entirely possible, and takes approximately 3 hours. Nurse Samigina will present copies of building schematics and assist the Agents as they unlock and look in each nook and cranny of the entire facility, answering any questions they might have along the way.

**DR. DALLAN’S OFFICE:** Dr. Dallan’s office faces east on the third-floor in the administration building and enjoys a sweeping view of the Neponset river. It looks like a classic English study, with a wooden floor, huge, wall-height shelves on every wall filled with books, and a beautiful stone fireplace. Dallan’s desk is an almost comically thin and reedy wooden writing desk of French design. Compared to the huge man, it seems ill-suited for its job, though Dallan is often behind it. The books on the shelves almost all concern mental illness, including an unbroken run on the *American Journal of Psychiatry* dating back to 1983. One corner of the room contains a large, custom-made glass and velvet display case for Dallan’s rock collection. Each rock is labeled with a small, hand-printed card that notes a date and location, and the entire display is lit by custom lights that drops a near spotlight on each rock.

**Dr. Dallan’s Story, the Missing Patients, and the Files**
Dr. Dallan is excited to speak to the Agents about the missing patients. The story he tells is as clear and concise as it is devoid of leads:

*At 8:11 PM on 28 AUG 2015, those patients associated with the group vanished from their rooms on the third-floor. Each patient had been sedated and under bed restraint and locked inside their room between 6 and 6:34 PM. The first of the missing patients was noticed at 8:11 PM. By 8:22, all were discovered missing and the writing was discovered. The computer log recorded no door entries between when the patients were put to bed and when the door was opened to investigate their apparent disappearance.*
on video, and the windows were all secure. Dr. Dallan and the hospital are ready to assist in any way possible.

Dr. Dallan then provides files on each of the missing psychiatric patients to the Agents. Each file contains a basic report on the subject noting their history after The Night Floors, including their treatment and psychosis. The files do not mention Delta Green and appear to contain little of interest.

Since this list is created by the Handler, the Handler should work out ahead of time what these files contain, adding in details as needed with an eye towards making these papers seem unremarkable.

THE DORCHESTER HOUSE BY NIGHT

When the Agents enter the Dorchester House after dark, their existence in the normal world is over. The moment they cross that threshold, they are transformed into their darkest selves, as well as into patients.

To the Agents, there is no real transition. Instead, it appears that the world changes around them. Though they were Agents of Delta Green before the transition, they are now merely patients of the facility. The first real giveaway might occur when an Agent attempts to use a weapon, phone, or item only to discover it is not there, and that they are all wearing hospital pajamas. It also remains night indefinitely.

Many Agents will struggle with this revelation, and many more will revert to violence in an attempt to escape. This will be met with drugs, or, if necessary, violence from the staff. In the end, no matter what the Agents attempt, they will wake or be released from being restrained and still find themselves in the Night World of the Dorchester House. The Handler should reinforce this whenever possible by illustrating the Agent’s new position as patient.

They are trapped in the Dorchester house until they find a way back out to the “real world.” No matter what is said, no one but the Agents notice how strange things have become and no one will really listen to them; after all, they’re just psychiatric patients.

OPINT: THE REALITY OF THE NIGHT WORLD

Every night at sundown (approximately 7:19 PM), like a fully-realized version of the Macallistar building, the Dorchester House becomes alive with chaos, and fear infects every door, floor-tile, and person within it. It grows. If the Macallistar building was a cracked portal to Carcosa, the Dorchester House is that door flung wide. A summary of the changes at night follows.

△ THE AGENTS ARE PATIENTS: Through the power of Carcosa, the moment the Agents enter the Dorchester House after dark, they become patients in the facility. The investigation, and all their leads are merely delusions spun by damaged minds. Likewise, they lose their equipment and find themselves wearing facility clothing or pajamas, just like the other patients. They are trapped. Realizing this costs 0/1D4 SAN helplessness.

△ THE NIGHT WORLD: First, after dark, the interior of the building is filled with secret, new things. Hidden rooms and doors. Walls that were never there. Extra staircases, elevators, hallways, rooms and passages. Bizarre alarms, bars, and
elevators. Unexplained photographs, mask displays, and even whole new levels... But each of these changes are subtle; never leaping out at the passive observer as obviously different. They simply are, and often appear as if they always were. And they grow the longer you stay there.

△ FOREVER NIGHT AND INSIDE: Despite any amount of time spent in the Dorchester House by an Agent after dark, it always feels very late at night and the clock somehow always seems to hang near midnight. No one notices this time disparity except the Agents (0/1 SAN helplessness). Exits to the outside world like windows or doors appear to always open on to other, interior areas (0/1D4 SAN unnatural).

△ THE DOPPELGÄNGERS: At night, Dr. Dallan enters a strange door in his office to descend in his nightly ritual, going through as many doors as deep as he can into the Night World. The night attending, Dr. Maximo Friend — an entity more concerned with learning what secrets of The King in Yellow the Agents might know then curing them — takes over. Ed Miler Wist vanishes and is replaced by the deformed Mister Wilde, the Repairer of Reputations.

△ PATIENTS NEW AND OLD: Many patients from all times touched by the power of the King in Yellow, alive and dead or worse, can be found in the Dorchester House as patients, in the night.

△ PROTOCOLS BY NIGHT: In a building where anything is possible, the protocols that rule the day are discarded, of course. Patients wander anywhere in the building (doors rarely seem to remain locked) and the staff appear preoccupied with their own problems.

△ TEMPORARY INSANITY IN THE NIGHT WORLD: Those that go temporarily insane in the Night World do not suffer the ill-effects until they re-enter the real world.

△ GAINING DISORDERS IN THE NIGHT WORLD: When an Agent reaches their Breaking Point, they still gain a new disorder, but disorders gained in the Night World do not manifest until the Agent returns to the real world. Common disorders gained from the Night World include: Paranoia, Sleep Disorder, Dissociative Identity Disorder, Enclosure-Related Phobia, Obsession, Obsessive/Compulsive Disorder or Depersonalization Disorder.

△ PERMANENT INSANITY IN THE NIGHT WORLD: Unfortunate Agents that hit 0 SAN while on the Night World feel a compulsion to stay and explore. Clever Handlers encourage players of such a lost Agent to have one more roleplaying moment, as they attempt to compel others in their group to come with them, further into the dark. Before, of course, they are lost.

DORCHESTER HOUSE STAFF BY NIGHT

After dark, the “night attending” Dr. Maximo Friend takes over while Dr. Dallan explores the building’s depths, and Edward Dubronvik, the chief nurse takes over for Nurse Samigina, who has her own tasks outside the hospital.
Dr. Maximo Friend, Night Attending, only by Night
Dr. Maximo Friend is the administrator of the facility at night. He is everything Dr. Dallan is not; small, fastidiously loud, and outspoken. Friend is in absolute control of all patients, and employees; but only at night. During the day, he is all but unknown (only Timothy Bael will speak of him), after night fall, he replaces Dr. Dallan as the lead administrator. So much so, few in the facility even recall that Dr. Dallan existed at all.

DR. MAXIMO FRIEND
Nocturnal administrator of the Dorchester, Caucasian male, age 55?
STR 12 CON 12 DEX 12 INT 12 POW 12 CHA 12
HP 12 WP 12 SAN 0
BONDS: None.

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:
- ∆ Interrogate patients to uncover the secrets of The King in Yellow.
- ∆ Obsession: Locate a full copy of The King in Yellow.

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Athletics 40%, Bureaucracy 60%, Criminology 50%, Dodge 50%, Drive 30%, First Aid 50%, History (1950s) 50%, HUMINT 70%, Medicine 55%, Occult 40%, Persuade 70%, Pharmacy 50%, Psychotherapy 77%, Science (Biology) 50%, Search 60%, Surgery 50%, Unarmed Combat 40%, Unnatural 3%.

ATTACKS:
- ∆ Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4.

SPECIAL ABILITIES:
- ∆ STUCK: Dr. Friend is caught in repeating patterns of his former life. He treats his patients. He searches for the secrets of The King in Yellow. He searches for meaning in his existence. Until someone new comes in contact with him, it is likely he performs the same actions over and over again.
- ∆ ENDLESS DOORS: Through the power of the King in Yellow, Dr. Friend can always find a way out, either by discovering hidden passages, secret doors, or even doors that were not there a moment ago. Others may even follow him. Dr. Friend has access to all of the Night World. He has access to the Hotel Broadalbin, Macallistar, and the Dorchester House. However, to him, these are all “the hospital.”
- ∆ INFINITE: Until Dr. Friend locates and reads The King in Yellow, he is immortal, after a fashion. Friend is as fragile as normal humans, and may be shot, stabbed, beaten and burned with results similar to the real world (and all attendant SAN losses), but after awhile, he returns unharmed.

DESCRIPTION: Dr. Friend is a strange, loud, little man perpetually dressed in a pin-striped suit. His bald head and fastidiously kept grey spade beard make him appear comical, but his insightful, probing, questions (usually followed by a veiled insult,) quickly remove the humor evident in his appearance.

BACKGROUND: Dr. Friend does not recall his past precisely, only that he is a doctor in charge of a psychiatric treatment facility that contains any number of patients that all share a singular obsession; a strange play called The King in Yellow. At one point, he didn’t believe such nonsense, but now, he’s certain a secret is contained within that work that is the answer to everything. Of course, he can’t admit that, and must probe the patients in a roundabout method to tease the truth from them. Once he finds and
reads *The King in Yellow*, or manages to piece a copy together, he is certain all will become clear.

**PASSING STRANGE:** Searching records for a Dr. Maximo Friend reveals that he was a psychiatrist at Bellevue hospital in New York city between 1950 and 1959. He went missing in AUG 1959, and was never found.

**USING DR. FRIEND BY NIGHT:** In the night, Doctor Friend can be found marching from room to room talking with patients, taking notes, and showing up whenever there is trouble. To him, talk of Delta Green, the day/night shift of the facility is just so much baggage from the patients’ illness. Nothing said or shown to him will sway him of this assessment.

But Friend is sly. Secretly obsessed with *The King in Yellow*, he is one of those lost souls that never achieved enlightenment. Though he is loathe to admit it, he will carefully interrogate the Agents about their “delusions” with a particular interest in everything having to do with the King. Those Agents that know a lot about the phenomena will become his pet project; particularly those that have read the entire play or that have the highest Corruption rating…

**Dr. Richard Dallan, Facility Administrator, by Night**
Those searching for Dr. Dallan at night might be able to find him, if they locate someone to point out where he’s gone, the Agent’s Corruption is 3+, and the Agent leading the way *fails* three **SAN** rolls (0/1D4 **SAN** unnatural) pursuing him. If the Agent succeeds at any of the **SAN** rolls while in pursuit, they end up in the Library instead (see THE LIBRARY on page XX).

If found, Dallan maintains his fast stride, moving door to door, talking over his shoulder to any Agent that keeps pace. If anyone tries to subdue or stop him, he becomes violent. If questioned about the missing Delta Green patients, or the strange transformation in the player’s Agents after dark, he’ll say only that all patients here have always been here. Note, if any of the Agents ran into Dr. Dallan in *The Night Floors*, they might even catch a brief glimpse of *themselves* in 1995; though they can never meet themselves.

**Edward “Mr. Ed” Dubronvik, Chief Nurse, only by Night**
Mr. Ed is a huge, unreadable, coda of a man. Still, most interactions with him are growled single word commands. He follows Dr. Friend’s edicts to the letter and has a rule that after two warnings, any amount of violence is acceptable; after all, patients always seem to…recover.

**EDWARD DUBRONVIK AKA “MR. ED”**
*Night Nurse, Caucasian male, age 35?*

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**BONDS:** None.

**MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:** Adapted to violence.

**SKILLS:** Alertness 60%, Athletics 60%, Bureaucracy 30%, Criminology 30%, Dodge 50%, HUMINT 50%, Melee Weapons 80%, Persuade 20%, Search 50%, Stealth 35%,
Unarmed Combat 60%, Unnatural 12%.

**ATTACKS:**
- Δ Unarmed 60%, damage 1D4+2.
- Δ Baseball bat 80%, damage 1D8+2.

**SPECIAL ABILITIES:**
- Δ **STUCK:** Mr. Ed is caught in repeating patterns of his former life. He escorts patients to appointments, he corrals troublesome patients, sometimes, he beats them to death. Until someone new comes in contact with him, it is likely he performs the same actions over and over again.
- Δ **ENDLESS DOORS:** Through the power of the King in Yellow, Mr. Ed can always find a way out, either by discovering hidden passages, secret doors, or even doors that were not there a moment ago. Others may even follow him. Mr. Ed has access to all of the Night World. However, he believes the Dorchester house and all it connects to is merely “the hospital” and notices nothing untoward about it, or the fact that he can’t leave.
- Δ **INFINITE:** Until Mr. Ed locates his Soul Bottle, or meets the King in Yellow, he is immortal, after a fashion — however, he’s not even aware of the existence of such things. Mr. Ed is as fragile as normal humans, and may be shot, stabbed, beaten and burned with results similar to the real world (and all attendant SAN losses), but after awhile, he returns unharmed.

**DESCRIPTION:** Ed Dubronvik is huge, violent looking man, whose nose was long ago flattened by some calamitous injury. His narrow eyes squint at everything and his two front teeth are missing chunks from them, as if they were smashed long before. He carries “Thomas,” a sawn down baseball bat shot with a center of lead in a loop on his belt.

**BACKGROUND:** Mr. Ed does not think of the past, or the future. Instead, he merely persists from moment to moment, like an animal. If he were to put his mind to it, he would quickly realize his memories peter out shortly before he came to work at “the hospital.”

**USING MR. ED:** Mr. Ed is Dr. Friend’s servant, footman, and deterrent. His hulking form (always somehow within earshot of Dr. Friend) is more than enough to make almost anyone reconsider attempting physical violence.

**Esther Samigina, Head Nurse, by Night**

Esther Samigina is rarely onsite at the hospital at night, and is instead either at her home (see ESTHER SAMIGINA, HEAD NURSE, BY DAY on page XX) or Encounter Group (see EN-counter GROUP on page XX).

**DORCHESTER HOUSE PATIENTS BY NIGHT**

Many of the patients presented earlier (see OTHER PATIENTS BY DAY on page XX) persist at night, but there are many others only to be found in the Night World of the Dorchester house.
Mister Wilde, Patient, only by Night
At night, Ed Miler Wist becomes Mister Wilde, the Repairer of Reputations — an entity that performs various deeds for those poor souls in the thrall of the King. Clever Agents might notice “Ed Miler Wist” is an anagram for “Mister Wilde.” Those that do are rewarded with +1 Corruption.

When night falls, Wist vanishes and Mister Wilde arrives to take up residence in the hospital. It is here he performs his duty as the Repairer of Reputations. The insane or the lost engage him to spread or quash rumors about them, to increase or decrease their reputations in certain circles. He undertakes such actions at his own whim for various reasons — but all in the service of the “true King” — but often he requires money to do so. Despite the insanity of the situation, his powers are quite real.

Though he is loathe to confess it, like all, he longs to find the King in Yellow and the answer to those questions which haunt his existence. He has no real knowledge of Ed Miler Wist or his crimes, only that somehow, while he “sleeps” items and actions written down in his book seem to be enacted in the world at large.

MISTER WILDE AKA ED MILER WIST AKA GUISON
The Repairer of Reputations, Caucasian male, age 40?

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HP 15    WP 17    SAN 0

BONDS: None.

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:
- Compulsively collects and catalogs information on people.
- Is compelled to serve Bael, though he has no idea why and resents it.
- Desires, above all, to serve and find the King in Yellow.

SKILLS: Accounting 40%, Alertness 95%, Archaeology 10%, Athletics 70%, Bureaucracy 60%, Criminology 40%, Dodge 60%, Firearms 10%, History 20%, HUMINT 99%, Melee Weapons 50%, Navigate 50%, Occult 50%, Persuade 20%, Pharmacy 20%, Search 50%, Unarmed Combat 75%, Unnatural 12%.

ATTACKS:
- Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4+2.

SPECIAL ABILITIES:
- STUCK: Wilde is caught in repeating patterns of his former life. He collects information, he collates it, he dispatches agents to enact his plans by writing things in his Reputation Book. Until someone new comes in contact with him, it is likely he performs the same actions over and over again.
- ENDLESS DOORS: Through the power of the King in Yellow, Wilde can always find a way out, either by discovering hidden passages, secret doors, or even doors that were not there a moment ago. Others may even follow him. Wilde has access to all of the Night World. However, he is fully aware of his situation, and the disposition of Carcosa, the Night World and Earth. He has access to the Hotel Broadalbin, the Missing Room, the Night Floors of the Macallistar, as well as the Dorchester House, but he can’t bring people with him to such places.
- INFINITE: Until Wilde locates his Soul Bottle, or meets the King in Yellow, he is immortal, after a fashion. Wilde is as fragile as normal humans, and may be shot,
stabbed, beaten and burned with results similar to the real world (and all attendant SAN losses), but after awhile, he returns unharmed.

△ WHERE’S MY BOTTLE?: Wilde is obsessed with locating his Soul Bottle in the Whisper Labyrinth, but knows he will not find that bottle himself. Instead, others must find it and bring it to him. Wilde is doomed to wait for an invitation to the masquerade which he fears will never come.

DESCRIPTION: With a yellowed complexion, a deformed head, a scarred face, false wax ears worn over the ruined flaps of where ears once were, and a stunted build, nevertheless, Mister Wilde projects an air of physical danger. He is the size of perhaps a ten year old boy, but his arms are thickly muscled, and the agility is obvious in his lithe movements.

BACKGROUND: A resident of the Night World and a New York City that never was, Mister Wilde’s past is his own. He speaks of it with no one except his cat; a foul creature he cares for and hunts, by turns.

USING MISTER WILDE: Mister Wilde is a disfigured madman who is nonetheless precise in language, and is a central figure in the ward the Agents find themselves patients in after nightfall. He is quiet, certain, and communicative in a way which makes him a likely — if disturbing — ally. Wilde is more than willing to extend certain favors “on credit” and to prove his abilities.

Mister Wilde is a stabilizing element — someone that makes it clear that escape from the Dorchester House is possible. Most likely, Wilde will introduce the Agents to Bael, who can use his abilities to help the Agents escape. Just what Wilde hopes to gain in return for such a favor depends wholly on the Handler, suggestions include: Wilde’s bottle from the Whisper Labyrinth, furthering one of Wilde’s bizarre and various reputation schemes, gaining an invitation to the masquerade at the Palace, or any other evil the Handler can contrive.

He is also one of the few entities that will speak plainly of the King in Yellow, the Night World and what it all means. A summary of his knowledge follows:

The King in Yellow is a divine ruler that has transcended reality, that calls to certain families, people, places, and times, to draw them all together under his rule, in his kingdom called Carcosa. Each such thing is seized like a fly in his web, and pulled in. We each persist here at the end of such a thread, being pulled ever-towards him, at the center of all things. The King’s pronouncements are gathered in several books, including the Imperial Dynasty of America and The King in Yellow. That the Agents are here indicates the King has touched them. And all such touched souls must struggle to find their way through to the King, and there, receive judgement. The only other choice is eternity.

King Bael, Patient, by Night
At night, Timothy Bael is King Bael, and can be found squatting on a stack of water-logged books in a room with a single, old telephone, poring through his notebook and making many phone calls. He does so with the air of someone undertaking a mundane but important task, and is more than happy to speak with anyone that wishes to converse. His conversations are strange, and Agents might overhear any of the following:
Δ The first is drawn in the apartment and this opens the way for the party mask.
Δ No, it’s in the mansion, but Lundine needs to build it first. Send Asa.
Δ Labolas finds the box of papers soon. Tell her to take the radio from him.
Δ After she jumps, get the book in the tower and translate it.
Δ Tell Ambrose to send the phone now.
Δ The child should apprentice with the clockmaker. Tell him.
Δ Nineteen children. Leave them all in the water.
Δ We’ll all see each other again when the curtain closes.
Δ No, no. During the raid, you’ll see them again.
Δ Everything is in the play and the play is everything.

He often speaks to Wilde, telling him to enact various schemes. Those listening for any amount of time get the idea that there is a complex skein of actions and interactions going on in these issued commands; but ultimately, their goals are difficult to pick out.

The cord of Bael’s telephone winds to a hole in the floor, and may be tracked, leading, eventually to a room in the Dorchester house like a hotel room, which is identical to the room on the far side of the Dream Window (see THE DREAM WINDOW on page XX). There, the cord connects to an identical telephone on the bedside table. The two are simply connected to one another and nothing else, yet they still appear to dial out of the building (0/1 SAN unnatural). There is no way through the wall to the Missing-Room.

His statistics remain identical, day, or night (see PATIENT TIMOTHY BAEEL, THIRD-FLOOR PATIENT, BY DAY on page XX).

DISINFORMATION: THE SECRETS OF KING BAEEL
Through the power of the King in Yellow and despite its evident impossibility, Bael is somehow the creator of classical demonology throughout history. Since the Dorchester House has been infected the order and secrets he sees in the world have drawn lines of power around a select few that he has marked in his notebooks as a list of seals. These individuals include himself, Dr. Barbas (MARBAS), Dr. Dallan (FORAS), Ed Miler Wist (GUISON), Esther Samigina (GAMIGIN), Ophelia Sitri (SITRI) and many more (see ASSET: THE PRELIMINARY INVOCATION TO PRIMEUMATON on page XX).

From the Agent’s point of view, it appears Bael has threaded these symbols, seals and instructions throughout history, even all the way back to the Mansion de Portes in France, where an odd, French grimoire called Hygromanteia that would become the source of the Ars Goetia and all modern demonology was written in the winter of 1403.

From Bael’s point of view, the world has simultaneously shrunk and revealed its falseness to him. There is no such thing as time, place, or identity, there is only Carcosa, and those few beings that attempt to join with it; all else — all of human history, industry and time — is only a fiction that mankind has dreamt around it.

USING KING BAEEL, BY NIGHT: Just recently, Bael has realized he can escape the building, but only after a “gong is sounded by Urizen, the Starry King.” In a theater hidden beneath the hospital, a collection of a vital liquid is performed by the clown and it is that liquid that is the key out to the “world.”
OTHER PATIENTS BY NIGHT

At night, besides those listed, anyone associated with the King in Yellow might be found as a patient in the Dorchester House. Likely suspects include:

- **ASA DARIBONDI**: Daribondi in the Dorchester House is very different than he might be found elsewhere. The little man, usually meticulous, is unkempt and looks ill, bundled in expensive silk pajamas and slippers. His eyes have a frantic, lost look to them, and he clutches and confesses to any Agent who might listen that he’s not at all certain, but he thinks perhaps he has killed someone. If pressed, he’ll confess that the King told him to drown “a boy, a girl, a girl, a boy…” and then laugh it off, saying “but it was only a dream, I’m sure.” Still, his hands are raw, water-logged and peeling, as if he had been doing heavy work in the water (0/1 SAN violence).

- **DEBRA CARVER**: An attractive woman in her early thirties, Carver confesses readily to being in the “sanatorium” to deal with her drug problem, but she does not offer which drug. Carver can find, refine, and show willing Agents the uses of Melonia, as well as the revelatory power of the gold bug; each of which she can lead Agents to in the Night World of the Dorchester house. She was a one-time associate of Jaycee Linz in the Hotel Broadalbin, and knows much about that place, if asked, though she can’t guide the Agents there.

- **GARY TOPCHICK**: Topchick is a thin, younger man with curly red hair and bifocal glasses who speaks in a thick, New York accent. He wears hospital pajamas beneath a tweed jacket. Topchick was framed by Delta Green during Operation LUNA in 1952, and spent the rest of his life in a mental institution due to his various delusions, brought on by his exposure to *The King in Yellow*, and yet, despite his death in 1972, is still somehow here. He knows little of the Dorchester house (he simply calls it “the hospital”), but if he finds out that the Agents are from Delta Green, he does what he can to mislead them or interfere with their plans, and, if he can get an Agent alone, try to kill them.

- **LELAND A. FULLER**: The Delta Green Agent that first connected Emmet Moseby, the *Deuxième Bureau* files, and the Red Book, in 1952. Shortly thereafter, he committed himself and later died in the hospital in 1981. Still, he’s here, and remembers it all. Fuller has been seeing phantoms since after the first reading of The King in Yellow, and is aware of many things. He’ll tell the Agents that to escape the influence of the King requires them to travel “on, to, and through Carcosa. The only escape is deeper inside, Moseby knew. He knew. I made a mistake. I tried to ignore it, and now I’m here, forever.” He is an expert on the play, and can even write it, or scrawl the Yellow Sign, from memory — and he’ll more than willingly do so, for any that ask — except for Dr. Friend, whom he despises.

- **SUNSHINE**: A permanently mute patient, perhaps 80 or more years old, incapable of writing or understanding speech or writing. They have no known name, but are called “Sunshine” by the staff, due to their dreamy smile and mellow demeanor. The Handler can make this patient the aged, trapped, permanently mad duplicate of any Agent in the group they wish, somehow escaped from Carcosa in the future back to 1955, where they were incarcerated.
When Sunshine sees the Agents, the usually demure patient becomes excited and desperately attempts to communicate with them, but all they say and write is gibberish (see REVELATION: CURTAINS on page XX). A successful INTx5 roll on the part of an Agent notes that Sunshine seems strangely familiar...

\[ \Delta \text{ ANY RESIDENT OF THE MACALLISTAR: } \text{Any of the residents of the Macallistar except Abigail Wright might be found here.} \]

**DR. DALLAN’S OFFICE AT NIGHT**

Dr. Dallan’s office is strange, at night. For one, there is a red, steel, pressurized door in the wall next to the window that is not there during the day, that leads into an ever-descending series of rooms beneath the hospital into the Night World (0/1D4 SAN unnatural). This is the door Dr. Dallan enters every night at dusk and Dr. Friend emerges from a moment later.

Second, if dramatic movements are undertaken in the office — running, suddenly shifting, or spinning — the room appears to expand its number of walls; 4 walls become 5, then 6, up to as many as 8, before collapsing in the same manner (0/1D4 SAN unnatural). When one triggers this change, all present see it, and suffer ill-effects from it.

Third, the shelves are filled with books from Carcosa (see VANFITZ’S BOOKS on page XX for examples) and their spines are laid out in a strange pattern of colors. A moment or two resolves the pattern as the Yellow Sign (1/1D4 SAN helplessness). Also, removing a book from the shelf reveals another book behind it. Removing that book reveals another. “Digging” in this manner leads Agents into a strange, unstable tunnel composed of thousands of books well beyond the inner edge of the bookshelf (1/1D6 SAN unnatural) gains them +1 Corruption, and leads eventually to the Library (see below).

Fourth, the view out the window — though darkened and appearing normal at a glance — is not. Those Agents with Alertness 30%+ or who make a roll note several oddities. The lights of the buildings don’t seem electric; they are dim and flickering. There are occasional blooms of distant light, like shells falling (though there is no noise), and three, orange, flickering lights that hover far above any of the others in the night. An Alertness -20% roll picks out that these three lights appear to be on the shadowed bulb of some giant, Kremlin-esque tower that should not be there at all (0/1D4 SAN unnatural). The windows are not normal windows, and instead are made of thick aquarium glass. Breaking them is not possible, though they readily spider and shatter.

Fifth, the rock collection appears identical to the rock collection during the day, but is not. Attempting to lift the glass and pick up any of the rocks finds that not only are the rocks attached to the surface, that they are warm and pulsing as if they are alive, as is the “wooden” case (0/1D4 SAN unnatural). This cannot be noticed until a rock is touched. If struck, the case bleeds and whines like a dog (0/1 SAN violence). It is killed when it suffers more than 3 HP damage.

**Clue: Michael Witwer’s Watch**

Day or night, this strange watch is located in Dr. Dallan’s desk drawer. It appears to be a men’s Bulova classic watch, but the watch face reads A.L.O.N.G.T.H.E.S.H.O.R. instead of 1-12, and the back is engraving reads:
THE LIBRARY
This strange space is accessible through the bookshelf in Dr. Dallan’s/Dr. Friend’s office. The Library is an endless sprawling complex of mahogany bookshelves, hallways and raised walkways. There are no windows; only door upon door — reading rooms which open on impossible vistas of galleries, stairs and walkways that seem to continue on and on forever. The shelves are more often than not filled with exotic books in bizarre languages – but some areas of the Library are in disrepair; wrecked by water damage, collapsed plaster ceilings and books bloated like leeches filled with water. Some books are in English, but they describe bizarre, never-before-heard-of locales. Countries that don’t exist, animals that don’t exist, people who don’t exist.

Tracks are found everywhere in the ceiling of the Library. Sometimes, strange, bounding figures are seen in the distance. Otherwise, besides the Agents, the Library seems to be vacant – of people, that is.

Various areas of the Library seem to have been lived in for long periods. Debris like old food tins, empty bottles of alcohol and the remains of books burned for warmth can be found. Animal bones – which seem to be of rat-like creatures – can sometimes be found near these campsites.

The lighting in the Library appears to grow and shrink in intensity over long periods of time, almost as if they were mimicking night and day. Despite this, there are no obvious light sources – the light seems to bleed from the walls themselves. As it grows darker, sounds echo through the halls. At first, they are the sounds of skittering – something far off and small rushing across a dusty floor. Later, as the darkness increases, the sounds grow until it’s the sound of something the size of a lion padding through the stacks. Anyone who remains there after dark should light a fire, or they’ll find out what wanders the halls of the Library at night; the Paper Tiger.

THREAT MATRIX: THE PAPER TIGER
The Paper Tiger is the beast that haunts the Library. As the “day” turns to “night” in the Library the Paper Lion grows in power and size, and shrinks back down again as the “day” breaks.

It appears to be a quadrupedal creature composed of dripping wet paper; like an ever-shifting papier-mâché beast that never fully dries. Its “face” is a maw composed of broken glass, rusty nails and razor blades sunk in the ruined husks of old leather-bound books. It is a killer – and will run down and kill any Agent it can. Once it makes a single kill, it’ll resign itself to feeding on the corpse.

In all its forms it is terrified of fire and will keep a large distance from open flame as small as a lit match.

THE PAPER TIGER
A Growing Threat
AT ITS LARGEST IN THE “NIGHT” (about 2 tons)
STR 35 CON 35 DEX 20 INT 10 POW 10
HP 35
ATTACKS:
  Δ Maul 55%, damage 2D8+2, Armor Piercing 1.
  Δ Ram 55%, damage 1D8.
ARMOR: See PAPER AND JUNK.
SANITY LOSS: 1/1D8 SAN unnatural.

MEDIUM IN THE “DUSK” (about 500 pounds)
STR 18  CON 18  DEX 14  INT 10  POW 10
HP 9
ATTACKS:
  Δ Maul 55%, damage 1D6+2, Armor Piercing 1.
  Δ Ram 55%, damage 1D6.
ARMOR: See PAPER AND JUNK.
SANITY LOSS: 1/1D6 SAN unnatural.

AT ITS SMALLEST IN THE “DAY” (about 20 pounds)
STR 9  CON 9  DEX 12  INT 10  POW 10
HP 9
ATTACKS:
  Δ Maul 55%, damage 1D4+1.
ARMOR: See PAPER AND JUNK.
SKILLS: Alertness 55%, Athletics 75%, Dodge 20%, Unarmed Combat 55%.
SANITY LOSS: 0/1D4 SAN unnatural.

SPECIAL ABILITIES:
  Δ PAPER AND JUNK: The Paper Tiger is made of ruined paper, smashed, water-
  logged books, rusty nails, smashed glass and any other item that might be found
  in a destroyed library. It is immune to firearm attacks (bullets go right through it;
  even firearm Lethality attacks), but explosives and fire are a different matter.
  Lethality attacks with explosives have full effect, and fire inflicts 2D6 HP per turn.
  A fire or explosive attack is enough to cause the Paper Tiger to immediately flee.
  Δ IMMORTAL: During the strange “day” and “night” of the Library, the Paper Tiger
  grows by rolling around in piles of destroyed books and debris. If it is “killed” at
  the next “dawn”, it spawns in its smallest form from ruined books to hunt the
  Library once more.

THE COTTON-CANDY ROOM AND INTERROGATION
Patients call the therapy room the “cotton-candy room” due to its horrific pink paint.
Filled with pea-soup green chairs and flickering fluorescent lights, it is a maddening
space to be in. Still, it’s where Dr. Friend gathers patients for “group.” Bael, Wilde, the
Agents (and any other patient that might found at night), are all brought into the room.
Once inside, the door is locked by orderlies, and Dr. Friend introduces himself, and
goes around person to person, allowing them a moment to identify themselves. If they
can’t, or refuse to answer, he is understanding and kind. Dr. Friend talks about why they
are here (to heal hearts and minds), and their responsibilities to the hospital and one another. He then begins to question each Agent and patient, one-by-one. The questions begin with mundanities, but meander into more surreal things:

- Do you enjoy activities of your own choosing?
- Do your past failures still worry you?
- Are you sometimes considered by others to be a spoil-sport?
- Describe a time when you were certain the world wasn’t real.
- Did you ever believe someone or something was out to get you?
- When did you first encounter the book, *The King in Yellow*?
- Who was the most exceptional person in your life?
- What did the Phantom of Truth tell Cassilda?
- What do you think the world felt like before you were born?
- Have you seen the Yellow Sign?
- How long do you think it will be until the end of the world?
- Have you received an invitation?
- Do you make an effort to get others to smile?
- Have you found your bottle?
- Do you often think about death, sickness, pain and sorrow?
- Have you heard? The last King is come?

While the Agents are questioned by Dr. Friend, describe a dramatic shift. The cotton-candy room suddenly morphs into a huge, European royal court of the nineteenth century, complete with throne, red carpet, torches, and so forth. Black banners emblazoned with the Yellow Sign hang from the walls (0/1D4 SAN helplessness).

The other Agents are dressed in their usual hospital clothes, but Dr. Friend is now dressed in the sumptuous clothes of a noble, and is seated upon a golden chair next to an ornate, decidedly empty, throne. His whole demeanor is that of a haughty noble, speaking a foreign language that sounds European (it is Tartessian, the language of Carcosa). When Dr. Friend addresses an Agent, that Agent understands him perfectly and Friend seems to understand what everyone is saying.

While the questioning lasts, so does this vision. When it ends, the Agents find themselves back in the cotton-candy room with a smiling Dr. Friend, and all is “normal”; or, as normal as it can be in the Night World.

It is likely that after this session, the Agents are approached by Mister Wilde. Wilde will ply them for information, offering his own in return, and then reveal (if the price is right) that Bael alone knows the way out of the Night World.

**BAEL**

After group therapy, Agents are left to their own devices. They might explore, or attempt to escape and find no exit, or interact with various patients and employees of the Dorchester house at night.

If after meeting Mister Wilde and being told Bael alone knows how to escape, the Agents don’t attempt to meet with Bael, the Agent with the highest Corruption score is soon pulled aside by Bael. Bael recognizes the Agent (but does not say from where).
He knows a way out of the hospital, and is more than willing to help the Agents escape. Bael is also one of the few entities that will speak plainly on the disposition of powers in the Night World and what it means. A summary of his knowledge follows:

*Everything the Agents know is false, and only now have they gained a glimpse of the world as it truly is. The play sits at the center of things, and all events, people, and places issue from it, and not the other way around. It is an ouroboros that vomits out the world. Once one is shown this, there is only way out — through it. To Carcosa. However, Carcosa is not a place that can be reached from the hospital; the hospital is like a fly-trap to gather lost souls. They must get free of the Night World, and find other ways to get to Carcosa from the “real world” of Earth. When the time is right, reality will arrange itself to make such a transit possible. But first, escape.*

Bael knows of a place in the hospital where they can transit to the real world, and he’ll take the Agents there, if they wish.

**IN THE FIELD: MOTIVATIONS AND MANIFESTATIONS**

The goal of this portion of the operation is to escape the Night World of the Dorchester house and return to the “real world”, and the key to this is following Bael. It is likely Agents will be confused and paranoid and may resist that offer, at least, initially. Use the following encounters to set them on the right track:

- **SAMPLE:** The Agent with the highest Corruption is seized and dragged off by orderlies with no real chance of escape (though feel free to play out combat as if they can). They are strapped to a gurney, rolled to a strange room with green paint and a star on the door. Dr. Friend shows up with an enormous old-fashioned looking needle. “This will take only a moment,” he says, and inserts the needle in the Agent’s left eye 1/1D6 SAN helplessness. What is removed is not blood, but appears to be a red liquid like oil (this also removes 1D4-2 Corruption). Dr. Friend can be heard talking with Mr. Ed; noting “the patzu is extremely potent.” After awhile the Agent is released, apparently none the worse for wear, but they now notice many patients have an angry bruise and mark under their left eye (0/1 SAN helplessness). If confronted about it, Dr. Friend looks concerned for them, and patting them on the shoulder, denies it ever happened at all.

- **THE SILVER ROBES:** The Agents spy an overweight man in a silver robe, wearing a plain white mask (those that have seen photos of the deceased Henry Lundine might recognize him). Following this figure requires a Stealth contest against its Alertness of 35%. If seen, the masked man casts a backwards glance, and then vanishes into a door, disappearing (if the Agent has been in the Macallistar, an Alertness roll notes that the room beyond the door is the hallway of the Macallistar 0/1 SAN unnatural). If pursued, beyond this door is just another room (and not the Macallistar). If the man is successfully followed for 3 Stealth rolls, the Agents arrive at the theater area (see below) and there, are startled by Bael. As the man in the silver robe enters the theater, Bael says, “come on, our time is short.”
ANY OTHER MANIFESTATION: The Handler should feel free to use manifestations found elsewhere in the book to haunt the Agents (see NIGHT FLOORS MANIFESTATIONS on page XX).

THE STAGE, THE DRAGON, AND THE CLOWN
Those that follow Bael are lead on a journey through a nightmare maze of rooms beneath the Dorchester house, but eventually the disposition of the halls and decor fall more in line with a theater than a hospital; rich burgundy rugs, recessed lighting behind scalloped glass, gold painted trim, plaster Greek masks above doorways. Bael is quite mad, and can navigate the Night World easily, so no rolls are needed as long as he leads. Handlers that wish to extend this sequence can have Bael and the Agents encounter manifestations as they travel (see NIGHT FLOORS MANIFESTATIONS on page XX).

Those Agents with Corruption 4+ notice strange, shooting lights emanate from Bael, as well as an aura of power around him moving in time. His head is beset by a spectral crown.

From a room nearby, a gong sounds and an audience applauds. Bael ushers the Agents into an intimate, darkened, theater. Inside, the empty wooden stage is starkly lit.

The Audience
Bael moves the Agents to empty wooden seats in the front row, shushing any questions. In the dark behind them perhaps fifty faces watch the stage. These audience members are blurs, but Agents that struggle to see them gain +1 Corruption and find they are looking back at dead people known to them. Their father, their lost partner, their dead brother. Each watches the stage in rapt attention (1/1D6 SAN unnatural).

Any attempt to disturb the dead causes them to vanish (0/1 SAN unnatural). In these empty chairs is a thick puddle of red oil (those that have had a sample taken by Dr. Friend recognize it as the fluid pulled from their head). The liquid appears to be rising from a small, mechanical hole in the base of each seat.

The Clown and the Patzu
As the Agents sit, a child-sized clown emerges from the side-curtain to the right. An unseen orchestra starts a strange, looping dirge interspersed with a relentless drum. The clown appears to be a child in a yellow coverall covered in blue moons and stars, wearing a clown mask that covers the entire head (those that have seen the Trivelino Mall recognize the figure as the logo of the mall). Its face is a smile exposing geometric teeth, and its eyes are black slits.

The clown dances on stage in precise movements to the music, and as it does so, lifts a paper dragon from off stage. A successful Alertness roll reveals that as the clown dances, a thin, aerosol-like, reddish mist creeps up from the audience towards the stage like a transparent cloud. This paper dragon trails behind the clown, drawing patterns in the air, cutting through the red mist; causing it to vanish like it was absorbing it.
DISINFORMATION: BAEL EXPLAINS THE DANCE

Bael whispers that the Agents need to watch the dance, and wait for the end. He’ll tell them when they need to move again. The exit is nearby. He mentions that the clown has something they need, but they must wait for dance to stop, first.

Those that specifically ask about the meaning of the dance or the identity of the clown, besides gaining +1 Corruption, learn the following based on their Corruption.

△ CORRUPTION 3 OR LESS: The dance is about the play. The clown is our king.

△ CORRUPTION 4 TO 5: The clown is our king and the dragon is the Yellow sign. The dance is about the creation of the play. See, there, these steps are about the author of the play. And there, something about a bottle. It’s difficult to explain.

△ CORRUPTION 6+: The dance reflects the creation of the play. A person finds the bottle of the author in a cave, and brings it to the author at a masquerade, the secret in the bottle tells him how to write the play he already exists in. The clown is our king, the dragon is the Yellow sign, the stage is the world; and in the dance, he cuts the world from the fear we make. It makes our world. The sign eats the fear in the world to feed the king.

If asked about the red mist or the puddles, he says “that’s why we’re here,” but will say nothing else about it.

The Show Ends

The music rises to a crescendo, suddenly stops, and the lights go out. The already dark theater is now all but black (all perception attempts are -20%) and the clown has disappeared from the stage. Those looking around note the audience is somehow gone as well, as is the liquid in the seats. Bael whispers for the Agents to follow him as he creeps up on the stage.

Behind the curtain to the right on the stage, the clown is sprawled on the ground and appears smaller than before; the size of an infant. The paper dragon next to it is huge in comparison; and the whiteness of these two items glow in the dark.

Keeping his eye on the inert clown, Bael drags the paper dragon out on stage, rips it open, revealing a thermos-sized glass container filled with a deep red oil. He spins off the metal top. Bael looks at the Agents and says plainly, “the patzu, this is the way out,” and takes a quick drink of the liquid. He hands the container to the Agent with the highest Corruption, and then Bael vanishes like a photographic trick (1/1D6 SAN unnatural).

The Agent holding the glass container notices it growing lighter as the liquid inside it appears to vanish from top to bottom (0/1 SAN unnatural), and once it vanishes altogether, reappears in an identical manner; like a clock, draining and refilling in a strange rhythm, over and over again.

The Tiny Clown?

Off-stage the clown appears tiny…at first. But after Bael vanishes, the clown stands, cocks its head in the dark, and considers the Agent on the stage holding the container. Then the clown moves towards them in a strange, difficult to follow, shuffling dance. As it does so, something about the perspective is not right, because the clown appears to
be at least 6-feet tall when it exits from behind the curtain. Every turn it pursues, it grows 4-feet in height until it reaches a maximum height of 40-feet tall on turn 10 (1/1D6 SAN unnatural).

**Pursuit, Drinking, Revelation**
Those that attempt to run back the way they came off the stage find that there is merely a wall of black there — and a solid one; the theater and seats are gone. The only exit visible is to the left, behind the curtains, backstage where a dim light is visible.

Entering backstage here is even darker than the stage, and it appears to be a series of blacked out rooms, with ropes, pulleys, and a few doors and exits marked by single, naked, bulbs that appear to show the way.

This is a pursuit, and is a series of opposed tests between the Agent holding the container’s **Athletics** or **Dodge** (the quarry) and the clown’s **Art (Dance)** of 45% (the pursuer). To close the distance to the holder of the container the clown requires three wins. Wins cancel each other out. If the pursuer wins one but the quarry wins the next, that cancels out the pursuer’s win.

In each test, one side or the other wins. If both fail their rolls, the lowest failure wins. A critical success with a chase test counts as two wins. A fumble counts as two failures. When the container is handed off from one Agent to another, this test resets and the clown must once again score three wins.

**BACKSTAGE**: The doors, passages, windows, dumbwaiters, and tunnels continue off stage left…forever, but despite what might be visible, never move anywhere except in a straight direction to the left. And the clown, despite its growth, still somehow manages to continue pursuit; smashing through smaller obstacles with ease, and squeezing through doors it has no business of fitting through using the strange perspective trick that makes it appear smaller or bigger.

**REFUSAL**: Those that refuse to drink the patzu will eventually be caught by the clown. This is no time for trust issues. The clown cannot be attacked in any meaningful manner, those Agents that try are touched by the clown.

**WHEN CAN I DRINK?**: The patzu in the container appears and vanishes over and over again, and during the pursuit, it is difficult to gauge just when to drink. Treat this a **Luck** roll for an Agent holding the container. If they fail the roll, either the liquid is not present at the moment having vanished, or the Agent is so engaged in escaping, that they can’t drink.

**THE PATZU**: Those that take a drink of the patzu must fail a 0/1D4 SAN unnatural roll. On a failure, they vanish like Bael *the next turn* (see **BACK IN THE WORLD** below). On a success, they somehow know they’re not going to vanish and are permitted to roll the SAN test again each new turn. They are permitted any number of SAN tests on a single drink (and inherently know this). They can also “put off” the transition by choice; stalling it for any number of turns at will. Those Agents at 0 SAN *cannot* transit, no matter how often they drink; they are doomed.

**HANDING OFF**: Those that successfully drink the patzu can hand off the container like Bael did to another Agent with a **DEXx5** roll. Failure indicates the
container has been dropped. If the container is dropped, in 3 turns the clown gets it.

△ **DROPPED:** A container that’s dropped requires an Agent to stop and pick it up, and grants the clown one automatic success in pursuit against them.

△ **TOUCHED:** Those that the clown touches suffer a Lethality 15% attack. Those killed by this attack explode into a spray of the patzu, disintegrating like a popped balloon filled with the oil-like substance (1/1D6 SAN violence.) Truly desperate Agents might be able to *drink* the spattered patzu (0/1D4 SAN helplessness) to vanish (this works; though this liquid appears and vanishes, and requires a Luck roll to time it correctly). Those Agents that somehow survive the clown’s touch find themselves covered in suppurating wounds that weep the patzu. Over the course of a month, they heal, but the scars never vanish and they gain +2 Corruption permanently.

△ **REVELATIONS:** During the pursuit, Agents are filled with terror and a feeling of *truth*. They are certain they are seeing things they are not supposed to see. Every turn they are involved in the pursuit one of the Agents sees one of the following.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Turn</th>
<th>Revelation</th>
<th>Clown Size</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Off to the side, in a raised inaccessible area backstage, the Agent sees a man in a red robe (Dr. Barbas) carrying a box of red books walk rapidly past a window.</td>
<td>10-feet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>The Agent notices the ceiling is semi-transparent, and dozens of people appear to be circling, dancing in some sort of waltz.</td>
<td>14-feet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>A far off, dingy grey cafeteria, inaccessible past some black gulf, is visible to the side. In it, a balding overweight man with wire-frame glasses wearing a striped prison outfit watches the Agent all run past (Ian F. Decraig). He stands next to an oversized prop door that the Agents might have seen before in the Missing Room. He waves. +1 Corruption.</td>
<td>16-feet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>2d props are stacked agains the walls here, and some appear to be prop reconstructions of the Agent's home, down to the smallest detail (0/1D4 SAN unnatural).</td>
<td>20-feet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>A strange little man in a lavender suit (Asa Daribondi) stands behind a large window somewhere inaccessible, as the Agent runs past, they notice he is surrounded on all sides by wet, obviously dead, and rotting children (0/1D6 SAN unnatural). The dapper man applauds as the Agent runs past. +1 Corruption.</td>
<td>24-feet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>A vista opens up to the side. Past an inaccessible gulf is the ground floor of a hotel, filled with people, the front doors flanked by golden gargoyles, lit like a diorama — yet everything in it is real. The sign above the front desk reads HOTEL BROADALBIN (0/1D4 SAN unnatural).</td>
<td>28-feet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>A bedroom at night is briefly visible, but is soon closed off by a wall on tracks. In the bedroom an older woman sits up in bed shrieking “He’s coming for my baby Tom, STOP HIM!” Any Agent that met Thomas Wright recognizes him as the confused man in the bed next to the woman (0/1 SAN unnatural). +1 Corruption.</td>
<td>32-feet</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
BACK IN THE WORLD

Those Agents that successfully transit back to the real world all wake to sunlight in an empty house. It is dusty and looks little used, and all doors and windows locked. Every survivor regains 1D6 SAN and loses -4 Corruption.

A seal is etched into the wooden floor of the room the Agents wake in. An Occult 40%+ or a success grants +1 Corruption and indicates it is the mark of Malphas, a demon, found in the Ars Goetia. Malphas is:

Malphas is a demon in the Ars Goetia. He is described as the Great Prince of Hell governing forty legions of demons. Malphas builds houses, high towers, and strongholds. He can destroy enemies’ thoughts and desires, give good familiars, and quickly bring artificers together from all places of the world.

Agents searching the house find a stack of cards for Patricia McSwain, realtor (see MALPHAS on page XX). The house is on a quiet street in the Codman Square neighborhood of Boston, five minutes walk from the Dorchester house.

Pay the Piper

Agents that should have gained disorders, or suffered from temporary insanity in the Night World (where such effects do not take occur) suffer from them immediately upon their return to the real world. This might manifest as an Agent fleeing the house in terror, developing a phobia or some other affliction.

The Clockwork Child and Note

After some time to recover, the Clockwork Child arrives, appearing to the Agent with the highest Corruption rating, in a manner where it is visible only to them (out a window, in the reflection of a mirror, as a shadow in a hall only they can see). If the Agent waits, they spy the Clockwork Child and hear its quiet music-box dirge as it wobbles forward. It holds a folded piece of paper in one spinning hand (0/1D4 SAN unnatural).

The moment the Agent is no longer looking at it, the Clockwork Child vanishes (0/1 SAN unnatural), leaving behind the note. Those that attempt to touch the Clockwork Child see it vanish before their eyes, leaving behind only the note.
The note is a thick piece of cream colored stationary folded in three places. The front reads HOTEL BROADALBIN in an art-deco font with no street address. On the back, beneath the name of the Agent, written in a woman’s hand in red ink is a short poem:

[NAME OF AGENT]

Go now,

To the hotel,
the labyrinth,
find the author,
his bottle,

The city,
the lake,
its shadow,
the battle,

Then, the party,
the dance,
find the girl in blue,
the one singing,

“Nothing is true,
except out is through”

Love,
Abby

RESOLUTION

Agents have learned the hard way that they never left the Macallistar building behind at all. A year, twenty, a million years, time is meaningless to the King. It waits, and all that encounter it enter a trajectory around it; some swing too close and are consumed, others are locked in dead orbits, still others are cast out into the void.

The primary challenge of this operation is survival and escape. The Agents discover that the King in Yellow has infected a whole range of locations and people in Boston, and that they are so touched by this power that they can transit to the dark reflection of our reality called the Night World — a bridge that can eventually bring the chosen to Carcosa.

Individual vectors of the King can be dealt with, homes burned, witnesses and servants killed, and even the Dorchester house itself can be razed to the ground. This will limit the effects of the King, but not stop the spread of power in the lives of the Agents.

In the end, the Agents know that Abigail Wright, missing twenty years, still lives, somewhere, and that they have crossed some invisible threshold and their orbit is
decaying. Soon, they will burn unless they can swing so close they can speed by and break free of it forever.

**INTO LIKE A MAP MADE OF SKIN**

In the next operation, *Like a Map Made of Skin*, the Agents have survived their first full immersion in the Night World. As they struggle to find their way to the Hotel Broadalbin while on the run from Delta Green, the forces of the King in Yellow, and other, less-tangible threats, they must navigate their own degeneration.

Agents now see the cracks in the skein of the world, and as reality reveals itself, learn that hard truth: the world is the lie, only the play is real.

Those players that lost Agents in *A Volume of Secret Faces* should create new Agents. Such replacements might be dropped in suddenly here, appearing in the room along with the Agents. Prime candidates for replacements are the missing members of the Delta Green operation MERCY team (Agent Vargas and his other teammates) who can turn up here with no explanation, and share similar experiences to the Agents.
EXEUNT: THE MISSING ROOM

CAMILLA: Look then, beyond the footlight of the moons,
To upturned faces, lost in wonder, why here? Why now?
CASSILDA: So they might know the joy of the author’s intent,
and the certainty found in an exit, well-deserved.
—The King in Yellow, Act II, Scene II

The Boxer Hotel is a landmark in the West End of Boston, built in 1904 in a classic flatiron style and recently renovated, in 2015, it is enjoying a resurgence in popularity. It is also where the Delta Green team led by agent Vargas (DEA Agent Michael Witwer) hung its hat in late JUN 2015 before their capture and incarceration at the Dorchester House.

The team stayed together in room 616 while they followed Dr. Barbas around Boston, formulating a plan to bring in or eliminate the “compromised agent.” While investigating, they gathered various clues, artifacts and elements from Carcosa and unknowingly infected their room with the power of the King in Yellow. Luckily, the room has vanished from the ordinary world.

Almost.

OPINT: LOCATING THE MISSING ROOM

Clues to the location of the missing room can be found from the marked cellphone and the crumpled “cheat sheet” on the floor of Dr. Barbas’ second bedroom.

Those with a Corruption 2+ who search in the Boxer hotel for room 616, and who fail a SAN roll after a prolonged search return to a hallway they could swear was empty minutes ago, suffer 1 SAN helplessness and find room 616 waiting for them.

Those Agents whose Corruption is too low, who have the satellite phone, and make the connection between the *616 number and room 616 and dial the number hear the telephone ringing from inside a room if they are nearby. They find the door in the hallway in the same way as above, gain +1 Corruption, and suffer 1 SAN helplessness.

For all others, the room has ceased to exist, and due to the power of Carcosa, no one on staff has noticed, in fact, to them it is gone. More to the point, the lack of this room seems completely natural to them.

The rooms on the floor appear to go from 614 to 618; while all other doors progress by two digits at a time. To those that can see it (and anyone with them), it is simply there, as it should be, between those doors. However, unlike the other doors it has a keyhole, instead of a key-card lock. The only key to the door is found in Dr. Barbas’ pockets in the form of an ornate, brass key with marked with a filigreed B on the end.

The door can be forced with a STRx5 roll or opened with Craft (Locksmith) 30%+ or a successful roll.

INSIDE THE MISSING ROOM

The room has two double-beds, as well as a fold-out couch, and the layout, construction, and basics of the room appear mundane. There is a flat screen television
on a dresser, a charging station/clock radio, two bedside lamps and an overhead room light, an air conditioner and curtains. But strangely, behind the curtains, there is no window, just a seamless surface of inoffensive, floral wallpaper. The lack of any windows is bizarre, and makes the room feel claustrophobic.

The bathroom is gleaming white, with new towels (marked with a B) and new, sealed soaps. It smells freshly cleaned though none of the staff have been in this room for weeks.

**SEARCHING THE MISSING ROOM**

Agents can find all the following by searching the room carefully over the course of a half an hour.

**Clue: The Bible**

A Gideon bible is in the wastepaper basket. On a failed Search roll, it appears to be a conventional bible. On a success, the Agent notices that starting 3/4 of the way through the bible in the middle of a page (though the font and layout does not change) the book seems to be some sort of intelligence report instead of the bible. This costs 0/1 SAN helplessness. With an INTx5 roll, those Agents familiar with the Deuxième Bureau File recognize the text. It contains a complete copy of *Le Roi en Jaune* in French and English.

**Clue: The Crumpled Napkin**

This crumpled, thick, napkin smells of wine and was discarded in the waste basket. Unfolding it reveals gold initials in the corner: GBR. It seems familiar to the Agents. It is from the Gateway Bridges Restaurant — brought back from a scouting trip by the team. An INTx5 roll allows an Agent to figure this out.

**Clue: The Deuxième Bureau File**

A marked-up copy of the Deuxième Bureau File is in a small, leather valise next to the dresser with the television.

The file has many photographs, news articles, (in German, French and English) and various reports involving *Le Roi en Jaune*. It even includes an entire copy of the play, typewritten, in French and in English. Many of the pages are stamped DELTA GREEN and dated 1951. Recent handwritten notes in the files can be picked out if 6 hours are spent reading the whole file. These documents include:

- A handwritten note on a color print out of a photograph of EMMET MOSEBY that says, “Medford, JUL 5.” Moseby is wearing a dated-looking suit, is squat with a wisp of a hairline (buzzed short) and has small, pig-like eyes and carries a small suitcase. He is listed as an “intelligence operative” on other, older Delta Green stamped files. DOD is stamped: MISSING OCT 1951.

- A reproduction of an extremely old black and white photograph marked c.1895 and labeled with a piece of masking tape that reads, “Marbas.” The photograph shows two actors in pantomime wearing ruffled, brocaded outfits and small, fez-like hats. One is a tall man, the second is a woman. The woman is unknown to the Agents (though she does match the description of the woman seen at Barbas’
house). The man is clearly Dr. Barbas. Any Agent with **Art (Architecture)** 20%+ or who make a successful roll know the photo is likely of Paris in approximately 1895. Those with **Art (Photography)** 20%+ or who make a successful roll know this is a normal film emulsion reproduction of an old glass dry plates process picture — something from the late 1900s. The photograph appears genuine and old. Tests will back this date up. Seeing this costs 0/1 **SAN** unnatural.

△ A section of the play concerning dreams has a note, “west. wndw during sleep?”
△ Notes on the last piece of paper in the file include: “Words copy themselves. Call O. Making books in the house? Dallan- 9 on Jul 8. Mace, stun gun, zip-tie put in D h, then raid Medford h and burn.”

**DISINFORMATION: THE INFECTIOUS FILE**
The *Deuxième Bureau File*, recovered by the Delta Green team from Dr. Barbas’ car trunk, is strange, and dangerous. The fear of the spread of *The King in Yellow*, along with the paranoia of the Delta Green team made it more than a bundle of papers and photographs in a folder. It is now a vector for infection.

Whenever the file physically touches something with writing on it (a door number, a telephone set, a watch, a tattoo,) it overwrites those words with words from the file. For example, the desk lamp in the missing room once said “USB,” “ON/OFF,” and “Property of Halton Ltd.,” this now says (in the old font), left-to-right “The,” “artist,” “of the original play” — a phrase from the bureau file on page 12. Witwer brushed the file against the lamp and the words changed without him noticing. Later, when it was discovered, Witwer tested it by touching the Gideon bible with the file and witnessed the after-effects of the change. It is also why Witwer’s watch face (stored in the Dorchester House in Dr. Dallan’s office) reads A.L.O.N.G.T.H.E.S.H.O.R. instead of 1-12.

When the file changes text, it always matches the font and layout of the text it is replacing, and always does so out-of-sight, waiting until the object or item is unobserved. The outcome of this effect is 0/1 **SAN** unnatural to witness.

**Clue: The Card-Key**
This grey plastic card-key — found in the drawer of a side table — has a small logo embossed on the side (EMAGICO). One corner has a small space where it might be hooked to a belt loop. Those with a **Search** 30%+ or roll notice one corner of the card is scraped and covered in fragments of red paint. This is a key card that opens all doors in the Dorchester House psychiatric facility. Looking up EMAGICO on the web reveals that it is a large company that produces cards keys and locks for prisons, medical facilities and industrial sites. They have thousands of customers and as such, are likely a dead-end.

**Clue: The Papier-Mâché Mask and Robe**
A mask and silver robe from the Encounter Group. The mask is a poorly-made, papier-mâché mask with a single, silver wire to hold it on the face. The face and expression is inscrutable. Sometimes it appears to be smiling, other times, it appears confused. The robe is made from a silver plastic and covers the whole body.
Clue: The Telephone
The telephone appears normal if somewhat old-fashioned, but attempting to call the front desk or an outside line fails. Dialing *69 to dial the last number called causes the satellite phone — if it is still in possession of the Agents — to ring. Strangely, calling back with *616 does not make the telephone in the room ring. Those Agents with Alertness 30%+ or who roll a success hear a telephone ring dimly beyond the west wall. After two rings it stops as the voice on the satellite phone picks up.

Those listening with their ear pressed to the west wall can hear someone talking in the room for as long as the conversation continues on the satellite phone.

Clue: The Cleaned Blood Stains
Forensics 30%+ or a successful roll reveals that although the rug appears normal in the visible light spectrum, it is highly likely someone was shot in the main area of the room, perhaps while lying on the floor, and then dragged to the west wall above where the hip-high air conditioner was — as if the body was somehow dragged into the wall. None of the blood is visible to the naked eye, but UV light and other methods reveal spray patterns on the ceiling and invisible pools on the rug. Small amounts of blood are on the very edges of the curtains, as if they were pulled back when whatever violence happened, occurred.

STAYING IN THE MISSING ROOM
Foolish Agents might be drawn to the idea of staying in an invisible room, or even using it as a base of operations, but this would be a grave error. The room has been tainted with the power of the King in Yellow, and those in it — particularly those in it alone — find they are less alone than they might have imagined. Examples are presented below.

Corruption 2
The Agent hears someone in the bathroom through the crack in the open door. If they do not approach, the sounds — of a person getting ready — go on and on. Glancing through the door crack at the mirror, the Agent can spy an out-of-focus woman reflected from the other mirror, covered in blood (0/1D4 SAN violence). The moment they touch the door to the bathroom, the Agent finds it empty (0/1 SAN unnatural).

Corruption 3
The Agent is startled by the sound of a box suddenly dropped on to the rug of the room out of their sight. They turn to see a cardboard box filled with junk (various foreign papers, old radios, a metal leg brace) on the ground in the middle of the room, having apparently appeared from nowhere. In the bottom of the box are two dozen Polaroid snaps of the shrine wall from Abigail Wright’s apartment.

Before the Agent can get to the box, they hear the bathroom door creaking shut. As it closes, they catch a glimpse of a man in a two-tone suit carrying the cardboard box. His features are a blur. The box on the floor is gone, and there’s no one in the bathroom (0/1D4 SAN unnatural).
Corruption 4
The Agent turns to find a woman on the ground next to the drawn shades at the west wall, her head shattered by a gunshot wound, and her skull smashed open like a gourd. Blood and brains are everywhere and the smell of gunpowder is strong. The Agent realizes they are holding a Glock pistol with smoke spilling from its barrel (1/1D10 SAN violence). When anyone enters the room, or the Agent exits, the gun and body vanish.

Corruption 5
The Agent turns to find a huge, painted, prop door in the middle of the room that was not there a moment ago. It looks like the set-piece of a play about royalty. It opens easily. If the Agent steps through the door, or around it, when they turn back, there is no prop door (0/1D4 SAN unnatural).

Those that listen at the door hear a man reading from a script and affecting different voices to do so (0/1 SAN unnatural since there is no one on the other side of the door). Those who have read *The King in Yellow* recognize lines from it. Finally, a louder voice shouts “ten minutes DeCraig,” and the door goes silent. The voice never returns.

Corruption 6
The Agent sees a dim shadow play on the wall opposite the bathroom and a moment later, the light in the bathroom clicks on. The shadow is humanoid, but gangly, and a hollow, bamboo-clacking sound is audible when it moves. Those that enter find a life-sized marionette of themselves (identical in clothing and physical appearance) dangling from strings in the ceiling. It suddenly rushes them, matching their stance and vanishes as it touches them (0/1D4 SAN unnatural).

When the Agent leaves the bathroom, after a moment, a small, hardcover lavender book slides on the tile floor to the edge of the bathroom. Who (or what) moved it is not visible. It is a copy of *Libro Secretorum Manifesta*. No one is in the bathroom (0/1 SAN unnatural).

Corruption 7
The Agent is startled by the sound of an audience erupting in applause — perhaps fifty people or more — from beyond the closed closet door. Inside the closet there is a small metal grate that seems to be conducting the sound, that quickly dies down to silence.

Removing the grate reveals a narrow metal shaft into the dark ahead. A moment after the grate is removed a child can be heard either weeping or laughing. Any Agent with STR 11 or less can enter the grate. If the Agent enters, they can see a dimly visible, ghost-white face with shadows for eyes off in the dark, that whispers, “come and see…” (0/1 SAN unnatural). Flashlights and other light sources fail to illuminate that far down the tunnel.

Those Agents that make an Alertness roll realize something barely visible, sinuous and tentacular coils and slides beyond the face in the dark (0/1D4 SAN unnatural). If an Agent crawls towards the face they find a grate on the bottom of the shaft. Visible far below is a theater, on the stage, a child in a yellow and blue outfit wearing a clown mask dances with a paper dragon (see THE STAGE, THE DRAGON, AND THE CLOWN on page XX). Suddenly, multiple shadowed figures rush the stage. But this spying is cut
short when implacable shadow limbs inside the shaft close on the Agent.

The Agent is permitted two \textit{STRx5} rolls as they are seized by the tentacular limbs connected to a porcelain face in the darkened shaft (0/1D4 \textit{SAN} unnatural). Each failed roll costs 1D6 HP damage. If both rolls fail, or they are killed, the Agent is forever lost.

\textbf{Corruption 8+}

A HUGE gong sounds in the room, but no source can be found and distant drums and flutes are heard as if in another room (0/1 \textit{SAN} unnatural). They grow closer. A feeling of dread fills the Agent. If the Agent leaves immediately, the noises and feeling fade. If the Agent remains in the room, the curtain on the west wall flutters on turn 1.

On turn 2, a thick, syrupy, water-like liquid spills on to the floor from behind the curtain (0/1 \textit{SAN} unnatural). On turn 3, a bandaged hand pushes through the curtain. On turn 4, the Agent meets the King in Yellow (1D4/1D6 \textit{SAN} unnatural and if this \textit{SAN} roll if failed, the Agent cannot act for 1D6 turns and all non-\textit{SAN} rolls are at -20%). On turn 5, the King removes his mask (1D10/1D100 \textit{SAN} unnatural). If the Agent hits 0 \textit{SAN}, they vanish within the room, their body is never found and no evidence of the flood remains behind.

\textbf{THE WEST WALL AND THE DREAM WINDOW}

Agents that sleep in the room can open the “dream window” cryptically mentioned in Witwer’s notes. This portal is in the west wall, and only appears when someone is asleep and dreaming in the room and others are awake to witness it.

Those present that are awake while someone else dreams in the room first see rivulets of water running under the curtains that cover the blank west wall. Agents that pull the curtains aside are met with a terrifying sight. A quicksilver-like puddle of liquid is somehow pooling in the center of the wall. This costs 0/1D4 \textit{SAN} unnatural to witness.

After ten minutes, the quicksilver has filled a seven by three rectangle, in the shape of a window sized for that space. The silver slowly clears until a murky, out-of-focus hotel room can be seen on the other side of the wall. This mirrored room is similar to the room the Agents are in, but appears older. Though it ripples and wobbles as if viewed at the bottom of a pool, many things in it can be made out. There’s a banded leather suitcase (an Oswald Traveler with speckled green sides) flipped open on one of the beds, the telephone in the room is old looking, tall, and bell-shaped, the security message on the back of the door has a single, large word at the top (\textbf{Search 50%}+ or a critical success indicates the word is \textit{BROADALBIN}). More importantly, there is a travel-typewriter on a desk, and what appears to be a manuscript of papers only a few feet inside the “window.”

Those that enter the dream window gain +1 Corruption. The liquid is water, apparently, and moving into the far room requires an Agent to hold their breath and swim. An Agent can act for \textit{CONx5} turns without breathing before they suffocate (see \textbf{SUFFOCATION} on page XX of \textit{THE AGENT’S HANDBOOK}). While the Agent “feels” underwater in the room, the objects and people native to the room do not behave in that way. As such, the Agent can swim to the ceiling, or invert themselves with their feet off the ground.
Agents foolish enough to call the satellite phone while the dream portal is open see a tall and thin figure rapidly enter the far room on the first ring. It wears greenish-gold tattered clothing, and a hood. This shape enters and spins, hiding its face, and sits down on the bed with its back to the dream window. It moves like it is in open air, not water. It always picks up the phone on the second ring.

If an Agent is in the far room when this figure appears, bad things happen. The moment the figure enters, the water fogs over until in a few seconds, the far side is not visible. The Agent in the far room must make a Luck roll. On a fail, they suffer 1D100 SAN unnatural. On a success, only 1D10 SAN unnatural. Agents that go indefinitely insane fall out of the dream window mumbling, “no mask, no mask.” They struggle until subdued.

Those that hit 0 SAN fall out of the dream window convinced everyone in the room has been replaced by unknown Agents wearing perfect, seamless masks over their real features and that these individuals are here to kill them. These masks must be violently removed. The Handler should encourage the player whose Agent hit 0 SAN to play out this combat to their best ability — to kill all the imposters — after that, they become property of the Handler. Survivors remember little or nothing of what went on on the other side of the window.

If the Agent sleeping in room 616 is woken — if any significant noise is made or the sleeper is disturbed (they wake on a failed Luck roll) — the portal instantly vanishes. If an Agent is “in the water” when this happens, they are lost (though the sleeping Agent may dream of them very vividly from now on). Cruel Handlers might have them “wash up” somewhere later in the campaign, perhaps on the shores of lake Hali in Carcosa.

**Clue: The Papers and Typewriter**
The papers are an up to date transcript of everything said on the satellite phone (0/1 SAN helplessness), as well as portions of a play. It is the play players (but not the Agents — yet) might recall from *The Night Floors*.

The typewriter is a 1929, Remington-Remette typewriter which seems new and unharmed from the “water.” It is fully operational.

**Clue: The Suitcase**
Dragging the suitcase back into the room reveals it is a 1930 Oswald Traveler banded leather suitcase in perfect condition. It looks entirely new except for the name J LINZ written on the inside lid of the trunk in ink. The clothing inside are new-looking clothes that match 1930s styles, all male.
Clue: The Telephone
The telephone is a model consistent with the 1930s, but is unusable for those “swimming” in the room. Its cord may be ripped out of the wall in 2 turns with a STRx5 roll. If this is done, the (current) satellite phone no longer is answered by the voice, and instead plays an “out of order” sound when called — however, keep in mind that there are replacement satellite phones, and they operate normally.

Clue: The Door and the Plaque
The door is apparently locked from the outside and cannot be opened by an Agent. The name at the top of the security message on the back of the door can be read easily. The top reads “HOTEL BROADALBIN”, and beneath that is an array of tiny writing with no spaces that look like some sort of complex instructions. It takes 1D4 turns of staying at the door to read the minuscule text.

It reads:

alongtheshorethecloudwavesbreakthetwinsunssinkbehindthelaketheshadowslengthenin
carostrangeisthenight-

It fills the rest of the security message and contents the entire contents of The King in Yellow. Pulling the framed security message off the back of the door takes 1D10 turns and a successful STRx5 roll.