



SHADOWS of the OLD SUBWAY

by J.C. Connors

In 1918, the expansion of the New York City subway was still well underway. As workers excavated further into the earth, the din of the city above dwindled to a ghostly whisper, leaving them engulfed in a suffocating silence, punctuated only by the eerie echoes of their own tools against the ancient bedrock. The labyrinthine tunnels, dimly lit by flickering lanterns, created an oppressive sense of isolation. Workers often spoke in hushed tones of feeling watched by unseen eyes, a sensation that the cold, stony walls were closing in around them. In this claustrophobic gloom, each man was a solitary figure, grappling not only with the physical challenges of their labor but also with the creeping dread that they were not alone in the darkness...

ABOUT THE ADVENTURE

Shadows of the Old Subway is an introductory solo adventure for **GURPS Horror**. While you need to have some passing knowledge of **GURPS** to play this adventure, it is fairly beginner friendly, and can be played with nothing but the free [GURPS Lite](#) rules. A *Call of Cthulhu* version is also available on 1shotadventures.com

If you already have a 100-point character ready to go, you can use that character for this adventure. Otherwise, there are two pregenerated characters to pick from at the end of the adventure.

If you've never played a "Choose Your Path" adventure before, it's easy. Just start with paragraph #1. Read it, and

choose from one of the options that the text gives you, and go to the specified numbered paragraph. Just don't read the entries in order!

Special Rules

Any items that are available for you to keep are **bold-faced**. Jot them down on your character sheet, along with relevant statistics, if any. Also, as you are exploring the subway, write down the **bold-faced names** of key NPCs you meet. This will make an impact to the end of the adventure.



Also, you begin the game with a flashlight with enough power for several hours of light. Your flashlight begins the game with a Reliability-15. When you're asked to check the reliability of your flashlight, roll 3d. If you roll equal to or under your reliability, all is well. If you fail the roll... something awful will likely happen in the dark. Either way, reduce its reliability by 1 after a roll!

Finally, this solo adventure uses modified Fright Check rules. Rather than rolling on the usual Fright Check table on a failure, each entry gives you a description of what happens on a failure. Also, some entries will tell you to increase your Terror. Terror starts at 0, but if it climbs too high, your sanity may disappear before you conclude the adventure!

UNDEARNEATH THE CITY

You are a junior engineer for the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, the esteemed company that led the creation of the New York subway. While the system opened in 1904, a decade later the company is still busy excavating new tunnels and expanding the subway outward.

One of the most important new tunnels is the Clark Street Tunnel, scheduled to open in less than six months. When complete, the tunnel will let the residents of Brooklyn travel directly to Times Square. Additionally, it promises to relieve the overcrowded 42nd Street Station, which sees over 12,000 passengers a day switching trains there.

However, work is progressing slowly, and the project is shrouded in unsettling incidents. Just last month, three workers disappeared off the job without a trace. The foreman swore he saw the men eating lunch together, but seconds later they were gone, only their metal lunch boxes acting as evidence that they were ever there. And yesterday, an unexplained electrical fire caused the entire crew to evacuate. One of the workers who saw the fire break out went blind, his eyes as white as a river stone. Your boss halted work and called for a full inspection from the IRT engineering department.

However, these events caught the attention of the higher-ups. Last night, Acting Commissioner Whitney called your boss screaming, insisting that the Clark Street Tunnel would *not* miss its April opening, and that work could not stop for the planned inspection.

As a compromise, your boss argued that a short, nighttime inspection would do. Being the most junior member of the team, you were woken up at midnight and sent into the tunnel. The work crew is supposed to start at 7 am, so you hurried down to the maintenance tunnel a little after 1 am, carrying a heavy tool box, Winchester electric flashlight, and wool hat.

Whether it was because you were sleep deprived or weren't fully paying attention, but you were unclear where the malfunctioning transformers and cables were located. So you tread down the newly dug tunnel, scanning the walls for signs of a fire. The tunnel is nearing completion, so you guess that you have at least a mile to walk before you find any sign of the accident.

#1

Ten minutes into your exploration, you are startled to discover something amiss. The route comes to an abrupt end, bricks covering what should be a continuation of the tunnel. Impossible, you think. You check your tunnel map

and confirm — this tunnel should continue at least another thousand yards. But it doesn't.

Shining your flashlight at the mysterious wall, you are surprised to see that the bricks are old and worn, and erected in a bizarre pattern that seems to defy the expected craftsmanship of any bricklayers' union. Several discolored and yellowish bricks protrude unusually outward from the wall.

You also spot a small broken, crumbled area in the upper part of the wall, just out of reach. Shining your flashlight upward, a small opening — just big enough for a person to crawl through — seems to continue in the right direction...

If you investigate the discolored, protruding bricks, go to 16.

If you climb up the wall to explore the higher, tighter tunnel, go to 53.

#2

"Yes, I'm Willie," you lie.

"You're late," says the woman in a no-nonsense voice. "Mr. Gittings won't be happy with you. You are supposed to bring the amulet."

"Don't worry, I have it," you continue to lie. "Where is... Mr. Gittings?"

"He's going to meet us once we find the seal. We're all looking for a mark on the wall where Algernon painted it. But Algernon's been crazy every since he started sculpting, so who knows if it's even down here. Have you seen it?"

"No."

"Well, follow me," the woman says. "The Harbingers have arrived early, but that amulet should keep us safe."

The two of you quietly head down the tunnel. The woman tells you that her name is Donmai, and that lives in Chinatown with her five sisters. She tells you how she's sympathetic to the Bolshevik cause in Russia. But soon, the conversation takes a bizarre turn, and she describes falling into a group that worships something called Azathoth, who is merging with the Hydra, and needs the help of her comrades to complete the union.

"Then, our world will find its place, becoming the ancient ocean that it once was," she says, a crooked-toothed smile on her face.

Suddenly, a horrible shrieking fills the tunnels. Both of you freeze.

"A harbinger," Donmai says. "But we are protected. Good thing I ran into you, right? Let's go, it will supplicate itself to you, and Mr. Gittings will be pleased to hear the story."

Donmai goes to move forward, quietly walking towards a dimly lit chamber ahead. Nearby, you see an iron service ladder that leads up into one of the ventilation tunnels

If you choke back your fear and go forward, write down DONMAI IS HERE and go to 52.

If you flee up the ladder and into the ventilation tunnel, go to 54.

#3

You are in combat with an angry cultist. Use the Tunnel Map at the end of the adventure, and place yourself and the cultist on either of the X's on the map.

Because of the darkness of the tunnels, all ranged attacks are at -3 beyond five yards.

If you have written down FUMBLING, the cultist is struggling to find his revolver. At the beginning of each turn, roll 1d. On a roll of 4+ he has found his gun and will spend the turn readying it. The cultist has 6 shots.

Otherwise, if you have *not* written down FUMBLING, the cultist has 5 shots, since he wasted one firing down the tunnel already.

*If you kill or knock out the cultist, you may take his **revolver** (2d-1 pi, Acc 2, Range 120/1400, RoF 3, Shots up to 6, Bulk -2, Rcl 2) and **brass knuckles** (+1 punch damage). If you have written down RATS, go to 50. Otherwise, go to 39.*

If this encounter with the cultist has left you unconscious or dead, go to 64.

#4

The two of you head down the corridor. Donmai excitedly tells you all about her lover, Mr. Gittings, who has opened her eyes to ancient secrets. She lovingly describes a time when the Earth was nothing but a primordial sea, and how after all the horrible events of the last decade, it's clear that the world needs to return to that state. The woman is clearly mad, you think.

As she speaks, a noxious smell begins to overcome you. Donmai does not seem to notice. She just continues to chatter excitedly about Mr. Gittings and his plan to return to world to the ooze.

Cultist of the Foul Union

ST	11	HP:	11
DX	11	Will:	10
IQ	10	Per:	10
HT	11	FP:	11



Basic Speed: 5.5 SM: 0
Move: 5 Revolver: see below
Dodge: 8 Brass knuckles: 1d-2 cr

Traits: Sense of Duty (fellow cultists).

Skills: Brawling-12; Guns-11.

Gear: French MAS 1892 revolver (2d-1 pi, Acc 2, Range 120/1400, RoF 3, Shots 6, Bulk -2, Rcl 2); brass knuckles.

Tactics: Once his gun is ready, he will spend one turn aiming, gaining a +2 to hit. He will then fire all 3 rounds in one turn. After that, he will fire frantically, not aiming, but only firing one shot per turn. Once his foe closes, he'll throw his gun down and brawl.

The passage opens into a wider chamber – it appears to be a ventilation chamber, one built to trap harmful gases while the subway tunnels are being constructed. On the smooth floor of the chamber is a strange mass, reminding you of a moldy pile of fall leaves.

But then you feel a cold sense of dread seeping into your bones. The mass on the floor begins to form into a black, viscous fluid that defies the laws of nature, moving with a will of its own. The shifting mass of horror writhes and rises.

Go to 52.

#5

You point to the grotesque wall sculpture, nodding your head in appreciation.

"Your work is incredible, Algernon. The glinting eyes... it's like you've brought your dream to life," you lie.

The man studies you for a moment, then smiles. A tear washes down his cheek.

"I just hope Mr. Giddings will say the same thing," he says. He pockets his chisel and lunges forward to give you a big, strong hug. The man's strength is humbling – you are glad he isn't trying to strangle you with those hands.

Algernon weeps for a while and then wipes his face. He steps forward and studies his creation.

"I just have a little bit of work to do," he says. With that, he pulls the chisel out again, grabs a hammer off the floor, and begins to carve out a little more of the face around the edges of the thing's lips.

*Realizing that you are surrounded by potential weapons, you can grab a **claw hammer** off the floor. Make a **STEALTH** or **HOLDOUT** roll if you wish to do so. If you succeed, you pocket a small hammer (sw+2 cr damage, reach 1, parry 0U, requires Axe/Mace skill or DX-5). If you fail, however, you'll have to convince Algernon you were only planning to help him with his work. Make another **ACTING**, **DIPLOMACY**, or **FAST-TALK** roll. If you fail, you still have the hammer, but he angrily moves to block your escape. Go to 42.*

If all goes well, or you decide not to bother with picking up a potential weapon, you withdraw back to the fork in the tunnel, and head to the right. Go to 36.

#6

You rub your eyes again, praying that your vision returns. But midway through your useless prayer, another blast of electricity surges through your body. You take 1d-1 burn damage from the electricity. The surge leaves you twitching in the tunnel helplessly for minutes.

If you are unconscious, go to 64.

Otherwise, you slowly come to your sense. All of the electricity seems to have discharged in that last surge. You weakly crawl away from the transformer.

Go to 26.

#7

The thing heaves for a few moments, its black tongue lolls from its mouth, and then it lies dead on the tracks. You breathe heavily, wondering what this creature was, and how it got into this station. Your mind blanks, unable to conjure up any real explanation.

You move forward and hoist yourself up on the platform. You see the stairs to the right, which promise to give you an escape from the subway and into the early morning streets of New York. Near the stairs is a brand new workman's **flashlight**. With these extra batteries, increase the reliability of your flashlight to 17! Grabbing the light, you race up the stairs, desperate to leave the subway behind.

A crude iron gate blocks your path. You curse, realizing the workers have blocked off access to the station while it's under construction. You rattle the gate angrily, crying out for help.

You hear a man's voice coming from up the stairs. You hear footsteps on concrete steps, and suddenly the man is in front of you, on the other side of the gate. He is a bulky man, with a great beard of gray whispers sprouting from a chubby face. A witless smile is plastered on his lips.

"Well then, what are you doing trapped down there?" he asks.

"Help me with this gate," you say, pleading with him.

He nods his head, looking around, as if figuring out a way to open the gate. But then he stops and leans in towards you, his eyes bulging with delight.

"No, no, no," he says, "Can't let you out. The Gray Ooze is waiting for you. It needs all of us to break the great seal, so it can join the two great entities and flood the harbor with the skulls of the outer dimensions. Then we shall all be free!"

The man chuckles to himself, and shows you a book, tapping on it for emphasis. The book's title is *On the Sending Out of the Soul*.

"It is all written here. We have been reading it for decades, waiting, wondering how we were going to reach the Gray Ooze, but now the city has done our job for us!"

The man goes to move away from the gate.

*If you try grabbing the man's book, make a **DX** or **PICK-POCKET** roll vs. the man's **DX** 11. If you succeed, go to 60. If you fail, go to 17.*

If you lash out at the man, attacking him through the gate, go to 40.

If you continue to plead with the man to help, go to 17.

#8

The hairs on your neck stand up as you suddenly hear footsteps from behind you. Wheeling around, you see a skinny man, shirtless, and wearing ill-fitting trousers. He holds a pointed chisel in his hand, and is grinning at you with a wild look.

"I made the mother, just like he told me too," says the disheveled man, pointing to the wall behind you. There's an unsettling, vacant look in his eyes. A thick glob of white saliva oozes from his big teeth.

"Who are you?" you ask.

"**Algernon... Carson,**" he answers, as if unsure that's really his name. You recall that Algernon Carson was one of the subway workers who disappeared from this tunnel.

The man squeezes the chisel tighter.

"She says she needs blood in her mouth. And it's my job to paint her with it," the man continues. He takes a step forward, staring at you with cold eyes.

You realize you have mere moments to react before the madman does something rash.

If you race forward and try to catch him by surprise with an attack, write down CHARGE ATTACK and go to 42.

If you try to run past and evade the man, make a DX or RUNNING roll vs. his DX 11. If you succeed, you dodge past him as he lunges for you, and escape up the tunnel. Go to 36. But if you fail to evade him, go to 42.

Or, you can try to negotiate with the disheveled man. Go to 63.

#9

After many more hours, or even days, you emerge, blinking into the morning light of New York City. However, you are a mere husk of your former self, your psyche irreparably shattered by the unspeakable sights you glimpsed under the streets.

For months, you wander the streets, muttering incoherently of writhing tentacles, unblinking eyes, and the suffocating embrace of a viscous, gray ooze. The world is nothing more than a grotesque masquerade, a flimsy veil obscuring a darker, more malevolent reality. With each step, your sanity frays further, unraveling like the threads of a moth-eaten tapestry.

Your journey is over.

#10

You curse under your breath as you hurry away from the unfinished Brooklyn Heights station. Why is all this madness surrounding you? What was that horrible encounter? Deep in your bones you have no doubt that there is something sinister being planned this night, and with renewed resolve you vow to put an end to it.

Soon, the subway tunnel you are following to the north splits. You vaguely remember the workers encountering iron-laced bedrock in this area, which forced them to run the tunnel a slightly different direction, as it was too hard to chisel through. You wonder now, however, which direction takes

you to the terminus of the tunnel, and which will undoubtedly take you to a dead end.

If you head to the right, go to 36.

If you head to the left, go to 23.

#11

You pry off two boards and squeeze between them. As quietly as you can, you drop down, and then walk silently after the two men. You hope that their conversation will distract them. Make a STEALTH+2 roll (or IQ-3 or DX-3 if you do not have that skill).

If you succeed, go to 34.

If you fail, go to 25.

#12

Whoever assembled this electrical transformer had lost their mind, you think. Wires are jammed into the blue metal casing at all angles. Some look like they were forced inside it with... nails? None of it makes any sense.

You reach to grab a ground wire, but quickly realize it's not a ground wire when a arc of purple electricity shoots outward and painfully singes your hand. Take 1d-1 burn damage.

🔦 Check the reliability of your flashlight. *If it fails, go to 59.*



You quickly realize that disconnecting this device is beyond your ability. You ignore it and quickly crawl forward in the tunnel, hoping it does not surge again.

Go to 26.

#13

You have reached the new Brooklyn Heights station! While not yet open to the public, the station looks complete. Ornate floor tiling and robust ironwork are visible ahead, lit by dimly lit work lights.

As you sneak ahead however, you see something standing on the platform. It is the size of a man, but hunched and hairy. Its face is vaguely human-like, but with unsettling red eyes that gleam in the dark, and stare vaguely in your direction. Then, it turns its back to you and begins eating something from its long-fingered hands.

If you avoid the creature and try to bypass the station, make another STEALTH roll (or DX-5 or IQ-5) vs. the creature's Perception 12. If you succeed, go to 10.

If you fail, or would rather just approach the station no matter the danger, write down MOSTLY SNEAKY, and go to 29.

#14

You check your watch and contemplate the time you spent crawling in that cramped tunnel, and the small direction changes it made along the way. And then you remember the number on the transformer box, which would have been one used after the Brooklyn Heights station was completed. You are confident that the station is behind you. With luck, you are a ten minute walk from it, and while the station is still closed to the public, there should be a way to get access to the street, so you can leave this place behind.

If you head south towards the station, go to 24.

Otherwise, you can continue on to the north, deeper into the subway system, and no doubt towards the terminus of the tunnel. Go to 49.

#15

As you go to move on, the beam from your flashlight catches something shiny near your feet. A pale, clenched hand protrudes from the rubble near you. A simple wedding band is on its ring finger, the object that caught the light. Suddenly, the fingers twitch!

You stoop down and begin to clear out the debris, working as fast as you can. Soon, you uncover an arm... and then a bruised and battered head, a bloody wool cap on the map's head. Was this man one of the lost subway workers?

The man sputters and tries to speak to you, but it only comes out as gurgles. You realize the man's chest is crushed, though how long he's been here you cannot guess.

"Do not follow the faceless rat..." he gasps. "Give my ring to my wife, Edna. Tell her **Charlie** loves her."

He convulses and grows still. As you check his pulse, you see that he has dropped a small **wooden whistle** on the ground.

Saying a silent prayer for the man, you continue up the passage. Go to 35.

#16

You examine one of the unusual, protruding bricks. The pattern in them is unlike any you've ever seen. Where you'd expect to feel the smooth texture of sand and lime, instead you find thousands of tiny intricately carved grooves. Each groove appears to be a different color that clashes with the one next to it, making the brick look outright cacophonous to your engineering mind.

Suddenly, as you remove your hand from the strange brick, the entire wall shifts, every brick changing to a black and white version of itself. The white bricks begin to faintly glow, and then suddenly the entire wall pulls forward to envelop you, like a blanket of clay wrapping around you and drawing you inward.

Make a FRIGHT CHECK. If you fail, increase your Terror by 1, but suffer no other ill effects.

Next, make a DODGE+3 to jump back and avoid the clutches of this preternatural, moving wall.

If you succeed the DODGE roll, you barely manage to jump away. Go to 19.

Otherwise, go to 43.

#17

You forcefully yell at the man to let you out, but he only laughs at you.

"Calm yourself, for the ooze will be upon all of us soon. And bask in the fact that you will be its first, and your skull's flesh shall be flayed first!"

With that, he backs up the stairs into the darkness.

Banging your hand against the wall in anger and frustration, you return to the station below. You shine your flashlight up the tunnel, and trudge onward.


Go to **10**.

#18

With a burst of energy, you belly crawl as fast you can, hoping to clear the tunnel before another surge of electricity hits. You picture the old films of soldiers from the Great War crawling under endless meshes of barbed wire.

You feel the hairs on your head and arms begin to stand. You push yourself, desperate to gain distance between yourself and the malfunctioning transformer.

But it's too late. A surge of high-voltage electricity arcs from the walls right into you. You take 1d-1 burn damage from the arc, and feel your body losing all control, spasming like a broken windup toy.

 Check the reliability of your flashlight. *If it fails, go to 59.*

Then, make a HT roll, modified by -1 for every full 2 points of damage you just took. Add +1 for Fit, and for each level of Hard to Subdue you have; add +3 for High Pain Threshold.

If you fail, your vision fades to black. Go to 22.


If you succeed, you weakly crawl forward, your entire body shaking from the voltage. Go to 26.

#19

You spring backwards, feeling hundreds of bricks crumble just a few feet in front of you. Your flashlight becomes useless as dusty and debris chokes your vision. In the dust, you hear a horrible, wet, amphibious choking wheeze from beyond where the wall was.

Make a HT roll. If you fail, you suffer 1 hit point of damage from the choking dust.

As you cough the debris from your lungs, you find yourself trapped. Weirdly, the crumbled bricks from the wall are somehow behind you. Did you improbably dodge through a hail of falling bricks? Or do you not remember scrabbling on top of them as they fell? You are baffled by this new position.

 Check the reliability of your flashlight. *If it fails, go to 59.*

In front of you is a forked tunnel. Each passage not built from the brick you'd expect, but instead from ancient bedrock. To

the right, you see a distant greenish light, and the air smells earthy. To the left, there is only darkness.

If you head towards the greenish tunnel on the right, go to 27.

If you head into the darkness to the left, go to 44.

#20

Your flashlight catches the glimpse of something moving behind a large spindle of cabling not too far from you. Clearing your throat, you aim your light at it, and quickly see a young man's eyes duck back down behind the cover.

"It's alright," you say nervously. "I'm with the IRT. An engineer."

"You need to go," says the man in a thick accent, barely a reedy whisper. "They'll be back soon."

"Who?" you ask.

"I'm not sure... but they killed some of the others... they don't want us here any more," he says anxiously.

"Listen... come with me," you say. "We'll be safer working together."

After a few moments, the man seems to agree and stands up from behind his hiding spot. He's in his late twenties, dressed in the clothes of a poor immigrant. You recognize the satchel slung over his shoulder — he's a worker who would secure the rail lines to each other, an unskilled job that only pays a few dollars a day.

"What's your name?" you ask.

"Giuseppe," he says. "From Salerno."

"Not anymore," you sigh. You've always wanted to see Italy.

Suddenly, an explosion knocks both of you off your feet. The entire tunnel starts shaking, and behind you you see dust and debris rain down. Giuseppe looks terrified, and goes to run, trying to escape through the falling debris, and get to safety.

If you hastily call out to Giuseppe to stop, go to 37.

If you let him run, go to 46.

#21

The algae clings to you everywhere, threatening to pull you downward into a horrifying, suffocating fate. But with all your energy, you push onward through it. Soon, you feel stairs under your feet. You squirm and crawl upward, and the algae finally begins to let you out of its grasp, seemingly giving up its desire to devour you.

You find yourself in an octagonal chamber. Breathing heavily, you take a moment to sit down and lean against the wall.

Suddenly, a human skull bounce towards you, spit out by the algae in a final act of defiance. You gasp and shrink back from it.

The moss-covered skull stares at you with cold, empty eye sockets. Three gold teeth hang crooked in its shattered jaw. You recall one of the old foremen, **Mike Hollinger**, having three gold teeth just like that. You heard he disappeared in these tunnels soon after the first men vanished, swearing that he would go find and rescue them. You feel a pang of sadness. Mike was a fearless curmudgeon, and he deserved a better ending than this.

You stand to your feet and look around. An iron ladder protrudes from the northern wall, leading to another tunnel. You climb upwards and continue heading north.

Go to 35.

#22

The high-power shock was too much. You feel your entire body spasm and then your vision goes black.

In a dream-like state, you feel yourself being dragged along the ground. You hear a woman's voice. Then suddenly you feel her fingers forcing opening your eyelids. A painful sear of a flashlight blinds you for a moment, and then you see her face staring at yours. She is an older Asian woman and she looks curiously at you.

"Are you Willie?" she asks.

"No," you mutter, confused and weak. You crawl to your knees, trying to use a nearby wall to steady yourself.

"Too bad," she says. Suddenly, a cacophonous shriek fills the tunnels. The woman looks around nervously.

"You'll meet the Harbinger I think," she says, as she flees.

"Wait," you call out weakly. "Who are you?"

But there is no answer. You hear her footsteps running away, echoing down the tunnel. You look around and get to your feet. You feel your strength returning.

You are in a large room – a ventilation chamber you think, designed to hold noxious gases while the men work nearby. On the smooth floor of the chamber is a strange mass.

But then you feel a cold sense of dread seeping into your bones. The mass on the floor begins to form into a black, viscous fluid that defies the laws of nature, moving with a will of its own. The shifting mass of horror writhes and rises.

Go to 52.

#23

A metallic, garlicky smell fills your nostrils as you head down the left tunnel. Scanning the walls, you see unfinished, chiselled bedrock. Unexpectedly, you find yourself at a dead-end, and you gasp as your flashlight catches two steely eyes staring at you from the end of the tunnel!

You are looking at a massive face carved into the wall. It bears the semblance of a woman in the throes of her final, agonized moments, emerging as if birthed by the bedrock itself, her features twisted in a silent, eternal scream. The sculpture's unblinking eyes are made from what looks to be solid iron. It is a grotesque visage.

Scattered on the floor around you are dozens of broken chisels and hammers. Someone has recently carved this monstrosity. But who or why? It frightens you to think of the madman who would spend hours or days down here carving such a horrible thing.

Make a PERCEPTION (HEARING) roll.

If you succeed, go to 8.

If you fail, go to 41.

#24

The tunnel in this direction smells oddly of sulfur. You pull a handkerchief from your pocket and hold it over your nose, hoping that it is merely a harmless vapor.

You hear rattling, and pause to look around. As you stop, a heavy chain crashes to the ground just a few feet in front of you. Several rats shriek from the wall and race down the tunnel.

If you have the Unluckiness disadvantage, a second piece of chain swings from the ceiling into your face. Make a DODGE roll or take 1d cr damage from the blow.

As you collect your nerves, you hear the sound of high-pitched tittering from the tunnel ahead. It is a chilling, discordant cackle, both unnaturally high-pitched and unsettlingly human in its cadence. Make a FRIGHT CHECK+1. If you fail, write down INTIMIDATED.

Go to 35.

#25

You click off your flashlight and try tailing the men, but you are clumsy about it. You curse as you trip over a metal toolbox and cause it to bang and clatter loudly.

"Hey!" shouts one of the men, shining his own light on you. "You following us?"

"You know what Gittings said!" says the other man. Suddenly, a revolver appears in the man's hand, and a gun shot rings out. The hot shrapnel of his bullet sprays off the tiled wall near you.

The first man yells, "Take care of 'em, I'll find the mark!" and races up the tunnel. The second man squares off against you, leveling his pistol at you in the dark.

Go to 3.

#26

You continue crawling down the cramped tunnel. Soon, however, you hear voices from up ahead. You quietly creep ahead, wondering who could be here with you this time of the day.

The tunnel soon ends, blocked by some hastily nailed wooden boards. You peer through the gaps in the boards and see that the shaft has connected again to the main subway tunnel.

Two men are about ten feet below you, talking to each other in hushed tones. One of them carries a hooded lantern, but the light it casts is so weak that you cannot make out the visages of either man.

"The time is almost nigh," says one man. His voice is deep and gravelly, and you can detect a faint Welsh accent in it.

"The time may be here, but there is the matter of the great seal," says the other. "We have no way to break it."

"Gittings said he'll take care of it. Said that he'll have the right tools when we find the seal."

"Gittings is mad. He trusts that book too much."

A strange noise interrupts the men. A loud metallic croak emanates from down the tunnel. Both men freeze, and then the man with the Welsh voice shines his lantern down the tunnel.

"It's just one of the harbingers," he says. "It knows we are here to break the seal. Gittings said he gave Willie a token protection so he could observe it more closely... but that we should be careful. It doesn't know we're here to help."

"Ugh, Willie," snorts the other man with disdain. "Why would Gittings give something to that man? See what I mean?"

The two men continue north down the tunnel, heading cautiously in the direction of the strange sound. You debate what to do next.

If you hurriedly pry off the planks, drop down, and try to shadow the men, go to 11.


If you decide to wait until they are a good distance away before jumping down into the subway tunnel, go to 31.

#27

As you trod towards the greenish light in the distance, the ground underneath your feet becomes soft and pliable. Examining it, you see that it's covered in a sponge-like algae. The algae soon carpets the floor, walls, and ceiling. The discovery

baffles you, and you make a mental note to report the unusual growth back to your engineering leaders at the IRT.

Your flashlight flickers, and you realize the moisture in the air here must be affecting its batteries. When was the last time you replaced them?

 Check the reliability of your flashlight. *If it fails, go to 59.*

You shake your flashlight and the beam intensifies again. Good, you think, you should have another hour or two left.

The tunnel continues for another hundred yards, growing thicker with luminescent moss and algae. The air, thick with a damp, earthy scent, grows heavier, and a chilling realization dawns upon you: the algae is not merely a passive growth. It begins to pulsate rhythmically, as if breathing, and the ground beneath your feet undulates, reacting to your presence.

If you press on through the weird tunnel, go to 62.

Or, you can return the direction you came, and head down the other corridor. Go to 44.

#28

You have reached the newly-constructed Brooklyn Heights station! While not yet open to the public, the station looks

complete. Ornate floor tiling and robust ironwork are visible ahead, lit by dimly lit work lights.

However, waiting for you on the platform is an unsettling creature. The thing is the size of a man, but hunched and hairy. Its face is vaguely human-like, but with unsettling red eyes that gleam in the dark, staring in your direction with seething hatred.

Make a FRIGHT CHECK-1. If you fail, increase your Terror by 1 and write down STUNNED.

Go to 29.

#29

As you take a few cautious steps forward, wondering what to do, the creature's burning eyes turn fully on you. With a horrible shriek, it leaps off the platform and bounds towards you, it's long, human-like fingers grasping towards your throat.

You are in combat with a large Rat-Thing. Fortunately, the work lights in this part of the tunnel are good, and you suffer no darkness penalties. Use the Tunnel Map at the end of the adventure to resolve the fight. Put yourself and the Rat-Thing on the X's on the map.

If the you have written down STUNNED, the Rat-Thing races to you before you can react, and gets to move first.



The Considerable Rat-Thing

ST	10	HP: 10
DX	16	Will: 10
IQ	9	Per: 12
HT	10	FP: 10



Basic Speed: 6.0	SM: -1
Move: 6	Cold fingers: 1d-2 cr, reach C
Dodge: 9	Bite: 1d-3 cut, reach C

Traits: Blunt Claws; Sharp Teeth.

Skills: Brawling-16.

Gear: None.

Tactics: A creature of unknowable black sorcery, the Rat-Thing has been cursed to keep intruders away from the dark rituals that happen in these tunnels. At first, it tries to pummel its foes, but once its HP are reduced down to 5 or less, it goes berserk with fury, biting with All-Out Attacks each turn.

Furthermore, if you have written down INTIMIDATED, all of your attack rolls against this creature are at -2 until you wound the creature.

If you have written down the words MOSTLY SNEAKY, you were able to startle the thing before it smelled you. Position the Rat-Thing anywhere you'd like on the map, and you get to go first.

If you defeat the Rat-Thing, go to 7.

If you are slain by the creature, there is no good news. Months later, a subway conductor has to make an emergency stop on the tracks. Examining the tunnel, he finds your gnawed bones littering the ground. He decides it is not worth his time to file a report.

#30

You rapidly blink your eyes again and again, hoping that your vision returns before the electricity can surge through the tunnel! But you see nothing but searing white phantoms. You reach out blindly, feeling for the walls.

You recall stories of workers burned and horribly disfigured when one of these surges took them by surprised. The newspaper took a picture of one man whose eyes were burned out and whose tongue was left permanently black by such an anomaly. Will this be your fate?

Make a HT roll. If you succeed, go to 45.

If you fail, go to 6.

#31

Once the two men are long gone, you pry off a few of the boards blocking your path and slip underneath them. You carefully drop down into the main subway tunnel, making as little noise as possible.

You realize that you've lost your bearings. You should be around the completed Brooklyn Heights station, but have no idea if it's to the north, where the men went, or behind you in the tunnel to the south.

If you have Absolute Direction or make a NAVIGATION (or IQ-5) roll, go to 14.

Otherwise, you'll just have to take your best guess.


If you go north, go to 49.

If you go south, go to 24.

#32

The madman lies dying at your feet, a pool of black blood leaking from his mouth. You kick the **chisel** from his hand (if you retrieve it, treat it as a dagger doing thr-2 imp, reach C, parry -1).

Unfortunately, your flashlight fell during the fight, and now has a large dent in its tubular case.

 Check the reliability of your flashlight. *If it fails, go to 59.*

Shining the light on the man's body, you see a scrap of paper poking halfway out of his waistband. You reach down and examine the note. It says:

Dear Algernon,

I would like to invite you to my house tomorrow night at 5pm, perhaps when you are finished with work?

My grandfather is visiting from and you mother would like to invite you to Lüchow's for dinner. He adores all that heavy German meat with the fat still on. I am sure you will too.

I look forward to seeing you.

Yours truly,

Galadys

You now recall that **Algernon Carson** with certainty was one of the men who disappeared. Is this *really* Algernon Carson, or merely a madman someone who stole his identity? You doubt someone this unstable would be invited to a nice restaurant like Lüchow's...

Giving one last look to the unusual wall sculpture, you turn around and return to the fork in the tunnel. This time, you head to the right, hoping that it leads you to some escape of this place.

Go to 36.

#33

You have no idea how long you were in the dark, curled up in a ball, praying other men would come to help you.

And other men did come, but they were not there to offer salvation. Hooded in blindness, your wrists chafed by cruel hemp rope, you were dragged, unseeing, through the subway's winding tunnels.

"Is it time, Mr. Gittings?" inquires a voice, tinged with a Welsh lilt.

"The hour has come," comes a pleased reply.

They throw your body down on a cold metal surface. You struggle, but your bonds are too tight.

"Seal the world's fate," commands a gravelled voice. Suddenly, a cacophony of metal on metal rends the air. A symphony of pain fractures your mind and resonates through your soul. Your heart convulses in terror... or is it a perverse delight? The air, thick with the men's screams— or is it the sound of ecstatic agony? Your struggle more, but remain helpless.

Then, a creeping coldness, an insidious dampness envelops you. A chill and viscous liquid seeps into your garments, rising inexorably. Its contact with your flesh immediately births unspeakable visions – grotesque, eldritch horrors invade your psyche. And soon, it feels as if your head has separated from your body, and you are bobbing on this sea of psychic chaos, tasting the gray ooze on your tongue, and in turn hoping to be forever swallowed by it.

This is the end of your journey.

#34

You easily shadow the two men. Their loud voices echo through the subway, making it simple for you to stay in the shadows behind them, while hearing their entire conversation.

"You mentioned that Gittings says he has the right tool to break the seal..." continues one man. "You think he's found the cyclopean hammer? The thing that's precious Mother Hydra?"

The other man pauses, thinking.

"Nah, Gittings said the Germans had it. Had it and lost it in Jutland, when the *Rostock* sank. That's what I remember, anyway."

"He just said that if we find the seal, he'll have the tool," says the other man. "Could be the hammer. Maybe it wasn't on the *Rostock*. If Gittings shows up with the hammer, we know we have got the blessing. It feeds on fear, you know."

You seem to have discovered a secret. Write down **THE HAMMER IS BLESSED**.

The man continues. "Lots of confusion in Jutland... that's what my brother says. He was on the HMS *Iron Duke*, you know."

"Heard that's a big ship."

"They call it a battleship."

The men's conversation soon turns to talk about the Great War. But within a few minutes they stop, staring at an empty section of wall.

"There's the mark, right where Algernon said it would be," says one man, pointing to an unusual symbol on the wall.

The two men begin pushing on the wall, and with a great groan, the wall gives way. Someone has built a hidden passage here on the wall! Write down **SEEN THE MARK**.

If you wait for the men to enter the passage, and then follow, go to 67.

If you spring out to confront the men, go to 48.

#35

The dark tunnel continues for many long minutes. You shine your flashlight on the walls, looking for any sign of escape. There *should* be an under-construction station not too far from you. Brooklyn Heights, you remember.

A metal crashing sound comes from up ahead. In the distance, you see a hunched, shadowy figure dart away from you. Approaching cautiously, you find the source of the noise. A battered lunchbox is open on the ground. A half-eaten sandwich is still inside the box. Kicking it over, you see a **small knife** scatter away. You reach down and slide the knife into your pocket, wondering who – or what – it was that dropped the lunchbox.

If you stealthily move forward, make a STEALTH roll. If you succeed, you quietly advance – go to 13. If you fail your roll, you curse in frustration as you foot accidentally kicks a steel fork across the floor. Choose another option, from:


Call out into the darkness and go to 51.

Confidently advance down the tunnel and go to 28.

#36

You quicken your pace. You are fatigued, lost, and when your flashlight flickers, become very worried that it will soon run out of batteries. You can't remember the last time you replaced

them, and at best you get only a few hours out of this model.

 Check the reliability of your flashlight. *If it fails, go to 59.*

With the Brooklyn Heights station surely behind you, you should be nearing the terminus of the tunnel. Indeed, you see signs of fresh construction around you. The tunnel is littered with crates of supplies, workers' stools, and coils of cabling. The scorches of electrical fires are singed on the walls here.

On a wooden box near one of the scorch marks is an unusually large rat. Where it should have eyes, however, there is nothing, only patchy fur. The blind rat squeals at you, then crawls up the wall. It disappears into a hole high in the wall.

If you approach the hole and shine your flashlight in, go to 71.

Or, you can ignore the rat. Go to 50.

#37

Giuseppe pauses for a moment, terror across his face.

Make a LEADERSHIP, DIPLOMACY, or FAST-TALK roll. If you succeed, you convince Giuseppe that running into the falling debris would mean certain death. And you're right, just as he backs away, a massive chunk of bedrock crashes down near him. He rushes back towards you and you both watch as the tunnel to the south is filled with rocks and iron girders.

"I guess we have no other choice but to go forward," you say.

"Maybe we will find a miracle," shrugs Giuseppe.

Write down that GIUSEPPE IS AN ALLY, then go to 50.

#38

Choking back fear, you hastily detach the live electrical cable from the wall. Make an ELECTRICIAN+1 (or IQ-5) roll.

If you fail, a powerful electric charge knocks you off your feet. Take 1d-1 burn damage, and go to 52.

Otherwise, you safely yank the cable loose, and throw it into the water, hoping that the wooden stool that you are on protects you from the electricity. There is a bright flash of light, searing pain, and the smell of burning earth. A gurgling, alien scream pierces through you. Make a FRIGHT CHECK+2. If you fail, increase your Terror by 1.

As your eyes clear, you find yourself alone in the tunnel. There is no sign of the creature that was stalking you. The transformer box is unrecognizable, and all power seems to have been lost in the explosion.

Breathless, you step down off the shaky stool and continue down the passage, heading towards what has to be the terminus of the tunnel.

Go to 50.

#39

You drag the cultist's body behind a stack of tiles. Then, you cautiously creep up the tunnel, knowing that his friend is somewhere ahead...

Make a PERCEPTION (VISION)-3 roll. If you succeed, or you have written down SEEN THE MARK, go to 67.

Otherwise, go to 56.

#40

You lash out at the bearded man through the gate. The attack angle is awkward, but you are able to grab at him. Make a DX-1 or suitable melee attack roll at -1. If you succeed, roll damage. If you do 2 or more points of damage, you bloody the man. He angrily reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small revolver, aiming it at you. You have only moments to make a choice!

If you want to try to grab the gun, make a Quick Contest of DX vs. the man's DX 11. If you succeed, you yank the gun out of the man's hands, and find yourself the new owner of a S&W .38 Revolver (2d-1 pi, Acc 1, Range 90/1000, RoF 3, Shots 5(2i), Bulk -1, Rcl 2, 1.5 lbs). However, if you fail the contest, the shot goes off. Make a DODGE roll or else take 2d-1 pi damage! If you do are unconscious or dead after this injury, go to 64.

Or, you can flee down the stairs upon seeing the gun.

Either way, the bearded man quickly withdraws up the stairs, cursing in a tongue you do not understand. Go to 10.

#41

You feel the cold steel of a blade slip into your ribs from behind. A greasy hand clenches over your mouth, and you hear a voice harshly whisper to you, "The mother's mouth needs its blood."

Take 1d-1 impaling damage from the maniac's strong sneak attack (minimum 1). *If you are dead or unconscious, go to 64.*

Otherwise, you spin around, frantically pushing your attacker away.

A skinny man, shirtless and wearing ill-fitting trousers stares at you with a maniacal, open mouthed expression. His teeth are rotted away, and his gums ooze a kind of white fluid.

He looks surprised that you survived his attack. Shaking, he apologizes to the stone face carved on the wall.

"I'm sorry, mother," he weeps, holding out his hand to the maw. "I thought I was strong enough. I'll prove it to you yet."

With that he charges you, his chisel aimed for your heart.

Write down ON THE DEFENSE and go to 42.

#42

You are in combat with the Deranged Sculptor. Use the Tunnel Map at the end of the adventure. Place the sculptor on the X's on the map, and then place yourself within 3 yards of him.

If you've written down CHARGE ATTACK, you have surprised the madman. You may take the first action, and he is mentally stunned (after one turn of stun, he must make an IQ roll at the start of each turn to recover).

If you've written down ON THE DEFENSE, unfortunately, your flashlight fell during the initial encounter with this man, and you suffer -3 to all attack rolls (your foe does not – he has excellent Night Vision). If you spend a turn to pick it up, you can cancel these penalties for the rest of the combat.

Because there are tools everywhere, you can take a turn to pick up a weapon off the ground. While most are broken or dull, a SCROUNGING or PERCEPTION (VISION) roll spots a **claw hammer** (sw+2 cr damage, reach 1, and weighs 3 lbs). It requires Axe/Mace skill, or DX-5 to swing successfully.

If you defeat the madman, go to 32.

Otherwise, with a sickening wet sound, the mad sculptor's chisel finds its mark. Go to 64.

#43

The exotic brick wall topples on to you. You feebly cover your head, but feel brick after brick pummel and bruise you. Take 1d+1 cr damage. Minutes later, you painfully pull yourself out from under the debris. Fortunately, your flashlight seems to be unscathed. You shine it around you, and find yourself in a newly dug part of the subway tunnel. Bedrock surrounds you, lined by heavy steel girders. Somehow, it appears you are on the right track again.

Make a PERCEPTION (VISION) roll, at -3 due to dim light in the tunnel. If you succeed, go to 15.

Otherwise, you take a deep breath and continue up the tunnel. Go to 35.

The Deranged Sculptor

ST	13	HP: 13
DX	12	Will: 12
IQ	11	Per: 12
HT	12	FP: 12



Basic Speed: 6.0	SM: 0
Move: 6	Chisel: 1d-2 imp, reach C
Dodge: 9	Punch: 1d-2 cr, reach C

Traits: On the Edge; Night Vision 3.

Skills: Knife-12.

Gear: None.

Tactics: The sculptor is desperate to give his sculpture a sacrifice. He will attack with All-out Attacks until he takes more than 3 hp damage, then he will attack normally.

#44

You cautiously head down the dark tunnel, wondering if this will lead you north, towards the newly-constructed Brooklyn Heights station, and then towards the terminus of the tunnel.

Suddenly, a bright light is on you, and recoil from the pain of the sensation. Spots dance in your retinas as you hear a man's voice.

"Are you Willie?" asks a high-pitched voice.

You squint through the light and see an older, Asian woman several yards from you, a questioning look on her face. She does not lower her flashlight, and seems determined to continue to blind you.

If you lie, and say that you are Willie, go to 2.

If you give her your real name, go to 57.

#45

Miraculously, your eyes clear, the disturbing little shapes in your vision scuttling away from your periphery. Quickly glancing around, you see the issue. A blue transformer box just ahead of you has several armored cables jutting out of it at weird angles. Whoever installed this transformer was hopelessly incompetent, you think.

If you want to try to disconnect the transformer, you'll have to make an ELECTRICIAN roll. If you succeed, go to 58. If you fail, go to 12.

Or, you can leave well enough alone and quickly crawl past it. Go to 18.

#46

Giuseppe runs for the southern tunnel, hoping to get through before the tunnel completely collapses. At first, you start to go after him, but then realize he's faster than you, you'd only lag behind and have a good chance of getting crushed.

You watch him as he dodges one giant boulder, then another. But then suddenly a massive steel girder falls from the ceiling and strikes him hard, shattering his ribs and pinning him to the ground. He looks to you with a helpless, horrified expression, but then the rest of the tunnel ceiling collapses on him, burying him in a cloud of dust and debris. When your vision clears, there is nothing left of the young man, just a blocked tunnel preventing any hope of escape to the south.

Your eye catches the glint of something on the ground. It's a Victorinox soldier pocket knife, a fine thing. Reaching down, you see that its wooden handle is engraved with the name "Giuseppe Affini" on it. You gently put the **small knife** in your pocket, and then remember to say a short prayer for the doomed young man.

You continue up the tunnel. Go to 50.

#47

You hurry down the unfinished tunnel. The brick of the tunnel walls becomes raw concrete, and then soon transforms into rock and stone. Rock carved by forcing pylons into it, and then digging around it. An age's engineering marvel, you think.

You should be nearing the end of the construction. From your memory of the IRT maps, the tunnel only has several hundred yards to go. Right now, you're likely deep in the bedrock under the East River.

The subway tracks you are following soon end, but yet the tunnel continues deeper. You imagine the noise of the river rushing above your head.

Your flashlight catches the glimpse of markings on the bedrock walls. Pausing a moment to study the markings, you are surprised to find yourself staring at petroglyphs. Dozens of primitive drawings of men deer and mammoths mark the walls. How is this possible? No man could have made a home here this deep under the river!

You study the drawings more, walking slowly down the tunnel examining each hunting scene. Men with spears and bows take down animals, or even seem to fight with one another.

But the last drawing gives you pause. A crude drawing of a roiling mass forces itself upon the population of a Stone Age village. Skulls float in the sea of the mass, and the villagers run in terror, hopelessly fleeing the blobbish design. What ancient disaster happened here that such a scene was painted with such visceral horror?

The strange drawings gives you chills. Make a FRIGHT CHECK+1. If you fail, increase your Terror by 1.

Go to 20.

#48

The men suddenly turn around, aware of your presence.

"We're being followed!" shouts one of the men, as he fumbles for something in a shoulder bag.

"You know what Gittings said!" says the other man. "Take care of 'em, I'll find the mark!"

With that, the second man races up the tunnel away from you, as his friend frantically fumbles in his bag.

Write down FUMBLING and go to 3.

#49

The subway tunnel continues to the north, and as you walk along the rails you see signs that the construction here is fresh. Massive of tiles lie on wood frames, ready for tilers to begin their work on the walls here. Coils of cabling are everywhere, rubbery, serpentine masses that remind you of eels.

Make a PERCEPTION (VISION) roll. If you succeed, go to 20.

Otherwise, go to 47.

#50

Creeping forward, you see that you have reached the end of the tunnel. Though where you expected to see a room filled with digging equipment, crates of supplies, and workers' belongings, you find only a large, empty chamber. Several oil lanterns hang on the walls of the terminus, and in its center are several men. One is dressed in shabby blue robes, patches of ugly sea creatures covering it. He has cherubic cheeks, and a few wisps of a beard. He speaks in a drone:

"O Hydra, ineffable and abyssal, hear my fervent plea: let this Earth be enveloped in the gray, formless ooze. Let us be a supplicant adrift in your boundless sea of torment. May we be submerged in your eternal, undulating embrace, lost amidst the ceaseless tides of cosmic despair. Let us bob eternally, a mere speck in the vast, unending expanse of your unfathomable, nightmarish dominion."

The other men bow their heads in subjugation to this strange prayer.

"Thank you, Mr. Gittings," says one man quietly. "It is an honor that you have chosen us to witness this."

The man reaches into his robes and pulls out a sledgehammer. The hammer's head is in the shape of a three-eyed fish, its mouth agape and spewing tentacles.

He points across the room to a wooden door. It likely leads to a storage room, you think.

"And now the seal shall be broken," he says solemnly, walking towards the door.

With all that has happened here tonight, you know that this man cannot enter that room, and break that seal. As if by instinct, your mind sees the outcome – a world flooded with primordial gray ooze, skulls floating forever in its viscous mass.

You spring into action, and you are now in combat against Mr. Gittings. Mr. Gittings has two cultist allies. However, if you have defeated a Cultist of the Union earlier in the adventure, he only has one. The statistics for Mr. Gittings and his allies are at the end of the adventure.

Use the Terminus Map at the end of the adventure. Place him and the cultists on the X's on the map. Because you have ambushed him, you can set up anywhere within five spaces of the PC marker on the map, or within one space of the side door if you've written down SIDE DOOR.

If you have found a *wooden whistle*, you can blow it as you enter, confusing him that the police are here. Mr. Gittings and his comrade are surprised stunned, and must make a IQ roll

each turn to recover at the end of their turn.

However, while he wields his cursed Cyclopean Hammer, any Terror you have accumulated will act against you. He gains +1 on damage rolls against you for each Terror you have gained (maximum +3), for the duration of this combat. However, if you've written down THE HAMMER IS BLESSED, then you realize the hammer's danger and have steeled yourself against it; he gains no bonuses.

If you've written down GIUSEPPE IS AN ALLY, then you have a friend! He will help you defeat these minions of Azathoth. He attacks hesitantly, however, and will never All-Out Attack.

If you are stunned or knocked down in combat, or are more than 5 yards away from Mr. Gittings, he will rush through the door to try to reach the seal. If he makes it on to the seal, he will then try to break the seal with his hammer. He must spend a turn to smash the seal; roll damage for his hammer. If he does a cumulative 20 points of damage to the seal, it is broken.

If the seal is broken, go to 66.

Otherwise, if you have defeated the cultists, go to 72.

If you are defeated by the cult, go to 64.

#51

"Hello? Who is that? I'm with the IRT..." you call out, doing your best to sound official.

Screaming back at you comes an unnatural sound – a dissonant, high-pitched squeal that is both alien and unnervingly, rat-like in its timbre. The wail pierces your ears with its shrillness. Then as suddenly as it began, it stops.

Make a FRIGHT CHECK. If you fail, increase your Terror by 1.

You nervously continue up the tunnel. Go to 28.

#52

The harbinger's appearance is heralded by a cacophony of unnatural sounds, whispers that echo from the depths of the tunnels, wet gurgles, and the faint, haunting melody of a flute that still resonates with the sounds of primordial oceans.

An abominable, disfigured entity stands before you, resembling a grotesque, amorphous shape. Within its translucent and gelatinous body, you see glimpses of otherworldly shapes – tentacles, eyes, and maws that appear and disappear, as if swimming through the depths of an alien ocean.

The thing lurches towards you, and you have no doubt it means to consume you.

You are in combat with the Harbinger. Use the Harbinger Map at the end of the adventure. Place the Harbinger on the X on the map, and yourself on the PC marker on the map.

Make a FRIGHT CHECK-5! If you fail, increase your Terror by 2, and you are mentally stunned. If you are mentally stunned, you must roll IQ every turn to snap out of it at the end of your turn. However, if you have the *strange bronze pendant*, the Fright Check is only at -2.

For every point by which you fail this Fright Check, you must survive one turn in combat with this elder entity (minimum 1 turn). After that, the creature no longer has the eldritch willpower to stay formed in this world, and it will fade away into primordial muck.

If you have written DONMAI IS HERE, the creature goes to devour her first. She falls to her knees in supplication, but the thing is on top of her, consuming her in mere seconds. Her sacrifice buys you time. You must survive for 3 fewer turns than normal.

If you survive the battle, the Harbinger dissolves away, and you are alone in the tunnels. Write down MYTHOS LORE. You breathe a deep sign of relief, and trod deeper into the earth.

If you have NEAR THE TERMINUS written down, go to 36. Otherwise, go to 47.

If you have been defeated by the Harbinger, go to 64.

#53

You reach upwards, placing one of your feet on a protruding brick. With all your strength, you hoist yourself up the brick wall.

Make a CLIMBING+3 roll, or a DX-2 roll if you don't have that skill. If you fail, your foot slips, painfully slamming your shin against the exposed brick. Take 1 point of damage.

Otherwise, you climb up without incident, squeezing your body into the opening that you saw above you. Shining your flashlight ahead, you crawl on your elbows and knees forward. Electrical conduits and serpentine pipes surround you. The weird gurgling sounds coming from the pipe's interiors makes your head hurt.

You've crawled far too long, you think. This can't possible be the right direction...

Suddenly, an arc of electricity flashes in front of you, blinding you. As the you blink your eyes painfully, you see spots

The Harbinger of Azathoth

ST	20	HP: 20
DX	12	Will: 13
IQ	12	Per: 12
HT	13	FP: 13



Basic Speed: 6.25 SM: 0
Move: 6 Swipe: 2d-2 cr
Dodge: 9

Traits: Ambidexterity; Body of Ooze (DR 1, Doesn't Breathe, Injury Tolerance (Homogenous), Constriction Attack); Callous.

Skills: Camouflage-14; Stealth-12.

Tactics: The Harbinger is relentless and attacks methodically. Once it has wounded its foe, it constricts them by grappling and forcing ooze down its victim's throat. After a grapple, roll a Quick Contest of its ST vs. its victim's ST or HT (whichever is higher). On a win, it does damage equal to its margin of victory. It may continue to attack this way every turn.

dancing in your vision – blobbish, lice-like spots with tiny little legs sprouting from its center. What kind of trick of the mind is this.

Your hairs stand on end, as you feel the electricity building once more, getting ready to surge again.

If you blindly rush forward as fast as you can, go to 18.

If you stay calm and wait for your vision to clear, so you can look for a way to stop the live electricity in this tunnel, go to 30.

#54

You decide you're not going to stick around to see what a Harbinger is, especially since you have zero trust in Donmai, and her crazy stories about her cult, primordial oceans, and merging gods.

As Donmai goes to move forward, you slip towards the ladder. She doesn't seem to notice your escape. Donmai continues to talk to you as if you are nearby.

"You are lucky Mr. Gittings gave you that amulet," she says.

You quietly climb the ladder, pull open a grate, and swing yourself up. You close the grate behind you and crawl down the shaft, heading away from Donmai and whatever is waiting for her.

Moments pass, and then a solitary, chilling scream pierces the air – a brief, desperate cry that is abruptly silenced.

Taking a deep breath, you continue down the crawl tunnel. The electrical conduits and serpentine pipes that surround you are an odd comfort.

Go to 26.

#55

You hold your breath and wait, listening carefully for the approaching men. You position yourself near the door and wait for it to open.

It does. A man – Mr. Gittings no doubt – walks through. He is wearing an unusual, ill-fitting blue robe, patches of weird and primitive sea creatures everywhere on it. In his hands he holds a sledgehammer. The hammer's head is in the shape of a three-eyed fish, its mouth agape and spewing tentacles.

The man does not see you at first. Instead, he points to the seal in the middle of the room and speaks to the men behind him.

“And now it shall be broken,” he says solemnly.

With all that has happened here tonight, you know that this man cannot swing his hammer against that seal. As if by instinct, your mind sees the outcome – a world flooded with primordial gray ooze, skulls floating forever in its viscous mass.

You spring into action.

You are in combat against Mr. Gittings. Use the Terminus Map at the end of the adventure. Because you have ambushed your opponent, you can set up anywhere you would like. He also begins the combat mentally stunned, and must make an IQ roll each turn to be able to act normally on the next turn.

However, while he wields his cursed Cyclopean Hammer, any Terror you have accumulated will act against you! He gains +1 on damage rolls against you for each Terror you have gained, for the duration of this combat. However, if you've written down THE HAMMER IS BLESSED, then you realize the hammer's danger and have steeled yourself against it; he gains no bonuses.

Mr. Gittings has two cultist allies. However, if you have defeated a cultist earlier in the adventure, he only has one. If Mr. Gittings is defeated, his cultist allies flee. The statistics for Mr. Gittings and his allies are at the end of the adventure.

If you've written down GIUSEPPE IS AN ALLY, then you have a friend! He will help you defeat these minions of Azathoth. You can place him within 3 yards of you.

If you are stunned or knocked down in combat, or are more than 5 yards away from Mr. Gittings, he will instead spend his turn to rush over and try to break the seal with his hammer. He must spend a turn to smash the seal; roll damage for his hammer. If he does a cumulative 20 points of damage to the seal, it is broken.

If the seal is broken, go to 66.

Otherwise, if you have defeated the cultists, go to 72.

If you are defeated by the cult, go to 64.

#56

The tunnel continues forward, but there is no sign of the other man. You continue to walk forward for some number of minutes, shining your flashlight behind every stack of tiles, or pile of debris that you see. But he is nowhere. How is it possible he disappeared so quickly?

You give up the search, and press onward.

Your footsteps echo ominously, the sound bouncing off the curved, vaulted ceilings of the unfinished tunnel. The air is thick with the metallic tang of rusting iron. Flickering shadows cast by your flashlight reveals that someone has hung a jazz poster on the wall here. Looks like the “Original Dixieland Jazz Band” is playing again soon. Your neighbor talks all about the sensational time they played in Columbus Circle a few years ago.

The floor of the tunnel turns wet and muddy. Nearby, you see a transformer box, its cover pried off and exposed wires protruding out. You push over a wooden stool nearby, and carefully step on to it to examine the box. It is black and charred. A nearby exposed wire, barely tethered to the wall, still looks to be live. You're lucky it didn't slip and electrocute you as you walked past! You wonder... is this the box that caused the last electrical fire?

Suddenly, your blood turns to ice and you hear a slopping noise from behind you. You twist around and see a form rising out of the mud, just a few yards away. The thing is gelatinous and vaguely man-shaped, and chills you to the bone, and you feel a hundred eyes staring at you from within the amorphous creature.

If you hastily untether the live electrical cable and throw it in the direction of the thing, go to 38.

Otherwise, you can try fleeing the thing. Go to 68.

#57

"I'm not Willie," you say, wondering what the woman's reaction will be. She stares at you curiously.

"Ha, ha," she laughs. "I'm not Donmai then."

"No, really, I'm an engineer for the IRT," you say. "I'm here to inspect why there are so many electrical fires..."

She snorts.

"You're not with Mr. Gittings?" she asks.

"No, I don't know who he is. I'm lost..." you say, doing your best to sound completely innocent.

She shrugs, looking equally as confused as you.

"You should leave," she says. "The harbingers are early, and unless you happen to have that amulet that Willie was supposed to have, they'll tear your head off and eat your eyes!"

She leers, hoping to get a reaction out of you. You shrug.

"The new station is that way," she says, pointing to a narrow maintenance tunnel just off to the right. "Or... you could come with me and help complete the union of our two great gods."

If you prefer to head towards the newly-finished subway station, go to 13.

If you agree to join her, she is delighted. Write down DONMAI IS HERE. The two of you continue up the tunnel together. Go to 4.

#58

Who trains the new IRT engineers, you mutter out loud, as you examine the blue electrical transformer box. Wires are jammed into the metal casing at all angles, and some look like they were forced inside it with... nails?

With steady hands, you unscrew the box's bolts and carefully remove the heavy iron cover, revealing an intricate network of copper wires and bulky, oil-soaked insulators nested inside. You gingerly detach each component, and breathe a sigh of relief when the hum of electricity fades away.

With the box safely disassembled, you continue onwards. Go to 26.

#59

With a click and a smell of ozone, your flashlight dies. You are left alone pitch-black void of an abandoned subway tunnel,

The sense of isolation becomes a palpable, crushing weight. In the suffocating darkness, every sound is amplified—a distant drip of water, the skitter of unseen creatures, the whisper of your own breath. The fear is overwhelming. Make a FRIGHT CHECK-3.

If you succeed, go to 69.

If you fail, go to 33.

#60

You quickly grab for the man's book. As you snatch it away from him, he howls in outrage. He bangs on the gate, cursing you, pleading with you to give it back, and saying that you are not worthy of carrying his cult's holy book, **On the Sending Out of the Soul**.

Victoriously, you hold up the book and flip through a few pages of it. The book is filled with strange writings and diagrams of candles made from skulls and braziers with demon faces carved into them. Weirdly, the book repeats the same handful of pages again and again. Unsettled, you pocket the book. Refer to **Handout A** at the end of the adventure for the effects of the book.

The man spits through the gate at you and then flees up the stairs into the night, screaming that and his two masters will have their revenge.

Go to 10.

#61

The Byzantine tunnel continues onward for some time. The tiles are mesmerizing – some great craftsman spent hours and hours here, making patterns of imaginary creatures, whirlpools, and screaming skulls, all flowing on a chaotic sea of some kind. The more you look, the more it gives you the chills.

The tunnel ends in an octagonal room designed much in the same way of the tiled corridors. On the floor is a great metallic seal. You recognize the metal as ancient bronze, but it is pitted and corroded, covered in green verdigris that seems to glow long after you tilt your flashlight's beam away from it. It is intricately engraved with arcane, eldritch symbols, and is the sole bulwark against a relentless tide of otherworldly destruction. What is the history of this thing?

Opposite of you is a metal door. Beyond the door you hear the droning of a man's voice. It vaguely reminds you of old Father Deary's overly long Sunday sermons, but it is not lecturing about any faith you know.

"O Hydra, ineffable and abyssal, hear my fervent plea: let this Earth be enveloped in the gray, formless ooze. Let us be a supplicant adrift in your boundless sea of torment. May we be submerged in your eternal, undulating embrace, lost amidst the ceaseless tides of cosmic despair. Let us bob eternally, a mere speck in the vast, unending expanse of your unfathomable, nightmarish dominion."

What kind of unnatural entreaty is this? A gong sounds, and the man repeats the prayer. After the third repetition, you hear voices heading in your direction.

If you enter the room and try to surprise the men, write down SIDE ROOM and go to 50.

If you wait here and try to ambush the men as they enter this chamber, go to 55.

#62

With a sickening lurch, the algae-covered floor beneath you gives way, plunging you into a mass of writhing, sentient algae. Panic sets in as you feel countless tendrils of algae coiling around your limbs. Make a FRIGHT CHECK. If you fail, increase your Terror by 1.

Then, make a ST roll to forcefully push through the living algae.

If you succeed, go to 21.

If you fail, go to 65.

#63

"I was admiring your sculpture," you say rapidly. "It's... inspiring... tell me more about it."

Algernon pauses and squints at you. He runs his hands through his disheveled hair, as if itching something ferociously.

"I had dreams about the mother," he stammers. "For weeks I had dreams. Not frightening ones, comforting ones, of my head bobbing up and down on a sea of colorless ooze. Like what I imagine it's like before you're born," he explains.

"I tried telling Gladys, but she just laughed and said I was just being a crackpot, and that I needed to just finish the tunnel and settle in with her.

"But when I told Mr. Gittings about it, he was delighted. Said that I had to bring it to life, and that mother's mouth would pour the ooze on all of us. So I ran off one day and started carving here. The iron made it hard, but my hands are strong. That's what Mr. Gittings said, anyway."

You nod your head, feigning enthusiasm.

"Do you really like her?" he asks, gesturing to the carving of the face. "Be honest now. Or are you just asking me so you hope I'll beat it and you can talk to mother all by yourself?"

If you want to persuade Algernon that you really do like his work, make an ACTING, DIPLOMACY, or FAST-TALK roll. If you succeed, go to 5.

Or, you can use his hesitation to try to run past and evade the man. Make a DX or RUNNING roll vs. his DX 11. If you succeed, you dodge past him as he lunges for you, and escape up the tunnel. Go to 36.

If you fail at these attempts, or are just tired of this madman and want to teach him a lesson, go to 42.

#64

You collapse in a heap on the ground, your vision fading to blackness. You hear voices around you, feel a booted foot kick your body, checking for signs of life.

"Let the Harbinger enjoy the body," says a gruff voice in the distance.

Your will eroded, you accept this fate. The harbinger's touch is cool and comforting, as it envelops you in its grotesque embrace. Its form, a nightmare of writhing tentacles and unblinking eyes, consumes you, pulling you into its abyssal depths. Here, in this prison of mind and form, you're suspended, a puppet whose strings are pulled by an entity whose existence is a blasphemy against the natural order.

Your journey is over.

#65

The more you struggle, the tighter the algae's grasp becomes. Despite all your efforts, it pulls you toward an unseen, horrifying fate deep within the bowels of the earth, far beyond the reach of any rescue. The last glimmer of light fades, leaving you in an oppressive darkness, with only the sensation of the relentless, squirming algae burrowing into your flesh.

Your journey is over.

#66

In a singular, cataclysmic moment, Mr. Gittings smashes the hammer upon the ancient seal. A resounding, thunderous crack, shatters the very fabric of reality. The sound echoes through the eldritch corridors of the cosmos, heralding an unholy union between Azathoth and Hydra.

A guttural roar, primal and terrifying, erupts from the seal. An unstoppable deluge of gray ooze, a manifestation of Azathoth's chaotic essence, flows into the subway tunnels like a relentless, all-consuming tide. But the ooze does not stop there.

It sweeps across the earth, a sea of formless, writhing despair, engulfing cities, forests, and oceans, leaving behind only the echoes of a doomed world. The ooze pulsed with a malevolent life of its own, whispering madness and extinguishing all hope, as it spreads its suffocating embrace, heralding the end of all things in a symphony of cosmic horror.

#67

You patiently wait a few minutes and then approach the wall where the men disappeared. Sure enough, there is a strange mark on the wall, a sort of maw sprouting worm-like appendages. It's crudely painted on the wall in red paint.

Like the two men have just done, you push on the wall. You hear a few satisfying clicks, and the door grinds inwards. Shining a flashlight down this corridor, you are surprised to see that it is perfectly tiled, using the same tiles that workers might use in a subway station. However, the tiles here are patterned oddly, forming blocky skulls, squids, and other weird, aquatic shapes. Curious as to where this tunnel leads, you proceed.

Go to 61.

#68

You sprint down the tunnel, running as fast as you can away from this unnatural Harbinger. But you feel its presence envelop you. It begins subtly, infiltrating your thoughts with a whisper that's both terrifying and alluring. This psychic intrusion is like a slow poison, seeping into the crevices of your mind, warping your perception of reality. You start to feel a disconcerting pull, an almost gravitational force, drawing you inexorably towards the Harbinger's pulsating, gelatinous mass.

Make a WILL-2 roll. If you succeed, you push the Harbinger from your mind and escape. Whether from fear or unnatural hallucinations caused by the creature, the tunnel seems to morph and twist around you. Go to 36.



Otherwise, the thing forces you to stand in place, to turn around and accept its horrifying, viscous embrace. Go to 52.

#69

You can't give up, you tell yourself. You're an IRT engineer, and have worked the subway tunnels all over Manhattan for years. Just because you have a broken flashlight, you're not giving up so easily. Besides, you're in a crawl shaft. There's only one way to go – forward.

You crawl into the blackness, one hand, one knee at a time. Soon your vision adapts, and what was once absolute darkness now becomes a gray. Then amber... is that a light ahead? You frantically push forward.

The shaft comes to an end, but there is dim light below you. You feel a grate underneath you – a vent cover of some kind. You pull it away and lower yourself down. You land on something soft... it's a workman's **leather jacket** (DR 1).

Ahead, you see lights. Maybe you've crawled to the Brooklyn Heights station? It was finished a little while ago, and while it's not open yet, it would still have working illumination.

Excited, you race forward into the light.

Go to 28.

#70

The bedrock in this section of the tunnel has a weird texture to it. It looks more like glass than rock, and its shine creates weird shadows as your flashlight hits the polished texture.

Ahead, you see a subway map sprawled out on a crate. Near the map is a **strange starred pendant**. On it is a strange star, but in its center is a maw, surrounded by squirming worms... or perhaps tentacles. It gives you a chill.

Studying the map, you see that you are nearing the terminus of the tunnel. Brooklyn Heights is behind you, and so soon you will reach the end of construction. You doubt you will find escape there – the tunnel is still a hundred yards from completion – but hope to find something that explains all that has happened to you this night.

Without warning, the oppressive silence of the tunnel is shattered by a vibrating hum, an odd resonance emanating from the glass-like walls around you. As you turn, a sense of primal dread seizes you. Before your eyes, a formless entity begins to emerge from the tunnel's polished wall, distorting it as though it was but a thin veil between realities. The creature, amorphous and inscrutable, stretches the glass as if it were mere fabric, and steps into the tunnel with an unnatural fluidity.



As the thing inspects the world around it, you feel an invasive presence worming its way into your mind, a psychic intrusion that floods your consciousness with visions of oceanic madness, patterns that speak of a world teetering on the brink of a terrifying and inescapable end.

If you turn away and run for your life, make a Will roll vs. the Harbinger's Will 13. If you succeed, you resist the thing's pull and run screaming down the tunnel. Gain 1 Terror and go to 36.

If you fail, you are drawn towards the horrifying thing... write down NEAR THE TERMINUS and go to 52.

#71

You kick over a small worker's stool, step on to it, and shine your flashlight down the hole in the wall. Suddenly, there is a fierce cry of rats, and dozens of the malevolent vermin swarm from the hole. They pile on to you, and your stool teeters.

Make a DX or ACROBATICS roll. If you succeed, you deftly leap to your feet, and frantically push the rats off of you.

If you fail, you tumble to the hard floor and take 1d-2 cr damage. The rats swarm are all over you, biting and clawing at your face. Make a FRIGHT CHECK. If you fail, you flail helplessly for many seconds before you can get the rats off you. Take another 1 point of damage, and increase your Terror by 1.

The rats stream away from you, their shrieks echoing off the chamber. Ahead, you hear a voice call out, "something has disturbed the rats... go see what it is!"

You see the silhouette of a man heading down the tunnel towards you. He holds a revolver in his hands, and you see a muzzle flash as a bullet ricochets off the wall above you. You have no time to hide.

"Get over here!"

Write down RATS! and go to 3.

#72

Blood is everywhere – your hands, the rough floor of the tunnel, the tiled walls. You gasp, the weight of everything that you have catching up to you all at once.

Make one final FRIGHT CHECK. The roll is penalized by all of the Terror you have gained so far in the adventure!

If you fail by 5 or more, go to 9.

Otherwise, go to 73.

#73

Against all odds, you have managed to hang on the threads of your sanity. You collapse against the wall of the tunnel, relief pouring through your cells. You begin to weep; for how long you do not know.

But then your sobbing gives way to the sound of shoes echoing against the hard floor. Many workers are all around you, their hands grabbing at you, roughly pulling you to your feet. Are these more of Mr. Gitting's accomplices? Come here to get their revenge on you?

But then, through the noise and the crowd, you see police too, looking unhappy that they have had to travel all this way this morning.

"What happened here?" demands a moustached worker, pointing to the viscera on the floor, shock across his face.

"Did *you* do this?" another shouts at you, anger and horror in his voice.

"Settle down, you," says thick-accented Irish cop to the workers. "The newspaper received a note last night. A long one too. From one Mr. Edward Gittings. The man promised a lot of blood and violence down here tonight. Looks like he got what he wanted."

The cop pushes away some of the men mobbing you and holds you steady.

"You okay there?" he asks. "It's a short walk back to Brooklyn Heights. You can tell us all about it at the station. But you'll understand..."

You feel the steel handcuffs click around your wrists.

As you are led from the tunnels, you wonder what you should try explaining... and what you should keep to yourself. But in the end, you decide it is best not to share too much of this night with the world.

Your journey is finally ended.

Rewards

Congratulations, you have completed *Shadows of the Old Subway*. Not an easy feat!

For completing the adventure, defeating the cultists, and preventing the end of the world, you receive 2 character points. If you survived an encounter with the Harbinger (i.e., you wrote

down MYTHOS LORE), gain 1 free point in either Occultism or the Hidden Lore (Cthulhu Mythos) skill.

If you discovered the fate of at least one of the four lost subway workers, gain 1 extra character point.

- Charlie
- Algernon
- Giuseppe
- Mike, the Foreman

Additionally, if you discovered the strange pendant, you later find out that it is a primitive elder sign. It gives +3 to Fright Checks from elder, cosmic entities.

Version History

- Initial GURPS version

Special Thanks

The battle maps in this adventure were created with Dungeondraft. The art and portraits were a combination of reference, the author's own art, and procedural elements from thispersondoesnotexist and Midjourney.

For more free solo and one shot adventures, please visit 1shotadventures.com. If you enjoyed this adventure, all the author asks is that you give a shout out and let me know how it went. Post a note on 1shotadventures.com or tweet @SageThalcos on Twitter. For reviews, GM advice, and more, check out the 1shotadventures [YouTube channel](#)!

Disclaimer

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Mr. Gittings

ST 13 HP: 13
DX 11 Will: 12
IQ 12 Per: 12
HT 12 FP: 12



Basic Speed: 5.75 SM: 0
Move: 6 Hammer: 2d+3 cr, reach 1,2
Dodge: 9 Punch: 1d-1 cr, reach C

Traits: Callous; Obsession (Break the Seal); High Pain Threshold.

Skills: Hidden Lore (Mythos)-11; Knife-12; Occultism-13; Two-handed Axe-Mace-12.

Gear: Cyclopean Hammer (2d+3 cr, reach 1-2, Parry 9U, 15 lbs). The hammer gains +1 damage for each Terror the PC has gained.

Tactics: So close to the finish line, Mr. Gittings will attack the PC, hoping his hammer kills in one blow. However, if the PC is knocked down or out of range, he'll instead race to break the seal.

Cultist of Azathoth

ST 11 HP: 11
DX 11 Will: 10
IQ 10 Per: 10
HT 11 FP: 11



Basic Speed: 5.5 SM: 0
Move: 5 Knife: 1d-2 imp or 1d-1 cut
Dodge: 8 Punch: 1d-3 cr, reach C

Traits: Sense of Duty (fellow cultists)

Skills: Knife-11.

Gear: One cultist will always have a French MAS 1892 revolver (2d-1 pi, Acc 2, Range 120/1400, RoF 3, Shots 6, Bulk -2, Rcl 2). Both also have a small knife (1d-2 imp, reach C, 1d-1 cut, reach C, 1, Parry 8).

Tactics: The cultists try to circle the PC, then attack. If Mr. Gittings wounds the PC, the next turn the cultists will All-Out Attack if possible, hoping to finish the job.

Giuseppe

ST 11 HP: 11
DX 12 Will: 10
IQ 11 Per: 10
HT 10 FP: 10



Basic Speed: 5.5 SM: 0
Move: 6 Pocket knife: 1d-2 imp, reach C
Dodge: 9 Punch: 1d-3 cr, reach C

Traits: Curiosity

Skills: Knife-12.

Gear: Pocket knife (1d-2 imp, reach C, Parry 8).

Tactics: Giuseppe is cautious, afraid of the men in the tunnels. He'll avoid attacking Mr. Gittings until the cultists are defeated. He'll never All-Out Attack, preferring to fight in a defensive way.

On the Sending Out of the Soul

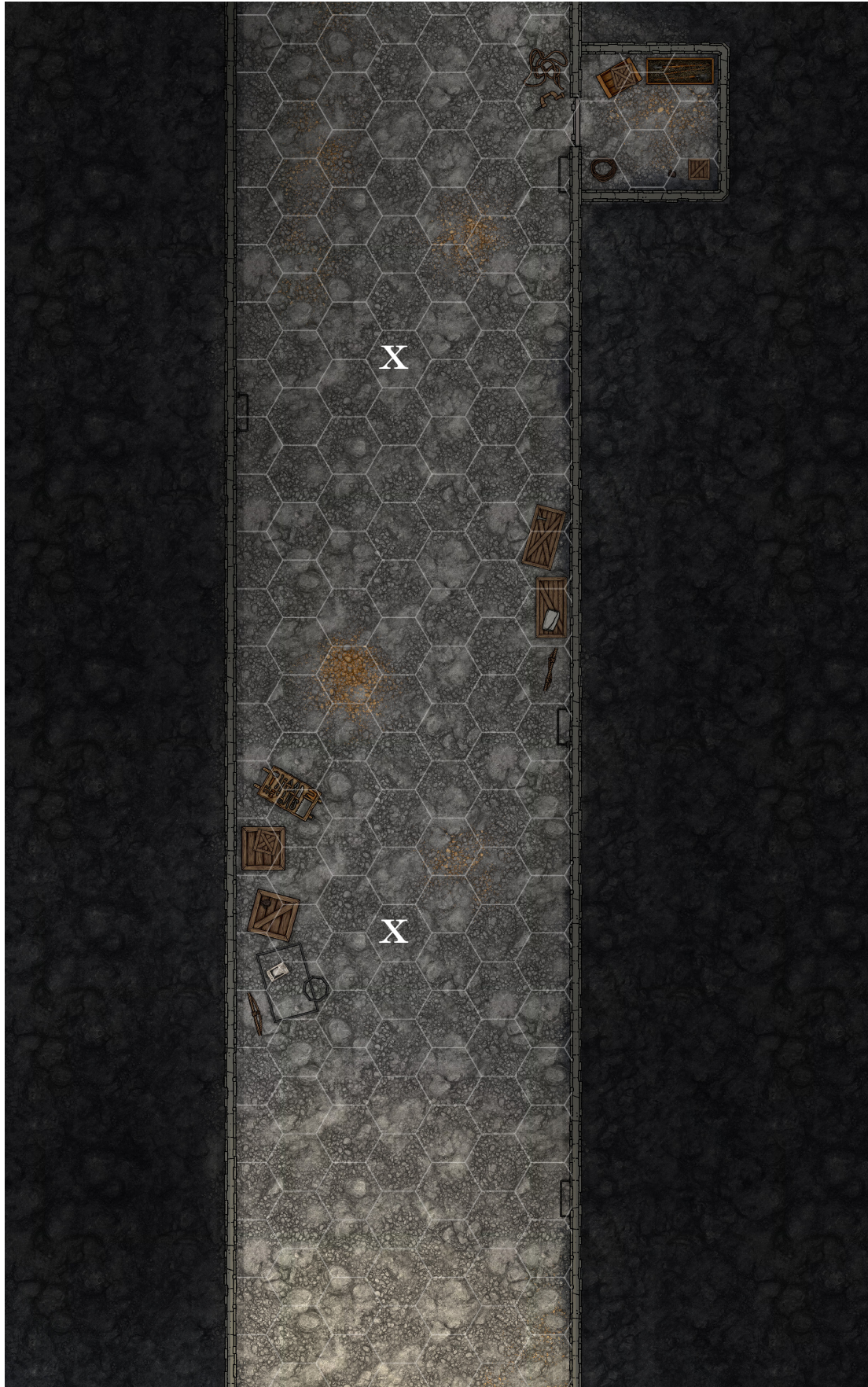
This small book repeats the same seven pages again and again. It describes in detail how two cosmic entities, Azathoth and the great Hydra, wish to form a union with each other, but that union can only happen when a great seal is broken and the world is covered in primordial ooze. It is a horrifying read.

The final page, however, seems to contain a ghastly spell designed to sacrifice mortals to Hydra. Learning this dark spell requires you to make an OCCULTISM+3 or IQ-2 roll. On a success or failure, you gain 2 Terror. On a failure, however, the spell is beyond your abilities.

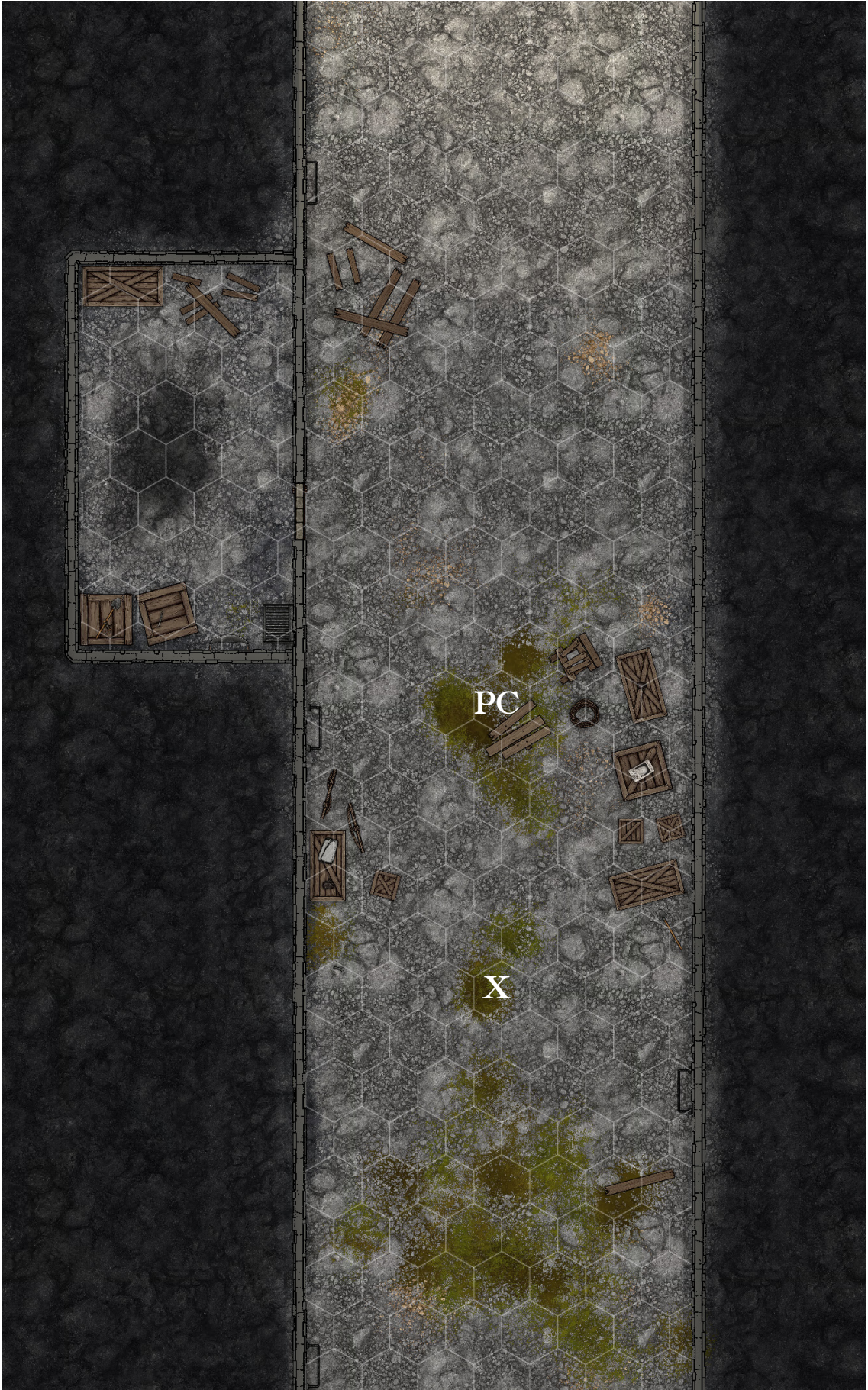
Casting the spell takes 1 turn and costs 8 FP. All those within 5 yards of the caster must make a Quick Contest of Will with the caster. On a failure, the victim's head rips off its body. The head remains alive until burned... but lives in an anguished, tortured state of existence, as it suffers never ending hallucinations that it is bobbing forever on a sea of chaotic ooze. Seeing this spell cast causes everyone in sight (including the caster) to make a Fright Check-3!

Handout A

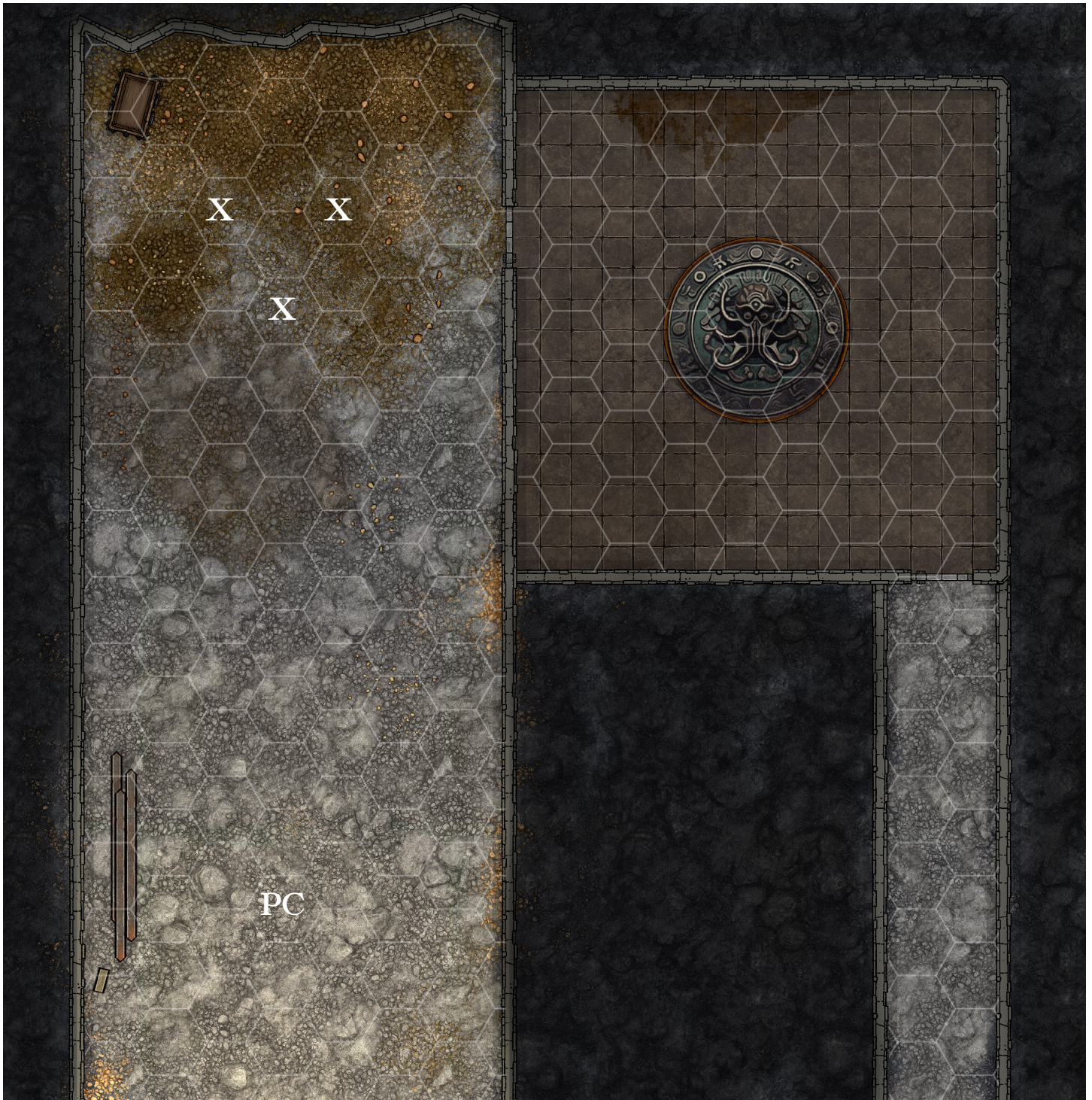
Tunnel Map



Harbinger Map



Terminus Map



Appearance A stubborn IRT engineer - happy to be alone and working late at night

GURPS HORROR

HAND WEAPONS

Weapon	Damage	Reach	Parry	Notes
Brawling punch	1d-1 cr	C	9	Skill 13
Brawling kick	1d+1 cr	C, I		Skill 11
Screwdriver	1d-2 imp	C	7	Skill 11 (-1 to hit)

Cost	Weight
-	-
-	-
\$20	-

RANGED WEAPONS

[illegible][illegible]

SPEED/RANGE TABLE
For complete table, see p. 550.

Speed/ Range Modifier	Linear Measurement (range/speed)	
Close	0-5 yds	0*
Short	6-20 yds	-3
Medium	21-100 yds	-7
Long	101-500 yds	-11
Extreme	501+ yds	-15

** in melee combat, ranged attacks suffer a penalty equal to Bulk of the weapon*


HIT LOCATIONS

Modifier	Location
0	Torso
-2	Arm/Leg
-3	Groin
-4	Hand
-5	Face
-7	Skull

Imp or *Pi* attacks can target vitals at -3 (x3 dmg) or eyes at -9 (x4 dmg)

CASH	
------	--

\$2



POSSESSIONS

[illegible][illegible]

CHARACTER NOTES

This image shows a single page of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. On the left side, there is a vertical margin line, creating a narrow left margin. The paper appears to be from a notebook or a standard sheet of stationery. There is no handwriting or other markings on the page.

KEY WORDS
(circle when encountered)

CHARGE ATTACK
DONMAI IS HERE
FUMBLING
GIUSEPPE IS AN ALLY
THE HAMMER IS BLESSED
INTIMIDATED
MOSTLY SNEAKY
MYTHOS LORE
NEAR THE TERMINUS
ON THE DEFENSE
RATS!
SEEN THE MARK
SIDE ROOM
STUNNED

Totals:

\$ 720

23 Lbs.

GURPS HORROR

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Screwdriver	1d-2 imp	C	7	Skill 11 (-1 to hit)

Cost	Weight
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\$20	-

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------	--

\$2



POSSESSIONS

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