

CALL of CTHULHU®

# FLOT'SAM AND JET'SAM

ORGANIZED PLAY CAMPAIGN



PART ONE:  
THE STAR BROTHERS



# FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

THE STAR BROTHERS

# CREDITS

**Flotsam and Jetsam concept by**  
Mike Mason & Scott Dorward

**Star Brothers written by**  
Brian Courtemanche

**Development by**  
Mike Mason

**Edited by**  
Scott Dorward  
with Mike Mason & Lynne Hardy

**Layout by**  
Claire Peacey

**Cartography by**  
Matt Ryan and Tom Kalichak

**Call of Cthulhu Line Editor**  
Mike Mason

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

Best used with the *Call of Cthulhu* (7th Edition) Roleplaying Game, available separately.

This is a work of fiction. The names of personalities, places, and events may be referred to, but any resemblance of scenario and game related characters to persons living or dead is strictly coincidental. All material is fictionalized and described through the lens of the Cthulhu Mythos, and no offense to persons living or dead is intended.

The reproduction of material from within this book for the purposes of personal or corporate profit by photographic, electronic, or other retrieval media is prohibited.

Find more Chaosium Inc. products at [www.chaosium.com](http://www.chaosium.com)

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction . . . . .	4
Dramatis Personae . . . . .	5
Beginning Play. . . . .	8
Handout: Brothers #1 . . . . .	8
Ipswich, Massachusetts . . . . .	9
Keeper Map—Ipswich and Environs (Colour) . . . . .	10
Keeper Map—Ipswich (Colour). . . . .	11
Handout: Brothers #2 . . . . .	15
Concerning Otis Frye . . . . .	16
Proceeding Events . . . . .	19
Meeting Otis Frye . . . . .	22
Considerations and Consequences. . . . .	25
Conclusion. . . . .	25
Characters and Monsters . . . . .	26
Appendix: Handouts. . . . .	28
Keeper Maps: B&W—Ipswich & Ipswich & Environs . . . . .	29/30
Player Maps: Color—Ipswich & Ipswich & Environs. . . . .	31/32
Player Maps: B&W—Ipswich & Ipswich & Environs . . . . .	33/34



# THE STAR BROTHERS

## INTRODUCTION

In the early autumn of 1923, the investigators are sent by *Strange But True!* to investigate bizarre reports coming out of Ipswich, Massachusetts. An odd young man named Otis Frye has turned up in Ipswich, claiming he is from the planet Neptune. He also claims that his “Star Brothers” will soon come to retrieve him. Frye is purchasing all sorts of electrical and mechanical components, paying for them with strangely minted gold coins. Frye also claims that he is being tracked by federal agents but, so far, says he has managed to stay one step ahead of them.

Corroborating Frye’s claims, the locals of Ipswich report seeing odd lights in the sky over the salt marshes, encountering intimidating strangers asking after Frye, and one person claims to have seen “a moon-man” late one night. Elijah Cleaver, the chief editor and publisher of *Strange But True!* wants the investigators to root out the truth and publish their findings.

## THE REAL SCOOP

Otis Frye is the product of an unhappy union between a human mother and an inhuman deep one from the waters off nearby Innsmouth, Massachusetts. Eking out a living with his mother between Innsmouth and Ipswich, unable to fathom his genetic curse, Otis has invented (and earnestly believes) the delusion that his “real kinfolk” come from beyond the stars, and will one day return for him.

Reaching adulthood, his mind reeling and crazed from the genetic changes occurring in him, Otis left home with a bag of Innsmouth gold taken from his mother’s savings. He is now living out his fantasy, believing he is about to be reunited with his kindred from the planet Neptune.

Eager to retrieve their gold from outsiders—and determined to silence Otis before he brings attention to Innsmouth and the deep ones—the Esoteric Order of Dagon in Innsmouth have dispatched a carload of sinister human-deep one hybrid toughs to find and capture Otis. Unfortunately for his pursuers, this task has been made all the more difficult by Otis causing a stir with his “Star Brother” antics.

The Innsmouth folk have deep one allies prowling the nearby seacoast, salt marshes, and river inlets. They signal their hybrid cohorts by means of strange cries and phosphorescent glowing gobs of fungus (the lights seen winking in the night skies above the marshes). Recently, a particularly incautious deep one was inadvertently spotted by a local, who mistook the creature for a “moon-man.”

## ROLE OF THE INVESTIGATORS

The investigators must gather reports from the Ipswich locals and locate Otis Frye so that they may interview him for their story. In time, they will discover that Otis is indeed being tracked by shady toughs and, perhaps, even worse things hopping and croaking in the marshes.

Frye’s own physical transformation is progressing rapidly. Towards the end of the scenario, Frye will lead the investigators to his “space-signaler” device hidden deep in the marsh—just as his deep one and hybrid pursuers shamle forth to claim him.

The scenario is presented as a sort of “UFO encounter” story to keep veteran players guessing, especially if they’ve previously encountered deep ones or visited Innsmouth in previous games. Only when the investigators dig a little deeper into Otis Frye’s situation do they find his story more than a bit fishy.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

The following section outlines the background and role of each of the major non-player characters (NPCs) and monsters portrayed in this scenario. Profiles for each can be found in **Characters and Monsters** (page 25).

### OTIS FRYE. *AGE 22.* *MISBEGOTTEN SON*

A deep one hybrid with no knowledge of his true nature, Frye has constructed an elaborate fantasy to explain the weirdness and mystery that underpin his life. He is a strange, lonely man who lives with his mother on the outskirts of Ipswich.

Frye's personality vacillates between paranoia and a desperate need to share his delusion that he's a spaceman marooned on earth, soon to be reunited with his "Star Brothers." Cautious at first, if shown trust and acceptance, Frye soon opens up and becomes friendly, like an eager puppy-dog. He wholeheartedly believes in his own delusion. While "still here on Earth," Otis has taken to bathing often in the brackish waters of his new hideout and preying on small critters he finds in the tidal pools (further evidence of his deep one genes asserting themselves). Otis loves his "adopted mother" Hannah but it is time for him to return to the stars.

- **Description:** a pale, scrawny, thin-haired young man with a paradoxical air of hopelessness and adventurous expectancy about him. Muscled ridges distend horizontally across his neck (the beginnings of gill slits). His bulging eyes and wide mouth pass for human, but those familiar with the "Innsmouth Look" may recognize the telltale signs. Frye's epidermis displays patches of a scaly rash. A stooping posture and a splayfooted shuffling walk complete the anatomical study of a human metamorphosing into something decidedly other. Frye wears oversized, well-worn clothing, assiduously buttoning up his collar and cuffs to conceal his increasingly obvious physical abnormalities.
- **Traits:** at first shy and cautious with strangers, Otis opens up exuberantly if they show interest and acceptance of his story. He ducks his head and looks over his shoulder often, as if wary of trouble. He unconsciously tugs at his shirt cuffs and collar, making sure to show as little skin as possible. When he thinks no one is watching, he surreptitiously rubs and scratches at his neck, irritated by the rugose ridges that have formed there.

- **Roleplaying hooks:** Otis is keen to show off his "trans-Neptunian telephonic communicator" hidden in the salt marsh. If he comes to trust the investigators, he hurries them along to his safe place in the salt marsh, away from prying eyes. He is absolutely certain that his "trans-Neptunian telephonic communicator" is going to work and that his "Star Brothers" are going to come to claim him. If confronted with proof of his true nature as a deep one, Otis flies into fits of gibbering laughter and semi-catatonia. Exposure to his true legacy surges past the mental breakwaters he has built over a lifetime, flooding his brain with an alien awareness that overcomes him.

### HANNAH FRYE. *AGE 46.* *DELUSIONAL MOTHER*

The mother of Otis Frye, Hannah comes from an old Innsmouth family who fled the town during the upheavals of 1846 and relocated to the Ipswich area. She enjoys flitting about the house, lost in her fantasy world of a dutiful husband "away on business" and a good son who will make the family proud. Hannah is essentially housebound, ordering essentials from Sears and other mail-order outlets with her husband's "wages," brought to her home, along with her groceries, by a man from her husband's "company."

- **Description:** a middle-aged woman of average build, she wears a pleated housedress and sensible, low-heeled shoes. Her hair is neatly, if plainly, styled.
- **Traits:** has a pleasant demeanor and smiles constantly, even if it never quite reaches her eyes. No matter the evidence to the contrary, she denies that anything concerning her family is amiss. All is rosy and fine.
- **Roleplaying Hooks:** she delights in visitors and is only too happy to show the investigators around her house like a good hostess. She serves commercially made cookies and weak tea to guests. If her husband is mentioned, she blithely insists (repeatedly, if necessary) that husband "Gilbert" is away on business but could return any day now. If Otis is mentioned, she proudly shows guests to her son's room and all his "scientific journals," insisting that someday he will be a great scientist.

**ELSIE CALDWELL. AGE 23.**  
**CONFIDENT YOUNG REPORTER**

An attractive blonde woman, she is in the full bloom of good health and has all the advantages of a pampered upbringing. She has no interest in romance (too much else to see and do!), but will flirt to help ensure she gets her way.

Her father, who she has twisted around her little finger, spoils Elsie rotten. She rebels against convention, looking to go her own way as a modern woman. Even so, her family's affluence and status insulate her from many of the ruder realities and concerns of everyday life. Something of a firebrand and possessed of a fierce intelligence, Elsie enjoys a challenge and attacks every new interest with gusto.

She has never previously experienced real peril or truly sinister people; this, combined with her independent streak, may lead her into danger, only realizing the gravity of her situation when it may be too late. Reveling in her identity as a reporter, Elsie is vivacious and animated, sometimes to the point of overconfidence. She is quick to fly off the handle if told "no," but soon calms down and sees reason (most of the time).

- **Description:** an attractive blonde woman in her early twenties. Her bright blue eyes, high cheekbones, and fine figure turn many a head in Ipswich.
- **Traits:** spoilt, quick to anger, tenacious, somewhat innocent to the realities of the world.
- **Roleplaying hooks:** while she does not have all the pieces of the puzzle, Elsie's investigation makes her a rich source of information. If the investigators get stuck or confused, she may be able to offer enough crumbs of information to help them get back on the right track. Elsie can also drive investigators (at alarming speeds) in her shiny roadster; there is only one passenger seat, however.

**EDWARD TITCOMB. AGE 47.**  
**SMALL-TOWN NEWSPAPER EDITOR**

As editor-in-chief of the *Ipswich Inquirer*, Titcomb is a source of local information. He is happy to meet other journalists, even if he sees *Strange But True!* as a less than wholly reliable news source.

Honest as the day is long, Titcomb treats all his staff with compassion and fairness, from the janitor to his star reporters. He tends to speak rapidly, as if he has drunk far too much coffee, and fidgets constantly, but this does not stop him from being able to focus on the task at hand. He is skeptical of the supernatural and brushes aside any outlandish claims by the investigators as them making up

juicy material for their story. He is fond of Elsie Caldwell in a paternal manner.

- **Description:** a wiry man in his late forties, with a slight paunch and a crop of receding, sandy-colored hair, turning gray at the temples. His bright green eyes capture details with a newspaperman's alacrity.
- **Traits:** a firm handshake and earnest smile, fair-minded, speaks quickly and fidgets.
- **Roleplaying hooks:** if the investigators treat him well, Titcomb is happy to help them out of professional courtesy, offering access to the newspaper morgue, wire services, and as much bad coffee as they can drink.

**JAMES RILEY. AGE 56. IPSWICH**  
**POLICE DESK LIEUTENANT**

A lieutenant in the Ipswich Police, Riley is a potentially useful ally for the investigators. He does not take the reports of strange phenomena or *Strange But True!* seriously, but he is a dedicated officer and takes a professional interest if and when evidence of terrestrial wrongdoings come to light.

Riley is happy with his life and is not at all a grasping sort of fellow. He is very protective of his junior officers. He is loath to use force unless truly necessary, as he feels most things can be sorted out with common sense and a handshake. He is inclined to accept outlandish claims with a good-natured wink and nod of incredulity. He also enjoys a discreet nip of brandy at home before bedtime.

- **Description:** a large, bluff man with iron-gray hair and huge moustache, with kindly blue eyes framed by smile lines and bushy, unruly gray eyebrows. Still physically powerful for his age, he is a gentle, jovial sort of policeman. In a few more years he'll be positively grandfatherly.
- **Traits:** paternalistic, calm and measured.
- **Roleplaying hooks:** while he is courteous to outsiders, Riley does not over-explain matters and the investigators may wonder whether he harbors secrets. He is happy to help if the investigators are attacked, robbed, or otherwise victimized, but he is just as quick to turn his attention upon them if they stray onto the wrong side of the law.

## DOUGLAS JENKIN, *AGE 34* *LOCAL MACHINIST*

Jenkin is a bachelor, as “the right one has yet to come along.” He has a natural genius for mechanical and electrical matters, evidenced in the pride he takes in keeping his Model-A Ford truck, home utilities, and Atwater-Kent radio in top working order. He dislikes alcohol and has not touched a drop since his teens.

Jenkin is appreciative of his routine and quiet life. The weirdness of the “moon-man” sighting troubles him, as he is struggling to fit the experience into the orderliness of his everyday existence. He tries to stay on the straight path, avoiding trouble, and keeps an open mind on most things.

- **Description:** a rangy, tough-fibered fellow, with prematurely graying hair that seems to defy a good combing. Sports a perpetual five o'clock shadow. On the tall side but stoops to mask his height. Typically dressed in rough workman's clothes unless cleaned up for Sunday church service.
- **Traits:** rubs his chin and gestures a lot when he talks.
- **Roleplaying hooks:** Jenkin can share the details of his strange sighting of the “moon-man” with the investigators. He speaks earnestly to those who show sympathy and sincerity when hearing his story, but clams up and closes down if listeners scoff at him.

## EDDY HOGUE & JIMMY CLICK, *AGES 24 AND 23*, *SMALL- TIME BOOTLEGGERS*

Hogue and Click are eager to make a tidy profit while avoiding the attention of the Arkham- and Boston-based gangs. They are ambitious but are no fools. The pair is spooked by all the weird happenings in the marshes these days, and genuinely distressed over the disappearance of their third partner in crime, Aaron Brock. They're currently debating whether to pull-up stakes and try their luck somewhere else.

- **Description:** a couple of youthful-looking criminal entrepreneurs with an air of quiet desperation about them. A bit too well-dressed for spending time out in the salt marshes, but nowhere near the style and flash of Boston or Arkham gangsters. Both wear long trench coats to better conceal weapons, and snappy fedoras that are more often used to swat at marsh flies.

- **Traits:** the pair talks and acts tough, masking their growing paranoia. They look around nervously as they speak and startle easily at strange sounds in the salt marshes. While they may flash their guns to intimidate people, they are not especially eager to commit murder and have never actually shot anyone.
- **Roleplaying hooks:** the bootleggers may possibly ally with the investigators if it means security or ridding the world of genuine monsters. Alternatively, they may prove to be thorns in the investigators' sides as they protect their business from prying eyes.

## THE INNSMOUTH HYBRIDS, *AGES 20 TO 60*, *AKA THE MEN IN BLACK*

The Men in Black are sinister, expressionless types who look almost artificial (a by-product of their transition from human to deep one). The hybrids walk stiffly, like robots (their deep one cytology asserting itself), making a regular human gait increasingly difficult to maintain. They are absolutely humorless and clannish, with an almost hive-mind mentality.

- **Description:** pallid skin and completely hairless. Wide mouths and protuberant, watery black eyes, often concealed by dark sunglasses. Uniformly garbed in dark suits, black trench coats, and fedoras. They are large fellows who give off a creepy aura in spades. If any are forced to speak, it is in a phlegmy, gravelly voice, deep like a bullfrog.
- **Traits:** furtive and creepy, the Men in Black work to avoid drawing attention to themselves. They only approach those with a direct connection to the Otis Frye situation. Under no circumstances will these weird toughs willingly divulge their connection to Innsmouth. Death is preferable to revealing Innsmouth's long-held secrets.
- **Roleplaying hooks:** use the hybrids to build a sense of paranoia, having the investigators realize odd-looking strangers are following them. As events progress, the hybrids make contact and try to intimidate the curious investigators into silence with vague threats. They only escalate to violence if the investigators obviously don't get the message; even then, they are discreet about it, wanting to avoid attracting attention to Innsmouth.



## BEGINNING PLAY

The investigators gather in the New York City offices of *Strange But True!*, a popular weekly newspaper dedicated to publishing accounts of the strange, the bizarre, and the occult. Chief editor and publisher, Elijah Cleaver, makes the introductions and gets down to business: he aims to send the investigators as a journalistic team to Massachusetts to investigate the outrageous claims made by a man asserting that he is from another planet.

**Keeper note:** the investigators may already know one another, or they may have been gathered together by Cleaver for this job. If unacquainted, allow time for them to make their introductions.

Cleaver says, “*The sanitariums are full of people claiming to be from the moon or who are reincarnations of Napoleon Bonaparte or what have you. The majority of these folks are just plain batty. However, once in a while, a person turns up who is worth investigating. Otis Frye may be such a one.*”

Cleaver hands over a news clipping from the *Ipswich Inquirer*, a small-town Massachusetts newspaper, dated several weeks prior (**Handout: Brothers #1**). Despite the article’s mocking tone, editor-publisher Cleaver sniffs a deeper story. He asks the investigators to address the following questions:

- Who is Otis Frye?
- Why is he paying for everything with gold coins?
- What is he doing with all the hardware he’s purchasing?
- What are people seeing when they report mystery lights and moon-men?
- Are these events connected to Frye?
- Are government men really tailing Frye?

Cleaver believes *Strange But True!* should treat this story with real professionalism, as opposed to the hack job done by the *Ipswich Inquirer*. He will cover travel expenses and provide a modest per diem expense account (approximating \$5 per day, per investigator), in addition to a very reasonable payoff (\$10 per investigator) for submission of a print-worthy news article, especially one with photographs.

Cleaver puts the investigators on the next train out of New York for Boston. For the final leg of the journey, the investigators board the Boston & Maine railroad for the short trip to the Massachusetts North Shore, calling at Ipswich station.

### HANDOUT

#### Brothers #1

### SPACE MAN NEEDS RIDE HOME

*By Elsie Caldwell, special to the Ipswich Inquirer*

A strange being has been haunting Ipswich recently, causing no little stir. His name is Otis Frye, and he claims to be from another planet! Whatever star Frye hails from, he has been a boon to local hardware and electrical supply merchants, purchasing all manner of implements for, affirms Frye, a trip to outer space.

This reporter caught up with Frye as he was leaving Gore’s Hardware on Main Street. For a space man, Frye looks human enough, though far from a modern Adonis. He claims to be from Neptune, and needs the equipment to signal his fellow star brothers to retrieve him from Earth. Frye did not loiter long, claiming that government men are following him. Frye claims they wish to steal his technology and study his physique for science. Local merchants aren’t complaining, as Frye pays for his space supplies with odd gold coins. Says Chester Gore of Gore’s Hardware: “I don’t care if he’s from Jupiter or Tahiti. As long as he keeps paying with these gold coins, he can be from anywhere he wants.”

While Frye’s claims are outlandish, his lunacy seems contagious, as several local citizens have lately reported seeing strange sights, suggesting that Essex County may be hosting a convention of moon-men. What with reports of strange lights flitting over the salt marshes for the past several nights and odd noises being heard, the place is abuzz with Frye’s talk of his long-lost space brothers. Rumor has it that at least one individual has seen a “moon-man” late one night, although this reporter suspects it may be moonshine, not moon-men, behind the report! Ipswich Police state they have found no mystery airships landing in our woods and marshes.

Several townsfolk report being approached by men in dark trench coats and fedoras asking after Otis Frye. Perhaps Frye’s assertions are correct that G-men are on his trail, although they are more likely interested in Frye’s gold coins than his purported origin from the planet Neptune.

Should any *Ipswich Inquirer* subscribers happen to take a trip with Frye to another planet, we would appreciate their getting in touch with this reporter, as it would be quite an exclusive! In all probability, the farthest Mr. Frye will get is a one-way trip to Danvers State Hospital. We wish him  
Godspeed.



## IPSWICH, MASSACHUSETTS

Ipswich is a small coastal community on the Massachusetts North Shore, a short ride north from Arkham (6 miles/9.6 km as the crow flies) and connected to ill-rumored Innsmouth, some 2.5 miles (4 km) distant, via a vast stretch of lonesome salt marsh. Although one of the oldest seaside towns in the country (incorporated 1634), Ipswich did not grow into a prominent seaport as did Salem and Boston. While the mighty Merrimack River supported dozens of mills in towns that grew into industrial-era cities (such as Lowell, Lawrence, and Lynn), tiny Ipswich was based on the smaller Ipswich River, bisecting the town and supporting manufacturing enterprises on a much smaller scale. That said, the Ipswich Mill Company becomes for a time the world's largest producer of women's hosiery products before its eventual closure in 1928. During the Great War, Ipswich sent some 200 of its sons of liberty to the conflict "over there," a source of great pride to the little town.

While other communities roared into the 1920s, Ipswich quietly stepped into the decade with customary Yankee reserve. In 1925, the town census is a modest 6,098 souls. Never a dry town, Prohibition is unpopular in Ipswich; its restaurants and hotels are occasionally subjected to raids, while the town's river coastline and vast salt marshes provide refuge for secret stills and clandestine bootlegger exchanges. Many in town simply look the other way in regards to the whole business.

An industrious yet paradoxically sleepy little town, Ipswich takes things at its own pace, content to let its neighbors (such as Arkham, Salem, and Beverly) strive for bigger and noisier—but not necessarily better—things. Just on the other side of the salt marsh to the northeast, decaying old Innsmouth squats in shadow and shame. The Ipswich residents do their best to ignore the blighted town, never visiting the place, content to let it rot in anonymity.

## ARRIVING IN IPSWICH

There is little information to gather before getting on the train to Ipswich, the *Ipswich Inquirer* story being the only mention of Otis Frye the investigators can find. Likewise, stories or articles concerning the recent spate of unusual sightings are few and far between and present no new information. The investigators must go to Ipswich to discover things first hand.

On arrival, the investigators should secure some accommodation. In the center of town, the Gray House Hotel is a decent, if uninspired, home-away-from home, with just enough rooms available for their stay.

## AVENUES OF INVESTIGATION

Once settled in, the investigators have these options to explore. Each is discussed the following sections.

- The offices of the *Ipswich Inquirer*.
- The Ipswich Police Department.
- Research and seek out the Frye residence.
- Seek out reporter Elsie Caldwell at her home.
- Ask around the shops of Ipswich.
- Visit the salt marshes.







## OFFICES OF THE IPSWICH INQUIRER

The *Ipswich Inquirer* has been in operation since 1874, with a daily evening paper and a larger Sunday edition. It occupies a three-story (including the basement) brick building in the center of town. The first floor houses editorial and advertising offices, while the printing presses occupy the basement level. The second story is mostly storage, including a complete back-issue run of the paper.

Edward Titcomb, the paper's editor-in-chief, is initially wary of the strangers and firmly asks to see some identification—business cards for *Strange But True!* given to the investigators by Elijah Cleaver suffice. Once formally introduced, he is pleased to talk to the investigators. Offering a firm handshake and a businesslike smile, Titcomb invites them into his office, the walls of which are plastered with framed front pages of the *Inquirer*, interspersed with photographs of the man's attractive younger wife and two young children. He sticks his head back out the door and yells to Audrey, the receptionist, for coffee. Audrey shoots her boss a withering look but nonetheless gets coffee for him and his visitors.

Once settled in, Titcomb explains his initial frosty reception. He mistook the investigators as affiliated with another group of strangers who visited just the day before: *"A group of goons in dark overcoats and fedoras."* Titcomb was out of the office at the time, but they sure gave Audrey a good scare.

The "Men in Black," as Audrey calls them, pestered her about the Otis Frye article and the reporter who filed it, Elsie Caldwell. They wanted to know if the newspaper had more information and rudely demanded to speak with Elsie—thank goodness she was not in the office at the time! Then they wanted to know Elsie's home address, which Audrey refused to give out. The trench-coated men looked like they were about to press the point when a couple of the fellers from the basement printing press came up for their break and saw the heavies leaning a little too close to Miss Audrey. They took exception to that, and the strangers filed out of the office before there was any real trouble. Audrey was so rattled she never did get the names of the creepy visitors.

When Titcomb came in the next day and heard about the incident, he wasted no time contacting both Elsie and her father, Timothy Caldwell, a senior manager at the local hosiery mill. Elsie is pretty steamed at Titcomb for calling her father about it; however, Titcomb doesn't want his reporter getting mixed up with the strangers, nor face her father's wrath if something bad were to happen to her. Regarding Elsie, Titcomb says she has a lot of spunk but he's not sure if she has the hard nose to be a reporter. She's had a somewhat privileged life so far.

One day she got it into her head that she would make a great reporter, roared up to the newspaper office in her shiny automobile, and demanded her first assignment like it was long overdue. Titcomb chuckles, *"The hosiery mill pays for a lot of advertising in the Inquirer, so she had me over a barrel, whether she knew it or not. I've been giving her puff pieces...you know, the dog show, the ice cream social, oh, and the runaway vegetable wagon...who could forget that one? Anyway, Elsie covers that sort of stuff, until she gets this reporter business out of her blood."*

When asked about the Otis Frye "space man" story, Titcomb states it was just a lightweight piece, nothing serious, but when those heavies showed up the other day asking questions it got him thinking. *"And, now you've come calling, too,"* he smiles. Thus, he is keen to know why the investigators are interested in Frye and whether they have come across the "Men in Black."

After listening to whatever the investigators have to say on the matter, and assured of their good intentions, Titcomb is willing provide Elsie Caldwell's home address.

**Keeper note:** if the investigators do not visit Elsie's home residence, she can turn up at the newspaper office at a later point, or come looking for the investigators once she hears of their interest.

## ELSIE CALDWELL AT HOME

The investigators can track Elsie via Edward Titcomb (*Offices of the Ipswich Inquirer*, previous), find her by asking around the locals, or she can come looking for them.

The reporter lives in a fine big house, built in the Federal style, on Birch Street; befitting of her father's wealth and status. Calling for Elsie at the family residence requires a group **Luck** roll. If successful, Elsie answers the door; if failed, Anna the housekeeper answers the door, subjecting investigators to a battery of questions as to their persons and their business. A successful **Credit Rating**, **Charm**, **Fast Talk** or **Persuade** roll admits them to wait in an adjoining parlor.

Initially, Elsie is not pleased to see the investigators, mistaking them for protective service agents hired by her father in the wake of the disturbance at the *Ipswich Inquirer*. “So! My father doesn’t think I’m safe on the streets of Ipswich anymore, is that it?” she snaps, her blue eyes flashing dangerously. “You Pinkerton types can just march yourselves back to your office, because I won’t have you trailing me around like bloodhounds!”

Once assured the investigators have not been hired by her father to follow her every move, Elsie calms down. If she learns that the investigators are from *Strange But True!* Elsie is duly impressed. She assumes a professional, friendly demeanor. “What can one agent of the fourth estate do for another?” she asks. She can provide the following information:

- She was assigned the “space man” story by her editor a couple of weeks ago. Several residents living on the eastern edge of town had reported seeing a strange man tramping into and out of the salt marsh there, often with armloads of wire and tin. People in these same neighborhoods also reported seeing odd lights in the sky over the marshes.
- Elsie cruised the country lanes out near the salt marshes, hoping to find the mysterious stranger or see the strange lights herself, but was disappointed to find nothing. She left word with local scrap dealers and hardware store owners to contact her should a stranger come in looking to purchase quantities of metal and electrical parts. “*Ipswich is small and strangers stand out, you understand,*” she explains.
- Her hunch paid off when a call came in from old man Gore’s hardware store. Gore said he had a man there picking up all sorts of bric-a-brac, babbling all the while that he was close to finishing his “trans-Neptunian telephonic communicator.”
- Elsie raced to the hardware store and caught up with the strange man. He identified himself as Otis Frye and, sure enough, he said he was accumulating parts so he could signal his “Star Brothers” to come rescue him from Earth. There was some gibberish about government men tailing him, and the matter of the gold coins. At this point, Elsie reaches into her purse and pulls out a very strange gold coin. “*I bought this from old man Gore,*” she explains, handing the coin over to investigators for inspection.
- Elsie says it’s one of the coins that Frye used to pay old man Gore. The coin itself is quite unique: beautiful and disturbing, unlike any currency the investigators have ever seen before. Comprised of a shining gold alloy, the coin features a strange jellyfish shape on the obverse side, surrounded by circling sharks or porpoises, interspersed with an unknown script. The reverse side features what looks like a pillared structure draped in flowing bands of ribbons or seaweed.

**Keeper note:** investigators passing a **Cthulhu Mythos** roll recognize the deep ones’ handiwork. If consulted, numismatists are unable to identify the coin’s origin and the strange script, likewise, eludes translation.

If asked if she is worried about the “Men in Black” looking for her, she smiles and lifts a .38 revolver from her bag, saying she can handle any unwanted attentions.

Further questions get Elsie to cheerfully disclose her article’s sources:

- Lieutenant James Riley of the Ipswich Police. One officer said he saw strange lights over the marshes (**Ipswich Police Department**, following).
- Douglas Jenkin, who lives out on Rust Pond Road, who claims to have seen a “moon-man” late one night. She also learned that mysterious men in trench coats, asking after Otis Frye, had approached some residents. Those she spoke with seemed quite spooked by these visitors, who had an air of menace about them. They must be the same folk who caused a ruckus at the newspaper.
- In town, Elsie interviewed local shopkeepers; many of them had sold miscellaneous items to Otis Frye or saw him carrying armloads of geegaws to some unknown destination.
- She is very cautious about giving out Otis’ address; something she will only do if she feels the investigators can be trusted to be discrete (**Hard Persuade** roll).



**RAMPING IT UP**

To ratchet up the tension, the Keeper could have the carload of Innsmouth hybrids catch up with Elsie Caldwell at some point early in the scenario.

Depending on how grim the Keeper wants to present things, this could be anything from Elsie being harassed to a full-fledged kidnapping or murder attempt (the hybrids striving to put a firm lid on the situation). The investigators could receive a frightened call from Elsie for their help—do they reach her in time?

## IPSWICH POLICE DEPARTMENT

Calling at the Ipswich Police Department, the investigators are referred to Desk Lieutenant James Riley. Riley listens patiently to the investigators, viewing the Otis Frye “space man” business with good-natured bemusement. He believes Frye is a harmless eccentric just passing through town; in a year, nobody will remember Frye or his outlandish claims. He takes reports of strange lights and sounds over the salt marshes with a similar dollop of good-natured incredulity. *“I’m sure it’s all swamp gas and moonbeams,”* he chuckles.

If the investigators point out to Riley that they hear that a patrolman reported strange lights over the marshes, the Lieutenant sheepishly mutters that he should not have let that slip to Elsie Caldwell. He won’t give the name of the officer, as he does not want the man hounded or ridiculed. Certainly, no such report made it into the official department logbook.

Riley is more troubled by rumors of trench-coated toughs spooking the townsfolk. He suspects there may be bootleggers hiding out somewhere in the salt marshes, but it seems odd that they’d call such attention to themselves. Since no one has reported any real harm or mayhem, Riley is content to let the matter be unless there is serious provocation requiring a police response.

If asked about other residents reporting strange sightings, Riley discloses that his officers have responded to several calls of strange lights and sounds out by the salt marshes. He does not reveal which residents have been affected.

Riley is also disinclined to give out an address for Otis Frye, as he feels the young man has done himself enough damage without the investigators wading in to cause him more distress.

However, a successful **Persuade** roll (and suitable reassurances) will allow him to reveal Otis and his mother live in a house on Eliot Street, a stretch of roadway running between Ipswich and Innsmouth (**Hannah Frye’s House**, page 16).

**RAMPING IT UP**

The investigators could have a run-in with local police on a desolate stretch of backcountry road or downtown after dark. The officers are not antagonistic to the investigators but are a little keyed-up with all the recent reports of weirdness, and want to know what the investigators are doing out so late at night, and so on. If an awkward situation arises, the worst the police will do is haul the investigators to the station to ponder their actions overnight in a cell, whereupon they are released without charge the following morning. Of course, if the police witness the investigators engaging in criminal acts, then the consequences could be more severe!

The police can be a neutral encounter, a nuisance, or a fortunate occurrence should the investigators find themselves in a tight spot—perhaps a group **Luck** roll indicates a patrol car turns up just when the investigators could use some help.

## SHOP TALK

Otis Frye has made numerous shopping trips to Ipswich, purchasing armloads of hardware and gadgetry, and paying for it all with odd gold coins. He has patronized Gore's Hardware, Millard's Chemical Supply, Mason Radio & Electric, Marcorelle Contractor Supply, and Burnham's Optical and Lens Grinding Service. On the outskirts of town towards Rowley, Frye has also poked around Duncan's Salvage Yard for scrap tin.

Getting the various shopkeepers to talk is not difficult, especially if the investigators mention that they are from *Strange But True!* (a successful group **Luck** roll means a shopkeeper is a subscriber). From what the merchants say, the investigators can get together a short list of Frye's purchases (**Handout: Brothers #2**). Frye told several merchants, with apparent sincerity, that he was building a "trans-Neptunian telephonic communicator." The shopper got some long stares from several merchants, yet all readily accepted his gold coins at their registers.

At one or two of the shops, investigators passing a **Psychology** roll discern that the shopkeeper seems nervous or is withholding information. If pressed with a suitable social skill roll, the shopkeeper nervously explains that two men in black overcoats and fedoras entered the store just hours after Frye's last visit. They wanted to know what Frye purchased, what it was for, and if the shopkeeper knew where Frye was headed. These men were sinister: large builds, dark glasses covering their eyes, and pale, dead-white flesh. *"They looked completely bald, though it was hard to tell with the fedoras,"* says one of the shopkeepers. *"Matter of fact, I don't think they had eyebrows!"* The Men in Black walked stiffly, *"as if they'd just learned to walk,"* the merchant adds nervously. After squeezing information from the shopkeeper, they took the odd gold coins, exchanging them for American currency. They also warned the shopkeeper to keep his mouth shut about their visit. *"I probably shouldn't be talking to you,"* frets the store clerk, mopping a sweating brow.

Several stores report similar unwelcome visits from the Men in Black. Some think the toughs are government men, while another wonders if they are members of a criminal gang. All who encounter the Men in Black uniformly dread another visit from them and implore the investigators to keep their comments and names off the record.

If asked about Otis' home address, the various storekeepers state that they believe he lives with his mother far out of town on the Innsmouth road; they do not have an address.

## HANDOUT

## Brothers #2

Copper wiring  
Radio tubes  
Sheet metal  
Nails of various lengths  
Ball of twine  
Cylinder cranks  
Rubber belts  
Light bulbs  
Clock parts  
Magnets  
Punch cards

## RAMPING IT UP

Perhaps a paranoid shopkeeper suspects that the investigators are a test sent by the Men in Black. A successful **Psychoanalysis** roll at Regular difficulty, or a Hard **Persuade** roll, is required to pull the shopkeeper back from the edge of a dangerous response (perhaps he is gingerly clutching a shotgun beneath the counter) and become reasonable.

Another option: exiting a shop, an investigator making a successful **Spot Hidden** roll notices a late model black touring car pulling swiftly away from the curb. Its occupants are the men in black fedoras! Are the investigators being shadowed? Is the shop in imminent danger of another sinister visit? If the investigators have already had a run-in with the hybrids, do the hybrids actually confront the investigators and the shopkeeper?

The Keeper can dial up the tension as desired.

## OUT BY THE SALT MARSHES

Taking East Street out of Ipswich center, the investigators soon find themselves on the unimproved back roads and byways between Ipswich and Innsmouth, separated by miles of desolate salt marsh. The landscape is stark and beautiful in a lonesome sort of way. Residents are widely scattered and curiously closemouthed about their neighbors to the east—the furtive and clannish Innsmouthers. Knocking on doors leads investigators to locals who have seen and heard strange things in the salt marshes.

Like the downtown shopkeepers, the “Men in Black” have visited several of the locals out by the salt marshes. The frightened residents have been warned to keep their mouths shut about what they’ve seen and heard. Fearful, these folks must be convinced with a successful **Charm**, **Fast Talk**, **Persuade**, or even **Intimidate** roll to reveal what they know to investigators.

- George Fenton, a retired carpenter, says he’s seen some odd lights out over the marshes: eerie blue, green, red, yellow, and violet orbs that silently float, zig-zag, pitch and dip low in the night sky. Some lights shoot up hundreds of feet before suddenly winking out or jaggling haphazardly towards the ocean. He’s never seen anything like it before, and according to the handyman, *“It’s downright spooky.”* Fenton has spotted Otis Frye coming and going from the salt marshes, but the stranger does not appear to keep any set schedule. Fenton can show the investigators the stretch of marsh where he saw Frye disappear into the weeds—it’s not far from his house—but he has no interest in going more than a few steps into the marshy expanse.

**Keeper note:** should the investigators attempt to find and follow Frye’s tracks into the marsh, refer to **Meeting Otis Frye**, page 21.

- Old Widow Elsner has heard “strange croaking and screeching” in the salt marshes late at night. She wonders if her grandmother’s tales about witches and the “Man in the Marsh” having unholy gatherings in the swamps may be true after all. Widow Elsner has seen Otis Frye disappearing into the salt marsh from the road at odd times, always on foot, often with armloads of “tools and geegaws.” Where he goes in the marshes, Widow Elsner does not know. Even if she wanted to, she is too elderly and frail to follow the young man.

- Howard and Eunice Blake have also seen the lights late at night; thankfully after their young children are abed. Even stranger, they’ve seen an automobile flashing its headlamps, as if responding to the weird lights out over the marshes. The Blakes are skeptical about space men and think it all may have something to do with the bootleggers rumored to be hiding out in the fens. The Blakes have not seen Otis Frye in person but their children claim to have spoken with the man once or twice. He told the kids he is from another planet and is going back home soon. The Blakes do not want the investigators bothering their children, who in any case cannot add anything more substantive or helpful.
- One confirmed believer is Douglas Jenkin, a machinist at the local hosiery plant. Jenkin says he was returning home late from a second-shift stint at the plant when he got a flat tire. He was just getting the car going again when he caught something in the flash of his headlamps as they swung out over the roadside by the marshes. He describes a creature, perhaps three feet tall, grayish, standing on two legs, with enormous black saucer-like eyes; no nose, ears, or hair that he could see. Jenkin was so startled that he almost ran his car off the road. When he got the vehicle under control, the “moon-man” (as he calls it) was gone, vanished into the salt marsh. He sped home, but not before seeing “a glowing red ball of light” shoot into the sky out over the marsh. It was all he could do to keep his car on the road. *“That Frye fellow must be the genuine article,”* declares Jenkin, spitting a wad of tobacco juice onto the ground for emphasis. *“Feller must really be signaling for the airships, ‘cause I saw one of them moon-men with my own eyes!”*

### What is Really Going on Out Here?

Otis Frye’s elaborate space fantasy is contagious, the power of mass suggestion at work; however, the reality of the matter is just as disturbing.

George Fenton has seen some of the phosphorescent fungus the deep ones harvest in the dark depths of the Atlantic Ocean. On land, the creatures have found a use for the glowing stuff, using it to signal one another across the marsh, or to signal their Innsmouth hybrid allies (which is what the Blakes witnessed).

The deep ones affix the brightly luminescent fungus to long poles, smear it on stones for slinging high into the air, and even paste the stuff on unfortunate gulls they've captured for the purpose. The fungus is biologically harmless and soon loses its luminescent quality when exposed to air.

Typically, the bird, stone, or pole is well-nigh invisible in the darkened distance, leaving perplexed onlookers glimpsing oddly glowing lights bobbing and zipping across the night sky, winking out and then reappearing elsewhere. The deep ones also call out with harsh croaks and burbling howls. Old Widow Elsner has heard them more than once, resurrecting spooky folk tales of her childhood.

What about the "moon-man" spotted by Douglas Jenkin? In the flash of his Ford's headlamps, the machinist glimpsed a hunched-over deep one, emerging from the reeds of the salt marsh. His frightened mind translated the momentary sighting into an encounter with a 3-foot tall "moon-man." The deep one straightened up and retreated back into the fens before Jenkin could get a better look.

### RAMPING IT UP

One of the residents mentioned above, who has had enough of the situation (what with the investigators and the Men in Black bothering them) might come charging out their front door, rifle in hand, to challenge the strangers.

Good social skills and cool heads may be needed to avert potentially disastrous consequences.

In addition, when cruising the country roads out by the salt marsh, the investigators may spy a black, late-model touring car keeping tabs on them, racing off at speed if approached.

## CONCERNING OTIS FRYE

The following sections provide further details on Otis Frye and his mother Hannah, assuming the investigators decide to look into him and seek his whereabouts.

### RESEARCHING OTIS FRYE

Where did Otis "Space Man" Frye come from? Local directories list two Frye households: one in Ipswich (Lawrence Frye), the other in Gloucester (Michael Frye).

#### *Michael Frye*

In Gloucester, some 13 miles (21 km) distant, Michael Frye works as a lobsterman. He and his wife Constance are childless. They have never met nor known of an Otis Frye.

#### *Lawrence Frye*

The Ipswich Fries live on Elm Street in town. Lawrence Frye is an employee of the B&M Railroad Company; his wife Elizabeth is a homemaker. They have two young boys: Lawrence Jr. (11) and Theodore (8).

Lawrence and Elizabeth have heard of a woman named Hannah Frye living just over the town line towards neighboring, ill-rumored Innsmouth. Any Innsmouth directories the investigators may be able to obtain are woefully out of date, but there is a Frye listed out on Eliot Street, a lonely strip of road between Ipswich and Innsmouth (see **Hannah Frye's House**, following).

### HANNAH FRYE'S HOUSE

Hannah Frye's place is on Eliot Street, a desolate stretch of roadway between Ipswich and Innsmouth. Her ancient, 17th century saltbox-style farmhouse is slowly being devoured by time and the elements. Hannah's nearest neighbors are over three-quarters of a mile away—folk who are incurious about the business of others. As the crow flies, it should take around 20 minutes to get from Ipswich to the house on foot, but may take far longer due to the poor nature of the roads that meander through the area.

Hannah's house is surrounded by wide expanses of salt marsh and tidal inlets. The Fries are an old Innsmouth family that used to live in Innsmouth proper, but hastily moved to the marshy outskirts of Ipswich in the wake of the troubles of 1846.

Hannah will be at home when the investigators call. She welcomes them inside and appears eager to have visitors. Otis, however, is not at home.

### *A Note About Hannah*

Hannah was likely to be the last of her line but, one night, something crawled out of Marshy Creek and Hannah, beguiled by some form of magic, fell into its arms. Her son Otis Frye is the product of that unhappy union.

Despite, or perhaps because of, a life of lonesome privation punctuated by a singular unspeakable event, Hannah Frye has constructed a fantasy reality to insulate her from the stark madness of her experience. In the case of her son Otis, the apple has not fallen far from the tree. Hannah keeps up appearances as a housewife whose husband has “gone on an extended business trip.” The aged, failing farmhouse is filled with framed pictures of a happily married couple, some including a baby or small boy. A few depict a young man on his own; Hannah identifies each of these as a picture of Otis. Close inspection of these photographs reveals that the pictures are carefully clipped from magazines, and do not depict the same people; one of Otis’ is clearly the film star Rudolph Valentino.

### *In Conversation*

“*That’s my Gilbert,*” says Hannah fondly, picking up a framed picture of Woodrow Wilson, his wife, and one of his daughters, “*Such a handsome man. And our son, Otis, of course.*” If the increasingly obvious inaccuracies in the pictures are pointed out to Hannah, she blithely insists that the person making the remark is mistaken. A successful **Psychology** roll discerns that Hannah cannot be shaken from her delusions without risk of a complete and catastrophic psychological breakdown.

If asked about Otis, Hannah says he is a wonderful boy and dutiful son. “*He’s grown into quite the handsome young man, just like his father,*” she beams. She proudly shows visitors her son’s bedroom. “He’s going to be a great scientist someday,” she says. “He’s always interested in the latest things.” The bedroom is littered with dozens of pulp and popular science magazines. Even a casual inspection shows that Otis Frye is obsessed with outer space, other planets, otherworldly visitors, and rocket ship adventures. She shows no sign of concern for her missing son, who she claims is “out and about, doing science experiments.”

If asked about husband “Gilbert,” Hannah claims that he is a commercial traveler and frequently away on business. A successful **Psychology** roll discerns that Hannah firmly believes the truth of her own assertions. While he’s “often away,” a “man from the company” periodically visits to deliver her husband’s earnings and

her weekly grocery requirements. While these “wages” are standard American notes and coins, Hannah did have a small stash of Innsmouth gold, left behind by “Gilbert” after his fleeting visit; she convinced herself this was, in reality, her dowry, which she was saving for a rainy day. It is this hoard that Otis has pilfered to build his strange contraption.

**Keeper note:** in reality, Hannah’s “husband” is something even now swimming in the lightless depths of the Atlantic. The Innsmouth elders, aware of Hannah’s situation, provide her with meager funds and food to keep the delusional woman and her son under wraps until the boy’s deep one heritage asserts itself. Otis convincing himself that he’s a man from planet Neptune was not a development the Innsmouth elders anticipated, nor was Hannah’s possession of Innsmouth gold.

### **RAMPING IT UP**

While the investigators are paying a visit to Hannah Frye, a “man from the company” arrives with another pittance to meet her needs for another week.

The man is an Innsmouth hybrid and none too pleased to find the investigators there. He strides in menacingly and demands to know the reasons for their visit while refusing to reveal anything about himself.

If given the chance, he swiftly exits and reports the investigators to his masters in Innsmouth. If confronted, he strikes out in an attempt to escape and get to his car.

Use the **Men in Black** profile (page 27) for this unlikeable visitor.



## PROCEEDING EVENTS

Once the investigators have undertaken their initial research and spoken to the locals, things can begin to heat up. The following sections discuss the likely encounters with the Innsmouth hybrids (Men in Black), the deep ones (who are working together to find and capture Otis Frye), and, also, the bootleggers.

### THE INNSMOUTH HYBRIDS

The Innsmouth hybrids (Men in Black) are thugs dispatched by their town elders to retrieve or silence Otis Frye. The hybrids also aim to recover the deep one-wrought gold coins that Otis stole from his mother to fund his adventure. The hybrids work in collusion with their full-blooded deep one kindred: the hybrids cover the searches in town while the more monstrous deep ones scour the salt marshes, free from human interference.

The hybrids' contact with investigators is likely minimal early on, helping to maximize the mystery surrounding these sinister Men in Black. As the word gets out that "outsiders" are also working the Otis Frye story, the hybrids take notice of the investigators, drawing the two parties into a tightening orbit until they eventually encounter one another: on the part of the hybrids, first surveillance, then intimidation tactics, and then direct action (if all else fails).

Initially, awareness of the hybrids is from second-hand reports by rattled locals who have seen or been visited by the so-called "Men in Black." Elsie Caldwell's newspaper article also briefly mentions their presence. Next, the hybrids may be spotted in their black touring car, its license plate strategically obscured by scratches and mud. They slowly cruise the lanes of Ipswich and its surrounding land on the lookout for Otis Frye, intimidating residents whom they've warned to keep quiet. The car roars off if the investigators get too close. If the investigators have their own car, this could make for an exciting chase across twisting secondary roads and through the salt marshes on doubtful tracks barely wide enough for an automobile.

#### CAR CHASE

If an automobile chase ensues, the hybrids attempt to lose pursuers on the twisting back roads of the North Shore, eventually heading for Innsmouth. Chase locations could include narrow tracks skirting the salt marshes, winding country roads through fields and woods, and barreling through the streets of Ipswich.

Various hazards and required skill rolls might include:

- A huge pothole in the road (**Drive Auto**).
- A slow-moving farmer's tractor (combined **Spot Hidden** and **Drive Auto** to overtake safely).
- A narrow, blind curve (**Drive Auto**).
- A small sapling that has fallen partly across the lane (**Drive Auto**).
- The road going from pavement to a dirt track (combined **Spot Hidden** and **Drive Auto**).
- A large puddle of surprising depth (combined **Spot Hidden** and **Drive Auto**).
- A cow that has wandered onto the road from a nearby field (**Drive Auto**).
- A couple of running children, oblivious to road traffic (combined **Spot Hidden** and **Drive Auto**).
- Pleasure cyclists taking up most of the road (**Luck** roll or loss of an action).
- A work crew fixing a pipe, taking up half the roadway (**Luck** roll or loss of an action).

*Other Encounters: Rising in Severity*

After hearing about them, or after a brief encounter where the Men in Black are spotted but disappear, an investigator passing a **POW** roll gets a strong sense of being watched. A successful **Spot Hidden** roll discerns a black-clad, fedora-topped stranger staring daggers at them with wide, unblinking eyes. If aware they've been noticed, the hybrid slinks off, slipping around a convenient corner or getting into a sinister black car that swiftly pulls away from the curb.

Investigators may discover their hotel room has been ransacked. The hybrids were looking for personal information.

Finally, if the investigators persist, the hybrids opt for the direct approach. They will try to close in on an investigator while alone and away from the safety of others. The heavies demand to know why the investigator is interested in Otis Frye and warn the investigator off with dire threats. For their part, the hybrids do not carry any identification and—if asked—claim that they work for a very powerful authority without revealing specifics. Those who get up close and personal with the Men in Black notice the following details:

- They are all male, uniformly garbed in black suits, dark overcoats, and wide-brimmed black fedoras.
- They have dead-white skin that hangs loosely in some places and pulls too tightly in others. It almost appears as if they are wearing skin-like masks (a freakish effect of the hybrids going through their physiological changes from human to deep one).
- All appear completely hairless.
- Their eyes are overlarge and almost entirely black. Noses and ears appear malformed and shrunken.
- Their movements are very stiff and deliberate, almost mechanical. It is as if they are assiduously attempting to walk like normal people.
- Their voices are gravely and croaky.

## THE DEEP ONES

These ichthyic horrors stay off camera for much of the scenario, helping to preserve a sense of mystery and otherworldliness, especially if veteran investigators have previously encountered these monsters. Seasoned investigators may suspect their involvement, but nothing will prematurely pierce the veil of mystery like a direct sighting. Investigators may observe their strange glowing light-signals, hear their belching hoots and gurgling cries over the marshes, or perhaps even spot a half-effaced web-print in the muck, soon washed away by the tide.

The deep ones signal their hybrid allies by means of the strange, glowing deep-sea fungus they have brought up expressly for this purpose. These are, of course, the source of the odd “airship lights” spotted over the marshes by bewildered locals.

When the deep ones do make their appearance, their behavior can be as murderous or as mysterious as the Keeper desires. Theirs is an alien psychology and their reactions to human situations can be baffling. If investigators greet them with violence, the creatures likely respond in kind but without overly risking their eternal lives—better to escape to live another day than fall by the hand of a shotgun wielding investigator.

The deep ones move to claim Otis Frye, but the Keeper must decide whether they pursue their goal with tenderness or terror in order to guide him to the sea. Do the monsters care if the investigators cut down their hybrid cousins? Most disturbingly, could the creatures recognize something deep and genetic in one of the investigators, carefully avoiding hurting the investigator and departing from them with a sort of salutation? Does that investigator later discover ominously blank episodes in their family history? When these deep-water monsters finally lurch into view, their behavior—malicious or maddening—can reflect their truly inhuman origins and psychology.

**PLANTING SEEDS FOR THE NEXT SCENARIO:** *Inheritance*

If you are planning to run *Inheritance*, the next scenario in the sequence, then you may wish to foreshadow the fact that one of the investigators is a deep one hybrid. Maybe they are spared, or even treated with inappropriate kindness and gentleness by the deep ones and hybrids they encounter. Some may make cryptic references to the investigator being a “cousin” or “friend.” Perhaps, most disconcertingly, the investigator might notice some subtle resemblance between the hybrids and members of their own family, or even themselves. Try not to overplay things, but drop in the odd moment to encourage the investigator concerned to question their identity.

## THE BOOTLEGGERS

Prowling deep ones and Innsmouth hybrids may not be the only dangerous denizens lurking in the salt marshes. At the Keeper's discretion, some armed bootleggers are also hiding out in the fens. Entrepreneurial scofflaws Eddy Hogue, Jimmy Click, and Aaron Brock have been doing well for themselves running hooch to thirsty North Shore residents. Their small still is hidden deep in the salt marsh. Their operation is small enough not to draw the attention of the bigger rackets running out of Arkham and Boston.

The bootleggers have seen their share of strangeness in the salt marshes. It's a lonely and treacherous territory even under normal circumstances. In these days and nights of high strangeness, the salt marshes have gone from suggestively foreboding to downright sinister. The bootleggers are spooked, and with good reason: they've heard the guttural croaking late at night, they've seen phantom lights darting across the night sky, and they've felt the sensation of being watched by something uncanny and hidden deep in the reeds. Added to all this, they've seen a black touring car prowling the roads skirting the salt marshes. They are starting to question whether their business has drawn the unwelcome notice of dangerous rivals or government men. The criminals have heard of Otis Frye's claims and, in their growing panic, have begun to wonder if the odd fellow might really be calling something down from the stars.

To make matters worse, Aaron Brock has gone missing. A couple of nights ago, Brock went tearing off deeper into the marsh, convinced someone was spying on their camp. When Brock did not return, his two partners were too scared to go after him, even when daylight came. Hogue and Click are currently debating whether to quit the salt marshes when the investigators encounter them. How, or if, the investigators run across the bootleggers can be decided by the Keeper.

- Chasing after odd lights or strange sounds, the investigators push through some tall grass and stumble into the bootleggers' camp. If the bootleggers are present, a successful **Charm**, **Fast Talk**, **Intimidate**, or **Persuade** roll is needed to convince Hogue and Click not to do something ill-considered and rash.
- The bootleggers could be spotted making their way back to their still and be followed. If aware they're being followed (failed investigator **Stealth** rolls), the bootleggers try to elude their pursuers in the marsh. A chase could entail **Jump** and **Swim** rolls to cross the brackish inlets, **DEX** or **Jump** rolls to avoid sucking mud flats, **Listen** rolls to hear the snap of reeds, and **Navigate** rolls

to keep from becoming hopelessly disoriented in the marshy wasteland.

- While exploring the salt marshes, the investigators are stopped in their tracks at gunpoint by Click and Hogue. The bootleggers demand to know who the investigators are and why they're tramping about the fens. Hopefully, a successful **Charm**, **Persuade**, **Intimidate**, or **Fast Talk** roll gets the criminals to lower their guns for a civil conversation.
- For added menace, the investigators might stumble across the corpse of Aaron Brock while exploring the salt marshes. The body is face down in a tidal stream, slowly being devoured by insects, small fish, and crabs. The horrid sight of the torn-apart body provokes a **Sanity** roll (1/1D4 loss). A successful **Medicine** roll determines the body has been here for several days. Cause of death appears to be numerous deep slashes and cuts—this man ran afoul of something much larger than crabs and crayfish. The **Medicine** roll also confirms that the wounds are consistent with a mauling by a large predator. (If the initial **Medicine** roll was unsuccessful, this could be revealed by a **Natural World** roll.) If checked, no local zoos report such animals missing, and there are no traveling circuses passing through the region.

**Keeper note:** poor Aaron Brock, chasing mystery lights, ran right into a deep one and was eviscerated on the spot. The stream's tidal flow has erased any prints the deep one may have left.

If using the bootleggers in the scenario, here are some additional thoughts for the Keeper:

- What tactics do the bootleggers use to keep the investigators from their still and business?
- Could the bootleggers become unlikely allies, coming to the aid of investigators in a tight spot?
- Are the bootleggers a red herring, the investigators making the mistaken assumption that they are the crooks are behind the mystery lights or are connected to the Men in Black prowling the region?
- The bootleggers might be a nuisance rather than a genuine menace; curious about the investigators' mission and pestering the investigators to help them find their missing pal Aaron Brock.

- The bootleggers may be entirely absent from the scenario if the Keeper thinks that the investigators already have enough on their plates. To keep things simple, all three bootleggers could be found murdered in the salt marsh: slashed to ribbons, their makeshift still and camp violently trashed. Apply **Sanity** rolls as appropriate.
- Perhaps the investigators receive an excited call from Elsie Caldwell. She's managed to pick up Otis Frye, but now she thinks they're being followed! Can the investigators meet up with them in time before the Men in Black make their play?
- If the bootleggers feature in the scenario, perhaps they've discovered Otis Frye's salt marsh hideaway and can lead the investigators to him.

## MEETING OTIS FRYE

The sad, delusional figure at the center of this mystery appears only when the Keeper determines that the investigators have had enough poking around Ipswich, seen some weirdness out by the salt marshes, and perhaps had some run-ins with the Men in Black or the jittery bootleggers.

For a more procedural approach to finding Otis Frye, some options include the following:

- Staking out the downtown stores in the hope that Otis Frye returns for more gear. Each day, investigators on a stakeout can attempt a **Luck** roll. With success, Otis puts in an appearance. The Keeper may inject some tension if the Men in Black are also prowling the downtown area for Otis. Do the investigators get to Otis before the hybrids? Or do the investigators have an opportunity to rescue Otis from a couple of the heavies?
- Locals, like George Fenton (**Out by the Salt Marshes**, page 16), can show investigators where they saw Otis coming and going from the salt marshes. With a successful **Track** roll, the investigators can follow Frye's trail back to his tumbledown hideout in the marsh. The investigators may also find separate tracks leading to the bootlegger's camp (if they are featured in the scenario). For added weirdness, perhaps tracking investigators also come across a partially obscured deep one footprint; a **Natural World** roll determines that this strange spoor is quite an anomaly.
- If investigators think that Otis may return to his mother's house, the Keeper could have him appear there. Perhaps Otis makes one last trip to his family home to say goodbye to his mother or to pick up a few more treasured magazines before his rendezvous with his "Star Brothers."

## OTIS FRYE'S HIDEOUT

When he's not out on one of his purchasing trips or avoiding the Men in Black, Otis has taken to residing in a tumbledown old house deep in the salt marsh: a forgotten and abandoned residence. The salt- and sand-scoured house is mostly uninhabitable: its shingled roof is disintegrating; its windows are cracked and caked with grime, while chinks in the siding admit a most mournful whistle of the wind. Whatever track once led to the house is half-obliterated by disuse and the steady encroachment of the marsh. Otis Frye's travels to and from his new residence can be followed with a successful **Track** roll.

Otis has patched up one room on the ground floor of the old place—formerly the side parlor—for his living quarters. The second floor and ancient cupola are too rotted to support any significant weight, posing a dangerous hazard to anyone attempting to navigate the upper levels of the house (a failed **Luck** roll means a fall through the floorboards at an inopportune moment, taking 1D6 damage; halved with a successful **Jump** roll).

In the parlor, Otis keeps his spare clothing in neat piles, along with other incidentals: can opener; small pocket-knife; bandana tied to the end of a stick; half-eaten chocolate bar; a couple of treasured, curled, and dog-eared Planet Raiders pulp magazines. A small stockpile of canned goods and a makeshift camping stove attest to Frye's dietary regimen, supplemented by an occasional morsel he finds swimming or crawling in the inlets and tidal pools surrounding the old house. The dwelling does have a basement, accessible via a rickety wooden staircase from the disused kitchen. The basement is half-filled with stagnant, brackish water.

Although he unconsciously denies his deep one heritage, his genetics are winning out. Otis has taken to bathing in the stale salty water of the dark basement, forsaking the nearby inlets as too exposed for this purpose.

*Discovering Otis At Home*

Investigators discovering the decaying house find signs of his occupation but can't locate Otis. Successful **Listen** rolls discern splashing noises coming from the basement. Descending the rickety stairs, the investigators' first glimpse of Otis may be a flashlight beam playing across a whitish, bulgy-eyed form slowly rising out of the subterranean pool, water streaming in dripping rivulets from waxy-pale arms, torso, and skull. Otis has begun the physical transformation consistent with the Innsmouth Curse: muscled ridges bulge horizontally across his neck, the beginnings of gill slits; his hair has thinned dramatically, pulling free in clumps with each grooming; his mouth is widening; and his eyes are becoming ever more watery and bulbous. His stooping posture and shuffling gait ease the pain in his spine and legs, his physiognomy increasingly rejecting a landward existence, aching for the sea. Frye's skin is pale with patches of a scaly rash.

Investigators wise to the Innsmouth Look may recognize the telltale signs. If the investigators have had a good look at the hybrid thugs on Frye's trail, a successful **INT** roll indicates an unhealthy similarity between the looks of those men and the scrawny dreamer standing before them (provoking 0/1 Sanity loss if the connection is made).

If not caught bathing, Frye wears oversized, well-worn clothing, buttoned up at the collar, concealing his increasingly shocking physical deformities.

**Keeper note:** Otis keeps his stash of stolen Innsmouth gold coins in a sackcloth bag submerged in the black water of the basement pool. Only a plunge into the cold, stagnant, waist-deep waters in the lightless basement, combined with a thorough search, reveals the small fortune (possibly a combined **Swim** and **Spot Hidden** roll to find the treasure quickly; otherwise, a prolonged search discovers the loot).

*Discovering Otis Elsewhere*

Depending on the investigators' strategies and the Keeper's whim, Otis can eventually be found at home in his tumbledown new residence, stepping out of a local shop with a precious armload of newly purchased geegaws, or spotted lurching out of the tall reeds of the salt marsh. Seekers find Otis Frye to have an air of adventurous expectancy about him.

## TALKING TO OTIS

If approached in a courteous manner, Frye responds in kind. If assured that the investigators are not "government men" looking to steal his "advanced technology" or study his "superior Neptunian physique," Frye enthusiastically shares his story.

Frye affirms that he is a castaway from the planet Neptune, inadvertently left behind on Earth by his "Star Brothers" and adopted by Hannah Frye, his human mother. He says his mother has been wonderful, although she kept her son away from other children and out of the schools, recognizing his superior Neptunian intelligence and extraterrestrial sensitivities. He loves her, but now it is time to return home.

Frye has no memory of his human father, as "*he's been away a long time on an extended business trip.*" A man from his father's company comes by the Frye household once in a while to supply them with money. Otis now suspects that the man is really a secret government agent, sent to spy on him. Frye knows the Men in Black are following him. He's convinced they, too, are federal agents that mean him no good.

With a little prompting, Frye proudly shows the investigators his "trans-Neptunian telephonic communicator." If the investigators show their *Strange But True!* newspaper credentials, Frye hopes that his story encourages other planetary visitors to reconnect with their own star brethren, ushering the people of Earth into the "Cosmic League of Planets." Otis rattles off a number of other galactic races and civilizations: the machine men of Aith-Zartoz; dog-beings of Xinatok; sky-warriors of Tralal; giant, six-eyed sorcerer-scientists of Mercury, etc. Any investigators familiar with pulp adventure magazines (or making a successful **Know** roll) recognize these fantastic beings as lifted straight from the pages of the pulps. If this is pointed out to Frye, he smiles with knowing smugness, asserting that the stories really are disseminating the truth in the guise of fiction, "*right under the noses of the government men!*"

A successful **Psychology** roll confirms that poor Otis believes every word of his assertions. No amount of **Psychoanalysis** skill pulls him out of his delusions—any alienist making the attempt is up against a mountain of fantasy, layered-on since early childhood, buttressed by alien (deep one) impulses deep in Frye's genes.



## THE TRANS-NEPTUNIAN TELEPHONIC COMMUNICATOR

Deep in the salt marshes, in a patch of clearing not far from his new home, Otis has built his “trans-Neptunian telephonic communicator.” The device, he asserts, will summon his “Star Brothers.”

It’s a chaotic amalgam of scrap metal, machined parts, gears, twine, electric bulbs, chemical batteries, vacuum tubes, wooden framework, and wires conforming to no known principles of scientific or mechanical engineering.

At the throw of a switch-plate bolted to a nearby hickory tree, the entire contraption shudders and buzzes to life: a blinking, spinning, humming, clacking web of interconnected geegaws; impressive in a pathetic, roadside-carnival sort of way. “*They’ll be here soon,*” affirms Frye happily, checking the innumerable flashing bulbs and gyrating cogs of his improbable contraption.

If not guided to the clearing by Otis, investigators are unlikely to find the device on their own. The salt marsh is vast. The investigators may attempt a group **Luck** roll once every 4 hours of searching to locate the clearing and the device.

## THE FINAL COUNTDOWN

According to Frye’s calculations and machine readouts (one of his devices spits out random punch cards), the “Star Brothers” could come for him any night now. He has to relocate to the clearing to be ready for their arrival. The investigators are welcome to join him, he says, to witness and document the glorious reunion.

Frye makes camp in the clearing next to his “trans-Neptunian telephonic communicator.” The sun sets and the moon rises over the marshes, casting an eerily pallid sheen over the gurgling inlets and whispering grasses. The hours pass. The weird device clicks and whirs, blinks and hums, occasionally spitting out a randomly-marked punch card. Otis studies these assiduously with approving noises. “*Soon, now,*” he murmurs. An owl hoots and something flies overhead. In the marsh, there’s a splash and the squawk of disturbed waterfowl, then the night grows quiet once again.

Far after midnight (perhaps requiring a **CON** roll for those keeping vigil to stay awake), strange lights appear in the skies. Violet and orange, they shoot up out of the marsh and dive again into the distant reeds. More lights appear, multicolored orbs materializing in the sky, getting closer. Something inhuman shrieks in the distance, answered by a similarly tortured hoot at a further remove. Those succeeding at a **Listen** roll realize that, based on the sounds, there’s a good chance they are being flanked, possibly cut off from escape to the distant road. Frye is ecstatic, believing his “Star Brothers” are at last coming to claim him.

In reality, the Innsmouth hybrids and deep ones are closing in on Frye’s clearing. If the investigators are not with Frye but are themselves secretly watching him from cover, a successful **Stealth** roll keeps them hidden from the encroaching hybrids and deep ones; otherwise, their position has been marked. The forces inimical to Otis Frye’s fantasy move in to bring a swift end to the business.

- Assume one hybrid and one deep one for each investigator present. The Keeper can easily adjust numbers down to avoid too much bloodshed if desired.
- The hybrids shoot a volley of flares into the sky, temporarily lighting all below in a blinding, phosphorous white glare.
- Otis Frye shouts, “*The airship! Come, my Star Brothers!*” He falls to his knees in a paroxysm of expectant ecstasy.
- The hybrids burst from cover in the tall grass, rushing into the clearing.
- Croaking and hissing, the deep ones splash out of the nearby inlets, salt water streaming from their hides, shambling forward to claim Frye.

If the investigators are in the clearing, they are caught up in the melee as the Mythos forces seek to subdue those present. The hybrids and deep ones are not fixatedly murderous but respond in kind if greeted with lethal force. Those seeking to duck the melee—hiding amid the tall grasses and mud-caked channels—can do so with a successful **Hard Stealth** roll; otherwise, no such luck.

The deep ones and hybrids seek to round up and subdue anyone present. If investigators are not well hidden, a merry chase through the salt marsh may ensue.

Some potential hazards and barriers include:

- Flooded tidal areas (**Swim** rolls to cross).
- Tripping over fallen logs and clumps of turf (**Jump** rolls to avoid).
- Heading in the wrong direction (**Navigate** rolls to avoid).
- Sucking mud (**CON** or **STR** rolls to press on through).

## CONSIDERATIONS AND CONSEQUENCES

Some possibilities for the scenario's climax could include the following events:

### ***Bootleggers!***

If the bootleggers are in the marsh, there's a chance they'll wade into the thick of things, coming to the aid of desperate investigators, or simply shooting at the moving shapes, believing them to be police on their trail. The Keeper should, sportingly, have the bootleggers aim at the hybrids and deep ones rather than the investigators.

### ***Investigators Beaten***

If the hybrids and deep ones best the investigators, it's not necessarily a death sentence, unless the investigators have been particularly bloodthirsty. Their foes may be content to subdue or knock out the investigators, allowing the deep ones to simply vanish into the marsh, headed for the open sea. The hybrids, for their part, may truss up the beaten investigators, threatening them with terrible reprisals should they ever breathe (or print) a word of what has happened in the salt marsh this night.

### ***Otis is Captured***

If Otis Frye is captured, he is spirited away, never to be heard from again.

### ***Investigators Save the Day***

If events go against the hybrids and deep ones, they seek to drag away their fallen comrades and melt back into the marsh. Otis Frye will be a vexing problem for another day.

If Otis Frye survives and is not spirited away by Mythos forces, his brush with his genetic kindred sparks an all-consuming awareness. Suddenly, realizing his true heritage, Otis falls semi-catatonic, his half-human brain ruptured by blasphemous revelation. If left in the care of humanity, he spends an unhappy future in the nearby Danvers State Hospital for the Insane, tormented by walls that keep him from the sea. Perhaps, the investigators take pity on the poor man and, listening to his mumbled chatter about "returning to the sea," allow Otis to slink into the water and swim away, finally willing to accept his true heritage.

## CONCLUSION

Do the investigators get a cracking good story to delight editor Elijah Cleaver and the readers of *Strange But True!*? Dare they publish what they've uncovered? Now that they've made themselves known to the folk of Innsmouth and the deep ones, what, if anything, could happen next? Part One of *Flotsam and Jetsam* has ended—perhaps these same investigators will find their dealings with strange, fish-like people are not at an end should they encounter the mystery posed in part two of this serialized campaign: *Inheritance*.

## REWARDS

- If the investigators manage to fend off the final attack of the hybrids and deep ones: +1D6 Sanity points to each investigator.
- If Otis is saved from the clutches of the deep ones and hybrids, and taken to an asylum: +1D3 Sanity points to each investigator.
- If Otis is saved and released on his own recognition: +1 Sanity point to each investigator.
- If Otis is allowed to go to the sea by his own choice: +1D3 Sanity points to each investigator.
- If Otis is dragged away screaming by Mythos forces: -1D6 Sanity points from each investigator.
- Bringing a useable story back for Elijah Cleaver: +1D4 Sanity points to each investigator

# CHARACTERS AND MONSTERS

## CHARACTERS

### ELSIE CALDWELL *AGE 23, CONFIDENT YOUNG REPORTER*

STR 45	CON 65	SIZ 40
DEX 55	INT 75	APP 80
POW 60	EDU 65	SAN 60
HP 10	DB: 0	Build: 0
Move: 9	MP: 12	

Fighting (Brawl) 25% (12/5), damage 1D3  
 .38 revolver 25% (12/5), damage 1D10  
 Dodge 27% (13/5)

**Skills:** Art/Craft (Journalism) 40%, Art/Craft (Photography) 45%, Charm 80%, Credit Rating 70%, Drive Auto 65%, Fast Talk 50%, History 30%, Library Use 40%, Listen 50%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 40%, Stealth 30%, Swim 50%.

### EDWARD TITCOMB *AGE 47, NEWSPAPER EDITOR*

STR 60	CON 50	SIZ 60
DEX 50	INT 75	APP 40
POW 60	EDU 75	SAN 60
HP 11	DB: 0	Build: 0
Move: 7	MP: 12	

Fighting (Brawl) 25% (12/5), damage 1D3  
 Dodge 25% (12/5)

**Skills:** Accounting 60%, Art/Craft (Journalism) 70%, Art/Craft (Photography) 55%, Credit Rating 55%, History 50%, Law 40%, Library Use 55%, Listen 60%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 50%.

### LIEUTENANT JAMES RILEY *AGE 56, IPSWICH POLICE DEPARTMENT*

STR 65	CON 55	SIZ 70
DEX 50	INT 60	APP 50

POW 50	EDU 55	SAN 50
HP 12	DB: +1D4	Build: 1
Move: 5	MP: 10	

Fighting (Brawl) 65% (32/13), damage 1D3+1D4  
 .38 revolver 60% (30/12), damage 1D10  
 Dodge 40% (20/8)

**Skills:** Credit Rating 60%, Drive Auto 55%, Fast Talk 45%, Intimidate 45%, Jump 40%, Law 55%, Listen 50%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 55%, Stealth 45%, Throw 40%.

### TYPICAL IPSWICH POLICE OFFICER

STR 65	CON 55	SIZ 65
DEX 55	INT 50	APP 50
POW 50	EDU 40	SAN 50
HP 12	DB: +1D4	Build: 1
Move: 8	MP: 10	

Fighting (Brawl) 65% (32/13), damage 1D3+1D4  
 .38 revolver 60% (30/12), damage 1D10  
 Dodge 40% (20/8)

**Skills:** Credit Rating 40%, Drive Auto 55%, Fast Talk 35%, Intimidate 45%, Jump 40%, Law 35%, Listen 50%, Persuade 45%, Psychology 35%, Spot Hidden 50%, Stealth 35%, Swim 40%, Throw 40%.

### HANNAH FRYE *AGE 46, DELUSIONAL MOTHER*

STR 35	CON 50	SIZ 50
DEX 40	INT 40	APP 35
POW 35	EDU 20	SAN 10
HP 10	DB: 0	Build: 0
Move: 6	MP: 7	

Fighting (Brawl) 25% (12/5), damage 1D3  
 Dodge 20% (10/4)

**Skills:** Cthulhu Mythos 2%, Delude Self 95%, Keep House 65%.

## OTIS FRYE

### AGE 22. MISBEGOTTEN SON

STR 60	CON 65	SIZ 45
DEX 55	INT 65	APP 30
POW 60	EDU 20	SAN 10
HP 11	DB: 0	Build: 0
Move: 9	MP: 12	

Fighting (Brawl) 25% (12/5), damage 1D3  
Dodge 27% (13/5)

**Skills:** Cthulhu Mythos 1%, Delude Self 90%, Disguise 30%, Electrical Repair 45%, Jump 65%, Listen 55%, Lore (Pulp Stories) 80%, Mechanical Repair 55%, Natural World 20%, Navigate 35%, Stealth 40%, Survival 35%, Swim 70%.

## JIMMY CLICK AND EDDY HOGUE. AGES 24 AND 23. BOOTLEGGERS

STR 65	CON 65	SIZ 65
DEX 55	INT 50	APP 55
POW 45	EDU 40	SAN 45
HP 13	DB: +1D4	Build: 1
Move: 8	MP: 9	

Fighting (Brawl) 45% (22/9), damage 1D3+1D4  
.30-06 rifle 45% (22/9), damage 2D6+4  
Dodge 27% (13/5)

**Skills:** Drive Auto 40%, Fast Talk 50%, Intimidate 45%, Listen 35%, Natural World 15%, Navigate 30%, Psychology 35%, Stealth 40%, Swim 35%, Throw 35%.

## ADVERSARIES

### MEN IN BLACK

#### HUMAN-DEEP ONE HYBRIDS

Use the following profile for all the hybrids:

STR 65	CON 65	SIZ 60
DEX 65	INT 60	APP 30
POW 50	EDU 35	SAN —
HP 12	DB: +1D4	Build: 1
Move: 8/8*	MP: 10	

\*Swimming.

Attacks per round: 1 (brawl or weapon)  
Fighting (Brawl) 40% (20/8), damage 1D3+1D4  
.32 revolver 40% (20/8), damage 1D8  
Dodge 32% (16/6)

**Skills:** Drive Auto 40%, Intimidate 60%, Listen 50%, Natural World 20%, Stealth 50%, Swim 60%, Throw 40%.

**Sanity loss:** none while covered in dark glasses, hat, and clothes; 0/1D4 Sanity points to see a hybrid's true form.

### DEEP ONES

#### SEA-LOVING FISH-FROG PEOPLE

STR 70	CON 50	SIZ 80
DEX 50	INT 65	APP —
POW 50	EDU —	SAN —
HP 13	DB: +1D4	Build: 1
Move: 8/10*	MP: 10	

\*Swimming.

Attacks per round: 1 (claw, bite, or weapon)

Fighting 45% (22/9), damage 1D6+1D4  
Spear 45% (22/9), damage 1D8+1D4  
Dodge 25% (12/5)

**Skills:** Listen 40%, Stealth 55%, Swim 90%, Throw 45%.

**Special:** Breathe Underwater—requires no exterior help to breathe underwater and is equally capable of breathing on land.

**A armor:** 1-point skin and scales.

**Spells:** deep ones have a 40% chance of knowing 1D4 spells (advise no spells for this scenario).

**Sanity loss:** 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a deep one.



## APPENDIX: HANDOUTS

**HANDOUT****Brothers #1****SPACE MAN NEEDS RIDE HOME***By Elsie Caldwell, special to the Ipswich Inquirer*

A strange being has been haunting Ipswich recently, causing no little stir. His name is Otis Frye, and he claims to be from another planet! Whatever star Frye hails from, he has been a boon to local hardware and electrical supply merchants, purchasing all manner of implements for, affirms Frye, a trip to outer space.

This reporter caught up with Frye as he was leaving Gore's Hardware on Main Street. For a space man, Frye looks human enough, though far from a modern Adonis. He claims to be from Neptune, and needs the equipment to signal his fellow star brothers to retrieve him from Earth. Frye did not loiter long, claiming that government men are following him. Frye claims they wish to steal his technology and study his physique for science. Local merchants aren't complaining, as Frye pays for his space supplies with odd gold coins. Chester Gore of Gore's Hardware says, "I don't care if he's from Jupiter or Tahiti. As long as he keeps paying with these gold coins, he can be from anywhere he wants."

While Frye's claims are outlandish, his lunacy seems contagious, as several local citizens have lately reported seeing strange sights, suggesting that Essex County may be hosting a convention of moon-men. What with reports of strange lights flitting over the salt marshes for the past several nights and odd noises being heard, the place is abuzz with Frye's talk of his long-lost space brothers. Rumor has it that at least one individual has seen a "moon-man" late one night, although this reporter suspects it may be moonshine, not moon-men, behind the report! Ipswich Police state they have found no mystery airships landing in our woods and marshes.

Several townsfolk report being approached by men in dark trench coats and fedoras asking after Otis Frye. Perhaps Frye's assertions are correct that G-men are on his trail, although they are more likely interested in Frye's gold coins than his purported origin from the planet Neptune.

Should any *Ipswich Inquirer* subscribers happen to take a trip with Frye to another planet, we would appreciate their getting in touch with this reporter, as it would be quite an exclusive! In all probability, the farthest Mr. Frye will get is a one-way trip to Danvers State Hospital. We wish him  
Godspeed.

**HANDOUT****Brothers #2**

Copper wiring

Radio tubes

Sheet metal

Nails of various lengths

Ball of twine

Cylinder cranks

Rubber belts

Light bulbs

Clock parts

Magnets

Punch cards



# IPSWICH & ENVIRONS

## KEEPER'S MAP



### - LEGEND -

- |                       |                                              |
|-----------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| ① Hannah Frye's House | ③ Otis Frye's Hideout                        |
| ② Bootlegger Camp     | ④ Trans-Neptunian<br>Telephonic Communicator |











# IPSWICH & ENVIRONS

## PLAYERS' MAP



