Deep Water

By Chris Hamje and Erik Lundberg

Deep Water is intended as a beginning scenario with which to kick off a large-scale Cult of Transcendence campaign. Although it is designed for a group of investigators who are already a part of Delta Green, it should not be difficult to adapt it to a group of law enforcement officials with no prior supernatural experience (considering the large amount of "vanilla" investigation present). It is recommended to run this scenario with at least four, but no more than six players.

Investigator Information

Since a massive rig explosion in April 2010, the Destiny Transea oil spill disaster in the Gulf of Mexico has amounted to the largest oil spill in United States history. Repeated attempts to stymie the leak occurred for over a month, each failing to stem the tide of the 20,000 to 40,000 gallons of destructive oil spewing out into the gulf each day. Facing perhaps the largest environmental disaster of their generation, the American people cried out for government intervention and for harsh penalties on the parent owner of the Destiny Transea offshore drilling rig -- United Kingdom Resource Systems (UKRS). In fact, on June 1, 2010, UKRS claimed that its own expenditures on the cleanup effort had exceeded $990 million -- and this figure did not include federal fines, nor the hundreds of suits and claims brought against the corporation by fishermen and other affected industries.

Two days ago, tragedy struck the already-embattled UKRS -- a private plane ferrying the Chairman and President of UKRS America Landon Day and their Chief Operating Officer Benjamin Tuttle from a private airport in Warrenville, Illinois to the Gulf, crashed outside of Tuckerman, Arkansas, killing all aboard. Because Tuttle was leading UKRS public reaction to the Destiny Transea spill, the accident was highly publicized -- the cause of the crash was determined by investigators to have been a faulty rotor that had slipped past prior inspection.

However, nothing is what it seems. The investigators (all Delta Green agents or friendlies) have each in turn been invited to a Night at the Opera. Appropriate paperwork was filed with their respective agencies to allow for two weeks' leave, and they were emailed travel vouchers for the plane ride to Louisiana. Their instructions indicate that they are to gather in Houma, Louisiana, at the Houma Truck Plaza and Casino to briefly acquaint themselves and review the case history that has been provided to the team leader. Then they are to make their way to the Terrebonne Parish Coroner's Office and meet Delta Green friendly Dr. Vincent Tedescue to inspect the chewed corpse of UKRS COO Benjamin Tuttle -- found hundreds of miles from where his body was supposedly recovered from the crash in Arkansas. They have two very clear assigned goals:

- Track down the cause of the vicious attacks that have been occurring along the Gulf for a decade. Put a stop to the threat for good.
- Delta Green suspects UKRS involvement -- discretely uncover any facts that confirm this and compile them to be sent to Cell A.

Keeper Information

Landon Day and Benjamin Tuttle were part of an elite brotherhood -- a secret cabal of men who milk the world of its wealth in order to exact greater control over it. Benjamin held high rank in this Exalted Circle as a "Sentinel," while Landon had only recently been initiated by him several years ago as a "Watchman" (for more information on the structure and methodology of The Exalted Circle, see the appropriate sections in *Delta Green: Targets of Opportunity*).

Benjamin was an active member of the Circle, and he had assisted Guardians in the past with ritual work for the Esoteric Order of Dagon. To Benjamin, the rituals merely represented fraternal tradition -- until he watched four Deep Ones rape a dozen abducted Mexican women on a yacht in the middle of the Atlantic. He later learned that the animals were intelligent, and that they would provide favors for the Circle members who knew how to call upon them. Benjamin had twice set up an agreement with a Guardian to help

run the ritual in order to route coastguard patrols away from convoys carrying illegally-obtained goods.

Unfortunately, Benjamin began periodically having deeply disturbing dreams. He believed that Dagon was speaking to him, and his mind's grasp on reality began to ebb. In the past year, corporate decisions he made were rash and impulsive as he slowly lost control of his judgment and inhibitive faculties. Such behavior is rarely tolerated at the executive level of large corporations, and there was talk of replacing Benjamin -- a prospect that frightened and infuriated him. The Destiny Transea accident granted him temporary reprieve, however, as UKRS scrambled to promote a united front in the face of the disaster -- but Benjamin knew his days were numbered if he didn't do something quick. Unfortunately, his dreams were becoming more and more vivid and horrifying, and he was nearing a nervous break with reality. His mind just wasn't operating within reason. It is from this damaged mental state that he hatched his plan to save his career and company.

He had seen Guardians call forth Deep Ones plenty of times -- why couldn't he do the same? He could have them go down to the Gulf floor and just...fix everything. He'd get the cameras turned off, have all cleanup crews back off for a few hours -- and the Deep Ones would "do their thing" and stop the leak. The executive teams at UKRS would be so relieved that the spill had suddenly stopped that they would buy any line he fed them about his role in saving the day.

Benjamin contacted the only Exalted Circle Watchman at UKRS he had recruited -- Landon Day -- and commanded him to procure a virgin woman for the summoning while he worked to schedule a camera "blackout" in the Gulf. Two days later, they rented a truck and a small motor boat in Franklin, Louisiana and made their way to Burns Point Recreational Area. They hauled out their restrained sacrificial victim and took their boat into the middle of Atchafalaya Bay. Landon watched as Benjamin breezed through several incantations and threw a few odd stones into the foaming sea. They waited three and a half hours before something awful exploded out of the ocean and snatched up the girl and Benjamin by the ankles. Several more appeared and grasped Landon as well. He was slammed headfirst into the boat's edge, and he ended up face-to-face with Benjamin as they were both violently raped and rent by the awful creatures' long talons. Benjamin maniacally laughed as Landon watched him torn apart and voraciously eaten alive.

In the resulting blood frenzy, the summoned Deep Ones began to assert their dominance over one another and they ended up losing Landon before he was dragged too far under the water. He awoke in the defiled boat, horrifically wounded and indefinitely insane. In an incoherent daze, he powered up the motor boat and aimlessly headed due east until his fuel supply ran out. The lifeless craft, carried by the coast's current, beached itself on the eastern edge of Fourleague Bay. Landon walked away from the boat clutching his phone -- which survived the assault intact on the boat's flooring -- and wandered through the marshes, completely beside himself in shock. By some cruel providence, he strayed into the heart of the Placid Dreams RV Park.

Acquisition and Delivery

Although Landon had never been privy to the Exalted Circle rituals, he had heard rumors of dark practices among the higher levels. He felt he was perhaps being tested for promotion to one of these upper ranks, but he had no prior experience in working with human traffickers. Not wanting to appear weak, he racked his brain for anyone he could contact whom he could trust -- and the list was agonizingly short. Landon had been involved in very little illicit activity at the level he needed in order to orchestrate the "disappearance" of a virginal girl, though his appetite for extra-marital activities provided him with one possibility.

He had been to several sex parties in Paris and Brussels in the past -- not small-scale orgies, but massive events like those only dreamed of by the creators of the film *Eyes Wide Shut*. Men seemed to "own" desperate girls at these parties, making them available for acts of depravity that reduced them to little more than inanimate objects. Landon himself had attended these gatherings as an invitee by one of the many individuals running them, a foreign dignitary he had met by chance at a BDSM club in Chicago. This man had introduced himself as Alain and he spoke with a faintly French accent. Though very secretive about himself, Alain was a cheery but twisted man with rather shocking tastes. Landon was drawn in, and Alain took him under his wing as he showed the UKRS executive how far one could truly go to fulfill one's sexual desires.

It was Alain whom Landon finally contacted, and his old friend -- after much convincing -- provided Landon with a name and a number of where he could procure the special cargo he needed. A great believer

in delegation, especially considering the criminality of his task, Landon commanded his executive assistant to arrange the exchange. His assistant -- Cullen Worth -- was a highly trusted individual who was aware of Landon's uncommon appetites and was greatly rewarded with money, men, and a steady supply of cocaine for his continued loyalty and secrecy. He was told he would be procuring a very "special" prostitute for Benjamin, and he was authorized to deliver up to twenty-five grand to the contact. Cullen traveled to Dallas, Texas and delivered a small backpack containing the money to a man identifying himself as Grigori in a strip club called "Voyeur." The deal was complete, and Cullen soon found himself promoted to vice president of operations, overseeing key parts of the Destiny Transea cleanup effort.

Alain

Other than being a member of the Dorian Gray Society, Alain can be anyone the Keeper wishes. For the purpose of this scenario, Alain is the contact between the Russians' slave trade and Landon Day of UKRS. The Keeper, if she wishes, may use Alain as a hook for a future Dorian Gray scenario.

Grigori contacted a Russian mafia-owned brothel in Atlanta, Georgia to procure their youngest girl. He arranged to have her transported to a secluded area behind a Burger King restaurant in Franklin, Louisiana, where Cullen told him the girl was to be transferred into a waiting vehicle. The brothel in Atlanta drugged one of their girls and had a trucker named Will Buchanan pick her up that day. Buchanan transported her all the way to Franklin without incident, although the girl -- perhaps not drugged as well as she should have been -- did manage to bite and claw him as he carried her into Landon and Benjamin's waiting rental vehicle. She was shortly restrained by the three men with several zip ties.

In four hours, she would be nourishment for the Deep Ones.

Placid Dreams

This is not the first time Delta Green has investigated the Louisiana coastline for signs of a preternatural threat. Due to similar bite and claw wounds on the corpse of Benjamin Tuttle with those of a body found several years ago in the same area, Cell A has made available to the investigators a short report on their prior findings. This is to be provided to the players as a handout during the initial meeting at Houma Truck Plaza and Casino.

In 1907, Inspector Legrasse dispersed a large Cthulhu cult comprised of degenerate squatters outside of New Orleans. From the site of their chanting and frenzied dancing, he confiscated a small idol depicting the object of their worship. However, this was one of many such odd basalt sculptures scattered among the backwoods folk of the Louisiana bayous -- and also one of the smallest. Most remained buried under the shifting marshland, sucked deeper into the earth by moving silt caused by the frequent rains. Sometimes, however, a statue surfaces from the mud during particularly violent flooding. The crown of one such effigy emerged close to the center of Placid Dreams RV Resort in 1952 after two days of severe storms.

The almost uninhabitable marshland where Placid Dreams was erected was shunned by locals and avoided by developers. It still had a foul reputation since before the turn of the century, and only the most desperate, strange, or wayward ventured to live there. During

Asya and the Russians

Asya made the worst mistake of her relatively short 19 years when she scheduled her overseas work permit through a seemingly reputable immigration assistance company called Aloha, Inc. When Asya arrived in New York City, she immediately called the man whom she thought would be her manager. He told her that the job she'd been promised had fallen through the cracks; however, he had a new one lined up for her -- she only needed to take a bus from New York City to Atlanta, Georgia. He provided the ticket, and Asya left immediately.

After arriving in Atlanta, several smiling men picked Asya up in a windowless black van. The following few weeks were a blur of beatings, rapes, and involuntary injections of what she later found out was heroin. Addicted, constantly threatened with torture, and feeling completely desperate and helpless, Asya worked as a prostitute. She was held hostage in a barred building she could never leave, a victim of the real human trafficking trade in the United States.

By the time Grigori called, she was nearing the end of her usefulness. Asya's Russian "caretakers" saw an opportunity to pawn her off and make a tidy profit. They pumped her full of heroin and hustled her into the back of Will Buchanan's truck -- an unscrupulous man not unfamiliar with this particular branch of the US slave trade.

several back-room deals, a state senator arranged to have all the existing deeds consolidated under one owner (under the name of a man who died in 1892, Roy Clavers). "Roy Clavers" sold the land to Cameron Holtz of Little Rock, Arkansas, who had made a deal with the Pulaski county commissioner to "encourage" the removal of city vagrants and ne'er-do-wells to the RV park he planned to open there. The Louisiana senator received a substantive kickback in the form of the overinflated price of the land, the commissioner was rid of a good handful of troublesome individuals, and Holtz was in possession of land he believed housed large natural gas deposits. Running a business in a place rich in a natural resource gave him access to local tax code loopholes that would make him an extremely rich man upon selling the land.

Holtz was wrong -- his prior prospecting proved to have yielded erroneous results, and the deposits were not nearly as large as believed. Stuck with useless land populated by squatters from whom it was almost impossible to collect rent regularly, Holtz worked with an advertising agency to distribute flyers and brochures across the southeastern United States to poverty-stricken areas of the country. "Placid Dreams RV Park" had lower rental rates than any nearby park, and it did not require much from a potential resident except for a signature for a parking pass. Its brochures painted the picture of a beautiful lakeside resort -- however, nothing could have been further from the truth. The marshland hiccuped and belched mud, and it was victim to floods regularly. Insects swarmed in great black clouds, and roads to and from it were unreliable. Some abandoned RV's were already half-sunk in the mud, slowly slipping down into the muck like capsizing ships. Still, many persons flocked there due to the advertisements, and a surprising amount stayed.

Storms and flooding destroyed many vehicles and homes, yet more arrived each month. This was due in part to Holtz's negligence in regularly enforcing rent collection. In 1952, a major storm chain hit the park, unearthing the very top of a large basalt statue. The denizens of the park were too busy repairing their homes to take much notice, and by the time they regarded it closely, it was little more than a curiosity. Over the next year, swirling dreams -- seeming to reach into their minds from across strange eons -- plagued their sleep. All were driven mad, in one fashion or another. Some screamed to the sky in a strange pidgin English. Others wrote on their walls, describing cyclopean cities in painstakingly obsessive detail. Some began to trek back and forth through the marshland to the edge of the Gulf, mumbling to unseen listeners as they waded out into the ocean.

Locals continued to speak of the area in hushed whispers, avoiding it in both conversation and in travel. Rumors of cannibalism and worse permeated the countryside. Holtz more or less stopped attempting to collect rent -- he had moved on to other, far more profitable ventures. Property taxes for the area were not gathered by the state due to the records that were doctored records when the private deeds for the site were initially consolidated. Placid Dreams was more or less invisible to the established bureaucracy, and the roads connecting it to the outside world grew unkempt and eventually disappeared. Still, travelers came across the community from time to time.

Brackish Deep Ones, Lesser Servitor Race

char.	rolls	average
STR	4D6+2	16
CON	5D6	17-18
SIZ	3D6+3	13-14
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11

Move 8/10 Swimming **HP** 15-16
Av. Damage Bonus: +1D4
Weapons: Claw or Bite 30%, 1D6+db damage
Armor: 1-point skin and scales
Spells: at the discretion of the Keeper, Brackish Deep Ones with POW 14 or more know at least 1D4 spells
Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a Brackish Deep One

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION: Brackish Deep Ones are Deep Ones that have been living off the Louisiana coast long enough to have adapted to the lower saline content of the marshes and estuaries of the area. This makes for a heartier Deep One, able to last for several hours in a bog or swamp without irritation or pain. They are as horrific as their ocean-based brethren, although some have begun to take on characteristics similar to the area's alligators.

Meanwhile, Marianne Furst, who had migrated with her family from Manchester, Tennessee near the conception of Placid Dreams, accurately performed the summoning of a group of Deep Ones while near the coastline. She was impregnated and gave birth to a child nine months later. She would soon offer herself and others up for further impregnation, and the community built a small tabernacle for Dagon in a half-sunken van near the barely-visible basalt statue in the center of the park. As other vagrants periodically came across Placid Dreams and attempted to settle, they would be considered for assimilation by

the charismatic Marianne over a period of several days. If discovered to have too many connections elsewhere, they were driven out by a campaign of passive aggressive behavior from the community. If the newcomers were drifters with few family or friends outside of the park, they were soon forced to take part in the ritual summoning of the Deep Ones. There, they were impregnated or driven mad (became "the Chosen"), or killed and eaten.

The community existed like this for almost two decades, until some of the older children conceived through their rituals began to show disturbing inhuman traits as they aged. Most had to be hidden away in abandoned or sunken vehicles for fear that newcomers might mistake their condition for a new disease and call the authorities. Some grew strong and proud, resembling the larger Deep Ones the park inhabitants had worshiped since the 50s, but these were few and far between. Most died, their bodies caught in some limbo of half-developed organs and limbs. A portion of these are buried deep under Placid Dreams, though sometimes their bloated corpses emerge during storms and they have to be reburied. Others -- those arbitrarily deemed by Marianne or the Elders to have been unworthy of their gift -- were eaten by the community, bones and all.

A few survived in this new inhuman configuration, covering their new body parts with close wrappings and staying near the marsh water in and around the park. Some only took on mild characteristics and could still pass as human if not scrutinized too closely. The few that reached full maturity soon vanished beneath the waves of the Gulf, leaving behind Placid Dreams forever.

In 1981, Marianne finally died in childbirth after delivering her nineteenth hybrid. The community continued its practice of careful selection, but it always preferred to replenish those lost to failed hybridization by birthing more and more children within the community. In this way, Placid Dreams RV Park has existed in relative undiscovered isolation, but its population is growing at a slow rate due to the high number of pubescent deaths. Perhaps twice a year, two youths from the community collect needed items (such as repair tools and materials) from outlying areas, but otherwise they remain completely insular. Food comes from an abnormal abundance of fish near the edge of the marshes, as well as nutrias, frogs, alligators, and raccoons.

Gordon Whelk stumbled upon Placid Dreams after hearing rumors of a secluded campsite near the Louisiana coastline. Fleeing a potential arrest for the manufacturing of methamphetamine in his home state of Kansas, he made his way south in December of 2003. The Elders of the community watched Gordon carefully, and they quickly discovered that he was cooking small batches of meth in his RV camper. Afraid that his illicit activities would bring law enforcement attention to Placid Dreams, the Elders decided to drive Gordon away. However, Gordon didn't respond quickly enough to the community's ostracizing -- perhaps in part due to his frequent tendency to get high for hours at a time. The Elders agreed to give him to the Deep Ones in sacrifice, and Gordon was taken beneath the waves. Since then, Placid Dreams has been even more wary of whom they allow to enter their community.

Recently, Landon Day staggered into Placid Dreams, insane and dazed from blood loss. He spoke incoherently of things only the Chosen or the Elders had seen in their divine dreams and this greatly disturbed the older members of the community. Landon had obviously been deeply marked by the Deep Ones, but he had been expelled before he was completely devoured. The eldest of the community saw this as a message from their patrons -- Landon had come to them as a prophet to bring sacred instructions from their masters. However, the younger and less powerful individuals merely heard gibberish and crazed words -- to them, there was only an indication that Landon was a half-finished meal and needed to be returned to the sea. Dissenting attitudes clashed, but the more influential Elders convinced the others to temporarily restrain Landon in a small tabernacle in the center of Placid Dreams. The community is currently debating amongst themselves about what to do with this anomalous man.

In the meantime, Landon has been making phone calls to his assistant periodically, begging for help. Despite his weak grasp on reality, he is very sneaky about keeping his phone a secret and making sure no one hears his calls. He keeps his phone deactivated when he is not using it.

Arrival

The investigators initially gather at Houma Truck Plaza and Casino, a large and mostly empty casino, around 2am. At this point, they should be provided a copy of

Handout 1 and allowed to decide the best avenue for investigation amongst themselves based on the Investigator Information presented above. Once again, Cell A wants the Gulf threat identified and stopped, as well as any information about UKRS involvement with the threat itself. Discretion is of the utmost importance, as the current media headlines are almost entirely focused on the Destiny Transea spill and UKRS.

Terrebonne Parish Coroner's Office

Dr. Vincent Tedescue, Wrong Place Wrong Time, age 51
Dr. Tedescue had been the coroner at the Terrabonne Parish Coroner's Office for twelve years, and he thought he had seen it all -- until the day a horrifically-mutilated John Doe was hastily delivered to his office by a pair of pale police officers. Dr. Tedescue performed a quick autopsy of the ragged remains, and his findings were remarkable.

A toothsome creature he had never encountered before had made great gouges in the torso and remaining limbs. The wounds showed signs of forced sexual entry, and Dr. Tedescue collected several anomalous seminal samples. After a preliminary consultation with a biology expert at Tulane Medical University, Dr. Tedescue believed that he could be looking at hard evidence of a dangerous new species in the area.

Before he could begin to compile a report on the body and bring in a team to second his findings, Dr. Tedescue was approached by a man who identified himself as an agent of the NSA. The doctor was pressured into keeping his work secret as a matter of national security, and the agents confiscated much of the evidence (although Dr. Tedescue did keep a copy of his personal autopsy notes). The agent demanded that Dr. Tedescue contact him if he came across a similar case in the future, and provided him with a phone number. He also made it very clear that the consequences would be grave if he revealed any of the information regarding the John Doe (now identified to be the body of Gordon Whelk) to his colleagues.

Seven years later, a body with the exact same wounds arrived in Dr. Tedescue's office. Fearing possible government reprisal, he rushed to call the NSA agent after completing the autopsy. This time, however, he had identified the body as belonging to someone who was supposed to be dead -- UKRS executive Benjamin Tuttle. Dr. Tedescue wants nothing to do with the corpse any longer, and he hopes the NSA hurries to Houma to take over his work.

STR 9 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 17 POW 10
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 21 SAN 42 HP 12

DAMAGE BONUS: none

EDUCATION: M.D., Washington University School of Medicine
OCCUPATION: Coroner

ATTACKS: None above base.

SKILLS

Biology 56%	Chemistry 69%	Computer Use 31%
Credit Rating 48%	Drive Auto 45%	First Aid 66%
Forensics 80%	Law 47%	Library Use 55%
Medicine 87%	Pharmacy 48%	Psychology 36%
Spot Hidden 70%	Surgery 46%	

LANGUAGES: English 95% (own) Latin 58%

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION: Dr. Vincent Tedescue is 6'2, slender, and has salt-and-pepper shoulder-length hair. Vincent is a consummate professional, though he becomes fidgety when nervous or fearful.

Dr. Tedescue has been asked by Agent Ulysses to expect the investigators any time from 2am to 4am. He is waiting near the front entrance, ready to allow them access. The investigators are led through the clean white halls of the office into a well-equipped morgue. Dr. Tedescue has moved the corpse of Benjamin Tuttle into a private examination room.

Benjamin's corpse is hidden from view under a white sheet, and Dr. Tedescue will warn the agents that the damage is extensive. Those who are not used to seeing destroyed bodies may be disturbed at the sight: roll 0/1D2 SAN. The body is badly mutilated -- most of each leg is gone, there are great gouges in the torso and shoulders, and the face has been chewed off. The left arm is mostly intact, and Dr. Tedescue notes that he was able to procure valid fingerprints after chemically treating the hand to identify the waterlogged body. Tuttle's information was in the CODIS databank, because he was fingerprinted while undergoing an extensive background check during his initial hiring as a UKRS executive. He also states that the lack of decomposition places the time of death 18 hours ago. The body shows signs of forced sexual entry in all orifices, including several of the bite wounds.

Dr. Tedescue will also provide the location where the body was found -- a swamp on the southern edge of Atchafalaya Bay. Clever investigators will follow-up to see if there was a police report for the discovery of the corpse. The report does exist in the Houma Police Department database, and Dr. Tedescue does have a copy of it as well. The police database copy includes photographs and location markers of the scene itself. There is not much additional information, except that no possessions were found with the body, and that the individual who called in the find is named Jerral Bord. No contact information is listed for him, and his occupation is listed as "none." If contacted in the morning,

the officer who wrote the report (Carol Wills) could help the investigators find him (assuming they present themselves in an official capacity), although she will be irritated to have to boat all the way back out there again.

Jerral Bord, Cheerful Thief, Age 62

Jerral lives in a shack that he constructed from salvaged aluminum siding and other scrap metal. He has been surviving in the swamps for 31 years -- and swamp willing, he'll live there another 31. Jerral is a consummate scavenger and survivalist, getting by on what the swamp provides. Occasionally, he will purchase meager supplies in Houma with what little money he makes pawning the bric-a-brac that the Gulf current washes into the marshy shores near his home. After stumbling upon Benjamin Tuttle's body, he quickly picked over the area for any valuables and then took his boat to a nearby park services building at the Atchafalaya Delta State Wildlife Management Area to make his report.

Jerral lives freely and simply. Though he squats on swampland illegally, he has never been bothered by the authorities. He holds to the adage "finder's keepers" almost religiously, however, and truly believes the items he confiscated from the site where he discovered Benjamin Tuttle's corpse are rightfully his. If he can be tricked into revealing the fact that he took anything at all, he will be happy to trade for the items if the offering is tempting enough.

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 9 POW 10
DEX 14 APP 9 EDU 11 SAN 50 HP 13

DAMAGE BONUS: none

ATTACKS
Remington M721A (.270 Win.) 60%, 2D6+4 damage
Grapple 68%, special

SKILLS

Bargain 31%	Elect. Repair 21%	First Aid 25%
Listen 67%	Mech. Repair 32%	Natural History 65%
Spot Hidden 51%	Swim 39%	Throw 30%

LANGUAGES: English 55% (own)

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION:
Jerral has a wiry frame and a long, scraggly gray beard. The wispy hair on his nearly-bald pate is unkempt and wild. Jerral almost always wears his waders, but he can't be bothered to wear much more. His skin is cracked and leathery from sun exposure, though he is surprisingly unmarred by insect bites or rashes. If a player inquires how he avoids getting stung or bitten by the swamp's many hungry insect denizens, he will gladly reveal his collection of mason jars filled with a murky ochre fluid (urine that he extracts from alligators he wrestles) that he will gladly sell for $10 a jar.

Dr. Tedescue has written a short report about the correlations of his findings with those of the 2003 Gordon Whelk autopsy, and he is more than willing to show this to the investigators. It details the probable jaw structure of the unknown biological organism, and postulates upon its likely size and strength. Upon examining this report, the accompanying photographs, and Benjamin's corpse, a successful Biology roll confirms that the organism can unhinge its jaw in order to take larger bites out of its prey. A successful Natural History roll also shows that the organism was playing with its victim by attacking non-vital points initially. A specialized Zoology roll reveals that the wounds came from more than one organism -- an important piece of information.

Dr. Tedescue will ask the investigators how long he should keep the body under wraps -- he still has its records listed under "John Doe," but he says he won't be able to keep the identity of the corpse a secret for much longer. The investigators will need to convince him to act otherwise and remove any samples he has taken from the body in order to keep evidence of the preternatural attack out of the public eye. They could otherwise frighten Dr. Tedescue into destroying the results, or they could simply destroy or steal the body and results themselves. These options will most likely get Dr. Tedescue into a lot of trouble, and he will very likely lose his job. While this may not bother the investigators, Cell A will be irked about losing a valuable friendly.

Atchafalaya Bay

Dangerous Wildlife (Optional)

The swamps of Louisiana can be a very dangerous place to the unwary. The Keeper has the option to punish the unprepared or rash investigator in any way she sees fit. Suggested encounters include water moccasins, alligators, disease-carrying swarms of insects, or wild boars. See the existing *Call of Cthulhu Sixth Edition* rules for creature statistics on which to base your animal encounters. It is up to the Keeper whether to include these optional confrontations or to keep the investigators focused on the task at hand.

Visiting the area where Tuttle's body washed ashore is a good idea. The investigators will be assaulted by buzzing insects and extreme humidity, and they will find walking through the swampy muck very cumbersome. The site is not taped off, and it is difficult to find in the high reeds without guidance from either the officer on the scene or the photographs from the police

report. A Navigation/Land, Navigation/Sea, or LUCK roll may be appropriate here depending on how well the investigators prepare themselves to find the site. They will need to take a boat to the area, as it is impossible to reach by car. Getting there by foot is nearly as daunting. Boats can be rented in Houma and towed to a connecting waterway, and the investigators will find that they are in for a fairly long ride to the southern edge of the Bay.

The mud and reeds around the site are trampled and honeycombed with deep tracks. A Spot Hidden roll reveals that there are several indentations in the mud near where the body was found, indicating that circular objects about the size of a sand dollar were taken from the scene. An additional successful halved Spot Hidden roll allows an investigator to locate one of these objects in the high reeds nearby. It is a polished white disc inscribed with a strange symbol (Cthulhu Mythos identifies this as a symbol used by worshippers of Dagon). Investigators with the appropriate occupational skill set might recognize the disc as a polished human patella (SAN 0/1). Also, they may come upon a water-logged and destroyed Globalstar satellite phone half-buried in the mud. The serial number from the phone will reveal that it belongs to UKRS Corporate, but requisitioning the call logs through the Patriot Act or a subversive method only reveals that the phone belonged to Benjamin Tuttle -- there is nothing else to be gleaned from this clue.

A successful Track roll could give an investigator insight into the activity around the area over the last 24 hours -- one individual has visited and re-visited the site before the police arrived and several times afterward. These tracks lead to and from the southwest. Otherwise, the investigators may want to search around the area. A Navigation/Land or halved LUCK roll allows them to stumble upon a nearby stilted shack hidden amongst tall reeds and overhanging willow trees. This is the home of Jerral Bord.

Jerral will most likely be at home in the morning, as he has been out all night searching the area for more of Benjamin's washed-up belongings. He has already recovered Tuttle's wallet (containing a Texas driver's license for Calvin Hope, a VISA cash card, and $400), two more summoning stones, and a rental car key (with the vehicle's make, model, and VIN). However, he will not divulge this information unless pressed or convinced. He will cheerily answer the investigator's questions, but he will hold to the story that he found nothing near the body.

What We Leave Behind

It is possible to find out if the cash card has been used. If an investigator has the ability to obtain these records (perhaps by calling in a favor, using their official agency's resources to invoke the Patriot Act, or illegally accessing VISA's financial database), they will discover that it was purchased and activated in a gas station in Franklin, Louisiana and later used at a nearby Hornet Rent-A-Car. A polite call to the agency will reveal that a black Ford Explorer was rented to someone named Calvin Hope from Houston, TX. If the investigators wish to delve further, they can learn that Calvin Hope's driver's license is based on falsified records in the Houston DMV database, but no further tracing can occur (roll Computer Use once gaining access to Houston DMV records to discover this bit of digital forgery).

If the investigators have the ability to find out the frequency of the truck's installed LoJack vehicle recovery system or work something out with Hornet Rent-A-Car to obtain this information, they can locate it at Burns Point Recreational Area. The lot where the car is parked is rather busy during the day because campers, recreational fishermen, and boating enthusiasts are milling about. The doors to the Ford Explorer (with a boat trailer) are open, and no workers at the park recall how long it has been there. Examining the inside of the car reveals a few fast food wrappers and cups, an iPod plugged into the stereo (serial number registered to Landon Day), a roll of duct tape, loose zip ties in the back, and quite a bit for a good forensics scientist to find, such as fingerprints and hair fibers that point to the recent presence of four persons. Two sets of prints are exclusively near the back of the vehicle, and one of these will not come up in CODIS. Landon Day and Benjamin Tuttle are both on record due to previous corporate background checks. The final individual -- a man named Will Buchanan -- is in the database due to a criminal record (see sidebar). Samples can be collected and sent to a laboratory if onsite forensics fails, though results may be delayed depending on the investigators' connections.

Will Buchanan, Hardened Criminal, Age 38

Will Buchanan has never really gotten along with anyone. He hated his family and left them when he turned 17. He hitchhiked all over the United States, working for various farms, agribusiness firms, and small trucking companies. He was not above stealing money when he had to in order to get by, often disappearing the next day to avoid consequences. He beat a store owner almost to death in a town outside of Wichita when he was 21 years old and fled the state before local law enforcement could catch up to him.

In 2002, Will fell in with a group of professional car thieves in Houston, Texas. However, he soon took the fall for a botched job and found himself in a state prison. While there, Will met several men who promised steady work moving human cargo once they discovered he had a trucker's license. Will agreed, and he quickly found himself in a lucrative position upon his release. He bounced around from company to company until finally settling with J.C. Hunt Transport Services. He sometimes moved dozens of women in his truck -- but usually they were small groups of two or three. He never asked questions and he was doubly careful never to get caught, and soon he had several more contacts in the human trafficking industry who were happy to have him on their payroll.

Will has never met Grigori Boslov and has never even heard the man's name. He just knows that the "big man in Dallas" -- a phrase uttered by a prison acquaintance years ago -- pays very well, always through mailed VISA cash cards. His most recent assignment, however, did not go as planned. He picked up a nearly-comatose girl in Atlanta and brought her to Franklin, Louisiana as instructed via his usual mailed correspondence. There, he met two men who argued with him and demanded that he pick up the girl and place her in their vehicle on his own. Not wanting to attract undue attention, Will did as he was commanded. The girl, however, was no longer docile, and she bit and scratched at Will as he struggled to throw her into the back of the men's truck. He beat her until she stopped fighting back, but his neck had vicious trenches gouged into it by her sharp fingernails.

One of the two men had just stood there and laughed at him the entire time, giggling and chortling like some deranged child. Will quickly left after closing up his truck, feeling uncomfortably disturbed by the man's demeanor. He rushed to get to his next stop in Plainview, Texas, as fast as possible, ignoring his daily mileage cap.

STR 15 CON 12 SIZ 16 INT 12 POW 13
DEX 11 APP 8 EDU 12 SAN 65 HP 14

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

EDUCATION: High School

OCCUPATION: Truck Driver (currently employed by J. C. Hunt Transport Services)

ATTACKS
12-gauge Shotgun (sawed off) 50%, 4D6 damage
Fist/Punch 71%, damage 1D3+db

SKILLS

Bargain 36%	Conceal 55%	Disguise 44%
Drive Auto 59%	Fast Talk 30%	Locksmith 35%
Sneak 21%	Spot Hidden 50%	

Languages: English 60% (own)

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION:
Will Buchanan is a large, brooding man. He has a pronounced beer gut that seems to project out of his body as if completely unaffected by gravity. He has long greying hair that sprouts out from under a leather motorcycle cap and a well-trimmed goatee. His arms are covered with Sailor Jerry tattoos, and he never takes off his leather sleeveless vest. Will Buchanan speaks with a deep gravelly voice and rarely smiles. He has a large bandage on the side of his neck to cover the wounds inflicted upon him by Asya.

A good blood sample from the back can be gathered with a successful Forensics roll. Bringing this to a laboratory shows that there are two blood types present -- one for a woman, and one for a man. The male blood type matches Will Buchanan's criminal record, and if the investigators opt to wait for the results of a DNA test (which could take up to a week), it will be confirmed as Buchanan's. His current place of residence is in Atlanta, Georgia, though his occupation is listed as "interstate trucking." An out-of-date photograph from 2003 is available (depicting Buchanan with a shaved head), but clever investigators may obtain a more recent picture from his current driver's license photo in the state DMV database. Politely contacting his employer J.C. Hunt could easily earn the investigators the information that Buchanan will be running a circuit to Plainview, Texas, and should be there in fourteen to sixteen hours. The apathetic clerk may even tell the investigators the address of the Corliss Paper Products warehouse where he is delivering his cargo if they are cordial or official-sounding enough. Otherwise, Fast Talk or Persuade rolls may be necessary.

If investigators do not think to wipe for prints, or bungle their forensics rolls and destroy the evidence, there is a receipt for the Franklin Burger King where Benjamin and Landon met Will Buchanan. The time stamp on the receipt could give them a good idea for when to check nearby security cameras -- there is an adjacent JP Morgan Chase bank that has a camera that captured the front of their Ford Explorer and boat trailer. Parked beside the vehicle, they can clearly see the top of a J. C. Hunt semi-truck and its identifying number. This information will allow investigators to follow-up with the company. Though the angle does not permit them to see Asya's transfer, the investigators

should follow up on this lead. They will need to come up with a believable story to convince the J.C. Hunt clerk to provide additional information. IDEA, Fast Talk, and Persuade rolls will be instrumental in exploring this possible line of investigation.

Answers

Tracking down Buchanan requires a fairly motivated rush to Plainview. Driving there immediately could take anywhere from 14-15 hours, depending on how quickly they travel. Getting a flight from New Orleans to Amarillo or Lubbock on such short notice may be possible with a party LUCK roll, and it will give them a lead of a few more hours. It could be more effective to use prior contacts to have a state trooper pull over his truck and detain him under the Patriot Act, or hold him for 24 hours for something as simple as disorderly conduct. The investigators could then take their time and perhaps tie up other loose ends in Louisiana.

Regardless of whether they travel by car or air, investigators will arrive at the Corliss Paper Products warehouse in Plainview and discover that they are too late -- Buchanan will have already made his drop-off ahead of schedule. The Corliss representative to whom they speak will let them know Buchanan seemed rushed to get some food, and she referred him to a nearby Jim's restaurant. Jim's is lined with dozens of parked transport trucks, but a Spot Hidden roll reveals a J.C. Hunt semi parked between two other vehicles.

Buchanan is sitting near a window eating a large meal. If he sees a large group of suits enter the restaurant, he will be immediately wary (especially if the investigators contacted his employer -- the J.C. Hunt clerk will have warned Buchanan that someone has been asking for him) -- he knows he is a bad man and he is very paranoid about law enforcement. Approaching him directly in this manner will cause him to quickly flee. He will attempt to serpentine his way through the back kitchen and out the rear exit, making his way around to his truck. He keeps a sawed-off shotgun underneath his passenger seat, and he will not hesitate to wound a couple of agents to aid his getaway. There are two uniformed Plainview sheriffs eating lunch nearby who may choose to get involved; depending on the investigators' actions, they could make life very difficult. If Buchanan is killed with many witnesses around, the entire investigation could be derailed. At the very least, their identities could be compromised in the resulting imbroglio, causing a tough situation at their official agencies.

If captured, Buchanan can be intimidated or bargained with to tell everything he knows, which is a surprisingly great deal for a middle man. However, Buchanan realizes that his crimes could land him in federal prison for decades. Armed with his knowledge of police television drama, he will demand a lawyer and hem and haw about his Miranda rights unless it becomes apparent that he is in physical danger, or the evidence presented to him by the investigators is overwhelming.

He can confirm that he met with Landon Day and Benjamin Tuttle in Franklin if shown pictures of them, but he does not know their identities or names. He will tell the investigators that he was shipped a $2000 cash card with instructions to pick up a girl from a whorehouse in Atlanta, Georgia, and deliver her to the two "handlers." Although he does not have details about who sent him the cash card, he can give many names of others involved in the southeastern human trafficking trade and has a general idea that the money comes from "the big man in Dallas." He has never met this nameless individual, but has heard that he works for the Russian mafia. He will admit that he has been ferrying around human cargo for several years. His testimony could bust open a major portion of the United States human trafficking trade, and could certainly earn an FBI case officer a promotion. Most likely, the investigators will hold off and look into the Dallas contact themselves.

Buchanan still has the unused cash card, and resourceful investigators can find out it was obtained by a credit card transaction for a business in Dallas called "Voyeur." Texas state tax records indicate that the property is owned and operated by Grigori Boslov, a relatively recent immigrant to the United States whose immigration documents are well in order.

Grigori does not answer his phone unless he knows the number. The manager of Voyeur deflects any callers asking for Grigori, saying that he is a very busy man. The investigators' best bet is to travel to Voyeur and attempt to gain an audience with him. Grigori is not easily intimidated, and he employs several bouncers who double as personal bodyguards in a pinch. It will take some heavy convincing to prove to Grigori that they have evidence linking him to Buchanan. In this event, Grigori will weigh his options: kill the investigators and cover-up the murders in order to continue his lucrative business in human trafficking, or reveal his contact in hopes of being allowed to disappear.

Grigori, Charismatic Club Owner, Age 49

Stepping into club Voyeur is like stepping into a pink velvet cave. Polished wood paneling and black marble bar-tops dot the main room, and the upstairs VIP lounge is a series of aquarium-enclosed couches. The girls are all high-class and high-dollar, and the bouncers are clean-cut and intimidating in their all-black attire. Grigori keeps his establishment clean and professional during all hours and is always seen smiling and greeting the customers -- he knows all the regulars by name.

After hours, when he dabbles in his many side businesses, his face takes on its natural demeanor: flat, serious, and penetrating. Grigori is not officially part of the Russian Mafiya, but his operations are highly organized. He is a recent immigrant to the U.S. (his documents are in perfect order), and he has been in Dallas for five years. He has a fair range of contacts in human trafficking operations in the United States and in several eastern European bloc countries, as well as a hand in black market weapons dealing. His past is purposely kept shrouded in mystery. Rumors abound about his connections with organized crime, and Grigori does nothing to confirm nor deny them.

Grigori's men all have pay-by-cash cell phones that he uses to keep in touch with his criminal associates. Grigori rarely speaks to any of these contacts directly. Should any investigators call the number in the possession of Will Buchanan, Grigori's men will deny any knowledge of the truck driver and ask that the caller leave them be.

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 15
DEX 14 APP 7 EDU 14 SAN 53 HP 14

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

ATTACKS

AK-101 47%, 2D6 damage
Beretta 92 37%, 1D10 damage
Fist/Punch 60%, 1D3+db
Head Butt 28%, 1D4+db
Kick 30 %, 1D6+db
Grapple 43%, special

SKILLS

Accounting 44%	Bargain 66%	Conceal 41%
Drive Auto 38%	Dodge 28%	Fast Talk 62%
Law 34%	Listen 32%	Persuade 56%
Psychology 33%	Spot Hidden 43%	

LANGUAGES: Russian 60% (own) English 40%

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION: Grigori Boslov is a stout, ugly man with short brown hair and icy blue eyes. His rounded face is a lumpy and scarred mass, interrupted only by a knob-like nose. Grigori is nonetheless charismatic, and his persuasive demeanor attracts some of the best talent to work in his club. He displays a cool ease while fraternizing with his customers that belies his violent nature. Many of his associates' failures to perform to the smiling Grigori's high standards have been met with an unexpected bullet through the ribcage as he places his arm around their shoulders.

Depending on how the investigators handle Grigori, they could end up in a heated battle or perhaps find themselves indebted to the criminal. All of his records are squeaky clean, and there is nothing the investigators can discover about his time in America that could give them leverage. If they present the little evidence they have in a convincing and official capacity, Grigori will be willing to offer up all information on who contracted him to arrange for Asya's transport in return for the opportunity to be left alone. Fast Talk, Persuade, or Bargain will be instrumental here.

Grigori was personally contacted by someone named Cullen Worth, a "spoiled fancy boy." Cullen came to Voyeur to deliver twenty-five grand to Grigori, which he still has in a safe in his office (though he will not voluntarily offer up this last bit of information). Grigori made a call to his contact in Atlanta to set up the delivery of goods. He recalls that Cullen specifically asked for a virgin. He also remembers that Cullen went to no great effort to hide his identity, brazenly handing Grigori a business card and warning him that he should follow-through on his side of the deal "or else." He will give this card to the investigators (*Handout 2*).

It is completely up to investigators to decide the ultimate fates of Will Buchanan and Grigori Boslov. Violent ends are possible, depending on the investigators' play style. All evidence can be recovered from Grigori's office at Voyeur, and the cash card could be picked out of Buchanan's wallet.

Keeper's Note

It is entirely feasible that the investigators will attempt to route out the trafficking ring responsible for Asya's fate, despite the fact that it has nothing to do with their Delta Green objectives. They may visit the Russians in Atlanta and discover records linking them to other traffickers in New York operating under a false business name (Aloha, Inc.). All of this information could be turned over to any law enforcement authority to have a major effect on trafficking on the east coast. The details for such a side venture are left up to the Keeper.

Fast-Track

Cullen Worth, Fortunate Lackey, Age 29

Cullen Worth's national television debut was a solemn affair. He was responsible for delivering the official UKRS press release about the unfortunate deaths of executives Benjamin Tuttle and Landon Day in the middle of the company's biggest and most expensive fiasco. Yet even this cloud had a silver lining -- at least for Cullen. He also announced that he had accepted UKRS's offer to temporarily assist in providing the pub-

lic face of the company during the remainder of the Destiny Transea clean-up effort as an executive vice president. He moved to Houston immediately to start his new career..

Since then, UKRS has used Cullen's every-man image to their advantage, placing him in two commercials, another press release, and a photo opportunity of him cleaning tar off the Louisiana shore with several other workers. While he isn't the most publicised executive working for UKRS, Cullen seems the most earnest and endearing -- an image UKRS is trying to nurture with the hope of slowly pushing him farther into the spotlight.

Privately, Cullen couldn't give a shit about the oil spill, and he relished the opportunity to execute Landon's request to arrange the delivery of a prostitute for such a large reward. His only concern is to continue to climb his way up the corporate ladder, now using the "good kid" image UKRS is cultivating for him. Cullen has been ignoring the recent babbling phone calls from Landon and deleting the voicemails. He'd rather Landon just disappear into whatever crazy mess he's in -- which, according to rumor among the executive circle, could be a massive embezzlement scheme.

Cullen's promotion has landed him in a plush situation: all the coke and male prostitutes he can afford for a tiny inkling of make-believe concern. To his credit, he has played the part well; he's serious, compassionate, and humble at all the right moments in front of the camera. However, if his illicit activities were discovered, he might do just about anything to retain his cozy position.

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 10 APP 16 EDU 19 SAN 60 HP 10

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

EDUCATION: MBA from Harvard University

OCCUPATION: UKRS Executive VP and Destiny Transea Incident Public Relations

ATTACKS: None above base.

SKILLS

Accounting 52%	Bargain 54%	Credit Rating 46%
Dodge 20%	Exec Lvl Mgmt 55%	Fast Talk 76%
History 40%	Law 55%	Library Use 40%
Listen 49%	Persuade 73%	Pharmacy 12%
Pilot Sailboat 27%	Psychology 51%	Ride 30%
Spot Hidden 33%	Illicit Sexual Activities 45%	

LANGUAGES: English(own) 90% German 35%

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION: Cullen has short black hair, green eyes and a pretty-boy face that could get him on the cover of GQ Magazine. All the UKRS PR team had to do to get him ready for the American public was tell him to put on a show. Cullen smiles and women swoon -- but behind his looks and charm skulks a viciously efficient corporate backstabber who would do anything to grasp more power.

The investigators can easily find out that Cullen no longer works at UKRS America headquarters in Warrenville, Illinois, and has been moved to the Houston headquarters. He was promoted a week ago to a high-level executive position, and since Benjamin Tuttle's unfortunate and very public death he has been taking over some of the public relations work regarding the Destiny Transea spill. In fact, some of the investigators may recall seeing Cullen on recent television broadcasts. He is the next person the players need to question, and he is in the exact place they do not want to be -- the public eye.

Calling or visiting Cullen's office with threats of criminal investigation will force him to hide behind a team of corporate lawyers. Such attention will attract unwanted intrusion from law enforcement personnel into the investigators' recent activities, which would most certainly derail the investigation, if not completely halt it. Cell A may even find it necessary to help the investigators disappear.

Players will have more luck staking out Cullen's habits and getting him alone to interrogate him. His days are punctuated with tele-conferences, meetings, and the occasional televised press release from within UKRS America offices in downtown Houston. He does take lunch with several other executives around 1pm in a nearby bistro called Zambuca. He walks home to a corporate-rented condominium in a high-rise overlooking the greater metropolitan area around 7pm each day. The building requires security card access in order to reach the upper levels, and is home to the latest in security features. Investigators can expect cameras, dedicated security staff, and plenty of electronic locks. Investigators learned in Tradecraft or other subversive skills will quickly identify Cullen's daily habits and understand that the best opportunity for abduction is during his walk home through the busy downtown Houston streets.

Convincing Cullen that it's in his best interest to cooperate is simple -- he is easily strong-armed if threatened away from his lawyers and security detail. Cullen will tell the investigators that Landon Day tasked him with obtaining an expensive hooker. He traveled to Dallas a week ago to provide payment of twenty-five thousand dollars to the contact he was provided, and he threatened the contact to keep their meeting a secret. Cullen was then immediately promoted and forced to relocate to Houston upon his return.

Cullen thinks Benjamin and Landon left the country in the midst of the Destiny Transea spill due to criminal acts that could be uncovered with a full investigation of the disaster. He has seen inklings of evidence that they have both involved themselves in terrible schemes in their careers, including embezzlement and blackmail. He assumes that they probably took as much money as they could and left the country. Landon had a sex slave delivered to him in Franklin, Louisiana, because -- as Cullen attests to -- "he probably couldn't go the whole trip without a blowjob." Cullen will go into how he acted as a liaison for many of Landon's covert encounters with prostitutes and escorts. He will blatantly reveal that his quick promotion was due to Landon rewarding him for completing the exchange in Dallas at Voyeur, unapologetically stating that nepotism is the method by which all executives are hired. He says that UKRS -- rather than face the possibility that two high-level executives fled the country with company money during a crisis -- covered up their disappearances and have employed private investigators of their own to try and ensure that they left the country.

He'll tell the investigators that he has received a couple of calls from Landon since his reported "death," confirming his suspicions. When questioned about these calls, Cullen is dismissive -- he knows that if Landon and Benjamin are found, his new position might be threatened if he's at all implicated in their schemes. He has chosen to ignore those calls and deleted the resulting voicemails, just in case there is an off-chance UKRS investigators check his phone records.

The voicemails still exist, however. They reside in Cullen's "deleted items" on his Apple iPhone, as well as the national AT&T voicemail server. There are three messages, reproduced as *Handout 3*.

The investigators may choose to blackmail Cullen into secrecy, more permanently silence him (perhaps bringing more unwanted law enforcement attention), or otherwise leave him more or less intact to continue their investigation.

Discovery

Investigators can discover the location of Placid Dreams RV Park after a thorough research session in the county's public records at the County Seat of Terrebonne offices in Houma. Library Use is most appropriate here, although a clerk could be asked to find the relevant information after several days. Players can trace the ownership of the land, and they may be able to discern the discrepancies in the tax records -- no property taxes have been collected since the 50's. Accounting rolls reveal that through several loopholes, the land on which Placid Dreams resides is invisible to the state's bureaucracy, and has been for decades. Also, players might find the location by invoking the Patriot Act to gain access to Landon Day's phone records -- his recent satellite phone usage has been logged in a Globalstar database, along with his approximate location.

Smart investigators will try and complete an aerial survey of the area before approaching on foot -- the RV Park is well hidden by brush and swampland, but many sunken campers can be seen in the marshes. The greater park covers about a square mile, and persons can be seen moving to and from the dozens of broken-down vehicles. Investigators may decide to go in, guns blazing -- if so, please refer to the sidebar "Violence." Otherwise, a more peaceful approach will yield more information.

Traveling through the marsh on foot is, once again, cumbersome. Denizens of Placid Dreams have laid down wooden planks to try and provide decent footpaths over the swampy terrain and thick mud, but constant rains and flooding have made these somewhat unreliable. A Natural History success will reveal that there is a strange absence of insect and bird life in and around the park.

A labyrinth of rotten wooden planks, rusted-out campers, bubbling swampland, and deep marshes extend out from the group as they pass under the giant faded sign marking the entrance to the campground. Planks connect the tops of the campers and are sometimes set at an incline for easy access to a vehicle. Many RVs have been gutted or expanded upon, becoming more shack-like with the addition of corrugated steel walls and overhangs. The bones of alligators, nutria, and other vermin hang from many roofs or are nailed to the sides of the vehicles. Junk and trash are piled along the sides of the campers, and there is a stench of rot in the air.

The people of Placid Dreams all have a very inbred look to them -- large pronounced foreheads, wide-set eyes, concave sternums, cleft palates, and disproportionately long arms or legs. Many have awful acne or eczema. Some have bandages covering their arms, legs, or heads. Others are nearly entirely wrapped in dirty rags. They wear clothes that seem to have been plucked

out of a Salvation Army donation bin -- mismatched shirts and pants and shoes reveal a very profound level of poverty. They are sullen and morose upon regarding the investigators' entrance to their community, and some close their windows or retreat into their campers immediately.

However, they will be approached by one young man who seems to have less-developed inbred characteristics. The man introduces himself as Curtis and he welcomes the investigators while simultaneously asking their business in Placid Dreams. He will attempt to be as helpful as possible while underlining the insular community's desire for privacy. Curtis will stay with the group unless forcibly expelled -- in which case, the investigators will find the community far more threatening than before. Angry glares, rocks thrown by children, and curses let the players know that they are not welcome in Placid Dreams for much longer.

A halved Spot Hidden could locate a tan RV on the outskirts of the community -- its importance is only noted to the players if an INTx3 is also made. This is the RV brought to Placid Dreams in 2003 by Gordon Whelk, and it has been relatively untouched since his demise. There is still a good amount of meth manufacturing equipment in the vehicle, as well as a tray of old crystallized meth. There is definite evidence that a struggle took place here many years ago -- broken glass is scattered on the floor of the hollowed-out camper, and there are spots of old blood on the walls, now covered with dust. If community members are questioned about Whelk or the camper, they will merely state that he left on his own years ago, wandering into the swamp. They assert that no one has touched the RV since then.

Players may also note that there is a large pile of brush in the center of the park, and Curtis or other community members will tell them it is for a bonfire.

If the investigators show Curtis a photograph of Landon Day, he will inform them that the man is indeed in Placid Dreams -- he had wandered into the park less than a day ago with a severe alligator bite wound. The community's doctor has been attending to him while another left on foot to get help. He'll hastily agree to retrieve Landon for the investigators, but asks them to stay where they are. Curtis will enter a half-submerged RV near the center of the park that has been heavily reinforced with corrugated steel, and lock its door behind him. The players will hear loud arguing from the inside of the vehicle, but the words will be inaudible. As they wait, more and more community members begin to appear around them, keeping their distance. They may notice that several are carrying shotguns and rifles.

Curtis, Village Voice, Age 20

No one in Placid Dreams knows how to deal with outsiders better than Curtis. Since the age of twelve, he has been one of two youths chosen to travel twice a year into Houma to trade alligator hides and fresh fish for needed supplies. He soon discovered that he had a knack for redirecting conversation when outsiders started to ask potentially dangerous questions, and bartering skills came just as easily.

Though Curtis is forbidden to travel into town outside of his semiyearly trips, he occasionally sneaks off in the dead of night to the outskirts of Houma to peer into the windows of unsuspecting sleeping women. Lately, his lust has been growing to the point of becoming difficult to control. His deep longing to fornicate with an outsider female causes constant inner turmoil, as he has been tasked by the community to keep outsiders as far from Placid Dreams as possible. He is fully aware of the danger his lusts present to his family, and he has recently begun punishing himself for his crimes by snuffing burning embers out on his thighs.

Curtis will do anything to keep prying eyes away from Placid Dreams, though he will be fairly amicable towards investigators (still, he will remain steadfast in his insistence that the community wishes to be left alone). If there are any female investigators in the party, Curtis must roll a POW x 5 to resist the urge to flirt and stay on topic.

Landon's babble, in its more lucid moments, seems to indicate that he is more than just a crazed wanderer. As the village is currently divided over the the issue of whether or not Landon is a divine prophet, Curtis has been selected to peacefully facilitate the hasty egress of any individuals who might come looking for him. However, Curtis plans to turn Landon over to whomever may inquire about him as he believes this to be the best course of action for the continued security of Placid Dreams. He feels that the Elders are playing a dangerous game, and he refuses to see the community brought down by one crazed outsider.

STR 12	**CON 11**	**SIZ 10**	**INT 14**	**POW 11**
DEX 14	**APP 10**	**EDU 6**	**SAN 0**	**HP 12**

DAMAGE BONUS: None.
ATTACKS: Hunting Knife 51%, 1D6 damage
SKILLS

Bargain 50%	Dodge 28%	Fast Talk 44%
Mechanical Repair 45%	Navigate 53%	Persuade 40%
Psychology 32%	Sneak 41%	Track 35%

LANGUAGES: English (own) 60%

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION: Curtis is a tanned young man with shaggy red hair, thin patches of facial hair, and wide-set blue eyes. He is of average height with a toned physique born of a life spent hunting and fishing in the swamps. His face always seems on the verge of a smile -- he is often daydreaming of his next midnight foray into town.

Violence

Placid Dreams knows that the best way to maintain its twisted status quo is to seem uninteresting to outsiders. Therefore, they are willing to take a lot of abuse before resorting to any sort of violence or preternatural revelation. The community will see the investigators as part of the authorities -- even if the investigators do not present themselves as such. The default suspicion is that any outsider could whisper in the wrong ear, rumor would spread, and at some point, the law would get involved -- and so special care will be taken to play along with their questioning. Even the children are very adept at keeping the cult's dark secrets. They are well-practiced at creating the illusion of being comprised only of a backwards and poverty-stricken people just trying to make it by with a small modicum of pride.

At any time, the investigators may take hostile action against the denizens of Placid Dreams. Depending on when this occurs, the community's response will be very different.

• If the players unload their weapons at the first sight of a congenitally-deformed individual, they will be met with maximum resistance from the brunt of the community.

• If the players take hostile actions after meeting with Curtis, the community will attempt to disarm and subdue them in order to imprison them within the Dagon tabernacle with Landon Day.

• If an attempt is made to fire upon members of Placid Dreams after escape, they will be met with the full force of the community.

There are several groups in the community: the unchanged, the hybrids (the Chosen), and the Elders. Each group has its own unique repertoire of abilities and attacks as outlined below. There are 47 unchanged (including children, who may fanatically join in during any fight as a Keeper's option: adjust the provided stats as needed), 17 Chosen, and 5 Elders. These numbers can be adjusted in any direction as the Keeper sees fit.

There is an 8% chance that a Brackish Deep One is lying low in a nearby deep marsh. If it joins the fray, a fight may come to an abrupt conclusion. Please see the excerpt on Brackish Deep One stats.

The Unchanged

char.	rolls	average
STR	3D6	10-11
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	3D6	10-11
INT	3D6	10-11
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
		HP 10-11

AV. DAMAGE BONUS: None.
ATTACKS
Punch 50% damage 1D3 + db
Kick or Bite 25% damage 1D6 + db
Improvised Weapon 15% variable damage
Shotgun 30%, 2D6 damage
Hunting Rifle 25%, 2D6+4

SPELLS: None.
SANITY LOSS: None.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION: The majority of the Placid Dreams community members show no physical indication of hybridization. These individuals, however, do seem to suffer from malnutrition and congenital defects. They are rabid when it comes to defending their home, and they will fanatically follow any Elder's commands -- even if it means their death.

The Chosen

char.	rolls	average
STR	3D6+1	11-12
CON	4D6	14
SIZ	3D6+1	11-12
INT	3D6	10-11
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
		HP 14

AV. DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4
ATTACKS
Punch 50% damage 1D3 + db
Claw, Kick, or Bite 25% damage 1D6 + db

SPELLS: None.
SANITY LOSS: None.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION: The Chosen are comprised of both those who have survived congress with the Deep Ones during the community's many rituals, as well as the offspring of such unions. The former group includes the hardier community members who have been able to endure such an encounter. The latter group are often those who show signs of incomplete hybridization, but their features are not as pronounced as the traits possessed by the Elders. They are often covered in gauze, rags, or other dirtied wrappings to hide their deformities from outsiders. Some spend their days in murky pools inside the park's half-sunken RVs, completely dependant on others to provide them care and sustenance.

The Elders

char.	rolls	average
STR	4D6	14
CON	4D6+2	16
SIZ	3D6+3	13-14
INT	3D6	10-11
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
		HP 15

AV. DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4
ATTACKS
Punch 50% damage 1D3 + db
Claw, Kick, or Bite 25% damage 1D6 + db

SPELLS: At the discretion of the Keeper, Elders with POW 14 or more know at least 1D2 spells.
SANITY LOSS: 0/1D4

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION: The Elders are the strongest members of Placid Dreams. They are also the closest to full Deep One hybridization. Most are suspended at their stage of preternatural evolution, forever imprisoned in an unfinished body. Very few actually reach full maturity and return to the sea. They are completely covered with rags, hiding their awful visage from the outside world. They speak in deep, croaking voices, and they shamble to and from the deeper marshes with a twisted, loping gait.

Seconds later, Curtis will emerge from the camper with none other than Landon Day. Landon's clothes are in tatters, and he is covered in dried blood. He will have a fresh wound on the side of his head, where it looks like he was recently bludgeoned (Medicine or IDEA). He is whimpering slightly and seems very dazed. Curtis will ask the investigators to take Landon to get help and leave the community immediately. Before the players have a chance to react, however, several Placid Dreams Elders will have made their way from across the camp and pushed through the growing line of community members surrounding them. The Elders are significantly more imposing than the lesser hybrids the players have thus far encountered: they are taller and bulkier, and are entirely wrapped in dirty damp rags. Their bodies are misshapen and they walk with a twisted, limping gait. Their croaking voices will ring out over the murmuring of the others around them as they demand that "the prophet" be returned to the "sacred ground." They will demand that the "outsiders" also be imprisoned.

If the investigators allow it, they will be stripped of any obvious weaponry (Conceal rolls are appropriate), thrown into the heavily-fortified RV, and locked inside with Landon as hybrids hoot and slam their wet hands against the sides of the vehicle. This clamor will end after a few minutes, and the investigators will discover that the well-fortified walls and dead-bolted door of the camper prevent conventional escape.

The inside of the vehicle is decorated with many glyphs painted in a white clay, as well as what appears to be layers of dried blood. Part of the interior is submerged in opaque black water, the edge of that has been carefully marked with a row of infant skulls. This watery pit is entirely lined with human bones. Investigators will recognize one symbol which was etched into the polished white stones found at the site of Benjamin Tuttle's corpse. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll will identify their location as a tabernacle for the Esoteric Order of Dagon.

Questioning Landon Day at this time will yield the details concerning the failed summoning and his treatment at the hands of the Placid Dreams community. Landon will describe Benjamin's reasons for contacting the creatures from the sea, and he will laugh maniacally now that he understands the twisted darkness of which the Exalted Circle is a part. He tells the investigators he hid his phone from the community and secretly made calls to his assistant to organize a rescue, but Cullen did not respond. Landon will go into great length describing the most minute details of his experiences, latching on to tiny elements of his memories. Unless Landon is brought back to the current line of questioning with successful Psychoanalysis rolls, talking to the insane man is a tedious prospect.

Landon can describe what he thinks the Exalted Circle is -- a cadre of rich men who run the world in a cutthroat race to more wealth and power -- but he is not aware of any of the cult's true workings. He will also talk about how the people in Placid Dreams have been arguing about him since he wandered into their camp. They restrained him immediately and placed him in the vehicle, though his recollection is foggy as to why. He knows that some consider him a prophet, and others wish for him to be given up to the "ritual." He is very disturbed and will randomly laugh and shout as he answers the investigators' questions.

Landon has two festering wounds: one pronounced bite mark on his right shoulder, and another deep gouge where his genitals used to be. He is not only suffering from psychological trauma, but he is also entering septic shock. A Medicine roll reveals that he will die without immediate medical care. He will slowly fall into a coma after about an hour.

Escape

If the players are unable to extricate themselves from their prison, which is likely, night will soon fall. Torches outside of the prison camper are lit, and investigators are able to peer through tiny cracks in the reinforced walls to watch many of the hybrids remove their bandages (SAN 1/1D4) and begin to frolic around the giant pile of branches in the center of the park. They soon remove these branches, revealing a half-submerged basalt sphere about the size of a car. A screaming woman is brought to the statue, where her clothes are forcibly removed during the frenetic dancing of the cultists. She is restrained on the statue as several Elders -- now fully revealed -- appear (SAN 1D2/1D8). They move toward the woman with bats and other bludgeoning tools.

As the cultists' chanting and frenzy escalates, Landon will jar awake and scream. He will dive into the tiny pool of water in the vehicle -- and disappear. Attempting to follow him reveals that he has burrowed a hole through the many bones lining the pond's bottom and forced his way out of the RV. A successful Swim roll will help an investigator navigate through the chilly pool into a nearby marsh -- a failure

indicates that the player will take in a small amount of water and suffer 1D2 damage. Players will find Landon Day's corpse floating in this marsh -- he did not make it.

Conclusion

The players can try and go back to the center of the camp and save the sacrificial victim, whom they can hear screaming upon emerging from the pond. Or, they can make their escape from Placid Dreams on foot, hopefully back to their waiting boat. Walking away from the bloodcurdling screams will cost players 1D3/1D6 SAN. Of course, attempting a rescue could prove much more sanity-shattering, if not completely lethal (once again, refer to the "Violence" sidebar).

The investigators will want to try to disperse the tainted Placid Dreams campsite. Many options are possible, though the method is completely up to their play-style. They could provide compelling evidence of methamphetamine manufacturing at the site and get the DEA involved in a raid -- such a coordinated hit on the community, if planned properly, will send most Placid Dreams members running, but some will attempt to fight back. Such an incident will be televised on the news as another federal standoff with a local extremist group. The government will eventually arrest all surviving members and condemn the park.

If they have the proper connections, they might schedule a live-fire exercise over the "unpopulated" area, dropping a payload on the site that clears it out. This is high-profile, but not out of the question if the proper channels are used and the right people are tricked or convinced.

They may wish to perform a raid themselves with better equipment and more men -- this would be an extended play scenario that would pit the team against the hybrid population in a series of events similar to those found in the "Violence" sidebar. This is a very lethal choice.

Finally, they could merely report their findings to Cell A and let Delta Green determine the best course of action -- though there is always the possibility that they will task the investigators with the clean-up job.

The investigators should be allowed to exercise any imaginative solution they can realistically muster.

Placid Dreams must be destroyed.

Handout 1

Report #8455
DATE: 25 July, 2003
AGENTS: Ulysses
SUMMARY: Investigation into the cause of death of Gordon Whelk, full conclusions pending on further evidence
CASE STATUS: Open

Ulysses was assigned to this probing op to establish the existence of a preternatural threat in Atchafalaya Bay near Houma, Louisiana. The body of Gordon Whelk washed up in Round Bayou at the northeastern point of the Bay, and was found by a local naturalist.

Preliminary examination of the body indicated that it was mauled by alligators, but Terrebonne Parish Coroner Dr. Vincent Tedescue concluded after a full autopsy that the wounds were caused by an unknown biological organism [records intercepted by eeAOP2003.14b]. The body was also sexually penetrated through several of the wounds. Ulysses was dispatched to obtain the autopsy records and samples of the unknown organism's seminal fluid.

Ulysses developed a working relationship with Dr. Tedescue [#f273]. The samples were destroyed, but Dr. Tedescue is still is possession of a copy of the autopsy report [monitoring through sen_vig]. Another report was created to be properly filed with the state.

Gordon Whelk was 29 years old, unmarried, and had no permanent residency. He attended high school in Hutchison, Kansas and never received a diploma. He owned a recreational vehicle [Winnebago, 1982, tan, plate #5JJUZ8, whereabouts unknown] which was registered in Kansas state in 2000. Further probing revealed that Whelk was on a list of suspected methamphetamine manufacturers near Wichita, and he had been targeted for eventual investigation by the DEA.

Ulysses was unable to discovered any conclusive evidence around the site where the body was found due to frequent rains and marshy terrain. An APB with local law enforcement failed to turn up any sign of the RV. No other morgues in the region reported similar maulings.

Ulysses stayed on for a week, but no further attacks occurred. He secured Dr. Tedescue's future assistance to report directly to him if other mauled bodies were found.

Only known associate of Gordon Whelk: Felix Carr. Ulysses could not locate Carr at the time of the investigation, but Carr was imprisoned at Nebraska State Penitentiary in 2006 on trafficking charges (30 year sentence). Ulysses has since interviewed Carr, but found he had no information regarding Whelk's destination.

[From #f273] NOTE: Dr. Tedescue was provided NSA credentials, no names. He is only in possession of Ulysses' phone number.

Handout 2

Handout 3

Message 1

...moistness shunting through paper-thin flesh. It's wet, it's dark and wet and it's bubbling into it. The worst part is that it was always there; it was always there. Listen to this Placid Dream. These Placid Dreams. Placid. Dreams...

Message 2

...have to help me. Oh God they know I'll be in here talking to someone, they'll read it on my face and they'll rip it open and find all the eggs they left inside me. Scratching now.

Cullen, help me. Send someone. It's called Placid Dreams.

(laughter)

Message 3

No more. No more. No more. No more. No more.

Help me. Help me! Help me...


Franklin
Houma
Burns Point Recreation Area
Gordon Whelk's Corpse - 2003
Site of initial summoning
Placid Dreams
Benjamin Tuttles' Corpse - 2010