

Name: Reginald Masters

Occupation: Professor

Sex: Male **Age:** 45

Marks, Scars, Mental Disorders: _____



STR: 15 **DEX:** 12 **INT:** 16 **Idea Roll:** 80%

CON: 10 **APP:** 10 **POW:** 10 **Luck Roll:** 50%

SIZ: 10 **SAN:** 50 **EDU:** 23 **Know Roll:** 115%

Damage Bonus: +1D4 **Hit Points:** 10 **Income:** \$6,500

Skills

Anthropology	75%	Bargain	71%
Climb	45%	Credit Rating	80%
Dodge	44%	Drive Auto	30%
First Aid	35%	Fist/Punch	55%
Grapple	35%	Handgun	20%
Jump	30%	Library Use	60%
Listen	70%	Natural History	75%
Other Language (Chinese)	50%	Other Language (Greek)	28%
Other Language (Russian)	80%	Own Language (English)	115%
Sneak	20%	Spot Hidden	60%

History

You are one of the most prominent authorities in the United States on primate studies. Although many of your early papers on evolution were scoffed at by colleagues, you have slowly earned the great respect of your peers, and are known as a man of reason. Little do others suspect that you harbor an interest in the mysterious, particularly in your field of study – secretly, you have compiled a wealth of knowledge about creatures like Bigfoot, the Abominable Snowman, and the mysterious *yeti*.

Though Miskatonic University is your home, you have traveled the world to speak of your more reputable studies, going to universities in England, France, Germany, and even Russia. During your last trip to Russia, you met a promising young politician named Alexei Orkonov, and his ravishing American wife, Charlotte. You found them to be quite charming and personable, and were delighted that they shared your interest in more esoteric subjects like the *yeti*. Even though that meeting was brief, you have maintained correspondence with them through letters over the past few years.

Recently, however, the tone of the Orkonovs' letters has grown quite dark. Still, it did not prepare you for the horrible news of Charlotte's demise, or Alexei's commitment to a mental institution. When you received an invitation to Charlotte's memorial service, you knew that you must go in order to pay your final respects, and to see what you can do for her children.

Name: Leon Sterndale

Occupation: Military Officer

Sex: Male **Age:** 48

Marks, Scars, Mental Disorders: _____



STR: 11 **DEX:** 12 **INT:** 12 **Idea Roll:** 60%

CON: 13 **APP:** 10 **POW:** 12 **Luck Roll:** 60%

SIZ: 10 **SAN:** 60 **EDU:** 14 **Know Roll:** 70%

Damage Bonus: None **Hit Points:** 12 **Income:** \$4,200

Skills

Accounting	15%	Bargain	40%
Climb	25%	Credit Rating	35%
Dodge	40%	Fast Talk	25%
Fist/Punch	50%	Handgun	40%
Law	15%	Listen	25%
Navigate	40%	Other Language (Russian)	40%
Own Language (English)	70%	Persuade	40%
Psychology	45%	Rifle (Elephant Gun)	50%
Sneak	30%	Spot Hidden	20%
Track	30%		

History

A former soldier who fought proudly in the Second Boer War, you're a daredevil with an insatiable lust for going where others have never been. In 1922, you joined the British Mount Everest Expedition in hopes of ascending the highest peak in the world. The expedition's attempts to make history ultimately proved unsuccessful; nevertheless, you stayed in the region for several years, eventually returning to the States to write an acclaimed book about your journeys. You even received a small amount of acclaim from the National Geographic Society, although some of their members sneered at your inclusion of a shadowy picture of a *yeti*, which you still believe you saw one snowy day, high atop the Himalayas.

That picture, however, led you to some interesting correspondence with a variety of individuals scattered around the world. One of these individuals was an American artist named Charlotte Orkonov who was living in the Soviet Union. Despite the macabre nature of some of her thoughts, you enjoy your correspondence with her, finding her to be very keen in her insights and well versed in a variety of academic subjects.

Though you never met her in person, the news of her death still hit you quite hard. You had already been planning a trip to the Soviet Union in the next few months, having been given permission by the Soviet government to investigate a curious place in Siberia called Tunguska. When you received an invitation to Charlotte's memorial service, you saw it as the chance to say farewell to a friend whom you never met.

Name: Mycroft Boothe

Occupation: Dilettante

Sex: Male **Age:** 26

Marks, Scars, Mental Disorders: _____

STR: 15 **DEX:** 11 **INT:** 12 **Idea Roll:** 60%

CON: 12 **APP:** 13 **POW:** 12 **Luck Roll:** 60%

SIZ: 10 **SAN:** 60 **EDU:** 20 **Know Roll:** 100%

Damage Bonus: 1D4 **Hit Points:** 11 **Income:** \$5,500



Skills

Art (Painting)	85%	Art (Ventriloquism)	30%
Astronomy	30%	Credit Rating	80%
Dodge	22%	Fist/Punch	55%
Handgun	35%	Locksmith	30%
Other Language (Arabic)	55%	Other Language (Hieroglyphics)	50%
Other Language (Russian)	50%	Own Language (English)	100%
Persuade	31%	Ride	45%

History

You were born with a silver spoon in your mouth. Since your father was one of the original partners of J.P. Morgan, you've had little to worry about in life, and have spent much of your time either socializing with the high society of Boston or dabbling in various interests at a variety of colleges and universities.

For awhile, you were enrolled in a top art school in Massachusetts, but you quickly learned that life as an artist was not for you, despite your talents. However, you made many friends with other artists there, including a young woman named Charlotte Geoffrey. In fact, your father helped to finance her first art showing that launched her career. You have always considered her a dear friend, if a little eccentric.

Learning about her death was tough on you. However, by going to her memorial service, you feel that you will be doing the right thing. By going to Russia, you want to make sure that Charlotte's legacy is intact. If possible, you'd like to bring some of her paintings back to the States... but more importantly, you want to make sure that her children are well cared for, particularly her younger daughter Katarina.

Name: Colleen Palmer

Occupation: Professor

Sex: Female **Age:** 35

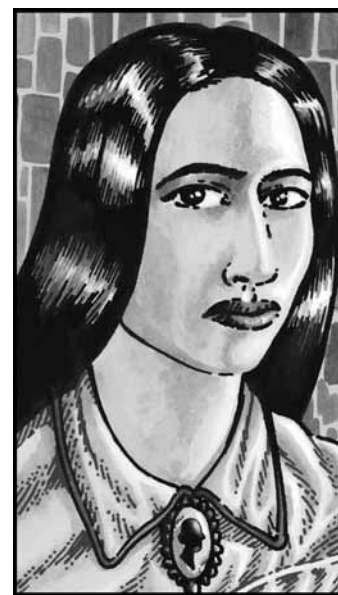
Marks, Scars, Mental Disorders: _____

STR: 10 **DEX:** 10 **INT:** 15 **Idea Roll:** 75%

CON: 11 **APP:** 13 **POW:** 7 **Luck Roll:** 35%

SIZ: 9 **SAN:** 35 **EDU:** 17 **Know Roll:** 85%

Damage Bonus: None **Hit Points:** 10 **Income:** \$4,500



Skills

Archaeology	6%	Bargain	40%
Conceal	25%	Credit Rating	25%
Dodge	40%	Drive Auto	30%
Fast Talk	30%	First Aid	40%
Fist/Punch	55%	Handgun	40%
Hide	30%	History	60%
Library Use	65%	Listen	40%
Occult	12%	Other Language (Latin)	50%
Other Language (Russian)	50%	Own Language (English)	85%
Persuade	32%	Photography	13%
Psychology	40%	Spot Hidden	45%

History

Your life has been all about books. Your father was an antiquarian and a collector of rare, dusty tomes, so it wasn't altogether surprising that you followed in his footsteps. As a professor of history at Miskatonic University, you'd had the chance to read some exceedingly rare and disturbing tomes, and have been able to acquire quite a few books on behalf of your colleagues.

Your recent studies have led you to seek ancient books rumored to be in Russia or the Far East. You believe that if you were to acquire some of these books, you would be able to share a wealth of knowledge with the rest of the university. In particular, one book – the *Book of Dark Winter* – seems like it would be of interest to several professors that you know, including your good friend Reginald Masters.

When Reginald suddenly decided to head to Leningrad to attend the memorial service of his friend Charlotte, you decided to invite yourself along. The opportunity was too perfect – you know that the *Book of Dark Winter* is located somewhere in that region of Russia, and that the Orkonov family somehow has ties to the mysterious tome. You know you'll never have a better opportunity to locate the *Book* than now.

Name: Albion Fitzgerald

Occupation: Artist

Sex: Male **Age:** 38

Marks, Scars, Mental Disorders: _____

STR: 13 **DEX:** 10 **INT:** 16 **Idea Roll:** 80%

CON: 12 **APP:** 14 **POW:** 14 **Luck Roll:** 75%

SIZ: 12 **SAN:** 70 **EDU:** 14 **Know Roll:** 70%

Damage Bonus: +1D4 **Hit Points:** 12 **Income:** \$10,500



Skills

Art (Painting)	85%	Conceal	20%
Dodge	44%	Fast Talk	80%
Fist/Punch	70%	History	25%
Listen	40%	Occult	15%
Other Language (Russian)	37%	Own Language (English)	70%
Persuade	35%	Photography	30%
Psychology	60%	Sneak	40%
Spot Hidden	70%		

History

You've made a name for yourself in the world of art, recognized as one of the earlier pioneers of the Surrealist movement. Though other artists like Salvador Dalí and Yves Tanguy get more acclaim, you've gotten your share of praise as well, and have been able to sell enough of your work to make a comfortable living.

You recently became fascinated with the paintings of an artist you met while attending college: Charlotte Geoffrey. Her macabre work straddles the line between Surrealism and Realism, and possesses a subtlety that you envy. You've corresponded with her once or twice in letters, and even invited her to come to the Arkham Museum as a lecturer. She politely declined, but you still would like to meet her, and learn her secrets.

Even though you barely knew her outside of her artwork, you were still stunned by the news of Charlotte's death. However, when you received an invitation to attend her memorial service, you realized that a grand opportunity had just presented itself to you. On behalf of the Arkham Museum, you could perhaps acquire some of her finer works from the State Museum in Leningrad, and with some luck, you might be able to learn the secrets of her painting techniques as well.