

**Name:** Doctor Nicolai Dolmen, PhD.

**Occupation:** Mathematician

**Nationality:** Norwegian      **Sex:** Male      **Age:** 34

**Marks, Scars, Mental Disorders:** A thick and bushy beard

**STR:** 13      **DEX:** 14      **INT:** 17      **Idea Roll:** 85%

**CON:** 12      **APP:** 13      **POW:** 14      **Luck Roll:** 70%

**SIZ:** 8      **SAN:** 70      **EDU:** 19      **Know Roll:** 95%

**Damage Bonus:** None      **Hit Points:** 10      **MP:** 14

**Income:** \$7,500.00



## Weapons

<b>Fist/Punch</b>	50%	1D3
<b>Grapple</b>	25%	Special
<b>Kick</b>	25%	1D6

## Skills

<b>Astronomy</b>	25%	<b>Mathematics</b>	60%
<b>Art (Drawing)</b>	35%	<b>Other Language (English)</b>	60%
<b>Bargain</b>	35%	<b>Other Language (German)</b>	40%
<b>Credit Rating</b>	55%	<b>Own Language (Norwegian)</b>	95%
<b>Cthulhu Mythos</b>	0%	<b>Persuade</b>	29%
<b>Dodge</b>	35%	<b>Psychology</b>	19%
<b>History</b>	45%	<b>Physics</b>	40%
<b>Library Use</b>	55%	<b>Spot Hidden</b>	55%

## History

Ever since you can remember, people have either dismissed you because of your size or made you the subject of jest and mockery. In response you made it your goal in life to hone your intellect and prove yourself more than the simple fact that you measure only 5'1" tall, and weigh only 155lbs. Discovering a talent for mathematics, you take pride in having earned your doctoral degree in Applied Mathematics from as prestigious an institution as Cambridge University. It is your belief that every problem can be solved through the logical application of mathematical formulae.

In addition, you also stopped shaving your beard to rid yourself of your child-like image. It now reaches half way down your chest.

Until two months ago, you felt that your life had reached its zenith. Since then, then you have been plagued by nightmares that deprive you of any form of rest or peace. The terrors wake you in the middle of the night, sometimes screaming. It has been weeks since you have had a decent night's sleep, and you can feel it taking its toll on your mind and body. You have finally succumbed to the growing madness, and are journeying to India to seek the answer as to why you cannot sleep.

**Name:** Alexandra Hurst, BEM

**Occupation:** Nurse    **Income:** \$4,000    **Cash:** \$80    **Rupees:** Rs80

**Nationality:** British    **Sex:** Female    **Age:** 27

**Marks, Scars, Mental Disorders:** \_\_\_\_\_

<b>STR:</b> 13	<b>DEX:</b> 16	<b>INT:</b> 15	<b>Idea Roll:</b> 75%
<b>CON:</b> 14	<b>APP:</b> 17	<b>POW:</b> 10	<b>Luck Roll:</b> 50%
<b>SIZ:</b> 12	<b>SAN:</b> 48	<b>EDU:</b> 13	<b>Know Roll:</b> 65%
<b>Damage Bonus:</b> +1D4	<b>Hit Points:</b> 13	<b>MP:</b> 10	



## Weapons

<b>Fist/Punch</b>	50%	1D3+db
<b>Grapple</b>	60%	Special
<b>Kick</b>	25%	1D6+db

## Skills

<b>Accounting</b>	19%	<b>Navigation</b>	38%
<b>Biology</b>	40%	<b>Other Language (French)</b>	20%
<b>Credit Rating</b>	15%	<b>Other Language (Hindi)</b>	20%
<b>Cthulhu Mythos</b>	2%	<b>Other Language (Latin)</b>	20%
<b>Dodge</b>	32%	<b>Own Language (English)</b>	65%
<b>First Aid</b>	65%	<b>Persuade</b>	34%
<b>Listen</b>	34%	<b>Pharmacy</b>	40%
<b>Medicine</b>	25%	<b>Spot Hidden</b>	55%

## History

There is far more to you than meets the eye. On one hand, you have the face of an angel and the figure of Venus. On the other hand, you have the strength and skills of a master wrestler gained while manhandling your patients. Inspired by stories of the grandfather you never knew because he died in service to Queen Victoria in the Anglo-Zulu War, you chose to become a nurse.

Once you achieved your honors as a nurse, you applied to St. Thomas' Hospital in London so you could work in the veteran's ward. Your unparalleled care with the veterans and linguistic aptitude with foreign patients was recognized by your superiors and earned you the award of the British Empire Medal (BEM). Many of the men under your care fell madly in love with you, requiring you to gently dissuade their sometimes cheeky passes at you. Others deemed psychologically unstable trusted you enough to share the dark and horrible secrets they discovered in the war. No matter how hard you found their stories to believe, some elements of their tales continue to nag at the back of your mind.

Until two months ago, you were preparing yourself for the interview for the position of Nursing Sister for your ward. Then the nightmares began to haunt you. For weeks now, you have been losing more and more sleep each night. You are exhausted all the time, but every time you try to close your eyes the nightmares come back with even more intensity. You were finally forced to take a leave of absence so you can try to get your life back together. For whatever reason, you can feel that the dreams are telling you to go to India. You pray that you will be able to find the relief that you need there.



**Name:** Major James Lloyd

**Occupation:** Soldier (retired)

**Nationality:** American

**Sex:** Male

**Age:** 51

**Income:** \$5,200

**Cash:** \$104

**Rupees:** Rs156

**Marks, Scars, Mental Disorders:** Missing half of his left thumb

**STR:** 14

**DEX:** 11

**INT:** 14

**Idea Roll:** 70%

**CON:** 12

**APP:** 10

**POW:** 9

**Luck Roll:** 45%

**SIZ:** 16

**SAN:** 45

**EDU:** 14

**Know Roll:** 70%

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Hit Points:** 14

**MP:** 9

## Weapons

<b>Fist/Punch</b>	50%	1D3+db	<b>Handgun</b>	50%	1D10+2
<b>Grapple</b>	25%	Special	<b>Rifle</b>	65%	2D6+4
<b>Kick</b>	25%	1D6+db	<b>Cavalry Sabre</b>	40%	1D8+1+db

## Skills

<b>Accounting</b>	30%	<b>Military History</b>	40%
<b>Credit Rating</b>	40%	<b>Navigate</b>	34%
<b>Cthulhu Mythos</b>	5%	<b>Own Language (English)</b>	70%
<b>Dodge</b>	55%	<b>Persuade/Command</b>	70%
<b>Electrical Repair</b>	30%	<b>Ride</b>	30%
<b>First Aid</b>	37%	<b>Sneak</b>	30%
<b>Listen</b>	35%	<b>Throw</b>	35%
<b>Mechanical Repair</b>	40%		

## History

You are a veteran of the Spanish-American War; you served under Teddy Roosevelt as one of his “Rough Riders.” The stiffness in your back and knees, as well as your mutilated left thumb, are constant reminders of your days in Cuba.

One memory of Cuba is particularly disturbing; you led a squad of men into a small village to clear it of any insurgents. You achieved your goal in a matter of minutes. You held the men of the village in a structure that looked like it served as a place of worship for the village. The strangely red-eyed savages began to gibber and chant as they sat together on the floor of the hut. What happened next has haunted you for years. From out of nowhere, a ball of fire manifested and began to attack you and your men, and you lost the village as quickly as you had captured it! After spending three years as a resident in Whispering Hills Sanitarium, you finally came to terms with the horrors of your past. Yet no matter how many times the Alienists stated in no uncertain terms that you were sane and cured, you still feel like you’ve glimpsed a piece of reality that is much larger than yourself. Since then, you’ve been traveling the great American southwest, earning your way as a handyman.

Now you are in the twilight of your years, and you feel like you should be able to rest comfortably, but two months ago, new nightmares began to take over your mind. The chaos of the dreams is unbearable, and has driven you beyond all rational thought to travel to India. You are gambling that an answer awaits you there so that you can finally get some rest; but you also cannot help but wonder if this is all due to your exposure to horrors in Cuba.

You are traveling with your Colt M1911 .45 pistol, M1903 Springfield 30-06 rifle, and trusty cavalry sabre.



**Name:** Father Franco Hernandez

**Occupation:** Jesuit Missionary

**Nationality:** Cuban

**Sex:** Male

**Age:** 42

**Income:** \$1,750

**Cash:** \$35

**Rupees:** Rs35

**Marks, Scars, Mental Disorders:** \_\_\_\_\_

**STR:** 13

**DEX:** 15

**INT:** 16

**Idea Roll:** 80%

**CON:** 9

**APP:** 14

**POW:** 12

**Luck Roll:** 60%

**SIZ:** 14

**SAN:** 60

**EDU:** 14

**Know Roll:** 70%

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Hit Points:** 11

**MP:** 12

## Weapons

**Fist/Punch** 60% 1D3+db

**Grapple** 25% Special

**Kick** 25% 1D6+db

## Skills

**Anthropology** 30%

**Bargain** 20%

**Craft (Carpentry)** 23%

**Cthulhu Mythos** 0%

**Dodge** 45%

**History** 30%

**Library Use** 30%

**Listen** 50%

**Martial Arts (Boxing)** 45%

**Occult** 20%

**Other Language (English)** 30%

**Other Language (Latin)** 34%

**Own Language (Spanish)** 70%

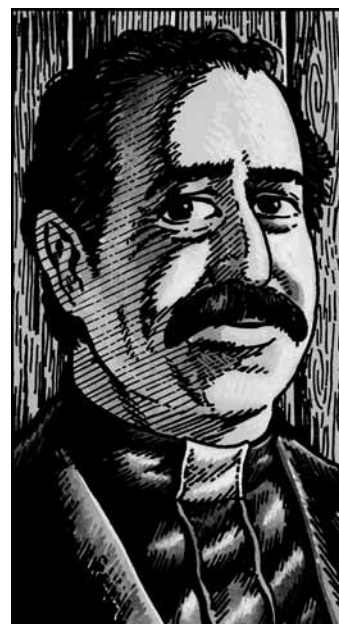
**Persuade** 31%

**Pilot (Boat)** 30%

**Psychoanalysis** 30%

**Philosophy & Religion (Christianity)** 60%

**Track** 35%



## History

You were sixteen years old when you heard the calling to do the Lord's work. That's when you left home and entered the seminary. For nearly thirty years now, you have dedicated yourself to God's Word as a missionary.

During that time you found boxing to be a way to attract young men to the church since you yourself are an accomplished boxer. When you look back on your life, you are sure that if you had made other choices then you would have been a professional prizefighter. You consider boxing to be a sport of finesse and skill, rather than the bloody slugfest the general public make it out to be.

You also pride yourself in being able to easily approach and meet new people. Most people find you easy to talk to, allowing you to connect with them on a deep and meaningful level. Your ability to listen, sympathize, and problem solve are some of the key reasons as to why you have been successful as a missionary.

And now you are traveling farther than you have ever gone before, due to the nightmares. Every evening for the past two months, you have been deprived of sleep because of these hellish dreams. The dreams seem to be urging you to go to India, so you are going with the small hope that this is what the Lord wants from you, and that He will finally bring you peace as you sleep.



**Name:** Corrine Kirkwell

**Occupation:** Student

**Nationality:** American

**Sex:** Female

**Age:** 23

**Income:** \$2,800

**Cash:** \$56

**Rupees:** Rs84

**Marks, Scars, Mental Disorders:** Beauty mark over the right corner of her lips

**STR:** 10

**DEX:** 15

**INT:** 16

**Idea Roll:** 80%

**CON:** 10

**APP:** 13

**POW:** 13

**Luck Roll:** 65%

**SIZ:** 7

**SAN:** 65

**EDU:** 17

**Know Roll:** 85%

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Hit Points:** 9

**MP:** 13



## Weapons

**Fist/Punch** 50% 1D3

**Grapple** 25% Special

**Kick** 45% 1D6

## Skills

**Accounting** 50%

**Art (Acting)** 45%

**Bargain** 45%

**Climb** 40%

**Cthulhu Mythos** 0%

**Disguise** 45%

**Dodge** 45%

**Drive Auto** 41%

**Fast Talk** 27%

**History** 34%

**Law** 45%

**Library Use** 70%

**Other Language (French)** 35%

**Other Language (Italian)** 35%

**Own Language (English)** 85%

**Spot Hidden** 45%

**Swim** 35%

## History

You are a graduate student at Miskatonic University studying Library Sciences. You hope to eventually have Professor Henry Armitage's job, and thus become the first woman appointed to the role of head librarian at the university.

Friends and family describe you as "loud" and "boisterous," but you prefer "theatrical." You love the theatre as much as you love the library. You are physically fit and enjoy a wide range of sports that push you to the limits of your endurance and dexterity. You subscribe to the philosophy that a sound body and a sound mind are one and the same.

Your participation in the campus theatre, university sports, and the Library Sciences graduate studies has made you a very popular woman. Fellow graduate student, George Stanton, has been courting you for almost a year now; the two of you are deeply in love. You have high hopes that he will propose marriage soon.

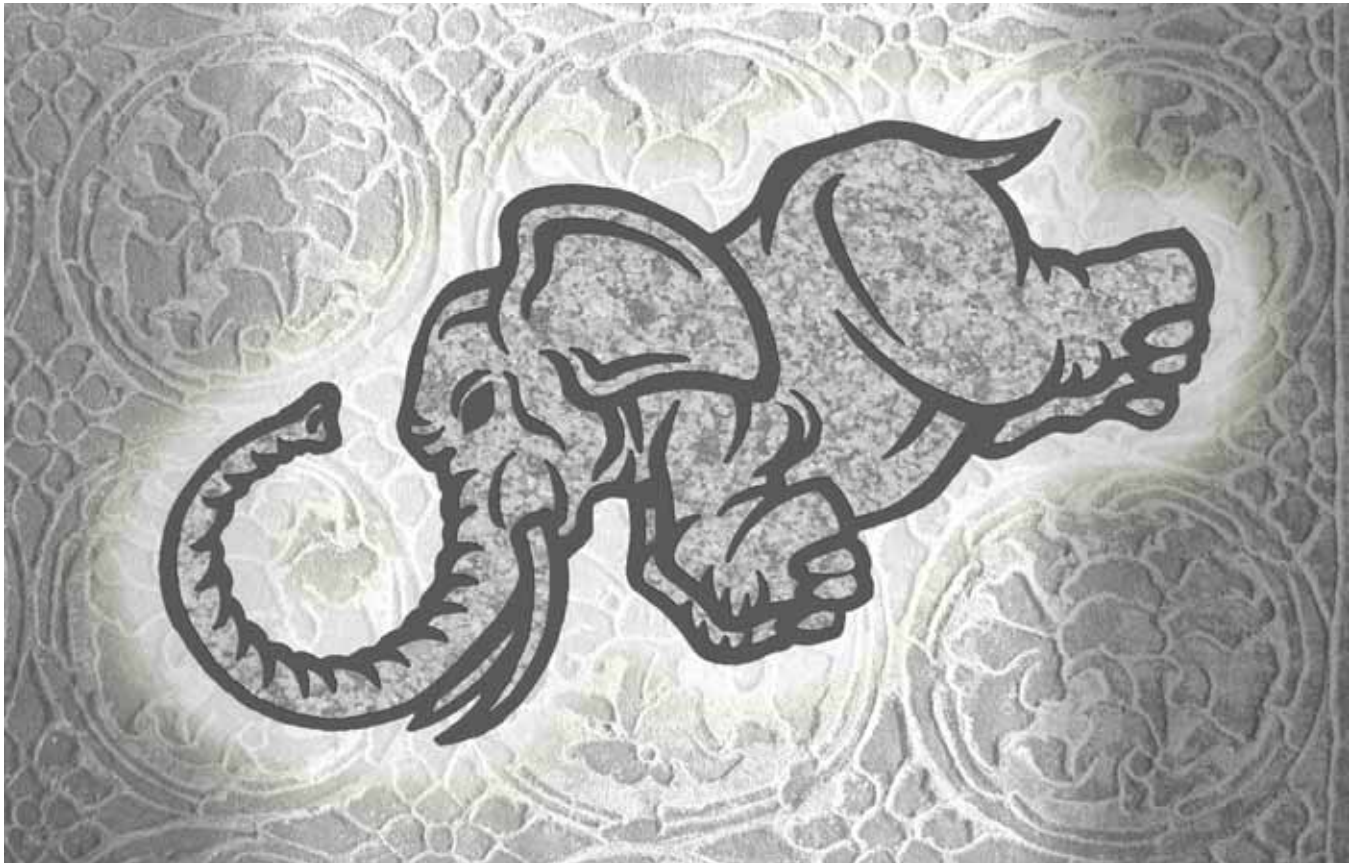
Life could not be more perfect, at least that is what you thought prior to the nightmares. For two months now, you have been tormented by dreams that finally succeeded in urging you to go to India. You do not know why you are going, but you hope and pray that someone there can cure you of the nightmares so that you can return to your perfect life in Arkham.

# Sleep Deprivation- FATIGUE

A *successful* Sleep Deprivation Sanity check results in that investigator suffering a **-5% penalty** to all mental and physical skills for that day, unless that investigator pushes himself into exhaustion. A failed sleep deprivation sanity check results in a **-10% penalty** to all mental and physical skills for that day, unless that investigator is pushed into exhaustion.

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सपना यात्री

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DREAMING

PILGRIM





1926



City	Arrival	Departure	Distance	Day
Calcutta	-	7:15 AM	0	1
Barddhaman	9:40 AM	9:50 AM	95 Km	1
Dhanbad*	1:25 PM	1:40 PM	164 Km	1
Koderma	3:10 PM	3:20 PM	123 Km	1
Gaya*	4:25 PM	4:40 PM	76 Km	1
Dehri On Sone	6:50 PM	7:00 PM	85 Km	1
Bhabua	8:15 PM	8:25 PM	65 Km	1
Mughal Sarai*	10:35 PM	10:50 PM	53 Km	1
Allahabad*	3:00 AM	3:15 AM	153 Km	2
Kanpur*	7:50 AM	8:05 AM	194 Km	2
Agra Fort*	3:25 PM	3:40 PM	252 Km	2
Bharatpur	6:10 PM	6:20 PM	54 Km	2
Jalpur*	11:55 PM	12:15 AM	187 Km	2
Kuchaman	3:35 AM	3:45 AM	106 Km	3
Degana	5:50 AM	6:00 AM	58 Km	3
Merta*	7:05 AM	7:25 AM	45 Km	3
Jodhpur	11:40 AM	-	104 Km	3

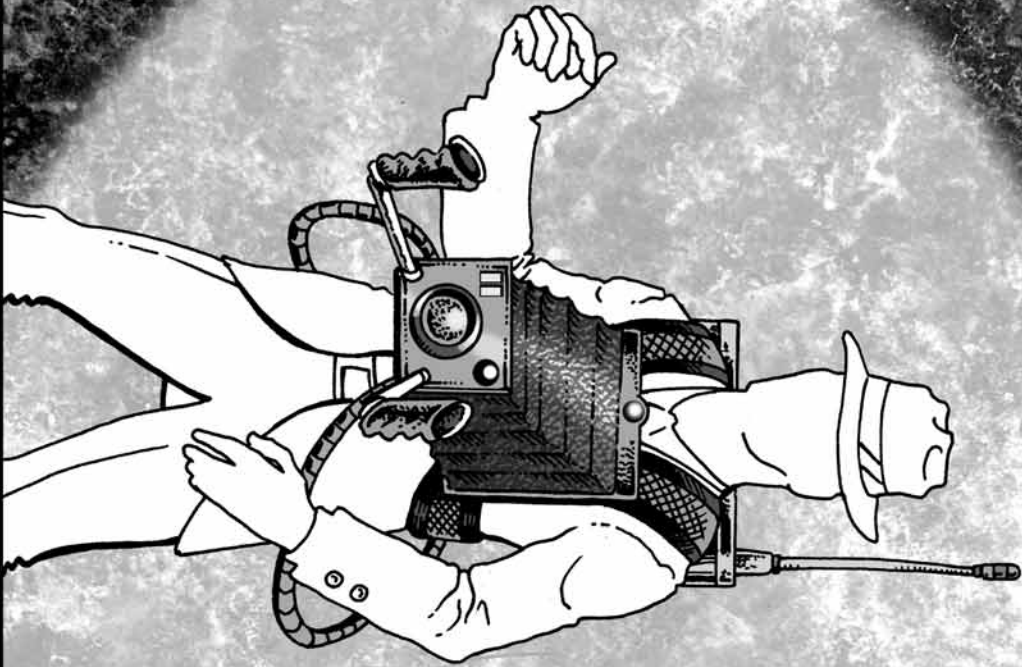
\* THE TRAIN STATIONS IN THESE CITIES ALSO REFILL THE STEAM ENGINES WATER TANKS.



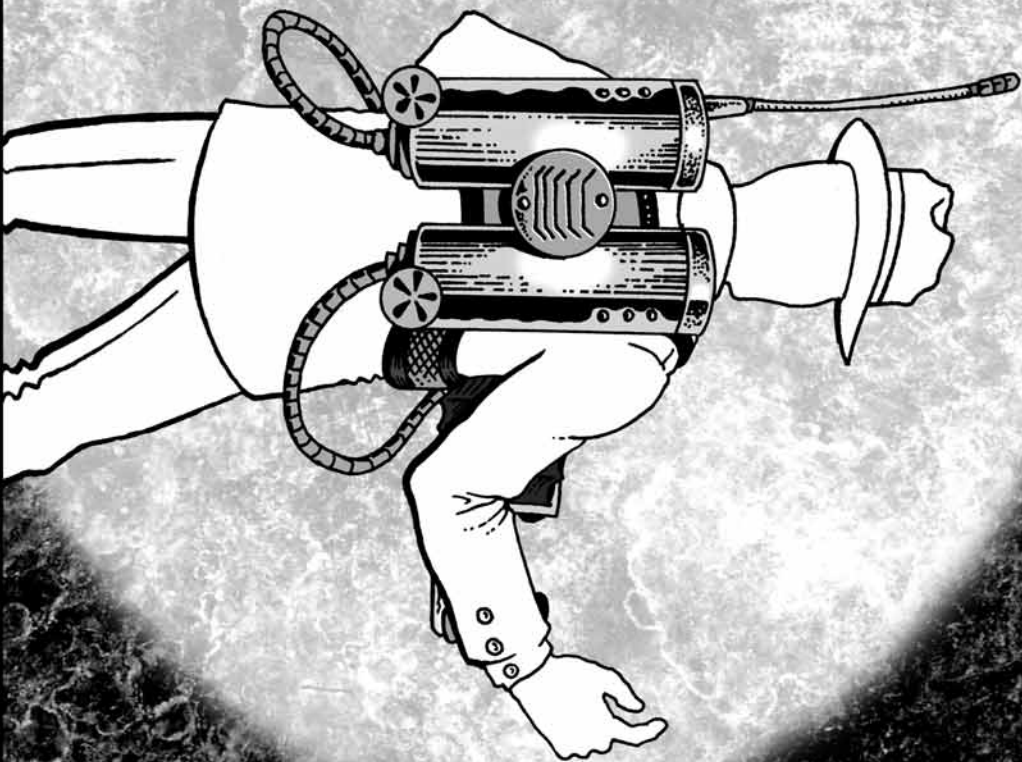




# Lightning Cannon



Front View



Back View