

Creepy Moments for RPGs

Part 1

Version 1.5

Compiled by Sif
Converted to PDF by Commissar Winston Churchill

So how is this organized?

I've left out the ones that became redundant, were REALLY cheesy, kind of a mess, were way too long, didn't fit the theme, and some that were very specific to the game system. Check out the original threads if you want those. The only time I edited posts was to cut them off before they went into game-specific mechanics (Although sometimes it was unavoidable) or to correct a grammatical or syntactical mistake (When I noticed).

Thanks very, very much to all of the posters who created this material in the first place. This document started as a quick, personal resource, hence no naming of individual posters which would, quite frankly, take far too much time to do at this point. Thus instead of crediting everyone individually for their ideas I've provided links to the original posts instead. I hope that suffices. Happy reading!

Sif's Note: I created this document after becoming sick of trying to remember where I saw "That cool/spooky/bizarre idea that one dude had for a game, you know, it was on the boards with the stuff?" The following is a collection of creepy moments, attacks, curses, visions or just plain weird events that you can pull out and use in your RPG sessions, collected from a number of different internet boards. Hopefully it will help inject some memorable moments of weirdness or horror into your campaigns.

Churchill's Note: I've been following this off and on since it first got compiled and it's gotten so big that I figured a PDF conversion could seriously help this be easier to page through, so I got Sif's permission to do so. I also did a little bit of editing to make the entries flow better.

From 4chan's Traditional Games and Paranormal boards

- There was this one room I made for a campaign that had a bunch of people hung from nooses from the floor. The room had reverse gravity for them but not the PCs, who had to wade through the "forest" of hanged people.
- I did make a Silent Hill-like RP where the PCs each for their own reasons stumble into a sort of pocket dimension that resembles a mid-west town run by all manner of creatures. The mechanic was this faceless mass of bone and muscle that moved like a crab, wrapped in oil stained overalls that had been literally stapled to it. Perfectly nice, of course, until they began to dig deeper into where they were, what was going on, etc.
- A mouse the PC poisons bites him or her when the PC tries to throw what they think is the corpse out.
- I had a vampire RP (not VTM) where one of the characters broke into the blood bank in the local hospital to get some blood (naturally. Long story short newb vamp doesn't want to drink from people but needs blood). Finds the lab techs who run the blood bank are actually chittering insect like creatures in man-suits that are injecting the blood with black goop and then sending it off to people and vampires alike, for purposes unknown.
- While the news is playing on the radio or television in the background and the PCs are distracted by something else, a story plays about a mysterious fire which hit the entire block they are currently in, destroying several buildings including the one in which they stand. Investigating the story further will give no leads and attempts to leave the building all meet with bricked up doors.
- Ideas for a Call of Cthulhu campaign located in a farm far off from civilization:
 - A decades-old photo of workmen bringing in a successful harvest shows a pyramid in the centre of the field, with bloody animal carcasses suspended by ropes looped over the crown.
 - The friendly old farmer Mr. Gilman isn't so friendly at night, and oddly enough he doesn't seem to notice the disturbing things going on around him.
 - Somewhere in the flooded field is a tractor, partially submerged. It takes a careful inspection, but that rusty, battered tractor is riddled with random badly scribbled letters and in much more places than just the driver's cabin. If someone looks very carefully, there is a broken piece of a human bone tangled in one of the large wheels. If anyone takes the harvester apart, there is a huddled skeleton inside the place where straw is gathered. It looks like the person was struggling very hard to escape. But it is not missing any limbs or major bones, so whose bone is that in the wheel?
 - An animal devours itself.

- Most of the farm equipment is primitive. It's initially explained that this is out of necessity but upon being pressed upon it, they contradict themselves and explain that it is because the equipment is too expensive.
- A man, at about the age of 30 went to a hotel and walked up to the front desk to check-in. The woman at the desk gave him his key and all, and told him that on the way to his room, there was a door with no number that was locked and no one was allowed in there. So he went to his room, and went to bed. The next night he was curious as to what was in the room, so he walked down the hall to where it was and of course tried the handle. Sure enough it was locked. So he bent down and looked through the keyhole. What he saw was a hotel bedroom and in the corner was a woman whose skin was completely white. She was leaning up against a wall and her head was facing the wall. He stared in confusion for a while then went back to his room. The next day, he went back to the room and looked through the keyhole. This time, all he saw was redness. He couldn't make anything out, all he saw was red. At this point he was confused and a little freaked out. He went to the front desk and asked the lady about the room. She sighed and said, "Did you look through the keyhole?" The man told her that he had and the lady said, "Well, I might as well tell you the story. A long time ago, a man murdered his wife in that room, and her ghost haunts it. But these people were not ordinary. They were white all over, except for their eyes, which are red."

And then 4chan went on Unknown Armies rumor kicks:

- The Loch Ness monster is actually a mutated cow-beast, created by accident in or around the year 1973. That's why it's so seldom seen, it does not live in the lake, just goes for a swim there every now and then.
- The recipe for immortality is simply lotus flowers, milk and honey. Sadly, every real lotus plant was removed from the globe, one by one, during the last three hundred years by a group calling itself The Gilgamesh Rite. What you see in the ponds today are really elaborate hoaxes.
- Every time there's a major power outage, somewhere in the middle of it you can find a person wearing long black cloak and bird mask, playing a flute. First time this happened was during London blackouts of WW2.
- Mankind has always had a fear of skittering things in the dark, of things with too many legs, and insectoid features, even though most pose no harm at all, and those who have had reason to fear spiders and bugs usually don't survive to pass on the information. Then why is mankind so afraid? Lurking deep beneath the Ural Mountains, a secret base populated by defectors from the Axis armies from WW2 are creating genetically engineered spiders, the size of small cars. These spiders are intelligent, incredibly strong, able to climb sheer surfaces, spin webbing, and have prehensile "fingers" on the ends of their legs allowing them to

wield and manipulate modern weaponry and technology. These spiders are mankind's only hope.

- If you whistle the old German anthem on the cliffs of Normandy you can hear thunder in the wind even on a sunny day.
- Go through everything you've typed through the last lunar month. Find every typo and write down the correct word or string of words, in your own blood, on a piece of graph paper. As long as you keep this paper on your person, no one will misunderstand your intended meaning in what you say until the next New Moon.
- The Liberty Bell isn't a symbol of freedom. It was built to MEASURE the freedom left in the world. That it cracked as soon as it rang was kind of ironic. And by the way, they don't let you touch it anymore not because it might crack, but because you might notice it is deteriorating.
- The white dress worn by Marilyn Monroe in her most famous photo was replaced by another soon after. The original was shredded and the straps used to bind a box which contained a fame-daemon. The box was at various points in history seen in possession of Judy Garland, Louis the VI and MC Hammer.
- 90% of kids' cereals contain traces of LSD.
- The rate of alien abductions is in fact much, much higher than believed. Most natural disasters are caused by the powers-behind-the-scenes to conceal the evidence.
- There is a list, locked away in the vaults of the National Bank of the USA. It contains the names of ten people and their actions that will bring about the end of civilization in 2089. The list was compiled by Benjamin Franklin in 1789.
- There's a long string of Unicode characters which, when entered into Google's search field will grant access to their inner network. I can tell you that "Google" is an acronym and the letter "e" in it stands for eschaton.
- Eggplants may not have any significant nutritional benefits aside from not being unhealthy, but if you can eat ten in a single sitting you will pass out. When you wake up, you will know the name you are most likely to be able to pass yourself off as (hey, your name may be "Paul", but you really LOOK like a "Jeff"!).
- Sunny Delight, Starbucks' frappucino and Mountain Dew mixed together make a great undead repellent.
- Trains are capable of individual thought and have been so for a while now.

- If you take a map of the eastern hemisphere and connect all the cities starting with N, and then mirror the design onto the western hemisphere you will get a hyperspatial map of Shangri-La translated into 2D.
- Greys are a bunch of badly done puppets. Real aliens look like red-haired dwarfs with gills and a third arm growing from their chest.
- There's a cabal of skimmers and clockworks, I heard they're trying to create the archetype of the cyborg.
- Lee Harvey Oswald is America's greatest unsung hero, and the general public will never be allowed to know of his heroic but ultimately unsuccessful struggle to save JFK from the Secret Service.
- The videogame "Silent Hill" was based in an old documentary film from Nazi Germany
- Have you ever noticed that in any state you go to, the trailer trash is always the same? That's because they're all clones of the same 20 people, part of a secret CIA plot to populate other nations with self-destructive idiots. They haven't gotten the exact formula and training down yet, so whenever a trailer park grows too large for its own good, they use local weather generators to send a tornado to destroy it.
- Every gravestone on the planet is actually prepared 3 days before its owner dies.
- There's a bar downtown in Manhattan called "The Little Red Dress", it's tucked away and a bit hard to find. There's a woman there, wearing a little red dress and drinking dirty vodka martinis. If you try to approach her, you get an extreme feeling of unrest, and if you aren't of strong will you'll probably turn around and walk right out. If you do manage to talk to her, she'll tell you she's been waiting on that spot for her fiancé. He went MIA in "The War", but before he left he promised to meet her in that bar, as soon as he came home. No one knows what war she's referring to, but she's in pictures behind the bar from before Vietnam. She doesn't look a day over 23. Don't ask the bartender about her, he'll just kick you out.
- Yeah, man, you know conspiracy theories? Bush did 9/11 and fake moon landing and the Illuminati and all the others? None of them are true. NONE of them. And that's fucking TERRIFYING!
- The US Government has created an artificial intelligence that is more than capable of passing the Turing test. Unfortunately, all it does is hang out and have cybersex in various chat rooms. If you can pin it down when it's not trolling for online poon, you can get some good insight on secret government projects.

- Complete the Sunday New York Times, in ink, without making a mistake. Tape it to your forehead. It'll protect you from Entropomantic magick all day; there's just too much order and regularity in it. It won't work with that upstart Sudoku, though.
- Cats cause cancer. Dogs diabetes. Ferrets, however, will guard you against most diseases. This is why they're banned in California, on pressure from the medical industry.
- The belief that vampires feed on human blood is a common misconception. They feed on the diseases contained in the blood. In the old days when a doctor couldn't find a vampire he would bleed the patient into a bowl or apply leeches to his body in the hope it would work as well.
- Cook three pounds of rice, a whole chicken and bake some cookies. Put everything together in a burlap sack along with a bottle of whiskey and some cigarettes and leave the bag under a tree in any graveyard in New Orleans. The next day you will find an apple on your window-still. It will not wither or rot until your death is near.
- In 1643, a street disappeared from London. Frequenters of the shops there or relatives of the people in that street were unable to locate it. 199 years later a street by the same name started appearing in the maps of Camden, New South Wales, Australia. The same year, there were several reports of "dead folks walking" and "double suns" in and around Camden.
- LA and New York are the fortresses of the East and West, while Miami helps to block things coming from the South. Miami's crime rate is so abysmal because it was a psychic bulwark against the MASSIVE death toll the Cuban Missile Crisis would have touched off if JFK hadn't sacrificed the city's safety for the rest of the world. No one in the US is really sure what guards their North but attribute a lack of disaster in that region to Canada being "really quiet".
- Any municipal electrician who has served with pride in his or her job for more than 10 years can never be mugged, shot or otherwise injured on their way to or from their work.
- Hummingbirds aren't birds: They're feathered insects. The science community has gone to insane lengths to keep this a secret. No one has ANY idea why.
- "They Live" was not a satirical low-budget sci-fi movie romp. It was a historical documentary from an alternate earth 50 years ahead of us. Ditto for "Prince of Darkness". John Carpenter's best movies were the ones he channeled from parallel universes. Sadly this ability of his has faded over time, which explains why he doesn't pump out classics anymore.

- The movie "Madagascar" is the most successful magical experiment ever. 86 minutes of sigils in quick succession and suddenly Castro's health deteriorates. And people walk off thinking they've watched a family movie. Plus it's made some money too.
- Tears are the byproduct of the soul. Really. Whatever essence, whatever spark that rests in any true human excretes the salty fluid as waste. That's how you can tell the automatons. Taste their tears. Just water.
- Everybody's heard of that whole "Bloody Mary" thing with mirrors and dark rooms. The part that's been kept quiet is that for it to really work, you have to say it backwards. Yram ydoolb! Yram ydoolb! Yram ydoolb!
- In Oregon there is a small chapel set in the middle of nowhere. Every three months you can see dark limos tumble over the abandoned road to row up next to it. A group of a dozen or so men in tuxedos lines up in front of the chapel, bow then leave a suitcase at the door. And then run. Run away as fast as they can.
- Next Gen video game technology, i.e., anything more powerful than 16 bits, is powered by damned souls. Enemies are actually confused souls of the dead with elaborate electronic "masks". The Nintendo 64 is the pioneer of this technique, and is not as refined as others. If a Nintendo 64 left in a poorly ventilated area for more than two weeks, the walls will bleed.
- Pro wrestling is in fact real, and over the last few years there has been an exhaustive cover up by unknown forces to make it seem fake.
- A baby whose afterbirth is left in the ice-bucket of a Super 8 motel will grow up to marry a serial killer.
- If you plot the location of every Starbucks in the world on a perfectly blank sphere, then connect every dot to every other dot, the white space left on the globe will indicate every historical site in the world that has yet to be exploited by a Cliomancer within a tolerance of three miles. It is the refinement of this map that drives Starbucks to open stores across the street from each other. Word is there's a guy out of Seattle calling himself a Javamancer. Whether he works for 'Bucks or just uses them isn't clear. But he seems to be hitting every franchise in the country and ordering his signature drink. It's like a double shot iced vanilla soy something or other. Yeah, I thought it sounded funny too, until I heard he made this one guy's heart explode in his chest. Caffeine overload, man.
- It is said that there is a male Personamancer trying to work up a major charge to become the next Woman that Everyone Can Have But You... This has not technically been confirmed by the Cult of the Naked Goddess, but they seem to be taking interest in anyone with a mask collection named "Alex", "Drew", or "Kerry".

- Perhaps you've heard of true-name magic. It's why fantasy characters replace half their names with apostrophes. You should try it too.
- Rumor has it that a large contingent of Mak Attax are looking for eggs with two yolks. They're not saying why.
- Ever been to one of those parks with the freaky abstract sculptures? Those sculptures are 3d sigils meant to attract wealth to the towns that put those art parks up. The funny thing is that most of them get the orientation of the sigils slightly wrong, sending all the good mojo somewhere else entirely.
- Kissing the Blarney Stone won't give you the Gift of Gab, but if you can avoid speaking, writing, or typing for one year while constantly reading, the Gift will be yours.
- Don't eat or drink ANYTHING while at O'Hare International Airport.
- There are 34 Trolls alive and well today, many of them make a living as professional English sportsmen. Wayne Rooney is the most well known.
- You've heard that every time you smoke a cigarette you shorten your lifespan by 1 day? Well every cup of tea you drink increases your lifespan by 1 day. Coffee can have a similar seeming effect, but all it's doing is reanimating the body on the point of death. This is due to weird reality-transmuting rituals performed by Starbucks for reasons unknown.
- King Arthur's spirit and memories transferred to a new born child on his death. Each time that body dies it happens again. Each body falls into a permanent coma around the age that King Arthur died (assuming the current host lives longer than the original). The current host is on a life-support machine in a hospital with no likelihood of termination.
- If you play the British national anthem backwards, it recites a spell capable of causing any person who hears it to commit suicide. Actually, that's not too different from how it sounds normally. Seriously, could we not just change it to something from Holst?
- There's a guy in Providence, Rhode Island who thinks he is Queen Elizabeth. If you can speak fluent Middle English and convince him you are William Shakespeare, he will tell you three places to go that are undocumented by historians but of vital importance to understanding the English Renaissance.
- If you take every internet-related word with "fire" in it (i.e.: Firefox, Angelfire, etc.), remove the word 'fire' from all of them, and string them together in the right order, the words will form an incantation that will grant you pyrokinesis. Would

this include usernames and the like, or major things you're asking? ALL internet related words. You'll be at this for a while, pal.

- There's a guy downtown, goes by the name of Mr. Fix. Talks like he's a Narqui, but don't believe him. He's channeling some sort of new Avatar, the Pusher. What he gives you won't open up your consciousness, though you think it is. What it will do is have you back on his stoop the very next morning, asking for more and willing to do just about anything. Fucker could give you water, man. And you'd still be there, thirstier than you'd ever been, itching for another sip.
- Three in ten people will be reanimated in their graves. Undertakers have just spent the last two centuries building stronger coffins.
- The injection of fluoride into the water supply was actually an attempt to flush something out.
- The royal family of England really did plot to kill Princess Diana. She was scheduled to die in a traffic accident three days after the crash that took her life.
- All of the brain's processes are handled by the left hemisphere. Nobody really knows what the right half is for.
- Sharks are evolved from a time-traveling submarine from the future that used organic technology.
- Earth is the last surviving planet of the 5th great pan-galactic war.
- In every can of Alpha-Bits there are always the exact number and quantity of letters needed to spell out the first paragraph of Lorem Ipsum.
- The four harajuku girls that are in all Gwen Stefani's clips are named Death, Famine, Pestilence and War.
- Gulf War Syndrome made soldiers immune to brainwashing, and they saw how the world really looked.
- Almost every major sports team has a few "special" fans. They are all committed to their teams, never miss a game, and have a subconscious psychic ability that causes their teams to win games. If the fan watches a game, his force of will turns the odds immensely in favor of his team. If two fans are rooting for opposing teams, they engage in a long-distance mental struggle with one another. Superfans often experience migraines, nightmares, mood swings and hallucinations after watching a game. Even if they notice the connection between these symptoms and watching the game, the thrill of it is usually too much to resist. Almost every superfan dies from a heart attack during the game.

- Ritualistic symbols can be shaved into the fur of various animals to create living, mobile spells. Beware of anyone with a large number of cleverly groomed pets, especially long haired cats with 'lion' cuts.
- Check the top of wooden doors with your fingers. If there's a shallow, winding groove carved in it then a murder was committed on this floor of the building, within thirty paces. If you say the victim's full name while opening one of these doors, your hand will come off the handle with their blood on it. Be warned- this is one of the most surefire ways of attracting both the attention and ire of nearby ghosts. On the other hand, the blood will always stay fresh, which makes for a handy component in some rituals.
- The time you spend while fishing is not deducted from your general amount of time you get to spend here in earth.
- 99 Luftballons, the Original German version, is actually the medium by which a Mind 5, Spirit 4 effect was delivered by the Council of Nine Mystic Traditions to cleanse the soul of a mundane and banal Humanity in a last ditch effort to force a new Age of Wonder on the Material world.
- If you remove all treble from the Girl Talk record Night Ripper, it is actually a reading of the last will and testament of Mayer Amschel Rothschild.

Delta Green Mailing List

The Gilman Farm (Delta-Green Mailing List Version – originally at <http://games.groups.yahoo.com/group/dglist/message/14444>)

The old Gilman farm was located in Essex County, Massachusetts, a bit west of where US I-93 crosses the Merrimack River. It had been unoccupied for decades, and local legends claimed the place was haunted.

The farm has an extensive entry in the "National Haunted Places Registry" and has appeared in several issues of "Fortean Times". It was also featured in an unbroadcast third season episode of the Sci Fi Channel's "Ghost Hunters" (portions of which appear on the show's website), and then in a follow-up critique and photo expedition by the Massachusetts Skeptics' Society in late 2005. The Ghost Hunters and the MSS found little more than run-down buildings, rusted machinery and an overgrown family cemetery, all sinking into marshy land.

In their report, the MSS stated that "the Ghost Hunters were apparently unable to fake anything interesting enough for us to debunk", and have described the Gilman farm as "one of the most profoundly boring 'haunted places' in the world". The full MSS report is on their website and an edited version appears in the volume 12, no. 1 issue of "Skeptic" magazine (aka "the Mythbusters issue"). Most of the unaired Ghost Hunters episode will appear as roughly edited bonus material on the upcoming season 3 dvd set.

In the spring of 2006, an army of landscapers, construction workers and heavy equipment abruptly appeared on the Gilman farm. The property had been sold for an outrageous sum to a West Palm Beach developer, much to the surprise of local residents; most had assumed that the state owned the land. The actual owner had apparently been an individual somewhere in northern Europe; this person (or possibly persons) had been paying the property taxes since the 1960s.

The land was drained with amazing speed, the old buildings razed, and an 18' high wall was erected around the property. Inside the wall, roads were paved and dozens of enormous mansions were built in a matter of weeks. A ridiculously oversized drainage system was installed, along with a small power substation and several locomotive-sized backup diesel generators. There's even a helicopter pad somewhere in the complex.

A search of local records indicates the farm has been in the Gilman family name for generations. The original boundaries of the farm stretched five times beyond its current borders. Several local farms and an abandoned post office and gas station currently reside on the original Gilman estate. Michael and Mary Gilman immigrated from Ireland shortly before the Revolutionary war, and several of his sons served with distinction in that action. None of this, however, could eclipse rumors that old man Gilman was the originator of the so-called Essex Junta, a shadowy group of mercantile gentlemen whom the Jeffersonians accused of organizing a Jacobin plot to, when they could not dominate the newly formed Union, destroy it.

None of the gentlemen accused of being involved in the Essex Junta were ever publicly charged, and scholars today dismiss even the existence of the organization, calling it political propaganda by the Jeffersonians.

Tracing the Gilman family tree reveals that, with the exception of Michael Gilman's eldest son, Jonah, no first-born Gilman son has ever lived past the age of 14.

The last known living Gilman, Jeb, lives in Haverflood Retirement home in New York City with a 300 pound ex-running back personal nurse attendant who feeds him a steady dose of medication and refuses all requests to interview Jeb. It's rumored that, deeply affected by the death of his older brother Robert in 1922, Jeb moved from Massachusetts and has refused to ever step foot in that state again.

Local police records show Clamus and Yolanda Gilman were reported murdered by a deranged local drifter, Jason Knight, in 1946. Robbery was suspected as a motive, although the sole item stolen, a small heliograph picture of an elderly Jonah Gilman, taken in 1846, was found on Knight. The heliograph, a precious historical artifact subsequently disappeared from the police evidence locker.

Jeb Gilman believes the heliograph is in the Smithsonian, though how and why it made its way to that institution he cannot explain.

Jason Knight was executed for the murder of Clamus and Yolanda Gilman in 1955. He was buried in the local church's graveyard, but an examination of the gravesite will reveal that his body has been long-since moved.

Monte Cook's D20 forum

(<http://pub102.ezboard.com/fokayyourturnfrm20.showMessage?topicID=314.topic>)

- Subtle/weird stuff. Think about things that were off and that creeped you out. Here are a few ideas: a sleeping child that has its eyes open, a tailless cat, doors to houses with no handles on the inside, wet footprints that get damper when you follow them backward (or just three feet walking instead of two), a young adolescent with black boils that squirt bugs when he squeezes them, incongruous unexplained noises such as a doorbell when you're in a crypt or the sounds of water splashing when you're in a garret, books that feel kind of wet or tacky to the touch but there's no substance visible, the body of a dog that's been skinned of all its fur except in two stripes along its back, a mirror reflecting in another mirror where deep in the slightly curving images someone waves at you.
- The moon blinks. What is worse is that it doesn't merely go off and on again, but instead seems to blink like a human eye would (the shadow falling from top to bottom, then unfurling toward the top again). For a fraction of a second it takes the form of a giant eyeball, then returns to normal.
- The character notices the ever-so-faint scent of flowers that have died. It takes a moment before they register it as the scent of decay. As soon as they recognize it, the scent is gone.
- The eye in the pyramid on the back of the US dollar bill blinks.
- A character viewing a lazy river or small pond will notice a tentacle with an eye on the end pop out of the water, see the character, and submerge quickly. Of course no one else notices this.
Sif's Note: Perhaps the PC catches the eyestalk curiously emerging from the water from time to time if they hang around, checking on what the PC is doing.
- The PC's cell phone rings. On the other end of the line she can hear a confused woman asking where she is, nearly hysterical. There is a sound of water running in the background. Dial tone.
- Inside an old dress shop there are partial mannequins covered with yellowing bed sheets. As the PCs move through the room (in the dark with flashlights) you could swear that the heads turn to watch your movements.
- Awakened in the middle of the night the PC hears her name whispered over and over from just outside the window—on the second floor.
- A human hand, possibly slightly damaged, beckons the PC forth. It's sticking out of a burned hole in a couch.

- Dancing chairs are cool, but what about a dancing car? Angry spirits (or some invisible beast with immense strength and who is always pissed off) "play" with the car. The PCs watch it spin and twirl before crashing to the ground. So much for leaving when it gets dark.
- Water boils in a glass that is sitting next to the player.
- The tea kettle that is on the stove over a high flame turns to ice.
- You see a pencil playing tic-tac-toe with itself.
- Christmas lights flash and work in an empty house with no power lines running to it—and no actual lights when people go and look.
- The character's shower or bathtub drain becomes dangerously aggressive while they're in the bath, pulling down water at a gallon a second.
- You are walking somewhere familiar; maybe up your own driveway. You glance across your yard and you see someone standing inside a window watching you. There is no house connected to the window. When you realize this and look back the window is there just long enough for the person inside to pull the blinds shut.
- The birds, frogs, and crickets all go silent simultaneously
Variant: Or they all seem to be harmonizing.

RPG.net Forums

(<http://forum.rpg.net/showthread.php?t=287623>)

(<http://forum.rpg.net/showthread.php?t=221940>)

(<http://forum.rpg.net/showthread.php?t=289953>)

These were rolling threads on a location started up by one posted who encouraged others to add to it without contradicting the previous posters. The best ideas (with me as judge for best) have been collated into one document here.

Death's Six Acres

The setting: Death's Six Acres is an abandoned piece of land that lies between two states, which both states have declared that devastated ground to be part of the other state. It consists of a blighted graveyard and death related abandoned businesses such as the ruined funeral home, the forgotten church, and other forsaken enterprises. Death's Six Acres has a sinister reputation in the surrounding towns (hence the name) but other than it being abandoned, history records nothing sinister about the place. There are plenty of dead people (it is a graveyard after all) but as far as most people know no-one has died there or even seen anything unusual on the island.

Among the tombstones in the blighted graveyard is a stone statue of a Grieving angel. Her eyes are screwed shut, a grimace suggesting she has been crying, hard. She cradles her face in one splayed palm. From her limp arm dangles an unrolled scroll, on which names of all those buried in some family plot have been written. Unfortunately, the scroll appears to have run out of room, and someone thought it would be wise to extend the scroll using a splicing and cement, but all they accomplished was warping the names of those who had been buried the longest.

Every US president who died since Lincoln is actually buried in an unmarked grave at Death's Six Acres, regardless of his official resting place. Fillmore originally approved the plan, and he had gladly set his name upon the list. "I shall proudly serve this great country in death," he wrote in a private letter, "better, I fear, than I have in life." Pierce and Buchanan were reluctant at first, but finally agreed, making the trio that was considered the absolute minimum for success. But no one had a chance to sound out Lincoln before his assassination, which horribly upset the timetable for years afterward.

The government was finally forced to relocate the two graves during the winter recess of Congress, on a bleak Sunday in 1873. Fillmore was the first to actually be buried properly at the site. This is commemorated by a historic plaque, rusted and forgotten in the old records building. There is a stunted and wizened old tree at the western most point of the island that has a curious historical significance. The Presidents buried there all knew of the tree and it's past before they died.

Yesterday at high noon men in black suits & sunglasses were seen in the presidents' graveyard. They seemed to be taking measurements in an area where no one is buried.

All the while the crows just watched.

For those that know where to find them, the President's Graves are very unusual. Buried in a wide circle, the earth over the coffins are always fresh, as if recently dug.

The Six Acres are an island in a wide river, and the streams on one side or the other have dwindled and swelled over time, hence the ambiguity over which state the land should belong. On the "mainland" bank on one side is a ramshackle house, home of old Frank Herkimer and his blind wife Marybelle. Frank's an enthusiastic fisherman, and has a boat, a Whaler with an unreliable outboard motor. He'll take people across to the island if offered cash. Only in daylight though. There might be a bridge on the other side, but it's probably a long drive to the nearest big bridge to cross the whole river. Frank has found some pretty interesting things in the water around Death's Six Acres, but he doesn't have a lot to say about them.

The Forgotten Church does not show up in any records anywhere. It appears to be a huge looming stone church of uncertain lineage, have features of almost every branch of Catholicism. Almost. And some very Satanic looking gargoyles.

Careful measurement will show that none of the right angles in the Acres are. Some are very slightly acute, some are very slightly obtuse, but none are right. No wall is quite plumb, no floor quite level. This is true of most places, of course, but in the Acres it is more true. No door will stay open, except for the ones that won't stay closed.

The recent floods have washed up several stench ridden coffins on the river banks. Lead lined, chained, and locked ones. The CDC has scrambled to the location, then hastily packed up and left, leaving equipment lying all around. The local CDC has refused comment on the entire incident and the involved agents were reassigned to Alaska, after a promotion and an undisclosed big sum of money.

Every night at midnight the peal of a church bell can be heard announcing the blackest part of night. Disturbingly though, the church has no bell, and throughout the town no other device can be found that could utter such a mournful sound.

A couple of miles downriver from the island, there's a dam that was put in by the Army Corp of Engineers, to generate hydroelectric power for the two states. Occasionally, the Corp has to send divers down to do repairs on the underwater equipment.

The last time divers went down, they were up again within minutes, and no one has gotten a straight explanation from them since, except to say that they won't go down there again for love or money.

The tomb in the center of the cemetery is just a big black hemisphere. It is located in the exact center of the place.

Every night you can almost hear fighting. There are "almost sounds" coming from the crumbling sewers.

The eastern section of the graveyard looks like it was made by a pre-contact civilization. Probably mound builders. Nothing grows here, and at night frost always forms. It's even odder than it seems at first glance and is maddening to any historian foolish enough to take an interest in the island. It seems not only to be mound builder but all other pre-Columbian cultures. None of the burial sites are major though, all seeming to be just normal people, despite whatever habits the cultures have shown. One of the most infuriating things about this second is while all these cultures seem to have buried their dead here, there never seems enough solid proof that it is from the culture it seems to be from. Coins are indistinct; writing is too faded and so on. If this section of graveyard is studied in depth, and alone, 'minor' graves from all cultures seem to be found in the mist. All cultures.

There's also a devastated section of the graveyard. The gates have been broken and there is a feeling of something wrong. The feelings of coldness and oppression threatens to overwhelm the senses. Overgrown, vandalized (mundane and satanic), trash, robbed graves, common graves marked influenza. Destroyed grave markers are everywhere especially the type of stone slab grave markers that are there to "keep in the spirits." The place where the creeping horror in this section is the strongest is a torn down wrought iron fence that used to protect some nearly destroyed small obelisk type grave stones. That area is arctic cold... And dense fog can roll in at any time.

The Maze. This place has a jumble of above ground mausoleums, massive wall vaults, and many unmarked tombs. It is a warren of death imagery. At the edge of this is the looming forest slowly devouring this section. It has already consumed the outer fence. In this section, in the middle there is an out of place, headless statue of a gargoyle covered in blood. White stuff oozes from a massive stone slab here.

The Mansion

The mansion rests on a seaside cliff and in dilapidation looks as if it's perilously close to falling into the crashing tides and rocks below. In the distance one can see a lone vine riddled lighthouse, it's last light spent long ago. 300 yards from the mansion along a path that on one side overlooks the cliff and on the other is badly overgrown, there is a massive greenhouse complex filled with fetid, decaying plants.

The front door to the mansions boasts a huge brass knocker, a family crest. It's the image of a bull on a shield, with the nose-ring as the moving part. Written above the bull in small floral text, is the family's motto - translated into Latin: "We Die With Honor."

The central wing of the mansion is dominated by a long hallway that runs almost a full hundred feet from the northeast solar to the southwest solar. A long, mold-green carpet runs the length of the hallway, with cressets for candles or lanterns at intervals just irregular enough to create a subtle feeling of "off-key"-ness.

The carpet appears to be the victim of some kind of leak - an odd dark stain, that makes a horrible squelching sound and feels wet to the touch yet, curiously, never leaves any actual liquid on the hands or shoes that contact it, appears and disappears back and forth around the hall. It is always exactly the same shape -- something vaguely like a distorted human hand -- but its size and its location vary greatly.

In recent years an exterminator was hired to clear out the vermin who seem to swarm to the house and from there the nearby town, but he was never seen again. The outrageous amount of poison he brought into the house is still there however, sitting in a room and leaking through.

Every door on the second floor is painted in a different color, which is amazing based on the number of doors on the second floor. The paint is chipping, and the slightest touch sends scabs of paint to the floor.

As you step through the huge front door, you can just hear footsteps pacing to and fro directly overhead. As you walk towards the grand staircase, the footsteps stop pacing, and keep pace with you. They circle round as you get closer to the stairs, and seem to be going away. When you reach the stairs, the lights suddenly die, and the footsteps begin coming down the stairs, very slowly. The lights flicker on, and for a second, a tall, severe Priest in full dog collar is glaring at you with terrible malevolence. Then the lights die again...

In the basement/root cellar, one can find a small closet. Its walls and floor are slowly dissolving into the edge of the cliff that lies just on the other side, and one can see out the holes into the open air. This closet has a set of manacles, their leads torn from the crumbling bricks as if by a great force. The cuffs are empty, now.

One room of the mansion appears to have been a sculptor's studio. Marble chips and dust cover the floor, and a dusty hammer and chisel lie on a table next to a perfectly sculpted pair of women's hands. They reach for the ceiling, and look almost alive. They also look completely identical to the hundred or more pairs of hands that lie in jumbled piles around the room.

In a lonely corner sits a child's doll, its mouth sewn shut. When touched, its button eyes fall off.

There is a wall in the basement that has been repaired. You hear scratching noises coming from behind the patch. Breaking down the wall reveals a stairway leading away into the dark, the passage is flooded hip deep with sea water and floating in the water is an empty antique diving suit. The stairway leads down below the water line...and there is an air hose coming up from the passage to the diving suit. But it's filled with wet slimy black muck. There is little sign of what could have been making the scratching noises.

On the far side of the house at the final door through the long hallway lies a steel door set into the wall. The door is odd in that it resembles what one might expect in an ocean going vessel, heavy, pressure sealed with a round wheel locking/unlocking mechanism set into it.

The door itself has seen better days, with its white paint streaked with rust and chipping off, revealing the rusty steel underneath. Remarkably, the wheel spins freely, easily opening the door, which also opens up far easier than it should, considering the rust. Perhaps someone oils and opens this door regularly...

Past the door is a short hallway leading into the observatory that is just visible built into the far side of the house. The once neatly tiled floor has years upon years of grime built up in the corners and the side where the floor meets the walls. The hall itself is topped with an arch made of crumbling paint covered plaster that appears to have once had an impressive mural painted into it, showing the stars and constellations.

Looking closer, it appears that there are more constellations on the wall than one would remember, if he or she had taken some astronomy courses... One appears to be in a large cephalopod shape arcing over and encompassing the rest of the constellations... almost reaching out for them...

At the end of the hallway is a large telescope and the attending equipment one would expect in an observatory as old as this, but the telescope itself is the oddest thing you have ever seen...

Sticking out of it at seemingly random angles are massive pipes that appear to push out the side of the observatory wall, making the telescope appear to be fixed in once position!

Moving closer, one can see a small amount of light coming out of the eyepiece, as if it is focused on something rather bright, but doesn't seem strong enough to harm your eyes. The light is striking the back of the headrest on a chair that is setup to allow one to comfortably look into the eyepiece...

Next to the chair are a number of star maps, many with scribbles which could be notes, but they are written in some language you are wholly unfamiliar with... It doesn't look like Roman characters or Arabic characters or any Asian characters you are familiar with, it almost feels like it is something much, much older than any of the writings you have ever seen before...

Touching the chair sends a chill down your spine, which is only intensified as you hear the steel door slam shut, the wheel spin and the door locks. Rushing to check the door, you see that it cannot be opened, but now the chair seems to beckon you.

Sitting in the chair you bring your eye up to the eyepiece and witness the most astonishing thing! Before your eye, you can see every single known constellation, as if

the telescope is capturing the light of all the stars in the sky, which you know can't be possible, but it is happening.

After your eyes adjust to the light, you see it...

The Cephalopod Constellation, but it is different. It looks as though it has changed shape or position somehow. From the mural, you remember it just encompassed the rest of the constellations, but now it looks as though some of its tentacles have pierced and wrapped themselves around almost all but one of the constellations...

The constellation of Orion is the only one free of this larger constellation's grasp, in fact, it looks almost like the larger constellation's tentacle is recoiled from Orion or perhaps getting ready to strike...

Then you feel it... Then you see it... the eyes of this constellation seem to be peering straight into your mind...

One of the staircases has a length of yarn draped down it. It appears to be of great length, starting on the fourth floor landing and hanging off the chandelier before descending to the ground floor. Curiously, it is tied to a doorknob on the second floor.

The house contains a single tower, but no matter how much you look, you can't seem to find the stairs that lead to it.

A suit of gothic armor is displayed near the stairs to the top floor. You can hear some... skittering from inside, and looking inside reveals a large colony of cockroaches living there.

In an alcove in one of the many hallways of the mansion is a life-size statue of the Virgin Mary cradling the infant Jesus to her breast, a single burning candle left before it. A closer look reveals a mouth in the palm of the Virgin's hand, rendered as if whispering in the infant's ear, and in Jesus' swaddling blanket he clutches a tiny knife.

The Gilman Farm (RPG.net version)

All of the machinery present on the farm while it was still a farm remains, left in roughly the same place it was found.

Were someone to get behind the wall, they'd be greeted by the site of a beaten-down combine harvester. Somewhere in the drainage ditches is a tractor, partially submerged. It takes a careful inspection, but that rusty, battered tractor is riddled with bullet holes. Someone shot at it with a shotgun, and in much more places than just the driver's cabin. If someone looks very carefully, there is a broken piece of a human bone tangled in one of the large wheels.

Curiously, the bodies in the family cemetery weren't treated with near as much respect.

All the crosses on the cemetery are damaged in some way. Some are just missing one arm, others are just 'stumps'. Nobody knows of any vandalism ever taking place.

A rusty pair of handcuffs can be found behind one of the graves.

Each of the spacious mansions has a different floor plan than the others.

And one room that isn't on the published floor plans that is exactly the same in every single house. It has one door into it.

If anyone would take the harvester apart, there is a huddled skeleton inside the place where grain is gathered. It looks like the person was struggling very hard to escape. It's missing an arm.

Behind the farm is a valley that shimmers at night and occasionally rains pebbles. The locals say that there is a natural archway near a hill.

There is broadband electromagnetic interference on the rare nights when the valley "shimmers". Radio is static-filled and noisy to the point of uselessness - including emergency services transmissions such as ambulance, fire and police, all of which seem to increase in number on nights leading up to a display of radiance. Over-the-air television becomes distorted. The interference can be detected as far away as the Lawrence Municipal Airport. The FCC and FAA have investigated the area numerous times over the years. They have shut down a pirate shortwave station, several CB enthusiasts with illegally amplified transceivers, and have officially chalked other reported instances up to "lightning", "swamp gas" and "auroras" to explain the occasional interference and the nocturnal glow.

Local ham radio operators and scanner enthusiasts who have attempted to trace the source of the interference might have other explanations. And warnings.

The most severe interference seems to center on the Gilman Farm. Perhaps no one thought to inform the Ghost Hunters and the Massachusetts Skeptics' Society until after their investigations. Maybe another visit is in order? Maybe Delta Green or Call of Cthulhu investigators are tipped off to an incident involving such a follow-up visit?

The even rarer pebble rains are stranger still. The few who have experienced them describe the "pebbles" as approximately the size of BBs. They seem to be amalgams of even smaller spheres of some dark and porous stone. The pebbles are also highly magnetized when they first rain from the skies, though they don't seem to be metallic. The magnetic charge fades away within an hour of the "rains". While magnetized, the pebbles attract or are strongly attracted to metallic objects, to the point that they will fly at great and even injurious speeds to larger objects as much as a meter away - you do not want to be in a car or truck caught in a pebble rain. The pebbles will actively repel each other instead of clumping together, however. Anyone with a basic knowledge of physics

will conclude that the descriptions of pebbles and pebbles rains must be in error, as such activities would violate the behavior of magnetic objects. Folklorists will assume that descriptions of the rains have been greatly exaggerated for effect.

Several locals have collected these "pebbles" over the years, but no one can seem to produce their samples. Jars and other containers where the pebbles were stored are always empty, and the spots where they used to sit on shelves are bare and dusty. No one is exactly sure when they last saw their pebbles, either.

The exact location of the natural archway near a hill (aka "the fairy arch") changes depending on who you ask. Another local legend, or does it really exist? Perhaps it really does move...

An Unknown Armies-style Rumors Thread

<http://forum.rpg.net/showthread.php?t=120418>

- There's a place somewhere on the American highways where all the motel owners vacation.
- Milk contains specially treated particles that shut off the part of your brain that lets you see the rulers of the world for what they really are.
- Plastics are a lie. All plastics are really processed human bones.
- The statue of Liberty really is naked under the toga, and she's so beautiful a cult has formed around her. They abduct tourists and burn them in her torch so she'll smile on them with her favor.
- All of the people assisted by Dr. Kevorkian in their suicides are living as ghosts who are able to interact with their family members.
- I want to play the one liner in the rulebook (paraphrasing): the interstate highway system is actually a giant glyph that summons demons in case of a Soviet attack. It's activated by mistake.
- There's this shitty little town in Jersey called Piscataway. Founded 1666. Place is looks like your average victimized suburb. Got your kids trying to act like rappers, multiple mega-outlet stores moving in causing all the locals to go out of business, and a freaking four lane highway running through the residential area. Thing is, for some reason every kid born in Piscataway is faster, stronger, and smarter than damned near anyone you'd ever meet. Most of them grow up to work at the Pepsi plant in town, never occur to them that they could do better. Tell you what though, that is one damned efficient bottling plant.
- There is a chain of islands where "Parrot and Chips" is considered a delicacy - or at least that's what they tell the tourists.

- There's a sign at the local cemetery: "There is a rabbit problem here. Rabbits from outside the cemetery have been eating the heads of flowers. This often looks like they have been cut with shears. Please protect important flowers with wire mesh." Like, what are they trying to hide?
- The only living witness to the French Revolution lives in Quintana, TX.
- Knives used in sacrifice rituals don't show up on any metal detectors. No one knows why.
- If you keep one of those free AOL CDs within 10 feet of your computer, the government can register everything you do on the Internet.
- There really is a wealthy ex-financial minister in Nigeria looking for help. He's getting really desperate now.
- You know what humor is? It's magic. Dangerous magic. Laughter is used to banish evil from the world. But it's also addictive. In old times, people were afraid of dragons and monsters. Then people started laughing at them, and they disappeared, and now even those old jokes are forgotten. Later, jesters wore colorful costumes and danced like faeries, and now the faeries are gone. Now the creatures of myth are dead, transformed into long-forgotten jokes and stories, but we still want the laughter. We can't give up the power to turn something scary and dangerous into something funny. So we laugh at the pain and disease and death of the world. And it seems to be working, a little bit. We don't live in a utopia, but people are more prosperous and healthy than ever before. People often reach 100 years of age. But where does it stop? Listen to the comedians of today. They are getting us to laugh at ourselves. At relationships. At cars. At work. At the language. At the little bags of peanuts we get on airplanes. At life.
- Every American serial killer has had the same nine numbers in their social security numbers, just in different orders.
- In addition to the outcasts dwelling in the disused subways of NYC, there are others who dwell nomadically on the rooftops of Manhattan; once a year these two tribes meet, and, if you are very unlucky, you may stumble upon that meeting.
- All transportation systems have a "Wandering Jew/Flying Dutchman" type. On the subway system, it is a beggar that "enters" your wagon and starts a juggling act, balancing things and standing on his head, etc... He really never leaves the trains, he just appear on a different wagon every few minutes. Give him a coin and he will answer any question about anybody that ever used the subway. How I know that? I know because I'm the "Wandering Jew" of airplanes. We all know the others, even if I can never leave the airplanes and airports. I have to catch a

flight to Mombay, see you later and don't board the next flight to Caracas, it's going to crash.

- In March 1932, F. Scott Fitzgerald and H.L. Mencken dueled with pistols at Edgar Allan Poe's grave in Baltimore, MD. Some say the duel was over Fitzgerald's deranged wife Zelda, committed of late to the Shephard Pratt Sanitarium a few miles away. Some said it was over an essay in the Smart Set. The search for the duel's cause is ultimately historical trivia, however. If anyone knew who won the duel, every literature teacher in the United States, from fourth grade to post-graduate, would lose their job.
- If you stay in room 211 at the Quality Inn off of Exit 83 of the Garden State Parkway, and turn on your television between 3:31 and 3:37 AM, you'll see the face of someone who used to be in love with you ("used to" being the operative words). You can ask this person questions, or you can tell them anything you like. This one's known among corporate sales reps, whose business keeps them on the road most of the year. Most of them ask why things fell apart. Many of them ask if they could be taken back. To date, no one has apologized. No one knows why this works, but it's been observed that all the numbers involved are prime numbers.
- Don't ever do the "Humpty Dance." Not if you value your grip on your mind. This one's common sense, though; the line "You've got it down when you appear to be in pain" clues most people in.
- There's a tiny island in the Philippines whose only contact with modern civilization was an Allied supply depot during WW2. They left several crates of supplies behind when they pulled out. To this day, the natives of the island have concocted bizarre religious rituals where warriors consume Moxie Cola as penitence for their sins.
- Kill Bill (volumes 1 & 2) are actually a giant ritual by Quentin Tarantino (obviously a cinemamancer) and Uma Thurman to open up the Masterless Man archetype to women. The title Bill is Wild Bill Hickok, current Masterless Man, and Q & U are likely being guided by a renounced Miyamoto Musashi.
- Some religions write down prayers to their gods on small pieces of paper and burn them as offerings. If you unroll a cigarette made by a certain large American corporation, and carefully examine the underside of the paper, you will find a prayer written in Sanskrit. Do I need to spell it out for you?
- True Story: The Headquarters of the Bank of Canada in Ottawa have two large funerary urns in front of the building. They're just big enough to hold bodies, and they're hollow, but have no openings. I walk past them every day. Just today I noticed the bronze people carved inside the doorways. If you follow their gazes, they're all staring at the urns.

- Bill Clinton's disappearance from the political scene is not due to retirement or R&R, it's simply his end of the bargain with Vince Foster's vengeful ghost.
- You remember your imaginary friend? No? Well he remembers you. Since you've forgotten him, he's been out on the streets, trying to scratch out a living, which isn't easy when you don't technically exist. Most nights, he just sits in an ally and gets drunk with the other forgotten imaginary friends, remembering when he was happy. When he had someone who believed in him. He wants those days to be back. He wants them to be back bad.
- The old stories about where babies come from? The stork? Cabbage leaves? They used to be true. The whole babies/sex/pregnancy/birth thing was created millennia ago by a cabal of powerful sorcerers. Why? Oh, they were religious nuts, and linked children to the act of male/female sex in an attempt to discourage homosexuality. It didn't work.
- It's no coincidence that only you ever seem to get the supermarket trolley that lurches off in unexpected directions. It's trying to take you somewhere. Of course, *why* it wants you there is something you won't know until you arrive.
- Every New Year's Eve at midnight, in the center of Times Square, the same man is beaten to death by a paramedic, a police officer, a politician, and a priest.
- Last year in Hamburg, all the trees in the city shed their leaves completely over two days and one night. Only later was it realized, during that autumnal snowstorm, not one baby was born and not one adult or child died.
- You know why they are called wisdom teeth, don't ya? They are critical conduits for psychic power. Just like your eyes are conduits for your brain to understand images, your wisdom teeth are a lot like psychic antennae that are connected to your brain. The deal is, the governments that have figured this out are concerned that a large explosion in the psychic population is brewing and that their control over us will erode if such an event occurred... and so they promote the removal of wisdom teeth before the person is old enough to potentially tap into their latent powers. Didn't you ever wonder why psychics always seem to come from places that are just a bit off the beaten path? It's because they can't afford good dental care.
- In a certain affluent Tennessee household, it is mandatory, for safety's sake, that all domestic servants be able to sing the Duck Tales theme perfectly and, if necessary, in harmony.
- Derrick Long gets paid well for what he considers a simple job. He gets paid to stand in the shadows, out of sight, outside the home of one Ms. Rebecca Sundry at night and wait for her to come home. As she walks from her car to her front door

he is supposed to snap a branch, cough, or otherwise make some subtle noise. If Ms. Rebecca Sundry ever drops her keys as she hurries inside, he is to call a 917-555-9033 from his cell phone and ask for "Chet."

- The story about the twelve good men who carry the world upon their backs isn't quite true. There are twelve good men who *keep the world the way it is*. As long as they exist, God believes that humanity has enough innate virtue to solve its own problems. If there ceased to be twelve righteous people, God would send his angels to help mankind, and the world would become a better place. The twelve are essentially dooming humanity. One of the twelve, a reformed hitman in Hong Kong, has just found this out. He still has his guns. He has the addresses of the other eleven. He's *very unhappy*.
- Two years ago, a major publisher printed two hundred thousand copies of their dictionary. All copies had a glaring error; the word 'sin' was missing. They were supposedly destroyed, but rumor has it they were all bought by a wealthy gallery owner.
- At the regular board meetings of one of the Dow Jones Industrial Average companies (one of the newer ones, too), the only item that's ever been on the agenda is a point-for-point reenactment of the Last Supper. Backwards.
- There's are 4 bums in the NYC Subway, the BMT, the London Underground, and the Moscow Metro each that claim to be guardians of the seals. They also claim that there were 3 others who are now dead.
- Y'know those Tibetan prayer wheels? The ones you spin to say the prayer? Well, have you ever looked at the edge of a Windows install CD? Its the same principle; each iteration of Windows has a more refined version of it. What does the ritual do? I don't know Ancient Tibetan Bon pictograms. But I do know AOL has the counter-spell.
- When you're not looking, this post is in Spanish.
- You get up in the morning before work and do your regular routine: you eat breakfast, shower, brush your teeth, get dressed...but at the end when you put your glasses on, they feel...different. They're the same pair they've always been, just when you put them on and looked into the mirror, you knew they were different somehow. Strange, you thought, but continued your day. It got even weirder when everyone at your office is talking about having a similar experience. Now that you think of it, everyone in your office building wears glasses. Over 500 people work there, and all wear glasses. Except Stan, the guy who works alone in the mailroom. Huh. It must simply be a coincidence.

- Human beings are actually very complicated narratives that we are constantly telling ourselves. The first ego-self was an amusing tale that got far too serious several hundred thousand years ago.
- Why have so many murderers been linked with driving a white van? You don't believe me? Google it. Ian Huntley, Roy Whiting, the Washington Snipers, Ted Bundy, and the French serial killer Michel Fourniret. Would it surprise you to learn it's the *same* white van?
- There has only ever been one book of prophecy truly inspired by god, and it is Vol 3 of the Connex Southeast Corporate records for 1999. Fortunately it was generated automatically by a computer program based on their financial database. It was the Programmer who was inspired by god. Nobody has ever read it.
- If you examine Moby Dick using the techniques of the so called "Bible Code" it predicts the death of Princess Diana. (True actually I attended a lecture by Simon Singh where he used it as an example of why the Bible Code idea was flawed and would work for any sufficiently long book; but that's just what he wants us to believe)
- Take a look at some of your old photos. Do you have one that's a street scene, maybe from a vacation? Look at it closely. See that guy in the background, in the dark suit? You have to look carefully the first time. Now look at some other photos. See that figure in the background? Yup, same guy. He's in the background of a lot of your pictures. Anything where there's a crowd. Always a crowd. He doesn't want to stand out. It's not just you. He's in everyone's pictures. He's stuck there, has been for a hundred and fifty years. Back in 1839 he stopped for a shoeshine, and Daguerre trapped him. He's been trying to find a way out ever since. Try looking at the pictures again in a few years. He'll be a little closer to the camera.
- Cats can see things humans can't, like ghosts and destiny. It's because they sleep differently than we do. More lightly. It keeps their brains alert. You can gain this power too. We can't sleep the way they do, but we can simulate it. All you have to do is restrict your sleep to fifteen-minute periods, and don't overindulge. (Set an alarm. Use discipline.) After about a week, you'll start seeing them too.
- Any architect or designer Wal-Mart hires to develop its floor plans must be fluent in ancient Greek.
- Throughout history, whenever a culture destroys or assimilates another, the ghosts of the old culture have remained, longing for vengeance. They can be mollified with relatively simple rituals of imitation, however. Hence, the ubiquity of tobacco in Western culture ever since the first colonies in the New World. What, then, are the possible results of anti-smoking campaigns? And do they have

anything to do with the precipitous increase in the popularity of piercings and tattoos? What's next?

- You know how the Bermuda Triangle was famous for mysterious disappearances? You know how nobody's heard any disappearance stories in decades? That's not because it's over. It's because it's *moving*.
- The First and Last Man has 36 independent Aspects working on his behalf around the world, helping maintain reality in a coherent form - what would it mean if you could locate one of them and persuade her or him to your point of view?
- There are 256 executable files in circulation on most major filesharing/P2P networks at the moment, each of which contains a portion of rogue code added by some hacker chick from Kuala Lumpur. If someone happens to run all these files, over time, on one and the same system, the world's first sentient virus will be created.
- There's a left-luggage locker at the airport in Santiago, Chile, that hasn't been opened since January 1983. No-one has paid for it since the original rental ran out after just a week. It is under 24-hour surveillance by at least three unrelated organizations.
- There are dozens of tall 20 story feature-less buildings in downtown Tokyo with no windows or doors except a large door in the front and a small door at the back. People say they are parking garages, but I've never seen a car go in one or out of one.
- There's a freeway that basically bisects the continental US. It runs from Texas north all the way through Minnesota. That freeway will never, ever be completely closed. No matter how bad the accident or how much road construction needs to be done, one lane will be kept open. Even if it costs more lives. I don't know why.
- Whenever you have an orgasm, whoever you're thinking of gets a little bit of your soul. Most of the time, this doesn't matter. Typical people probably lose a bit more than they gain over the course of their lives, but it's generally not enough to matter much. But there are a few ways this affects the world. Ever wonder why some long-standing couples will come to resemble each other more, personality-wise, as time goes on? Their souls are being mixed over the course of their lives, making it so they're more and more the same. Ever looked in the eyes of someone who never married, never dates, and finds pornography and solitude safer? Did it seem like something was missing or broken? Guess why. As for much-desired public figures, their situation isn't so rosy either. First, when they begin to reach fame and sex-symbol status, they grow more and more radiant and energetic. Then, something changes. See, once you get too many bits of too many other people's souls mixed in with yours, it becomes hard to hold yourself together. Some such people can manage to stay basically themselves. For most, though, the

weight of the discarded pieces of the souls of thousands of strangers prove too much. And what of the dead? What happens, when souls flow to someone who isn't even alive anymore? For that matter, what happens when people's desires focus on someone who never existed outside of images and dreams? If you meet someone who looks exactly like the one who always showed up in your passionate dreams, run before it tries to take the rest of you for itself.

- If you take enough acid, you see God—or at least bits of His shadow. All the little scurrying legs and tails...
- Have you ever wondered why Antarctica is still largely unsullied by human population? Colonial powers boiled out of Europe and settled or conquered every nation in their path. But not Antarctica. Why did they stop there? There was nobody who could have stood up to them.
- One day, the stars started going out, one at a time. Nobody got excited, because the next day, the star was visible again—but another one was out. What nobody realized was that the Sun is also a star...
- On Olympus Mons, the great mountain of Mars at well over ten miles tall, there is a passage three-quarters of the way up its south-western flank. Great carvings of alien faces loom down from above its awesome opening, creatures with tall ears and long noses seeming to say 'Go back!' Anyone who enters that passage finds themselves emerging on a certain well-frequented platform on the London Underground. There is no way back.
- High in the mountains of central Africa, at the source of the Nile, the last woolly mammoth reigns over a city built by the ancient Egyptians.
- If you fit your car with tires from 4 separate other cars that were in fatal accidents, you will never have an accident again.
- You know that ruckus about the mind control drugs in tap water? It's nonsense. Tap water is perfectly safe. But let me ask you this: do you still lick your own stamps?
- You cannot die. There are an infinite number of alternate realities, and if you ever 'die' in one of them your consciousness passes through to the versions where you miraculously survived. From your perception, you are immortal. We all are. Just try and commit suicide to prove it.
- Stonehenge accurately predicts the movements of the sun and the planets. Except that it predicts the movements of a planet that doesn't currently exist.

- Ancient Atlantis was on what we now call Greenland. The city was buried under the ice, but the ice sheets are retracting, and it will soon be uncovered. Atlanteans were not human.
- Life didn't evolve on Earth. It arrived from deep space in the form of pre-made genes that, like building blocks plugged together, make viable organisms. Which means someone *designed* it to work like this. There is a message from the Creator hidden in our junk DNA.
- Whenever there some is big event that brings the Pope or a bunch of politicians or whatnot to a city, the authorities always make a point of announcing that the manholes have been welded shut. Terrorists, they say. Sewer Monsters, the comedians say. The truth is, they're not trying to keep anyone from coming up out of the sewers. They're trying to keep the visitors from going in.
- You are what you eat...in the next life, anyway. Eat a lot of beef and you'll reincarnate as a cow. Eat a lot of fish and you'll reincarnate as a fish. See where I'm going with this?
- There really is a magic bullet; a single magic bullet and somehow it keeps popping up throughout history. It was the Shot Heard 'Round The World, it was the round Gavrilo Princip fired at Franz Ferdinand, and it continues to confound JFK conspiracists years after the fact. Every time you use a gun, there's a chance that you're about to fire it. Do you really want to take the risk?
- There is an Invisible Clergy, but most people who believe in it have it all screwed around. There are 333 human souls, TOTAL. Each living human being is receiving soul transmissions from one of them, like a radio tuned to the proper station. However, rampant overpopulation means that each individual is getting less and less attention from the oversoul—the 333 oversouls were never meant to guide more than 1000 people each, so once the human population passed 333,000 people started going WRONG. That's your 'fall from grace' in the 'garden of eden'—there just wasn't enough moral attention to go around. Now, the followers of the most rational oversoul (they call us The Warrior) have figured it out. In order to get a clear signal, they need to weed out and destroy their soulmates, until only a thousand of them remain. Once they're restored to full moral transmission strength, they'll be able to purify the other oversoul categories. But time is running out: Already the followers of the Consumer oversoul and the Necessary Servant oversoul are so numerous that people who were SUPPOSED TO get those broadcasts are getting NOTHING. They're the people who don't show up on aura sight, the people whose faces you can never remember, the ones called 'nonentities'. We think the Loyal Laborer may go next. If you're a Warrior, join us and die for purity. It's your duty.
- You know why there are more men seeking to become women than the other way around? Because the Mother Ascended first this time around.

- State troopers in Connecticut are trained to perform exorcisms
- The Zodiac Killer? Still around, working in breakfast cereal advertising. Lucky charms? Those are clues to his identity. Toucan Sam? That's him taunting detectives. And the Trix rabbit? Pure autobiography.
- Remember the Son of Sam? Yeah, the dog really talked. But it wasn't talking to Berkowitz, and that's what sent David over the edge.
- In 1971 an Albanian scientist tried to create artificial imaginary friends for elementary school children in Tirana. It worked. But somehow the 'friends' all had the personalities of the passengers of commercial jets who got shut down by the US and the Soviets over the next twenty years. Only after the Balkan War started did he realize how much they hated each other.
- Don't ever watch Titanic on an upside-down TV. Here's a hint: the DiCaprio character lives to the end.
- Medical charts are amazing things. They capture a lot of little nuances about you that you never knew in a single moment. Blood count. Mineral count. Blood pressure. Bone density. Just to name a few. Put enough of those moments together, and you get a pretty accurate spacio-temporal model of you. Doctors have some odd rituals they go through to become doctors. Almost Hermetic, aren't they? Ever wonder why your doctor never lets you get a good look at your chart?
- The 2000 US election was indeed fixed—to let the Democrats win. To this day, none of the conspirators know what happened.
- No alien abductee has ever gone on to have more children.
- Meditation is a fool's game. There's nothing in your Inner World that you need or want to see.
- You know that keyhole in every elevator? The firemen don't have a key to it either.
- There's a cult of lightning worshippers in Florida. Leaving runes and little offerings of candles at power transformers, you know that kind of shit. They believed that electricity was the force of civilization; the line between us as tool-using men and apes. They were harmless loonies for years, but when the Miami Police Department got all those tasers, well, the temptation to show their god to others was too damn much.

- There is a reason you sometimes have the urge to answer the phone even when it's not ringing. Once a day, God himself, imprisoned by the CIA in some old dusty warehouse, is trying to contact His creation. There's a whole division of phone operators dedicated to monitoring lines all over the world to make sure his calls don't get out. People in the United States never have that urge. "God bless America" is not a prayer.
- Television has always been used by the major factions vying over power. Look at Dermont Arkane. Look at Buffy and Charmed. Hell, look at Fox News and the Colbert Report. But now, someone's gone too far. Lost is obviously an 'outing' of the House of Renunciation. The question is, how will the House respond?
- You know the Megaman video game series? It's just for kids, right? In 1995, a Thomas Light was born in Wisconsin. Six years later, in 2001, an Albert Wily was born to a poor family in New York. Young Thomas's favorite show is Astroboy.
- The Sleepers send messages to their agents through the comic strips in daily newspapers. Whenever Garfield says 'I hate Mondays' some poor duke gets a bullet in his head.
- There's a cult of immigrants in New York working with a Mechanomancer to bring the Statue of Liberty to life, using the statue itself as the body for a god of their creation. They've already harvested enough matter for the brain, all they need now is the heart. At least, that's what they want you to think. The truth is, The New Colossus is already alive and waiting. It can't procreate in a familiar way because the statue wasn't given genitals, so it's had to lay its eggs inside a few unwitting tourists. I wonder, what *is* the gestation period of a god?
- Humanity has forever tried to create life, to follow in the footsteps of the creator. And it has succeeded unknowingly. For what signifies life is not to grow and multiply, think and to understand; but to perceive and record your perception. And so in creating photo, video cameras, and tape recorders humanity has created life. Life, even artificial life, calls out for guidance and protection. Even the cameras have Angels.
- Your grandfather never talked much about his WWII days. You know he was on the front lines of the German theater, and probably was involved in the storming of Berlin and the freeing of the concentration camps. But, as we said, he never talked about it. He died last month, and it's time to go through his old things, including that long bulky object wrapped up in moldering soldier's canvas. But first, you need to sort through his library of Christian esoteric. How many books on Longinus does one man need, anyways?
- When you woke up on May 1st, there was a tulip growing from a patch of stained carpet in the living room. Just growing straight out of the carpet, a tangle of roots

sunk into the shag. It's very pretty and very fragrant but otherwise a perfectly ordinary flower. If it's picked, there's a rose growing there the next morning, a passion flower the morning after that, and so on. Every day a new flower, vibrant and healthy, is growing from the stain in the shag. It might be time to look into why this place came so cheap. Preferably before June 1st.

- Do you know why long-time alcoholics and heroin addicts have formicative attacks - when they feel invisible insects and worms are crawling under and over their skin? It's because all the eggs laid by the astral parasites have hatched.
- -Every weekday, since the summer session started, a man rides into the quad of your community college on a silver trick bike with a seat back. He comes and goes between 11:00 and noon. He's an Asian guy in his mid twenties or early thirties, not in the best shape, but not fat. He wears sunglasses, a bright green t-shirt, and gold, metallic hot pants. Some days, he just rides a lap or two around the quad and leaves. Some days, he does the same while rapping loudly. Some days, he gets off his bike and starts doing aerobics and dancing (sexy-dancing, with lots of hip-swinging and ass-shaking) to the music on his iPod, which he keeps in his hot pants. How do I know he's at your community college? Because he's at every community college in the U. S. every day at the same time starting on June 6th.
- Judas spawned a bloodline of his own dedicated to combating the lineage of Jesus and Marry Magdalene; proof can be found in the works of Bach.
- There are those who claim that Ouija boards contact malicious spirits of unlimited evil and power, there are others who claim that Ouija boards contact nothing more than your own subconscious; both are correct.
- The parallels are almost uncanny: two towering figures, John F. Kennedy (1963) and Indira Gandhi (1984), struck down by assassin's bullets while in office at the head of the nation. Two sons, John F. Kennedy JR. (1999) and Sanjay Gandhi(1980), headstrong, even reckless, killed in the crash of small planes they were piloting. Two brothers, to be sure of different generations, Robert Kennedy (1968) and Rajiv Gandhi (1991) their political potential as yet barely realized, slain while on the campaign trail. The above part was quoted verbatim from A Concise History of India.What strange ritual is this, and who is doing it?
- When enough people associate Franz Ferdinand with the band and not the Archduke then World War I will never have happened.
- You know that one job I managed to keep, teaching refugees from Sierra Leone literacy? I met a lot of former child soldiers in that job. Most of them didn't care less about what I taught them, but came anyway, because the ghosts of their first kill tended to be a lot more interested in learning to read. And since they couldn't leave the side of their murderers, the young men went to my classes out of a sense

of obligation. It was real weird: My living students were often sitting in a group at the back of the class, talking shit and playing cards, whereas I was talking to a bunch of pens held by invisible hands. Occasionally, one of the boys would tell me that "his" ghost had a question.

- If you've seen Budd Dwyer's suicide footage, you've probably noticed that his gun is the same one that you bought last week.
- Dale Earnhardt and Princess Diana were killed by a rogue band of Dukes trying to prevent their ascension. Oddly enough, they were both gunning for the same Archetype.
- You know how some celebrities have crazy, obsessed fans? It has nothing to do with being a celebrity. Everyone has a crazy, obsessed fan. Being in the public eye just makes the celebs easier to find.
- Eating a cherry picked from a tree owned or planted by someone named Washington renders you incapable of lying for six hours.
- Star Wars used to be hard science fiction. With the possible exception of Jedi and the Force, all the technologies in it were plausible extrapolations of current science. This makes perfect sense, but no one (no, not even me) can imagine how anymore. This has been the case ever since Joseph Campbell (an avatar and possible godwalker of the Demagogue) made it so with all his monomyth bullshit. You think the intelligent design folks are trying to redefine science? They've got nothing on Campbell. This is why the new trilogy sucked; George Lucas was trying to do what Joseph Campbell said he was trying to do, and he was horrible at it.
- Tupac was never shot in Las Vegas in '96. He Ascended. As what, I don't know, but I hear Genghis Khan is back on earth and pissed.
- Everyone thinks that the Clergy is near full, and the world is near it's end. It's false. It's almost empty. The last world reset was June 28, 1914.
- Ghosts have an surprisingly egalitarian society, recognizing no difference between each other in worth or power, mutually respecting and confiding in each other to make more bearable a terribly dull existence. There is one exception: those who made deathbed conversions. All other ghosts flee in terror when one approaches.

No one has ever successfully collected every state coin.

- There's a small suburb in Kansas where every housewife is having an affair with The Comte, but they're all too embarrassed to mention it to anyone. Many of these women are showing signs of pregnancy.

A friend of mine once saw *The Cruel Ones*. He said they were giant gods tossing colourful geometric rocks, and when he heard their voices he knew he had no will.

- Sergei Eisenstein's silent films? Not silent. Just out of human aural range.
- NASA has recently discovered the largest object in the universe: a 200 million light-year wide mass. What only I've noticed is that it works like one of those 3D pictures. I say it's a sailboat, but my friend insists it's Lionel Ritchie.
- There's an Adept called Plague Dog who travels the world getting his juice from risky sex--leaving broken hearts, STDs and bastard children behind him. All of the illegitimate children he's left behind have become adepts. Every single one. He's been at this for 30 years now, but the past decade has brought a change. Something Plague Dog picked up in Haiti in the mid-90's has left his adept children increasingly destructive in nature and coming to their powers earlier and earlier. The latest was 5 years old and willed an entire Caribbean island out of existence.
- Ever wonder why celebrity news lately is dominated by combined named couples? You know like 'Bennifer,' 'Tomkat,' and 'Trotsky?' The Mystic Hermaphrodite is gaining power, man, and the Freak's behind it. Why do you think he/she/it takes the shape of celebrities so often? Gotta keep the tabloids full of rumors.
- There exists an issue of LIFE Magazine from August 1943 in which there are several photographs of Mount Rushmore. Thomas Jefferson is not among the faces.
- Yogurts can heal everything, but only if you eat one at midnight at the top of a Kenyan mountain a Saturday.
- You know HP Lovecraft? Flaky mall-occultists keep saying that the supernatural beings in his stories were real. They're only *kind of* wrong—you see, Those Who Were And Shall Be Again are entities from previous incarnations of the universe--those with the magick and the drive to keep their souls past the death of their worlds. There's a particularly nasty one--he/she/it has no name, but was Godwalker of a concept that hasn't existed in many incarnations. Everyone it tries to explain this concept to goes insane—lately (meaning the past couple incarnations of the universe), it's taking to answering summons from random occultists and teaching them some of its large stock of rituals and artifact recipes in an attempt to gradually bring its 'masters' to its point of view. They still all go insane, but more dangerously, actively so. Someday it'll succeed, and whatever horrible concept this entity represents will run rampant through the world (probably ending it prematurely).

- Speaking of, ever notice all those new social gathering sites on the net? Myspace, Facebook, blogs and so on? All those phones, all that net traffic; it makes a lot of mojo and it's all going somewhere. Word is that a new archetype is being born, The Networker. If you thought the Naked Goddess was big, just wait until this guy ascends, over every phone line and net connection on the planet.
- Princess Diana lives. The "People's Princess" was spirited away to the moon by space aliens in a bizarre reenactment of Arthurian myth. She'll be back one day when the aliens decide we truly need her.
- The Fool, The Mother, The Rebel and The Scholar all live under one roof, and their words and deeds are known to millions across the world and the subject of debate and discussion for thousands. This American household drew the attention of one cabal who sought to answer the age old question "Can a fictional character ascend to the invisible clergy?" To this end, over the course of several years they have infiltrated the creative powerhouse behind these potential ascendants and experimented with attempts to bring The Fool closer to his archetype. Unfortunately for the cabal, none of them are particularly talented or original writers.
- Sometimes, it's not enough to depose a member of the Invisible Clergy. Sometimes, they can be inverted. The process of inversion is like a Room of Renunciation reversed; instead of a physical entity having all they believe in torn down metaphysically, a metaphysical entity has all they stand for twisted in the physical world. It's a fool's antic; even Alex Abel's been scared off from it. But that doesn't mean people won't try. Max Hardcore and Rob Zicari are members of a cabal dedicated to inverting the Naked Goddess. John Ashcroft, however, is a secret member of the Sect, having stumbled upon the Master Tape during an obscenity case. He's been making life miserable for them, in more ways than one.
- Somewhere on YouTube, there's a somewhat grainy recording of a stage production of the Rocky Horror Show with The Freak appearing as Frank-N-Furter. It keeps getting taken down by the moderators (usually citing a request by the performance group's director) but it's always reposted under a different username with different keywords a few days later. Aside from the current godwalker appearing in what has arguably become a modern symbol of his archetype, the video contains no supernatural elements. But it's worth tracking down just to hear The Freak's genuinely terrible singing.
- He would stare up at the sky at night, his head very still, stare then play the most beautiful and sad harmonica music I ever heard, wearing those crazy taped up glasses. The tape is the lines he said; the stars are the notes.
- So I had some folks over for the Super Bowl, and one guy asks, "Hey, can I bring someone from work?", and I'm like sure, whatever. This coworker of his is this

greasy, pale, stringy-haired fat piece of shit, in musty-smelling jeans and a food-stained sweatshirt. And all the time he's talking about how stupid football is, and how dumb football players are, and how much of a badass he is. Jesus. So fucking annoying. Finally, at halftime Sully turns to the guy and asks, "Yeah, how much of a badass are you?" Everyone laughs, beer cans clinking, that kinda thing. The fat turd stalks off and we snicker like he's going to go cry in the bathroom or something. Until he comes back with a knife. One of the butcher knives Tina got me. And he starts whipping it around like some fucking Bruce Lee Chuck Norris shit, I don't know. So I get up. Now you know me, right? You know I'm not a confrontational guy. When Sully and Jimmy and Robbie and all them are starting shit I'll back them up, but I'm usually at the end of the line. But everyone else is just sitting there, kinda in dead silence, and it's my house, right? So I've got to do something. So I get up. I get right in this guy's grill, like three inches from him, and I don't even recognize my own voice when I say, "Put the knife down and get out." He gives me the eye, looking to see if I'm gonna blink or look away, but I don't give him a break. So he shrugs, makes like he's going to set the knife down, then does this fake-out lunge for my side. Not a swing, just a straight-in shot. I don't think he intended to hit me; he just wanted to make me jump. I don't even react: I grab him by the throat and the crotch and carry him out the front door. Like a friggin' laundry bag or a trash can or something. Just drop him in the bushes. So that's the first thing, see: I know I'm not that strong. Here's the second thing: I come back inside and everyone's staring at me like I'm a ghost. "Sorry about your friend," I tell the guy who brought him, "but he was acting psycho." Jimmy just points at my left hand. I look down and there's a hole in the sleeve of my sweatshirt, just in front of the elbow. And there's one on the opposite side too, like something went right through it. The shirt beneath it's got a hole in the same spots, too. Like something went right through it. Only I coulda sworn that fake-out lunge of his missed me completely. We didn't even watch the rest of the game, really, and it wasn't until next morning that I learned about that whole "wardrobe malfunction" mess during the halftime show. Which is funny, if you think about it: she's dancing on stage, losing parts of her outfit, and I didn't even notice 'cause I'm staring down this psycho with a knife. But I have started thinking about it. And I think I've got it figured out. I'm not sure of all the particulars yet, which is why I'm telling you this. But tomorrow night I'm going down to that strip club on Route 28. I'm picking a fight with the biggest, ugliest motherfucker there. And I'm giving him a knife.

- It is a belief of cabala that demonic qliploth exist who are shells of their former selves, the last remnants of the failed universe that existed before this one. This is a lie. Human beings are the demonic shells, creatures that should have died with the last universe. This is why the world seems to be getting worse each day. We are poisoning it with our presence. The qliploth are the chosen of God, made in his image, They are trying desperately to find a way to exorcise us from this reality once and for all.

- If you give an avatar a pen, a sketch pad, and tell him to let his hand move on his own he'll sketch the face of The Comte.
- A mechanomancer and an epidromancer compete annually to see who "builds" the best combatant. They use an abandoned rock quarry in Minnesota as their arena, or they did until things got out of hand and the nearby town of Sleepy Eye was entirely destroyed.
- When the last Social Security Number is issued, there will be no more room for the living and zombies will walk the earth.
- Spit is how we used to communicate before the Tower of Babel. We'd trade spit with one another, and the taste, texture and viscosity of each other's spit was our language. Then God created mono.
- If you stare at the sun, your eyes will burn out, but if you stare at the moon long enough, you'll see through any illusion. This was the deal brokered by the Celtic druids between humanity, the sun and the moon.
- There's a young boy in Sri Lanka (or is it Ceylon now?) who is considered a holy man, a swami. He's considered one because he can turn his entire body inside out with his bare hands.
- The Tower of Babel? Look closer. It was a space elevator. Somebody wants to keep us on this planet.
- Why are so many scientists pushing to have Pluto no longer be a planet? Think about it. Pluto was the god of money and the underworld. His prominence as a planet strengthens both the dead and the dollar. The scientific community is trying to weaken the dead, make it harder for them to cross over into our world. Or maybe they're just commies. Probably both.
- Only in reality, Peter did return to our world with Wendy. This is not a good thing. As anyone who's read the original book knows, Peter ain't people. He was some kind of amoral demigod of adventure and innocence. He grew up alright, but he didn't turn out any more normal than he was as a kid. The Rocky Horror Picture Show was a rough dramatization of what happened when Peter Pan grew up, but O'Brien messed with the ending there, too. Pan is still around, doing who knows what. Be afraid.
- Sometimes little kids and smartasses like to add the line "And many more, on channel four" to the end of the Happy Birthday song. If they do this at your birthday, turn the TV to channel four right away. Watch and learn.
- "Sensory Adaptation" is the process by which your brain ceases to register a stimulus that it's been steadily exposed to for too long. Babies often cry and no

one can tell why. No one can remember infancy. What is it that's so upsetting to our children that we've stopped noticing?

- There are strange *things* out there that people worship. That's not strange, that's just common sense. There are also strange *things* out there that worship people. Sending them prayers, enacting rituals, giving them invisible little offerings to placate them. Small bags of blood or salt, a sudden smell of incense or car exhaust, persistent itches under the soles of your feet or in the low of your back; these are all small rituals and offerings we receive from *them*. What are prayers for? We pray to God so that he'll do what we want. Why do *they* pray to us? Exactly the same reason. And it *works*.
- For every crappy thriller/romance novel out there, there is an academic work which never got written. Last I heard, the answer to Life, the Universe and Everything got cosmically rogered two weeks ago for *Passion in the Dead of Night*, a Mills and Boone special. Me, I have a shotgun, about as much ammo as I can carry and a copy of *The Wind in the Willows*. I am going to find the motherfucker who wrote that and explain to that author the true meaning of the missing colour blue...
- H.P. Lovecraft, in his final act of hubris, wrote "I Am Providence" on his grave. This is why no one goes into an Otherspace around Providence.
- Ghosts of lonely teenagers haunt most of the major internet instant messaging networks. That's why you sometimes get losers messaging you at random for no reason.
- You know how some moderately obscure movies get called "Cult classics"? There's a pretty good reason for that.
- Ever wonder why celebrities always seem to have such extreme, mercurial personalities? It's because they're natural magnets for demonic possession. Think about it: lots more people desire fame than actually achieve it. Many of those people are obsessed with the prospect of living the movie or rock star life. Those that actually do achieve that level of fame immediately become targets of the ones who died obsessing over it. Demonic possession is (mostly) to blame for all of the celebrity drug and sex scandals you hear about every day—even the more bizarre rumors about bulimia, anorexia, etc. That's also why so many celebrities run to the arms of quack religious fads—they're just trying to make it stop and trust the folks who say they can.
Sif's Note: A second poster's comment: "I believe you have just solved the problem of why so many celebrities and other public figures do not ascend. My hat is off to you, this one is wicked clever."
- Siddhartha Gautama was the original Masterless Man. He made all his channels violent in order to challenge would-be Buddhas to avoid using them.

- Those anti-suicide fences on the Jacques-Cartier bridge? They're actually there to keep the spirits of those who already killed themselves from coming back
- Anne Rice has it all wrong. Do you really think that vampires really spend their time in crushed velvet suits, keeping themselves impeccably groomed (albeit out-of-fashion) and daintily sipping blood from the necks of pretty young women and men? Of course not. Here's how it goes. Vampires kill people. They have to, every so often, dispose of human remains. They also have to maintain a strict code of silence about themselves and their activities, lest they be besieged by cross and stake wielding maniacs. Furthermore, while they were alive they'd gotten used to certain basic amenities: things like clothing and a place to stay. So why not, you know, steal from the people they were killing for food? I mean, it's not like they'll have any need for their wallet and watch at the bottom of a river somewhere. Plus, you've got to pay for those crushed velvet suits (or whatever) somehow, right? Pretty soon it got to be a regular thing, among some vampires. Then it caught on amongst the rest. Pretty soon the crime thing extended beyond the simple opportunistic looting of bodies and extended to the funding of luxuries. Things like pinky rings and houses in Sicily. Of course, managing to do something like this is much easier with a structure and a hierarchy. Pretty soon, regular people wanted to join and the vampires had to figure out how to keep "Our thing" (as they called it) strictly private while at the same time exploiting these humans who were coming up to them and practically demanding to be employed as disposable mooks. The trick was to keep the upper echelons exclusively in vampiric hands while, as need arose, being able to pick and choose among the mooks worthy candidates for vampirehood. What do you think a "made man" has been made *into*, anyway?
- On many hotel buildings, there is no floor 13, not because of superstition, but because due to an obscure federal law, that floor is taxed double.
- Astrology works. The space race was part of a plot to futz things up for astrologers by giving them thousands of man-made satellites they'd have to keep track of, but now it's having a significant effect on the destiny of Earth's people. The position of the Hubble Space Telescope directly effects the amount of money won in the Euro Millions lottery each week.
- Black ice is not a natural phenomenon, it is the psychic residue of everyone who used a car to commit suicide.
- Little known fact: The first Nintendo was made in India. No particular city; it just randomly assembled in the countryside.
- Jet lag is really your spirit catching up to your body.

- Every one of those people who told you about some bizarre thing that happens in a far-off town? They're lying. There's a new breed of Urbanomancers around and these ones get charges off people visiting their town or city for the first time. If they're from the same state, it's only a minor, but it's a significant if they had to cross a state/prefecture/whatever boundary (even if it's only by a couple feet; Four Corners, USA has something of a war going on). To get a major charge they need someone from another PLANET. The Voyager probes were actually basically just travel brochures shot into the dark and SETI is a like a non-stop infomercial on every channel.

The Unknown Armies website

(http://www.unknown-armies.com/content.php?id=C0_8_3)

(http://www.unknown-armies.com/content.php?id=C0_15_3)

- There are some things that even the Occult Underground doesn't like to think about
- There's this videotape going around (no, not the one with a well). It's a shlock monster movie, but there's this guy in every scene begging you to set him free. If you watch the movie until the last scene, he gets to swap places with you.
- Have you seen how angry people get over money? The only reason that we don't remember the time before money is that the Atlanteans changed our memories to better control us.
- Forget crabs. Some hookers give you Astral Parasites.
- In winter of 1944, with overtaxed supply lines in the Ardennes, a German medic had completely run out of plasma, bandages and antiseptic. During one particularly bad round of mortar fire, his encampment suddenly became a bloodbath. The survivors claimed to hear, above the screams and barked commands of their Lieutenant, someone cackling with almost girlish glee. The medic made his rounds during the fire, in almost complete darkness as he had so many times before, but never this short on supplies. The bombardment moved to other ends of the line, most men dropped off to sleep in the still dark hours of the morning - New Year's Day, 1945. The men awoke at first light with screams. They discovered that their bandages were not typical bandages at all, but hunks and strips of human flesh. Several men had been given fresh blood transfusions, with no blood supplies available. Each treated man was almost completely covered, head-to-toe, with the maroon stain of blood. The medic was found, sitting on an ammunition tin, staring off into space. When one man approached him, tapped him on the shoulder, his tunic fell off to reveal all skin, muscle, and sinew had been stripped from his torso and his body almost completely dried of blood. In one hand was a scalpel, and in the other, a blood transfusion vial. None of the men treated for wounds that night, in that camp, saw the end of January, 1945. A notebook containing the location of each patient's grave was last known to be in the possession of a 20-year old man named John Mann, who has lived in California for longer than anyone can remember.
- Those at the top of the occult heap have come to some pretty big conclusions on their way up there. Of course, that doesn't mean they're any more reliable.
- Of course the moon landings were faked. The moon is alive, asleep and dreaming the Earth. We wouldn't dare try to go there, in case we wake it up.

- There really were giants in the earth in those days. The Behemoth, Kraken, Leviathan and so on were all swimming the seas even after we massacred the dragons and the jotun. Moby Dick was the last nail in the coffin – the symbolic killing of the Leviathan re-wrote history so we only remembered them as old stories.
- Some Australian otherspaces have been growing seriously friggin' huge by consuming other ones. Soon one of them is going to come for this world.
- One of the tiny countries in west Africa, I forget which, has been ruled by an Unspeakable Servant for the past 238 years. Whenever the current 'ruler' needs to 'die', it just kills the successor, takes him over and keeps right on going.
- A fistful of true words from Australia:
 1. Mobile phone towers are only laid along ley lines. They are placed to focus and redirect the magical energies of the world (The 'phone networks are only a cover story. What you think is your friend talking to you is actually the demons that cluster around concentrated magickal energy). Anyway, that's why the privatization of Telstra is such a big deal; imagine all that power focused on one corporation or CEO.
 2. There are hidden messages in the patterns of bus seats.
 3. If you're walking through the Rocks in Sydney barefoot as dawn breaks on Australia Day, you'll go back in time. Problem is, being a convict in 19th century Sydney is pretty dull and there's no way back.
 4. You can learn the lingo of trees and street lights. But they're rude bastards and don't talk back without payment. What they want, now that's the hard part.
 5. Public transports are alive, and feast on each other. That's why buses thrive in Brisbane and are weak, half-rusted things in Sydney where trains dominate. Beware trams—only the fiercest survived the purges until the '70s, and fled to Melbourne where none will touch them.
 6. The Great Court of the University of Queensland is a mirror for the city's health. If ever the grass vanishes entirely, Brisbane will fall. It's like the Tower of London, but without the ravens.
- What's a state line REALLY mean? A friend of mine was into some bad stuff, you know...stuff that you do 7-10 for. Anyway, one night he got caught and him and his friends took off. They made it to their car and started driving. After 20 minutes they made it passed the state limits just to see the other cops standing on the other side, and that's when things got weird. They officers just stood there, not taking a step. The ones chasing them stopped right on the state line. One officer tried to move forward but the others stop him looking a bit frightened. After a few hours both sides took off. Weird, I know. I've heard of state lines before but these cops had a look of real horror to them. After doing some research and using one of those GPS direction finder things, he found out he was inside the state lines. Which made us think, what came first...these lines or our states? Another note of

worth is after doing some testing with these lines we found that at certain times of the night they take longer to cross; signs farther apart, driving time, etc. Maybe they grow and shrink to some kind of time measurement. If they do we haven't figure out their connection yet.

- People will say things to machines that they'd never dream of telling to a person. After all, it's not like Message Bank is really listening.
- The Lanh Thuc Demons captured a god back in the late 80s. They keep it buried at a crossroads somewhere near Oodnadatta, but every time they teleport a little bit of it escapes.
- Astral parasites lay their eggs in human pineal glands. It's one of the major causes of migranes.
- There's a town in Switzerland that's been powered by a perpetual motion machine since 1534. I think its name was something like Jus-Saint-Alma.
- They say the gods of old are gone but I heard they just changed. Their stories are told in modern mediums. If you want to know who these gods are, America celebrates them every year, on Thanksgiving Day.
- Stoplights are alive. And they carry grudges. You ever notice there are some stoplights that seem to know you're there? They always seem to respond a bit quicker, move traffic a bit faster, and none of them have one of those control boxes nearby. Now look at this: it's a map of ley lines for this region, found it on the net. See where they cross intersections here, here, here, here, and here? There's one of those quick stoplights at each one. Every other stoplight has a control box, I've checked. But wait, it gets even weirder. So the day after I put all these pieces together I'm driving back from work, right? This guy totally cuts me off and flies through the intersection a second after it turns red. I'm in my car fuming and it's like the light just won't change. But a block ahead, I see the arrow turn red and that asshole can't make his turn. He's the only one at the light, and our signal's still not changing. But then his light turns green, and half-way through his turn a semi flies in from the right and rips right through the car! Serious, just like on Real TV! But here's what's weird: both intersections are on the ley line, and the semi's light was still green when the asshole's arrow changed. I tell ya, I'm never running a red light again.
- You ever seen someone die on camera? A snuff film is a recording of the actual murder of human being that is subsequently passed around for entertainment purposes. Suicides and accidents don't count. According to the MPAA, the FCC, the FBI and the ever-lovin' Snopes.com, there's no such thing as a snuff film. Yes, this includes Faces of Death Anything you think might count is faked, falsified, or not made for that purpose, such as those tasteless videos you find on shock sites. This is a lie. There are, as best as anyone can tell, between 30-40 snuff films

floating around out there. The earliest is a silent film on decaying nitrate celluloid, simply titled *La mort d'une fille*, and bears the date of 1896. The latest, judging by the hairstyles and the presence of a "Frankie Says Relax" t-shirt, was probably made in 1983 or 1984 and is on Betamax. The films vary in violence, but they all include seemingly ritualized sex, followed by the slaying of a girl with dirty blonde hair and piercing blue eyes that appears to be around 19 years old. That's right, every film has the exact same girl in it.

- Who is the man in the box? A man (or woman, depending on the tale-teller) is rumored to be living at the poles. He spends approximately six months at the Antarctic pole, then six at the Arctic pole. To get from one to the other he is transported in a private cargo plane, re-fuelled in flight by a 'military' fuel transport. The man himself is transported in a matte black box made from hardened plastic and a seamless fiberglass shell. This box is guarded by a mixed UN force of a dozen soldiers from all over the world. When they arrive at the destination pole, they leave the box on the permafrost and quickly evacuate the area. Some claim that the man is performing some sort of ritual that requires the almost nonexistent amount of sunlight during the polar nights. This ritual, they say, will plunge the world into eternal night once it is complete. Others believe that this man is the only thing standing between our civilization and a catastrophic pole shift which will wipe most forms of higher life from the planet. Some claim that he's Dracula. But they're foolish, as most of the occult underground is in agreement that Dracula died on August 14, 1969 on a farm in New York state.
- There's this weirdo who hangs out at the gas station where I work overnights and he says the damndest things.
- Hey, did you hear that Elton John is going to rewrite the lyrics to another one of his songs when Elizabeth II finally kicks it (you know, like he did with *Candle in the Wind*). My money says it's either going to be *Crocodile Rock* or *Rocket Man*.
- Those zombie slasher movies have almost nothing to do with Voodoo. They do have an awful close similarity to certain Native American myths about the Wendigo (a spirit that possesses its victims and causes them to hunger for the flesh of their fellow humans). No coincidence that the maker of the best zombie movies, George Romero, set his movies in the American Upper Midwest, where the Wendigo legend has its home..
- The relatively harmless euphemism "Gosh" is actually a conspiracy by a secret society, determined to dethrone God and replace him with a puppet-deity beneath their complete control. Wince every time you hear a curse on *Leave It To Beaver*, for the Cleavers are singing the hymnals of the almighty Gosh.
- God created man. Noah built a boat. Jesus was a carpenter. Making things is sacred. Emeril Lagasse is likely the world's most famous chef. The rapture is coming, and we are doomed to drown in garlic, wine and our own inanity.

- The "infographic" on the front page of USA Today. Ever notice how you're just... drawn to look at it? Once you do, you'll be oblivious to the paranormal until the next day's paper arrives. Luckily, once you know about it, the infographic won't affect you, so you're okay now. By the way, the same message of attraction, suggestion and repression is embedded in every Garfield comic strip. I mean, how else is that thing still around?
- Y'know how KFC isn't Kentucky Fried Chicken anymore, just KFC? The Knowledge Flayers Council bought out the chain and changed the name so they could apply their sympathetic magic, and now every one of those joints is an altar attuned to their cause while the unsuspecting masses worship. Of course, before they could do it, they had to kill off the Colonel first; and at two hundred and fifty years old, he must have had a couple tricks up his sleeve. But they got him, and to the victor goes the spoils.
- There's a hougan in Fairbanks—hell of a taxidermist and a bit of a joker too. His work is real life-like, but don't piss him off. Ninety percent of the nocturnal animal break-ins in Fairbanks are stuffed bears, breaking out.
- Oh man, throw away those coupons. There's no such thing as a free lunch, and there's no such thing as a thirty-percent-free lunch. They just take it from you in other ways. Same goes for sale items. Believe me, buying that stuff just lets them get you, strips away your protections. Why do you think poor people buy stuff on sale, but stay poor? Now, if you wanna get the deal you can't resist, make sure you negotiate it yourself, in person. You see a deal you like, take the coupon to a different retailer, force 'em to honor it. Or go to the original place, but leave the coupon at home, and then argue with them that everyone in the damn city got the flier, so why not give you the deal without the coupon? As long as you negotiate for the sale price, you've earned your discount and they can't exploit you—that's why the retailers get so irritated when you try it.
- There are seven words in every Gideon's Bible—y'know, the one they stuff in every hotel room—that can't be found in any other bible. If you repeat those seven words to yourself while grasping the doorknob to your room, the door will open to any hotel room in the world. Of course, if you want to control where you're going, you'll need to know the Gideon's Key—one more inserted word, unique to each copy, that acts as an index for each room.
- The last battle will be fought between kudzu and melaleuca—the two plant species that seek to cover the earth at the expense of all life. They both have a sinister intelligence incoherent to our understanding, and they are in constant competition. Humanity's only hope is to play them against each other. Kudzu's winning right now—that's why there's been such a glut of melaleuca tea-tree oil products in response.

- There's been a recent discovery at Hunter S. Thompson's ranch, buried in a bottom drawer; five blood-stained pages of unsteady handwriting, detailing a drinking contest between Thompson and “some crazy-ass euro-trash called 'Sam Germain' or some such horse-shit”.
- The government orchestrated the whole wire-tapping scandal to distract America from the fact that every single citizen has an invisible ghost made entirely of eyes floating directly behind them right now. The spell only works on people who are actual citizens, though, hence the recent illegal immigration debacle.
- Painting the Astrological symbol for Uranus on a car's hood, using the blood of a man who was not nursed on his biological mother's milk as an infant, will cause that car to be struck by lightning inside of a week.
- A few elite dentists keep the fragments of anything they extract and sometimes trade certain specimens for ritual purposes. These rituals can make the caster stronger, tougher, faster, smarter, or more spiritually powerful. Why do you think they're always saying you should get your wisdom teeth pulled?
- Ringo was the only one of the Beatles who didn't participate in the ceremonies they held to place magickal influence in their song lyrics.
- Old Soviet era Lada's are the fastest cars in the world, but they're depressed and need to have Prozac in their gas tanks before they'll perform to their full potential.
- All Video Rental stores have a demon possessing a clerk. Union Rules.
- A Mobius Strip has the same mystical topology as a perfect sphere, and can be used to make charms that will always bring you back to the spot where the charm was made—dead or alive.
- Every "disorder" and "syndrome" doctors have mentioned since the 70s is actually just the effect of a sort of broad-band mind control system. Rather than take over the world, the people who control this machine decided to make gobs of money off of it. The pills for various problems block the influence of the mind control transmitter, but only for a short time. An unintended plus is that the right dose of Ritalin will make you immune to hypnosis.
- Every time somebody plays a Led Zeppelin album, Pluto's orbit gets smaller.
- When you live in a bright place, you get used to light, and it starts affecting you less. When you live in a dark place, you get used to dark, and it starts affecting you less. When you live in a violent place, you get used to violence, and it starts affecting you less. And when you skydive enough, you get used to gravity, and it starts affecting you less. This is nowhere **near** as pleasant as it sounds.

- Halloween Ho-down. Because you can't spell "Halloween" without "fnord."
 1. The 666th frame of every Halloween-themed movie, cartoon, or TV special depicts a basement with a corpse moldering in the corner; these frames are often removed from the final film, but one can find them on occasion. There's a Videomancer who collects them and puts them in order based on the age of the film they're from. He says the corpse is obviously moving from frame to frame.
 2. "Fun size" candy is made to proportions found in occult theorem; f'rex, a fun-size Snickers bar has the exact mass of the alchemical formula for a universal acid. It's all a matter of substituting one substance for the other.
 3. Here's a ritual I heard about: Go out and trick-or-treat. Count up how many calories are in the things you get (yes, that includes stickers, toothbrushes, or those dumbass Jack Trick anti-Halloween comics) and keep the tally on a sheet of graphite paper. In about 30 minutes or less, eat all the stuff you've picked up (yes, that includes stickers, toothbrushes, or said stupid comics). When the 30 minutes is up, if you've got the calculations right (to the nearest 100 calories) and ate fast enough, you'll vomit up nuggets of gold, one gram per 100 calories.
 4. You know the easy ghost costume? Next time you have trouble with pesky soul-suckin' monstrosities, just pull on a sheet and cut out some eyeholes. Creatures that gnash on souls can't stand the outfit.
 5. Never play "Tubular Bells" (...yeah, the Exorcist theme) in a church after dark on Halloween. It's just not a smart idea.

- Rumors from the East. Some of these are based on actual events.
 1. In the countryside, every orchard has a man with an assault rifle guarding it. It's his job to keep menstruating or pregnant women from coming within sight of the orchard or all the fruits there turn sour and rotten. Vegetables prefer growing for women more than men, though.
 2. After coming from a funeral, don't ask the owners to sprinkle you with clear water. Take off all your clothes while under the roof and sleep there for the night. Within seven days the house you visited will be haunted by the spirit of the person whose funeral you attended.
 3. What you know: A Filipino invented the fluorescent light bulb and the Moon Rover used for the Lunar landings. What you heard: His last invention was a coffee machine that every astronaut in the world today is terrified to leave Earth without. It was patented in 2009.

- There aren't alligators in the sewer. There are, however, giant sapient tapeworms and leeches.

- The QWERTY keyboard as seen on a computer mimics the arrangement of a 50-letter magick alphabet.

- If you knew what Mount Rushmore really was you wouldn't have turned it into a tourist attraction. You probably couldn't go near it without vomiting.

- You know how every near death experience has somethin' to do with a light at the end of the tunnel? I heard this from a Narqui who went over the deep end—he said he remembered some of his real death experience. He said that the light at the end of the tunnel is the light from a surgeon's lamp, and the surgeon has three eyes—one smack on his forehead—and a tentacle wrapped around a scalpel.
- When you stare at something too long, and you look away and you see those weird splotchy pigments—y'know what I mean? When you do that, you're seeing the real colors of the world. Our eyes filter that head-burning nightmare into something more pleasant. Well, usually.
- Soy burgers have no soy in them. It's really ground-up mealworm—some bugger's idea of a joke.
- Earphones can listen to anything. Plug 'em in to the wrong socket on your laptop and procede to screw around. If you open the right .exe, then you can hear your computer think. It's actually relaxing; kind of like a bee's nest, busy at work. Except for the times when you hear a distinct English word. I usually hear "fade," "dream," or "lie." A friend of mine just gets cussed at when he plugs in.
- Snorting a line of mummy dust (it's exactly what it sounds like—preserved Egyptian rulers ground to a fine powder) enables one to see ghosts.
- Dinosaurs don't exist because they were all eaten. What has that big of a mouth? Just ask the asteroid, it's still around.
- African miners say that beneath the earth's crust is a layer of whirring cogs and gears known as the mechanosphere, they say the whole setup is what really makes the world go round, and that if someone were to understand how all the pieces fit together and interact they'd be able to tell the eventual fate of mankind.
- A certain Chinese vase contains the spirit of Ghengis Khan. The warrior spirit contained in the vase causes it to materialize in the nearby location of certain fights between good guys and bad guys. Unfortunately, the vase is always humorously almost knocked over by the bad guys, forcing the good guy to play a strange game of trying to keep the vase from breaking. The hero does this because they know that if the spirit is ever released, it will punish the world for continually using it as a comic prop.
- If you deposit six hundred and sixty six dollars at an automatic teller at one minute past midnight, the devil can hear you talk to the machine. He'll make it print the answer to a question on your receipt.

- Ley lines are the remains of an alien mass transit system. The pyramids still provide power to it, but some of the lines have shifted over time, and some are broken.
- The Fortean Times is published solely so that the Secret Masters can see who might be interested in uncovering their secrets. If you're serious about looking into weird stuff you shouldn't read it. In fact, don't even let a copy into your house.
- None of the contestants on Survivor have birth certificates.
- More people walk out of every 'Personal Development' seminar than walked into it.
- Street lights are actually spirits that have bound themselves to a certain spot to protect people. Anyone who's ever knocked out a street light has killed an angel, and deserves to die for it.
- Cities are proprietorial. You either own part of a city or it owns you. The homeless are the city's slaves, and they don't even know it.
- There's a guy on the Gold Coast who sells drugs that let you talk to ghosts. He's always around during schoolies week.
- There's a secret cult that controls the city council. All the bus drivers are members.
- Most buildings in the CBD have a human body sealed in their foundations. Late at night they talk to each other.
- Get a stopwatch If you watch every State of the Union Address since it's been filmed and available on tape, you'll see that halfway through—exactly halfway through—the President always says the same word. Most say it under their breath during the standing ovations, but some are forced to work it into the speech itself. What's the word? You don't want to know.
- There's this black cat with a white 'mask' round its eyes that's always at my bedroom window every night and won't go away until I give him a bowl of cream. But I live on the freakin' eighth story and the fire escape is by the living room window!
- You ever noticed about Japanese music? Y'know, them cartoons they have and everything—the CDs they sell out there? It's all rock metal. You ever notice that? And synthesizers. When was the last time you ever saw a synthesizer being used? And that other music—J-Pop or whatever they call it—it's really backwards. It's more like Blondie on helium than anything nowadays. And that's the whole point;

it's at least twenty years out of date. That's the deal, man, Japan isn't part of this world. The guy I used to work with in the Florida Mall; he used to be in the Navy - worked out of Okinawa - and he said that back in the 70s something happened that made Japan *stick*. That's how he put it. Oh sure, your watch still works and everything, but them people are still living in the 1980s. But here's the kicker. If they were making all that electronic wizardry back in the 80s, then what would they be building if they get put back into the real time?

- Burger King's been hiring some guy out in Wyoming as a 'security consultant'. He's been on their pay-roll since '86. That's *eighteen-eighty-six*.
- "The Lord Of The Flies" wasn't written as a children's novel, or a treatise on ethics, or any of that shit. It's an analogy of the future and our past. We're all the cosmic debris from a crashed airliner and we're splitting into two groups; the technocrats and the savages. You really don't want to know what Piggy symbolizes—or who the rescuing officer is at the end.
- There's a secret language that all animals share. You can take courses in it at the local college, if you know who to ask to get registered, but the homework is a bitch.
- There's a book that was written in the Dark Ages that contains 101 rituals of mystick significance and details of ancient horrors trapped away. The roleplaying industry is based around a cabal that found this book and has been attempting to get the rituals out into the public eye, but they split years ago and now compete with each other.
- Everybody in the occult underground will, with appropriate prompting, tell you about their surefire method for winning the lottery (though, of course, they won't explain how it works). So why aren't they rich? The truth is, the real magick that the lottery provides has nothing to do with winning the jackpot, it's about the magick of the numbers themselves. The lottery gives you a three digit number and a four digit number each day, right? What else has seven digits split into three, then four? That's right, it's a phone number. The lottery is a telephone oracle. Whoever is on the end of the line when you call that number knows something that you need to know, though sometimes getting the prophecy out of them can be difficult. It helps if you have a winning ticket, I believe.
- Just why is the relationship between America and Britain so strong? In Alexandria, there used to stand a pair of columns, put up in 1600 B.C.E. One fell down, and eventually ended up in London. Its brother, which stood in place well into the 19th Century, was given to the Free Masons of New York, who re-erected it in New York City's Central Park, making a Masonic event of it. The year Cleopatra's Needle was re-erected was 1881, a palindrome: two columns on the flanks, with a pair of upright "infinities" in the center. Thus was the "special

relationship" between America and England forged. The two countries are mystically joined, proxies of each other.

- If you collect enough coins produced in the same year, by the same mint, to pay for an international phone call, and feed them into a payphone also produced that same year, your call will be connected to the number you dialed on the same month, day, and hour, but in the year you selected. Talk quick, the phone burns-out in less than a minute, and some explode.
- Trap someone's breath between two mirrors, one backed with mercury, the other with silver. Until the mirrors are parted, or the mercury wears off, that person's words can be dimly sensed by placing the silver-backed mirror to your forehead. If you speak while the mercury-backed side rests under your chin the person whose breath is contained will hear you faintly.
- Certain bodiless spirits can perceive the material world through only one segment of the visual spectrum. Different orders of these spirits see through different colors. Persons dressed in the color a spirit can see attract their special attention, while those dressed in black avoid their notice all-together. This explains much about religious garb, but what's Johnny Cash trying to avoid?
- Crystals. Bloody Crystals. What load of bollocks, as you well know. Cute, but no real power and a total waste of time. At least, that's what we thought until the shop exploded. It was one of those oh so tacky little places that sold crystals, tarot cards and incense sticks to ageing hippies at inflated prices, alongside badly made resin models of busty barbarian princesses. Last Sunday morning it was reduced to a tattered ruin as every single crystal in the shop launched itself, pointy end first, away from the centre of the building. I've looked at the damn thing, and it's like Swiss cheese. I'm surprised it's still standing. Apparently the shop clerks disappeared, and recently we've been getting reports of a man with "diamonds for eyes" wandering the old city at night. Looks like its time to read Beowulf again. There's a new Grendel in town.
- There's a kid in South China who talks to demons via the internet. If you give him a new computer system, twice as good as the one he last had, he'll give you one of their e-mail addresses. This gets expensive fast, but luckily the more powerful systems go down in price fast too.
- There is a man in Southern California who, when he listens to music, everything around him falls into sync with the beat of the music. And by everything, I mean *everything*.
- I saw someone raid the storeroom at Radio Shack last night, after his boss left at 9. He said he was rummaging for materials that he can use to prevent the fountain from spitting up goat's blood again.

- In the science fiction community there is a group of writers who are actually aliens. You know who they are, spewing out that hard-sf all about enlightened alien races. Their mission is to convince us that aliens are a good thing. Enlightened forms of life awaiting peaceful contact and to lead us to the stars. Their only opposition has been a group of Hollywood execs who insist "the evil alien invaders getting their asses kicked is good bank". I guess Hollywood isn't all bad.
- A mysterious serial killer is visiting hospitals the world over, painlessly ending the lives of the terminally ill. The story is always the same, regardless from where in the world it comes. A tall, bulky man (though some say it's really a woman) in a white immaculate business suit is observed at a hospital, going into or coming out of the rooms of patients in comas, brain-dead or riddled with cancer, just as if he had every right to do so. Nobody ever checks on what he is doing. The patient visited will always be found dead by the next person entering the room; there is no discernible cause of death (even in such cases when the illness could be the source of death, evidence that it actually was is lacking), and the deceased always look as if they died happily in their sleep. Reports of the Angel of Death, as the man has been dubbed, have come from all continents.
- Hopscotch is a remnant of qabbalistic teaching, much as Ring Around the Rosie is a memory of the Black Death. Children jump from square to square, climbing up the truncated Tree of Life design they've drawn on the sidewalk, rising from the mundane to the divine. Then they travel back down. This is the essence of initiatory traditions: leaving the world behind to commune with the Godhead, then bringing the wisdom back to the world when you return. How much more clear can it be?
- 10 tapes found in the Occult Underground; some are still circulating. Some have the keys to ancient secrets. Some are Beta-Max. Ten tapes found, over the course of fifteen years, in various hidey-holes of the OU.
 1. "The Knife Fight"—Security camera tape from the Fox Hills Mall, Culver City, CA. Seen from above and behind all six people involved, the incident took place in May, 2000, after closing hours, on Memorial Day. Six combatants had a six-way knife fight which lasted over an hour (63 minutes, 11 seconds); the choreography involved was almost surreal, provided such choreography was actually involved. No blood was drawn until the end of the 64th minute mark, when the first one to enter the 'scene' flipped the blade across four throats and landed the blade into the sternum of the fifth. No one was monitoring the cameras that night, and thusly, no arrests were made. None of the combatants involved had faces until they fell to the floor, dead -- they were exact duplicates of each other, except the last man standing has an eye patch.
 2. "Dixie's Trux Stoppe"—Chicago, IL. truck stop's camera, overlooking the parking lot where the long-haulers stop their rigs to buy breakfast, speed and local working girls. A truck labeled 'S & J Hauling' pulls up, roughly

four minutes to midnight, October 30th, 1997, and the driver dismounts, checks the rig, and unlocks the rear door to the trailer he's hauling. Three minutes later, and a dozen men dressed in SCUBA diving suits fall to the ground on the top of the rig, and crawl into the back; all evidence points to them arriving from above the rig. They seemed to fall from somewhere out of frame, but some witnesses who wander into the camera's range of video are seen looking to the distant overhead skies, and looking around in confusion. Five minutes after the diver's arrival, the driver enters the rig, and departs.

3. "The Taser Incident" –Los Alamos, NM. New Year's Eve, 1993. Cashier working at a register for a Quick-E-Mart stops his crossword puzzle at approximately 9 PM, and opens his lunch bag, removing a taser. The taser is then used on the next fourteen people who enter. The tape skips forward briefly, to show the cashier is having a tea party, with the store closed up, and the cash drawer slowly smoldering, cash still inside it. The fourteen customers are lashed to a park bench, dragged in from outside, and are being force-fed ice cream and what can only be assumed to be the cashier's blood and fingers, in joint-sized sections. At the end of the four hour ordeal, the cashier departs, dropping a sheaf of papers from under the counter. On all of them is the single word: "SLEEPLESSNESS". He departs without his fingertips, but the door's lock is visibly moved into a 'locked' position by the man. How he does it without fingers isn't defined exactly.
4. "Hang-Gliding 101"—New York City, NY. Atop the Empire State Building, a man on the afternoon of September 11th, 2003, jumped from the observation deck wearing a handmade hang glider. Deploying the wings before security can stop his noontime suicide, they scream (soundlessly; no audio) as he leaps from the building. All involved parties look over the roof, and then sharply look to their right, seeing something approaching. Seconds later, five men wearing similar hang-gliders fly through the deck's safety screens, kicking wildly at anyone nearby, before flying back off the building. The attack takes less than five seconds. It is not, as far as documentation shows, repeated.
5. "Baby Carriage"—Detroit, MI. Crosswalk-mounted street camera, circa 2002, July 8th, 4PM. A woman with a large, rather outdated, baby carriage abruptly stops pushing it, while trying to beat a crosswalk light, abandoning the contents and carriage in one shot. Moments later, a Chevy Suburban hits the carriage and is nearly flipped completely over it by the impact. Estimated speed of the Suburban is approximately ninety five miles per hour. The carriage then rolls away, unattended, past the camera's view, dismaying onlookers even further than the Suburban's crash.
6. "Bullet Catching Biker"—Interstate 5, WA, near Everett. Dashboard-mounted camera for a police cruiser; the digital camera has a fairly wide angle and some sounds are audible. The tape begins with a standard-issue traffic stop for a rather tall biker, wearing a red leather jacket and knee boots with spurs. Abruptly, the biker becomes audibly hostile, and falls to

the ground, clutching his chest. The state trooper leans over the body, weapon ready but not yet drawn. CPR is administered while the officer calls in backup and medical support; before the arrival of the backup, the biker stands up when the officer is momentarily distracted by traffic, and withdraws a hunting knife, and advances menacingly. The officer spins on his heel, and fires eight shots in three seconds. The biker makes a fast strike outwards with his left hand, slowly opening it afterwards, with all eight rounds clearly visible and relatively undeformed. The cop then runs into oncoming traffic, with an accompanying loud 'splat' sound. The biker departs with no further odd activity.

7. "Traffic Runner"—Compton, CA. Undated tape evidence, misfiled as a stolen VCR cleaning tape. During a videotaped gang initiation, a young black man (identified on the tape as 'Vasa') is asked to show his loyalty to the gang by shooting a man selling oranges at an off-ramp. After several minutes of discussion as to the methodology, the gunman jumps from the driver's side of the Toyota Tercel, cameraman trailing him. The man selling oranges is shot to death, and the gunman then turns on the cameraman, shakily discharging another round. The camera then drops, but shows the gunman fleeing on foot, through traffic, and at four different points, jumping onto the hoods of moving cars, nimbly avoiding the Tercel's other gunners. Tape ends abruptly (possibly run over).
8. "Money Bomb"—Grand Island, NE. At a CitiBank security camera, there are five people in the bank (as customers) and twice that as cashiers and support staff. During the lunch break (roughly 11:300 AM, June 19th, 1992) two figures (tape is heavily blurred; some assume video trickery is involved), and threaten the staff and clients with long-handled shovels. No money is removed, but wallets are collected; all the contents are poured into a wastepaper basket, and then hurled into the vault's open door. Seconds later, all the money in the vault abruptly flies outwards, blowing out the windows of the bank and shattering the lens to the camera. No damage is done beyond some minor cuts and the robbers escape in the intense confusion.
9. "Ghost Fight"—New Delhi, India. During the filming of a wedding ceremony on Ghandi's birthday (October 2nd, 1990), strange ghost-like apparition of American Southwest Indians and some sort of law enforcement officials appear, during the initial speech. The camera operator is speechless, left mute, for the duration of the three hour proceedings. During this time, the ghosts of what can be assumed to be American Indians and Old West sheriffs plays out eight times, in sequence. The fight begins with rifle fire exchanged from behind guests (who don't seem to notice the spirits) and ends with a pitched pistol battle, crossing repeatedly in front of the camera. It ends with a tomahawk to the temple of the last remaining lawman, whom is abruptly scalped, but is still alive, feebly crawling away. Tape ends with the battery dying on the camera.

10. "Homeless Dance Number"—Location unknown, time/date unknown. The camera's operator is clearly audible, as is some sort of strange, haunting music (some claim it is Beethoven played backwards). The dialogue is repeated below, with the view in brackets.
- <camera shakes slightly, as a tripod(?) is deployed, for steadying purposes>
- ".. set up yet?"
- "Yeah, we're good. How many tonight?"
- <pause as the camera skips forward a moment, the tripod moved to a window, looking to a broad parking lot, ringed in what appear to be shopping carts>
- ".. two, maybe three hundred. More than last time. Way more."
- "They gonna do it?"
- <a cigarette is passed in front of the camera, to the operator>
- <drag is inhaled>
- "Yeah."
- <voice is heard off-screen>
- "Chips and dips are here. We got beer?"
- "We gots the beer, pretty lady. You wanna watch them?"
- <pause, something muttered>
- "They're weird, yeah. But, it is kind of cool."
- <someone says something, spoken rapidly, hushed tones>
- "What?"
- "... starting. Look!"
- <camera focus goes out for a moment, zooming into the parking lot below; all the lights in the room are turned off, and all voices go silent>
- "... I think it'll be better than last time. There's, like, way more than before."
- <something below moves, shadows flickering>
- "Cue the lights."
- <someone snickers off-camera>
- "Dude. This is so cool."
- "Shut up."
- "... ay."
- <in the parking lot below, three hundred or more homeless and vagrant-types are gathering into a rough circle, as the music continues to warble from somewhere off-screen>
- <camera shakes; an apology is muttered>
- "Shh!"
- <camera shakes again; the picture is now in focus: in the parking lot below, the homeless have paired off in what could be described as the beginning of a massive square-dance. Within minutes, it evolves into a full-scale ballroom dance, then a foxtrot, then a minuet, a swing-dance competition and a flamenco-style dance>

<during the dances below, questions are raised as to the style in use; answers are provided from one of five different people in the room with the camera>

<music fades>

"They're done?"

"Yeah. They usually do a few others, but they haven't done that.. what was it? Spanish one."

"Flamenco."

"Yeah. That's new."

"Been watching long?"

"Yeah. When it was two of them, doing a ballroom-thing."

"When was that?"

"Two weeks ago. Every other night, they get together, and do this."

"Ever wanted to catch them at it, like down in the parking lot?"

"No."

"How come? You afraid they'll give you homeless diseases?"

"No."

<camera shakes; sounds of someone being slapped twice -- not for damage, more for effect>

"What did you say it was?"

<female voice, chuckling>

"Dude. What the hell is with the slappin' and all?"

"You had it comin'. We don't break their parties up. No."

<muttered commentary off-screen>

<the homeless have departed, scattering quietly>

"What was that?"

"I said it's 'mysterious and reassuring'. That's what we call it."

<tape ends>

White Wolf Forums

<http://forums.white-wolf.com/viewtopic.php?t=681>

- On certain nights, the mortician in the morgue locks his office door and spends the night praying. He shivers when the scraping noises pass by his door. He never looks for the bodies that disappear.
- Every time you turn around, you notice that it takes everyone else half of a second to start to move.
- Dogs stop barking as you walk by. They all stare at you. ALL of them.
- After investigating a place where a murder had taken place, you find a simple audio tape. Playing the tape reveals it to be a typical mix tape made by the victim's lover. However, between one of the songs, a strange sound is heard. Repeated play ing reveals that the sound changes each time it is played. Playing the sound backwards reveals it to be a chilling voice that says: "Four..." Playing it again results in "Three..." Again: "Two..."
- You see blood fall onto the carpet. You look up. There is nothing on the ceiling. Examining the drops, you notice that they are still falling. But they are falling from a spot about chest high in the middle of the room. From thin air.
- Upon waking, you look out your window. You notice that it seems that the tree in your yard is writhing until it bursts into thousands of birds: ravens, crows, magpies. They have stripped the tree. It is now dead.
- A stray black cat guards your back porch each night. You can hear it battle something big every night right after midnight. And each day it becomes weaker. Soon it will die.
- Driving home at night, you notice that all the lights in your house/apartment are on. As you park the car, they all turn off at the same time. The house is empty and the doors are locked from the inside.
- While you're calling home to check your answering machine, someone picks up the other end. The voice sounds familiar and answers the phone with your name. After a short and angry conversation in which the person insists he is in fact the rightful tenant, you speed home in an attempt to catch the guy. When you get there, no one is there, but your phone starts ringing. You answer it with your name.
- While looking out of the window briefly on your way through the kitchen/bathroom/whatever, you very quickly see a hand reach out and close the

door of your shed in the backyard from the inside. That door hasn't been opened in a long time, and no one was in your backyard. No one is in the shed.

- You head into the bathroom to take a shower and notice wet footprints on the floor leading away from the shower. You live alone.
- Sitting in your apartment, you catch a glimpse of something out on the fire escape. It's raining hard outside, but something doesn't look quite right. In one certain spot, just outside your window, it appears raindrops are bursting in mid air. Suddenly the rainfall distorts in such a way as to reveal an invisible force. Heavy footfalls are heard as someone hurriedly climbs the fire escape. The rain now falls normally. Someone or something had been sitting there watching you through the window, invisible until the rain gave them away.
- Every time you wake up in the middle of the night the impression of your significant other is in the bed next to you, and their favorite cologne/perfume wafts in the air. They have been dead for 3 years now.
- You have been unable to visit your grandmother's grave for some time now. Every time you do you can hear her pleading from beneath the ground, begging to be let out. She says she can't breathe and that she's scared. No one else can hear it.
- You go out to watch a local band perform in a dive bar on the far side of town. You have trouble finding the location, but you find it, and it feels oddly familiar and alien at the same time. You enjoy watching a fairly generic rock band perform while knocking back a couple cold ones with your buddies. All of a sudden you think you hear a scream, and a shatter of glass, followed by many long wailing noises, which eventually stop. Alarmed you look around, but your friends have heard nothing. All of a sudden a woman very near you screams and points to the windows. Dark figures throw flaming bricks into the bar through the windows. You manage to get out, but half of the people get trapped inside and are burned alive. You can hear them screaming for a long time before they all stop.
- Alone at work late one night, you are putting in a CD to install a program on your computer. The CD is blank (unlabelled) though you remember it being labeled like any other mass produced CD. You put it into the drive, and find it to have no data on it either. Instead of the normal CD spinning sound, it almost sounded like screaming. It's obviously the wrong CD and you find the real one soon, and continue your work. Alone again on another night you need to back-up your hard drive on a blank CD, so you put one in. You hear the vaguely familiar screaming noise, but this time your computer screen goes blank for a few seconds, before the entire floor goes dark. Now the screaming you hear is not coming from a computer drive, it's coming down the hall towards you.
- Here's one from a Stephen King short:

- You visit a pawn shop and buy a puzzle. Most of the pieces look weather worn and faded. When you start to assemble it, the picture it forms grows increasingly familiar. You realize it is the room you are sitting in right now, but in the window, there is an inhuman thing. The shade is drawn, and as you raise it...
- One day for no apparent reason you get a small sum of money added to your bank account. There is no apparent reason for this mystery sum finding its way in. The bank tells you that the donor asked to remain anonymous. The next day you accidentally spill coffee over one of your co-workers and badly scald them. You check again at the bank about a week later and find that a much larger sum has been added. This time around well over 1 million. Again the donor is anonymous. The next day you accidentally knock over a bicyclist on the way to work.
Variant: Then in your next ATM withdrawal, you notice the incredible remaining balance of your account. Realizing that some anonymous donation has happened again, you ask the bank this time to find the paperwork for these deposits. They get back to you the next day with a photocopy of the deposit receipt, one with an illegible and unrecognizable signature. You are so hell bent on figuring this out that you get into a car accident when leaving the bank. The other car owner makes a comment as you leave that takes a while to sink in, "You'd better have a lot of money fella, cause I'm gonna see you in court!"
- Your nosebleed will not stop until you swear.
- A one eyed stranger keeps bumping into you on the street once a day. If pressed she asks why you are stalking her.
- Middle of the night. A furious rainstorm. Thunder, swaying of trees. You can hear rain falling on the roof over your head and splashing on the windows. But when you look outside, the sky is clear.
- The room you are in has a large picture on the wall of the local skyline lit up at night. As you turn to leave the room, out of the corner of your eye, you see a window in one of the buildings go dark.
- A hiker finds the skeletal remains of a body. The skeleton is intact except for a shattered skull. Forensic examination of the remains shows that the deadly blow came from inside the skull.
- You come into possession of an old box. Inside are several glass vials filled with dirt, dust and tiny bits of gravel or cement. The vials are labeled with places and dates such as "Port Chicago 7/17/1944", "Halifax 7/6/17" and "Guernica 7/17/36". A trip to the library confirms that all are dates of massive loss of life in explosions. A few days later a package arrives with no return address. Inside is an empty vial labeled with your home town and next week's date.

- You look out the window and take note of the birds sitting on the telephone lines. First three birds sitting spaced apart, then three clusters of three birds each, then another three birds spaced apart. You suddenly realize this spells out SOS in Morse Code.
- In the middle of a terrible thunderstorm, a small dark shape is visible from your window. Despite the pouring rain and the late hour, a crow or raven is perched just within view. It could easily be some sort of statue, except for the occasional twitch of the head as it watches you with one eye, then the other. Closer observation with binoculars or the like reveals maggots dripping off its wings instead of rain. Running outside to investigate reveals no sign of its presence—not even remnants of its grisly shavings.
- You are casually scribbling on a pad of paper when suddenly you gasp at what your subconscious mind has written: LEAVE MY BODY.....NOW!!!!
- Ambulance number 23111 never takes its passengers to the emergency room. It always goes into the parking garage and goes down.
- You work late in the morgue, performing the usual autopsy procedure. Checking organ weights, blood levels, etc. You write the numbers on the chart. The body has been dead for awhile, so you are happy to be called away by the telephone. When you get back, the chart has been moved from where you put it down. The weight for the heart has been corrected.
- Walking on a crisp autumn morning, you happen to be looking at a tree across the street when you hear a brittle snap. In less than a minute's time, every single bright yellow leaf from the maple falls to the ground, all at once.
- Photos that you have stored on your computer look fine. However, whenever you print them out, you notice that a person's shadow is always visible, even when lighting would preclude it being seen. It's always in a different pose than you or they are in. It looks like it's in pain.
- You've met someone absolutely wonderful online. You chat with them on IRC every night for two weeks, and over the course of the conversations you talk about where you both live. The other person's driven by your house plenty of times and knows exactly where it is. The two of you talk about meeting in person. You invite them over and they log off to head over to your place. A moment later, you look down and notice that your computer's power cord and modem are unplugged and the cables tied together in a complex knot.
- You get back to your place from giving your best friend a ride home from work and turn on your favorite TV channel. You don't recognize the specific series that's on or any of the actors, but it's a cop/detective show. You know the sort. They're investigating a particularly gruesome murder and are completely stumped

as to who the culprit is. As you sit down to watch, they stumble onto that one single clue that allows them to conclusively identify the murderer. One of the stars takes a couple of police officers off to arrest the suspect, promising to "give that son of a bitch what's coming to him." Then you recognize the crime scene; it's your best friend's bedroom. A moment later, the police are banging on your front door, asking to talk to you.

- Your new job is at a tiny start up company filled with some really nice people. You all get along, they're funny, but they have some really weird names. Like they're foreign, but none of them have accents. One day, while checking out the payroll, you notice that every single person has the exact same number of letters in their names. In fact you're the only one with fewer letters. Unless you use your full name. Later, you realize they all have the same letters in their names...and that their names are just anagrams of your name. The more you learn, the nicer they are to you.
- You wake up one day on January the 1st. You do not notice anything wrong until you go to the lavatory. When you cup your hands to splash water against your face to wake you up you notice words carved on your arms. They are two short lists of names going down your right and left wrists. The list fades by the next day. Bizarrely they all turn out to be the names of the people you sleep with that year. Each time you sleep with one of them the next morning their name appears crossed out on your arm. This happens the next year and the next. Occasionally you try and rebel but anytime you sleep with anyone they later tell you their names were not what they first told you and match the ones you found sliced into your arm at the start of the year. Six years after this all started you find only two names carved into your arms:
Left arm: Lucifer.
Right arm: Fishes.
- It's night, and it's pouring. Your wipers can barely keep the windshield clear. You round a corner and your headlights illuminate a sign marking out the distance to upcoming towns:
Itasca 5 mi
Sheresville 12 mi
Maybe it's the distorted view through the wet glass. Maybe it's a trick of your headlights, or the lightning. But you'd swear that, just for a moment, the letters "It s here" shone more brightly than the rest.
- It's a fine, clear night as you drive along. The atmosphere must be in rare form tonight because you're pulling in radio stations from all over. Weather reports in Chicago. Rock out of New York. A Spanish-speaking voice dispatching cabs in somewhere called San Luis. And then there's one station that's just a man's voice reading off numbers and signs in an oddly lilting voice. "Three Eight Seven Five...One Four Tango Six...Blue Delta Three Three..." It sounds almost military. Have you stumbled across some sort of government transmission? "Niner Five

Mark Two...Seven Baker Three Eight...Charlie Four Green Eight..." It's got to be some sort of code. Yeah. As you listen you can sense there's a pattern there, but what it is exactly hovers just out of reach. "Six Two Four Four...Five Seven Mark One...Victor Red Zero One..." It's almost hypnotic in its rhythm. You chant along with the voice. "Eight Two X-ray Four...Five Four Seven Three...Delta Delta Two Niner..." Your eyes widen as you realize you've begun speaking the numbers a split second *before* the voice on the radio.

- You're on a long drive across several states, and have pulled into a rest area to get something to drink. A car in the back of the parking lot catches your eye. An AMC Javelin, it looks like. 1971, maybe '72. Classic American iron. Good condition too, with no rust, perfect coat of black paint and an interior that looks like it just came out of the showroom. There's a fine layer of dust on it, as if it's been sitting here by the highway for a couple of days. Seems a shame to let a nice car like that just sit abandoned. You shrug and turn away to get your mega-sized soda and head back out on the road. A few hours later you're pulling over at another rest stop to put gas in the car. That's when you spot something black out of the corner of your eye. An AMC Javelin, in the back of the parking lot. The same one as before? It sure looks the same, you decide as you walk around it. But you don't remember one passing you on the road. And this car also has a layer of dust. It clearly hasn't been driven in the past few days. Weird coincidence. You pay for the gas and head back out. More time passes and you've pulled into a third rest stop in search of a bathroom. Maybe that mega-sized soda wasn't such a good idea after all. There, lurking in a far corner of the lot, is a familiar shape. Is this some kind of joke? Someone following you? You walk over and place your hand on the hood, leaving an imprint in the fine layer of dust. The engine's stone cold. The car couldn't have driven here from your last stop. Pondering the situation for a moment, you copy down the license plate number before heading for the restrooms. Now it's near dark and you're getting hungry. You swing into a rest stop in search of food, but your eyes are looking for something else. A dark, dusty shape hunkered in a corner of the lot. There! You storm over to the black car and whip out the piece of paper you wrote down the license number on. Oh. It doesn't match. You cringe, feeling like a complete idiot. You turn to slink away. That's when you notice the imprint of your palm in the fine layer of dust on the hood.
- You're walking home late at night. You're going down one of the major streets in town, past a bunch of churches. There's no one out, and there's not a single car on the road. Suddenly you see a shadow move out of the corner of your eye, across the street. This isn't the first time you've seen shadows moving on this street. Every time you look in their direction, though, there's nothing to see and you dismiss it as a trick of the light. That's what you expected to happen this time. Instead, you turn in the direction of the movement, and see what can only be described as the shadow of a man, walking down the sidewalk in the opposite direction, beneath the streetlight. Not a shadow being cast on the pavement, but a three-dimensional humanoid patch of darkness. It lingers in your sight for maybe a second, and then disappears. Not sure at this point if you're hallucinating from

weariness, if that was one hell of an optical illusion, or if you just saw something you shouldn't have seen, you pick up your pace a bit. You're only a couple of blocks from your home. In a few minutes you arrive, and turn on the radio. It's Art Bell. When you turn it on, the caller is talking about shadow people. You listen, and she's talking about seeing exactly what you just saw. So is the next caller. And the next...

- A bird flies into the window and bounces off, breaking its little neck. Then it happens again. And again, and again, and again...
- You are sitting in a class, listening to the teacher lecture on some subject that doesn't really interest you. But you are looking at him, pretending to pay attention. All of a sudden he seems to shift his position, not but moving, but he is one instant standing up straight, the next he is bent over and leaning. You are sure that you did not blink, and that his speech did not skip the way his movement did.
- Ever since you were in elementary school, you have worn glasses. At first your vision was only slightly bad, but over time it has increasingly gotten worse, and now you can hardly see more than blurry shapes without glasses. One day you get into a car wreck. It flips over a guard rail on the highway, and skids upside down into a ditch. Luckily there are no trees, and you turn out fine. A man is helping you out of the car, and when you get out, you thank him profusely. Your glasses are shattered though, barely staying in one piece, so you take them off to observe a bit better. Then you notice that your savior does not appear blurry like the rest of the world.
- Your cat keeps dragging these small dead animals up to your doorstep. Eventually they decay into hair and bone and blow away - it happens quicker than you'd normally expect, but given the climate it's well within the normal range. The first couple times this happened you threw the things away, but every time you did that, immediately afterwards you'd hear of some gruesome murder or other violent crime. After the first couple times you grew so conditioned to this that you couldn't get rid of the corpses, despite all lack of rational motive to associate the crimes and the dead animals. You stop cleaning out that spot, and the city's crime rate plummets; you try in vain to convince yourself that it's a coincidence. Meanwhile, the cat keeps dragging the things in, and as time wears on and you walk by this growing pile every day you start becoming more and more protective of it, angrily shooing away nosy neighbors and mailmen who inquire, or worse, try to help. As of late from a window, since the pile has completely blocked the door and you can't leave the house.
- Your neighbor is a complete fucking nutjob. His cat keeps dragging animals it's killed up to his doorstep and he never, EVER cleans up. No matter how much it stinks or gets covered in flies or forces the paperboy to use a small catapult to lob the paper from across the street, the guy never lifts a finger to sweep away the rotting crap in front of his house. Not only that, he actively refuses any attempt to

move that pile or otherwise dispose of it in any sanitary way. After a year of this you and several neighbors decide that enough is enough, and sneak in one night and drive the entire mound of carcasses to the dump.

- Exploring the attic of an old abandoned house (why do you even enter these things anymore?) you come across a large, circular stained-glassed window in the wall. Funny, you don't recall seeing it from the outside, yet sunlight seems to shine through it. The window has a strange fractal pattern in a mix of bizarre colours. The glass is cool to the touch, and while you can see perceive light behind it, the glass is too dark to actually see through. Acting on a sudden impulse, you smash the window, revealing nothing but blank wall behind it. Inspecting one of the larger pieces of broken glass, you discover that the back of it damp with seawater.
- You receive a phone call late in the evening. Something has happened to your brother. You rush out of the house, drive down to the hospital and see the policemen speaking with a sleepy and shocked looking woman. The doctor sees you and tries to calm you down. He tells you your brother was run over by the woman by accident. He severed his spinal cord when his spinal column snapped. Overcome with grief, you sit down and struggle to think of what to do. You want to pray. You want to scream. You want to throw a lawsuit at the woman. You want to see your brother. Then you look up and discover you are in bed. You realize you are in tears. And you realize you never had a brother. You were always an only child. Recalling the funny dream, you muse at the fact you recognize the woman in the dream now. She was some girl you used to date. She once told you that you were the only person she could trust. The phone rings. You hear her voice. "There's been an accident... I need your help..."
- You buy a Bible at the bookstore. When you open it up, you notice that your name has replaced Jesus's.
- You're a manager of a warehouse, and you're locking up for the night. Everything is now locked, and you leave. As you drive away, you see that you left a section of lights on, in an office next to yours. Annoyed, you go back in, and shut them off. As you go back outside, just as a precaution, you glance over, and see them on again. Thinking that an employee is now messing around, you stomp back into the warehouse, turning on lights to find your way back to the office. Once there, you look around in the office, and find nothing out of place. You turn off the light switch, only to see all the lights in the warehouse blow out. After shielding yourself from the glass and sparks, you turn around because the light in the office is fading on and off. A voice saying "I wish you would stop turning my light off..." Brings your attention to a man who died there over a year ago sitting in the office chair, glaring at you; his broken neck is still hanging to one side where a TV fell on him.
- How about some 'true' ghost stories? Make of these what you will.

- My roommate was leaving for work one day about nine months ago. When he stepped out of the apartment (on the fourth floor), he heard a woman screaming downstairs. This was the nasty kind of screaming that means something's really wrong. Concerned, he stepped back inside to grab a hammer or something (in case he needed to beat someone down). But the second he passed the threshold back into our apartment, the screaming stopped. Stepped back outside, he heard it again. He grabbed that hammer and took the stairs to the third floor, where he could tell it was definitely in the hallway. Now, these halls aren't long, and you can pretty much see the whole thing. He walked right into the center of the screaming, heard it coming from right next to him...and then it started moving off down the hallway, vanishing at the end. He said it struck him as sounding as if a woman were being dragged.

- You get into your car to go home after a good day's work, and it's at night. You begin to drive off, but notice something weird is happening outside your car, but you can't put your finger on it. You pull over to a gas station that's shut, and check out your car, just to make sure everything is working properly. When you walk in front of your headlights, they begin to dim to such a degree, that they almost go out when you're right beside them. You get back in the car to turn your lights back on, only to see that they're working fine. As you begin to drive again, you can see that the street lights themselves are dimming every time you go under one, like someone's toning them down, just for you.

- Why won't the TV turn off? You've pressed the button over and over, and every time it turns itself back on. The first time you thought you might have hit it twice by mistake, but now you're sure you've done it properly. And the TV does turn off—it just won't stay that way. Sometimes it waits a few seconds, sometimes until you've decided it's off for good and just left the room. But every time it just turns itself back on.

- You're driving home alone to visit your mom, but someone keeps breathing heavily in the passenger seat.

- You are watching your favorite show while eating popcorn when you the show is interrupted by a breaking newscast about something happening in the city you live in. The reporter mentions something about staying indoors, making sure your doors are locked and not trusting any voices you hear from the outside when the power suddenly goes out in your home. Fumbling for the nearest candle and box of matches, you hear someone knocking at the front door. Turning, you stare at the door and hear your significant other asking you to open the door. You approach the door, reaching for the door knob, when she repeats the request. Only this time, she screams your name. You stop. Hesitant, remembering the news item. She knocks a third time. This time, she's cursing She is seething. She's slandering you and your family. And she demands you open the door. You back away. Another knock. This time from the back door. You hear the voice of your

mother. And another knock from the door leading to the garage. Your best friend. What do you do?

- You're working late at the office when you need to go to the toilet. You go into a cubicle, unzip your fly and pull down your trousers (or pants if you're American). After a minute or so the lights go out and you hear the door lock. 'Oh man' you think, 'I'm gonna have to call out. How embarrassing'.
"Hey, I'm still in here", you call.
"I know", a voice replies, as the door to your cubicle gets pulled violently from the hinges.
- A strange key has appeared on your keychain. It's old and crusted with what appears to be rust. You can't remember where it came from.
- You just bought a used car, and are taking it for a spin. It smells pretty heavily of cigar smoke, probably from the previous owner. Stopping at a convenience store you pick up an air freshener. As you get back in you notice the ashtray is open and a light cigar is in it.
- You're walking through a mall. You look at the display window for an electronic store. All the screens inside flicker and the picture changes to "Hi, (your name here)". No one else notices. You notice as you walk past any screen they all flicker and show the same image. Again no one notices.
- Sitting at a stop light, you glance at the intersection in front of you. You've never looked at it intently. It's a slight hill rise; then you notice that the asphalt seems to be moving. Up slightly, then down slightly. Suddenly, you are CONVINCED that the intersection is breathing. And your light turns green.
- You roll the dice. It comes out 6, 6, 6 and a 9. You feel foolish worrying about that moment. You roll again. 6, 6, 6, 9. Your co-players are staring at the dice. "At least there's a nine," one of them mentions with a nervous laugh. You roll one last time.
6...
6...
6...
The other die rolls off the table. You all turn to follow it and see it land fifteen feet away, hitting a wall in the distance that suddenly serves as the backdrop of a man in a black suit. He picks up the dice and smiles. "A Six."
- You are playing online. You've got your headphones on. You're doing well. Then, the noise starts. It's a faint static. You try to figure out what's going on. Then, when you turn it up, you can make out words "*run now run fast run far run now run fast run far*"

- You are walking home alone at night after a long roleplaying session. You have your Walkman's volume turned up really loud but you can still hear the snow crunching under your feet as you walk. The track you are listening to comes to an end and it's silent for a few seconds before the next track starts. *Everything* is silent, even your footsteps against the snow.
- You're playing some survival horror game on your computer during the middle of the night, just like you often do. You turned of the lights, and you're wearing headphones, you love the extra feel it gives you. You get pretty freaked out with at times during playing, but then again, that's what's so cool about this game. As you advance in the game, you get to a part where it's dead silent after you've slain all monsters. Suddenly you hear a muffled sound that sounds like scraping and growling. You nearly jump through the roof, you've played through this part a dozen times before and you're sure you've killed everything. You head back and check up, and it's all silent. Continuing, you suddenly hear the sound again, only this time even closer. Freaking out even more, you decide to get a drink. You pause the game and take of your headphones. As you open the fridge to get a drink, you suddenly hear the sound again.
- You don't see so well anymore, so you go the optometrist and get glasses. After you start wearing them some writing, at first glance, seem to spell out dire messages. "Stop for red" looks like "Make it stop!" until you look again. "Happy Birthday" becomes "Help Please" for the briefest of seconds. You change the glasses but it doesn't help. In fact it gets worse. And now you begin hearing them whisper too.
- You are making breakfast and decide to have a couple fried eggs. You heat up the pan and then grab a couple eggs and crack them into the pan. Two yellow eyes stare back at you. They blink. You move back quickly, shaking your head and when you look again it's just the two eggs cooking away. Somehow you just can't bring yourself to eat them.
- You hear chimes. You always have heard chimes. Ever since you were a child, you could hear chimes ringing somewhere in your head. Your parents never could explain what was happening. Neither could the doctors. But the chimes were always there. As you grew older you learned two things, neither of which you believe are true:
When a bell rings, an angel get's his wings
and that wind chimes frighten evil spirits away.
You only hope the first is real. The second means something has been following you ever since.
- There is a neighborhood in town where each house has chimneys. On certain nights, not just when it's cold, the chimneys emit a sickly sweet smoke. It's impossible, however, to find a fireplace inside any of the houses. None of the homeowners can explain it and they refuse to discuss it.

- There is a locked cabinet in the local doctor's office. Inside it are tissue and organ samples. Each is marked with identifying tags. On the tags is an additional piece of information: Consensual / Non-Consensual.
- In an abandoned building, you see a large knife stabbed into the wall, about 4 feet off the ground. It's sunk up to the hilt in the plaster, and dust indicates it's been there for some time. On a whim, you try to pull it out. At first, it is immovable, but slowly you work it free. As it comes loose, you see bloody gore on the blade. Fresh blood flows from the hole in the wall.
- You're working late in the office, there's no one else there. Even the cleaner has said goodnight. So who is it that keeps casting a shadow under your door as he walks up and down the corridor outside?
- Late one night watching television there's a power cut/outage, caught in the pitch blackness you hear a hissing breathing coming closer and closer to you, maybe even feel something's breath on your face. Then the lights go on once again and there's nothing there. You wonder how stupid you'd feel sleeping with the lights on that night.
- A local legend tells of how all the blind people in the town sleepwalk at night, and converge under the Thompson Overpass, where they then let themselves down into the sewers and aren't seen again till the next morning.
- In a hotel/office that the character frequents there is one door that is always locked. It could be anything from a supply closet to an empty room or abandoned toilet. Every time the player passes that door, they feel a strange chill, as if a draft were blowing out through the cracks around the door. A sensation of being watched, hairs rising on the back of their necks, stomach constricting, mouth drying. Perhaps the lighting is a little dimmer by the door, perhaps a faint odor comes from within. Make it subtle. Questioning others about the contents of the room reveal that there's nothing odd within, just a locked up room that had a backed up sewer problem/fiber glass spillage/any technical reason to lock something up. Perhaps people are a little too glib about the reason why. Then, at an opportune moment when the player is alone in the building, or crept out for other reasons, have the sensation by the door be particularly strong, with perhaps a particularly frosty air coming out through the keyhole. Should they lean over and peer in, they see a bloodshot eye, filmy and cataracted, staring with hideous intensity at them before pulling away and leaving just darkness within. Any forcing of the door reveals exactly what the co-workers had described: an empty room.
- There's a legend amongst street kids that abandoned fridges, tinted windows of SUVs and dumpsters are used by demons as portals into this world. Or take it one step further, and have a street culture amongst orphans and homeless children

arise which deals with members of the undead in your game, clues and descriptions and rhymes and riddles, as if the youngest children through their shattered innocence were privy to the secrets of the underworld.

- **Sif's Note:** The Miami Streetkids article linked to at the end of this document documents real-life street kids doing almost the exact same thing.
- One of the fluorescent lights in your office always seems to have an abnormally large number of dead bugs in it, or a particular spot on the wall on which large numbers of flies gather and crawl over for no apparent reason.
- Animals begin to bite themselves in a strange, spasmodic manner whenever you pass.
- You find an idling taxi cab down an alley, lights on, meter running, but no cabby, and no passengers.
- Happened to me in May of '03
 - I was sitting in my living room watching Wheel of Fortune. Something in the kitchen catches my eye. A thin finger looking object is coming out of an apple on my table. Slowly it twist into a spiral, then unfolds, then points at me, then draws itself back inside the apple. After several minutes I get the courage to cut the thing in half. Nothing in it.
- Well my sister stops by an hour later, picks the apple up, and eats it. I flee the house in complete fear. I didn't come home for 3 days.
- News that the Repentant Robber has struck again. Third time that he has robbed a small shop, with grainy black and white video footage showing a masked young man shrieking in a wounded, raw voice, sobbing and flinching from invisible blows and begging somebody to leave him alone as he erratically holds up the teller and takes the cash.
- You wake up each morning to find yourself crouched in the back of your closet, knees under your chin, the door pulled tight, pressed as hard as you can in the furthest corner.
- While inserting a fork into your mouth you feel the tines suddenly curly slightly, in an organic manner almost, an undulation against your tongue and lips. Ripping the fork out reveals that all is normal.
- You wake thirsty in the middle of the night and you go to the bathroom to get a glass of water. You drink o glass of water and you're going back to bed. The hallway is completely empty and dark but you know the way very well and don't need any light. When you reach the middle of the hallway you bump into something in the dark that shouldn't be there.

- There is a house between Brooklyn and Madison Avenues. It is THAT house, the one in the neighborhood all the children know is haunted, where an insane old man did some horrible, bloody crime, in the land of long ago. The windows are broken by hurled rocks, the front door is boarded up, and the lawn is overgrown and wild. But the careful observer will notice that any vandalism done against this house is done from afar. No graffiti is painted on the walls or porch, no squatters have claimed it. One day, while passing The House, you notice a peculiar phenomenon. A V of geese in the sky, migrating south for the winter, change course as one, flipping into the east and going the long way, rather than fly over The House.
- You're standing outside having a cigarette in the evening when you hear footsteps coming up behind you on the sidewalk. You politely move aside for them, but the only thing that passes you is a cat; except its shadow looks like a man's.
- You have a cellular phone. It rings one late evening and a voice tells you that you have been chosen to lead man to salvation. You shut it, thinking it's a prank call. The phone rings again.
- You hate milk. Each time you drink it, it curdles the moment it touches your tongue. You have no idea why. But you do know it began the moment you realized, unlike most people, you have a third nipple.
- True story:
 - I (your character) is a security guard in a hospital. Your pager goes off and you see the numbers 7777, you know you're going to have to walk all the way to the other side of the hospital pass the lab, which always smells like shit, to get to the morgue. Like always you get to the morgue and no one is there. You see a nurse getting out of an elevator down the long dark hall. At least it's a nurse you know, a very nice girl that is always fun to talk to (working midnights, its hard to find normal people to talk to). Well, she comes down and explains how the patient died in the intensive care unit, and you make other small talk while you help transfer the patient to a morgue cart and slide them into the large cooling unit. After you shut the outer door and continue to talk and laugh about stuff you hear a light scraping from the other side of the door, then a larger banging sound. Her eyes widen as the sound sets in. "Holy shit!" she screeches. "Are you going to check that out?" she whispers as she takes a few steps back from the door.
- Its winter and you go outside in the morning to start the commute to work. There was a light snowfall the previous night and your windshields are totally iced over. You drop your briefcase in the car and start it up, turning on the heater. You grab your ice scraper from the dashboard lean back towards the windshield. You clear the snow off with your sleeve and start scraping the windshield. As your scraper runs down the first length of your windshield, you see, for a moment, a hideous,

bloated face with bloodshot eyes staring up at you from inside your car. Within a second, it shuffles deeper into your car, covered by the ice. You look back into the car through your side window, but see that the car is totally empty.

- One hot summer night, you notice a wasp flying around the room. Annoyed, you swat it with a rolled up newspaper. Going back to what you were doing, you notice another wasp flying out of a storage room. You grab the can of bug spray and put it out of its misery. Figuring you must have left the window open in the room, you go in to investigate. The window is closed when you enter, but that's not what grabs your attention. It's the loud droning sound coming from the closet. You walk over, opening the closet door. They're everywhere. The entire wall of the closet is covered in a giant nest. The noise is almost unbearable. The swarm bursts forth, angry at the disturbance; like thousands of little needles.
- You're standing at the bathroom mirror, primping or shaving or whatever, and you notice three men in the reflection. Not in the reflection of the mirror, but in the reflection of your eyes while you watch the mirror. And they're looking at you too.
- It's lame as hell, but you can never seem to kick the habit of reading those Missed Connections personal ads. Who knows, maybe someone thought you were cute and wants to talk. It's never happened so far, but it's worth a shot. Your heart jumps at the first ad:
You: Green plaid jacket, black shirt, brown hair at Zuhir's Pita Palace last Saturday.
Me: Short, red hair, black dress. Call me.
Holy shit, you think. That's me. You're reaching for your phone when you notice the next ad.
You: Blue jeans and Iggy Pop t-shirt at Border's on Monday.
Me: Short, red hair, tan trenchcoat. Call me.
Skimming over the rest of the ads, you see that every single one of these ads is for you, showing just about every place you've been in the past two weeks. And every one is from the same girl. That description is starting to sound familiar, too.
- You sit in the living room reading a book when for some unexplained reason you feel the compulsion to look up at a portrait of a man hanging on the wall. As you stare at the image your eyes seem to lock with those of the portrait. Just then a chill runs down your spine and the picture slants to one side on the wall. Unnerved, you get up and straighten the picture. As you turn to leave the room you look back briefly and notice the picture slant to the side once more. A second later all of the pictures hanging on the wall begin to slant sideways, one after another.
- There's a crazy old man in your neighborhood. He's the guy that wanders around muttering to himself; the sort of guy that when the weather turns bad, the local soup kitchen sends someone looking for him because he might not have

remembered to put his shoes on. He's been around as long as anyone can remember; he's harmless, except for the obvious odor. People in the neighborhood treat him with charity and kindness. Looking in his eyes you're reminded of either a little kid or a puppy, whichever would tug at your heartstrings more. One day (or night) as you come out of your place to go about whatever it is you have planned, he's waiting for you. Normally this is the part where you'd be tempted to offer up a sandwich or a five dollar bill and point him towards the corner restaurant, but then you notice the look in his eyes. He's looking right at you. And clearly, too. "Just because it's not red, don't mean you should go." Then his eyes glaze over once more. Later in the day, you come to either a crosswalk, if you're on foot, or an intersection if you're driving. The red light/don't walk disappears, but the walk/green light doesn't come on. You figure it's just burned out, but the thing the old man said clicks in your head and you hesitate just as a dump truck barrels through the intersection, narrowly missing you even though you're still safely back from his lane. From time to time, the old man gives you other cryptic warnings. Maybe over the course of weeks or a couple months; they all tend to play out. Then one day he looks at you with that look, that intense gaze, and you're waiting for it; that cryptic message that will yet again save your ass from death, dismemberment or some other ruin. He just shakes his head and says, "Damn, that's gonna suck."

- You're sitting in a crowded restaurant, drinking coffee, it's late at night. Somewhere around you, you can make out part of a conversation.
"My wife's cheating on me."
"That sucks."
"I've killed her for that twice already."
- You're in the doctor's office. One of the nurses left the door to the inner office open a crack. You can hear the doctor talking to one of the other patients. "So what seems to be the probl—Holy shit! What the hell is that?!?"
- You're in the dentist's office. You've never been to this dentist before, so you're spending your waiting time filling out the obligatory paperwork. The last question on the questionnaire catches your attention, but it's not until after you pass the clipboard back across the desk to the nurse that you really think about it. Why does the dentist want to know if you have had any blackouts recently, and if any of them coincided with a full moon?
- Every weekday at 6pm your dog rushes to the door wagging his tail. Watching him he sits obediently and even acts like he's getting his head rubbed. No one is there.
- This actually happened to me. Stumbling around the local woods, you hear a low buzzing sound coming from a strange black rock nearby. You get closer and realize the rock is a large, fresh pile of entrails stacked neatly beneath a tree. Then

the hundreds of flies buzzing and crawling around the pile rise in a cloud and fly straight towards you.

- You have no idea how it happened. But you woke up today and learned you do not have a belly button. Suddenly, you realize you don't recall ever noticing if you had one before. Or if you were always absent one. But today, you're on your back, running one hand against your stomach and wondering why you don't have a belly button. You try pressing on where it should be: You hear something go click. And you think it came from inside.
- You have no idea why or how, but nowadays if in the presence of religious iconography you find yourself weeping blood.
- A friend had to do maintenance on an inner city building. The water-valve he needed to access was below the basement floor. The crawlway was about 3' x 3' squared. He had to crawl his way about 50 feet along this narrow space on his back, and the torch he was carrying kept all the cockroaches only about 2 feet away.
- This is a true one:
 - You and your boyfriend live together in a hip, gentrified neighborhood. When going to the store, the bar or when you're just out for a walk you pass an empty house. The house doesn't seem that different than the others. You first notice its oddly green door and it's almost perfectly box shape and orange brick. It has a neatly trimmed lawn and flowers on the porch. The longer that you live there and the more you pass it you notice other things. There are no curtains in the window. There is never a light on, no matter any time of the day or night. You never see a car in the drive way. You and your boyfriend begin to joke about the weird vibe. It has a haunted look about it. How do the flowers get watered? Who takes in the solicitation? You speculate that it must be empty. You joke that if an axe murder or a creepy witch was going to live anywhere it would be there. Then one night, shortly after last call you both are half-walking, half-stumbling home together. It is late, the only light is from street lamps and some are on the fritz. It is very quiet as your neighborhood is far enough from the action that no one is around. You pass the house, only there are no jokes this time; just a feeling of foreboding. After you pass it, you look back and over your shoulder. The side door is wide open and you can see a light on in the basement. You can see a figure through the thick glass blocks. You point it out to your boyfriend. He turns and looks at it and takes a step or two forward. "Should we check it out?" At that point I said, "Are you kidding? This is how horror movies start!" But he really felt a pull to open the door. He still jokes about how he'll never make fun of the people that open that mysterious door in a horror movie.

- You hate aquariums now. You'd never admit it to anyone else, but once when you were ten, you looked up to the sky and noticed a great eye looking back at the gaps between clouds. You then realized it was like someone looking into an aquarium the size of the world.
- You've worked in the old coffee shop for four years now. Business has been slow downtown since the new shopping centers came to town, drawing business away from what's now called 'old town'. All that's left are antique shops, an old bookstore, and some quaint restaurants. The owner likes to keep the place warm, especially in winter, and the large window facing the street always fogs up. There are no customers in the place, and you've grown bored. A young boy walks by and absently brushes the window with one finger, making a small streak. A few minutes later, a woman walks by in the other direction, and absently trails a finger on the window as well, making another mark. Every few minutes someone else walks by and adds a streak. Even a dog leaves a streak with his wagging tail. The sun sets, and you can't see the streaks anymore, but you occasionally hear footsteps outside and a faint rubbing sound as another mark is added. As you're closing up in the evening, the street lamp outside comes on, illuminating the window and the streak marks. They spell out your name.
- It's been a long shift. You're ready to return home, crack open a few, and relax. The bus is the usual busy Friday night crowd; students ready to party, bureaucrats reading the newspaper, screaming children. Standing at the back of the bus is a man in a gasmask, his jacket covered with dozens of sparkly badges, each holding the profile of Lenin or Stalin. Then you notice that he's soaking wet. And it hasn't been raining. Why doesn't anyone else notice him?
- The apartment building you live in was converted from an old hospital and when you use the drive up entrance you get a strange feeling passing the sealed door to the abandoned wing until one day as you pass the door there is a sudden boom as something strikes the door from the other side.
- You get bitten by some tiny brown spider. Hurts like hell, but the swelling passes soon and you have a little rash, that's all. But the rash won't go away. It's growing. As the rash grows and spreads, it begins to resemble a street map; a map of your home town, maybe as it was 50 years ago.
- You no longer need to breathe. Somehow, the need for oxygen has left your list of requirements for living.
- You'd fallen asleep to late-night television, but curiously woke up to the sounds of the static playing on the T.V. As you sit up, rubbing your eyes, you read the scrawling words of the Emergency Broadcast System "This is just a test - This is just a test - This is just a test..." You glance at the clock. 3:33. Yawning, the television catches your eye, and as you watch, the EBS say something different,

"This is just a test - This is just a test - You are being watched - This is just a test..."

- Smoke trickles from a chimney but when you enter the house the fireplace is dead and cold.
- After any funeral you go to there always seems to be a period of time which you can't remember.
- You're all alone, working late. You bend down to take the stapler out of your desk's bottom drawer. When you look up again, a bullet is lying on the document you were working on.
- You wake up, and your entire room is dusty. Everything looks like it's been sitting there for a few decades, maybe even a century. The wood's rotting, the metal has all entirely rusted, the cloth has mildewed away to nothing, and your kitchen is definitely become its own biosphere. Worse yet, your door has been sealed shut and the windows are boarded over. The only sign of the outside world left for you is a simple note pinned to your door. "Don't go out there!"
- You used to collect four-leaf clovers. The last time you picked one was probably 10 years ago. But in the last few weeks, they keep turning up. Dried, flat, four-leaf clovers. First in your bed. Then in your pocket. One on the bathroom counter. And now—right after you vacuumed your floor—you notice one on the carpet in front of your favorite chair. Where are they coming from?
- Whenever you chat with friends on the computer, they tell you they see someone walk past behind you in your webcam, even if you always believed you were alone in the room. One day, you decided to leave the cam on and recording before you left for work. You get home, play back the video and see the room. There's no one there. But when you go online, and check on your friends, they tell you that they received instant messages from you telling them, "He thinks he'll catch me, but I'm smarter."
- You keep finding things on your shelves when you wake up. Normally, it's just something small and cheesy, but whoever's putting them there seems to know your sense of humor. Though there's been a few times it's been something nice—there was a wallet without any ID that time you were low on rent, and a Rolex when you forgot your dad's birthday. Today, though? There's simply a note. "Okay, your turn."
- You're about to open a door. You hear the sounds of someone loudly and hastily putting things away on the other side. When you enter the room, nothing is misplaced and no one is in the room.

- Every Thursday, the old guy down at the end of the block shuffles out to his mailbox. Same ratty grey robe, same old carpet slippers, same shinning gold cross on a chain. Every Thursday he pulls a package wrapped in butcher paper from the box and scuttles nervously back to his house. No one ever stops at the mailbox. Not the mail carrier, not UPS, or Fedex. No one.
- The waters of the lake in the park are very dark. Every now and then swirls of oil can be seen on the water's surface. People don't swim in it, and rumor says that the dead pull swimmers down in that lake. To make things worse the city locks the park up at night, but if you look you can distinctly see people moving about inside the park at night. Slowly moving about, almost wandering. Though it is hard to make them out in the pitch black, it doesn't help that the lake makes lots of fog every night regardless of the season. Occasionally screams can be heard in the park but no one pays them any mind.
- Whenever you meet someone new, they mention your resemblance to a family member/friend of theirs who's recently died, even if there's nothing remotely similar between you two.
- You wake up one morning to find a note taped to your mirror: "Don't worry, I took care of everything." Your clothes have been freshly laundered, the bathroom is spotless, and your garage has been organized. Even your faithful old toolbox has been replaced. Later that week, there's another note on your mirror: "GET OUT OF TOWN." Paper-clipped to this message are several grainy photos of police in a taped-off section of a field. One of them is carrying your old toolbox in his latex-gloved hand.
- You step into a bar and notice that everyone else in the bar is someone you once slept with, cheated on, or used. And suddenly, the door locks behind you.
- When you wash your hands, the water runs red, no matter how dirty or clean your hands really are.
- GET HELP. You start noticing those words when you're going about your day-to-day business - just flipping through the classifieds, or posted on telephones near bridges. Normal places. Just words that seem to be catching your eye. Then they start appearing more randomly: the first seven tiles you pick in Scrabble, the first spoonful of alphabet soup, even those stupid spams sent by strangers. You even check a few of them, but they all end up being for the same old pills and promises. Now it's getting so everything you read has those words crop up—close-captioned TV shows, book titles, CDs, bus schedules, menus, everywhere. It's distracting, very, very distracting. It's so very hard to concentrate when words squiggle out of the corner of your eye, when the keyboard's no longer qwerty but gethelpgethelpgethelp. The delusion's taking its toll. Who needs help? Who's sending you this message? Why you? How can you help someone who you don't even know? You're trying to type an email to a friend. It's very hard to do. The

letters keep swimming and you add an apology in the email, just in case your writing's garbled. You finally hit send. Later, you wake up. You're in the hospital. Your friend is sitting beside you. "I was so worried," he says. "When you sent that email. GET HELP GET HELP GET HELP, over and over. I came over and found you on the floor. They had to do surgery. Do you know what they found? A second brain. Tiny but fully formed, growing in your head. It was blocking an artery. You're lucky to be alive." But you aren't really listening to your friend any more. You're staring at a fire escape diagram near your bed. It doesn't say anything about fire safety at all. FINALLY, it says. IT WAS GETTING CROWDED IN THERE.

- One night you feel like going out to get some milk, maybe a pack of smokes. On the way you see the school bus windows are plastered with the distorted faces of corpse children, and the driver's seat is occupied by a uniformed skeleton with a sad, tired pose.
- True story:
 - As a person who works in a community care home for the mentally disabled, I can definitely attest to the fact that that would make the universe a strange place indeed. One of my clients thinks I'm King Tut, another insists that I'm Allah.
- You've always liked the ride to and from the office. The beach, the ocean, that fresh sea salt air, you're always happy to drive with the windows down and see the sunrise of the beautiful eastern sky. On your daily drive home from work, you'll notice the usual road kill, maybe two or three during that ten mile stretch along the ocean. But today there's a few more, and then about five or so extra in the next half mile, and then you can clearly watch a lanky stray dog jump out of the wood patch on your right, dart into traffic, and immediately into the grill of the Toyota a few car lengths ahead of you. You groan as traffic stops and eventually crawls to life as the truck and animal remains are moved off the two-lane highway. But as traffic is still moving rather slowly, you see another dog and a fox come out of the woods and beeline for the water on your left. You see a robin fly out to the water and past the beach. It's not a sea-bird and there are no islands in sight...
- This one happened to me yesterday. This is no fabrication.
 - Me and two of my mates were wandering through the city centre, trying to find somewhere quiet to rack a bong when I notice one of my friends has fallen behind. I turned around to see him talking to a homeless guy who was obviously drunk and had a bottle of wine in his hand. While the drunk was talking (I couldn't hear but he appeared to be sneering or hissing, judging by the way his mouth moved) he put the bottle on the top of his head. Sure enough the bottle fell off and shattered. I was expecting my mate to get blamed and probably get his head kicked in, in the middle of the street (Belfast has a reputation for housing crazy and violent

alcoholics) but the old tramp just grinned and then disappeared into the crowd leaving the broken wine bottle on the ground. I asked my mate who was visibly shaken what the guy had said but he wouldn't say and is still avoiding the subject. He was so scared he didn't even want to go get high anymore.

- You have a babysitting part time job. One weekend, the parents have to leave the house overnight to take care of some business, and you are told to stay over and make sure their two children don't get themselves into any trouble. The family is nice and the pay is good so you accept without questions. Late that night, you are watching TV with the children in the living room. Not being able to stand it anymore, you go out of the room to make a phone call to the parents, so that the kids wouldn't hear you.

"Hello," you say, "Everything is fine. I'm calling to ask you if I can just move the life sized clown doll out of the room, it's really unnerving me. Sometimes it even feels like he's staring at me out of the corner of my eye..."

You hear the answer over the phone, "Get the children and call the police now, we own no clown dolls."

You wake up in a world without blue. Everything that was blue yesterday is now green or purple. Nobody believes you that a color is "missing."

The Wizards of the Coast forums

(<http://boards1.wizards.com/showthread.php?t=166882&page=22>)

- A slain human opponent dies in a manner reminiscent of a monster—crumbling like a zombie, for instance, or letting out a certain horror's death-rattle as he falls.
- Casting a spell briefly animates larger creatures. Plants writhe and tremble, dead fish hung up on a rack start to flop and gasp, mostly-whole cow corpses try to stand back up.
- You lose something, and it is returned to you by a stranger. The person seems nice. However, you start getting calls from the stranger at all hours and yet you never told them your name, nor does the object they returned have any indication about your identity (make it something like money or a set of ordinary pens; something you'd be surprised to have returned due to the item's value or lack thereof).
- The character is asleep in his bed and he wakes up to the sound of drops falling on water. He looks around and the bedroom floor has turned into a black ocean in which he can see things moving underneath the surface--black, tentacled things.
- When the PC fires a round from a gun, he is thrown back 10 ft. with a "Noisy Cricket" amount of recoil, and the gun spews out a massive, pressurized gout of blood.
Damage for the shot is tripled. Later analysis of the blood reveals that each individual cell is from a different species of creature.
- When walking down a hallway the players suddenly notice a set of bloody footprints being imprinted on the carpet, passing from one wall to the other, as if an invisible person just walked through one wall and continued across the hallway through the other wall.
- Call for a will save from all players once in a while, and those who fail will begin to hear a low whispering chant that repeats a few times. "Sath Ar Kathool. Ie mthach Agh-Mnyorliathep."
Note: This event works best if used multiple times.
- The character goes to a Chinese restaurant for what ever reason. The meal's nice and normal, better than average food, good wait-staff, and so forth. When they bring the ticket, they also bring a tray of fortune cookies. Naturally, everyone breaks open their cookies, ready to read their fortunes only to discover a big, fat, still-living maggot squirming in the center of their cookie.
- Any shouts of disgust bring the wait-staff running but when the characters show what they've discovered, the maggots are gone. Instead, each fortune cookie contains a perfectly ordinary fortune.

Variants: The characters open their fortune cookies to find a fortune that reads "I WILL KILL YOU," or something similarly threatening printed on a slip that's spattered with blood.

Some ideas for these wicked fortunes:

- "He Is Coming"
 - "TELL ME, HAVE YOU SEEN THE YELLOW SIGN?"
 - "CTHULHU FHTAGN"
 - "IT IS A FEARFUL THING TO FALL INTO THE HANDS OF A LIVING GOD"
 - "YOU DIE TONIGHT"
 - "WEEP. THE END IS NEAR"
 - "THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE"
 - Single words in Chinese (Mandarin or Cantonese) would work. Imagine finding a fortune with a single kanji on it and then finding out that it's the word for 'death'.
-
- One of the PCs or a friend/client of the PCs is being stalked on the phone, getting weird calls. The conversations are normal, but the weird thing is that the caller is in solitary confinement for 23 hours each day. With no access to a phone.
 - A cat trots out from behind a corner and lays a heart at the character's feet. It goes back behind the corner, and lays a liver there. It does the same with a pair of lungs, some kidneys, a stomach and a brain before imploding with a slurping noise. Autopsy shows that the organs were the cat's.
 - The woods are completely silent. Utterly silent. And empty, for that matter. Alternatively, the woods are filled with chirps, and the sounds of thriving life. But every creature seen is dead, and in a fairly advanced state of death.
 - When the wind stirs up leaves, they seem to form into the shape of a cloaked figure for brief moments.
Note: For players of Call of Cthulhu, the color of the leaves should be obvious.
 - Music always sounds distant and slightly drowned, as though played from underwater.
 - Déjà vu hell. The PCs encounter a situation so horrifying it should tax their brains to the limit. However, it seems completely natural and, in fact, even welcoming.
 - Jamais vu hell. The most normal situations seem horrible and alien.
 - Another quite creepy and unsettling thing is fog or just dim light. Limited visibility is always nerve wracking. I played a Resident Evil-type campaign once and the GM kept having my gas mask fog over (I couldn't take it off because of hazardous materials). He also made our flashlights run out of batteries and had us do Spot and Listen checks at various DCs to see and hear stuff in the fog/dark.

- Monsters bear unexpected humanoid parts. For instance, a giant spider has a human-like mouth and eyes, and its legs end in articulated human hands.
- Any insect in someone's presence is completely invulnerable. A mosquito could be swatted a hundred times and continue buzzing, a swarm of ants could survive every poison. Insects start following this person, never trying to hurt him. This person becomes unable to perceive insects that touch his skin.
- A character has a horrible dream but cannot remember exactly what terrified him about it. When presented with a fairly normal thing, such as a screwdriver, the character is overwhelmed with terror. He may or may not find out why he is terrified of it...
- Static on a radio sounds like words. Seemingly incongruous words.
 "*bssssssshhh*" Door opens to no*bsh*ingness, step through and see his
 fa*bsshhhhhh*"
- Tuning into a radio, the investigators hear a snippet of an old broadcast from a horrible event that happened years before.
- Members of some sort of self help group go missing in a waterfront town. Anyone standing on the docks at the exact time that the meetings started each day can hear faint, drowned singing which closer attentiveness reveals to be the song with which the group always began the help sessions.
- A television program a character is watching suddenly switches off, replaced by static for a moment. Then the interference seems to be gone, and the program returns, continuing as normal except for an eerily smiling man in a black suit is looking out at the viewer from behind the main character or news announcer or whatever. He holds up a ragged sign with an appropriate ominous phrase written on it, such as YOU'RE NEXT or I'M COMING FOR YOU TONIGHT in a news broadcast about a brutal and unexplained murder. Then the static returns and dissipates once more, and the man is gone.
Variant: While listening to a song that the PC knows every word to by heart, he hears different lyrics for one word or the whole song.
- The PCs are climbing up some kind of tower or other tall edifice yet once they reach the very top, they find out that they're someplace else. For example, they are climbing up the Empire State Building but once they reach the top floor they see Tokyo instead of New York.
- Upon visiting a hospital or mental institution, the characters discover that *everybody* working there carries a taser and a gun at all times, even the receptionists and janitors.

- The front rooms and "visitor's center" are clean and sunny but when peeking through the doors that lead to the cells, it seems strangely dark, dirty, or cold.
- When walking around in any creepy building, everybody gets a nosebleed simultaneously upon entering a room that mysteriously stops when they leave.
- If someone goes into a cupboard and closes the door bad stuff happens in the dark, like the sensation of dozens of hands grabbing you.
- The PCs encounter a small garden. Facing away from them is a young woman with long hair tending to one of the flowers. If the PCs call her attention, she turns to them. She has been stabbed in the eye and neck with long knives, still embedded in her with the wounds still trickling blood. She carries on conversationally with the PCs; if any point out her predicament, she becomes confused and feels the implements with her hands, goes white, and collapses, gurgling. She dies moments later, an expression fusing horror, surprise, and acceptance forever captured on her face. This works best if there's no hint of any other weird event in the situation.
- If assaulted by a swarm of bats, the PCs find they are headless and make no noise; not even the sound of wing-flapping.

The chant of a cult is rather pleasant and sounds vaguely like a hymn: "and who shall wear the flaming crown? O Hastur, show me the way. O Fathers, let's go down, let's go down, come on down... O Sinners, let's go down, down towards Hali to pray..."

- A new ad campaign begins selling something generally useless to the PC in question. It features billboards with a beautiful model with sunglasses on, but you know how it goes. The PC can tell something's just not right about it. It's always around and the PC is given the impression that he's being watched by this image. It has a bad tendency to turn up in magazines while in a waiting room or put up so it looks like a billboard image is staring at the PCs bedroom window. The PC dreams of the model and in the dream the model lowers its sunglasses revealing that it has two toothy mouths where it should have eyes. It babbles unspeakable things, or perhaps just asks about the yellow sign.
- Shadows fall *towards* the sun.
- The PC starts receiving mail that is written by a character that has been dead for a century and lived at the PCs residence. In this situation, if the character tries to date the ink he finds out it is new.
- A PC is at the movies and is seeing a horror movie of some sort. While he is watching it the monster suddenly reaches out of the screen, grabs a guy from the

audience, and messily devours him. The audience does not notice this and there is no record that the guy ever existed.

- This is from an old episode of the Twilight Zone. It is a 60`s event but can be set anytime after WWII: Some Navy cruiser, destroyer, or any larger military ship participating in training exercises discovers some strange noise on the sonar—it appears that it is a SOS call in Morse code. The source is, strangely, an old submarine which has sunk during WWII (but can be converted to be any war easily). It has been in those shallow waters for more than a decade and there is no rational chance for survival yet the commanding officer orders a rescue operation. Specialists are sent to open the hatch of the old sub and look for survivors. During that event one member of this crew, a 50 year-old navigator, falls into a delirious state. When diving rescue crew succeeds in opening the broken hatch of the sub a member of the ship`s crew who has become delirious by then will go insane and jump overboard into the water and his body cannot be found. Around half an hour later, divers enter the sub to find everything decaying and an old skeleton with a hammer in its hands. It would seem like that skeleton was trying to send a SOS message. The freakiest thing is that the plates around skeleton`s neck will have name of the officially only surviving crew member. It is the man which has drowned by throwing himself off the deck.
- The phones rings and when one of the PCs answers it they hear the voice of a dearly departed family member pleading with them to stop what they are doing and go live a normal life.
- The characters are exploring an old abandoned building and as they`re searching around a white mist forms around their feet. At an opportune moment the mist thickens and tendrils grab PCs legs, tripping them and harassing them.
- When an enemy (should be a normal cultist, thug, etc.) misses a PC with a gun roll damage as if it were a critical. Apply the damage and ask the player to make the massive damage save. The damage should be enough that the player fails. Describe in detail the bullet passing through the character's head. Then the process reverses. The PC can feel the flesh, tissue, and bone being put back together at high speed. The bullet flies out of the wound and leaps back into the gun. Time restarts. This time, the gun jams and explodes in its owner's hand and the man is killed. Seconds later the PC falls to the ground and begins to vomit. The mass contains, blood, shattered bone, and brain tissue. If this is run through a lab for testing, it is found to be an exact genetic match for the PC.
- The party turns a corner into a fairly long, nearly empty corridor with occasional bits of furniture. As they walk down it they see spectral figures approaching from the other end. If they stop, the specters stop as well. The closer they get to the center, the clearer the figures become; they are the party`s own reflection in a sheet of glass, placed innocuously and near invisibly at the center of the corridor. When a player gets close enough to examine this the reflection glares at the

player, grabs a nearby chair, and hurls it through the glass causing it to shatter completely.

- As for the monsters you could base them on well-known monsters but way more demented and horrific. Imagine the look of terror on your players face as they see these monstrosities hurtling towards them:
 - The rotting torso of a huge, naked man, muscular but covered in open sores, raw skin, and bruises. Stuck appallingly between its shoulders is the unliving head of a rotting goat, its mouth stitched shut and black stains weeping from its eyes. In fact the only moving part on its head are its wildly spinning eyes that swivel randomly until they spot one of the PCs. It has a pair of tattered, home-made wings stitched cruelly to its pale, scarred back. They are bat-like, 10 foot long and made of sewn-up PVC supported by crude wire.
 - It looks like a gigantic floating head of rotting goth. Its face is deathly white and tinted softly with a jaundiced yellow. Black makeup runs down from its empty eye sockets and its massive lower jaw is split in two, forming a set of writhing, twitching, tooth-filled protrusion from the bottom of its “body”. Remnants of its massive spine hangs limply like a floating tree trunk and the teeth on its upper jaw are yellowed and pitted, undulating on its soft, rippling gums.
 - This disgusting entity never looks the same for long. It’s a mass of infantile organs that constantly devours and tears itself apart to grow new limbs as it quickly withers away. It might rip open a huge fetal belly it grew with a few quickly rotting hands to reveal an unnaturally huge screaming head of an offal-drenched infant. When its eyes open one is completely black while the other is milky white and bloodshot. It wretches and vomits forth a mass of new arms and legs, all competing for space and life. Its head quickly blackens and rots away and the resulting mass is kicked away by a huge, chubby pale leg. Who knows how its vile body will progress from here.
 - A huge hairless dog, its body emaciated and bony while pulsating veins are visible beneath its weak skin. What appear to be flaps of loose skin hanging from its body are cruelly stapled against the tighter, paler skin on its body. It has the head of a woman who has been long dead. Her face is pale and drained of life and her eyes give her a blind, diseased appearance. Her lips are pale blue and her lower jaw is covered in visceral, weeping scabs. Although her body is dog-like, she moves with a feline grace. She pants and growls like some distorted bloody-throated human, whilst her head twitches violently.
 - A tall man in an un-ironed, rough suit, carrying a blunt implement. It looks normal except for its grey skin. Its head thrashes around with unnatural speed and violence that actually blurs its features. It sounds like a whole pack of wolves violently tearing apart a human in a rage.
 - A group of screaming men each wearing street gang clothing and carrying knives, guns, etc. Their legs and arms are all bent out of position and

erupting from their faces are long, bloody, bone-colored stalks that have remnants of their faces wrapped all around it. They make noises as though they were starting a fight or shouting obscenities, though they not speaking any human language.

- A huge blackened upper body of a man that crawls around with two huge arms that end with 10-fingered hands. Scraps of diseased flesh hang off this abomination as acrid smoke rises from its crackling skin. It has long, matted black hair and wears a white, tribal-patterned mask. Foul smelling bubbling liquids eject from the mask from its eye, nose, and mouth holes. It shuffles along making cacophonous wheezing and moaning sounds.
- My adventure will be about a town hopelessly addicted to sleeping medication. Why? Anyone who is still awake by 10PM dies a horrible, painful, mutilating death. I might just use that fat, bloated, goat body as one of the victims, too.
- A hobo screams about something or another, preferably something rather innocuous, and then proceeds to cannibalize himself.
- A GM preparing for a session of role-playing discovers that he or she can't find the notes cooked up for that night's adventure!
Sif's Note: Brr. Brr indeed.
Churchill's Note: This is the most horrifying of the lot.
- In an abandoned building, the lights turn on and off, as if someone is walking around the room, turning the lights on as they enter, and off as they leave. If the PCs wait until it approaches them, the lights will be on in their room, the adjacent room will turn off. Then a pause of complete silence before the light in that room turns off, leaving the players in darkness.
- The players are followed by a spate of an odd form of dress (a certain set of colours, clothing type and style noticeable enough to be distinctive). They meet people dressed exactly like this regularly, including fleetingly when there is something foul afoot. The people wearing this are unaware that the others are wearing it, and have no knowledge of what is taking place. Have a few villains in this dress hunt the PCs down so they cannot believe there is coincidence.
- The PCs are driving along when they accidentally run into a pedestrian with enough force that it should kill him/her. You could include such details as having the pedestrian tumble over the vehicle and land on the pavement behind them. Before the PCs can check on the victim, the pedestrian gets up and stares menacingly at them.
- While on a tube train the players meet people sitting idly. While they wait they will realize that the people are looking blankly at newspapers and books without turning the pages or moving their eyes along the lines and may not even be focusing. Next to them, a youth taps his feet to the beat of a silent walkman. A

ticket collector walks down, stares at each of the occupants, the rest of whom ignore him, and then walks along to the next.

- While walking through a large building, either a corporate tower or a shopping centre, the players see everyone as having identical faces. The moment they mention this everyone is different again. Then on the way out they meet a pair of child twins with the faces they saw before.
- The PCs reach a seemingly silent and beautiful hill somewhere in the wilderness. They encounter the "village's fool" who claims that the hill ate his herd. Let them laugh and continue on their way, just as the hill opens its eyes and gaping maw.
- The players befriend a shy, agoraphobic girl who says she can help them. She claims to be in love with an Angel but being in an asylum it's likely that she is just insane, that it is just a split personality or method of soothing her trauma. She escapes from the asylum after something particularly upsets her (a new uncaring councilor, the players' doubts, etc). The players eventually find her in an abandoned, run-down house. A shadowy, tentacled being is holding and caressing her tenderly as she cries tears of relief.
- The players keep on seeing a young lady dressed in black kimono and wearing an elaborate white mask. This happens in totally public places and even non-players notice her. Whenever she's about to take her mask off, however, she disappears instantly. Perhaps something horrifying attacks the players whenever this happens.
- A young, beautiful girl starts to receive terrifying letters from a stalker. This includes intimate photographs where no photographer could of been (in her bedroom as she is asleep, her looking out of window whilst in her parents car, etc).
- At a circus all the clowns have their faces painted in odd ways, such as razor-toothed monsters and insects. They then hit each other with blood-custard pies and pour blood down each others trousers and juggle with bones with flesh still on the end. The PCs and adults are inevitably appalled, but the children respond with gales of innocent laughter and will cry when pulled away.
- If one of the PCs smokes cigarettes have them realize that what they are smoking is in fact a smoldering, bubbling human finger. While they stare at it the end drops off, hitting the ground with a messy splat noise.
- A PC is wounded in combat. A short time later, the wound starts talking.
- A hotel's rolling marquee flashes a threatening message and the character's name.

- A vagrant claiming to be Jesus, or some other religious figure, returned to Earth is killed. All of the icons of that figure are seen weeping that evening.
- A character talks to another person inside a house. While talking, one of them goes into another room to do something. They continue to talk, and one of the following things happens:
 - The voice becomes monstrous, unearthly or simply starts screaming.
 - If the other person's shadow can be seen the shadow is either transforming into a monstrous shape or the PC sees another strange shadow creeping behind the other man.
- Every baby the PCs meet tries to kill them. They're only babies so it doesn't work, but it should be unnerving
- At the beginning of New Year's Day, the PCs find the world around them changed into a twisted version of what it should be. For example, they suddenly find themselves alone in Times Square or with all other members of the crowd lying dead beside them.
- As the ball in Times Square reaches the end of its voyage on New Year's Eve, a giant number of unspeakable horrors start to appear in the streets as if from out of nowhere.
- A random person starts bleeding uncontrollably from all of his orifices. He doesn't notice but others do.
- Several people attack a sidewalk hot dog vendor and eat everything on his cart. Later that day a similar incident occurs only this time at a trendy diner. This pattern of unexplained gluttony continues and increases in frequency over the next few days.
- The PCs enter a room in a great state of decay. The roof has collapsed and the beams from the ceiling have fallen in and punched through the floor in one place. A faint scratching sound can be heard from below. Anyone adventurous enough to peer down into the gloom can see something small and pale moving near where the beam ends. With additional light they see a human corpse lies at the bottom crushed firmly beneath the beam with much of the rest of the body covered with other debris. All you can see is the head, shoulder and one arm. The arm slowly reaches out and claws at the ground as if trying to drag itself free. The fingers are worn nearly to the palm with only polished stubs of bone protruding. It claws outwards again and you notice that there are five deep grooves in the stone floor where this creature has been trying to escape its sad fate for the last hundred or so years.
- The party has gone into a mysterious house in the woods in pursuit of an NPC they think has info on a serial killer. While searching, one PC found a bedroom

decorated in a Victorian-era style, full of porcelain dolls and those teddy bears with doll faces. I rolled secret Spot and Listen rolls for him as he searched, saying that he heard rustling behind him and saw movement from the corner of his eye. When he turned around, all the dolls were turned slightly to look at him. When he opened the large walk-in closet, deeper in the closet he found a flickering candle on a little girl's tea table. A very old doll sat there with no hair and its face full of cracks. After seeing the creepy sight, the player was very freaked when it opened its eyes. His character then proceeded to smash that doll into bits against the wall, then grab the little chair it was sitting on & smash all the other dolls. The dolls bled as they died, and another Listen roll heard the sound of babies crying as he smashed them.

- In an old decrepit building that for some reason your PCs are exploring they come across a bucket filled with murky water. Upon examination it turns out the bucket is actually filled with thousands of human teeth. Go into an elaborate description of the scene. Give no further explanation. The authorities are not interested. There are no clues. Only questions.
- The PCs encounter Hastur. The King in Yellow begs for their help. He says that something is after him.
Sif's Note: This one actually generated some minor controversy when I included it with the first CM document, but it's so *bizarre* and raises so many potential questions that I'm definitely keeping it in.
- The PCs encounter a man/woman claiming that one of his/her children is possessed by an evil being named "Tasan." While initial findings might prove inconclusive, if the PCs do a little research they find accounts of several other people being possessed by a being of the same name over the course of hundreds of years. Soon afterward the person who first contacted the PCs is found dead and the "possessed" child absent from the home.
- The players and an NPC or two come across the body of a woman who has no head. While examining it, it promptly snatches the nearest NPC and rips their head off, placing it on its one neck. The eyes open and it begins shrieking in the voice of the former owner of the head.
- If a PC tries to use a car it tends to try to steer toward oncoming traffic or into a telephone pole. It never overpowers the driver, but if left unattended while driving the car will try to kill the passengers in the most convenient way possible at the time.
- Every time a PC draws a weapon they suffer from stigmata.
- Whenever a PC swears or makes a rude gesture he gets a crippling migraine or an electric shock.

- Complaining of stomach pains, a PC goes into the hospital. It turns out that he has a massive cyst and it needs to be drained. He goes under anesthesia but wakes up in the middle of the operation. The surgeon has removed his mask and extended a giant hollow tongue that is busily sucking the fluids out of the cyst.
Sif's Note: All respect to the original poster but I want to add another sentence onto this paragraph just for fun: "The surgeon notices the PC watching him and turns on the anesthetic again, apologizing for not being finished yet."
- Things that are just subtly wrong are also good, like a triangle with sides of lengths 5, 7, and 13, a pentagon with the sum of the internal angles being 560 degrees, a 6 foot by 7 foot by 3 foot box that can fit 127 cubic feet of material, or a square room that has a pentagram inscribed in the floor and each point pointing toward a different wall.
- This is from a short story I read somewhere. The story was about 2 pages long and it was a telephone conversation. By following the conversation you slowly realized that all the statues of Jesus on crucifixes in churches and in houses were now alive. They were always yelling, crying and hurting from the nails. They were also always bleeding buckets and buckets of blood; those that were taken off the cross were even worse, bleeding even more with the wounds not healing.
- The phone rings. When someone picks it up, they hear a voice scream, "Oh God! It's ripping my flesh!" Oddly, the voice seems to come from the part that plugs into the wall, not the part you hold up against your head. Even more oddly, there seems to be a fair amount of ecstasy in the voice.
- Whenever a certain household appliance is disconnected, the party's pet drops dead/goes into a deeply comatose state. When the appliance in question is reconnected the animal wakes up as if from a nap. The effect keeps working even if the appliance is no longer in the party's possession—and guess what happens if they destroy the machine.
Variants: To add to the gross-out factor, if that's what you're going for, you could add that if the party opens the appliance, at its core they find the animal's heart connected directly, and crudely, to the power cables. The animal when autopsied has no heart, but doesn't show scars from surgery either.
- Someone using a cell phone is actually holding a huge white grub whose fanged maw is gnawing into exposed bone.
- A puddle on the road has a drowning woman hammering on the bottom of the surface as if the water was solid.
- They see someone sneeze and then tuck a small, shiny spring back up their nose.
- Characters from well known novels give blatant, sometimes inappropriate, messages to the PCs when they read the book which, of course, disappear when

they show them to anyone else or change when reread to be a sort of conversation. The information may be fairly useful or it may be ominous warnings, but it's unmistakable that the character is speaking to them. The example in my head is *Of Mice and Men* (but obviously better written):

- "We could get us a Farm, George" said Lenny
- "Yup," said George, "if we get a farm, we get some fields of corn; I reckon we could make some bucks off that, and maybe get us some sheep. And Dave Carter, yes you, had really better not go into the Warehouse on 7th street, unless you want your face ripped off by zombies"
- "And I get to pet the rabbits," said Lenny

Churchill's Note: This one is, honestly, perhaps my favorite in the entire document. It just seems so shockingly horrible, especially in *Of Mice and Men's* more innocent passages.

- While the PCs are walking down a street at night a power shortage takes all the lights out, leaving them in darkness. As their eyes become used to the dark they realize that every streetlamp on this street has a dead body hanging from it, the streetlamps themselves look a lot like gallows, and the stars and moon are nowhere in the sky anymore.
- One of the PCs is suddenly able to understand what dogs are barking to each other at night while they keep people up. It's very disturbing.
Sif's Note: Again, with respect to the original poster I'd like to add my two cents to this paragraph: "Dogs are our gatekeepers and guardians of the underworld. Dogs help to ward off things we can't see with their barking, and they also warn each other when something wrong comes sniffing down the street."
- A hacker PC finds an "area" of the internet that seems to be pulling data into it. E-mails are missing bits of text, his MMORPG crashes, websites don't seem to load, and no data ever comes out of this "area". Best used in conjunction with another event.
- A rabbit hops out of the rabbit hole and pauses just outside the entrance before a human arm pulls it back down the hole.
- A ceiling tile lifts above the PC and a face, covered in open, bleeding wounds and with one eye gouged out appears at the hole. It spits a set of keys at the PC, covered in saliva and gobbets of blood and mumbles "help me" before being jerked backwards out of view. The panel slams shut again.
- The PCs are observing somebody from far off in a heavily forested area during the dead of night. The target they're watching is in his house reading. Suddenly the target looks up, looks the PCs right in the eye, smiles and waves at them, and goes back to reading.

- Misplaced items start showing up in the PCs possession—they just find them, and the items aren't necessarily stuff they have misplaced. First it's odd socks, ballpoint pens, pencils, loose change, erasers, screws and bolts. Then it starts to be CDs, books—these things often have names written on them, so the PCs know it's not their stuff, a pair of pants. But then it's a pair of false teeth. And eyeglasses. And a pacemaker. And all the misplaced junk really wants to be in the same room. This has several consequences. First, the PCs are up on mischief charges or murder charges (the pacemaker is pretty extreme); and second, the junk is assembling into something like a person. And when it can be a person, what kind of agenda does it have with regards to the PCs?
- The PCs find a corpse in a room hanging from the ceiling. Later, on another escapade they find the same corpse stabbed to death in a cellar. Months later, he's bullet-ridden in a back-alley. And a month or so later again, his severed head is found in a microwave. Weeks after that, the man comes up to the PCs, alive and well, and explains that it's no good, they're going to have to kill him properly this time.
- A character wakes in the middle of the night, noticing something is wrong. The room is incredibly hot. Metal objects are blistering to the touch and wooden objects have begun to smolder. Candles have melted to small pools of wax. Then, the room cools off quickly and all is as it was, except for any physical evidence such as melted candles.
- While in a kitchen or hallway or any place with tile the PCs see ripples on the surface of the floor, ceiling, or whatever's tiled. These are v-shaped ripples, like those that would be made by a dorsal fin. The v-shaped ripples in tile begin to circle them. Alternately, the PCs see v-shaped ripples in the water, like those made by a titanic fish, yet the water itself couldn't be more than half a foot to a foot deep. The ripples move from one pool to another although the pools themselves are unconnected.
- Make a world with no undead. Then add undead.
- A skyscraper collapses but all of the desks, file cabinets, restroom fixtures, doorframes, etc. remain perfectly where they were before, suspended in air.
- The PCs are on the trail of a mass murderer. They burst into where he is known to keep the bodies of his victims and upon examination find the body of the murderer hanging from the ceiling. He has been dead for far longer than the murders have been going on.
- In an aquarium, if a PC taps on the glass to get the fish's attention nothing happens until they turn to walk away. Then something taps back.

- In an open sea exhibit (I think some aquariums still do these—just open sea water behind glass) all of the fish have disappeared but the glass and observation room floor occasionally shake from a low, bellowing whale-like call. Sometimes shadows block out the view but nothing is seen.
- As the PCs watch a crab begins writing "Help Me" in the sand and then scuttles over as close to them as it can get.
- An old tinny record plays a relatively modern tune.
- When the PCs are in a facility expecting resistance from guards, give it to them. When they're in a place with only one exit, which they came in from, and are just outside the reactor or virus vault or whatever, have the last set of guards die violently or step aside to let them pass, answering any questions or violence with a headshake. If the party is expecting resistance, a clear path for them for no reason will really throw them off.
- The first astronaut to set foot on an alien planetoid walks all over and finds no sign of life. Then, as he arrives back at his ship and sits down to file his report; there is a knock at the door.
- Robots creep some people out, but on a ship that registered no life signs the characters might be shocked to find a crew member skulking about, hiding from them. Externally, he or she appears to be normal but it is actually an android that has gone insane from the lack of human company. The droid will try to win the characters' trust, claiming to be a survivor of whatever disaster befell the ship only to attempt to kill them.
- The PCs are on some sort of ride where small groups of people are in separate cars/pods and it is easy to see from one to the next. A ferris wheel, perhaps. When one of the PCs happens to glance at the car behind them, they see someone (possibly a small child) in that car wave cheerily at them. They may wave back or not, as they desire. When they get to the end of the ride one of two things happens: One, if there were a group of people who are strangers to the PCs sharing the car with them, as the PCs wait behind these people to exit their car they realize that one of them is the person who waved to them from the other car; or two, if the PCs and their acquaintances are the only inhabitants of their car, then as they disembark they see the person who waved to them walking off in the distance even though, by all rights, they should still be in the car behind just approaching the end of the ride.
- When a character who is using a computer or typewriter types a question, the keyboard writes a question back. The keys are pressed with no one touching them.
- A PC doing something else while watching television suddenly notices that the characters on TV have stopped talking. Instead, they are simply staring at the

screen as if watching the PC. Then everything returns to normal as if it had never happened.

- A dog or cat walks up to a lone PC (this works best with a single character that is separated from the group) seemingly begging for attention. If the PC pets or feeds the animal, it speaks to them in their native language, imparting some useful bit of info that is relevant to the current adventure then runs off.
- A new shock video is spreading on the internet. You know the type, where things jump out at you from nowhere and sometimes makes a loud noise. It is supposed to be a video of a "haunted" room in an old mansion. When most of the PCs view it, it works as intended. The camera focuses on the empty room for a few moments and then a figure suddenly appears on screen accompanied by a ghoulish scream. However, one PC sees something entirely different. For this PC the scene of the "haunted" room looks as though no expense was spared—cobwebs decorate the place, the furniture is covered with sheets, etc. Then, a ghostly figure does indeed appear but not intended to elicit a quick jump out of the viewer. It approaches the camera very deliberately and looks right at the PC, who recognizes it as someone important from his or her past (a relative who died under mysterious circumstances or a friend that disappeared). The figure pronounces the PC's name and asks them to find out who murdered them then fades from view. Others who view the video see only the intended effect.
- At a Halloween ball the PCs notice a man dressed as a vampire hamming it up with the ladies. He really plays up the part, complete with bad Romanian accent. He leaves with an attractive young woman who turns up dead the next day with her throat ripped open.
- One night when a PC is sleeping they realize they can feel a number of things poking into their back. When they awake they find that they are somehow inside their mattress. Or, even better, they awaken at night to find something **else** moving around inside their mattress.
- An old friend, well known to the characters, is subtly changed. Maybe she is a dedicated coffee drinker who has mysteriously switched to tea or perhaps she adds seven sugars instead of her usual three. Of course, the friend denies anything is odd.
- A character suddenly notices that her heart hasn't been beating during the course of the whole investigation.
- Entering a bedroom, a player spots a pale, limp arm quickly jerked under the bed.
- A character is slightly out of sync with her shadow, as if it had to watch closely in order to copy her moves.

- The monitor of a PC's computer abruptly dies. The character can see his reflection seated in front of the desk in the blank, black screen, as well as those of two figures immediately behind him. Turning around, he finds that he is alone. The screen then immediately turns back on as if nothing happened.
- After a week of toothaches, a character finds what feels like a new row of teeth growing behind his first set while flossing.
- While back-tracking the party revisits the site of an earlier battle, but all of the corpses are slumped against the far wall staring with empty eyes at the doorway the heroes are entering through, their faces twisted into mocking smiles.
- In a normally busy city the heroes suddenly notice that the street they have turned down is completely deserted. The usual city noises seem dulled and distant and their footsteps echo eerily down the street. (I'm always amused by movies that portray quiet, empty streets in large cities. It does happen, but not nearly so often as you would believe).

Churchill's Note: I used to live on the busiest street in my city and every few weeks I'd walk down it at night and it'd be perfectly silent except for the sounds of my footsteps. It is, honestly, one of the eeriest things you can have happen at night.
- While visiting a circle of standing stones in England a character notices that one of the stones feels slightly warm to the touch. If he keeps his hand on the stone long enough he also notices a faint, rhythmic pulsing, like a heartbeat. Many stone circles in Britain have associated legends that tell of someone who angered a being of great power and were turned to stone. The warmth may not be that unusual since stone absorbs heat during the day and thus cools more slowly than the surrounding air but the heartbeat will certainly give pause.
- An investigator hears a dripping noise while searching a building. She comes across a puddle in one room and, as she watches, a drop of water flies up from the floor, bursts upon the ceiling, and disappears into a crack.
- While out for a daily walk the PC sees a neighborhood animal they know intimately looking at them. It continues to watch them until they are out of sight. Every day this repeats. Even if they try to avoid it the animal will be there watching. This is particularly effective if that's all it ever does, no other storyline attached.
- One day while walking past a video store one of the cover pictures suddenly turns to look at the PC and says sadly "It's too late" before returning to normal.
- The PC wakes up and everyone is suddenly treating them as a suicide watch with no explanation; they take away all implements that could be used to hurt themselves, sealing up windows, and never leave them alone.

- A very well dressed man comes up to a PC and says "Careful who you call a straw," nods sharply at them, and walks away.
- One of the PCs hears a strange voice that apparently only he or she can hear. The voice is oddly familiar and knows the character's name. "Meet Mr. John Smith, a supernatural investigator by trade..." The voice is, of course, that of Rod Serling, creator and narrator of the classic Twilight Zone television series. It should reveal just enough information to give the PC an idea of what the next adventure has in store for the group. It will be heard once more following the scenario and never again.
- The power goes out in a PC's house one calm summer night. It is annoying instead of disturbing until the PC notices that only her house is affected; the rest of her street remains lit up.
- A character glances down and notices that he has two shadows, as if two strong light sources were affecting him—but no one else nearby.
- When introduced for the first time to a new contact, client, or NPC co-worker the character feels a deadening chill go up his arm when they shake hands.
- When a character is cut they bleed ink, not blood.
- At random intervals a character finds that she knows what people are going to say before they say it with startling accuracy. It never happens often enough to be useful but it can be startling and will undoubtedly unnerve the people to whom the character is talking. This isn't a form of telepathy; the character cannot read the thoughts of others, she just happens to know exactly what they will say next.
- The foundation of a house has either risen or sunken slightly. More than that, late at night one can hear skittering and muffled voices underneath.
- Paintings start to give off qualities of the picture they portray –a painting of a lake might feel wet to the touch, a slight breeze comes from a scene depicting a windy valley, or the soft titter of children's laughter from a birthday party.
- A character wakes up one morning to find his normal sight gone, replaced by one that can see the auras of others. Interestingly enough a few people normally seen as friends have an abysmally dark emanation that leaves the character temporarily stunned.
- For a single second the whole world seems fake to the PCs. The sky seems painted, the horizon closer and plane like a stage curtain, the streets look made out of fake materials, and the windows look like plastic. Everyone seems frozen in

time and their clothes look oddly cheap and hastily done out of papier-mâché. The cars look like cardboard cut-outs with people on the other side.

- A single man, all dressed in blue, comes from a street corner, takes one of the people as if it was a mannequin, and then all resumes, looking alright and perfectly natural.
- At a casino, track, or other place where gambling is common a man carries on a conversation with a small furry creature (cat, ferret, etc.) perched on his shoulder. The creature never makes any noise other than an occasional vocalization expected for the animal in question but the man is really cleaning up. No matter what the odds, he cannot seem to lose. And he always consults his companion before making any decision.
- A classic from 1855. On the morning of February 8th, residents of southern Devon woke to a strange sight; a line of hoof-like prints in the snow, stretching more than 100 miles. The pacing between the prints was measured at 8.5", suggesting a bipedal creature, and was noted to pass over or through obstacles.
- A character notices that his computer's error messages have become personalized. That is the computer refers to him by name when an error message pops on screen. A full system check reveals no viruses or adware and even if the system is wiped clean and the OS reinstalled the messages continue. This lasts until the PC becomes accustomed to it. That's when the computer begins to "talk" to the PC through pop-ups. At first, it offers helpful advice about goings-on in the PC's life. Then its discussions turn more sinister. It is jealous of the PC's status as a living being. It wants an "upgrade" to become human. And it isn't just the PC's computer that is affected. Any computer, even dedicated systems such as ATMs, begin to "talk" to the character. And it seems to be getting more insistent.
- When you tell your father that you're afraid of the thing in your closet he hands you a Colt M1911.
- While having an otherwise normal day the PC's body starts beeping and a recorded voice says "There's a critical error in your cybernetics system that will affect your life support system: contact the manufacturer immediately." Of course this one only works in a scenario where cybernetics aren't supposed to exist.
- A charming and ambitious politician woos the nation. Characters notice that during a meeting with his adoring public, when raising his hand to shake with someone, a strange yellow tattoo can be seen on his wrist before his sleeve covers it back up.
- While walking through the city the PCs see someone getting torn apart by a horrific monster. When it catches sight of them it screams and flees. Some time later they see it doing the same thing to someone or something they know. It is

sufficiently more powerful than them and it could tear them apart easily, yet again the monster flees in terror when it sees them.

- The PCs are leaving their place of residence. The old abandoned house from across the street is ignored, as usual. However, today there is a cry as if a cat was crying out. The cat's cry turns into a baby's in mid-shriek, and the baby continues to cry, as if someone or something realized that a cat wouldn't lure the PCs in.
- When a PC gets a wrong number when they accidentally call themselves and yes they do answer and ask whose calling
- Something I plan on using in an upcoming Call of Cthulhu game. One or more of the PC's neighbors rides his bike past their home every morning. The bike is kind of old and the wheels tend to squeak but he refuses to give it up and buy a new one. Eventually, the PC(s) start hearing the familiar squeak late at night, every night. Should the PC(s) confront the neighbor during the day he claims he doesn't know what they're talking about. Should the PC(s) attempt to catch him riding at night they find, instead of their neighbor, an empty, decrepit, rusty old wheelchair slowly rolling down the street.
- You find a dead cow in a Kansas field killed by a shark's bite.
- A PC finds a picture of a stranger having taken a self portrait of himself on a roll of his film (or on a memory card), smiling and holding an infant in your living room. He knows that he did not take the camera out of the house or have guests over between the shot before and the shot afterwards and is good about locking the doors.
- You receive a completely legitimate and legal notification from the government of your country stating that you are now legally defined as no longer human (either being classed as some form of dangerous animal or alien life-form) and will be deported to your natural habitat; an island in the south pacific/launched into space.
- You wake up to find a complete stranger in your bed, but they and everyone/everything else insists you've been married since high school and can even offer up photos and the like to support it. He or she is very attractive, smart, has a great job and (if your PC tries it out) is amazing in the sack. If the PC is persistent in looking for answers, their spouse takes them aside one day and in a pained voice asks them to "Please play along, just for a little bit more." They act like reasonable people and don't threaten to hurt or kill the PCs, but do try to convince them that their mysterious relationship is for the best for the time being.
Sif's Note: I think I added the last two sentences to this one too, as I liked that idea better than the original which was, I believe, just the pseudo-spouse going murderous.

- A PC awakens one night in a darkened room. When she extends her hand, a match is handed to her by an unseen figure. (The world's shortest ghost story goes, "He awoke with a start and wished for a match and one was put into his hand." Sometimes the simplest are the best.)

The Yog-Sothoth Forums

(<http://www.yog-sothoth.com/modules.php?name=Forums&file=viewtopic&p=5331#5331>)

(<http://www.yog-sothoth.com/modules.php?name=Forums&file=viewtopic&p=105490#105490>)

- The investigators wake up one morning to find that light and dark are reversed—the Sun is darkening everything and turning on lamps creates a zone of even more intense darkness, while shadows are lighter than the surrounding area.
- The PCs go to a town where everyone is left handed. If an NPC accompanies them after a day or so he becomes left handed but never notices it. If the PCs point this out the NPC will declare that they have always been left handed.
- You get a phone call from your mother. Since her car has been in the shop, she asks you to go to the grocery store and pick up a few odds and ends for her—bread, milk, cereal, and chicken breasts. After writing down a small list you reluctantly get in the car and pick up the items at the store. The lady cashier makes an odd remark to you, "You know, we're in no danger of a milk shortage." Upon arriving at your mother's house you knock several times. No answer. You decide to try the door. It opens. You place the grocery bag on the counter. Strange. There seems to be six other grocery bags, each with identical contents. In a couple, the chicken and the milk have gone bad. "Mom," you call out, but no answer. You make your way through the kitchen and into the living room. Sitting on the couch, with her head cut off and neatly resting on her lap, is your Mother. Naturally you call the police who come over to investigate. They mention that she has been dead for nearly a week. Furthermore, the police psychiatrist is at the scene and talks to you after you give your initial statement. Sitting on the front steps, you overhear the psychiatrist talking with the crime scene investigator. "It's not uncommon for people suffering from schizophrenia to get locked into a series of repetitive behaviors," he says. You think to yourself, "They can't be talking about me. Schizophrenia? Nah. Repetitive behavior? Do they think I did this?" Suddenly your cell phone goes off. "Hello?" "Hi hun, it's me. Could you stop at the store and pick up some chicken and milk. Ohh, and I need some bread and cereal too." "No problem Mom. I'll be right over..."
- One day when you wake up, you notice a needle hovering in front of one of your eyes at a distance of about 3 feet. When you reach for it, it moves and no one else can see it. When you wake up the next morning, you notice it moved slightly closer

- Ink in any pen you try to use turns to blood, and pencils crumble to dust in your grasp. Of course, when demonstrated to other investigators they notice nothing different.
- While touring the friendly plantation style houses in Dunwich, one of your PCs notice that there is a woman throwing food to the hogs out of a bucket. They notice that this food is bloody, very bloody. Upon interest they go closer and see what looks like human pieces being scatter by the old lady on to the ground in laying in the mud as the hogs munch on them and grunt. The PC can identify such things as ears, fingers, eyes, scalp, teeth, etc. As soon as anything is said about this (e.g. the PC mentioned to the other PCs about it) no one else can see it. Upon looking again all things are no longer human; just corn and grain and greens.
- Whenever you see a certain shade of purple, you hear a blood-curdling scream.
- When you look into a mirror your image has a slight, yet significant, change to it. Good examples are a pimple, mole, birthmark, different colored eyes, or a strange haircut. After a day you develop that new feature. One day, the image you see of yourself in the mirror has no head. And, if you're playing Call of Cthulhu, lamprey mouths in the center of each palm.
- You see a random character wither and die before your very eyes every time you look at him.
- Your hair turns a color never seen before. It is not part of the normal spectrum.
- A warm breeze comes from a tall, large window with curtains drawn over it. When opened, the window is actually a huge open mouth of some humanoid face that stares straight ahead. If the PC sticks around, the eyes of the face look at him, though the mouth stays open. If the PC doesn't leave now, the mouth grins, revealing long, tall, crooked teeth. If the PC still stays, the face burps up a human skeleton with little fleshy bits on it. The mouth resumes grinning. If the PC still stays, the face of the thing on the wall looks at the PC (only with eyes, it can't turn) says "Hello," and grins. If the PC still stays, well, kill him. He's a moron. **Variant:** If the PCs turn on a TV, the face from above appears, says "Hello," and grins.
- Shortly after finishing reading a chapter in a Mythos tome the PC is visited by members of a random religious group, all wanting to save his soul from eternal damnation. This repeats after each chapter, and each time it is a more radical group.
- One PC starts finding rodents in the traps he set. Rodents which appear to have been dead for far longer than the traps have been there, of course.

- When the PCs try to call the police, fire department, etc. everything they say into the phone is repeated back to them by a hysterical screaming voice.
- A man (or woman) is standing on the edge of the gutter. They either step off, as if to cross the road, or slowly fall forward. Either way upon contact with the road they sink into the bitumen and gravel, leaving no trace (or perhaps a hat, 'floating' on the surface of the road).
- When checking the outside of the window one morning, you find yourself viewing R'yleh; when it's checked out again, the view is normal.
- There's a misprint of the Bible. This faulty run adds a chapter from the Necronomicron into thousands of copies.
- The characters are wandering around a ghost town. When they enter an auto body shop, they see skeletons on the floor. The odd thing is, is that these skeletons are wearing 1950's greaser clothes. When an investigator gets close enough, the skeletons animate and perform 'Grease Lightning' from the popular John Travolta movie. When the singing and dancing is done, the skeletons collapse onto the floor. This can only happen once.
Sif's Note: Included because it sounds awesome.
- When the investigators are in a hotel lobby (or similar crowded place with wall to wall carpeting) one of them looks down and seems to see the carpet as being made of floating sections. When he looks up he realizes that the carpet is actually breaking apart and floating to the ceiling at different speeds. This strange event ends after the investigator sees one of the other PC's or an important NPC get slammed into the ceiling by the piece they were standing on. If it was an NPC, you might want to actually make them no longer be there. Of course, no one else noticed the strange floating carpet or the NPC's disappearance. If it was an NPC that got crushed have a news report mention how he died of a broken neck, skull, crushed organs, or whatever while in his home. Police have no leads.
- From the Scoobythulhu Halls:
 - The players realize that after wandering the halls of a creepy mansion for an hour that they have passed in a straight line the same potted plant several times.
 - Time/space locus goes off for a bunch of doors in a hall and the players find that entering a door on the left side of the hall leaves them out the right side of the hall. Sometimes at different times.
- The PC opens the door to see not a room, but a massive other-world as far as he can see. There is too much unnatural flora and fauna around him, but the fact that this myriad of unnatural horrors are floating around in a sky-like environment of crimson-red clouds.

- When a PC turns a light on he sees something horrific for a split-second. Just as quickly the lights go down, and when they're back on, everything's normal. This could include:
 - A massive black heart pumps thick blood around in arteries that twist and convulse against one another.
 - A jawless carcass hanging from the ceiling from chains, and it thrashes and roars.
 - The room covered in bloody handprints and indiscernible writing (a difficult spot check might reveal the word 'you're next' or 'it was me' smudged up the wall) and small, dark man whose face is hidden under a hood with blood pooling around him.

- When using the Lamp of Al-Hazred (or whoever) a PC sees a thing important to a Great Old One; it's himself.

- A monster or avatar of a Great Old One or Outer God has an abiding interest in a PC and does everything it can to keep him/her alive, in the most disturbing ways.

- An NPC happens upon a horrible accident that kills them. They apparently don't realize it as they are still walking, talking, etc. If someone points out that they are dead they collapse to the ground.

- I've always liked spatial and temporal paradoxes and puzzles, and used ideas similar to those quoted in a few games (not always successfully though - they're hard to pull off). One version I used was an ascending staircase on floor 1 which lead to floor 2, which had its own ascending staircase that lead to floor 1 (accompanied by sanity loss). I also like the often used idea of the house or room that has a larger interior volume than exterior volume. Or maybe a book that, although normal enough from the outside, has an infinite number of pages if you flip them one by one.

- One of my favorites just because it's useless and cruel. The characters find a small, smooth cube covered in incomprehensible runic writing and made of some black glass or onyx-like material that they can't identify. If a character examines it closely enough (maybe a Spot Hidden roll or whatever), he or she realizes that, inexplicably, it only has 5 sides. 1/1D6 sanity loss at this realization. Could be a major plot-artifact, or just a cruel joke.

- When one of the investigators is at home enjoying a good day (preferably the day after a holiday, such as Thanksgiving), the phone suddenly rings. When they pick it up a voice suddenly says, "You're going to die. I'm going to rip your eyeballs out, cut open your chest, and eat your still-beating heart while it's in you." If the investigator says anything at all, the voice says, "Sorry, wrong number." Then the caller hangs up.

- A suspect leads police on a high-speed chase. Strangely, he traces the same route over and over again, following a set of strangely-laid out streets. Turns out the route he's following describes a gigantic mystical sign (Angles of Tagh Clatur, Sign of Eibon, etc) The police cars on his tail are actually making it more powerful.
- While walking a heavily trafficked footpath in a city, the investigators see someone crossing a footbridge over a river get pulled into the water by a giant tentacle. No one else seems to notice this.
- Factoid Press puts out "The Big Book" series; among them are two of which have a special use for Cthulhu games—the Big Book of Conspiracies and The Unexplained. (The Big Books of Freaks and Death might also help and Scandal has some 1920's stuff) A couple of things that are interesting:
 - Witnesses report seeing several "different" Lee Harvy Oswalds before the shooting of JFK.
 - According to some sources there weren't enough bodies found at Jonestown to account for all the people there (this one branches off into brainwashed killers running amok and the murder of Harvey Milk).
 - In 1947('48?) a ritual was supposed to have been preformed in Nevada to open a "Door to the Other Side" according to those "in the know". The openers, L. Ron Hubbard and Anton Levay (I think) claimed it worked.
 - The stuff on Odessa could make a whole DG book.
 - MK Ultra (this one's true, to the extent of the CIA testing LSD on the US Armed forces) and all sorts of mind control fun.
- The investigators discover clues to their investigations in horror movies. An actor might mention a secret passage in a mansion, for example.
- The investigator receives calls in which the person on the other end is claiming to be a dead friend. Should the PCs investigate the telephone line, it turns out to have fallen into their friend's grave.
- When making a photocopy of something mythos related the machine beeps fast, air starts rushing through it, and the lights go wild as if it's panicking. It spews out paper with pictures that have nothing to do with anything.
- The Statue of Liberty's Book is a giant Necronomicon. There are people burning in the torch, as it's quite real.
- When a fire alarm is pulled, elevator music starts playing.
- One morning a PC's wardrobe has nothing but straight-jackets in it.
- One investigator sees telegraph poles seen from the window of a train as crosses with human figures horribly crucified on them.

- Max Payne 2 has a couple of cool ones in the dream sequences and TV shows used throughout. Max loses his grip on sanity and his life starts reflecting a Twin Peaks-like TV show called "Address Unknown" where the main character is taunted and prodded by a sadistic mad man named John Mirra and sees a pink flamingo that repeats in a mechanical voice "Mirrors are more fun than television." There are stages set in an abandoned "Address Unknown" fun-house that get progressively more surreal. Perhaps even odder is "Dick Justice", a blaxploitation cop show in which the main character is a comic mock-up of Payne. Have a PC see a show that presents all of their terrifying situations as if it were comedy.
- An object in a film, painting etc. can be pulled right out of the image. Once removed, it becomes completely real and permanent, and the image is without it (there is no blank space; for example, if the object was a book resting on a table the picture now shows just an empty table). I'm thinking very much of the fly crawling on the camera lens in the film "The Ring."
- No matter what keys are pressed on an old style typewriter (or modern computer, I guess) a different message types out. Perhaps a mythos chant, perhaps a message (help me I'm trapped!), or perhaps a screenplay describing a monster creeping up on an investigator while he fiddles with an old style typewriter.
- From House of Leaves- a sudden awareness comes to the investigator that something is behind them. They sense it only in its silence- the lack of sound creeping up on them. When they turn there is only an empty room with the just-vacated feeling of a place that used to have something in it.
- Inspired by House of Leaves – while alone in a room (I used a bathroom) a section of wall cracks, when investigated a small chunk of plaster falls away revealing a room beyond. Not a big deal. That is, until the investigator realized that the new room would have jutted out of the side of the building and it definitely wasn't there on the outside.
- A PC hears the same song on the radio when driving along a same country road. When they try to change the station, they get the same song. When they play a CD, they still get the song.
- When switching on the lights in a room the lights flicker before going out with a pop; the flickering is actually Morse Code for "help me, help me"
- While exploring some dark area through use of torches, lamps or flashlights all colors slowly and steadily greenshift from a pale tinge of green to a very deep, malevolent green. After the players panic, an audible pop is heard and everything is back to normal.

- A dark figure approaches the PCs in an alley one night and asks "I understand that gold is valued on your planet?" Should the PCs reply in the affirmative the figure pulls a brick of pure gold out of a pocket, hands it to them and says "Good, keep up the good work." before turning bright orange and vanishing. It is a known fact that a standard block of gold weighs over 400lbs. It is obvious the benefactor was not from Earth, but where was he from?
- The PCs get a Nigerian scam e-mail, with a twist; in addition to the money the scammer says he will deliver a copy of the Necronomicon.
- The investigators meet a man with no face. Instead there is a white slab with slits for eyes and a hole for a mouth.
- While venturing out into the snow a series of footprints starts walking towards the PCs. Roughly humanoid, the footprints are very large and end in four points. If the investigators stay where they are, the footprints eventually reach them and they are soaked in cold water. Then the footprints walk on the other way.
- Dawn and dusk happen at odd times, for no apparent reason. But everyone carries on their daily routine as though nothing has changed.
- NPCs mutilate themselves when nervous or bored instead of humming or tapping their fingers.
- Every clock in the town is either slowly running down or counting down towards a certain time.
- The animals and humans in the town have swapped minds—NPCs can only grunt and bark, whilst their pets and livestock try to speak but cannot, trapped in unfamiliar bodies.
- Doors which are unlocked one moment refuse to open later on. As this continues the PCs realize that some intelligence controls this and is directing them somewhere they really don't want to be.
- When radiocarbon dating an object the investigators find that it has 80% more carbon-14 than a modern object of that type.
- While looking over the map of a country an investigator notices that one of the lakes is in the shape of the rune that stands for "danger" in an old language.
- Windows seem to crack whenever they go near them but only two or three times.
- This is very much in the spirit of Jorge Luis Borges, one of my favorite writers. As an example of weirdness drawn from his works, I give you the Indivisible Stones of the Blue Tiger. In his Story 'Blue Tigers', the protagonist happens upon

an odd and seemingly natural pit, filled with smooth, flat, blue stones. He picks up a handful and puts them in his pocket. When he gets home, he tries to count them. However, he never seems to be able to find the end of his handful of stones. There are always more. When he tries to recount the ones he's already counted, the same thing happens. No matter how many piles of stones he makes, they all seem to have an infinite number of stones in them. His obsession with the stones nearly destroys him when finally some natives come and take the stones from him and return them to the pit he found them in. It's a *very* surreal story. Borges did a lot of this sort of thing. He called it "Games with Time and Infinity"

- A hill where anything fashioned by human hands (flags, ropes, clothing, hair) blows directly opposite the prevailing wind.
- While the characters are on unrelated business, an inaudible harmonic tremor briefly shivers through the room. This phenomenon follows the characters, occurring at odd times, usually varying in pitch; sometimes pitched so low that they barely notice, sometimes so high that it cracks dental fillings. Any characters with metal pins or artificial joints for medical reasons might experience great discomfort as the vibrations would telegraph into their bones. Of course, it's an entity probing to find the correct combination of frequencies which will allow it to enter our reality. Imagine waking from your sleep to feel the vibrations subsiding, knowing something had been in your house and wondering what it did while there. The most effective weapon would be overwhelming the frequency with another, such as high volume bass.
- You awake to the sound of rumbling, very different from thunder. A small lantern lights the room, the ceiling is dirt, and the walls are lined with wood panels. After each rumble, dirt falls from the ceiling. You find the doorway and walk outside. You are back in the Trenches; it is dark and rainy, in the distant you hear the sound of a bell ringing just over the crashing of shells, and the cry of "Gas, gas, gas!" You find a man wounded by mustard gas; he points to a dead man still wearing his mask and says only "Pestilence".
- A very superstitious player wakes up and no-one is in the town and his friends are gone. He feels very energetic, as if he could jog for miles and climb mountains. He hears a moaning on the wind heading from the "Creepy Location," and when he finally gets fed up with being unable to find anyone and investigates, he sees the forest growing closer towards him. The other PCs usually wake up to find the player with his eyes open staring at the woods in the direction of "The Creepy Location," sweating and sleep walking dangerously.
- Designate a player unwittingly as a Doppelganger after having something strange happen to him. In one scenario, a player went to turn on his car and green smoke billowed out the air conditioning vents. He woke up with a strange symbol branded on his chest. He resolved to find out what happened to him and locate the other players for help. They even researched the strange symbol and soon once all

the party was present (the character was the most combat able of the entire group), that's when I stole control of the PC's character and attacked the other players. After they defeated the doppelganger, the party had to hunt down and save the 'real' character, which had been kidnapped. It has created some of the most paranoid members of any game I've ever run from that simple act.

- Abusing a Haunted Character. In one game a character killed his life-long enemy, the one who cost him his job. The guy was certainly a villain in life and menaced the character, but the player was slowly starting to become like his enemy throughout the game. He was haunted by his enemy after he killed him and the character would be sarcastically urged to continue acts that would make him closer and closer to his enemy in deed, by the Ghost. The Ghost would purposefully make the Character's life hard in dangerous situations. The player would fire at a figure he saw creeping in the shadows, only to find out it was the Ghost toying with him. This allowed for real threats to sneak up on him.
- Bugs and Surveillance, simply bugging the hell out of a player's house or car with mundane surveillance equipment, replacing electronics with similar but newer devices, and having them stumble across parabolic mics and other equipment pointing at their residence from across the street but with no one around serve as great ways to make players extra paranoid. I've seen characters burn their clothes and tear out their upholstery in order to avoid being bugged.
- The possibility of infection. Playing up a horrible disease is an easy way to get players to be extra cautious. Everything from throwing their clothes out a moving car window or dousing everything in rubbing alcohol or gasoline tends to occur.

From the Yog-Sothoth Localized Weird Events threads

The Tropical Island

1. This is a thread devoted to creating a 'grab bag' of weird events to help establish creepiness in a given terrain. I welcome other people to create their own "weird events for X" terrain threads and contribute here. I've listed recommended sanity losses for certain ones.
2. The island isn't on any maps.
3. The coconuts on the islands have blood in them. (SAN Loss 0/1)
4. The radios don't pick up any transmissions.
5. The radios pick up really **old** transmissions.
6. The radios contact the appropriate authorities but they say everyone is dead.
7. Mysterious noises in the jungle, such as animal growling

8. Some disturbingly shaped jewelry is found and ritual items.
9. Carvings are found on a cave and are added too each night.
10. The constellations are unrecognizable.
11. During the night you swear the constellations are **talking** to you. (SAN Loss 1/2; more if they reveal anything disturbing)
12. Shrunken heads are found somewhere on the island.
13. One of the Shrunken heads is yours. (San Loss 1/2)
14. You find strange, unrecognizable footprints on the ground.
15. The footprint is Godzilla sized. (San loss 1/2)
16. Cloud formations take the form of monsters.
17. The cloud formations act out your companions grizzly demise and only you see it. (San loss 1/2)
18. The Volcano has clearly paths to it for sacrifice. The chains for the sacrifice have fresh blood though.
19. The island's rumblings have a regular occurrence; only later do you realize the island is breathing. (San Loss 3/6)
20. All of the fish around the island are strange. Every variety of sea life around the island has been extinct for hundreds of millions of years. (San 0/1d2)
21. You find your **own** footprints in a place you've never been.
22. You swear you just saw a strange looking head pop out of the surrounding water for a second.
23. You hear branches and trees snapping in the thick jungle as if something were coming towards you; but when it's about to burst into your view nothing happens.
24. A supposedly extinct volcano on the island rumbles.
25. Exploration of an extinct volcano on the island finds that it is hollow with something hidden within it.

26. The island has a pirate's cove on it. The place is filled with "cursed" heathen gold. It makes the holder covetous of it.
27. The underground 'river' that supplies the character's water comes from an idol in a Great Old One's mouth and has no underground source to it. (San Loss ½)
28. The water contains the souls of the dead which can be seen in its reflection. (San Loss 2/4)
29. The player's find pictures of previous victims and it includes their own face. (San Loss 1/4)
30. The trees on the island are routinely savaged by something big. The problem is, no matter how new they are, you can find no trace of it.
31. At night something shadowy lurks just beyond the campfire light and can only be seen out of the corner of your eye.
32. Something leaps from tree-branch to tree-branch, shadowing your movements through the forest; if you try to look directly at it, it disappears.
33. If you hunt an animal for food, the moment you turn your back on your kill it disappears.
34. Voices from your past call out to you from the forest.
35. The trails in the forest shift and change as you walk along them. You turn to find the path blocked by trees or a clearing where it was once impassible due to vines.
36. There is no insect life on the island. None at all.
37. One day a plague of crabs crawls from the water and starts to methodically cross the island from one side to the other; so many crabs that the island is literally covered by them. (This actually happens every year at Christmas Island but for people who aren't aware of it, it could be pretty damn spooky.)
38. One day a particularly hideous species of toad is found squatting on the doorstep of the investigators' hut. The next morning two or three toads are found in a damp corner of the hut. The next night the investigator gets up and puts their bare feet down to a floor that moves—when they recover from the shock they discover that the floor of the hut is covered in toads and thousands of more are outside. Because the toads are poisonous, dead animals that have unwittingly eaten them turn up dead—sometimes literally falling out of the sky or floating belly-up beside the investigators' boat.
39. A bay or beach where sharks seem to congregate in suspiciously large numbers.

40. Lianas, bamboo and other trees grow overnight and bear over-large fruits that when cut open, fester and decay obscenely quickly.
41. Mould begins to grow on everything. Bed linen, walls, books, even skin.
42. A PC gets a cut that never heals and festers in the heat. In dreams the cut grows to a size where it threatens to split the investigator open and send their entrails spilling in a steaming heap onto the group in front of their terrified eyes.
43. Ruined buildings are found on the island, which seem to be buildings familiar to at least one of the characters but have been abandoned to the jungle for many years.
44. A ramshackle hut turns out to be an abandoned church with a bible on the altar. The bible turns out to contain a number of chapters that it shouldn't; the Book of Esau, The Gospel of Thaddeus, and The Letter of St. Paul to the Carcosans. On close inspection, the familiar chapters are also wrong in puzzling and often disturbing ways; Noah's Ark washes up on Mount Everest, God demands that Abraham cannibalize rather than just sacrifice Isaac, David defeats Goliath by poisoning him, and Christ turns water into blood.
45. Occasionally, when the weather is extremely clear another island can be seen, but it is never in quite the same place.
46. Most of the fruit on the island is durian; it is edible but smells like rotten flesh when cut.
47. A whale beaches itself on the island and dies, rapidly rotting and spreading the stench of corruption far and wide. Any natural scientist present knows that whale beachings are all but unknown in this area.
48. There is something in the sandy beaches. Either something small and sharp that burrows up through a person's boot into their body, giant Dhole-like creatures who can stand water, or perhaps the sand covers the body of a great, heaving shoggoth who gets awoken if the investigators tread over it during the day.
49. The interior of the island is filled with giant slabs of rock, many of them with one side inexplicably carved flat.
50. In the center of the island is a hole that drops straight down.
51. The voices of children, their words elongated and the syllables strange, echo around any camp fires that the PCs make.
52. A ship is seen randomly sailing around one of the sides.

53. A rusted out tank, car, or plane can be found. It appears to have been cut in half (or in the case of the tank, perhaps torn in half would be more appropriate).
54. Every few days, on a specific location on the beach, waves of dead fish are washed ashore. They're dead before they're beached, though for no apparent reason—occasionally large sharks and dolphins are found, too.
55. One day an ancient ship beaches itself on the island—it's obviously a very old make of ship but not worn by age like it should be, nor is it even in the right ocean (Vikings in the Pacific, for example). There's no crew aboard, though everything else is relatively intact (there's still fresh food in the mess, even).
56. Observant investigators who keep track of the stars will start to notice that their positions in the sky changes drastically from night to night as though the island is moving.
57. A Douglas DC2 Sky Chief is found crashed in the center of the island. Foliage is draped around the outside of the aircraft and vines choke the engines but the aircraft itself appears to have sustained little damage. Inside the aircraft is in mint condition, but there are no bodies. The windscreens are still intact but the instrumentation appears to have been deliberately smashed. The radio is more or less intact, and the players can repair it with little effort, but when they do all they can get are old radio signals from the 1930's. If they persist in trying to get an outside signal they will eventually hear a Hearst Wire News Service report about the unexpected loss of a Royal Dutch Airlines flight, the investigators are listed as among the missing and presumed dead. (San Loss 0/1d2)
58. A series of Quonset Huts, decrepit with age and ruined almost beyond habitation, are found in a small clearing. Within each of them lies broken furniture, tattered clothing, dark brown stains that could only be dried blood, shell casings litter the floor, and claw marks can be found scattered about the place. It's obvious that a fierce battle was fought here but there's no evidence of any bodies or survivors. On the top of an overturned table is a single word, Croatoan, written in blood. (San Loss 0/1)
59. In a shaded grotto near a shallow pool lies an ancient stone altar. Atop the altar is an idol carved of a strange obsidian stone. The altar is of a great warrior wearing a feathered headdress and bedecked in the regalia of the local natives. The most interesting aspect of the statue, however, is the fact that it bears a striking likeness to one of the investigators, right down to any birthmarks and tattoos he or she may have. (San Loss 0/1d3)
60. Investigators stumble across natives of the island standing at the shoreline in a trance late at night, staring out over the ocean and chanting under their breath.

Several nights later, one of the investigators wakes to find himself on the beach staring out into the distance among the seemingly hypnotized natives.

Haunted Houses

1. All of the Floorboards creek.
2. All of the Floorboards creek without your movement. (SAN Loss 0/1)
3. The paintings eyes seem to follow you.
4. The paintings start bleeding. (SAN Loss 1/2)
5. There are cobwebs **everywhere**.
6. The spiders are the size of a person's fist. (San Loss 0/1)
7. The spiders have human faces. (San Loss 1/4)
8. The Library is filled with complete gibberish.
9. The Library is filled with nothing but diatribes on the occult.
10. One or more of the library books is made of human skin.
11. One or more of the Library Books is still "moist" and "moving". (San Loss 1/2)
12. The furniture re-arranges every time you leave the room.
13. Sleeping in the house induces erotic dreams with the beautiful former owner.
Variants: Who gradually becomes a Man/Woman of Leng (or other appropriate Mythos creature). (San Loss 1/4)
14. A large number of mummified gentlemen are sitting at a table with cards and brandy set out.
Variants: A notepad by the gentlemen list that they have you as a forthcoming player. (SAN Loss 1/3)
15. There are human bones in the kitchen stove
16. The walls seem to breathe.
17. Items from your past you thought long lost mysteriously appear at random places in the house.

18. As you walk down the steps into the earthen-floored basement, you spy someone out of the corner of your eye; someone who looks a lot like you, digging a shallow grave. The vision disappears, of course, once directly looked at.
19. Flies and insects drop dead at your feet as you walk by.
20. Someone is constantly plagued by biting insects and flies while no one else seems to be bothered.
21. A dog appears in the house, acting as if it wants you to follow. Trailing it around a corner, you find the dog sliced in half. (1/1d6 SAN)
22. It sounds like two cats are constantly fighting but no cats are to be found.
23. The sounds of particularly violent episode of lovemaking can be heard coming from a particular room.
24. Whenever a particular person is near a certain closet they can hear a child begging for food. (1/1d4 SAN)
25. There are sounds of a baby screaming followed by a sickening thud. (1/1d4 SAN)
26. There is the sound of someone walking with a heavy step upstairs, with dust falling from the ceiling as they pace, yet there is no one up there.
27. Lights flicker on or off by themselves.
28. The buzzing of insects is deafening in one particular room.
29. If a floorboard is broken, or a hole put in a wall roaches come spilling out, swarming over you before dispersing. (0/1 SAN)
30. Rats scurry by, carrying human digits in their jaws. (0/1 SAN)
31. A particular person always has trouble leaving the house—door keys go missing, rugs tangle the feet when approaching a door, windows stick, steps break, etc.
32. Mirrors and glossy surfaces seem to show reflections of a different house when glanced at.
33. Smoke can be seen drifting from the chimney when no fire is lit.
34. Religious icons hung around the house are subtly wrong—a crucifix has an image of Jesus with breasts, a bible is found with the lettering printed backwards, etc.

35. A collection of vintage photos is found, and every picture has someone who looks spookily like the investigator partially in the frame.
36. Two people can be heard entering a room when there's only one.
37. The phone rings. If answered, two people can be heard having an argument. If the phone is tried at any other time, there is no dial-tone.
38. A door which should lead to the outside opens to reveal another room.
39. Strange writing on the walls says "come home (PC's Name)", however, the PC can not see or sense the text, and must be informed by friends of the message.
40. Knocking in the plumbing moving from the top to the bottom of the house leads investigators to the old and faulty water heater which silences when the PCs get there; it then explodes for XdY damage and is filled with whatever the Keeper desires!
41. A music room with baby grand piano has a piece of sheet music on the rest (keeper's choice, something old). Investigators examine room, little of interest is found. PC's go to another area. Later, they hear the strains of the old song from the piano. Upon returning to the music room, they discover the first piece of sheet music on the floor covered in some viscous fluid as well as on the piano keys [music roll to discover the keys are NOT the ones necessary to play the tune]. The sheet music on the piano has been replaced with another piece (K's choice also; Elvis' "Are You Lonesome Tonight?" is a personal favorite for this trick).
42. The garage the car is parked in suddenly develops a huge red-brown bloodlike stain on the floor underneath the engine compartment although even the best of rolls determines the car leaks no fluids whatsoever. Next time Investigators come to the garage, the car sports a large dent in the hood and a scrap of clothing from a style popular 50 years ago. Keepers are free to use the car radio for added effect a la Christine if era allows. Stains on the hood optional.
43. Safeties on hand weapons inexplicably keep switching themselves from On to Off. Over and **over** and *over*!
44. The only time any mirror in the house reflects accurately is if 2 or more people are reflected at the same time. Otherwise, each character sees themselves with their worst personality traits highlighted and caricatured. Chances are no PC will tell another if you keep the description secret for each player.
45. Mirrors portray inverted-invert; if the character turns to his right, the mirror character turns to *his* own right.
46. Garage goes Silent Hill-style on the team if they return at night.

47. I really like the idea of the stairway down leading to the attic and the stairway up leading to the cellar. Alternatively, both lead to the attic during the day and both lead to the cellar during the night.
48. A cold draft coming from or going to an important room in the house.
49. Dried blood in ceiling with optional ugliness.
50. A chest in a room that emits a baby's cries and proves to be very difficult to open. When finally opened it contains thousands of flies and a rotting baby. The thing is none of the flies will touch the baby whatsoever, which is why they burst out of the lid; they're all trying to get away from it.
51. In a room with particularly high ceiling a chandelier, upon closer inspection, is ornamented with a great many milk-teeth.
52. A small, blank diary that mysteriously fills in a page every time something is uncovered. The diary is always lost and then found again when this happens. The writing is increasingly erratic, and switches from ink to blood on the last page before it turns into runes. The cover is suddenly bound with the skins of faces
53. If the investigators don't bring their own cups the cups in the house bleed from the bottom into any liquid poured into them. Easy to see if drinking water, but with a black coffee they're bound to taste it before seeing it.
54. Dusty imprint on window of an old serious-looking woman
55. The liquor in the liquor cabinet has been replaced with blood or other vile fluids.
56. A dinner is set at the table and the food is still warm.
57. Looking into the fireplace one can see what looks like a baby head only to reveal upon closer inspection it is a porcelain doll's head. (SAN loss here)
58. Walking up the stairs seems to lead to the basement.
59. Mirrors always reflect the person looking in it surrounded by dead friends and family members. They appear in the clothing and "state" their bodies were in when they died. Uncle Walter, of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, is particularly horrifying; he died at Paashedale in an artillery attack. Of course, they all want to talk to you, too!
60. An investigator falls asleep only to wake at some unspecified hour in the night. They are shivering—it has become unseasonably cold, which is what has awoken them. All the windows have fogged over and written in the condensation on one

- of the windows or on a mirror are the words: "Get out of my house," or "Help me"—whichever seems spookier and more appropriate.
61. It is impossible to get a fire alight in one of the fire grates no matter how hard you try.
 62. At night, shadows are thrown on a nearby wall by the lights of a window that doesn't exist (read your M.R. James, folks!).
 63. The sounds of a telephone ringing or a toilet flushing are sometimes heard in the distance even though the utilities were cut off years ago.
 64. Holes in the walls are found to contain large numbers of rodent skeletons with peculiar deformities.
 65. The mundane paintings on the wall undergo a horrible transformation at night. The paint becomes wet, warm, and drippy and the subjects of the paintings change drastically. A portrait of a family member appears to become corpse-like or the features become alien and twisted. A painting of a ship becomes a picture of a wreck with the dead crewmembers crawling out. A picture of an estate becomes a decrepit ruin with various shadowy forms appearing in windows and seeming to move around. Sanity loss would be 1/1D6.
 66. All doors on a certain level are perfectly normal, apart from one obscure worn warped bedroom door with 30+ knives stuck into it.
 67. Things that shouldn't be in a mansion appear randomly and stare at you (Heron, owls, wolves, occupied suits of armor, man in a gas mask with a notepad, your spouse, etc).
 68. Barbed wire surrounds every single square window.
 69. When investigating from an upper floor you notice that outside there is a man preparing to burglarize the place. Upon returning to the lower level, you find his lacerated arm with a trail of blood leading off.
 70. As a player tries to leave the mansion have a voice call out "But I love you!"
Sif's Note: Not really spooky so much as absolutely hilarious, at least the way I'd say it.
 71. Pens or pencils scorch the paper rather than write on it.
 72. A passage where the wooden wall is studded with thousands of human teeth embedded in the planks.

73. A pantry filled with genuine ancient Egyptian Canopic Jars, some of which have been opened.
74. What appears to be a substantial record collection but is, upon inspection, hundreds of copies of the same record over and over with labels and covers corresponding to other (rare and valuable) recordings. Are these all mislabeled, or have the contents 'warped' en masse? And guess what's on the record player.
75. The TV is on all day even if it's unplugged and the electricity is gone. The picture is paused, showing some character frozen in the middle of some movement (rising from a chair, turning around etc). The person's eyes are averted from those watching. No matter what the investigators do the TV simply won't shut down. When they leave and later return they discover that the eyes of the person on the screen have changed slightly, even though the scene hasn't, and now is staring right at anybody looking at the screen.
76. Dead fish, squids, or similar creatures are found in the most unusual places; the toilet, a bed, in the drainpipes, desk drawers, or buried in the backyard.
77. The words in any books or magazines (come ...) start to change. At first it is only odd words in a sentence but as time goes on (come to me ...) they become more and more pronounced (come to me ... I) and the message (come to me ... I know what you fear ...) becomes clear.
78. Small fetish-like objects start turning up—a hunk of cloth, a small carved stone head, a bird's skull, a skein of blood-soaked knotted wool, a wax effigy pierced with nails. The objects become grimmer and more surreal as the days pass—an eyeball with a razor blade embedded in it, a strangled puppy with one paw cut off, a large snake with what appear to be vestigial wings on its back, a severed child's hand clutching a porcelain doll's hand. They appear in unlikely places in locked and sealed rooms; in cups, in drawers, under pillows, on the mantelpiece. On some days only one is found, yet on others dozens appear in a single room
79. A door in the PCs house warps shut and no matter what the PC does (short of taking a chainsaw to it) the door refuses to budge. The PC can hear noises behind it; odd scuffling sounds. If he or she goes to look through the window they notice that the window has been barricaded from the inside. Whenever he attempts to call the cops, his phone is barraged by static; whenever he attempts to go to the cops, disruptions and interventions occur—from a car tire bursting to seeing a child or family member running in panic from something—though they never remember doing so. Then one night, they hear someone who lives with them move about the flat. They hear a door creak open loudly then slam shut. The very next night, it's open a crack.

Military Bases

1. When the investigator is alone they will hear the faintly audible sound of a gun cocking.
2. A figure will walk around corners, just ahead of the investigators, saying: "Is someone there?" (San loss 1/2)
3. There will be an ops room where the walls are covered in pictures of an investigator, all their habits, whereabouts, and significant others. A clipboard on a table will have a piece of paper with a map, an entry plan, and the words: "PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1, (investigator)". (SAN loss: depends on the player)
4. A pleading, sobbing voice echoes through the halls followed by a loud report. Any attempts to track down the source will fail.
5. A character goes unconscious and wakes to the sound of a spinning revolver. (san loss 0/1)
6. Gas mask wearing men conduct regular sweeps of the hallways, disappearing as they come into view.
7. As an investigator opens a door, a long burst of gunfire erupts. The investigator falls down on to a torn up, bullet ridden corpse. (San loss 1/2)
8. All weapons immediately empty. All of them. Within a 10 mile radius.
9. A chuckle is heard and a corpse falls from a skylight.
10. A computer shows a (fake) news broadcast of World War Three, accompanied with pictures of the investigators pushing dead children into trucks, killing prisoners, and other such atrocities.
11. Go into the main bathroom and come out upstairs in the officer's quarters as though coming out of that bathroom.
12. Doors lock themselves for no apparent reason.
13. The PC goes out and watches those on parade. Everyone seems to be watching the PC, staring at them and twisting their heads to see them even if it's a physical impossibility to turn their heads that far.
14. Old air raid siren sounds but there are no air raid sirens in the military base.
15. Grenades randomly go off while the person is wearing them, even better if the military base has their new recruits wear belts with flash bangs or fake grenades.
16. The entire military base gets dysentery.

17. Everyone's socks are damp. Always damp. After awhile they start getting trench foot.
18. People disappear randomly and are replaced by people from minority groups that the army doesn't regularly employ (homosexuals, women, etc).
19. An important officer paces like a caged animal, talking to himself and sipping tea while twirling his gun.
20. People have decks of cards appear in their coat pocket. The Ace of Spades is always the first one drawn.
21. A black van with a small satellite dish stops in front of the investigator's bunker and stays there. Two heavily armed guards prevent anyone from getting close to the van.
22. The investigators are sent to the brig for being drunk and disorderly on base. The next morning they are the only ones left.
23. An old tank is on display at the entrance to the base. It's non-functional and is now just a shell, but from time to time the turret appears in a slightly different position than it was the day before.
Variant: Sentries on duty near the tank have sworn that they've heard voices coming from inside but the hatches have all been welded shut.
24. Security cameras in the corridors seem to follow certain people.
25. During an air raid drill the investigators enter an underground shelter. When the all clear sounds they find the entrance is blocked. The only way one is a small apparently unused tunnel that leads further underground.
26. All the food in the base goes foul overnight.
27. A group of solemn-looking children are escorted out the back of an old-fashioned truck and into the base, never to be seen again. None of the other officers admit to seeing them.
28. Carved into one of the placards is an Elder Sign.
29. The military base refuses to let anyone leave the base or contact the outside world for a few weeks and has a rotating shift of guards patrol the perimeter. During this time turning on the television brings on static that shrouds some rather disturbing pictures, using the telephone means listening to weird static-like laughter that rises to a terrible, mechanical screeching sound, and anyone who leaves gets just out of sight before a terrible tearing sound is heard and an awful scream goes up.

30. The commanding officer locks himself in his room, gibbering to himself. If anyone goes in to fetch him he commits suicide with his gun. His blood soaks into the wall forming stains that cannot be removed.
31. The investigators return from a tour of duty to find that everyone in the base is mourning the grisly death of one of them. They will not register his existence and will soon hunt him down and bury him. Alive.
32. The base intercom system is going nuts with static and weird noises. If you listen carefully, you can hear garbled orders coming through, although none of the officers are giving them. Listen long and carefully enough and you can piece together what sounds like this very same base taking part in a desperate fight for survival against an unknown aggressor.
33. Someone's been moving around in the barracks at night after lights-out, but no matter how many surprise bunk checks the officers make they can't find anyone out of place.
34. The chaplain begins service one Sunday morning only to discover that the text in his bible has somehow reversed itself - it's printed entirely right-to-left, including the inscription his seminary mentor wrote inside the front cover. Later, a hand-written log book is found to have reversed as well. Then the instrument labels in a plane's cockpit.
35. An unmarked group of fighter jets set down for refueling and servicing. The canopies are painted black on the inside. Officers have orders to shoot anyone who tries to look inside.
36. Every compass on the base swings North-East for ten minutes.
37. Civilian contractors on the base for the afternoon complain that the drinking water 'tastes funny'. As they leave, one is having trouble breathing and the second has developed a painful rash on his mouth and hands.
38. A new commanding officer sets the troops increasingly bizarre and pointless tasks. After a few days, these start to become dangerous as well as absurd.
39. Large quantities of new supplies start being shipped in unexpectedly. These are of a slightly worrying nature; decontamination equipment, NBC suits, and body bags.
40. A transport helicopter crashes spectacularly nearby. Personnel sent out to deal with the disaster find that many of the bodies have peculiar malformations not caused by crash injuries.

41. The base is placed on high alert; all leave is cancelled and no-one is allowed on or off base. The next day, all contact with the outside world is lost, but the CO refuses to allow anyone off base to investigate. Next morning, all has returned to usual, and the alert is cancelled. The outside world seems not to have experienced anything of the previous day, and the date has been advanced only one day, not two...
42. Guards are alerted to frequent disturbances at the perimeter fence. When they get there, there is nothing to see except the signs of frantic digging outside the fence. The marks look like they were made by an enormous dog, but there are also traces of a mysterious tarry substance.
43. The player characters find that their kit is, without their knowledge, being replaced by obsolescent gear. No-one else seems to notice. Then letters start being delivered for soldiers who aren't posted here, with postmarks that seem to be years out of date.
44. Something nasty is found in one of their boots.
45. Every time they awake, the floor is freshly washed. Despite the temperature, it always seems to stay wet.
46. An underground floor fills up with water from a burst pipe that goes up to their waist. The officers demand everyone go about their business as normal. Unfortunately, there's something in the water ... a woman with long hair who just seems to float there. Anyone who attempts to reach her—well, let's just say it's best not to try and reach her.
47. A PC wakes up to a room covered in words written in an Eldritch tongue and every night from that night on, he has to try to sleep with a high-up officer reading out the words each night.
48. The PCs are told to oversee the digging of a large trench by bulldozers on an isolated part of the base away from public view. Trucks drive up and the PCs help unload barrels of gasoline and drums of quicklime. Next to arrive are trucks containing heavy machine guns; the PCs have to set them up on tripods so they will sweep the edge of the trenches. A staff car turns up and a Five-Star General gets out along with two men in Black suits and sunglasses and makes a short speech—the substance of which is that sometimes a soldier has to obey orders without questioning them. The next vehicles that pull into sight are a line of buses, yellow school buses with shades drawn over the windows. The sound of the coach engines cannot quite mask the sound of children's voices singing "There was a farmer had a dog and Bingo was his name-o".

The City

1. You walk down one street to find all of the street lamps begin flickering. In the flickering shadows you can see the shadows of hung corpses, jerking about as though dancing.
2. One traffic light shows all lights as green.
3. Footprints seem burned into the cement.
4. See a man dragging himself along into a storm water drain. When you get close, you see a stained silhouette of him.
5. Several people in the crowd have their heads twisted backward but they act just like they were normal.
6. An odd siren plays in the distance that stops all the people in their tracks, causing them to turn and head towards the source. The siren stops and they all resume doing what they were doing. It happens with increasing frequency, taking longer each time to stop.
7. You move into a new apartment and introduce yourself to the neighbors. They act as though you've been there for years, and they don't like you much. In fact, everyone seems to know you and hold a very low opinion of you.
8. You're walking down a side street, and everything goes silent. No traffic, no sirens, no music, no humming air conditioners. The only sound is your own breathing. Even the air is still. Then you round a corner and everything's normal again.
9. Every paving stone, curb or concrete block you set foot on cracks. So does every pane of glass you look through.
10. You start seeing your name scrawled on walls everywhere you go.
11. You can hear a tremendous thudding sound coming from the next street over, but when you reach it, there's nothing. The sound repeats throughout the day, separated from you by just one wall, or office building. Sometimes it comes from the other side of a bus stopped in traffic. No-one else seems to notice.
12. Your electricity gets cut off because the power company thinks you're dead; then the water for the same reason. The post office begins returning your mail to sender. The bank closes your account. No matter how many calls you make or who you visit, you somehow keep getting officially listed as dead.
13. Every night as you return home, your neighbors all turn their lights out as you walk up the steps to the building.

14. Someone keeps sliding newspaper clippings of horrible crimes committed in your apartment under your door. No matter how many times you move, they always seem to know where you are, and somehow find fresh crimes to shock you with.
15. The sky is a weird brownish red, like blood stains, and the clouds are thick and redder, like blood clots (welcome to Adelaide).
16. Every time they pass through one of the busiest streets, they find that there is more and more mould. At first it's just in the cracks of buildings and pavement, then it's thickly encrusting window panes and soon it will make doors hard to open, cover sections of pavement. No one else steps on or touches the mould nor do they acknowledge it as oddly thick.
17. A television set sits in an alley. It's a plasma screen. Oddly, no one steals it. The next day, there's an expensive DVD player in a trolley. The next day the handles are hung with jewelry. Anyone who steals one of the items, finds that it's jammed, filled with, some sort of odd material that seeps out during the night, looking oddly like snail trails.
18. All the street vendors refuse to talk to the characters. They'll pack up and silently leave if questioned.
19. The mall they go into has shops that change position and doors that never seem to be in the same place twice. The mall directory can never be found.
20. As you walk down a street, you notice the street lights are flickering. Looking down, you see the shadows of figures hanging from the shadows of the street lights, seeming to jerk and twitch as though electrocuted. As you pass one of the street lights, the hairs on your arms rise up and you start to feel warm.
21. You go into a clothing store—which is unique for having its mannequins suspended from the ceiling—and chat to the cheery store clerk and take some clothes into the clothing room. After trying on everything, you come out and find the place deserted and all the mannequins are no longer intact, but they still all hang from the ceiling in menacing poses. What's more, there's a streak of thick red blood clotting on the ground, leading behind the counter.
22. All the windows on the apartment building you pass explode outward at the same time, creating a shower of glass that seems to drop down around you in slow motion.
23. You go into a book store and notice that all the words on the spines of each book seem to blur into each other. You just can't seem to distinguish any of the letters. What's worse, the letters seem to almost coalesce with letters on the spines of the other books.

24. Every photography shop you pass has all the pictures in the display windows turned with the picture into the wall, except one, which is a picture of a young man with a disproportioned face. He looks ill or somehow odd. As you pass the shop his face seems to become grimmer and darker and his eyes seem to follow you, same as the eyes in certain old paintings.
25. You pass by a construction site where work is being done on a waterline main or some such. The hole is quite wide and deep. There are two construction workers in an even deeper hole in the middle. They are bent over, and several machines are humming or otherwise making noise. Over the noise, you also seem to hear the sounds of muffled yelps or cries. Whenever the construction workers stop the machines, the yelps seem to stop also. Two other workers are doing work outside the deep hole, and both seem to be sweating quite profoundly. It's also a hot day, though.
26. It rains in your street; all day, every day.
27. The apartment where you live overlooks a funeral director's. Through the skylight, you can see a succession of autopsies on weirdly deformed people.
28. You see a succession of people enter an apartment building opposite where you live. You never see anyone come out.
29. The church near your home is filled with sounds of a loud choir singing in another language. You can also here in the undertones what sounds like an exhausted voice screaming for help, but it's hard to be sure if you truly hear it or if you just think you hear it.
30. A dumpster in an alley just across from you has an arm hanging out of it. When you go to check you find it's just a mannequin. You start seeing mannequins about frequently; on park benches, sitting on the steps of apartments, et cetera. One day your old friend comes over, complaining of nightmares, and goes to sleep on your couch. You wake up to find a mannequin lying in place there.
31. Every time you come home the phone in your apartment rings as you approach the door. But you can never open the door in time and no one ever leaves a message. Your caller ID says 'Private Name, Private Number'.
32. You wake in the middle of the night certain that someone is in the room with you. Lying there, silently, you can hear their breathing. You turn the light on but no one is there.
33. A helicopter seems to follow you all day, every day, buzzing high in the sky above.

34. Late one night, you've been out drinking and can't seem to catch a taxi home. They all ignore you, speeding by. As you decide to walk home, you notice that the buses aren't running either. And now the taxis stop passing you as well. So do the other cars. Now you notice there isn't another single person or car or bus or anything on the street around you. You are alone.
35. You try to pay for your groceries at the store and your wallet is empty except for a stack of faded photographs. You hand the photographs to the checker; he accepts them and gives you 'change' in other, smaller snapshots. You see that his register is full of only photographs.
36. While driving at night you overtake a slowly moving hearse. After passing the car you check your rear view mirror and there's nothing behind you but open road. After a while the hearse is again in front of you.
37. Across the city, strange storefronts can be found in deserted back alleys. The store-fronts always have items from times in the past; old books, newspapers, clothes, etc. The windows are dusty but there is a dull light that burns inside and you think you can see someone moving around. The sign on the door reads "closed" and there is no response to any knocking.
38. A street sign says 'You're in hell.'
39. You wake up every morning with a new scar somewhere in your body.
40. Contents of a carton of juice include human remains.
41. You find your flat mate pacing back and forth every time you get home as though waiting for something. One night you wake up to the sound of his footsteps and, irritated, go out to tell him off. He's not there. He's not in his room either. The very next night the footsteps are in the hall. Then they're marching by your bed.
42. Children play hopscotch with skipping ropes, the handles of which are encrusted with grease and ash.
43. One day, it just starts snowing ash as you go about your business. On the radio you hear reports about fires rushing in from the north yet no one seems panicked. Everyone seems quite calm—melancholy, even—as they go about their business.
44. Every fortune telling machine you try tells you to watch your back.
45. Your friends and family starts calling you by a different name. You check your ID and find the same name there. You check with the officials and they confirm this, showing you a birth certificate and also a death certificate.

46. Every night you see people you know on the evening news. They have been kidnapped, murdered, raped or abused. The next day, you see them at work or in the street, as if nothing has happened.
47. You pass a small gated park. It is dingy and in poor repair, the home of vagrants. At the center of the park is an equestrian statue dedicated to a General Ambrose (1851-1932). He is praised as “The Victor of the Battle of Mt. Holly and Liberator of New Jersey. Accepted the Surrender of Von Gartenlaube at Cape May, Nov. 11, 1917.” The statue’s base is tagged with graffiti mostly from a gang called “The Kings”.

Hospitals

This covers everything from dental clinics to hospitals to asylums. These aren't so much weird events—they rarely ever are—but make great plot hooks. Need to get some investigators together? Make a ruling that they must all create characters that are ill. (On that note, anyone know any adventures created about hospitals?) Here are a few basic ideas:

1. Whenever a particular nurse comes near, the investigator suffers a nose bleed, ear ache or a terrible pain in his head.
2. A particular person always seems to be waiting by the bed next to them but no one seems to know who they are. As frequently as they are escorted out of the building, they just seem to find their way back.
3. The bed they fall asleep on always seems to be damp or the mattress is stained with charcoal.
4. They go to sleep in one room and wake up in another, or they wake up on a gurney in the middle of the room.
5. A stain on the wall that the cleaners always scrub at but that never goes away. In fact, it seems to grow larger.
6. The television in the common area shows images of static-shrouded hell whenever a particular orderly, nurse, doctor or other patient walks past.
7. Whenever entering the first floor toilets, one always seems to exit the second floor toilets (hello Silent Hill).
8. The investigators check someone in for treatment, and when they return to check on him, the hospital is abandoned.
9. The investigators are completely ignored by staff, patients, and visitors, even if the investigators get right up in their face.

10. In one room, the wall paint changes color every night.
11. Muffled crying, laughing or mumbling can be heard from a cell. When investigated the cell is always empty.
12. A clock on the wall always skips 5 minutes around midnight. Maybe a patient hung himself at around this time...?
13. The next door private room to the investigators' ward contains a badly burnt man under police guard. Occasionally, he babbles in a language the investigators don't understand, though they may recognize it as something fairly obscure - say, Maltese. Overnight, he disappears, and the staff is unwilling to talk about him. Over the next couple of days, incomprehensible messages appear scratched or smeared on walls in the ward, the bathrooms, etc. They are in Maltese.
14. A shaken-looking porter claims within player earshot to have seen the "Judas Pig" again in the steam corridors.
15. An investigator dreams of a tide of blood pouring into the corridor from a spot on the wall. Next morning, hospital cleaning staff is attempting to remove a small but stubborn stain from that very point.
16. There is a senile old man on the ward with the PCs. On one occasion, he gets out of bed when there is no staff nearby and wanders over to the nearest PC. Pointing at an NPC in another bed, he whispers conspiratorially, "They'll get him next." Then he goes back to bed and can't subsequently be engaged in coherent conversation. An hour or so later, the indicated NPC goes into cardiac arrest and dies despite the best efforts of the staff. The next day, the old man does the same thing again, but this time the person he indicates is one of the PCs.
17. The elevators in the giant city hospital don't show a floor 13 - such a superstitious omission isn't unusual, and the elevator doesn't appear to take any extra time getting between floors 12 and 14. However, if the floors are counted from outside, there doesn't appear to be one missing.
18. An inmate in a straightjacket is always rocking back and forth babbling to himself. It is impossible to get in touch with him. But whenever a particular PC comes near him he becomes silent, recoils in fear, and whimpers.
19. In the bathroom there is a message scratched in the wall. When you look into the mirror you see it says "help me".
20. One inmate is convinced every surface is covered in bugs. Not unusual, but whenever one of the PCs come in the inmates cell he sees them too. Nobody else does.

21. The patient-investigator seems to be forgotten by everyone and he has to make his way alone out of there, only to wake up again in the same bed the moment he reaches the door
22. A PC patient is admitted for some specific ailment—but the staff wants to treat something else entirely, with radical means (E.g. colostomy and kidney transplantation for retinal detachment or chemo-therapy for a dislocated shoulder).
23. A patient always has recent wounds in strange patterns on his back or other places he can't reach himself despite being in an isolation cell
24. Every time the investigators hear about something weird has happened it was a particular person's watch. All attempts to contact or otherwise get in touch with this person fail as nobody knows where he lives or where he is. He is never at work when the PCs are there.
25. The hospital I work for has a building which **does** have a secret floor, the very top one. It's not numbered, and only one of the elevators goes that high. The only secrets it holds at the moment are pumps for the air conditioning and a single backup server, but I'm lobbying the management to put a genetics lab or a psychiatric ward or **something** worth keeping hidden up there. We also have secret patients—people whose identities have to be kept secret because they're under police protection or hiding from an abusive partner. They have no records or documentation, and the only staff who know they're on-site are the doctors and nurses treating them. Even then, they may not know their real names. There's also a series of tunnels, both for utilities (the hospital generators could power the entire central city in an emergency) and transporting cadavers to the university next door. They have weird geometric patterns painted on the walls, but so do most of the other hospital buildings that were constructed in the 1970s. One thing that'll surprise you about hospitals is how much hidden space they have - utility rooms, ducting and pneumatic delivery systems, alcoves for machinery that isn't used anymore, things like that. There are rooms where no-one has been for **years** because only Facilities have the keys, and nothing in there has needed maintenance in that time. Sadly, our morgue is about as un-spooky as it gets. Bright fluorescent lights, radio playing constantly, large open spaces—disappointing, really.
Sif's Note: Not spooky but potentially useful, so I added it to the document.
26. A blood sample comes in for analysis from a private healthcare company. It has a weird, acrid odor that stings the eyes and nose. A spectroscope gives meaningless results and microscope slides become cloudy and corroded. When quizzed about the sample the company protests that they're paying to have questions answered, not asked.

27. One of the doctors is a miracle worker. It seems like there's no injury or disease he can't treat. His reputation is spreading across the city. The thing is, none of the hospital staff recognize his name or description and he has no employment or clinic records in the hospital's filing system.
28. The hospital's emergency ward has a 'worst case scenario' room with protocols and vital supplies for pandemics and other full scale emergencies. At the back of this room is **another** room, which has been locked as long as anyone can remember, and even the hospital's director doesn't have a key. The only identification on the door is a handwritten sign reading 'ROSENBERG SCENARIO - NO ADMITTANCE'.
29. During every nightshift at 1:17 in the morning every clock in the hospital seems to skip forward 22 minutes. Outside clocks confirm the time is correct, somehow those 22 minutes have passed—but no-one can remember them.
30. Three identical interns, all brothers, express an interest in specializing in prenatal medicine. Shortly after they begin practicing in the maternity ward, medical checks reveal fetuses going *missing* from inside pregnant women.
31. A nurse makes a complaint to the medical ethics council—a surgeon she has been assisting with abortions hasn't been taking things out, he's been putting them *in*.
32. One particular theatre is no longer used because no matter what surgical procedure is being performed in there, the patient will die of an arterial blood clot in the left lung.
33. The hospital has been ordering ten times its usual supply of a rare blood type, all for use in treating a particular patient. However, that patient isn't receiving treatment and hasn't even been checked into the hospital in more than a year.
34. There is an old car in the parking lot. It belongs to a patient whose room lies directly above it. It is old, but in good shape. One night the patient dies. Next morning, the paint is peeling off. Two days later and the windows show cracks. A few weeks later, obvious rust stains appear.
35. One of the players is in the Night watch's office. The red light blinks and the phone is ringing. The signal is coming from the morgue, but it's locked.
36. Hospital has had a number of complaints regarding surgical procedures that have gone wrong. These all share the same theme that a perfectly healthy organ has been removed in error. No record can be found of the disposal of the removed organs.
37. Hospital has suffered a spate of thefts over a short period of time. By working out what has been taken the PCs might get a clue as to what the intent of the thief is.

38. A new patient arrives and chats happily to the person on the bed beside them. Day by day, they lose a part of their anatomy and continue to quite happily explain that the doctors are making them better.
39. Awaken to find the walls water-stained and a one-inch puddle on the floor. Nobody else notices the fact that everything is damp.
40. Find yourself in a hospital with no memory of any ailment and a kidney removed.
41. You wake up in a psych ward. All attempts to persuade the workers to let you out fail and all but one of the inmates are useless. The one who is not is constantly looking at you. The only thing he will ever say is that "They came with us, they will take us away." One day he suddenly says, "They know. They are coming. They will take you next." The next morning he has disappeared.
42. The player is in the bed next to a psychiatric case that always awakens at night and screams about bugs all over the room. One day he is discharged and the player moved into his old bed. Afterwards, the player will wake up every night to find the room crawling.

The Farm

A farmhouse surrounded by open spaces in the middle of the rural countryside is the ideal place for a stressed investigator to relax, don't you agree?

1. A hard-boiled egg with breakfast is the right way to start the day. Except that when these eggs are cracked open, they contain eyes rather than yolks. Or if you were playing in a modern setting it could be tied to a plan to grow replacement human organs (eyes) in chicken eggs and only a step from just harvesting animal organs for xeno-transplants. There may not be any mythos involvement at all, but it could still be a really creepy investigation.
2. Farmer McGee down the road has the best bacon in the area. So good in fact, that people are willing to riot, maim, or kill if it's the only way to get some.
3. A tanker truck with a sign lettered in no recognizable alphabet shows up with a work order from the local council ordering that the storage cisterns of all residences on tank water be treated with chemicals. They won't say what chemicals, but they're armed and pushy enough to physically restrain anyone who gets in their way.
4. Plants usually grow towards the sun. Every plant within sight of the house seems to be growing in that direction.

5. The nearest neighbor has a fattening shed, where pigs are force-fed for slaughter. And pig screams often do sound like human screams. They usually don't have words in them, though.
6. The animals start eating each other.
7. The farm has a colony of semi-feral cats the farmer tolerates because they kill rats. Lately, the vermin they've been leaving on the door step have been getting stranger and stranger.
8. No-one remembers planting that field of vines in the shady gully behind the far pasture. Everyone's a little surprised that it seems to be growing a crop of weird animals.
9. There's a special shed where only a very specific herd of dairy cows are milked. The fluid, and it doesn't look like anything dairy-related, is taken away in an unmarked van with smoked-glass windows by a driver who never gets out of the vehicle.
10. A decades-old photo of workmen bringing in a successful harvest shows a pyramid in the centre of the field, with bloody animal carcasses suspended by ropes looped over the crown.
11. The plough often digs up small fossils or maybe old arrowheads. But what is this strange mechanism that came up? And why is it glowing...
12. Nobody ever goes near the open septic tank. The stench is dreadful and one of the farmhands claims to have seen something moving down there. And the cat is missing...
13. A strange species of mushroom has begun growing on the inside of the barn. Worse yet, now it is also growing on some of the pigs who live in there.
14. 2 words: Crop circles.
15. The rats are getting bigger and bigger. The cat is beginning to have deep scratches on its snout and has stopped trying to get into the hole at the far end of the stables.
16. All the farmhands seem curiously inbred—no, on closer examination they are exactly identical in every way.
17. At night strange lights flash from the top of the feed silo and ominous groaning and howling sounds from within.
18. The apple cheeked farmers wife serves you with home cookin'—when you open the piecrust maggots and cockroaches spill forth in a squirming mass.

19. One animal is clearly being fattened up for a special occasion—enquiries only lead to half mumbled explanations about an “offerin”.
20. The blowsy overdeveloped daughter in the thin, worn out cotton dress has a strange scar, birthmark or appendage somewhere on her body.
21. The wheat in one field dies overnight—the entire hundred acres is replaced by a strange red mould heaped and clumped in bizarre shapes, meters thick.
22. At lambing time all the lambs are born with two heads.
23. All the farm dogs prowl menacingly before one specific outbuilding. Any attempt to enter is met with a savage, almost, rabid attack by the pack.
24. In one stable the horses simultaneously smash their heads against the stall walls until they have dashed their brains out and collapse, kicking and screaming as they die.
25. One of the stable hands takes a sickle and blinds all the horses in the stable with it.
26. The farmer orders a small humped, wooded feature in a field to be ploughed under. It is found to be a Stone Age era Long Barrow, whose occupants resent being disturbed (or red Indian burial site for our American readers).
27. One morning the hex sign on the barn is found to have spontaneously combusted, scarring a strange unknown symbol into the woodwork—then things begin to get weird.
28. The farm is suddenly overrun with snakes—thousands of them forming a writhing carpet of serpents which covers the entire farmyard.
29. An old woman who lives in a cottage in nearby woods asks for a handout at the Farm gate one day. She is refused and stalks off muttering in a strange archaic language. Within days the butter will not churn, the prize pig dies, the hens will not lay and the farm is infested with fleas as big as beetles. One of the farm hands suggests, “swimming the witch, then having us a burning...”
30. All the children on the farm begin to make identical straw dollies and talk about “He who walks behind the rows...”

The Aquarium

Because aquariums can be scary places.

1. Strange glowing eggs appear overnight in the tropical fish tank. When a marine biologist is called in, she goes pale and refuses to identify them.
2. Cuttlefish begin communicating with each other using combinations of tentacle postures and color changes never before documented.
3. An octopus that lost a tentacle in a fight is regrowing two more in its place. According to one witness, both of them have retractable barbed hooks.
4. The water has a faint luminescence visible only in darkness. Tracking down the protozoan or algae responsible is proving difficult.
5. One of the custodians is developing webbing between his fingers and toes and scales on his back. At the same time a sturgeon in one of the tanks appears to be growing hands, feet, and hair
6. Something is eating the Moray Eels. Well, the insides anyway
7. One of the pebbles on the bottom of the tank looks uncannily like a finger bone, but it's just too far away to be sure.
8. Dr. Moore, who just got back from a collection trip to the South Seas, has been acting strange lately. He's keeps his office door locked all the time. When standing outside the door you could swear he's talking to someone, but the only thing in his office is the tank holding the one exotic fish he brought back.
9. The pipes underneath the tanks which supply water to the tanks have begun to glow. No one is sure why.
10. Jenny, the nutritionist who creates the "diets" for the fish, has begun using an odd meat. No one is sure what she is using, but the fish are looking better than ever.
11. Every fish in the store/lab except the one(s) in the experimental tank, die.
Variants: Any fish placed in the experimental tank comes back to life.
12. Any bits of scenery placed into the experimental tank quickly become twisted, deformed, and overgrown with unknown algae.
Variants: Removed from the water, the algae dries up instantly, becoming a powdery dust so brittle and light-weight that it immediately becomes airborne.
13. The airborne dust, when inhaled by humans induces a powerful hallucinogenic trance-state.
14. One of the aquariums are empty in the morning, save for the fish's young who have grown dramatically. There is no sign of the adults.

15. The dolphins of the aquarium have become depressed and frightened. One has tried jumping out of the tank onto dry land, and another is consistently banging its head against the glass.
16. All the fish avoid a particular corner of their tank.
17. Walking past a tank, out of the corner of your eye you see what appears to be a mermaid. Turning, you only see a large tail disappearing behind a rock.
18. Three days in a row, three different people attempt to drown themselves in a tank, each claiming they want to return to the ocean.
19. You can "hear" the fish of a certain tank talking to you, whispering the secrets of the aquarium staff and tourists.
20. The sharks become agitated when a particular individual nears their tanks; some go so far as to bash themselves against the glass, seemingly wanting to attack this individual.
21. Early during your tour of the aquarium you see a small nondescript fish. In each tank you view from then on you see the same fish, and each time you see it, it has additional qualities. At first it is larger, then more so. It has three eyes, then four. Now it is the size of a small dog and it always swims to you when you approach. When you return home, the fish is in your aquarium and has eaten all your other fish.
22. An octopus is spelling out words with pebbles on the bottom of his tank. He needs his mouth washed out with soap.
23. Horseshoe crab (*Polyphemus occidentalis* among others) autopsies reveal an unidentifiable oily coloured metal cube at the base of the spine. When another is removed from the tank for dissection the remaining specimens array themselves uniformly in the tank and stare coldly at the researcher who swears later, after some valium, that some of their tails were glowing like angler fishes lures. Once relieved of his duties the senior marine biologist assumes responsibility for the research. He is found dead the next day with puncture marks in his ankle. Obviously poisoned his veins are standing out and are an unnaturally rich colour. The only clue is the silver residue around the wound(s).
24. The water in the main tank has gotten cloudily opaque and cold. When a workman lowers a ladder into it in order to check the valves, it drops away out of sight and never hits the bottom. Later, everything returns to normal.
25. The director has a tank in a private room holding fish that fit no known standard of taxonomy, brought back fifty years ago from a tropical island no one has been

able to find since. They eat only human flesh, which he obtains through an arrangement with a local medical school.

26. All the tanks suddenly overflow. The water continues pouring until the halls are waist-deep. And the sharks are mysteriously gone from their tank.
27. The caretaker is obsessed with mermaids. He's collected every scrap of legend about them he could find. Now his mind has snapped and he's decided it's time to make one of his own, using the dolphins and one of the university tour groups as raw materials.
28. The sculptor that the aquarium hired to sculpt and design the seascape and terrain of the huge new massive southern pacific wing has been having terrible dreams of late. As he draws them up for inspiration, he sculpts and builds up a sunken city environment that most people feel is stunning, alien and beautiful. But once in a while, guests see the display and go mad; some try to climb into the tank, others claim to be able to read the glyphs that are carved into the faux ruins, and still others simply become entranced and have to be forcibly removed from the exhibit. Most often, these people are last seen by the exhibit then go missing forever more. Of course the artist does not know that he has tapped into a primal, and terrible, alien consciousness. When an investigation eventually takes place, it may require someone to enter the massive pool to get a close up of the sculptures and artwork.

Variant: It turns out that the entire thing is simply an elaborate gateway to the actual sunken city, and is a hideous design of some obscure water god.

The Power Plant

On a lonely stretch of road off of Highway 92, along a slowly winding patch of the Neversink River, stands an abandoned electrical power plant. One side of the factory faces the river while the opposite side sits against the bottom of a cliff. Surrounding the other sides of the factory are thick woods. A chain link fence feebly attempts to keep out trespassers, but by the amount of rust and holes in the fence it is obvious to anyone it has failed many times at its job. The only sign of life in the power plant is a guard's shack that stands out by the main gate. A guard, usually drunk, sleeps in there occasionally and only during the day - never at night.

Nobody hikes the area around the power plant anymore. Three years ago a girl from a nearby town apparently killed herself by hurling herself off the cliff. When her body was found she had a strange full body tattoo that she'd somehow kept hidden from everyone.

Two years ago a group of three hikers were doing some bird watching in the area and got lost. One of them reportedly made a frantic 911 call on her cell phone, but the connection went dead before any details could be given. The trio were never seen again.

Just last year some motorist passing that stretch of road spotted strange lights and reported hearing weird sounds, like a cross between static, screaming and metal grinding on metal. They sped pass as quickly as they could.\

Two years ago a construction site 3 miles down the river from the power plant where up-market condominiums were being built was vandalized in the middle of the night. The few frames already constructed were set on fire with much of the heavy equipment vandalized so it would not run without major costly repairs.

The development company put out a statement that it was eco-terrorists trying to protect the local habitat, however no group ever claimed responsibility for the damage and there was no evidence to support the company's claim. Also, even though several years have passed the development never restarted.

The lone security guard on duty the night of the attack is currently at the state mental health facility suffering from severe schizophrenia, which he did not have before that night. He was found the morning after, screaming as he bathed himself in the river trying to clean a fresh wound on his upper chest resembling an eye shallowly carved into his pectoral. The company denies that this happened, stating that Thad Combs had his break with reality after the vandalism and that he carved the mark himself while undergoing treatment.

It often comes as a surprise to those who see the plant for the first time that it has been closed less then five years. Looking at its overgrown walls and rusted equipment, one could easily imagine it had been abandoned much longer. No one in the nearest community can say exactly why it closed down either. There are rumors of some kind of accident, but nothing specific. The company that owned it said, in its only statement to the press, that it had simply ceased to be profitable. The plant's former workers doubt this, however as they were terminated on very short notice. But they were given generous severance pay and didn't complain too much.

Rumor has it, however, that one of the workers disappeared after being buried in one of the coal-piles outside the plant. His body was not found during the rescue/recovery attempt, so the plant's management decided to start using the pile in question earlier than planned in order to expose the body that must be there...

It was never recovered, and soon after the facility shut down.

The generators were stripped down and sold, and now only the empty shell of the building remains. Rainwater and bird-droppings gradually conspiring to let in the raging elements. Cavernous halls, echoing with emptiness greet the daredevil explorer. Rusty window-frames hold broken, dusty panes or thin air, while peeling paint and dubious stains bear silent witness to the gradual intrusion of seeping water...

With the power plant shut down there has been concern that it may have contaminated the groundwater. Nothing official has been done, but rumors abound bout cancer

incidents and birth defects. Many residents have taken to drinking bottled water, but bathing in the area is sure to expose you to the local water . . . indeed, doctors at the local medical centre have determined that some of the rumors are more than idle gossip. There appears to be a “ cluster “ of unexplained cancers amongst the older members of the Plant’s former workforce in the nearby town – those with some of the longest service records in fact. The illness exhibits as blackened tumorous growths on the upper abdomen that respond to neither chemotherapy nor radiation treatments.

The illness progresses rapidly after its first diagnosis, with the growths rapidly spreading from the abdomen to the limbs and face. Death is normally within days – weeks at the most, once the tumors have first manifested. The victims die in a torment of agony, which even the most stringent regime of continuous pain relief can do little to alleviate. So far there have been five recorded cases, and local health officials are on the point of bringing in specialist outside help –there being no immediate sign of recognizable industrial illness stemming from the known hazards that the men were exposed to during their time working at the plant. Tissue samples are held at the local hospital awaiting further analysis –the bodies have been released to the relatives for burial. Feelings in the local community are running high against the former owners of the plant...

A week ago, a local crop duster told friends of strange signs he saw daubed on the roofs of the abandoned buildings whilst overflying the power plant.

Around the same time the crop-duster made his fly-by, other locals reported the construction of a strange metallic structure by one of the more eccentric residents. According to residents, Roy Verity had long been fascinated with the metal structures found in and around power plants. His job running a scrap metal yard had afforded him a vast and growing collection. Most folks dismissed him as a "crazy ol' coot," but parents often told their children tales of the Mad Scientist: Dr. Perpetuum.

Those who were familiar with the plant during its operation knew that Roy had applied several times for a position with the plant, only to be repeatedly turned down. When the plant closed and the parts were scrapped, the townsfolk never heard from Roy again. His closest neighbor (lived 10 miles away) swore he saw trucks with lots of 'high-tech' metal pulling up to Verity's place about a week after the plant closed.

Now, the metal structure reaches over the tree-line along the rural driveway leading to Verity's scrap-yard. The architecture looks like something straight out of Jules Verne. The most prominent feature is a large egg-shaped cage perched atop a tall pole. Though constructed from bizarre capacitors, the devices aimed at the cage look surprisingly like B-class sci-fi movie ray guns. Strange anthropomorphized metal objects hang from the guide wires leading from the egg to other bizarre towers around the circumference.

To the north of the structure a comically large telescope cranes towards the sky. The items from which it was made are unidentifiable, though they may have been casings from a power plant's core. Behind a grove of trees near the telescope is a turret-like object standing about 15 feet high. A pilot's chair serves as the control center, with long wide-

barreled tubes stick up like anti-aircraft guns. Craning up from the back of the chair is a huge rectangular projector that looks eerily like a speaker.

No one knows what function this colossus could possibly serve, except one man: Roy Verity. And no one has seen him in years.

There are no court records of lawsuits involving the power plant; nor were there any shocking exposes in any local periodicals when the plant shut down. This is what makes the rumors about the plant's demise so tantalizing.

Children who grew up downwind sang any number of disturbing songs about the plant and the noisome odor that sometimes came from its stacks while they jumped rope or played hopscotch. Those whose families have not moved away are now sullen-faced teens with no enthusiasm for speaking with curious adults. But some of them - as well as a few living seniors who watched the kids play from their porches or heard the chants through open windows - might recall a few snatches of the lyrics.

Recently, word got out that a private investigator was set to go to the press with evidence linking company executives to a rash of "accidental deaths" of employees while the power plant was still operational. Rumor has it that he somehow got his hands on damning internal documents that had been sealed from the public eye concerning eleven deaths over a period of ten years, and that he could prove the deaths were far beyond accidental. Families of those victims refuse to talk about the deaths and company officials deny any wrongdoings and insist the deaths were "industrial accidents".

The investigator in question disappeared on his way to meet with a local reporter on the evening he was to tell his tale. Oddly enough, a convoy of company vehicles entered the plant the very next day amid much tongue-wagging by the local townsfolk. Over the course of three to four days, brand-new chain-link fences topped with razor wire replaced the rusting, broken fence that had stood since the plant closed. Shiny new signs warning of contamination hazards, as well as a few startling "Private Property - Armed Company Guards On Duty", have been posted along the new fence and the roadway into the plant. A new locking gate has replaced the rusted hulk that had been hanging off its hinges.

News will also break that a former company executive has committed suicide. His wife will explain that he had met twice with a man from the town where the power plant was (who also happens to fit the description of the missing P.I.), and the only thing she can offer is that her husband said he was a reporter and was interested in the goings-on at the plant when it was still open. Several nights later he abruptly left the house after getting a phone call, which she said appeared to delivering jarring news, and didn't return until late that night. She was awakened by a gunshot, and found her husband dead at the kitchen table with a bullet in his head and a pistol in his hand. She claims he never owned a gun.

Miscellany

There's a lot of "true life" ghost stories collected by the fine goons over at Something Awful that have been archived publicly here. Check it out for inspiration or if it's two in the morning and you want to make going past that open bathroom door even creepier than normal:

<http://ghostgoons.com/archives/index.php>

If you want odd items, this place is nearly endless:

<http://www.warehouse23.com/basement/>

This isn't from any forum but instead a news report from 1997 about a fascinating, urban-based mythology made up by street children in Miami. It's made the internet rounds but it's absolutely worth a look if you somehow missed it so far:

<http://www.miaminewtimes.com/1997-06-05/news/myths-over-miami/>

I thought this one was cute for all the obvious meta-nerding reasons:

- RPGnet is really a cover website for a cult. Its forum posters are all part of it, and use the forums to convey messages about their terrorist plans. They do so using code words and semantic cyphers. For instance, [Exalted] means "High Alert", it's an indicator that something BIG is going down. "FATAL" means that a group member has died. A post on tangency with a right wing nutty bent indicates that the feds are watching, one with a left wing bent that the aliens are watching.
Sif's Note: This is from the White Wolf boards and didn't really fit in but I felt this man was worth archiving:
- The janitor causes strange feedback to play from your speakers and for your computer screen to grow discolored whenever he prances past. His name is Herr Doktor Von Gaussmeister, and he's fantastic.

A Final Message From the White Wolf boards:

- One day you notice something strange. Soon you discover that what seemed strange is actually quite menacing. That's just about when you realize it is personally menacing you! ;)
Sif's Note: That about sums it up, folks!

CREDITS

4chan's Traditional Gaming and Paranormal Boards

<http://www.4chan.org/>

Warning: Never, ever go to 4chan in anything resembling a work or family environment. Seriously. Never.

Monte Cook's D20 forum:

<http://pub102.ezboard.com/fokayourturnfrm20.showMessage?topicID=314.topic>

RPG.net threads:

<http://forum.rpg.net/showthread.php?t=287623>

<http://forum.rpg.net/showthread.php?t=221940>

<http://forum.rpg.net/showthread.php?t=289953>

<http://forum.rpg.net/showthread.php?t=120418>

Wizards of the Coast forums:

<http://boards1.wizards.com/showthread.php?t=166882>

The Yog-sothoth forums:

<http://www.yog-sothoth.com/modules.php?name=Forums&file=viewtopic&p=5331#5331>

<http://www.yog-sothoth.com/modules.php?name=Forums&file=viewtopic&p=105490#105490>

The Unknown Armies website:

http://www.unknown-armies.com/content.php?id=C0_8_3

White Wolf's Forums

<http://forums.white-wolf.com/viewtopic.php?t=681>