CREATURES LOST TO SCIENCE

In forbidden forest glens, deep highland lakes, and lost jungle swamps, they live their secret lives, hidden from human eyes.

There have been hundreds of sightings, but still society denies their existence.

The proof exists, yet science shuns all who would reveal it.

Are they remnants of our distant ancestors, survivors of a lost age, or something completely unknown?

These are the mysterious creatures of Cryptozoology: the study of unknown terrestrial lifeforms. We know them as Bigfoot, the Jersey Devil, the Loch Ness Monster, and the Chupacabras. All these and more are revealed herein, including all the information needed to integrate cryptozoological phenomena into your Conspiracy X campaign.

Cryptozoology also details two new organizations from which player characters can be recruited: The Royal Cryptozoological Society and the mysterious Titanidae. New advantages and disadvantages, and new Pulling Strings for these organizations are provided as well.

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For E. Quinn,
his memory will live forever.

Cryptozoology

EDEN STUDIOS INC

Cryptozoology
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Cryptozoology marks a slight departure in the line of Conspiracy X sourcebooks. This book presents a whole range of adventure possibilities which do not necessarily revolve around aliens or the supernatural. Rather than starting with actual history and detailing the plots and powers behind the events, this sourcebook is based on actual scientific endeavors and provides options for expanding your Conspiracy X campaign in that area.

Cryptozoology is a real science, although it does not get much respect in the hallowed halls of academia. Cryptozoologists concern themselves with the study of previously unknown and unclassified species. Additionally, cryptozoology studies known species located in inappropriate or unexpected locations, and seeks to identify possible new sub-species. While the purported existence, and the attempted at scientific study of creatures like Bigfoot and the Loch Ness Monster have made cryptozoology famous, such fantastic reports have also been used by detractors to cast aspersions on cryptozoology's scientific validity. Tabloid creatures, although definitely a part of genuine cryptozoological study, are not the whole of the science. Cryptozoologists study hundreds of different animals all over the world, from panthers in Great Britain to the legendary giant octopus. These are real men and women working on real scientific problems.

Of course, dry scientific research will hardly hold together a roleplaying campaign. This volume takes the science of cryptozoology and spices it up a bit for Conspiracy X. You will read descriptions of over fifteen different creatures that are famous in the annals of cryptozoology. Real stories unearthed by scientists and researchers have been shamelessly mixed with the lore and background of the Conspiracy X world. You will learn some of the truth from this book, but it will always be difficult to separate truth from myth. That's the exciting part of cryptozoology -- not knowing.

Researching a cryptozoological phenomenon is like unraveling a mystery and this book details over a dozen such mysteries. Even after extensive investigation, the players may not learn the whole story. Indeed, no absolute answers are given to these mysteries. Instead, several possible solutions are presented, leaving it to the Game Master to decide what is fact in their game world, and how much the players will ever find out.
CHAPTER SUMMARY

Chapter One: Origin of Species includes introductory comments and a timeline of important events in cryptozoological history.

Chapter Two: The Seekers reveals two new organizations for the Conspiracy X universe: The Royal Cryptozoological Society and the Titanidae. Both groups have an abiding interest in things cryptozoological, but each takes a very different view. The Royal Cryptozoological Society (RCS) is a privately owned and funded research foundation, dedicated to discovering the scientific facts behind the rumors. The Titanidae are psychics and occultists, looking for signs of the mystical, supernatural and paranormal, and battling the machinations of the gods. Rules for generating player characters affiliated with either group are given.

Chapter Three: The Sightings is devoted to creatures and animals from the annals of cryptozoology. Presented here are the field reports, lectures, and secret memoranda of both the RCS and the Titanidae. These are provided as background material for both players and Game Master alike. In some cases, both of the groups’ views on a particular creature are revealed. Other times, only the view of the group that is most interested in the subject is provided. For example, the RCS has expressed little interest in Faeries, while the Titanidae find them fascinating.

Chapter Four: Genus and Species details the game statistics, mission briefs, and scenario hooks for creating cryptozoological adventures in Conspiracy X. No absolutes are declared. Rather, several different options are suggested from which the GM may choose the idea that fits his or her campaign, or blend a new combination of ideas, and really throw the characters for a loop. This section is meant for Game Masters primarily, but even if the players read it (which they may well do), they will not know which answer the Game Master has chosen.

The Appendix presents new rules and reference materials for Game Mastering cryptozoological and other adventures. Include are statistics for animals and “normal” creatures. From guard dogs to elephants to poisonous snakes, a Game Master will find everything she needs to show that even the mundane can be deadly.

HOW TO USE CRYPTOZOOLOGY

Players and Game Masters will find a wealth of background information regarding many of the most famous cryptozoological phenomena. This information is presented without Conspiracy X game mechanics so that it may be used as play aids, handouts or research results in any kind of modern roleplaying game campaign.

Players also have access to two new background organizations. Each group has a particular structure, series of goals, special pulling strings and a few new traits for character generation. Player characters from these groups may be the main protagonists in a cryptozoologically oriented campaign, or Aegis recruits (with a twist) in a regular conspiratorial/aliens campaign.

Game Masters gain a series of options for deciding the "reality" behind the background information available to everyone. These suggestions may be adopted wholesale, or tailored to each GM’s preferences. Further new twists on magic and rituals in the Conspiracy X game world are provided.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

In writing the book we have consulted innumerable sources, but would like to mention a few books and journals that proved invaluable:

Bauer, Henry.  The Enigma of Loch Ness
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Bord, Janet and Colin. Unexplained Mysteries of the 20th Century
Calder, George, ed.  Highland Fairy Legends
Clark, Jerome.  Unexplained!
Dinsdale, Tim.  The Loch Ness Monster
Eberhardt, George.  A Geo-bibliography of Anomalies
Green, John W.  Sasquatch: the Apes Among Us.
Halpin, Majorie M, ed.  Manlike Monsters on Trial
Heuvelmans, Bernard.  In the Wake of the Sea-serpents
Heuvelmans, Bernard. On the Track of Unknown Animals
Howard, Michael.  The Occult Conspiracy
Hunter, Don.  Sasquatch
Ley, Willy.  The Lungfish and the Unicorn
Mackal, Roy P.  The Monsters of Loch Ness
Napier, John Russell.  Bigfoot; the Yeti and Sasquatch in Myth
Ross, Anne.  The Folklore of the Scottish Highlands
Simpson, Evelyn Blantyre.  Folklore in Lowland Scotland
Whyte, Constance.  More Than a Legend
Wyle, Kenneth.  Bigfoot: A Personal Inquiry into a Phenomenon.

We also wish to acknowledge several periodicals:

The International Society for Cryptozoology Newsletter.
Fate (magazine).
Fortean Times (magazine).

We would also like to extend a special thanks to Prof. Frank Poirier of The Ohio State University Department of Anthropology for his time and help with the hairy hominids.
The following timeline details the significant events in the history of cryptozoology. For ease of reference, Earth time and the modern calendar nomenclature is used.

900 B.C. The Children of the Titans are formed by a philosopher/mystic by the name of Mezentius.

475 B.C. Mezentius' colony holds a series of games honoring the fallen Titans. Heiron, the Tyrant of Syracuse, approaches the town under the guise of peace, and slaughters the colonists. Mezentius barely has time to bury his teachings in a sacred grove before he dies. The Titanidae go underground.

700 St. Columbra, a powerful holy man, calls to the Loch Ness Monster and orders it to be gone.

1735 Mrs. Leeds gives birth to the Jersey Devil.

1740 Jersey Devil haunts Burlington, New Jersey until exorcised by priest.

1778 Jersey Devil makes its home in Pine Barrens in southern New Jersey.

1817 Two women residents of Gloucester, Massachusetts see an enormous serpent sliding through the nearby ocean. After dozens more sightings, the beast is named The Gloucester Serpent.

1848 The crew of H.M.S. Daedalus, sailing back from the East Indies, sees a long, serpentine beast swimming alongside the ship.

1854 Trapper John MacBougall loses two horses to the Ogopogo monster while crossing Lake Okanagan.

1859 Sir Henry Bastable founds the Gentlemen's Explorers Club.

1881 Bastable dies and stewardship of the Gentlemen's Club passes to his son David.

1899 Prof. James Koldeway begins the excavation of Babylon.

1902 Prof. Koldeway unearths an entrance to Babylon, dubbed "The Ishtar Gate." The gate is carved with hundreds of animals, including the mysterious sirrush.

1906 Adventurer/professor Dimitri Baradiin witnesses Almas in Mongolia.

1909 David Bastable disappears during a journey deep into the Congo in search of the Mokele-Mbembe. His share in the Gentlemen's Club passes to his niece, Jennifer Tillbury.

1923 The governor of the Upper Nile province of Egypt publishes an ethnography of the Nuer people in his territory. It describes the monstrous lau who lived in the Addar marshes around the upper reaches of the Nile.

1924 Miners in the Mt. St. Helens area encounter a group of Bigfoot in the forest.

1927 Capt. John Weeks witnesses Ogopogo on a monthly basis while traveling the surface of Lake Okanagan.

1932 F.W. Kemp and family witness a maned serpentine head near their boat in the calm Straits of Georgia near Cadboro Bay between Vancouver Island and British Columbia. The creature is sighted repeatedly and dubbed Cadborosaurus.

1933 Sightings of the Loch Ness Monster increased shortly after the English government builds roads into the area.

1934 Famous "Surgeon's photo" of the Loch Ness Monster is taken.

Two couples on a romantic nighttime boat ride on Lake Okanagan view Ogopogo up close.
1938 Tillbury turns over control of the Gentlemen's Club to Richard Page. Tillbury also creates a trust fund for Club's financial security that includes several million pounds worth of stock.

1940 An Italian expedition into the upper reaches of the Nile disappears without a trace.

1950 Richard Page secures a royal charter for the Gentlemen's Club, changing the name to The Royal Cryptozoological Society (RCS).

1953 Constantia Light publishes an analysis of all known Nessie sightings, along with numerous photographs.

1955 Ogopogo surfaces outside the Aquatic Dining Room on the lakefront in full view of dozens of diners.

1959 Thomas Sleek expedition to capture Bigfoot ends in failure.

1966 Five men digging a grave in the small cemetery near Point Pleasant, West Virginia report the first sighting of the Mothman. Mothman terrorizes two couples driving by a semi-abandoned ammunition dump in West Virginia. Picture of hunter with large crane, published in Charleston Intelligencer, debunks the Mothman sightings.

1967 Two dedicated Bigfoot hunters, Roger Patterson and Bob Gimlin, film Bigfoot in northern California.


1972 Sonar and camera system erected in Loch Ness to search for the creature. "Flipper" picture is taken.

1974 U.S.S. Philadelphia, conducting anti-submarine wargames, reports a large underwater sonar contact. Shortly thereafter, the Philadelphia is lost at sea with all hands.

1976 Three National Guardsmen are terrorized by a group of hairy hominids. The Guardsmen are later escorted away by several men in dark suits and sunglasses.

1977 Page retires, setting up a board of directors to manage RCS's affairs.

1982 Titanidae Silver magickally views Mokele-Mbembe in its native habitat.

1983 Numerous sightings of large cats are reported in the Exmoor area of England. No known large cats are native to the area.

1994 Puerto Rican media coins the term "Chupacabras," roughly translated into English as "the Goat Sucker," to explain how livestock have been mysteriously killed and sucked dry of their blood.

June 1995 Hunter's last entry in his electronic journal on Titanidae. Journal is discovered shortly thereafter. Hunter is missing, presumed dead.

October 1995 A Campo Rico policeman shoots a Chupacabra. Blood samples are taken, then lost. Inspector Jervis begins his investigation into the Faerie Kidnappings in Ireland. He disappears.

December 1995 After nearly a full year, and fifteen infant abductions, the Faerie Kidnappings in Ireland cease.

January 1996 Inspector Jervis, dressed like a medieval jester and mumbling incoherently, is picked up by an elderly couple on the outskirts of Dublin.

March 1996 Prof. Dmitri Porsnov discovers a hairy hominid cave in the Caucasus.

April 1996 Charles Leeds is killed by Jersey Devil.

A Titanidae Founder, while excavating outside Jericho, uncovers a subterranean network of tunnels and chambers once populated by a Jewish sect devoted to the worship of the demon Azazel. Statues bearing a resemblance to Chupacabras are found.

August 1996 James Turner visits a clearing in the woods surrounded by boulders intricately carved with various designs and visages: a hairy hominid burial site. Turner returns carrying an enormous skull.
Cryptozoology
INTRODUCTION

This chapter describes two new background organizations for Conspiracy X player characters. Although both organizations are highly interested in cryptozoological phenomenon, they are vastly different in origin, outlook, and organization. Full descriptive information of each group is presented, as well as new character professions, pulling strings and traits.

The Royal Cryptozoological Society (RCS) openly promotes itself as devoted to scientific research and discovery. They are an elite group of explorers and scientists dedicated to proving their skeptics wrong. The RCS is amply funded and highly paranoid. RCS members consider themselves scholars and gentlemen. They will, however, employ any means to accomplish their goals.

The Titanidae, on the other hand, are highly secretive and have little interest in scientific inquiry. They are all trained psychics and mystics and view the world through a narrow and distorted lens. The Titanidae see themselves as holy warriors battling a determined and thoroughly evil foe. They too will resort to any tactic to gain the upper hand.

Neither group is particularly interested in governmental conspiracies, claimed alien sightings or Aegis. They should not be assumed, however, to be ignorant of these things, or to be easily duped. Either group would prove a worthy adversary should a conflict develop with Aegis.
Membership Prospectus for the Royal Cryptozoological Society

January 5, 1996.

Dear Prospective Member,

Thank you for expressing an interest in the Royal Cryptozoological Society. We are always interested in hearing from intelligent, motivated, open-minded individuals who share our interest in Cryptozoology as a science. We hope that, after reading this brochure, and perhaps visiting one of our facilities, you will submit an application for membership.

Of course, membership standards are high and we are unable to accept everyone who applies. Please read over the information presented here to ensure that your interest is substantial. If you do decide to apply, make sure you fill out your application in full, and include at least five reference letters, all academic records, and a number where you can be reached during the day. Please note that personal interviews are an important part of the application process, and we ask that you be prepared to make a trip to London, England at your own expense.

A Brief History

The Royal Cryptozoological Society is the world’s premier center for research in one of science’s last great frontiers: the discovery and identification of previously unknown terrestrial lifeforms. In 1859, Sir Henry Bastable founded the Royal Cryptozoological Society (RCS), although in those days it was known simply as The Gentlemen’s Explorer Club. Sir Henry hoped to create in the club an atmosphere of cooperation and mutual support in those heady days of world exploration and colonization, and to open such a gathering of professionals to all levels of society. For a nominal fee, anyone with an adventurous and scientific spirit could join the Gentlemen’s Explorer Club, allowing them access to the Club’s substantial collection of books and maps from around the world, as well as to lectures by some of the world’s most noted explorers and scientists.

From its early days in the 1860s until 1874, the Club grew in size dramatically. The Club soon exceeded the capacity of its original headquarters, and moved to its current location near The House of Commons. The new building was once home to some of the wealthiest families in England, and was bought by Sir Henry specifically as a site for the Gentlemen’s Explorers Club. By this time, the Club boasted a membership of slightly more than one hundred men, almost all of them renowned explorers and scientists. Thanks to the generous donations of its members, the Club was soon able to sponsor its own expeditions, chiefly to the deepest regions of Africa and Asia. Throughout the 1870’s Club members identified hundreds of new species of plants and animals, extending their fieldwork into South America, Southeast Asia, and Australia.

Sir Henry died in 1881, and stewardship of the Club passed on to his son David. Raised by his father in a tradition of scientific inquiry and possessing an adventurous spirit himself, David took to his duties with zeal and excellence. David had his own vision for the Club, one that would revolutionize both the Club and the nature of scientific research. David felt that, with the advances in science and industry that were taking place every year, mankind would soon know all there was to know about the common species on the planet. He saw little excitement, or even merit in identifying new species of plants, new varieties of ants, or other minutiae. David felt that the men of the Gentlemen’s Explorer Club had a far greater destiny. These rare men of good breeding, sound mind, and fearless spirit could advance science in areas where others feared to tread. In this spirit, David became more selective when choosing what expeditions the Club would fund. He would only support expeditions that were looking for something extraordinary, something that no other scientist had been able to identify.
Over the last two decades of the 1800's and into the new century, the Club began to specialize in the search for lost tribes, mysterious animals, and legendary creatures. More exactly, the Club came to focus on that area of science we now refer to as cryptozoology. The Club's library became a clearinghouse for information on cryptozoological phenomena from around the world. Using the most up-to-date cataloging techniques, the Club compiled the finest collection of tribal myths and stories anywhere in the world. David Bastable was a firm believer that every myth holds a grain of truth, and encouraged Club members to look for new sources of truth wherever they went.

David himself was a great explorer, and often went on expeditions. At the time of his disappearance in 1909, he was one of England's foremost authorities on central African myths and legends. He and a team of Club members and other scientists were journeying deep onto the Congo in search of proof of the existence of a living dinosaur. The explorers never returned. Society members have since gathered a significant amount of information about the creature, now known as Mokele-Mbembe in cryptozoological circles. David disappeared without issue, and his share in the Club passed on to his niece, Jennifer Tillbury.

As it turned out, Mrs. Tillbury had a deep personal interest in cryptozoology, and eagerly took over the Club's stewardship. She made some important changes in the Club, allowing women to become members for the first time. She also widened the Club's field of interest, stepping back somewhat from the cryptozoological bent that David had imposed.

During The Great War, the Club's activities declined to practically nothing as the nation turned its attention to defeating Germany. However, in the area of finances, the Great War proved to be a great boon for the Club. Mrs. Tillbury's husband, Roger Tillbury, owned a large share of an important arms manufacturer, and his company made most of the bullets fired by British soldiers during the war. Already a rich man, Mr. Tillbury soon became a very rich man.

During the 1920s, the Club began a rebirth. Under Mrs. Tillbury's direction, however, the Club moved further and further away from funding explorations. The focus turned to seminars, education, and endowing chairs at British universities. Mr. Tillbury passed on in 1932, and Mrs. Tillbury began to devote more and more of the family fortune to the Club. She took under her wing a young scientist named Richard Page, one of the most successful zoologists to come out of Oxford in years. She groomed him as her successor and in 1938, on the eve of another global war, turned over the Club to Richard. She also established a trust for the Club that included several million pounds worth of stock in her late husband's munitions concern. By the end of World War Two, the Club's financial health was secure.

After another hiatus in activity during the war, Richard Page took over in earnest, moving back to the cryptozoological focus of David Bastable's administration. Page had long been interested in such phenomena, but because of scientific prejudice at Oxford was unable to pursue those learnings. The modern scientific community had such an unhealthy skepticism towards cryptozoology that any scientist working in the field earned nothing but the scorn of his or her peers. Richard Page wanted the Club to be a haven for such men and women, a place where real scientists could do real work, without being harassed by antagonistic faculties.

In 1950, Richard Page took the final step that transformed the Club. Through friends in government and at the palace, he secured a royal charter for the Club, changing the name to The Royal Cryptozoological Society (RCS). This bold move announced to the world that serious scientists were addressing the issues raised by cryptozoological phenomena. Initially, the move was greeted with scorn and derision by the scientific community, but Richard Page was unfazed. He knew that brilliant men and women were willing to work in the field, if only someone would give them a chance.

Richard Page was right, although it took several years to prove him so. The RCS had a small but loyal following during the first decade of its new incarnation. Then, in the late sixties, the Society began to build up a real scientific base, attracting members from notable universities and research facilities. Throughout the seventies and until Richard Page's retirement in 1977, the membership drew heavily on scientists from outside of England, becoming for the first time a truly international scientific endeavor. Page retired in 1977, setting up a board of directors to manage RCS's affairs.

Today the RCS is one of the world's largest clearing houses for cryptozoological data, and funds several expeditions to different parts of the world each year. The RCS has opened up branches around the world, and boasts complete research facilities in New York, Vancouver, and Sydney. Each year the Society sponsors five large scientific conferences, as well as hundreds of lectures in universities and libraries around the world. Researchers from all fields come to RCS facilities to work. Indeed, the Society is now acknowledged as possessing one of the greatest collections of tribal folklore in the world. Today the RCS looks forward to the future, and to promoting better understanding and open-mindedness within the scientific community. We have come a long way since Sir Henry Bastable, and we hope to go even further.
Facilities

The RCS Building in London is five stories, and holds the main administrative and research facilities for the Society. In 1986, the adjoining property was purchased, and a new library annex and computer facility were constructed.

The first floor of the main building contains a restaurant, bar and lounge for exclusive use by Society members. This is a popular gathering place for members when they are in town, as the food and wine prices are subsidized. A small museum open to the public is also located on the first floor. The museum houses some artifacts and samples, as well as photographs and drawings taken from the various expeditions the Society has undertaken over the years.

The main building also houses the Rare Books and Field Notes Libraries covering the entire history of the Society since its founding in 1859. This collection occupies the lion's share of both the second and third stories of the building. These resources are restricted to members only, and are kept in carefully controlled environments. The main library is also home to the Map Archives, a reference collection with maps dating back to the twelfth century, as well as the latest in satellite survey maps. The maps are organized by region, and are an essential aid in planning any expedition. Members can have copies of any map made for a nominal charge. Likewise, members can obtain copies of any of the documents stored in the Rare Books or Field Notes Libraries.

The Journal of the Royal Cryptozoological Society is published in the main building as well. The Journal's offices occupy much of the fourth floor, where the editors work at producing the quarterly publication. The Journal currently has a distribution of 6,000 copies per quarter, as well as its own home page on the World Wide Web that receives hundreds of visits every day. Sharing the fourth floor is the Continuing Education Program, an outreach program designed to keep track of members and spread positive information about cryptozoology as a science. The program publishes a bimonthly newsletter that is distributed to all members, as well as many universities.

The fifth floor contains the offices of the Society's administrators, the men and women who make the Society run. Here the current Director of the Society, Dame Lucinda Rayburn, has her office. The Board of Directors meets in these offices to decide on expedition funding, expansions to the facilities and so on. Access to the fifth floor is strictly limited to office personnel and special guests only.

The Library Annex contains several hundred thousand volumes, all dedicated to the fields of biology, zoology, evolutionary theory, and cryptozoology. This library is open to the public, although only members are permitted to borrow books. The annex also contains microfiche copies of all the books, notebooks, maps, and other documents that are stored in the Main Library. The Library Annex houses the Computer Annex, although use of the computer facilities is restricted to members only. The computer system is one of the most up-to-date systems in the world, and is constantly being expanded and improved. The mainframe is linked to thousands of other databases around the world, and is itself home to the largest cryptozoology database in existence.

The RCS branch offices in Sydney, New York, and Vancouver, are only slightly less well equipped than the main building in London. Each contains the same library facilities, the only difference being that the rare book, field notes, and other special collections material are available only on computer or microfiche in the branch libraries. Each branch has a state-of-the-art computer system, wired directly into the main computer in London as well as into thousands of other data bases and networks around the world. The branch offices offer a variety of community outreach programs, including lecture series, essay contests, scholarships and research grants to local universities, and other projects designed to bolster support for cryptozoological research. The branch offices have even been known to launch their own expeditions, using funds gathered from sources outside the Society (all Society-sponsored expeditions must be approved by the Board in London).

The RCS also sponsors research programs and cryptozoological outposts around the world. Every year the Society awards grants and fellowships to promising new work in the field of cryptozoology. The prestigious Sir Henry Bastable Prize alone provides £100,000 each year for further research into unknown zoological phenomena. All told, the Society gives out close to a million pounds a year in grant money. Many grant recipients go on to become full members of the RCS, and continue to maintain the Society's standard of excellence in scholarship and in the field.

RCS resources also include a variety of specialized field equipment which is available to members. Two ships, the Kraken and the Leviathan are fully equipped marine research vessels of identical make, both of which are almost constantly in use. Each is 120 feet in length, and is outfitted with state-of-the-art sonar equipment, underwater cameras, pressure chambers, diving facilities, and two four-man submersibles. The two ships are the pride and joy of the RCS fleet, which includes some twenty other craft, ranging from small whalers to a luxury yacht. The RCS also maintains and operates a number of aircraft for use in expeditions, including a Lear jet, a sea plane, several commercial prop planes, and four helicopters. One of the helicopters is a former
the Society and the cryptozoological world.

With the world’s most advanced technology and most daring scientific minds at its disposal, the RCS is enjoying greater success now than ever before. Every year brings new and wondrous discoveries for our hard-working scientists. As technology advances, so too shall the Society, always in pursuit of a better understanding of our world and our place in it.

Membership

The Society is a pure meritocracy and all are encouraged to apply, regardless of race, creed, sex, or nationality. The Society currently has an active membership of over four hundred scientists, research fellows, and explorers. There are no specific requirements for membership, although all applications must be approved by the Membership Committee. The Committee takes into account several factors when determining membership. First and foremost is the candidate’s character. Only those with an open mind, an adventurous bent, and a firm scientific grounding need apply for membership. The Committee carefully screens all applicants, checking everything from credit history, to past academic and legal records. The integrity of the Society is very important to its members, and the Committee is careful to screen out any who might bring shame to the Society.

Applicants must also show a sincere dedication to the field of cryptozoology. It is rare indeed that the Committee accepts someone who has not already done some work in the field. Even this, however, does not assure acceptance. Not even receiving one of the RCS research grants guarantees admittance. Commitment to the cause set forth decades ago by Sir Henry Bastable and his son are of the utmost importance to the Committee and to the Society as a whole. Every applicant goes through a long series of personal interviews with each of the Committee members. Afterwards, one of the Committee members must sponsor the candidate for membership. If no one volunteers to assume the sponsorship role, the application is declined, and a new application may not be submitted for two years. A sponsored candidate becomes a probationary member. Under the tutelage of his or her sponsor, the new member studies the history and mission of the Society, and is coached in the basic responsibilities of membership.

Members are expected to carry themselves with dignity at all times. Likewise, members are always courteous to one another, respecting the thoughts and ideas of fellow members. No idea is a bad idea, as Sir Henry used to say. Indeed, this is the unofficial motto of the RCS. Every theory deserves careful examination and discussion before it can be properly judged. Members are expected to be forthcoming with all the information they gather. The RCS is not interested in competition, but rather cooperation. The ultimate goal of expanding the frontiers of scientific knowledge is all that is truly important. To this end, all field notes, recordings, photographs, and video recordings made on Society-sponsored expeditions are considered to be the property of the RCS, and must be made available to any member in good standing. Members who undertake expeditions through other institutions or with outside funding are also expected to make copies of their research materials available to the Society. The result of this policy is a truly remarkable community of scholarship where the petty rivalries of traditional academia disappear, making way for solid unadulterated scientific research.

In the rare event that a member behaves in an unacceptable or inappropriate manner, he or she can be placed on probation or removed entirely from the Society. We emphasize that this is a very rare event, and an authority the Board is loath to employ except in the most dire circumstances. Probationary status means that the member’s access to RCS facilities is strictly limited and monitored. Furthermore, members on probation are not allowed to take part in RCS-sponsored expeditions without a special dispensation from the Board. Probation can last anywhere from a month to several years, at the discretion of the Board. The Board may revoke probation at any time it feels that the member has behaved inappropriately, resulting in immediate dismissal from the Society.

Current Activities

Today the Society is involved in more expeditions and research than ever before. The collecting of cryptozoological evidence from around the world proceeds at a pace Sir Henry never could have imagined. In 1995, the Society sponsored three major expeditions, all of which produced promising results. In February, the RCS sent a team back to the Amazon for the third time in as many years, investigating the possibility of giant sloths still living deep in the rain forest. In June, the Society sponsored one of the largest sonar mapping expeditions of Lake Champlain ever undertaken, the encouraging results of which were published in the Spring 1996 issue of the Journal of the Royal Cryptozoological Society. Finally a team was dispatched to the Atlantic aboard the RCS research vessel Kraken in an attempt to recover live footage of a giant squid. Additionally, the Society supported or partially sponsored ten other expeditions around the world, as well as numerous seminars and conferences related to cryptozoology.

1997 promises to be an even more exciting year, with the completion of our new laboratory facilities at the Society's
headquarters in London: The David Bastable Center. The new, multi-million pound lab will be one of the most advanced of its kind in the world. The Society will no longer have to depend on outside laboratories for DNA testing, carbon dating, genotyping, and a host of other procedures. The grand opening celebration is planned for April 18, 1997, and we hope that all members will be in attendance. The David Bastable Center will have a permanent staff of ten scientists and researchers whose services will be available to members on a first come, first serve basis.

The RCS expeditions planned for the upcoming year are even more exciting than last year's. Preparations are already under way for an extensive expedition to Africa's Lake Tele in search of the elusive Mokele-Mbembe. The expedition plans to spend over a month in the area around the lake, and is confident that it will find conclusive proof of the elusive sauropod. Still in the planning stages, but scheduled for late in the year is another serious attempt to understand the “Chupacabras Phenomenon” in Puerto Rico. Finally, no year would be complete without some advancement in the area of hairy hominids, and to this end the RCS is sponsoring a summer expedition to the United States' Pacific Northwest, coordinated by our Vancouver branch.

This year's Society Conference returns to Australia, and will be held in Sydney from August 8th through 13th. Registration brochures will be mailed to all members with their newsletters. This year a limited number of seminars and other functions will be open to the public in hopes of attracting more interest in our field. Prospective members are encouraged to attend these events and meet the members of the Committee and the Board, as well as some of the Society's greatest scientists.

Closing

In conclusion, let me say that the entire Society looks forward to receiving your application, and I hope that you will be able to join us in our efforts in the near future. Even if we are unable to extend a membership offer to you at present, I hope that you will continue to the best of your ability in the study of cryptozoology, and that when your application has improved you will apply again. Thank you for your interest in our organization and God Bless.

Rielly Stuart
Executive Board Member
Nevertheless, every part of me screams that something is wrong here. The Royal Cryptozoological Society (RCS) is an interesting organization, and one that has provided some valuable recruits for Aegis. The Society considers itself a purely scientific organization, and does not purport to support any investigation of either the supernatural or alien activity. In fact, a somewhat darker side to the Society does exist, one that is not even evident to most of its membership and which I shall discuss in a moment.

The membership is made up almost entirely of scientists and wealthy men and women who would like to think of themselves as scientists. Most of these are men and women whose interests in cryptozoology made them outcasts in their own fields. They are, for the most part, genuinely interested in uncovering the truth, although their methods can often be described as somewhat less rigorous than other scientists. They tend to rely more upon myth, legend, guesswork, and supposition in order to support their theories. They do have the advantage of being very committed to their work, a fact that makes up for many of their shortcomings. They can easily be labeled a culture of fanatics.

The Society is very wealthy, mostly due to wise investments in munitions during the two World Wars, and sound money management since (see attached brochure for a fuller account). The Society's current holdings are a closely guarded secret, and it can be assumed that it keeps a great deal of funds in off-shore banks. In my estimation, based on careful review of tax returns and public financial records, the RCS is worth at least two billion dollars (U.S. 1996), perhaps more. This is a staggering sum for a small organization, all the more curious because of the secrecy surrounding its finances.

I have some theories about the Society's expenses. First the obvious — the Society supports between 2 and 4 cryptozoological expeditions per year with an average cost of less than a million dollars. It also sponsors several conferences and lecture series, funds scholarships and research grants, publishes a journal and a newsletter, employs a full time staff of over 250 people worldwide, and maintains a small fleet of boats and aircraft. All of this comes to a rough total of twenty million dollars per year. And, that's not even counting the salaries of the Society's seven member Board of Directors. While their salaries are secret, surmising from their standard of living and informing garnered from their tax returns I estimate they net around $250,000 a year. Not bad for a bunch of scientists.

So where does the rest of the money go? Well, the Board can be assumed to be skimming some off the top, but they make out well as it is, and the interest alone on the Society's estimated holdings comes to tens of millions of dollars per year. This is a monstrous amount of money for such a small group. In my view, the Society is funding secret research projects, although I cannot be sure of their exact nature. One rumor suggests that the Society has captured a group of hairy hominids (Bigfoot, Yeti, and so forth) and is breeding them in captivity. I have no way of verifying this, although my source was a RCS member of some stature. Unfortunately, he died of a coronary only three days before we were supposed to meet again (there was no autopsy). Why would they be breeding these creatures in captivity? Why would they not make their proof public? Surely exposing the existence of such creatures would more than vindicate the Society's existence.

The key to this mystery is the Society's Board of Directors. The Board has infinite power within the RCS. It alone oversees all dispersion of funds, approves all expeditions, publications, and conferences, and ultimately decides on membership. The Board's meetings are always held in private, and there is no recorded transcript of business conducted. The boardroom is one of the most secure meeting rooms I have ever tried to infiltrate. In fact, outside of the briefing room at the NSA, it is the only room I have never been able to crack. It is constantly swept for bugs, entirely soundproof, and even the windows have been designed to overcome laser eavesdropping devices. Why all the secrecy in a scientific Society? None of the Society's financial information or other secure data is kept in the Society's mainframe. The computer is state of the art and well protected from hacking, but contains information only of interest to other cryptozoologists.

The members of the Board have all held their positions since the Board was founded by Richard Page in 1977. The five men and two women were all respected biologists and zoologists, with the exception of one man, Lord Donald Ramsey, a wealthy and distinguished amateur biologist. The Board has little direct contact with the rest of the Society, and most of the members view them with almost religious awe. For the members at large, the Board is a godsend. It has seemingly limitless funds which it is more than happy to spend on even the wildest cryptozoological investigations. The members do not question the Board's activities too closely, knowing better than to look a gift horse in the mouth. I could get no more information about the Board's activities, and have no proof of any untoward dealings on their part. Nevertheless, every part of me screams that something is wrong here.

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Another curious fact about the RCS is their steadfast refusal to deal with the supernatural or reports of UFOs in any way. Certainly a large part of this is their unwillingness to associate themselves with the stigma attached to such investigations. They have gone so far as to forbid the publication of any such material in the Journal, or even to have it mentioned in their seminars and conferences. Maybe it’s just my Aegis-bred paranoia, but it seems to me that any group that goes so far out of its way to deny something is really just covering it up. Again, I have no proof, just supposition, but after spending all this time with cryptozoologists, supposition has become second nature to me.

> A CULTURE OF FANATICS

I have a few other points to make about cryptozoologists generally and the RCS, in particular. Nearly all cryptozoologists have a common deep resentment towards the scientific community at large. Because so much of cryptozoology has become sensationalized, it is hard for genuine scientists in the field to get any respect among their peers. Scientists working in cryptozoology at a normal university are likely to suffer all the annoyances and slights that academia has to offer. They will be denied tenure, given crummy offices, never achieve any standing in their departments and so on. The university and faculty will try to dissuade them from publishing articles and books about cryptozoology, fearing that they will harm the university’s reputation. Of course, if someone were able to prove the existence of Bigfoot, the university would applaud them and present them as a hero to the rest of the world, but until a cryptozoologist accomplishes something of that magnitude, the entire field and each of its participants will remain outcasts.

All of these negative feelings cannot help but affect the cryptozoologist’s mindset. It is not uncommon for such men and women to become almost fanatical in their work. They have put so much time into their research, that they are afraid to come away with nothing and look like fools. This can lead to desperate measures in some cases, from falsifying data and photographs, to plagiarism and outright theft from other scientists. This is by no means common, and I do not mean to libel the field as a whole. My point is simply this: cryptozoologists tend to be a rather high strung group of folks, eager to make a name for themselves, sometimes at any cost.

Which brings me back to the RCS. The RCS is a haven for cryptozoologists, a place where they can work in a nurturing environment. The RCS is also home to a great deal of anti-university and anti-academia propaganda. Most Society members have a developed a sort of “us against the world” bunker mentality. They feel that they need to prove to the rest of us that what they are doing is justified and scientifically valid. They feel this need to such an extent that many also feel it is necessary to discredit on normal scientists whenever possible. In many cases, the entrenched antipathy of the RCS extends even to cryptozoologists working outside of the Society. The Board encourages all of these attitudes, and some might say even fosters them.

This competitive, almost predatory spirit within the RCS has led to several reports of Society members stealing data or even sabotaging non-Society sponsored cryptozoological expeditions. This goes hand in hand with the Society’s desire to be the foremost authority on cryptozoological phenomena in the world. They try their best to meddle in every ongoing investigation they can influence. There is even a story of a university professor receiving death threats for not turning over a hair that allegedly came from Bigfoot. These are serious people here, maybe too serious for their own good.

The fanaticism of the RCS is eloquently expressed in the way they undertake expeditions. Although all missions are well publicized, they are planned and carried out in great secret. All participants are sworn to secrecy about the plans, and are immediately expelled from the Society should they break their oath. There are even rumors that the Board bugs the homes and telephones of all participants during the planning stages of the mission. No non-members are allowed to accompany RCS-sponsored expeditions, not even other scientists. Most expeditions are armed to one degree or another, even when there is no obvious threat.

I have also obtained evidence that the Society commonly undertakes secret expeditions, the results of which are made available only to members. In some cases, the results may even be kept from the general membership, with the expedition reporting directly to the Board. What is the purpose of such expeditions? Why the secrecy? What do they have to hide? All of these questions bear further investigation by Aegis. While several Aegis agents are already in place within the Society, I respectfully submit that more are needed. Something is going on here.
Creating Royal Cryptozoological Society Characters

Although Aegis principally recruits from governmental organizations, they are willing to draw upon almost any part of society for valuable operatives. Before the 1980s, Aegis paid little attention to the RCS, because of primarily European presence. Furthermore, Aegis felt that the Society had little to offer in the way of potential operatives. After all, the Society’s membership is composed mostly of outcast scientists and researchers with no access to secret information and little influence in the world. However, since the Board took over in 1977, the Society has grown by leaps and bounds. Its membership has not increased too dramatically (it now claims about 500 active members), but its influence has skyrocketed. The tremendous assets commanded by the Society has forced Aegis to recognize its potential usefulness. That these monies are used to support investigations into unknown zoological phenomena make the RCS especially valuable to Aegis. Although the Society professes no interest in the supernatural or UFOs, Aegis operatives may be able to turn the Society’s resources toward those goals on occasion. The Society library and database in and of themselves are valuable tools for any investigation of unusual events around the world. Aegis operatives inside the RCS have proven themselves invaluable on several occasions, and Aegis is now actively pursuing more recruits.

Cryptozoologist — Scientist


Available Professional Skills: Computer Use, Cryptozoology, Language, Occult, Photography, Research, Science, Tracking, Video

RCS members may use their Influence to provide

Pulling Strings

Expedition Funding: The RCS funds several major cryptozoological expeditions every year, spending millions of dollars and providing the best and most modern equipment available. RCS missions are planned with all the care and detail of a complicated military operation, and they sometimes take on militaristic qualities. It is not uncommon for RCS members to go into the field armed. The player may try and convince the Board to fund a mission he or she has designed. The Difficulty level depends upon how complicated the expedition is. Simple airfare and hotel accommodations is only Df1, full wilderness equipment and transportation to a remote location is Df2. Convincing the Board to fund a major expedition with vehicles, supplies, money to bribe local officials and hire local guides and so on is Df3. This is also the Difficulty of securing either the Kraken or Leviathan research ships. Convincing the Board to fund a secret or spur of the moment expedition is Df4.
Academic Espionage: The Society has no love for the traditional halls of academia, and are more than willing to take steps against university professors or researcher at other institutions. The Board will spend money and influence, and even send in operatives of its own if it feels such measures are necessary. They will bribe editors and publishers, break into offices and steal documents and evidence. Basically, the Society will do whatever it takes. The only requirement is that the target of such attacks must either possess cryptozoological data or samples of some sort, or they must be proven enemies of the cryptozoological movement (just about everyone). Suppressing the publication of an article in any academic journal is a D2 Influence test. Publicly refuting and attacking another academic's work in journals or publications is D3. Breaking into buildings, stealing samples, or destroying files is D4. Remember, with the Board, price is no object and anyone can be bought.

NEW PSYCH PROFILES

ACADEMIC OUTCAST
Value: 5CP
You once tried to pursue a career in traditional academia, but your interest in cryptozoology made you a pariah among your peers. It is now impossible for you to gain respect in traditional academic circles. You will be laughed out of most conferences, and even old friends want nothing to do with you. This makes research using resources outside of the RCS more difficult: subtract 2 from the Target number of any Research test.

PROBATIONARY STATUS
Value: 10CP
You have done something to upset the rest of the Society. As a result, you are on probation. The Board carefully monitors all of your activities and your fellow members view you with disdain. You cannot under any circumstances lead an RCS-sponsored mission while on probation, and all Influence tests are made at +1Df. The only way to lift probation is to somehow prove your worthiness to the RCS, usually by making a substantial cryptozoological discovery.

SOCIETY PROTÉGÉ
Cost: 15CP
During your early years in school you showed significant promise to the field of cryptozoology. You caught the attention of the RCS and received a variety of scholarships and research grants over the years. You have had several articles published in the Journal and have even gone on RCS-sponsored expeditions. All this has earned you significant prestige within the Society. You are generally well liked and accepted by those around you. This lowers the difficulty of all Influence checks targeting the RCS by one. It also means that you are given preferential access to RCS funds and resources.
A highly efficient psychic agent, codename Hunter, operating under the cover of a successful bounty hunter, failed to respond to a May 27, 1995 Aegis priority summons. A brief investigation by his Cell did not uncover his whereabouts. The Cell then contacted and mobilized more conventional law enforcement institutions. On the morning of June 2, 1995, the FBI and local authorities began a search for Hunter. Law enforcement officials were given the cover story that foul play was suspected and Hunter's work had finally caught up with him.

Eventually, civil investigators discovered that Hunter had rented a cabin in the mountains near Princeton, West Virginia, using one of his many pseudonyms. An Aegis team was dispatched to the location before the FBI or West Virginia police could arrive. The Aegis operatives discovered that the cabin had been completely demolished, as if by some powerful explosive. Strangely, no evidence of gunpowder, dynamite or plastique could be found. Seemingly, the cabin just exploded spontaneously. Even a psychic attached to the Cell could not get a single clue from any of the cabin's remains.

One of the team members found a slightly damaged portable computer buried in a pile of leaves in the nearby woods. The pieces were bagged, catalogued and brought to my lab. At this point, I personally took over the analysis of the computer parts. After several weeks, I managed to retrieve bits of data from the computer's hard drive. The most recent file I could find was last modified on 6/1/95 and carried the title "Titanidae." I have attempted to piece together the material and put it in some sort of order. I personally placed the headers on the material in order to organize it for reading purposes.

Recruitment: . . . Where do I begin? I can't believe this all started with Karina Rush. I bumped into her at a local conference in Baltimore on psychic phenomenon. We both were surprised to see each other after so many years. When I was in college at Pacific Tech, I was tight for money — this was before I had developed my Precognitive powers enough to support myself by betting on the ponies — and I saw an ad in the student paper, "Wanted: Students for ESP studies. Will pay $10/hr." Of all the luck! Good money for sitting in a room guessing what card some kid had just drawn. I had known about my psychic powers ever since I was born, though I had not really honed them. I figured I could make some cash, impress the scientists and then go out for some beer. I ran into Karey at this experiment thing and we both hit it off. We instantly knew that we both had the Power and we were just happy to share our experiences with someone else who understood.

Anyway, I ran into Karey and we talked about the good ol' days at Pacific Tech. She brought up that she belonged to some club — exclusively for those who had psychic powers. Kind of like a Mensa mixed with a little Rotary Club. She invited me to a party they were throwing. I agreed, mainly because I had nothing better to do. A few days later, Karey picked me up and took me to a large Gothic building on the outskirts of Baltimore. It looked abandoned from the outside, but inside there were dozens of people having drinks and smoking. The party was being held in a gorgeous oak-paneled library somewhere on the third floor. Because we went upstairs in an old fashioned elevator, I didn't get a chance to see anything else. I remember how impressive the books were in the library — first editions of Dickens, Verne and others.

After talking to some other prospective members, it became clear that this was not just a club for psychics, but a club for psychics who had past life memories. Everyone I talked to had at least a glimpse into something that occurred centuries ago. Some people knew exactly the period and events, while others did not have even the slightest clue.

Eventually, I was told by some members that the name of the club was the "Children of the Titans" or the "Titanidae" and that this was an introductory meeting to get to know one another. The club had various layers of membership, similar to the Masons and the Rosicrucians, which separated the initiated from the uninitiated. The different levels are Iron (for beginners), Bronze, Silver, Gold, and Founder (the innermost circle). So far, I thought all this hocus-pocus was a lot of fun — maybe we'd even get to dress up in Halloween costumes and get hazed into the club. I figured the Children of the Titans would be a good place to party — if this cocktail party was any indication.
Membership: After the party, I was invited to join as an Iron, and I was assured that the higher members would not taunt or harm the uninitiated. As a matter of fact, everyone was very friendly, whatever their rank. Most clubs have ranks so that some people can be snotty to others, so I was a little surprised it wasn't the case here. Nevertheless, there was still that initiation into the Iron — as there was for each level of the Children of the Titans.

No two initiation rituals are the same. My first was fairly easy. A group of us were dressed in very hot, very scratchy brown robes and led into a darkened room. Someone up front began preaching about how we have entered ignorant, but that we were now taking the first step towards enlightenment, etc., etc. I ignored most of it, mainly because I thought it was just for show. Spotlights came on — shining on various hideous statues — one was a serpent-like thing, another was a hairy troll, another a twisted goblin, and so forth. These are the enemies, the moderator said, of our enlightenment and our mission. From behind, someone placed a huge weight of iron chains on my back. My legs struggled to hold me up. These were, metaphorically speaking, the chains which prevented our souls from achieving enlightenment. Through the coming weeks and months, we would have to recognize our bonds and work to undo them. Each of us then had to crawl towards the front of the room and receive a small goblet full of water for our efforts. As a memento of the evening, we each wore an iron necklace to prove our membership and our rank. All through this odd ritual, I had an odd buzzing in the back of my mind — like an itch you can't quite scratch. I thought that perhaps this was due to having so many psychics in one place at one time. I didn't realize the truth until later.

Every week, Iron members went to this building, called the Ship, to take classes about the history of the Children of the Titan and about various psychic phenomena. Everyone was encouraged to hone their abilities under the watchful tutelage of a higher member. Nearly everyone but me took advantage of this — my own work with Aegis had provided me with more than enough training. The history classes were simple at first — teaching about symbols, famous members, stuff like that. Most of the time, classes degenerated into socializing. That would soon change as we advanced up the ladder of membership.

I discovered what that buzzing in the back of my head was about during the ceremony. I found that I could not tell anyone about the Children of the Titans. The best I could muster up was to say, "I'm part of a new club." I tried to tell my Aegis Cell members about the first initiation ritual and about the classes, but I couldn't get out the words. Even as I type these words, I'm getting a throbbing headache. I think that as the first ceremony went on, other powerful psychics planted telepathic blocks in our minds to prevent us from telling anyone about them.

At first, the group seemed no worse than an adult's version of a fraternity or sorority. But it got worse. The rituals at each successive layer became more arduous, and the telepathic block, even stronger. I cannot even type about the initiation I underwent to become a Bronze, Silver, or Gold member. I have no idea what...
would be necessary to become a Founder. Even now the pain is indescribable. The rituals involved agony and blood — things too horrible to remember. The classes became more intense — almost like boot camp. Members began to stop moving up the ladder; someone was evaluating us and our worth to the Children of the Titans.

**The Training:** . . . As I said, we took classes every week, about either the Children or about our psychic abilities. Although I managed to avoid the psychic training, they were extremely interested in plumbing my mind for past life experiences. I learned that these memories were the vital ingredient to membership in Children of the Titans.

According to them, the Children of the Titans were formed around 900 B.C., by a philosopher/mystic by the name of Mezentius. This guy was a bit of a rogue in his day — preaching against the standard religion of his people (the Etruscans). In order to seek greater religious freedom, Mezentius left his home in Caere, Italy and started a colony on the coast of Sicily. At this site, Mezentius gathered several thousand settlers who would form the nucleus of his new cult.

Mezentius preached that Zeus and the other Olympian gods were twisted evil abominations who constantly bedeviled mankind. Most people back then, if I remember my college mythology course, thought that the gods were a tad petty and perhaps vindictive, but Mezentius' words would be a little too strident, I think. The true force for good in the cosmos, according to Mezentius, was not the Olympians, but rather the Titans, whom Zeus had overthrown. Kronos and the other Titans were gods before Zeus and the others were created; they ruled over Earth when it was a paradise. Popular religious thought at the time was that the Titans were the bad guys — and that Zeus was justified in overthrowing them. Although I didn’t learn any more about Mezentius’ days before the founding of the colony, I have a hunch that Mezentius didn’t leave Caere willingly. I guess that the Etruscans were getting a little tired of his constant railing against their gods and decided to give him the heave.

Like all religions, Mezentius' stories go back to the very beginning of it all. Before the creation of the world, there was only the demon god Chaos. Chaos hated everything and did not want anything else to exist — he thrived on the void. Chaos, however, was still subject to certain “rules of being” (I'm not quite sure on this). Chaos, while mostly nothing, was still something because it had name — Chaos. With name always comes being. This slight essence of being, over the course of millennia, begat more being — one of Mezentius' universal laws is that existence is always expanding, reproducing. Eventually, enough being other than Chaos coalesced to create Sky and Earth from the void.

Chaos was enraged at this development, but saw that Sky and Earth could provide him with some enjoyment. So Chaos created a race of creatures in his own image that would rule over the Sky and Earth — creatures which today are called dinosaurs. But according to the words of Mezentius, some dinosaurs possessed a cunning intelligence and developed an advanced civilization in service to their god Chaos. These bipedal lizard races are called the Dracones by the Titanidae — and because of their worship of Chaos, they are extremely evil and hostile to mankind. Sky and Earth were helpless before Chaos' great might — so they bore children to help them overcome his evil. These children were called the Titans and their first born, Kronos, led the fight against Chaos. The war raged across the universe, but eventually Kronos and the other Titans overcame Chaos and his serpent children. Chaos was banished to what Mezentius called the Abyss, although Chaos did manage to take many of his creations with him into exile.

Kronos wiped the Earth clean of Chaos' taint by destroying the rest of the dinosaurs. Because of Kronos' role in overthrowing Chaos, Earth, Sky and the other Titans appointed him to be in charge of existence. Wanting to prove that he was a better king than Chaos, Kronos also created a race of beings, which were called "Man." Kronos loved his first creations and fulfilled all their needs. Mankind lived in a virtual paradise, where there was no hardship, despair, fear. These first human beings created by Kronos were special because their souls would live forever. After their frail husks died, their souls would pass on to a newly born infant and so live another life. But these immortals could not pass on their gift to their children; Kronos blessed only those he created directly. Kronos called his creations the Titanidae, roughly translated as "The Children of the Titans."

Earth and Sky, now free from the chains of Chaos, bore more children who would live side by side with the newly created Man. None of their new progeny matched the greatness of the Titans, but a few could properly be called gods. Centaurs, elves, satyrs began to gambol about the fields of Earth's wilderness, at peace with Man. Earth and Sky wanted to care for their creations as did Kronos, so they created a pocket dimension, which Mezentius called the Goblin Universe, for their new children to go to if Man ever became too hostile towards them. The strongest of the new progeny were the so-called Cthonic gods — mostly deities of the earth and its products — such as Dionysius, god of wine, and Demeter, god of crops. Earth and Sky created these new divinities to act as mediators between themselves, Man and the Titans. Earth and Sky were too vast and their consciousness too diffuse to pay attention to the little problems, such as a drought. The Cthonic gods were in charge of making Earth a paradise for all its various residents.
Kronos and the other Titans realized that they too needed help regulating the world they had created. While the Titans were nearly omnipotent, they could not be everywhere at once. So each of the Titans gave birth to another race of deities, called the Olympians. The first-born of this lot was Zeus, who was forever jealous of his father Kronos. Zeus constantly plotted against the Titans and their beloved creation, Man. Eventually, Zeus and the other Olympians joined forces with some of the Chaos-spawn still living on Earth, such as the Furies, and defeated the Titans. Zeus cast Kronos and his brethren into a horrid prison dimension called Tartarus.

Zeus immediately cast the world into a Dark Age. Man now struggled to survive under the harsh winters and severe summers sent by Zeus and his Olympian cohorts. Food became scarce and Man had to hunt to survive. But when Man hunted, he learned to kill and when he learned to kill, he learned to war with his own brothers. Soon, Kronos' Golden Age was forgotten and Man was divided into dozens of different peoples. Zeus, like Kronos and Chaos before him, created a race in his own image, called the Pilosi. While Kronos created a race out of love and passion, Zeus spawned the Pilosi out of vile envy for Man. Consequently, the Pilosi were twisted caricatures of beautiful man; their clumsy bodies towered over Man and were covered in coarse hair, and their souls were consumed with hatred. According to Mezentius, the Pilosi were remembered in tales of cyclops, ogres and giants.

Mezentius recorded all of this in a long, epic poem in the style of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey called "The Truth and the Lie" and his ideas spread throughout the Mediterranean. Apparently, the poem had a unique power that compelled certain readers to come to Sicily to discover more of Mezentius' teachings. Mezentius explained that he was one of the reincarnated souls of Kronos, that he fully remembered all the lifetimes he had lived. It was the responsibility of all of the first created souls of Kronos to gather together and free the Titans from their prison in Tartarus. Mezentius said that the poem's subtle harmonies and sounds acted like a spell to these reincarnated souls; it would bewitch them into traveling to Mezentius' new colony.

In this colony, Mezentius not only taught the settlers his new theology, but also how to tap into their hidden power—a heritage of their origin as the Children of the Titans. According to Mezentius, all the original souls created by Kronos possessed the ability to shape reality by thought alone. In Kronos' plan, his first humans would use their powers to protect and rule mankind forever. In order that those first created would be present among mortals, Kronos made it so that the souls would be perpetually reincarnated into new bodies. But after Kronos and the other Titans were banished into Tartarus, Zeus tried to destroy the Children of the Titans. The Children's immortal souls defied Zeus' attempts. Instead, Zeus obfuscated their memories so that they would not recall their powers or their origins when they were reincarnated into new bodies. Mezentius taught his followers that they had a sacred duty to hone their abilities, and rediscover their lost memories in order to one day free the Titans and help rule mankind justly once again.

According to legend, Mezentius and his colony existed in peace for several centuries. Eventually, the tyrant Heiron of Syracuse began to fear Mezentius' growing influence both in Sicily and the Mediterranean. Mezentius' colonists had spread throughout the kingdoms of Rome, Egypt, Greece and Persia in search of more of Kronos' first created souls. Many of Mezentius' followers had become the advisors and mages to the great kings of the ancient world. During July of 475 B.C., Mezentius held a series of games honoring the fallen Titans in the fields outside the colony. Mezentius believed that it was time that his once tiny town assume a position of greatness alongside the major city states, such as Syracuse, Carthage and Athens. Mezentius thought that is was his destiny, and the destiny of the other Children of the Titans, to rule benevolently over all the nations of the Earth. The games would be Mezentius' first overt steps towards fulfilling this goal.

Under the guise of peace, Heiron approached the town with his supposed participants in the events, who were actually assassins hired from the Far East. These assassins possessed mystical arts which could counter the powers of Mezentius and his followers. When Heiron's entourage entered the town, they began an unholy slaughter of all the residents. Mezentius barely had time to bury his teachings in a sacred grove before he, too, met his fate at the sword of Heiron.

While most of the so-called Children of the Titans died on that day, some escaped the destruction. These Children, realizing how they were feared, went into hiding. They did their best, however, to preserve the knowledge that they had gained from Mezentius and increase their small numbers. Occasionally, the various remaining Children would reunite at the ruins of their beloved colony to remember their lost leader. Eventually, some Children found the scrolls hidden by Mezentius in the grove. But the Children now agreed that they could not be so open with their powers or their motives. This time, they would train and prepare in secret, away from the eyes of the mortals who feared them.

Generations passed, and the Children passed their legacy from person to person, as one Child would discover another Child still suffering under Zeus' spell of obfuscation. According to the Titanidaes' own records, the Children of the Titans were omnipresent through all the events in the Mediterranean region. For instance, the prophet Jesus began as a Jew hoping to reform his own religion. Jesus' powers impressed the people of Israel so much that they began to believe that he was indeed the Savior...
promised by their god hundreds of years earlier. But Jesus was unsure of his role in events; he remained unconvinced that he was indeed fulfilling the Covenant of the Old Testament. Leaving his disciples for several weeks, Jesus wandered off into the wilderness of Israel and discovered an obscure Jewish sect called the Essenes. According to Titanidae scripture, the Essenes were not Jews, but a small community of Children who had once followed the Jewish faith, but now had discovered their ancient origins as the first born souls of Kronos. The Essenes imparted their knowledge to Jesus, teaching him that his powers came from Kronos and that he was a Child of the Titans just as they were. Jesus left the Essenes hoping to spread a new message to the people of Israel. When the Romans realized that the Essenes had mystical powers which could match their military might, they quickly moved to squash the Essenes and the now popular Jesus. Consequently, the Romans destroyed both the Essenes and Jesus because of the threat they posed to Roman sovereignty in the East. Most of this, I was told, was written down on several scrolls which were discovered several decades ago — they were called the "Dead Sea" scrolls. Luckily, the scrolls were first found by a Child, who whisked them away to safety and replaced them with fakes. The Children to this day hamper any research on these scrolls and any archaeological expeditions in that area.

According to my own tutors in the Titanidae, my own past life experiences reflect an event in the Children's history. The glimpses I have are of a life centuries ago. I can remember being a priest dedicated to learning — I wear simple, wool garments for clothing. My days are spent in labor, study and meditation. I believe in God — and I believe that my powers should be used for Him. Even back then, I had psychic abilities, but I did not know their limits yet. I live with other psychics, who share my dedication to a cause. Our cause is just, yet it is rife with opposition by the ignorant fools who surround us. One day, our monastery is destroyed by an army of Church knights — I can see the crosses on their shields. I run to help my brothers — perhaps my powers can protect us — but my last sight is that of a sword coming down over my head.

Trained Children explained to me that I was one of the few who gathered together from the 10th to the 13th centuries A.D. These Children, called the Cathars, had discovered their true origins and were attempting to create a new religion, integrating Christianity with Mezentius' ancient theology. Like the modern-day Children, the Cathars had different levels of initiation into their community which marked each person's level of knowledge about their true origins. In 1209, the Catholic Church declared the Cathars to be heretics and began a wave of attacks against them across the Mediterranean. My memories stem from the slaughter of the last community of Cathars in 1244, while they were hiding in the Pyrenees mountains north of Italy.

For centuries, the Children lay dormant, biding their time and gaining numbers. Occasionally, some Children would organize themselves and attempt to openly assert their powers. Inevitably, each group would be destroyed by a human race which feared them. The Templars, for instance, were a group like the Cathars who tried to mediate a new place for the Children in the modern
world. But the Templars were eventually persecuted for their beliefs and methods. The Children were everywhere in history — from the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand to the sinking of the Titanic. Anything that ever happened to any Child is recorded somewhere in the Titanidae archives.

The Titanidae have learned from their mistakes. Again they gather, under the pretense of a harmless social club — but their goals remain the same since the time of Mezentius — to rule the world. Now, they do not try to spread their word so openly. Instead, they work in secret, in the shadows — reaching out from time to time to pluck out a new member or to manipulate some event towards their own goals. They know about Aegis, Black Blook — about it all. They don't care. My god, they are above all that. To them, aliens are a laughable explanation for the eternal conflict between the spawn of Chaos, Zeus and the Children of the Titans. I am afraid, like never before. I've seen strange things before, but how could such a race exist alongside humans for so long? What if the Children are real? What if Mezentius' words are right? I don't even know myself anymore . . .

**Organization:** . . . The Titanidae members are organized into different levels of understanding. The Titanidae are just fledgling members ignorant of the groups true goals. The Bronze are taught rudimentary uses of their untapped psychic abilities and are given small tasks to accomplish. For the most part, these tasks do not amount to much ("take this package here"), but the Bronze unknowingly do a lot of the grunt work for the higher ups. The Silver are the ones who have been told their true origins and the source of their psychic abilities, but they do not yet know the true extent of the organization. The Golds are almost fully educated in the ways of the Children. Normally, a group of Golds will assist the Founders in their plans. Founders are the highest level of the Titanidae and they are the organization's most powerful members. They are called Founders because they have reached full cognizance of their past lives, stretching all the way back when they founded Mezentius' colony.

Founders each engage in different areas of research, say perhaps "voodoo." A Founder and a group of Golds, perhaps a few Slivers, research everything surrounding the "voodoo" phenomenon. The Titanidae hope that through research and field investigation of various paranormal occurrences, the organization will gain greater occult power and get one step closer to freeing the Titans.

Several Founders are elected to control Titanidae operations in different areas of the world. These higher authorities, called Flamens, make sure that one Founder's work does not conflict with another Founder's. There are four major Flamens: the Flamen Americarum, who oversees North, Central and South America, the Flamen Asiae, who runs operations in Asia, the Flamen Europae, who manages Europe, and the Flamen Africarum, a newly created office for the burgeoning work in that continent. There are also several minor Flamens, who control administrative matters, such as finance or security. But the continental Flamens are the real power behind all operations in their specific territory. I have the distinct notion that the Children remain a predominantly Western European organization, judging by membership — but I don't know even a fraction about the Titanidae.

When there is a matter which affects the Titanidae as a whole, any major Flamen may pass the matter to a vote by all the Founders. Any interested Founders are invited to submit a vote on resolution by mail or in person to the Flamen's council. There is also a gathering of all Founders once every ten years in Sicily, near the original site of the Mezentius colony.

I obtained the rank of the Gold before I could put together the full story you are reading now. Still, I never found out specifics, such as who were the Flamens or where they were located. Aside from the Baltimore location, I could not even prove that the Titanidae existed anywhere. My impression, however, is that the Titanidae are massive, with funding to support just about anything they choose.

One note on the members — they are not all the same. Yes, we all have psychic ability, which the Titanidae call "magick," but we come from all walks of life. Mechanics, lawyers, actors, carpet installers — it doesn't matter. Everyone is of use to the Titanidae. Regardless of occupation, the Titanidae make sure that the Golds and the Founders are well supported financially. But the Titanidae are drawn from every race and level of society . . . I don't even know how many there are.

**Goals and Aims:** . . . The Titanidae claim that they are the servants of their Lord Kronos, that they seek to fulfill his will, but these only warrant their true goal: world domination. The Founders believe that they have a divine right to rule over their fellow man — why else were they given these powers? Before the Titanidae assume their mantles as the protectors and rulers of Earth, they must first free Kronos and the other Titans from Tartarus.

Now that's the party line. I didn't know of anyone who was actively doing this, nor do I even know where Tartarus is — another dimension? Another planet? The Titanidae seem to think it's just somewhere else — and that their magicks will find it. So the Titanidae seek to increase their occult knowledge by any means possible. Flamens will send a team of Founders to any place which has exhibited any paranormal activity. Founders themselves delve into libraries, hoping to unearth some new insight into magick.

Because the Titanidae fear that humans will interfere with their work, they work to publicly debunk all paranormal phenomena. For instance, one Founder owns a popular tabloid which consistently prints
of stories on Elvis, Aliens, and Ghosts. Naturally no one takes this seriously — but the Founders often use this tabloid to cover up real events. Talk about the perfect cover — would you believe in something if you read about it in a tabloid? In addition, several Founders are renowned scientists who frequently rail against superstitious nonsense like ghosts or Bigfoot, but privately they engage in all sorts of research for the good of the Titanidae. I learned all of this from the Founders I met — but I couldn't get any more specifics. Upon attaining the rank of Founder, all members take a new name, actually it's an old name — the name of the original colonist who they are supposed to be. As a product of training, a Founder is supposed to be able to draw from his most ancient memories and unearth the colonist's name. The most powerful Founders are rumored to be able to touch memories even before Mezentius, when they sat at the right hand of Kronos and the other Titans. These Founders have exotic names — practically unpronounceable. But no one has actually met these guys — it's a rumor that they even exist. Titanidae gathering places are usually called "Ships" and referred to as the "Baltimore Ship" or the "Chicago Ship". At each of these locations is a building where members are recruited, initiated and trained. The facilities are called ships because they help the lost soul of a Titanidae sail back to his true memories. In effect, the Titanidae believe that the process of initiation will have each member uncovering the memories of Mezentius' colony. All the members are passengers on that "voyage."

The Founders believe that they have a great destiny in the future, but they also have a responsibility to protect mankind in the present. According to the Titanidae legends, there are three races of beings out there which are dedicated to destroying mankind. The first race is the Dracones — they are the serpent race created by Chaos in his own image. These creatures eventually evolved into serpent men, who supposedly were banished from the Earth when Kronos overthrew Chaos. The second race are the Goblyns, who were created by Earth and Sky. These creatures, resembling Greys, inhabit a "Goblin" universe, from which they occasionally emerge to bedevil mankind. The last race are the Pilosi — the hairy giants created by Zeus to destroy humankind. The Titanidae are devoted to finding these creatures and either destroying them or foiling their plans.

The Titanidae do not believe in aliens — their theology does not allow for this. They know a great deal about Aegis, they even know about my own membership — but they don't seem to care. Their psychics and initiation rituals have prevented me from doing anything to oppose their will. Titanidae members chuckle at the idea of aliens and extraterrestrials — evidence of mankind's naiveté. What we call "Saurians" and "Greys", they call Dracones and Goblyns. In fact, they feel that the "alien visitor" theories are propagated by the agents of Zeus, who wish to foil any attempt to uncover the truth about reality. At this point, I no longer know what's the truth and what's not. **Magicks:** . . . The Titanidae don't believe in psychic abilities — they call any psychic, paranormal or supernatural powers "magicks". The Titanidae have broken down
magick into a number of different areas: frontac (elemental magicks), hinthial (mind magicks), mari (death magicks) and netsvis (future magicks). I don't know where those crazy names came up — you're supposed to learn how the magicks got their names when you reach Founder level. Frontac covers any manipulation of physical material — such as metal, wood, fire and water. Gifts such as pyrokinesis and telekinesis are grouped under a frontac. Hinthial covers the more conventional psychic phenomena, such as telepathy or E.S.P. To the Titanidae, everyone human possesses some level of hinthial — it's almost like a sixth sense. But the Titanidae are just better at being in touch with that sense than anyone else. Mari is the communication, sometimes manipulation, of the dead. Mari magick reaches out beyond the veil of death and summons spirits back to your world. I've seen Titanidae talk to former comrades long dead through the medium of another Titanidae member. While I've seen this charade perpetrated a hundred times in fortune tellers across the country, the mari magick is for real — I should know, since I talked to my long dead grandmother. I was told things only she would know. Netsvis is the most complicated magick because it deals with untangling the complicated knots of the future. According to Titanidae literature, all events in the world, no matter how small, are woven into a vast tapestry by the three Fates. Through netsvis, someone can peer into the tapestry to see the future or even the past or present. The tapestry is so huge, however, it takes training to interpret what exactly one has seen. There is another kind of magick, barely mentioned aloud, called alphaze — blood magick. Through the use of sacrificial blood, a skilled alphaze user can distort reality to his own desires. The initiation ritual — in which all are bound to the Titanidae — is a form of alphaze. I can attest to the ritual's power; the magick prevents me from saying a word about anything I saw or heard during the initiation.

The Titanidae also have a curious way of training their psychics. Sure, there are conventional teachers, who guide the way through a combination of verbal and telepathic suggestions. But a lot of the study into the Titanidae magick is done through cecha — tiny, hand-size statues, engravings and carvings which have been imprinted with a powerful psychic signature. If any psychic holds a cecha for just a few moments, his mind will be awash with a sort of psychic tutorial. The cecha act like psychic VCRs, which record mental impressions and thoughts so vividly that you think that you are experiencing them first hand. Many of these cecha contain lessons on the various aspects of Titanidae magicks; a few cecha are also journals about the experiences of the Titanidae. Some of these record lives stretching back several centuries, which attests to the fact that the Titanidae have been around at least that long. I'm not sure what cecha are made out of, but it didn't appear to be a conventional material. The cecha were made of a porous material, almost like coral, but not quite as rough.

The Labor: . . . Before one can advance to the higher levels of the Titanidae, namely above the level of Silver, one must perform a Labor for the group. A particular quest or task is assigned to a group of novices, usually made up of Slivers. Depending on the outcome of the Labor, some will achieve Gold, while others will remain permanently at the level of Silver. The Labor serves as the single determining factor in your status as a Titanidae; if the Titans favor you, you will succeed. If they don't, well, tough luck — you won't go any further in the Titanidae ladder of membership. Oddly, there doesn't seem to be any shame in failure — disappointment, maybe — I think it's because they chalk up everything to the will of the Titans.

I was told by an anonymous phone call to report to the Camden Aquarium in New Jersey the next morning to receive my Labor. When I got there, I immediately recognized the mental buzz of a couple of other psychics — they were other Titanidae. I didn't know any of them — nor did they know any of each other. We were just a random group of Slivers thrown together for this particular Labor. A kid came up to us around noon at the new Devil Ray exhibit and handed each of us a manila envelope. I tried to "read" the kid, but his mind was impenetrable. Inside each envelope was several thousand dollars, a photocopy of a newspaper article, fake visas, credit cards and plane tickets to Argentina.

None of us had a clue what was going on, so we turned to the newspaper article. According to the article, dated two months earlier, a New Dublin University expedition to the inner jungles of Patagonia had disappeared. The expedition, headed by Prof. Anthony Florentine, was sent to Patagonia to search for what many thought was a long extinct species of the giant sloth. According to most archaeologists, the giant sloth died out thousands of years ago, sometime after the last ice age. Florentine had discovered evidence that the giant sloth still existed today, in Patagonia. On one of his visits to Argentina, Florentine had come across a tourist ranch located on the tip of Patagonia, on a canal dubbed “Last Hope.” In this gloomy place, Florentine came across a massive, hairy, animal hide, hidden amongst the cowboy tourist junk. Intrigued, Florentine bought the hide for an exorbitant price and returned to New Dublin, Ohio in the hopes of figuring out what this thing was. What made the hide unusual was that underneath the hair was a layer of small bony outgrowths, roughly the size of dimes. Florentine remembered a journal article conjecturing that the giant sloth had one of these coats. After consulting some Patagonian anthropological surveys, Florentine also discovered that the locals had legends of a ox-sized nocturnal beast which would leap out from the ground to kill unwary hunters. Intrigued by all this information, Florentine started raising the funds for a thorough expedition into the hinterlands of Patagonia. Several years later, Florentine set off with a number of graduate students, but they disappeared into the silent forests.
It was clear to all of us that our Labor was to go to Argentina and find out what happened to this expedition. We discovered that baggage had already been prepared for us and was on our flight. I tried sending a priority alert on HERMES, but I could not bring myself to do so. Before I knew it, I had traveled from November’s icy grip on the East Coast to the warm embrace of Argentina’s summer. After we settled into a hotel, we took stock of our luggage — we were prepared for war. Underneath layers of clothing were hidden handguns, rifles, explosives and grenades. No doubt someone thought this Labor was going to lead to danger. The next day, we hired the appropriate guides and transportation and set off after Florentine’s expedition.

I won’t bore you with descriptions of the Patagonian forest. Dark. Quiet. Somber. Those all fit the bill. After a week of hiking, and no trace of Florentine, we came across a tribe of natives. They were a friendly bunch, more than willing to share their day’s hunt with us over a campfire. One of them was even wearing a Dallas Cowboy’s T-shirt! They told us that indeed, a large hairy beast lurked in the undergrowth, but that it wasn’t dangerous at all. They called it the iemish — which means “the one with little stones on it.” The creature’s pelt was said to be covered with little stones, making in almost invulnerable. The creature guarded land sacred to the gods, so it was taboo to transgress the iemish’s territory. The iemish, because it was a holy creature, could paralyze men with its sacred power. Many a warrior had been found near iemish territory, frozen to the spot they stood. The paralysis wears off in a couple of days, but the natives say it’s not a lot of fun — at least, that’s what their grandfathers told them when they were little. No one has recently defied the borders of iemish land.

The next day we set off, now armed with directions from the tribe. Within six hours, we came across a small clearing. Stew about the clearing were the corpses of the Florentine expedition. While all the bodies had been scavenged to one degree or another, we could tell they had their throats cut. Further, all evidence suggested that no one struggled while their throats were slashed. The cut marks on the throat were certainly not that of an animal, but of a man-made knife. We spent the rest of the day looking for the murderers’ tracks, to no avail. The beginning of that night was very peaceful — not a single bird or monkey was screeching.

Around two in the morning, I heard a crashing in the bush. I rolled out of my tent and froze. A huge monstrous shape emerged from the forest and entered our camp. I wasn’t the only one frozen — everyone else was also stuck in their tracks. None of us could move. Despite the creature’s size and huge claws, the giant sloth just meandered around camp and then ate some of our camp stores before going back into the cover of the forest. All of us were still frozen like statues. I began concentrating on moving my limbs — using every psychic trick I knew of. Finally, I yanked on the spot in my mind which I normally use to wake up out of a sound sleep and managed to regain control of my limbs. After about ten minutes, I telepathically communicated to my comrades how to do this and we were all free.

Thinking back to Florentine and the others, I remembered how they, too, were frozen in their spots as their throats were being cut. So we decided to take off into the night, hoping to escape the same fate as the other expedition. Dawn found us hiking up a small mountain into a very strange valley. I say strange because it didn’t look at all like the jungle we had come out of. The plants were all different — and the trees were just enormous. Dragonflies the size of my arm flew by. Strange rat things jumped around the branches above. Miniature horses galloped along the huge, misshapen tree roots which sprouted up from the ground everywhere. Through our binoculars, we saw the flash of something metallic in the distance. After a day of wading through this odd place, we found something even more out of place.

In the midst of this jungle, we came across a compound bustling with activity. Guards were patrolling the gate perimeter, while white-coated scientists hustled from building to building. Huge lights were erected above the compound to light the place up even in the darkest of nights. We hid in the underbrush to escape detection. One thing we did notice was that the guards were all wearing sunglasses and equipped with long, sharp knives. Like the ones that killed Florentine and the others.

That night, we managed to penetrate the compound’s perimeter. Despite the gates and the guards, I don’t think that they planned to have any intruders. We snuck around as best we could, considering the huge lights that lit up the place like it was Monday Night Football. We managed to slide through a window into one of the buildings and found ourselves in an office. We found a computer terminal and one of my partners began hacking his way into the system. The rest of us just stood guard at the door and window, waiting to be discovered at any second. Several dozen copied disks later, we started for the window when a klaxon finally went off. I don’t know whether we set it off or not, but we weren’t going to go out peacefully.

As we ran for the gate, my comrades opened fire on everything that moved, hurling bullets and grenades at anyone. Several loud explosions later we scaled the gate and began running like hell. Pursuit helicopters couldn’t see us through the trees and the jeeps couldn’t make it through the undergrowth. The guards began running after us on foot, but they couldn’t keep up for long. Oddly enough, they didn’t use dogs on us. I didn’t have a clue why until later. Then I started thinking — everyone in the place wore dark sunglasses, even at night. From my review of HERMES records, I knew that Men in Black are
almost always seen wearing dark sunglasses. Could it be that Saurians have set up a base camp in the forest of Argentina? What insidious plot were they hatching? On our way out of the valley, one of the group took some plant samples, just to find out if there was anything special in this valley to warrant that odd compound being in the middle of nowhere.

After we were safely in first class jet flying back to the U.S., we began to study some of the info we had copied. Most of the disk contained gobbligook — all encoded stuff which would take a while to decrypt. But the stuff we could understand was fascinating. The compound was a huge genetics lab — with each building devoted to something different. Gene-splicing. Cloning. Genetic addressing. The material they were working with was the genetics of extinct flora and fauna. All the plants, all the animals we saw in that strange valley were the product of this lab. After we got back to the East Coast the Titanidae labs had a chance to look at our plant samples. They concluded with us that the plants were indeed species known to be extinct. Extinct for over a million years! The official Titanidae line was that the valley and the lab were being run by the spawn of Chaos — and therefore they should be destroyed.

I'm writing this so that Aegis will send someone down there. Why are Saurians genetically creating species long extinct?

In summary, Hunter appears to have joined a club, or cult, which he believed was going to kill him for what he knew. I have checked on all known references to the name Titanidae, but I have not discovered anything important.

Current analysis suggests that Hunter committed suicide with some sort of explosive, having been driven to it by his constant war against the Titanidae psychic control and a series of draining Aegis missions. The constant use of his psychic powers must have put an enormous strain on his fragile mind and he slipped into a paranoid delusional psychosis.

See: <annotation>

>ANNOTATION

Annotation, Summary

The Titanidae present an interesting challenge for Aegis. They are a large, well-funded, very organized group with substantial supernatural and occult resources. There can be no doubt the the Founders are powerful psychics, and it would not be too much of a stretch to imagine that they are Greys or Grey-controlled operatives using some sort of mind control process to enslave human psychics. The fact that Agent Hunter was a part of this organization for several years without drawing the attention of his fellow Cell members warrants new security procedures and background checks of all current personnel. The psychic triggers that Hunter felt being implanted in him raises the possibility that other subconscious commands may have been imbedded as well, and that he may have told the Titanidae everything he knew about Aegis. Given this possibility, I advise that Hunter's former Cell be recalled immediately and his fellow Cell members carefully debriefed.

I have followed up on several of the points mentioned in the document recovered from Hunter's hard drive, although most of what I came up with only proves that if the Titanidae do exist (and I am certain they do), they cover their tracks very well indeed. Karina Rush did attend Pacific Tech at the same time as Agent Hunter and they were friends. However, Karina Rush is now missing and presumed dead after a boating accident in the Florida Keys last summer. Her financial records show nothing unusual except that she made a number of international voyages in the past three years, mostly to Europe and the Middle East.

I followed every lead I could in an attempt to find the Titanidae meeting place in Baltimore where Hunter was inducted, but I had no success. Hunter's fellow Cell members say that Hunter told them that he had joined some sort of private club, but that they did not take much note of it. It seems Hunter was always joining one club or another, or taking up some strange hobby. Membership in the club never affected his performance while working for Aegis, so there was no cause for concern. They were under the impression that the regular meetings of the club were held somewhere in downtown Philadelphia, the Cell's home city.

The only other lead I found was in investigating the ownership of the three largest supermarket tabloids in the US. The financial records of two of them were relatively easy to access and showed no signs of irregularity. The third, The Weekly Star, seems to be the most likely candidate for a Titanidae front. It is nominally owned by its publisher, but further digging brought out that real power lies with a group of "European stockholders." I could not get any more specific than that, but phone records show a great many personal calls from the publisher's office and home phones to a number in rural France. A good seventy-five percent of these calls are made in the twelve hours before the paper goes to press. Likewise there are regular deposits into the publisher's account from a French bank. I could get no further than the bank in my attempt to track these financiers down. The phone number is a pay phone outside a small restaurant. One can be assured that there are other, even more hidden lines of communication between the Titanidae and their pawns.

See: <threat analysis>
How much of a threat do the Titanidae present to Aegis interests? Besides the fact that they are probably responsible for the deaths of one of our agents, they do not appear to be an immediate threat. Their twisted world view prevents them from accepting the idea of aliens among us, so it is unlikely that the group will be making alliances with any of the aliens or the Black Book. The main interest of the Titanidae is the supernatural, and here their resources probably greatly exceed our own. Even though they are unaware of the nature of psychic seepage, they seem to have a remarkable amount of control over it. If Hunter’s report is to be believed, they have been practicing "magick" for centuries, and are no doubt highly trained psychics and ritual magicians. Since they only recruit from psychics into their ranks, extreme caution should be used at all times, even when dealing with the lowest of the Titanidae.

Since the Titanidae seem to be masters of psychic suggestion and implanting mental barriers, it is possible that many of the members are not even fully aware of their actions. Possibly the Titanidae have even discovered a form of psychic ability that allows them to control the thoughts and actions of fellow humans. Although this may seem very unlikely, this possibility is so frightening it deserves further investigation. Perhaps we have much to learn from these crazed wizards. It also means that their agents may be reporting back to the Founders or Flamens and not even realizing it, something I warned about in the beginning of my analysis.

Of course the stated goal of the Titanidae is in direct opposition to Aegis interests, namely Titanidae world domination. As impractical as such a goal may seem, there is certainly something to be said for someone who is willing to try. A group of powerful psychics bent on controlling the world could certainly make waves if it wanted to. What seems to prevent them from acting out their ambition is this delusional need to free Kronos from Tartarus. This weakness is something that can easily be exploited by a few carefully placed and prepared Aegis agents. The Titanidae might be lead to believe that the aliens that threaten our world are the jailers of their god. By encouraging such feelings we can possibly set the Titanidae against the alien threat. They do not seem to be aware of the Atlanteans, although Hunter does mentions another race: the Pilosi. I cannot guess what these "hairy giants" might be, but they are some part of the convoluted mythology that seems to hold sway over the group.

Their use as pawns against the aliens is really only an ancillary benefit to infiltrating or recruiting from the Titanidae. If what Hunter writes is true (and we have no reason to believe that it is not), then the Titanidae have probably collected one of the greatest libraries of occult and supernatural material anywhere in the world. Likewise, the Titanidae themselves are probably among the leading experts in the world on supernatural phenomena. Even though they view the world through a rather skewed lens, their experience and expertise could prove invaluable. Because of their obsession with freeing Kronos, the information the Titanidae have collected seems to focus a great deal on strange beings, supernatural entities, and even cryptozoological material. Aegis operatives within the Titanidae could provide new insights into investigations in all of these areas.

I believe that Aegis cannot afford to ignore this group any longer. Furthermore, I feel that we should make every effort to actually infiltrate the Titanidae at every level. Keeping in mind the high level of psychic proficiency the Titanidae are believed to possess, any agents should be carefully chosen. We might in fact have better luck if we were to try and recruit from the lower levels of the Titanidae hierarchy. If we assume that Hunter’s experience is relatively typical, then the newer recruits, say below Gold, will still be open to Aegis indoctrination. Perhaps with proper therapy and or the use of MKULTRA psi drugs we can overcome the Titanidae psychic barriers. Quick action should be taken in this area, for we can be sure that the Founders are thinking along the same lines, and are possibly infiltrating Aegis even as I write.
Players wishing to create Titanidae characters have several options open to them. The most obvious, and the one that fits in best with the game is to create Aegis operatives drawn from the Titanidae ranks. These are individuals who have strayed from the official beliefs of the Titanidae. In all likelihood they do not believe in the arcane mythological paradigm under which the Titanidae operate. Instead they are infiltrators who seek to manipulate the organization in the interest of Aegis (or possibly the Black Book).

Aegis agents operating within the Titanidae have undergone extensive psychic preparation before being sent to infiltrate the group. This allows them to overcome the detrimental effects of revealing Titanidae secrets. The preparation involves long hypnosis sessions coupled with the implantation of psychic triggers that will counter those placed by the Titanidae. Even with these aids, it is still painful for Aegis agents to reveal the secrets they have been told. Doing so requires a Willpower test with the Df set by the table below. Succeeding in the test allows the character to speak to another person for ten minutes about the Titanidae or write for half an hour. Failing the test means the character suffers a Tw2 wound. The higher the level the character holds in the Titanidae, the harder it is for them to tell secrets; thus for each level the Df of the test increases.

A character's rank in the organization reflects their Influence level. No character may start the game with an Influence greater than 3 if they are playing Titanidae Aegis agents.

Titanidae characters must purchase at least one psychic ability at a Lesser classification.
**TITANIDAE**

**TITANIDAE MEMBER — AEGIS INFILTRATOR**

**Available Training:** Awareness

**Available Professional Skills:** Cryptozoology, Cryptozoology, Forgery, Hypnosis, Language, Meditation, Occult, Parapsychology, Research, Ritual

Titanidae members may use their Influence to provide 📣 📊

**PULLSTRING**

**Tabloid Expose**: The Titanidae feel it is their duty to deal with supernatural phenomena. To hide their efforts and discourage others from investigating in this area, they do all they can to discredit accounts of the paranormal. The agent can use the Titanidae control over the Weekly Star to create feature stories of their own choosing. This is typically written to confuse and obfuscate what is really going on. It is a Df 3 test to get a story onto the front page if there is more than a few days notice before the paper goes to press. It is Df4 if the agent wants to make up a story less than 24 hours before press time.

**Occult Research**: The Titanidae maintain bases, or "ships" as they call them, all over the world. Most of these are simply large private homes or offices. Even the smallest of them contains occult resources unavailable to most researchers. Given enough time, the Titanidae researcher can find out all there is to know about a given occult topic. The agent can pull strings to have a particular name, place, book, or any other occult topic researched for them. The Titanidae are more than willing to help each other when it comes to research; it is only a question of how long it takes them to get around to it. To have a question answered in more than a week is a Df2 Influence test. Four to six days takes a Df3 test, two to three days is Df4, and less than twenty-four hours is Df5.

**NON-AEGIS TITANIDAE**

At the discretion of the Game Master, players may also create characters who are loyal servants of the Titanidae. In many cases these will be individuals who are infiltrating other groups such as Aegis, the Black Book, or the Royal Cryptozoological Society. The Titanidae will be mainly concerned with investigating supernatural and cryptozoological phenomena. Such characters are invariably loyal to the Titanidae, and are often of Gold level. The Flamens would not trust anyone less powerful to serve as an infiltrator. This means that a character must take level 4 Influence to be a Titanidae agent. Like all Titanidae they must also be either Lesser or Greater Psychics. However, the character will not have undergone the psychic conditioning Aegis agents receive before joining the Titanidae. This means that it is impossible for them to give away any of the group's secrets. Even trying to do so results in an immediate Br5 wound. A Willpower Test at Df5 allows the traitor to speak for a full minute, or write for five, but he or she immediately suffers a Tw4 wound. Titanidae agents may pull strings and learn professional skills and training just as an Aegis mole would.

**NEW PSYCH PROFILES**

**PAST LIVES**

Cost: 5CP (non-Titanidae) 8CP (Titanidae)

The character has past lives which can be accessed through hypnosis. This is a sign of great prestige among the Titanidae, and adds 1 to the Target Number of all tests involving Influence within that organization. Accessing the past lives can provide the character with information about the past, and possibly even clues to current events. Much like a dream, these past life regressions often unlock hidden or subconscious memories in the character. The exact information learned, of course, is left to the discretion of the Game Master.

**TITANIDAE MOLE**

Value: 35CP

The character has actually been subverted by the Titanidae subconscious psychic blocks. The character suffers periodic blackouts during which time she is actually reporting back to the Titanidae all that she knows about Aegis and its activities. These blackouts usually occur while the player thinks she is asleep, so she does not even realize what is happening. The character may even be subject to other psychic triggers, such as giving false information to Aegis or even a command word that will cause her to go on a homicidal killing spree. Her mind is not always her own anymore, although it would take prolonged examination by a Greater Telepath to determine this.
Cryptozoology
Oh, the wonder and majesty of Sasquatch. We should make every effort, expend any resource, devote any time period to finding this being. What profound truths we could learn from the studying a live specimen of this glorious creature. How many secrets could this being possess. It may hold the key to significant advancements in human understanding of evolution, genetics, history -- even society. The Sasquatch could teach us as much about ourselves as a hundred years of studying human behavior. Finally, think of the glory bestowed on the intrepid explorer/scientist who discovers the first live Sasquatch and brings him to the glare of society’s light. The fame, prestige and honor would be almost too much to bear. These are my dreams. This is what keeps me struggling ever onward.

Oh, the horror and danger of Sasquatch. We should make every effort, expend any resource, devote any time period to finding this nightmare. Then it should be annihilated.

Journal of Founder Aphricles, Titanidae

Personal Diary of Glanville Jowles Thornburough, Royal Cryptozoological Society member
Transcript of presentation by Prof. Dmitri Porsnov
1996 Royal Cryptozoological Society "Unknown Hominids" Conference
August 9, 1996

I would like to begin by expressing my utmost gratitude to the RCS for providing me with the funds to come to this conference. I am grateful for the opportunity to share evidence and ideas with some of the foremost scholars in our field.

I wish I could present to you a subject which would excite your imaginations. The terms "Bigfoot", "Yeti" and "Sasquatch" immediately evoke an almost visceral emotional response. Even layman are caught up in the romance of the terms. Yet, in their own way, the mysterious Almas of Mongolia have their own romance. They have challenged us Soviet scholars to rethink our attitudes towards evolution.

Western studies of these creatures began only recently, in the 1950’s. One of our leading physical anthropologists, the respected Prof. Ivan Fedovich, spearheaded a campaign to solve the riddle of the Abominable Snowman. The Soviet Union’s best scientists could not make much progress from the evidence I present today. Unfortunately the Cold War prevented free exchange of information between Eastern and Western scholars.

As part of this investigation into the Yeti, scholars uncovered reports of another humanoid being living in the desolate reaches of Mongolia. The locals called these creatures "Almas." While the Himalayans treat the Yeti with a superstitious reverence and surround the creatures with colorful tales, the indigenous Mongolian peoples treated the Almas as everyday creatures. The Mongolians felt that the Almas belonged to the real world, rather than to the mystical realm of myth.

Russian scholars first turned their eyes toward the Almas after 1906, when the adventurer/professor Dmitri Baradiin returned from Mongolia. Baradiin and his caravan stopped at a water hole for the night after a long, day of traveling through the harsh Alashan desert. When a member of the caravan cried out in surprise, Baradiin glanced over in the direction of the banks of the muddy pond. A smallish, hairy human was kneeling in the soil, greedily lapping the brackish water. At the sound of the man’s cry, the creature fled. Baradiin’s experiences spurred other scholars to investigate this mysterious man-beast.

After looking at all the evidence, most Soviet primatologists dismissed any possible relationship between the Almas and the Chinese Yeti. The Almas are small, approximately man-sized, albeit slightly broader. The Yeti is a huge creature, measuring up to eight feet tall by some accounts. The Almas leave prints which are similar to that of men, unlike the huge prints of the Yeti. Unlike the bestial Yeti, the Almas seem to have some remedial skills. One man said that he left his campfire one night to gather in some stray sheep. When he returned, several Almas were sitting around the fire warming themselves. The Almas retreated peacefully into the night when they saw the herdsmen. This event shows that the Almas are not afraid of fire, a characteristic of man. Mongolians often report that they have traded goods with the Almas – usually providing them with craft goods and receiving in return raw materials. Occasionally, Mongolians have shown inquirers rough hewn tools which the Almas presented to them in trade.

One report suggests that the Almas are genetically compatible with human beings. A man was supposedly kidnapped by a tribe of Almas and forced to mate with an Almas female. A son was born of the mating and after much soul-searching, the father decided remain with the tribe to care for his newborn child. After several years, father and son escaped from the Almas. The son entered a monastery and became a lama of great renown. According to rumor, this lama had mystical abilities, not the least of which was the ability to heal even those close to death. The son proudly bore his heritage by going under the name of "a son of an Almasska." Unfortunately, the lama died before any modern scholar could question him about his origins.
The Almasska tale finds rough support in scientific facts concerning the unique Neanderthal cranial structure. Despite popular depictions of the Neanderthal as a brute, Neanderthal man had a larger brain than the "refined" Homo sapiens. If indeed this lama was a crossbreed between Neanderthal and modern man, perhaps he inherited the large brain case of Neanderthal. We know so little about the brain and its functions; Neanderthal man's larger brain may have been capable of more than our brains. Perhaps the Neanderthal brains possessed some level of psychic ability, enabling the Almasska lama to perform "miracles" such as healing.

When one takes into account the description of the Almas and their primitive state of technology, one possible theory about their origins arises. They may be a relic population of Neanderthal man. The Almas appear to be of the same stature as Neanderthal man and their facial structure seems quite similar. The Almas possess the large Neanderthal nose and the protruding cheekbones. When we studied the tools reportedly of Almas origins, many showed remarkable similarity to the Mousterian tools we associate with Neanderthal man. The Almas behavior seems remarkably similar to that we have constructed for Neanderthal man, a social creature, living in small groups.

The Almas, despite their tool-making abilities and burial customs, do not seem to have any sort of spoken language. Encounters with Almas generally reveal that the creatures communicate through gestures and the occasional grunt. The Neanderthal, according to recent research, possessed a rather underdeveloped voice box. At best, Neanderthal man could only utter the grunts which the Almas are said to use. Neanderthal tools and burials suggest complex rituals and technology which demand some level of higher communication. We have speculated that the Neanderthals used gestures to fill in the gaps that their voices left — the Almas would seem to lend credence to this theory by their own lack of a spoken language.

Neanderthal man, according to our theories, was an evolutionary dead end. While Neanderthal man walked the earth, another human species, Cro-Magnon man, gradually superseded him. Cro-Magnon man evolved into the modern Homo sapiens. Neanderthal, on the other hand, was supposed to have died out forty thousand years ago. A recent discovery in France dates Neanderthal man down to only twelve thousand years ago. I need not remind you that the great Pyramids of Egypt were constructed almost five and half thousand years ago. That historical period is not too distant from the era of the Neanderthal.

How could such a relic population exist for millennia? Easily. The territory in Mongolia that the Almas inhabit stands exactly as it did nearly five million years ago. The climate and geology has not changed at all. Mongolia is only loosely settled in that area; entire towns go decades without ever being noticed. A community as small as twenty Almas could effectively reproduce without endangering itself genetically. There could be dozens of these communities dotting the mountains of Mongolia.

Mongolia is not the only area of Asia said to be inhabited by Neanderthal man. Many people in the Caucasus report hairy, ugly men living in the hinterlands of the mountains. These rustic men almost never descend out of their mountain homes, except to gather firewood or occasionally hunt. Unlike the Almas, these wild men wear primitive garments, coarsely made from animal skins. Perhaps the wearing of clothing marks the difference between these two peoples — the Caucasus can be quite cold compared to Mongolia. The Mongolians treat the Almas as neighbors, but the people of the Caucasus cast a wary eye at these odd men inhabiting the wild.

My own expeditions to the Caucasus had turned up little more than local stories until I found some tracks leading to a cave deep in the mountains. The cave was complete with intricate paintings and designs reminiscent of other Neanderthal caves in Europe. The floor was strewn with the remains of numerous fires and many Neanderthal tools. I took pictures of all my findings — copies of which are now being handed out.

Unfortunately, the cave may have been deserted for some time. Many cynical colleagues suggest that the cave is several thousand years old and may have been uncovered by a landslide which occurred nearby. On the other hand, certain paintings in this cave appear to contradict my learned colleagues theories about the age of the cave. Many of the pictures resemble the beautiful paintings found in the Neanderthal caves of France, with slender, graceful animals racing across ancient stone walls. But some of these pictures in the cave do not resemble any known animal. As you can see from this slide, it appears as if someone has painted an airplane on this wall. Could anyone have painted this? Perhaps. But I doubt that anyone alive could replicate so precisely the style and painting methods of a Neanderthal craftsman. More tests are now being done on these paintings to determine their approximate age.
In another recent discovery, one scholar was able to secure plaster footprints of Neanderthals in Eurasia. There are called Ksy-Giik. At any rate, the footprints are nearly identical to the prints of Neanderthal man found in the Toraino Cave in Italy: a short foot, quite broad with wide toes. Because Neanderthal footprints fall so closely within human limits, it's hard to tell the difference between a Neanderthal and a human footprint.

When one studies the myths of medieval Europe, one might discover that Neanderthal man was living side by side with his human compatriots until quite recently. In the middle ages, Richard de Pournval included an entry in his tome on zoology for the “wild man”: a hairy man who roamed the wilderness. Spenser's Faerie Queen describes the dwelling of the wild man: a mossy den deep in the primordial forest. The Dark Age epic Beowulf recounts the life and death of the monstrous Grendel, a wild creature inhabiting the swamps who seems to possess frighteningly human emotions. Centuries earlier, the Roman General Pompey reputedly captured a man-like creature while in Asia Minor, covered in hair and unable to speak. Pompey, humane and cosmopolitan general that he was, executed the creature. Ancient Greek myths tell of bestial men, called satyrs, who cavort in the wilds. Perhaps all these tales indicate that Neanderthal man may have survived in Europe even into historical times.

Unfortunately, the modernization and settlement of the European continent probably drove its native Neanderthals either to extinction or to migration, namely into Asia. Because of the vastness of the Soviet Union, I'm sorry, Russia... many of us are still uncomfortable with this change...Neanderthal man has many places to hide in relative secrecy.

I must stress that we should try to categorize the evidence for all the various unknown hominids, in an effort to identify the particular species. The Almas for instance, appear to be a Neanderthal relic, quite distinct from the American Bigfoot or the Chinese Yeti.

Thank you for your kind attention.

The Yahoo

The Yahoo, Yourie and Yowie are all names which designate the mysterious shaggy man of the Australian outback. The indigenous Aborigines believe that hairy half-men inhabit the empty stretches of Australia and are able to slip in and out of the mystical world of the Dreaming. Tourists and other Australians often return to civilization saying that they saw the Yahoo lurking in the bush. Careful questioning and examination usually reveals that the creature seen is indeed hairy, but not necessarily bi-pedal. There is no hard evidence that a hairy hominid does exist in Australia. Unlike Bigfoot, there are no plaster footprints of the Yahoo. The name Yahoo, Yourie and Yowie are names of indeterminate origin (despite tour guides' claims that they are Aboriginal words) — no one quite knows how these names developed.

The Minnesota Iceman

In the late 1960's, a carnival touring through mid-west America exhibited a hairy "beast man" frozen in a block of ice. The carnival owner, Hank E. Fransen, claimed that he had obtained this "Iceman" from an anonymous billionaire living on the West Coast. To his customers, Fransen explained that the Iceman had been found years earlier floating in the sea near the Kamchatka peninsula. The fisherman who discovered it took the precious cargo back to civilization and sold it to the highest bidder — the aforementioned billionaire. Fransen leased the Iceman from the owner and placed it on display in his carnival. A noted primatologist and a noted zoologist carefully studied the being through the ice and both agreed that this was indeed a genuine "missing link". The story spread through the country like wildfire, but Fransen quickly hid the creature. Apparently, Fransen told a different story to the scholars when queried about the creature. The Iceman was not found in the sea, but was shot by some American soldiers in Viet Nam. Fearing the authorities might consider the creature human and charge Fransen with accessory to murder, Fransen decided to hide the body and replace it with a life-like fake. The press called the whole affair a hoax after they saw the wax dummy of the Iceman, but the two scholars continue to believe that they had seen a real creature in the ice.
Transcript of presentation by Prof. John Billington
1996 Royal Cryptozoological Society "Unknown Hominids" Conference

Agust 11, 1996

Until last year, I had barely even heard of the term cryptozoology. Now I find myself addressing a conference of such scholars. I sincerely appreciate your attention.

In my field, Native American Studies, one often encounters tabloid journalists searching for background information on the Indian Sasquatch, popularly called Bigfoot. I never gave Sasquatch anything more than a passing thought, save the occasional disdain that academics hold for such things. But because my expertise falls under Native American religion, many students approach me with wild questions on the mysterious Bigfoot.

One student, James Turner, approached me in September 1995. James had been hiking in the deep forests of Washington State over the summer and had run across something Indian, he thought, but he did not know what he had actually seen. James had found a clearing in the forest where he thought he might pitch his tent. He noticed that the clearing was surrounded by a number of huge boulders. Each of these boulders was intricately carved with various designs and visages, which James could not accurately reproduce. James said that the place reminded him of Stonehenge, which he had visited as a boy. In the center of the circles, there were a series of mounds, some 4 feet in height. James was thrilled that he had come across such a place, a place of mystery and wonder.

James said that he found all sorts of Indian artifacts around these mounds, such as arrowheads and spearshafts, but the most unusual thing he picked up was a part of a huge skull. Marvelling at the size of the skull, James was startled out of his contemplation when the forest around him came alive with a series of inhuman screams and shouts. James caught sight of large, hairy creatures moving just out of clear sight. As his hackles began to rise, James quickly bolted out of the ring of boulders and down an old path. The shadowy shapes seemed to pursue him; James thought he would be killed. Suddenly, the path ended in a cliff, overlooking a creek. The boy leaped across the divide and kept running until well past dark. James thought he had left his pursuers back at the creek, but he was too afraid to stop.

As proof of his story, James produced the remnants of the skull he had found. I must admit that I thought I was the victim of a fraternity prank when I saw the fragments. The jaw was huge, far larger than any Native American sample I have seen. The cranium, what little remained, seemed a great deal larger than a human’s, but I could not be sure until I pieced together the fragments. I took the skull to a friend of mine in Physical Anthropology, Prof. Rachel Josephson. She promised that she would check to see if the skull was just some practical joke. Within the next twenty-four hours, Rachel left a frantic message on my answering machine to come to her office.

Rachel asked me in depth about James’ alleged story, probing my memory for every last detail. The skull was indeed authentic, she assured me, but was definitely not human. The skull was that of the prehistoric ape, Gigantopithecus. Rachel assured me that there is simply no way that this skull could be native to America and that the boy James must have acquired the skull somewhere else.

As many of you know, Gigantopithecus has previously been found only in Asia, and even there scholars have uncovered only bits of jawbones. Some academicians have even claimed that Gigantopithecus never even existed, that a jawbone is too little evidence with which to prove the existence of a race of primates. Nevertheless, devoted believers have postulated that Gigantopithecus was a huge ape, 6-9 feet tall, that weighed more than of 500 lbs. Anthropologists estimate that Gigantopithecus lived and died around nine to five million years ago. Except for this skull, there has been no evidence of a higher primate ever migrating into the Americas. The largest primate (except for man) found in North or South America weighs only 40 lbs.
I approached James with the evidence, expecting him to reveal that he had perhaps bought the skull in Asia or through the black market. Kids often go to extremes to become famous. Perhaps James thought he would get his picture in *Time* if his discovery was made public. James swore that his story was true, even the part about him being pursued. As I spoke to James again, I began to construct some theories on the place James had found.

If indeed this skull is an authentic Gigantopithecus, then perhaps this creature did migrate into the Americas over the Bering Strait eons ago, living side by side with man. Could this Gigantopithecus be the origins of the Sasquatch myth among Native Americans in the Pacific Northwest? Even more importantly, could these creatures still be surviving in the wilderness, occasionally leaving "Bigfoot" tracks for itinerant hunters and hikers? Remember gentlemen, the skull was found on the surface, not underground. This means that the creature, whatever it is, died so recently that the earth did not yet have the chance to accumulate over it.

I must admit that the following weeks were exciting. James had promised to show me the location of the site. I began to think that the site may be a burial ground of sorts, like an "Elephant's Graveyard", where Sasquatches go to die. One of the major rationales for dismissing the evidence on Sasquatch has been that no one has found the remains of such a creature in the wild. All we ever find are occasional footprints.

Clearly the spot which James found was a special place. Innocently, James might have stumbled upon a sacred burial ground. James mentioned that he saw bones lying intertwined with the underbrush through the clearing. The carved megaliths surrounding the area also indicates that this was a holy place. And the Sasquatch reacted quickly when James violated this territory chasing him through the forest.

The most recent scholarship calls Gigantopithecus an ape at best, so my ideas of a graveyard might seem a little far-fetched. But perhaps Gigantopithecus has evolved, just like man, but perhaps not as much intellectually. Over the past several million years, the creatures may have developed a rudimentary culture — even religious beliefs!

I would like to give you some background on these legendary creatures and their history in the Pacific Northwest. Aside from the numerous Indian legends about large, hairy creatures, the Bigfoot phenomenon is not recorded until 1924. A group of miners in the Mt. St. Helens area claimed to have encountered giant apes in the forest. The miners where frightened by these creatures and shot one of the apes. The rest of the apes scattered at the sound of the shot, but they did not leave the miners alone for long. For days, the miners were terrorized by inhuman shouts and screams. Occasionally a rock would fly out from the forest to strike one of the miners. The miners managed to make it back to their homebase — a cabin at the foot of a small cliff. The miners claimed that the apes bombarded the cabin roof with rocks and hurled their bodies against the sides of the cabin. Every now and then, the miners would halfheartedly shoot out one of the two windows in the cabin, but with no effect. The next day, the apes had disappeared. The miners left shortly thereafter. The place where the ape was reputedly shot is to this day called "Ape Canyon". This sensationalistic tale was reported across the nation, though few truly believed the miners' claims.
Nearly every other incident reported with a Bigfoot is quite peaceful — the creatures almost never show any signs of hostility. Most sightings are simple, "I saw a Bigfoot in the clearing, but then it moved into the bush." There is almost no record of these sightings, except for the witness' own testimony. The descriptions vary a little, but the standard portrait of a Bigfoot is a 6-9 foot tall hairy ape-man, essentially our Gigantopithecus. The plaster casts of various footprints support this size estimate, also giving us a general idea that Sasquatch weighs over four hundred pounds. Many testimonies imply that the creature has a foul odor — noticeable at over 30 yards. Judging by the jaw of Gigantopithecus, the creature was probably not a hunter, but rather a herbivore and an occasional scavenger. Bigfoot’s non-violent behavior would seem to nicely coincide with Gigantopithecus' herbivorous nature. Perhaps Bigfoot sometimes dines upon carrion, which would describe his peculiar smell. An important characteristic of Bigfoot and Gigantopithecus is that they both walk erect. In other words, they do not use their arms for normal ambulation, such as a gorilla would. Bigfoot walks like a man.

Other than oral testimonies, we do have two solid pieces of evidence on Bigfoot. On October 20, 1967, two dedicated Bigfoot hunters, Roger Patterson and Bob Gimlin were riding horses through the heart of the creature's country in California. On that afternoon, the two men rode up the side of Bluff Creek, where many Bigfoot tracks have been found. They came around a bend in the stream and suddenly saw a massive ape-like form squatting in a clearing. The creature rose up off its haunches and slowly made its way towards cover, seemingly unconcerned with the two men. The horses bucked wildly but Patterson somehow retrieved a film camera he had brought along for just this purpose. He filmed the beast as it made its way towards the forest. When the creature disappeared, the two hunters attempted to pursue, but to no avail. They made a few plaster casts of the creature's footprints — which we still have today.

The Patterson-Gimlin film is among the most hotly debated pieces of evidence in the Sasquatch canon. Some claim that it is an obvious hoax, that one can almost make out the zipper on the costume of the supposed Bigfoot. Others, including leading primatologists, say that the creature’s gait would be completely consistent with an ape of that stature. From my standpoint, the creature walked in a manner which would be most uncomfortable for a human to replicate. Someone in a suit could not reproduce such an awkward gait over such a distance. The Bigfoot filmed is clearly a female, since her breasts are unusually immobile during locomotion, especially considering that the creature viewed is a female.

Aside from this controversial film, we have numerous plaster casts of tracks from all over the Pacific Northwest. Many of these tracks are obvious hoaxes, collected by people yearning for attention. Other tracks are simply too accurate for anyone to replicate. These prints range in size from 12 inches to nearly 22 inches.
In the summer of 1976, several National Guard units began their annual maneuvers in rural Michigan, near Kyle Lake. Three guardsmen were sitting in a personnel carrier, talking about the days' events. Suddenly, a howling surrounded the vehicle. Huge, hairy shapes raced around the carrier and begin striking its sides. The guardsmen frantically locked all the doors and could say that Man was born from apes! Faith archaeologists, as they are called, comb the globe for the various sites and objects of the Old Testament, such as Eden, Noah's Ark, etc. The Society actively engages in efforts to find Bigfoot in nearly every part of the Americas, hoping that Bigfoot may prove that evolution is wrong. If Bigfoot is proven to be a "missing link", the Faith archaeologists contend that it should have evolved into man.

Despite eyewitness reports, the Patterson-Gimli film, and ever present tracks, many continue to deny the existence of Bigfoot. The Gigantopithecus skull would have proved that a large ape existed in America as recently as 500 years ago. Unfortunately, the skull was stolen in a suspicious burglary of the Anthropology department. Indeed, other items were taken — but not any valuables such as computers. Several days previous to the date James Turner and I were scheduled to hike into the wilderness, the young man disappeared. I have attempted to get permission to do an aerial survey of the area in which James Turner had hiked, but I was told that the land was recently purchased by anonymous buyers who value their privacy. I am left with little to tell you gentlemen, except what you have heard time and time again: an interesting tale with little hard evidence.

Despite the evidence, many academics have been reluctant to join the search for Sasquatch. Most scholars consider Bigfoot a hoax or a figment of people's imaginations; indeed, this was my own opinion before I looked into the evidence. Unfortunately, the search for Bigfoot is almost never taken seriously. One needs only to look at the infamous Thomas Sleek expedition in the summer of 1959. Sleek was a multi-millionaire with an interest in unknown creatures. Sleek believed somewhat naively that if he gathered together enough hunters and experts on Bigfoot, he could capture the creatures in their native habitat. Thousands of dollars later, a group of 35 men set off into the wilderness of the Pacific Northwest. Led by a notorious guide, who claimed to have been kidnapped by Bigfoot, the expedition produced nothing. At one point, the hunters actually tied a blonde woman to a tree in the hopes of luring Bigfoot out of the forest! Sleek and his hunters were made a laughing stock by the press and by scholars.

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When Chaos looked down upon Earth, he wished to defile her surface with his foulness. His efforts yielded the Dracones, the unholy serpent races whose remnants scientists laughably call Dinosaurs. The Dracones were something greater than the simple beasts we see reconstructed in the museums.

Eventually, Earth and Sky begat our sacred forefathers, the Titans, who overthrew their demented parents. Realizing that the Dracones were an abomination in the eyes of Creation, the Titans created the perfect forms of life, namely the Children of the Titans, who begat the race of man.

But the treachery of some of the Children led to the downfall of our sacred forefathers. Zeus convinced several other of the Children to turn against their parents — as the Titans had turned against Earth and Sky. They bound the Titans far away — in a place of unremitting terror. But Zeus could not stand to know that the Titans had born such a beautiful race as the Children. Zeus had to make something better than the Titans in order to prove his superiority.

But Zeus’ wit was no match for that of the Titans. Zeus produced an ugly, defective race, the Pilosi, who resembled the beasts more than they did the Children or even the young race of Man. As Zeus could not stand to be outdone by his foes, he imbued the Pilosi with powers rivaling that of the Children. But because the Pilosi realized their innate inferiority to the Children and to Man, the Pilosi hated and feared them. The Pilosi formed strange, unholy communities on the fringes of Man’s territory — occasionally striking out at their rivals, but mostly keeping to themselves. The Pilosi are remembered in myths today — as Cyclops, Ogres, and Trolls.

One group of the Pilosi attempted to set up dominion over Man in the isles that are today known as Ireland and Britain. These Pilosi, known as the Fomori, viciously enslaved mankind to do their twisted bidding. The Children in Britain, called the Tuatha De Dannaan, rallied against the Fomori and battled them for generations. Neither side could gain the advantage, but the Isles were being rent asunder by their magicks. Since the Tuatha feared that Man would be destroyed by their conflict with the Fomori, the Tuatha fled the isles, in the hopes that the Fomori would pursue them. Because of their violent natures, the Fomori also sailed to the West in order to destroy their ancient rivals.

But the Tuatha planned for this exigency. When the Tuatha arrived at the New Land, today called the Americas, they covered all trace of themselves through powerful spells. They realized that a war between the Tuatha and Fomori could destroy all of existence. Soon they gathered Man around them for protection. Because the Fomori could sense whenever any powerful Children magicks were being used, the Tuatha forbade any major usage of magick. Generation after generation passed. Many Tuatha lived and died. Zeus’ insidious spell of obfuscation slowly took hold of each succeeding generation so that the Tuatha forgot their true heritage as the Children of the Titans.

The Fomori also restrained from using their sorcery, for fear of revealing themselves to their enemies. While the Tuatha settled throughout what is now called Central and South America, the Fomori spread through the lands of North America. But without their sorcery, the Fomori could not enslave Man to their will. Instead, the Fomori reverted to the ways of their brethren in other parts of the world. They settled in the outer reaches of Man’s habitat, launching the occasional attack on their hated neighbors.

The Algonkian Indians of North America recall the Fomori in their tales of the Witiko (often anglicized into “Wendigo”). According to the Algonkians, the Witiko is a fierce, human-like creature that feeds on the flesh of men — a trait common to all of the Pilosi. The Algonkians mistakenly believed that humans could also be transformed into a Witiko, but this is just a product of the Pilosi dream magick. Through subtle use of Dreamwalk, the Fomori delighted themselves by tormenting poor human souls into committing horrid acts against their fellow man. Usually, the horror at these deeds would force the man to flee from his settlement to the Wilderness, where the true Witiko awaited him. The wretched soul would writhe in agony before being released by death.

Further south, the Cherokee speak also of the Fomori, except they call them the “Stoneclad.” In the tales of the Cherokee, the Stoneclad lived in the depths of the forest and devoured any hunters who approached them. These creatures were enormous and
covered with a stone skin. In fact, the Fomori often use small cantrips to harden their hairy hides to a stone-like texture. In one particular tale, a Cherokee medicine man searched for several missing deer hunters, only to find their desiccated remains in the cave of a Stoneclad. Through spells, the medicine man overcame the surprised Stoneclad and he burned the creature at the stake. From the ashes, the medicine man removed the creature's crystal heart, which gave the medicine man the power to see the future.

Iroquois mythology better remembers the evil nature of the Stoneclad, whom they call in their language Stone Giants. According to the Iroquois, the universe is divided into two forces which represent good and evil: Tarachiawagon and Tawiskaron. Tarachiawagon nurtures mankind — by bringing it the Sun and the corn. Tawiskaron, on the other hand, thrives on death and chaos. Tawiskaron allies himself with the Stone Giants in order to destroy mankind. Tarachiawagon appears to be another guise for our true Lord, Kronos, while Tawiskaron must be the bestial Zeus. Even Indian lore preserves the ancient ties between Zeus and the foul Pilosi.

Even today, we find the Pilosi still lurking in the darkest corners of the American wilderness. Only now we call the creature Bigfoot or Sasquatch — childish names which do not even begin to describe their evil powers. We have forgotten that the nature of the Pilosi is to destroy everything that is beautiful or good. The creatures continue to use powerful magic in order to elude detection; all they leave is their tracks in the soil, probably to taunt the surviving Children with their existence. Because their sorcery so far exceeds the strongest of our Children’s power, we have been unable to capture or kill any of these beasts. We either cannot find them or we cannot overcome them once encountered.

There have been numerous sightings of the Pilosi alongside claimed UFOs. It is possible that the Pilosi are plotting with otherworldly or other-dimensional creatures to destroy mankind. Because of their extreme threat to our existence on this planet, the Children of the Titans have endeavored at every turn to prevent anyone from uncovering the truth about Bigfoot. We suppress and destroy all evidence of these creatures. If anyone found out about their true nature, the creatures would no doubt unleash a sorceress plague upon us. We must conceal our enemies’ existence until we have ourselves uncovered all of the creature’s secrets.

We have found curious ashes which might reveal some clues as to why their corpses have never been found. In the first place, the Pilosi are extremely long-lived and their numbers are not great. When they die, their remains calcify into stone within a matter of moments. Many of our Children have noted occasional blips in the Aether in various parts of the American wilderness —signifying that sorcery of some significance is afoot. These slight disturbances might mark the passing of a Pilosi, as its last magical essence converts its body into stone. The Cherokee legend of the Stoneclad recalls that the creatures turn to stone upon death . . .
To: Flamen Americarum
From: Founder Eteocles
Re: Chupacabras sightings

Grace to the Flamen.

My own research recently led me to investigate the Chupacabras phenomenon that has been reported in Puerto Rico, México and several Spanish-speaking communities in America. The Spanish word Chupacabras is translated into English as “the Goat Sucker”. It was coined by the Puerto Rican media in December of 1994 to explain the finding of livestock which had been mysteriously killed and sucked dry of their blood. While the locals and the media insisted that the deaths were due to some sort of supernatural being, calm officials claimed that wild dogs or perhaps some odd cult were responsible.

The herders and farmers, however, actually saw something in their fields on those nights in which their animals were slaughtered. All witnesses uniformly described a creature standing some four feet tall, with a large bulbous head and huge black eyes. The creature possessed large fangs and talons to facilitate its murderous work, while the spines along its back gave it an almost dinosaur-like appearance. The creature was covered with hair, which reportedly changed colors to match its background, rather like a chameleon. Its hands and feet each ended in three sharp claws. Some people say that its legs were so powerful that it ran in excess of 40mph and leaped over small houses without difficulty. A minority of witnesses claimed that the creature had a membrane underneath each arm which allowed it to fly over limited distances.

While reporters spread tales of the creature on newscasts, the Puerto Rican authorities quickly moved to squelch any public unrest. Crews of policemen and even hastily sworn-in militia were sent out to protect the animals at night. The attacks diminished slightly, but nevertheless continued. There were simply not enough men to cover all the wilderness of the island. Over the next year, the sightings of Chupacabras spread to México, Texas, even Florida.

Although some claimed that the Chupacabras were nothing but mass hysteria and that the animals were killed by some pranksters, the animal corpses revealed some odd details. Many of the livestock were drained almost completely of blood, which is a difficult feat considering the amount of blood in the average cow or goat. The livestock further did not bear any sign of trauma other than two holes penetrating into the brain. These wounds killed the animals instantly, with a minimum of physical effort. Since wild
DOGS AND OTHER CARNIVORES FREQUENTLY MAUL THEIR PREY BEFORE KILLING IT, THE CONDITION OF THESE VICTIMS SUGGESTS THAT THE KILLERS ARE NOT IN FACT WILD ANIMALS. THE WALLS OF THE WOUNDS WERE VERY STRANGE BECAUSE THE TISSUE AROUND THE PUNCTURE MARKS WAS INSTANTLY CAUTERIZED. IN OTHER WORDS, THE TEETH OR OTHER PUNCTURING IMPLEMENTS, AS THEY WERE INSERTED, SUBJECTED THE PREY’S TISSUE TO A TEMPERATURE HIGH ENOUGH TO BURN INSTANTLY. THIS ODD CHARACTERISTIC WOULD BE NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANY NORMAL BEAST TO DUPLICATE.

I BECAME INTRIGUED WITH THE STORY BECAUSE OF MY OWN WORK WITH THE ANCIENT JEWISH CULT OF AZAZEL. IN THE BOOK OF LEVITICUS, THE PRIESTS WOULD ANNUALLY SEND A GOAT OFF INTO THE WILDERNESS DURING THEIR RITES OF ATONEMENT IN ORDER TO APPEASE THE DEMON AZAZEL. THIS CHARACTER AZAZEL HAS DEFIED ANY SORT OF IDENTIFICATION; CONTEMPORARY SCHOLARSHIP CONSIDERS HIM SOME SORT OF BOGEYMAN FOR THE ANCIENT JEWS. AZAZEL’S APPETITE FOR GOATS AND HIS SINISTER ASSOCIATIONS WITH ATONEMENT MAY HAVE LED LATER CHRISTIANS TO IDENTIFY SATAN WITH GOATS AND HENCE DEPICT THE LORD OF EVIL WITH GOAT HORNS, HOOFS, ETC.

IN APRIL OF 1996, I WAS PERFORMING A DIG OUTSIDE JERICHO SPONSORED BY THE FLAMEN EUROPAE. I HAD TOLD THE FLAMEN THAT I HAD MEMORIES OF AN AZAZEL AND THESE RECOLLECTIONS HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH JERICHO. BY HIS DISPENSATION, I WAS ALLOWED TO INVESTIGATE MY MEMORIES FURTHER AND EVEN HIRE AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL CREW.

WE UNCOVERED AN EXTREMELY WELL HIDDEN SUBTERRANEAN NETWORK OF TUNNELS AND CHAMBERS THAT HAD BEEN UNDISTURBED FOR WELL OVER A THOUSAND YEARS. ACCORDING TO AN INSCRIPTION FOUND AT ONE OF THE ENTRANCES, THE ROMANS HAD ROUTED OUT A JEWISH SECT IN THE TUNNELS AND HAD BRICKED IT SHUT. THE ROMAN INSCRIPTION, HOWEVER, DID NOT SAY WHAT SORT OF CULT IT WAS OR WHY THEY HAD DESTROYED IT. THE ROMANS, CONTRARY TO POPULAR DEPICTIONS, WERE RELATIVELY TOLERANT OF OTHER RELIGIONS. IT IS VERY CURIOUS THAT ROMAN AUTHORITIES WOULD UTERLY DESTROY ANY RELIGIOUS SECT, WITHOUT A HINT OF A COMPPELLING REASON.

WHEN I INVESTIGATED THE CHAMBERS, I FOUND STARTLING ICONS AND STATUES EVERYWHERE. ALTHOUGH MAINSTREAM JUDAISM NEVER PORTRAYED AZAZEL IN PAINTINGS OR FIGURINES, THE CATACOMBS CONTAINED HUNDREDS OF STATUES, RANGING FROM SMALL TO HUGE, EACH WITH THE JEWISH INSRIPTION, “AZAZEL.” SEVERAL LARGE ROOMS HAD LARGE STATUES STANDING BEFORE DARK STAINED ALTARS. THESE STATUES BORE AN UNCANNY RESEMBLANCE TO THE DESCRIPTIONS OF MODERN DAY CHUPACABRAS. THE LOCATION STIRRED MY MEMORIES — I COULD SEE THE SACRIFICES MADE TO AZAZEL — AND ITS APPEARANCE AMONG THE WORSHIPPERS. THE RITUALS TO AZAZEL WERE POWERFUL — POWERFUL ENOUGH TO OPEN A PATH TO HADES. MY HEAD THROBBED WITH THE MEMORY OF THE RITUALS’ SHEER MAJESTY.

WITH THE FLAMEN EUROPAE’S BLESSING, I PURCHASED THE PROPERTY ON WHICH THE SUBTERRANEAN TEMPLE WAS LOCATED AND QUICKLY ELIMINATED ANYONE ELSE WHO KNEW OF ITS EXISTENCE. I FREQUENTLY RETIRE TO THAT LOCATION TO DELVE INTO THE CULT’S SURVIVING PAPYRI, WHICH RECORD ALL SORTS OF ARCANAE MAGICK. WHILE THE LANGUAGE ON THE PAPYRI SEEMS TO BE HEBREW, IT STILL DEFIES COMPLETE TRANSLATION. I HAVE MANAGED TO SALVAGE SEVERAL MINOR GLAMOURS FROM THE PAPYRI ROLLS AND I CONTINUE TO DISCOVER MORE.

THE DESCRIPTIONS OF THE CHUPACABRAS ARE A DISTURBING DEVELOPMENT IN MY RESEARCH INTO AZAZEL. THE CREATURE WAS CLEARLY DISDAINFUL OF HUMAN EXISTENCE — IT THRIVED ON BLOOD, BOTH HUMAN AND ANIMAL. ALTARS THROUGHOUT THE CATACOMBS WERE DYED A DEEP BROWN FROM THE HUNDREDS OF BLOODY SACRIFICES. PRELIMINARY TESTS INDICATE THAT THE BLOOD IS NOT ONLY OF ANIMALS, BUT ALSO OF HUMANS. THUS FAR, THE REPORTED CHUPACABRAS APPEAR TO THRIST ONLY FOR THE BLOOD OF ANIMALS. PUERTO RICAN AND MEXICAN FARMERS ALIKE CAN POINT TO HUNDREDS OF DEAD LIVESTOCK AS PROOF OF THE CHUPACABRAS’ HUNGER FOR BLOOD. COULD IT ONLY BE A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE CHUPACABRAS SEEK MORE INTELLIGENT PREY?

THE AZAZEL WORSHIPPED BY THE SECRET CULT GAVE ITS WORSHIPPERS MAGIC POWERS FOR SOME HIDDEN PURPOSE. WHAT LITTLE I HAVE UNDERSTOOD FROM THE MAGICK ON THE PAPYRI LEADS ME TO BELIEVE THAT THE AZAZEL WORSHIPPERS WERE UNKNOWINGLY CREATING A GATEWAY TO THE ABYSS, THE DWELLING OF CHAOS HIMSELF. GIVEN ENOUGH WORSHIPPERS, THE CULT COULD HAVE ALLOWED CHAOS TO RETURN TO EARTH ONCE AGAIN AND CONTINUE HIS REIGN OF MADNESS. BUT THE AZAZEL CULT REMAINED SMALL — AND THEREFORE RELATIVELY WEAK. EVEN AT ITS HEIGHT, THE CULT COULD BARELY SUMMON THE SMALL AZAZEL CREATURES — WHICH I BELIEVE ARE NOW CALLED THE CHUPACABRAS.

PHYSICAL EVIDENCE CONFIRMS MY THEORY ON THE CHUPACABRAS’ ORIGIN. IN MANY LOCATIONS WHERE THE CHUPACABRAS HAVE BEEN SIGHTED, INVESTIGATORS HAVE FOUND CURIOUS FOOTPRINTS IN THE MUDDY SOIL. A FEW LAW ENFORCEMENT EXPERTS ANALYZED THE PLASTER CASTS OF THESE FOOTPRINTS, BUT CAME TO NO CONCLUSIONS. A PALEONTOLOGIST AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO HAPPENED UPON PICTURES OF THESE CASTS ON THE INTERNET AND REMARKED IN A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE THAT THEY APPEARED SIMILAR TO THOSE OF A DINOSAUR.
Footprints are not the extent of the evidence on the Chupacabras. On the night of October 3, 1995, in Campo Rico, a policeman shot one of the supposed creatures. The Chupacabra sprinted away despite the wound taken from the policeman’s rifle. The creature leaped over a fence and darted into the wilderness, where its chameleon powers blended in with the local flora. Chupacabra investigators took samples of the blood, which were later studied at the University of Puerto Rico. I managed to obtain the blood samples and I destroyed the evidence with a minimum of effort. My own research reveals that the blood has a reptile-like DNA strand which does not resemble any known species.

The Chupacabras’ reptilian blood and characteristics confirm that these creatures are actually pawns of Chaos. So far, the Chupacabras appear disorganized and even disoriented, but I believe that they will be organized within a short amount of time. The Azazel cult indicates that these Chaos spawn are willing to manipulate humans to their own ends. I also believe that I have found the means by which these creatures are entering our plane of existence.

When I traveled through the Canonvanas municipality in Puerto Rico, I noticed a large tent in several different fields on consecutive evenings. After spotting the same tent for the fourth time, I inquired at the local bar what exactly was going on so far outside town. The bartender replied that the tent was for the Couatl meeting. At my urging, the bartender further explained that these tent revival meetings have become relatively popular in the past year. According to him and others, the meetings are a mixture of Christian, New Age, Aztec, and religion combined with UFOology. Intrigued by this mystery, I attended one of these meetings and obtained some of the Couatl’s core literature.

The pamphlets describe how the Earth is heading for a cosmic conjunction — a time when all the spheres of Heaven and Hell will correspond. An apocalypse of sorts will occur, and all mankind will be judged by the creator — all pretty standard ideology for an apocalyptic Christian cult. Mankind will be saved, or at least certain members of mankind, at the return of Couatl, who is an ancient Aztec serpent god. Couatl will pick his chosen out of the masses of the world to rebuild the Earth after the conflagration and to begin a new Age of Harmony. Couatl’s chosen will receive immeasurable knowledge and power so they can spread across the universe and colonize the cosmos in his great name. Many of the people who attend these Couatl meetings claim to have seen UFO’s or to have been abducted by aliens. According to the Couatl Church, as it is called, these people are the chosen of Couatl and the UFO’s are his messengers from the stars. The serpent-like aliens whom these people have supposedly seen are here to help mankind.

The meeting itself was conducted in the fashion of a Christian revival — healings, songs, fire and brimstone speeches, etc. One particular chant forced me from the tent and gave me a blinding headache for days. This chant, called The Song of Couatl, began as a series of tones, no understandable words — which mesmerized the crowd into an altered state of consciousness. Using my magicks, I protected myself from the chant’s effects, but my powers were almost shattered by an enormous magick surge from the congregation. The chant seems to focus the congregation’s latent magick powers into a potent force rivaling even our greatest ritual Links. In my opinion, this power surge weakens the barrier between Earth and the Abyss of Chaos, hence allowing small beasts, such as the Chupacabras, to enter this world.

I traveled to Mexico and to other Latino communities in America in order to discover the extent of the Couatl church. I found that the Couatl meetings occur in both these nations and their congregations are growing quickly. The Couatl church nevertheless remains small and thankfully has attracted the scorn of the popular media, but lost souls are still attracted to the church’s preachings. Oddly, the Couatl meetings never collect any money from their congregations. How they support themselves remains a mystery. I managed to track down the headquarters of the Couatl church in El Paso, Texas, but I was not permitted an interview or even an entrance. Strangely accented men in dark suits and sunglasses immediately threw me off of the premises as soon as I began to ask the slightest questions. Strangely, my persuasive magicks had no effect on these gentlemen. Perhaps they are the leaders of the cult?

Needless to say the Chupacabras and the Couatl church represent a threat not only to mankind, but also to the success of the Titanidae.

Praise to the Flamen.
Throughout 1995, a series of kidnappings occurred throughout Ireland, spurring authorities to believe that some sort of "serial kidnapper" was on the loose. Anxious parents stayed up during the night to insure that their children would safely see another dawn. In each kidnapping, no evidence of a break-in existed — only an open window by the crib. Each of the victims was a child under the age of one. The kidnappers, who remain at large, left ancient gold coins on the children's pillows, almost as if to recompense the parents for taking the child away. Over the course of that year, almost fifteen infants disappeared, much to the dismay of the Irish police force. The last kidnapping occurred on Christmas Eve of 1995; none have been reported since that date.

The newspapers and even the police began to dub these crimes "The Faerie Kidnappings" after several odd eyewitness accounts. Some parents claimed to have seen small flittering lights around their homes the night their child was taken away. The parents thought nothing of the lights — assuming they were just insects. One astute newspaper columnist pointed out that the ancient Celts had associated these lights with the Faeries, who, according to myth, kidnapped children while they slept. The Faeries would then take the child into their world, which could be entered through gates in the various hills covering the Irish countryside. The human child would be raised as though it were a faerie, acquiring mystical powers as well as a mischievous spirit.

Detective William Jervis from Scotland Yard was assigned to help the Irish track down this kidnapper. Purportedly, the English Parliament had decided it would be good public relations to help their Irish cousins. Jervis had been considered a top sleuth in England; his ingenious methods helped track down several notorious European criminals on English soil. Perhaps Jervis' childhood in America had allowed him to understand the criminal mind more fully than someone who lived in England all his life. In any event, Jervis never liked working with any others — he claimed that they would only slow him down.

Jervis started his investigation into the Faerie kidnappings on October 3, 1995. He kept in contact with Scotland Yard on and off for the next several weeks, but he disappeared after his last report on All Hallow's Eve. At first, no one worried too much about Jervis disappearing; most thought he had just gone undercover to track down some leads.

On January 1, 1996, Jervis was picked up by an elderly couple driving on the outskirts of Dublin. Jervis was almost incoherent, making strange sounds no human voice had ever uttered. His familiar rumpled suit was replaced by an odd costume, reminiscent of a court jester's outfit. Local authorities assumed he was drunk after New Year's festivities and would sober up after a rest. A week later, Jervis began speaking English again, but he still spoke nonsense. Jervis claimed that he had found the kidnappers, and that they were indeed Faeries, just not the kind we think of. Jervis was committed several weeks afterwards and remains incarcerated in the Happy Home Sanitarium. The following is the transcript of an interview between a police psychologist and Jervis shortly after his admission into the Sanitarium...
Q: Mr. Jervis, my name is Rachel Josephs. I've been sent by the Yard to ask you a few questions about your experiences during late 1995. How are you feeling today?

A: I'm feeling locked up, Ms. Josephs. That's how I feel. I've already told them what happened. That's why I'm here. Because I told the truth. They told me — "Don't say the truth. It wasn't meant for mortal ears."

Q: Mr. Jervis, who told you that?

A: The Sidhe, or as you call them, Faeries.

Q: I see. So when did the Faeries tell you this? In a dream?

A: No. Of course not. When I was in their world — a world whose name is just jibberish in English, but roughly translated it means "Happy place with lots of food, dance and fun." They call our world "Grim dirt place." Locked up like this, I'm beginning to see their point of view.

Q: Do you remember what your last assignment was for the Yard? Do you remember the events which led you to this Sanitarium?

A: As I have said before many times, I was sent over to Ireland to help the investigation into the so-called Faerie Kidnappings of 1995. The head of my department told me that someone very high — a cabinet member, at least — had one of his distant relatives kidnapped. So he was coming down hard on the Yard to get involved. Normally, no one likes to get involved with Irish affairs. Too much animosity. I went because I felt that I could do something.

Q: How did your investigation go?

A: The Irish authorities were surprisingly helpful. They gave me everything they had on the case, ranging from interviews with the parents to the dimensions of the rooms from which the children were taken. I read through hundreds of other kidnapping case files, thinking I might find a similarity with some past crimes, but nothing came up except for the obvious.

Q: The obvious?

A: The kidnappings all matched the Faerie myths of the ancients. For centuries, Ireland and Britain supposedly were the home of a race of mystical beings. With the rise of Christianity, these myths faded away, sometimes even seamlessly blending into the tales of the early Christian saints. I didn't, however, think that tiny little pixies were behind any of this. I just assumed it was some sort of child slavery thing, or baby selling or child pornography or whatever. That's what I'm trained to think. No one teaches you to believe the incredible. We've lost that capacity — or at least someone has tried to take it from us.

Q: What did the Faeries look like?

A: It's difficult to describe how ridiculous a question that is. A Faerie can appear as anything it wants to be. That's why we rarely, if ever, see them, even when we live side by side with them. The ones I first noticed looked like tiny glowing humans with butterfly wings. I was going for a walk late at night — coming from the pub. I was trying to bounce around some of the smaller villages in Ireland, hoping to come across some bits of information that might not be available outside these towns. Sex offenders, kidnappers, etc., when they are caught in a small hamlet, are often dealt with by the residents rather than by the official authorities. Small villages dislike having outsiders come in from the "big city" and interfere in their affairs. I grew up in a town just like that in America, so at least I'm tolerated as some sort of tourist, instead of another bloody Brit prying his nose where it shouldn't be. If I were viewed as a Brit, no one would talk to me. Anyway, I was walking out of town, trying to clear my head of the spirits, when I noticed odd tiny lights hovering out in a field. I ran over to investigate, but the lights moved further away as I got closer. So I kept running forward. Before I realized it, I had gone several miles into the Irish countryside and I had no idea where the town was anymore. Somehow I had gotten lost chasing the bloody pixies. I checked my compass, which I always carry, but it was strangely spinning around, not providing me with any sort of direction. I sat down in the muck and decided to wait for sunrise to give me some idea where I was. The last thing I remember was thinking how in the world are we going to find these kids — then I must have fallen asleep. I woke up to see one of these wee Faeries sitting on my chest.
Q: Why would you fall asleep after you had been chasing what looked like the lights phenomenon associated with the kidnappings?
A: I have no idea. I wasn't even tired — I'm used to staying up for days on end. That's part of being a detective. Puck — that's the Faerie that was on my chest — said that he/she put me to sleep. Said it would calm me down. I have to admit — I felt better after that sleep than I had felt for months.
Q: Why do you call Puck a he/she?
A: Like I said, the Faeries can change their shapes into nearly anything: bugs, bushes, bears — so their gender is never really certain. They appear as men and women — so I think they do know that there is a difference — but I'm not sure whether they do that because they are men and women, or because they are just pretending to have genders like humans.
Q: What did Puck do with you?
A: After I woke up, we talked — about the weather, of all things. I was too shocked to think of anything else to say. Once the sleep had cleared from my mind, I began to ask a little more detailed questions. Who are you? "Puck". What are you? "A Faerie". Where are you from? "The hills". He kept giving me these one word answers — but for some reason, that seemed enough. Before I realized it, I got up out of the dirt and began following Puck as he flew into a grove of thick trees — a grove I hadn't noticed until that point. These Faeries can change reality at will — not really reality — but they can create intricate illusions. So I'm not sure whether those trees were real or fake. They use their powers to change shapes all the time; there is a certain status in being able to come up with new, startling appearances.
Q: Did other Faeries live in the grove?
A: No. They live in the hills. Puck led me to a small mound of earth in the center of these woods; the mound was surrounded by about a dozen stone monoliths. On one side of the mound, there was an entrance, glowing with light and dancing shadows. Puck flew in without hesitation, and I followed. I don't think Puck was using his powers on me, but it's possible. It could have been an illusion. The Sidhe, as I said that's another name for them, can enchant mortals, but that's not really allowed by the rules.
Q: What was inside the hill?
A: Another world. A bright, shiny place, just like Earth, but nothing like Earth. A paradise where food and drink are plentiful. The Faeries cavort over what seems to be an endless Eden. I must admit that with their illusory abilities, they could have made anything seem like a paradise. For all I know, I could have been just in some sort of underground chamber. I have a hunch that I was — but the Faeries used their powers to make their existence a great deal more pleasant.
Q: So what did you do with these Faeries?
A: Talked. Partied. Adventured. Just about everything you could expect in such a fantasy land. The Faeries have organized themselves into a rough approximation of a medieval court — with a king, barons, princes, etc. Opposed to them are the Dark Sidhe, who have their own set of lords and ladies. Both sides differ trivially in their goals and aims, but they seem fundamentally the same. Their opposition is so complex, I couldn't even begin to understand it. In the first place, the Dark Sidhe don't like human beings very much, while the Sidhe wish to have closer ties to humanity. Several centuries ago, the Dark Sidhe gained control of the Faerie world and began to isolate themselves from humans — that's why we haven't seen them so much in the modern era. The Dark Sidhe are afraid that we will destroy them.
Q: Destroy them? Why would we do that?
A: Because there are other forces on our planet than just humans. The Sidhe told me that there are the Intruders, who will stop at nothing to destroy the Faeries. Their powers enable them to escape detection from the Intruders, but they must always be vigilant.
Q: The Intruders? Who are they?
A: Humans and Faeries used to be pretty much the same creature — up until several thousand generations ago. The Sidhe sung a bunch of songs to explain all of this to me, but I'm not sure I understand it all. The Sidhe use song and dance to record everything — from history to medicine. It's a mnemonic device — songs, that is — which allow them to remember vast amounts of information. My modern brain, so dependent on machines, could barely follow what they were saying. They recited for me, an honored guest, the tale of the World over the course of six days. And that was the short version. But this is what I got out of it. We were once all one race, living in complete harmony, but then the Intruders arrived from Somewhere Else. I have no idea what that means. But they took some of us and began to change us into humans, making us different than the Sidhe. That's why all the kidnappings started.
Q: Why do the Faeries kidnap children?
A: They've been taking children to train them, prepare them. The Sidhe feel that the Intruders must be rooted out and killed, before they destroy humanity. It's an obsession for them really, lurking behind all their thoughts and words. I saw some of the kids – they're being treated quite well. The Faeries are teaching them their powers of illusion and magic, as well as various other bits of knowledge that stretch back to before mankind could write. These children will grow up to be knights of a sort – prepared to defend Earth from these Intruders at all costs.

Q: Do you have any proof that the Faeries are somehow related to humans?
A: Puck allowed me to see him/her without any sort of illusion around him/her – that's a high honor – to see a Faerie like that. Puck was about four feet tall – covered in hair. Large feet and hands, with a pretty ape like face. In fact, he/she – hell, he appeared to be like a troll or gnome of popular fantasy literature. He said that there were other faeries living across the world. Some of them look a little different – taller, let's say – but all have the same illusionary and magical abilities. According to Puck, there's lots of different tribes of Faeries, but they are all very different from one another. Usually, a summit is held yearly in a different Faerie tribe region. This year Puck said that the emissaries were being sent to the Pacific Northwest in America. I have no idea what could be there.

Q: Why didn't you bring back the children?
A: First of all, how could I? There were thousands of Sidhe there; they could have stopped me in a moment. Secondly, why should I? The kids are being treated well – like kings. And the Intruders must be stopped. They've been manipulating humans for thousands of years. These kids, when they grow up, they'll be able to oppose the Intruders. After a while, I couldn't really keep track of time there, Puck led me back to our world, and gave me new clothes as a gift.

Q: You believe in these Intruders? What do they look like?
A: I don't know. I guess they can change their shapes too, like the Faeries. But I'm locked up in here, aren't I? Doesn't that prove something? Try explaining my clothes – did they match any known material? It sounds crazy – my story – but the clothes are the proof? They're out there – trying to control us, use our weaknesses against us! Don't you see!? They must be stopped!!

The record shows that Mr. Jervis had to be restrained and sedated at this point in the interview. The diagnosis of Mr. Jervis is acute trauma induced schizophrenia. Mr. Jervis' high pressure assignments into the depths of human depravity may have simply snapped his psyche. Mr. Jervis may be externalizing all evils he has seen in society and personifying the threat as the "Intruders". He may also have externalized his hope for a solution, and called it the "Sidhe". In Jervis' delusional world, mankind's problems are all due to these Intruders, while the Sidhe provide a hope for a better world. It would appear that until Mr. Jervis faces this, he will remain behind the bars of the Happy Home Sanitarium.

On the other hand, what if Mr. Jervis speaks the truth? The only physical evidence, the jester-like costume he was wearing when he was found, has disappeared from a police evidence room.
Case File: Investigation into killings attributed to Jersey Devil.  


Case Date: March 10, 1996  
File Date: April 3, 1996

Case Location: Pine Barrens, New Jersey


Case Report: Several weeks ago, I noticed in the local Philadelphia news that a young woman, barely out of college, had been found alongside the Atlantic City Expressway with her throat torn out and her internal organs removed. The news media whipped people into a frenzy, offering huge rewards for any information leading to the capture of the murderer. The police diligently interviewed anyone who had seen the girl during the few days before her disappearance, but came up with no leads. The murder just seemed to be another in a long line of incidents which proved that society was heading straight to hell. Within a few days, the newspapers found some other crucial matter to focus the public's attention on — I think it was the building of a new baseball stadium.

Exactly six days later, a couple of hunters found another body in New Jersey slain in exactly the same way, although this time the victim was a middle-aged gentlemen — a respected businessman from southern New Jersey. The news began to whisper serial killer, but the police denied any such talk — "much too soon in the investigation to come to any hasty conclusions" or some such nonsense. Now the public's morbid fascination with death began to focus on the fact that the Philadelphia area might be home to another serial killer — a source of great fame for any town. When a third naked body was pulled out of the Schukyll River, killed in the same manner six days later, everyone went into a full-fledged panic. At this point, our Aegis Cell decided to intervene and get to the bottom of the situation.

So far, the newspapers and the television media have not revealed anything that actually merited our attention. Working at the FBI, I happened to glance at some of the autopsy reports on the murders. The bodies, although mutilated, were not torn apart by human instruments. The flesh was mauled as if by a wild animal. But these people each had been kidnapped, secretly, quietly away from their homes — indicating a human perpetrator at the very least. The corpses were found surrounded by blood and tissue, indicating that the actual slaughter took place where the bodies were found. The bite marks and claw patterns were not similar to any known animal.

The "big break" in the case came six days after the third body was taken out of the river, when a victim actually escaped capture. The woman in question, an elderly lady, burst into a police station in Wilmington, Delaware, claiming that she had been attacked by a "Devil." She was walking down the street, after a hard day working when something came down out of the sky. She saw it silhouetted against the full moon as it swooped towards her. It was a huge, winged monster — some ten feet tall with wings stretching out even further. Its face was that of a wolf or a dog — while its two legs were cloven, like a goat. Instead of arms, the creature had two massive, bat-like wings. The "Devil's" eyes glowed a sickly red, which the woman said hypnotized her for a moment. The creature fell down on top of her and began to tear at her clothing — stopping only when it was startled by the headlights of a passing car. Later that night, the driver of that car would call 911 to report what he had seen. He admitted that he was reluctant to come forward earlier because of the drinks he had before hitting the road.
The media had a field day with this report, declaring that this monster must be behind all of the recent killings. The papers all had their artists working overtime to create the most horrifying, most graphic picture of this killer monster. One South Jersey paper declared that the "Devil" was none other than their own Jersey Devil, who dwelled in the wilderness of Southern Jersey. Nearly everyone jumped on that bandwagon and soon everyone was living in mortal fear of the Jersey Devil. Those areas of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, near where the murders occurred were thrown into absolute chaos. A serial killer is understandable, acceptable — but a monster was just too much too bear. Within a matter of twenty-four hours, civilization in the Delaware Valley slipped back several centuries. People were afraid to go out of doors at night, private schools closed their doors for the duration of the "crisis", police patrols were doubled, etc.

My Aegis Cell decided to begin with what little evidence we did have about this so-called devil killer. In the first place, the creature killed in a regular pattern: every six days. After three six-day intervals between attacks, the mysterious monster stopped his cycle. If things weren't bad enough, now we did not even know when the creature would strike again. We decided to go to the Philadelphia archives and search for any information on this so-called Jersey Devil.

According to old newspapers and several interesting theses on the myth of the Jersey Devil, the creature first appeared in mid-eighteenth century, just prior to the Revolutionary War. Like many mythological creatures, the Jersey Devil had many supposed origins; every small town liked to call the critter its very own. But the most popular version of the Jersey Devil's creation had to do with a certain Mrs. Leeds. According to the myth, Mrs. Leeds had twelve children, whom she could barely feed. Early in 1735, the local doctor told Mrs. Leeds she was pregnant with a thirteenth child! Mrs. Leeds was despondent at the thought of another child in her house, so she hastily declared, "Let this one be a Devil!" Late one night several months later, a huge storm descended upon Burlington, New Jersey as Mrs. Leeds went into labor. When the child was born, the mid-wife declared it a boy. The mid-wife, however, screamed in horror as the child transformed and grew into a fearsome apparition several times the size of a man! The child had the head of a dog, the neck of a horse, the wings of a bat and the legs of a goat. The monster thrashed around the room a bit before it stretched its wings and flew out of the tiny shack. Many variants to the legend record that Mrs. Leeds was hardly a humble housewife; she was a witch of great renown in those days. The monster haunted Burlington and its environs for several years until a priest exorcised the creature in 1740. The priest admitted that his work would only keep the monster at bay for one hundred years. While the Jersey Devil disappeared from Burlington for a century, the creature was seen nearly everywhere else in southern New Jersey.

During the Revolutionary War, the Jersey Devil found a home in the desolate Pine Barrens, which stretch for miles throughout the interior of New Jersey. The Pine Barrens look as if it houses creatures out of hell; acre after acre of half grown, desiccated pines. It looks as if nothing could survive in that barren wood, yet this is precisely where sightings of the Devil occurred most often. Oddly enough, the Devil had some company during that period, when a lot of British loyalists took refuge from American zealots in the depths of the Pine Barrens. Local regiments who attempted to root out the British Tories from their hideouts would always be frightened off by a sighting of the Jersey Devil. Nationalists began proclaiming that their cause must be just, if the Devil was working with the Brits!

Most sightings of the Jersey Devil were fairly harmless. Someone would catch sight of it in the treetops or by the side of a road. Someone would hear something in their backyard, and when he went to investigate, he would find huge hoof-shaped footprints. Someone would wake up and find some of their livestock mysteriously torn apart, and blame the Jersey Devil. Year after year, the Devil became a bogeyman for the area, providing a handy explanation for nearly everything which went wrong. The Jersey Devil usually only appeared in relatively desolate environs; he only rarely was seen by more than one person at a time. The descriptions continued to be the same — a huge, hideous conglomeration of different animal parts.
In the early 1900s, the Jersey Devil broke its familiar pattern of behavior and invaded several populated areas of Southern Jersey and neighboring Pennsylvania. From January 16th to 23rd, the monster was sighted by thousands of frightened people. Compared to earlier descriptions, this Jersey Devil was quite small, only the size of a large dog, but its ability to cause chaos did not shrink with its size. It would be pointless to go through every sighting, because the creature was seen so many times by so many people. One thing is quite interesting: the times of the sightings never conflicted. In other words, one person did not claim to see the monster at a time when another person claimed to have seen it. While the newspapers would later dismiss the whole event as pure hysteria, it seems unusual that if all the residents were so panicked, wouldn't some of the reports conflict?

Late on the night of January 16th, Officer Sackville, a decorated police officer, was walking his beat in downtown Bristol. Little did Officer Sackville know that the Devil had been sighted several times in his patrol area. Out from the shadows emerged a creature which Sackville thought was a stray dog. Cautiously, Sackville took out his revolver, fearing a feral or, worse, mad dog. When the shape entered into a small pool of light, Sackville saw a horrifying vision: it was the Jersey Devil, as it had been described to him ever since he was a child. He emptied his revolver into the shape, but the Devil merely howled and took flight. A panicked Sackville had a quick drink at a local barroom and then proceeded down to the precinct to give his report, assuming no one would believe him. This sighting is noteworthy because it was the first modern sighting of the Devil by a public law enforcement officer, whose job it was to observe and record. Sackville was known to be a very honest and forthright individual, who would never report a “Devil” sighting unless he actually witnessed it.

Throughout the next seven days, the Jersey Devil terrorized the area — appearing most often in Burlington, its reputed birthplace. Oddly, the creature never reappeared in Bristol following the encounter with Officer Sackville. Theodore Hackett and his partner were working high up on the telephone poles in Atlantic City when the Devil attacked. After hearing a scuffle and a scream, Hackett turned to see his friend fall some twenty feet to the earth with a sickening thud. On top of the pole, the hideous Jersey Devil was leering at the sight below, panting heavily after its obvious struggle. Having heard all about the Devil in the previous few days, Hackett now carried a pistol, which he promptly shot at the beast. Reportedly, Hackett hit a wing, so that the creature could barely fly off. The damage must not have been too serious, however, since the creature seemed to fly quite well in future sightings.

The Devil was not a bashful thing — it seemed to enjoy crowds. Lewis Boeger was running his daily trolley in Camden when he spotted an odd lump on the tracks. As the trolley approached, Boeger rang his warning bell, but the shape did not at first move. Finally, the undistinguishable lump spread its bat wings and launched into a bloodcurdling howl. Nearly the entire trolley full of rush hour commuters left out and ran for cover. Delighting in the chaos, the Devil took to the air and halfheartedly swooped at a few bystanders before disappearing into the sky. This sighting, confirmed by dozens of people, took place in broad daylight! Later that night, Charles Klos and George Boggs were taking an evening walk through West Collingswood, New Jersey. Upon seeing the infamous Devil, Charles pulled the fire alarm, which summoned not only a fire truck, but a large crowd, too. While the firefighters turned a water hose on the creature to frighten it off, the angry mob began pelting it with stones. The creature took off to escape further injury.

Several weeks after these sightings, one local circus promoter reported that he had captured the creature in Philadelphia and that anyone could now see the beast, if they were willing to pay 25 cents! Although the photos of its capture and the Devil itself (or what passed for the Devil in a darkened basement of a house) seemed convincing enough, the authorities soon revealed that the Devil was but a sham. The promoter, Hugh Case, had painted a kangaroo green and attached cardboard wings to its back. The kangaroo, far from being the creature from hell, as was advertised, was always far more interested in eating its cardboard wings! After this period the Devil was sighted only infrequently — the last time in the 1950s. While the Jersey Devil had once been on nearly everyone's lips, it now faded into obscurity.

Armed with the tales of yesteryear, we approached the new sightings of the Devil. In the first place, the new Jersey Devil was again huge — not the dog-size it had been in the early twentieth century. In the second place, the Devil had now become a violent killer — just as our own society had become more violent. Lastly, the Devil's victims this time seemed to have a pattern. While earlier, the Devil appeared at random to just about anyone, the new Devil's victims all had a common bond: Joseph Leeds. One victim had been the Leeds nanny, another a former Leeds housekeeper, another one of Leeds' primary business competitors. Intrigued by these developments, I used my FBI credentials to obtain an interview with the respected Mr. Joseph Leeds.

Mr. Leeds is a renowned businessman in the Philadelphia area; his holdings make him one of the richest men in America. Leeds parlayed a massive inheritance into an even more enormous fortune. Because of his incredible prosperity, Leeds is often seen on the television news, supporting some sort of philanthropic cause. While a lot of people have money, Mr. Leeds also has a lot of class. He's a tall, blonde-haired, blue-eyed gentleman — a striking figure with a charismatic voice. He too had heard of the Jersey Devil killings and was horrified. Although the police hadn't been to see him yet, he expected them at any time. Leeds had made the connection between the victims even quicker than my Aegis Cell. The first victim, Jamie Sumners, had been his son's private tutor. Jamie had left his employ several months...
Michelle spent the night poring through the books; she drank up all our coffee. When she got back to our safe house in Oldtown, Philadelphia, she had pretty much figured out the Latin cipher. While we slept, one who had found anything of note. Everyone else had taken a day-long hike for absolutely nothing. Michelle, our researcher, quickly gathered up all the books and put them into a knapsack I always carry for just these occasions. When we reconvened that evening, I was the only one who had found anything of note. Everyone else had taken a day-long hike for absolutely nothing. Michelle, our resident language expert, began looking at the texts in the car ride home, hoping to break the code. By the time we got back to our safe house in Oldtown, Philadelphia, she had pretty much figured out the Latin cipher. While we slept, Michelle spent the night poring through the books; she drank up all our coffee.
The next morning, a haggard Michelle described to us exactly what she learned from the texts. According to Michelle, these books were the diaries of Benjamin Leeds, a self-styled alchemist/scientist in the early eighteenth century. Like many neo-scientists of the day, Leeds was obsessed with finding out what made things live. In other words, Leeds was trying to determine exactly how a human being, or any other animal, could exist. What was the force bringing together all the disparate chemicals which make up our bodies. Michelle said that Benjamin at first confined his quest to purely philosophical musings, but later used a bit of his money to build these laboratories under the house. In these labs, Benjamin did hundreds of experiments with living creatures — taking them to the limits of life and death. Benjamin also began mixing into his experiments various spells and rituals that he would purchase from local "witches" and mystical societies.

Eventually, Leeds assembled together a body, which would "host" a life essence gathered from several different human beings, including Benjamin himself! The life essence would not only animate the creature but would also render it practically immortal. Michelle couldn't make heads or tails out of the process of drawing life essence into the creature, but she was sure that Benjamin was a powerful psychic by the way he described himself in the journals. The entries record that the experiment was an unqualified success; a drawing of the creature resembled all the various descriptions of the Jersey Devil. The mystery of the Jersey Devil was at least partially solved.

Stephen, another one of our team, suggested a hypothesis: that Benjamin not only created the Devil, but he also controlled the monster. Benjamin could have used the Devil to further his own goals by terrorizing enemies, stealing property, etc. We do know that the Jersey Devil warded off American soldiers from the Pine Barrens and that Benjamin Leeds was a devout British Loyalist during the Revolutionary War. Perhaps successive Leeds patriarchs used the creature to protect the family and increase the family's influence, but, over time, the family simply forgot about it. The 1909 sightings might have meant that someone rediscovered the creature in its Pine Barren lair — perhaps the killings now mean that someone again found the Devil and placed it under his control. The door to the labs did have powder burns on it — indicating that someone recently blew it off its hinges to find the labs behind.

We all naturally leapt at the conclusion that Charles Leeds, though charming, had somehow gained control of his families creation and was using it to murder people. The next day's newspaper told us we were wrong. The latest victim of the Jersey Devil killings was none other than Charles Leeds himself. The killings have stopped now for several months, but we know that it is only a matter of time before the Jersey Devil again haunts the area.
Towards an Identification of Nessie.

Prof. Rod Boyer

Royal Cryptozoological Society Journal, vol. 67

Every year, hundreds of expeditions tramp off into the wilds of the Amazon, Africa and China in the hopes of finding a new species of animal. Frequently, these expeditions return with a find, perhaps two, of a new species or even a whole new genus. Most of the time, scientists are thrilled by the discovery of a new mouse, or even a tiny spider. Dozens of articles appear on each of these new animals until it is time for another batch of expeditions to take off into the great unknown. The public and academia alike praise the brave work of these intrepid souls, who dare Mother Nature in the name of science and knowledge. Some explorers have reached such a height of notoriety that they appear in national periodicals and even on television specials.

There is one animal, in particular, who never graces the pages of any academic journal, save for the RCS Journal. This one animal is never discussed in "intellectual" circles or in "educational" programs. Mainstream academics and even high school teachers dismiss this strange creature as simply fantasy, despite a plethora of physical evidence. The public normally encounters this poor beast on the covers of infamous tabloids while waiting in line to buy groceries. Many people buy these worthless tabloids for simple fun, ignoring the possibility that this animal might in fact be real.

The animal of which I speak is of course the Loch Ness Monster; a most misunderstood creature. The Loch Ness Monster, or Nessie for short, is fodder for jokes and children's toys, yet it also provides us with a baffling zoological conundrum. For centuries, man has noticed something living in the Loch, yet no one has yet been able to fully identify it. For some odd reason, the public is quite willing to allow this mystery to stand, while academia is more interested in identifying some new species of mouse. The truly brave scholar is not the one who tramps through the African forest, but the one who travels where others fear to tread. For some unfathomable reason, mainstream science is content to allow the Loch Ness Monster to remain cloaked in a mist of ignorance and superstition. The goal of this article is to summarize the most salient characteristics of Nessie and suggest an identification of its species.

As I have noted, Nessie sightings have been recorded as early as written history occurs in Scotland. According to the 8th century biographer Adamnan, a powerful holy man named St. Columbra was traveling near Loch Ness and came to the river Ness. St. Columbra saw a group of local villagers dragging a wounded man from the river's dark waters. They told St. Columbra that the man had been attacked while swimming in the river by a monster who lived in its depths. St. Columbra ordered one of the men to swim out into the lake and attract the beast's attention. One brave soul, recognizing the saint's holy power, complied. The monster arose from its watery home and approached the foolish swimmer. The saint, however, called to the creature from the shoreline and ordered it to be gone. The terrified beast sank beneath the waters and never bothered the villagers again.

One must view this particular story with great caution. In the first place, nearly every Scottish lake has its own ancient tales about monsters and au Niseags ("water horses" in Gaelic). We
An underwater photo of Nessie?

shouldn't think it especially unusual that Loch Ness has an ancient tale of a monster living in its depths; such a myth is hardly evidence of Nessie's antiquity. Secondly, the account specifies that the monster lived in the river Ness, which leads into the Loch, but which is far too shallow to support such a large creature. Lastly, the monster appears quite hostile to humans, which does not occur again in the long history of Nessie sightings. Nevertheless, the St. Columbra encounter gives us a starting point when talking about Nessie.

Sightings of the Loch Ness Monster occurred sporadically for centuries, but there were no more sightings at Loch Ness than any other large Scottish lake. In the early 1930s, the English government began constructing numerous roads into Scotland, including ones around Loch Ness. Work crews industriously cut down the trees around the Loch, thereby removing the thick foliage which had always obscured any traveler's view of the lake. The tourists, in their new-fangled automobiles, began to escape the confines of London and travel into the Scottish countryside in order to find rest and relaxation. With an unprecedented number of people now getting a better look at Loch Ness from the newly constructed roads, Nessie sightings exploded in 1933. Dozens of eyewitnesses called newspapers to tell them of their harrowing experiences. Usually, people saw little more than two or three humps traveling across the lake's surface. Occasionally, someone would see a head emerge from the lake, attached to a long, slender neck.

The newspapers published these sightings, and they were met with a surprising degree of acceptance. Papers from London, Edinburgh and elsewhere ran front page stories on the Beast of Loch Ness. Most of the public was thrilled to read of a mysterious sea monster living in one of Scotland's many lakes. For years, both science and the public agreed that sea monsters dwelled in the ocean's depths — now Scotland could boast one of its very own!

Several photos were taken in 1933 and 1934 — the most famous of which is the so-called "Surgeon's photo." A doctor's grainy photo depicted Nessie's infamous head and neck rising from the lake. This picture gained such fame that to this day it remains the quintessential depiction of the monster. The doctor, however, wished to remain anonymous, fearing that he would be labeled a quack or a charlatan. In these two years, newspapers had been subjected to a number of hoaxes which had soured them on the Loch Ness story. One man used stuffed hippopotamus feet to create tracks, which he proudly showed excited reporters. Another man scattered goat bones around a shoreline and claimed that he had found a Loch Ness Monster skeleton. Most of these lonely souls were simply trying to attract attention; unfortunately their combined efforts discouraged further serious media interest in Nessie.

Two particular sightings in this era stand out prominently because they are the only known accounts in which Nessie appears on land. Early in the morning of July 22, 1933, Mr. and Mrs. Spicer were driving along the Loch Ness when they caught sight of an enormous creature blocking the road. As the couple approached it, Mr. Spicer saw a 30-foot long beast, with a long neck, horse-shaped head, bulbous body, flippers for feet, and a thick tail. Mrs. Spicer thought the skin was gray in color — almost like an elephant. Frightened by the oncoming car, the beast crashed into the undergrowth surrounding the lake and disappeared from view. The Spicers drove quickly away. A little less than six months later, Mr. Grant was driving along another road near the lake in his motorcycle. Nessie lurched from the growth around the road into the glare of the motorcycle's headlight. Panicked by the sight of Nessie, Grant lost control of his bike and skidded off the road. The monster again disappeared into the of the undergrowth.

After collating the hundreds of sightings, an interesting composite picture of Nessie develops. Most sightings occur early in the morning, either just before or just after daybreak. Nessie has a long neck and a horse-shaped head, which is occasionally described with horns. But the head is abnormally small compared to the rest of its body. The eyes are almost never described. The skin is usually described as gray, sometimes as having a warty complexion. Most sightings include humps — one or two following the head and neck. Sometimes, eyewitnesses see only several humps traveling through the water, followed by a V-shaped wake. The number of humps varies, but usually range from two to six. Witnesses describe these humps as looking like a rowboat turned upside down. The creature appears to be easily startled by sudden loud sounds, at which it quickly disappears from view. Some people describe Nessie diving effortlessly — sinking immediately. Most animals need a kick or a jolt to force themselves fully underwater.

Nessie remained a local joke and tourist attraction until the 1950s, when one woman decided to study Nessie as a serious zoological concern. Constantia Light published a written analysis of all known Nessie sightings, along with numerous photographs. Though Constantia was not a trained zoologist, her observations were interesting, and, more importantly, she proved.
that Nessie should be treated as a serious scientific problem. Although Light drew on the massive corpus of work which had preceded her on the sea monster phenomenon, she was the first to make Nessie a concern distinct from the larger group of "sea monsters." Because of Light's conscientious efforts, the Loch Ness Project (LNP) was organized to discover what actually might be behind the Nessie stories. Although the LNP was insufficiently funded and staffed, it did, nonetheless, provide a forum for discussion about the Loch Ness Monster.

The dawn of the 60s meant that the average person on the street could purchase and use high-quality motion picture cameras. True Nessie believers would camp out around the lake with such equipment in the hopes of immortalizing Nessie on film. Most of these forays provided little more than endless hours of mundane flora and fauna around the Loch. A few people, such as Kim Sindsdale, managed to capture pictures of several humps traveling at around 10 mph through the lake. These invaluable pictures proved that the sightings must be of an animate object, because the humps were shown moving! Armed with her film, Sindsdale conducted a public campaign to boost the funds and staff of the LNP in order to find out once and for all what these humps were. Sindsdale also led some well meaning mini-submarine expeditions into the Loch, but nothing could be seen in the Loch's murky waters.

Following a decade of public interest, the LNP finally managed to fund a major expedition into the Loch. Unfortunately, Loch Ness's waters defy any easy exploration. The Loch's water has a peaty color, making visibility impossible past a few feet, even with a high powered lamp. One inexperienced diver told the LNP after diving into the Loch, "That was the most frightening experience I have ever had. I couldn't see." To get around this problem, the LNP expedition mounted several cameras underwater, at a depth of forty-five feet. The cameras were connected to a sonar system which would switch the cameras on if there was contact with anything larger than twenty feet. Huge lamps were attached to the cameras to increase the camera's range from a few inches to a few feet. In 1972, the expedition began its work, but weeks of tedium followed. False alarm followed false alarm. Finally, early in August, the sonar made contact with a large creature and the camera activated. The camera got off several pictures before the sonar contact faded. When the pictures were developed, researchers saw two shots of diamond shaped flippers, measuring six feet by two feet. The success of this expedition made the sonar boat a yearly adventure, though none of the following trips had as much success. In 1975, the camera was not outfitted with the expensive sonar and instead simply took pictures every fifty-five seconds. However, they took a dim photo of a large shape, reputedly the body and neck of Nessie. The cameras also took a picture of a gargoyle-like head, but the film quality is so poor that it could very well be a log or something else buried in the brackish water. Though many have tried to disprove these later photos, none can dispute the clear shot of a flipper in the 1972 photos.

The 1972 sonar reading and photos give us a general idea about the creature's dimensions. According to sonar experts, the read-out shows a large marine animal, approximately 30 feet long swimming rapidly after a school of fish. The animal seems to exhibit protuberances along the body, measuring up to five feet, which might have been the flippers in the photo. One scientist remarked that the object showed segmentation, indicating that the animal might have several segments or pronounced humps. The flippers, though interesting, are insufficient themselves to determine what sort of animal lives in the Loch. If we knew whether the fin was mostly tissue or bone, we could determine whether it is fish, reptile or mammal. The shape and size of the flippers (some 5-6 ft. long!) do not match any known animal. Since the 70s, the British government has hampered on-site research in the Loch. The British Scientific Bureau, the agency under which the Loch Ness phenomenon falls, refuses to issue any sort of permit which would allow greater access to the lake for research purposes. Despite the sonar contacts and the underwater still photos, the public lost interest in Nessie in the early 80s; the paranormal craze of the 70s had run its course. The LNP, always chronically under-funded, turned to publishing postcards and popular books on Nessie in order to meet its budget needs. Unfortunately, the LNP ceased to be a true research outfit in 1991, when it became a publishing house for books on monsters, magic and New Age religions.
I believe that there is enough information already gathered to create a rough sketch of the creature and its habits. Many have claimed that the creature is a dinosaur, specifically a plesiosaur, because of Nessie's physical similarities to the ancient reptile. This theory appears insupportable. Even if the plesiosaur could have somehow survived the destruction of the other dinosaurs, it is still a reptile. In other words, a plesiosaur needs oxygen to breathe. Without gills, it could not breathe underwater. Instead, the plesiosaur had two nostril openings between its eyes and the tip of its snout so that it could surface periodically to fill its lungs with precious air. Nessie, on the other hand, surfaces infrequently, far less than we would expect of a plesiosaur. In other words, if Nessie were a true plesiosaur, we would have a great many more sightings. Even more important, Loch Ness is a cold lake — only 42 degrees Fahrenheit in the summer! Aquatic reptiles do not enjoy water as cold as this and instead prefer much warmer climes. Some claim that the plesiosaurs migrate in and out of the Loch, which they say is connected to the ocean through underwater tunnels. There is no evidence for these tunnels, and if there was a connection between the Loch and the ocean, we would see a higher salt content in those areas directly connected to the ocean. The Loch, however, is primarily a freshwater habitat.

Other hypotheses postulate that Nessie might be an aquatic mammal, related to the manatee, or a giant eel. A large manatee-like creature could conceivably have two or more "humps" when it surfaces — one hump is its head, another its back, another its tail. Such a creature might also have flippers similar to the ones depicted in the 1972 photos. But a manatee does not have either a long neck or a horse-shaped head — the so-called Surgeon's photo could in no way be such an animal. A giant eel might have flippers and might even be capable of lifting itself out of the water so that its body appears as a long neck. Some giant eels also swim by undulating up and down, which is the method of locomotion often described when people see the humps rise and fall in the water. But what do we make of the land sightings, which describe something which looks like a plesiosaur?

My theory is that Nessie is neither fish nor reptile nor mammal, but actually an amphibian shaped like the ancient plesiosaur. Amphibians would be capable of remaining submerged for long periods of times, because of their gills. Nessie would also be capable of traveling over land. This would explain the Spicer and Grant sightings. An amphibian, like a plesiosaur, could simulate the humps seen in the water with its head, back and tail. Amphibians, unlike reptiles, would probably thrive in the Loch's cold waters.

But how could such creatures survive for centuries in a limited habitat such as Loch Ness? Could a reproductive population exist in the lake? Loch Ness is a large body of water — stretching for over 24 miles and reaching a depth of 800 feet. Despite the limited size, such a lake could easily provide an appropriate food supply for a large creature like Nessie. Judging from the various photos and sonar contacts, Nessie is about 25 feet long and estimated to weigh 2,500 lbs. The most plentiful source of food in the lake would be salmon, which return to the Loch during their spawning period, over 10 million salmon are present in the Loch — a food source enough for at least 100 Nessies! Because the food source is seasonal, Nessie would have to gorge itself during the spawning period and afterwards scrounge around for the occasional salmon, trout or pike. Gorging is a common trait in many aquatic animals who depend upon migrating fish for food. A population of 100 could easily reproduce and keep its population constant for as long as there was an appropriate food supply.

We would expect a population of 100, however, to be seen a little more often than has been reported. Because of their gills, the Nessies need never surface, except perhaps to bask in the morning sun. Yet we still have never seen multiple Nessies at one time. Nor would an amphibious plesiosaur be able to create the undulating multiple hump (six or more humps) sightings. I believe that Nessie, like other amphibians, passes through a larval stage, in which Nessie appears like a large eel. This eel, perhaps 10-feet long, usually remains underwater, but occasionally surfaces and provides the multiple hump effect. Fisherman have frequently caught eels in the Loch, some reaching 10 feet, but these eels are usually cast aside before they are seriously studied. It could be that these creatures are not in fact eels, but larval stage amphibians. Perhaps the larval stage is extremely long lasting and only reach the adult plesiosaur form after decades of development. Sheer attrition among the larva would cut down on the number of adult Nessies in the Loch. As a consequence, relatively few Nessies would reach adulthood resulting in relatively few sightings.

Studying Nessie from a strictly scientific, totally zoological perspective is really not that difficult — we have a set of data which must be interpreted using solid theories and concepts. Why, I wonder, does the Academy continue to snicker at such a problem? If we only could dismiss the veil of fantasy surrounding Loch Ness and study this animal as just another amphibian, we would go a long way towards helping the cause of science and dismissing the shadows of superstition. Unfortunately, the public grasps for superstition like a baby for a blanket — it is a form of laziness. Instead of daring to face the unknown, we prefer to let it stay cloaked in legend and myth.
Thank you fellow members for that warm reception. It is an honor and a privilege to address you all on this, the Society's most important evening of the year. I look forward to these annual banquets for many reasons, not the least of which is the fine meal Chef Blackstock always prepares for the occasion. Let us give him a round of applause for this fine meal.

Almost as good as the Chef's meals are the presentations which follow. It is always exciting to hear about the Society's expeditions for the coming year, and it is even more exciting this year, since I will be leading my first Society sponsored expedition.

Thank you very much, it is always encouraging to be among such supportive friends. I and my team plan to leave in late April of next year for an extended voyage up the Congo River to Lake Tele, home of the elusive Mokele-Mbembe. We plan for this to be the longest such expedition in history. With the generous support of The Board, we have ample funding for a six-month stay in the region. We hope that this effort will prove, once and for all, the truth behind the legends of a giant sauropod living in the African jungle.

I would like to take a few moments here to discuss the history of Mokele-Mbembe, one of cryptozoology's longest lived mysteries. The history of this fascinating creature dates back over two hundred years (although some would say it dates back millions more). Since the eighteenth century, there have been reports of strange creatures living in the lakes and rivers of west-central Africa. These creatures are said to have attacked and overturned boats and even killed humans who strayed into their territory. Legends of these lake creatures are common among various tribes throughout the region, but they have come to be classified under the Congolese name: Mokele-Mbembe.

The twentieth century has produced numerous accounts of the beast, both by African natives and European hunters and explorers who have traveled through the region. There is a surprising amount of agreement among the various stories, and there can be no doubt that some genuine creature lies behind the myths. Numerous expeditions have been launched into the region in the past thirty years. Several by Americans, two by the Japanese, and one by the local government. These have met with mixed results. They all encounter natives who swear they have seen the beast. Likewise, they all find other evidence, including trails through the jungle made by some large beast, as well as tracks that may well belong to the elusive creature.

But what is the Mokele-Mbembe? After so many accounts over hundreds of years we have a pretty good idea what we are looking for. The creature is best described as resembling an ancient sauropod, distantly related to the Apatosaurus. The creature has a body about the size of a hippopotamus or elephant, but with a long tail and long neck ending in a small head. Overall length is estimated to be upwards of twenty or even thirty feet. The creature resembles a reptile, except that instead of scales it has rough, grayish-brown skin. Its legs and feet resemble those of an elephant, but end in three sharp claws. The creature is said to be a herbivore, feeding primarily upon a local flowering plant that grows in abundance in the region.
There have been, as I noted, several accounts over the years of Mokele-Mbembes attacking boats and humans. This behavior resembles that of hippopotami and is not hard to understand. Like elephants, these are large, aggressive creatures who seem to be very territorial. Although they walk on the land, like the hippo, they seem to be more at home in the water. They are most often sighted in lakes or in the bends of rivers where the water is deeper. Their long, flexible necks allow them to stand in very deep water with only their head and a few feet of neck breaking the surface. Many reports describe the beast moving through the water in just such a manner. Moving, I might add, at enough of a speed to leave quite a wake. They are also said to move about with their bodies entirely under the water. Even then the movement of such a large mass is enough to throw a wake that frightens any local boaters.

There have been a few photographs taken of the Mokele-Mbembe, but they are of poor quality at best. One explorer saw the beast but forgot to take the lens cap off of his camera when he began filming. We hope to have markedly better success. The area is very inaccessible, which accounts in large part for the problems many previous expeditions have had in getting to the prime hunting grounds: Lake Tele. Only three known expeditions have made it that far, and all of them reported seeing the creature, or at least signs of it. In spite of these encouraging results, few have summoned up the funds and courage to make the journey, and still fewer have come adequately prepared for the task.

For our journey we have planned for every contingency, including airdrops of supplies when necessary. The team will include myself and six other Society members, as well as a host of the best local guides and porters available. Many previous expeditions to the region have fallen prey to misleading and unscrupulous guides, so we have taken extra precautions in procuring our local help. We will take ten cameras with twelve hour tapes and battery backs, as well as solar rechargers for the equipment. We plan to set these up around the lake and keep it under constant surveillance, especially at night. We have even planned for the possibility of capturing the creature using powerful tranquilizers. Although it would probably prove too monumental a task to bring the creature back in captivity, it would at least give us a chance to study the animal up close without fear of being attacked.

We hope that this will be one of the most successful endeavors the RCS has ever launched, and I look forward to addressing this august body when we have returned. Thank you all for your kindness and attention.

Good night.
To: Flamen Africae  
From: Jackson Bergman, Gold  
Re: Research Brief on Mokele-Mbembe

Grace to the Flamen.

I have, as you requested, compiled a short report on the Research Committee’s findings regarding the elusive Mokele-Mbembe of Central Africa. The interest in the subject expressed by many mundane scientists during the last century has proven fertile ground for information on the beast. Looking back through the myths and legends we have acquired from the area, we see that the creature has a long history in the region, dating back before the coming of European explorers. This suggests that the creature has been active there for quite a long time. A universal aspect of these tales is that the creature walks on the land, but dwells chiefly in the water. Likewise, we can be certain that the creature is hostile to humans in every way, and will attack boats without any provocation. There are even tales of the creature going out of its way to attack humans. Certainly there are no tribes who live in the region inhabited by the Mokele-Mbembe, and even the greatest elephant hunters seem to fear the beast.

There are some important discrepancies that point to a supernatural origin for the creature, however. These discrepancies may even suggest a link between the legendary jungle creature and our ancient enemies, the Dracones. These are also facts that undermine any scientific explanation of the creature, facts which the scientists like to ignore. First of all, consider the small numbers of Mokele-Mbembe. Certainly creatures that large cannot exist in great numbers without some proof of their existence coming to light. And there needs to be a certain number of the beasts in order to provide a large enough gene pool for breeding. Yet all signs point to a small number of reclusive creatures that have existed for as long as two hundred years, and probably many centuries or millennia more. How then do we reconcile these discrepancies without a supernatural explanation?

There is also the question of food. There has been significant doubt placed on the reputed food source of the Mokele-Mbembe. They are said to eat a flowering, fruit-bearing plant that grows in the area of Lake Tele. Yet scientists have shown that it is doubtful that there is enough of this plant to support a large or even medium-sized population of Mokele-Mbembes. Again, we run into the problem of genetics and viable options for procreation. Large numbers of the creatures would quickly denude the surrounding forest, given their large mass and seemingly active lifestyle.

In spite of all these problems, there can be little doubt that the creature exists. Hundreds of sightings have occurred up to the present day, and myths about the creature go back for centuries. So we are left with a supernatural explanation. One might view this an overhasty judgment, but I do have one further piece of evidence regarding the supernatural origins of the Mokele-Mbembe. I cite here the report of one of our fellows, a Silver, who accompanied a small expedition to the region in the early 1980s. Unfortunately, the expedition never made it as far as Lake Tele, but they did have an opportunity to examine some tracks left by the great beast. Our agent did a thorough magickal study of the aura left by the tracks, as well as scrying out the actual beast through magickal ritual. The result: visions that could not come from nature.
He saw in his mind’s eye the large beast traveling through the jungle, brushing aside trees as if they were bushes. The description he gives matches the traditional view of the Mokele-Mbembe: brownish-gray skin, long tail and neck, small head, and so on. He estimated the creature’s length at about forty feet from head to tail. He says that the beast left a strong magickal presence in its wake, and that it disturbed the magickal ether of the area. When he cast the scrying ritual to seek out the beast’s lair, he was in for an even greater shock. Looking across space, our agent saw the creature feeding on the flowering plants that grow by the lake. Most of its body was underwater, and it seemed to be very quick and agile when thus immersed. This is not, however, the most shocking piece of evidence. Even as our agent looked on he felt his control over his magick slipping away from him. He had only a brief moment to look at the beast’s magickal aura before he lost contact. To his chagrin he found that the sauropod seemed to actually suck in and devour the magickal energy around it!

This phenomenon is not unknown to the Titanidae. Indeed, we have encountered it in several humans as well as other supernatural creatures, most notably among the Dracones and the Pilosi. Can there be any doubt that these “jungle dragons” are anything but creatures designed for the enslavement of man? Perhaps the Mokele-Mbembe are merely experiments that got loose, or early attempts at creating war beasts for use against us. I certainly would not care to hazard a guess at this point. Nevertheless, I would like to renew my vigorous urgings that the Founders undertake some sort of careful examination of these creatures, so that we may discover their true nature, and find a way to either destroy them or yoke them to our purpose.

Praise to the Flamen.

cc: Founder Ion, Founder Telus, Flamen Americae
Transcript from a on-line conferences sponsored by the RCS and InterMagic, 5/23/96.

**Matt Nugent (on-line observer):** Can any of our speakers give us any information on the so-called Mothman sightings?

**Prof. Balcer (RCS panelist):** I thought the purpose of this “on-line” town meeting was to discuss real scientific questions, not unfounded poppycock!

**David Goldman (moderator):** I thought the purpose of cryptozoology was to be open to all possibilities?

**Prof. Balcer:** The “mothman” is not a possibility. There is no way a man with wings can fly, it is complete absurdity!

**Matt Nugent:** Then how do you explain the large number of mothman sightings in West Virginia as well as the more recent sightings in California and Nevada? Hmmm?

**Prof. Balcer:** Those supposed sightings are entirely without foundation. The witnesses are unreliable, and I find the whole concept somewhat offensive.

**Matt Nugent:** <sigh> I thought you all would say something like that.

**Prof. Arthur Keegan (RCS Panelist):** As a matter of fact, despite my colleagues protestations, there is quite a deal of evidence for the Mothman of West Virginia. I plan to publish an article on it in the next RCS newsletter.

**Prof. Balcer:** I might have known.

**David Goldman:** Perhaps you would like to give us a summary of your article.

**Prof. Arthur Keegan:** I would be happy to do so.

**Prof. Balcer:** I’m signing off now.

**Matt Nugent:** good

**David Goldman:** let’s all try and be civil shall we?
Prof. Arthur Keegan: According to several different papers, the area around Point Pleasant, West Virginia was haunted by what locals called “Mothman.” The first sighting occurred on November 12, 1966. Five men were digging a grave in the small cemetery of Clendenin when one man looked up and saw a strange shape. He saw what appeared to be a man, some six or seven feet tall, endowed with huge butterfly-like wings crouching among the branches of a large tree. As the figure spread its wings and took flight, the other workers caught sight of the creature for about a minute. Although four of the witnesses deny it, one of the men admitted that they had all been drinking to relieve the drudgery of their work. They probably would not have come forward unless other stories cropped up first.

Several days later, on November 14th, the first tale of the Mothman reached the public’s ears. Two couples were driving by an abandoned ammunition dump, dubbed “TNT”, when they saw a large figure standing by the roadside. The thing appeared to be hunched over the carcass of a dog. At the glare of the headlights, the creature gazed up at the oncoming car. The witnesses screamed at the sight of the creature’s glowing red eyes. They described the Mothman’s eyes as reflecting the light of the headlights, sort of like a bicycle reflector. The Mothman spread its butterfly wings and took to the air as the car sped past the dead dog. At first, the couples were relieved to leave the horrible sight behind, but one young lady noticed that the Mothman was following close behind the car! The monster made several dives towards the fleeing car and everyone heard several vicious blows against the car roof. After about fifteen minutes, the Mothman disappeared into the night’s gloom and the couples safely coasted into the city limits of Point Pleasant. Immediately, they drove to the sheriff’s office and reported their experience to the deputy on duty. Several cars were dispatched to where they had first seen Mothman. The deputies did not find any evidence of the creature, nor even the dead dog, but they did find a pool of blood where the dog had been lying. One deputy confirmed that a local, Mr. Partridge, had reported his dog missing after it had chased some strange lights into a field.

By the next morning, the story had spread across the county. Local newspapers rushed reporters to the Sheriff’s office, hoping to interview one of the witnesses. The sheriff appeared convinced of the story and decided to hold a press conference in the local courthouse. The sheriff was looking towards running for a seat in the local legislature; naturally, a state-wide press conference couldn’t hurt his image. The local newspapers had contacted the major news services to enhance their standing with the national media. Suddenly, tiny Point Pleasant was crammed full of journalists and monster hunters. The gravediggers came forward with their story so that they could share center stage with the terrified couples.

Despite the numerous reporters and curiosity seekers, Mothman escaped capture, but it was repeatedly seen around the infamous TNT area. U.S. soldiers turned many people away from TNT; portions of the old ammunition dumps were being used for military testing. The Army did not want civilians traipsing around secured property in search of a “bogeyman” (such was the comment of a U.S. Sergeant serving at the base). While many people flooded to the former ammunition silos, hoping to find Mothman’s lair, nothing was found. The creature often visited several isolated houses in the area. A local, Raymond Wamsley, was driving up to his neighbors, the Thomas’, in order to play a practical joke. Wamsley was planning to tap on the window and scare the young Thomas children, whom he baby-sat on occasion. Another neighbor, Mrs. Bennett happened to be playing outside in her lawn with her two-year-old daughter Tina. As Wamsley eased his car into the Thomas driveway, a grey shape arose from behind the Thomas family station wagon. Mrs. Bennett attempted to scream, but nothing came out. Wamsley leaped out of his car, from the passenger side, in order to avoid the approaching creature. Wamsley ran for the Thomas house, pausing briefly to gather up Tina and Mrs. Bennett on the way. The Mothman shuffled after them at a seemingly unconcerned pace. The monster peered through several windows and flew away as Wamsley managed to dial the Sheriff. The creature flew away before the authorities could arrive.
All the sightings were essentially of this pattern. People would have a glimpse of the Mothman, which was usually watching them. After being noticed, Mothman would give chase but then escape before anyone could arrive in numbers. Some people described the Mothman as having butterfly wings, while others saw the creature as having feathered wings. Some saw arms on the creature, but others noticed only the wings. All comment on the Mothman’s near hypnotic, glowing red eyes. Some even noticed strange lights in the sky (usually red) preceding or following the Mothman’s arrival. No one seemed to notice the texture of the Mothman’s skin, yet all agreed that the Mothman was essentially man-shaped and grey all over. According to all the reports, the Mothman could fly almost instantaneously and did not require any running start, as some birds do. Residents from all over Point Pleasant reported strange howling at night, quite unlike anything they had heard before.

After the story had acquired national prominence, many journalists attempted to make light of the situation. Academics were interviewed, who scoffed at the notion of such a man-beast. Instead, they believed it was perhaps a large crane, which lost its way during migration. On December 15, a reporter from the Charleston Intelligencer reported that a big game hunter had shot a large crane outside Point Pleasant. The paper ran a picture of a hunter, dressed safari style, holding up a huge bird. Nearly everyone sighed collective relief. The mysterious Mothman had been revealed as a harmless bird. Despite the complaints from witnesses who say that what they saw was no crane, the national media dropped the story. Mothman sightings disappeared at this time, lending credence to the crane theory.

I analyzed the grainy picture in the Intelligencer and came to the conclusion that it was a fraud. While the hunter and the crane may indeed be authentic, the picture could not have been taken in West Virginia. The flora in the background of the shot, somewhat out of focus, is commonly found in Southeast Asia—not in West Virginia, USA. I also traced the reporter who ran the story—Mr. Billy Lichmann. According to the Intelligencer records, Mr. Lichmann was a freelance reporter for them for nearly a decade. A non-descript type who always turned in efficient, tight copy. Lichmann’s social security number corresponds to a Lichmann—but a Lichmann who died at childbirth in 1923. There is no record of Lichmann before or after his employment at the Intelligencer. Clearly, Lichmann was some sort of plant who covered up the Mothman story with a bogus crane photo.

That was the last that anyone heard of the Mothman until quite recently. In the mountains of California there have been quite a few sightings of winged men reported in the past few years. Authorities have not given these stories much credence, since most of the reports come from less than reputable sources. The papers had some fun with stories, but ended up dismissing them as probable condor sightings. I have not had a chance to look into the California situation or follow up on the reports, so I really don’t feel I can comment on them any more. I plan to go out this summer and interview some of those who claim to have seen the Mothman. Perhaps then I will have more evidence for this elusive creature’s existence.

David Goldman: Thank you Prof. Keegan. Any other questions out there in cyberspace?

Joe F. (observer): Do any of the panel members have a comment on the recent events in the case for Ogopogo?

Prof. Keegan: It’s a shame Jack B. signed off in a huff, Ogopogo is his specialty :)}
TITANIDAE FOREWARNING

To: All Golds and Founders in Northeastern America
From: The revered seat of the Flamen Americarum

The following accounts were electronically mailed to Us by Founder Sarpedon during his research into the lake monster Ogopogo. While looking into Ogopogo, Sarpedon discovered that most of the books and newspaper accounts were missing from his local libraries and university facilities. Frustrated by a lack of material, Sarpedon petitioned Us to personally travel to Lake Okanagan, the home of Ogopogo.

September 29, 1995 — Grace to the Flamen.
I arrived in town today and took up residence in the Clarriott hotel. The weather was cloudy and slightly rainy; quite typical for early fall in British Columbia, Canada. I approached the local authorities and identified myself as "Gene Adam", a folklore Ph.D. student at Pacific Tech University. I told various residents that I was writing my dissertation on Ogopogo, myth and reality, and I was visiting in order to gather evidence first-hand.

The Bureau of Commerce and the local library have both been extraordinarily helpful. The Bureau even provided me with the phone number of the Ogopogo Watch Society, which faithfully records all sightings of the mysterious lake serpent. As a lure for tourists, the Bureau also has an interesting exhibit on Ogopogo, including some otherwise unknown pictures and films. The librarian provided me with dozens of articles and books on their local monster which I have been unable to find anywhere else. I almost feel guilty for assuming a false persona in such a Norman Rockwell-like town.

October 2, 1995 — Grace to the Flamen.
My preliminary work has uncovered dozens of ancient Indian myths about Ogopogo. The Chinook Indians called Ogopogo, Ook-ook mis-achie coupa (I apologize, but the spelling in the article was phonetic) — translated as "the wicked one in the lake." The Salish, who also lived nearby, called the creature N'haaith — "lake demon." Several other of the Indian tribes who inhabit the area called Ogopogo various names, usually some variant of "water beast," "death that swims in the lake" or "rain god."

The ancient Indians feared this lake, although they needed to come to the lake every fall in order to catch the spawning salmon which would provide food through the winter. Every tribe had a different ritual in order to ward off the "lake demon," but the essence of the ritual involved a medicine man sacrificing a small pig, dog or chicken into the water before the Indians put their boats into the lake's water. Some shamans would paint the boats with special runes to protect them from evil.

The Salish-speaking Okanagan Indians believe that N'haaith was originally a man whom the gods punished. According to legend, a young, impetuous warrior named Kel-Oni-Won killed an old wise chieftain named Ka-He-Kan, whose fame was so great that the Indians named the lake's valley after him. The gods turned Kel-Oni-Won into the lake demon N'haaith as punishment for his crime. Consequently, N'haaith was a vicious creature, always looking to cause harm to mankind.

One foolhardy warrior named Timbasket went out alone to face N'haaith, but he never returned to the camp. Several days later, the Okanagan warriors found Timbasket's canoe on a ridge high above the lake. According to the tribal shaman, N'haaith had left a message of what happens to those who challenge its power.

In an unrelated matter, I have been somewhat ill and will rest over the next few days. I believe that the local tap water tastes a little odd and instead will drink bottled water. Oddly, the supermarkets don't carry bottled water and I will have to drive out of the valley in order to purchase it.
October 10, 1995 — Grace to the Flamen.

Over the past several days, I have been hiking around the lake and taking samples of the water. The lake is approximately 79 miles long and 2 miles wide. At its deepest point, the lake drops almost 800 feet. The water is relatively murky because of algae, but it remains safe to enter. Lake Okanagan and its valley was created by receding glaciers in the Pleistocene epoch — some 10,000 years ago.

The water shows no irregularities, other than a high algae count. On my hike, I discovered a number of pictographs on large boulders, which I copied. A local tour guide informed me that these are just old Indian drawings, but nobody can identify which Indians drew them. I asked him how could such drawings survive being exposed to the elements, but the tour guide did not have an answer to that. Some pamphlets claim that the pictographs could be a thousand years old, but that would probably just be hyperbole. I hope to gauge their age exactly once I regain access to more complete facilities.

Each of these pictures is a stylized representation of a long serpent rising from the water. Through frontac magicks, I reached out and touched Gaia to delve into the meaning of these odd pictures. My queries were immediately rebuffed by a powerful ward set in each of the boulders. Each of the pictures is actually a glyph which taps into local ley lines, creating a boundary approximately 600 yards away from the lake. The glyphs were certainly not made to keep people out, considering the number of people both on and around Lake Okanagan. Perhaps the Indian medicine men drew them to keep something in the lake.

October 14, 1995 — Grace to the Flamen.

Earlier, I ran across a graveyard, which was occupied most of the day by several funerals. Considering the size of the community, I was perplexed by the number of deaths. I bought several newspapers and scanned the obituaries. Three men — all in their twenties and in good physical health — were recently killed committing several different crimes.

One man, Peter Nanit, had been living in Montreal until recently and worked as a waiter in a Chinese restaurant. Despite a normal upbringing and demeanor, Peter had been the infamous Lifeguard serial killer, who had been drowning people on the first of each month. The authorities finally identified Peter and hunted him across most of the Canadian provinces. Peter was killed in a shoot-out near the American border. Another man, Alex Laket, had been shot by a security guard while breaking into a high-tech research firm in New York City. Alex had never committed any crime before nor did he have any motive for breaking into this company. Alex's only sin was his interest in the popular TV thriller, "Conspiracy X." The last young man, Shawn Welling, attempted to sabotage the trial run of a new fighter plane in the depths of the Northwest Territory. Shawn was a history Ph.D. candidate at the University of Ottawa at the time. The plane was eventually fixed and Shawn caught, but he died mysteriously in his cell.

Considering the town, I find it very suspicious that each of these men would die such violent deaths in far off places, while committing crimes so completely out of character. Each of them was an upstanding citizen until he moved away from home; even while away, their families could not sense anything was amiss.

October 15, 1995 — Grace to the Flamen.

Finally over my illness, I have begun collating eyewitness accounts of the Ogopogo monster. The creature was known to Indians for quite some time, and the Western settlers treated the lake with a similar respect when they arrived. In 1854, the trapper John MacBougall was crossing the lake when he encountered the creature. MacBougall had boarded a small raft made from several logs and was poling his way across the lake. MacBougall had tied two of his horses to the raft and they were dutifully swimming behind it. Normally, hunters and trappers had followed the Indian custom of sacrificing a small animal to the waters, but MacBougall believed that the lake monster was nothing more than a bogeyman. The horses began to panic and were suddenly snatched from under the water. MacBougall quickly cut the tethers to the horses before his raft capsized. After making it across, the old trapper quickly drank himself into oblivion in the local tavern, delighting everyone with his tales of the creature.

For the next twenty years, the communities around the lake posted guards around their settlements in case the creature came for human prey.

Most sightings were not so adventurous as MacBougall's. In the 1920s, a steamboat operator, Capt. John Weeks, saw the creature practically every month. He would toot his horn and point out the monster's wake to his passengers. Captain Weeks became so fond of the creature that he had his ashes spread over the surface of Lake Okanagan.

Around the time between the World Wars, the Kalamalka Players of Vernon (a singing troupe) had recorded a popular little ditty called "I'm Looking For the Ogopogo" — a silly name invented only because it was the same word spelled forwards and backwards. A Mr. H.F. Battie wrote a little tune of his own and this time used the term Ogopogo for Okanagan's own monster. Ever since then, the monster has been known as Ogopogo. Some tour guides tell their groups that Ogopogo is actually an ancient Indian word, but I can find no confirmation of this.
Until the 1970s, people sighted Ogopogo weekly. Each time, witnesses would see several dark humps swimming in the lake at a fast speed. The humps would suddenly disappear from view, especially if there were any sudden loud noises. Some people in the water got closer looks at the monster. One evening in 1934, two couples were having a romantic boat ride on the lake when they spotted a log in the water. As they approached the log, they saw that it was not made of wood — the log appeared dark and shiny. There was a huge commotion in the water and one of the men claimed to make out the head of the creature as it dived from sight. The creature, according to many accounts, is long and serpent-like, perhaps forty feet in measurement. The head is like that of a snake, with two horn-like structures. It moves through the water by undulating up and down — quite unusual for any water-borne creature.

Unlike other lake monsters, Ogopogo has never been very shy. On August 29, 1955, the creature surfaced outside the now defunct Aquatic Dining Room on the lakefront. All the witnesses signed an affidavit that they had seen a dark shape measuring some forty feet long surface in front of the restaurant’s bay window. On July 29, 1962, Ogopogo was seen by an entire local church picnic!

Ogopogo is rarely photographed, but the first photo was given anonymously to the Bureau of Commerce sometime in the sixties. The grainy picture shows three humps surrounded by a number of waves. In August 1968, Arthur Folden and his wife were driving along Highway 97 when they spotted the rarely photographed Ogopogo. Folden, an amateur photographer, stopped his car and took out a 8mm movie camera. He shot sixty precious seconds of several humps rising and falling in the lake’s calm waters. I have seen the film — and it seems genuine enough.

The sightings have decreased ever since the 70s but the tourists occasionally provide the Bureau of Commerce with a suggestive photo. Some people claimed that Ogopogo might have been killed by excessive pollution; the local legislature responded with tougher environmental laws. Most of the town residents are pretty used to their lake neighbor. Despite several planned expeditions, there has never been an extensive investigation of the lake.

**October 27, 1995 — Grace to the Flamen.**

While gathering and condensing the hundreds of Ogopogo sightings and descriptions, I came across an odd reference about the “Little People of the Lake.” In the 1870s, there were several newspaper stories about small man-fish being seen in the lake.

**November 1, 1995 — Grace to the Flamen.**

I am sending this before I depart. Something is happening here, though what is still a mystery. This morning, the local sheriff demanded that I leave town — claiming that I have been harassing residents. Afraid that he might check my credentials, I agreed to leave.

Last night, I witnessed something odd at the lake. Dozens of people gathered at the lake’s edge, each carrying a candle. The local minister was there — standing knee deep in the cold Okanagan waters. Perplexed by this gathering, I got closer to them. The minister was obviously leading the people in prayer, though I could not quite make out the words. I assumed that the minister might be speaking Latin, with a heavy Canadian accent. Several children were then baptized by the minister by dunking them fully in the brackish water. The infants, surprisingly, did not cry at this rude treatment. I tried to ask questions, but no answers were forthcoming. I even attempted a simple magickal read, but my probes were immediately rebuffed. The images I received from the crowd’s minds were confused — the only impression I had was something . . . well, serpentine. Something ancient and evil. Nearly everyone was thinking the same thoughts at the same time — almost as if they possessed some sort of communal mind.

**After the last of these messages, Sarpedon disappeared.**

We sent several founders to search for him, but no trace has been found.
First, I noticed a number of large cat sightings in the Exmoor area of England. Rural residents all over the United Kingdom reported seeing a cat in the wilderness, but no large meat-eating cats are known to be indigenous to the British Isles. The only surviving wild cat in the area is the Felis silvestris grampia which is a small cat native to Northern England and Scotland. The Exmoor residents believed that they saw a large cat, perhaps six or so feet in length, weighing at least 200 pounds.

Newspaper writers chided these witnesses, calling them superstitious and naïve. They posited that the creature which was seen must be a wild dog or something else quite mundane. But then the attacks began on the local livestock. Every morning, Exmoor farmers would wake up to find dozens of hens and cows brutally slaughtered. Mr. Michael Yeates, a local veterinarian, told newspapers that the wounds inflicted on the animals could only come from a large cat. Dogs, he said, do not rend their prey with claws. Panicked residents began fortifying their homes each night, fearing that the cat would decide to seek human prey.

Early in May, the English government dispatched a brigade of Royal Marines to the sight of the killings in order to capture this creature. The decision to send a special forces unit to Exmoor suggests that the high-placed officials who authorized the military operation suspected that the attacks were not perpetrated by an ordinary panther or other large cat. The Royal Marines, armed with night scopes and high-powered rifles, encamped in the far reaches of Exmoor in the hopes of capturing or destroying the creature.

At this point, I became interested in the events, but I was afraid that the Royal Marines would prevent me from pursuing the Phantom Panther, as the local media called it. In order to disrupt the military’s operation, dubbed Operation Beastie, I anonymously offered a reward in a London paper for a picture of the Phantom Panther. Photographers and adventurers flooded into Exmoor in order to catch the creature on film. Afraid that some incident might occur between the photographers and the military in the darkness of the night, the English government recalled the Marines. Although the sightings and killings kept occurring, the inept hunters could not photograph the elusive Phantom cat.

I rented a room in a Somerset inn and used this as my base of operations. I called in several other Founders, including known trackers such as Polyneices, Leonidas, and Chrysothemis. Each night, we scoured the area in order to find some clue as to the creature’s origin and to perhaps see a glimpse of this devilish creature. Many witnesses began to describe something different than a cat. Frank John, a local school bus operator, said that he saw a large black dog with glowing eyes. Rumor now declared that this was the legendary Black Hound of Wales, whose presence always forecast doom and destruction. Undeterred, we continued our hunt and discovered the Panther’s spoor.
When we analyzed footprints of the creature and its droppings, we concluded that it was a panther, but a very odd one. The tracks were similar to those left by a large cat, such as a Siberian tiger — much larger than the descriptions. The beast had to measure some eight feet in length and weigh nearly 900 pounds! The witnesses probably could not see the full extent of the Panther because its dark coat blended in with the darkness. The droppings, however, did not match the content we would expect of a large cat. If the analysis was correct, the creature’s diet seemed to consist of vegetables as well as meat. Big cats are strictly carnivores.

Unfortunately, the English government decided to put a media blackout on the area and forced most of the reward hunters out. I quickly obtained government identifications for myself and the other members of the team which would allow us to stay in Somerset. The Royal Marines returned in force, with orders to kill the Panther on sight. I believe that the government must have discovered evidence similar to ours which suggested that the cat had a supernatural origin.

With the renewed presence of the Marines, our evening hunts now became quite difficult, but we avoided being sighted through Chrysothemis’ Phasma magick. With their organized efforts, the Marines actually managed to catch the creature in their sights, but it seemed to dodge any shots taken against it. The few shots that did hit seemed to have no effect. My team was perched on a hill overlooking the Marines and the Panther. The Marine commander ordered his troops to surround the creature and slowly close the circle; I suppose they hoped to capture it in one of their nets. The Panther, barely visible even with our infra-red equipment, seemed to sense that a trap was imminent and bounded directly towards one of the Marines. Despite taking direct hits from a sub-machine gun at close range, the Panther tore into the marine and dealt him a mortal blow. It escaped into the night and left the frightened soldiers behind.

While the Marines tended to the dying man, we raced ahead after the Panther. We followed its blood trail using magick and eventually discovered the naked body of a man. The trail led right to him. Quickly Chrysothemis extended her Phasma to include the corpse to hide him from the approaching Royal Marines. We removed the corpse after the Royal Marines departed for their camp. The body was then stored in the Founder Council Center in Canary Warf, London, and has been forwarded with this report.

Studies have shown that the naked man was in fact also the Panther. The man had the power to change shapes between human and cat. We are still unsure whether this change was voluntary or involuntary. Legends speak of werewolves and such who change shape during a full moon, etc., but perhaps the Phantom Panther had greater control of its shape-changing. My own subsequent research revealed that panthers have been sighted all across the globe in unusual places — America, Mexico, China to name just a few countries. All these panthers exhibit the same sort of behavior — reckless slaughter of livestock and humans, habitation of an area for only a short time and boldness in the face of humans. True cats do not act like this at all. I believe that the Phantom Panther of Exmoor is only one of a race of shape-changing Cat people who wander about the world.

In June, 1993, Founder Iphigeneia showed me something she had uncovered on the Gulf coast of Mexico near Tres Zapotes. Iphigeneia, an expert in Mesoamerican magick, had been tracing the origins of the Jaguar cult in Mayan and Aztec religions. Both of those peoples worshipped a Jaguar god who thrived under the light of the moon and provided Indian warriors with great strength. The Mayan Jaguar God was an un-named deity whose sacred number was seven. This god benevolently protected the Mayans from harm. The Aztecs’ Jaguar God was an evil shape-changer named Tezcatlipoca — “The Lord of the Mirror.” Tezcatlipoca constantly plotted against the Aztecs and sent various monsters against them. Both Aztecs and Mayans often wore Jaguar skins to increase their prowess in combat. Iphigeneia had recently uncovered evidence tracing the Jaguar cult all the way back to the Olmecs, whose civilization began to grow around 1500 B.C.
At the site in Tres Zapotes, Iphigeneia had uncovered a Olmec temple devoted to the Jaguar God himself. Here, on the holy day of Akbal, young men would become initiated into the order of the Jaguar knights. These warriors were devoted to protecting the Olmecs from harm. The order of the Jaguar knights became prosperous under the Aztecs and competed against a rival order called the Eagle knights. Iphigeneia reported that the sculptures found in the temple were extraordinarily well-preserved, depicting the Jaguar knights overcoming their foes. Several reliefs showed single knights in the process of changing into Jaguars themselves! Some large combat scenes showed large numbers of Jaguars leaping into the fray.

One particular inscription defied translation. More recently however, our cryptographers decoded some of the symbols and managed to get the gist of the engraving. The symbols were actually a map of human DNA which designated certain parts of the strand that are still a mystery to modern science. The inscription appears to detail the proper manipulation of the DNA to change a man into a jaguar. Because large parts of the inscription remain unreadable, we cannot as yet duplicate the process.

I believe that the Phantom Panther of Exmoor and the other mysterious big cat sightings are actually all descendants of these Jaguar knights. Perhaps the Children who migrated to Mesoamerica following the war with the Fomori taught this process to the native shamans in order to protect humans from the power of the Fomori. But the process was forgotten after the Children departed from the Americas. The Olmec Jaguar knights continued to live on and reproduce, but gradually became ostracized from society. Seeking a haven from the ignominious masses, they spread out in secrecy. A few of these Knights live on today, no doubt ignorant of their true origins. Because the creatures are originally creations of our own forefathers, I recommend we seek out these “Jaguar knights” and enlist them into our holy cause.

Praise to the Flamen.
The Truth Behind the Hoaxes

In modern scientific circles, the sea serpent is considered the stuff of legends, a creature who harkens back to a time when superstitious sailors viewed the sea with awe and dread. Before the advances of modern science, men naturally assumed that the uncharted oceans would produce beasts hostile to man. Over two thousand years ago, the Roman poet Virgil described a terrible beast who resided in the straits between Sicily and Italy. The creature, Scylla by name, had a dozen arms, each ending in a dog’s head. Scylla would prey on the helpless sailors who happened into her lair. Scientists like to lump even modern tales of sea serpents into the same mythical category as Scylla, but the fact remains that we really do not know what swims the briny depths. Many so-called sea monsters have indeed been debunked, which, unfortunately, has led people to believe that every sighting of a sea serpent is also a fraud or a hoax. In 1808, for instance, a farmer on one of the Orkney islands encountered a strange corpse lying in the sands of the beach. The farmer had seen many creatures wash ashore over his lifetime, but this one seemed different. The creature could not be a whale, because it had a long, thin neck. Along its 50 foot back was a bristly mane, unlike anything the farmer had seen before. Doubting his own eyes, the farmer went into the nearby small village and quickly gathered several other witnesses. After a few days, a storm unfortunately destroyed the corpse, but not before some bone samples had been taken. Papers throughout England dubbed this creature the Stronsa beast, after the island upon which it had been discovered.

A detailed drawing was made from all the various eyewitness accounts. The creature stretched some 55 feet in length from head to neck and measured nearly ten feet thick. The beast's skeletal structure appeared quite flexible suggesting that it traveled through the water by undulation. The skin lacked any scales and possessed an odd silvery hue. Most odd was that the creature had six legs with five toes each. Academics of the day were perplexed whether to dub the Stronsa Beast fish or reptile.

Patrick Neill galvanized the members of the Wernerian Natural History Society in Edinburgh to research this creature. Various scientists had a try at all the evidence, which now amounted to little more than a few bones and the descriptions of various witnesses. The thoughtful Neill also commenced a campaign to gather any possible sightings of sea serpents in the area. A local clergyman responded that he had indeed seen a creature matching the description of the Stronsa beast while walking along the shore. The size of the creature frightened the reverend into seeking refuge on the rocks above the shore. One of Neill’s compatriots tentatively named the creature Halsydrus, after the Greek term for water snake. But the Stronsa beast affair came crashing to a halt when the famed surgeon Everard Home analyzed the evidence. The good doctor had obtained copies of the evidence on the Stronsa beast because of his own interest in biology. Home levelly studied the reports and the bones obtained from the corpse of the creature. Home concluded that the corpse was not that of a sea monster, but of a simple Basking shark. The process of decay and the force of the ocean had distorted the corpse into the shape of a sea monster. The papers all reported Home’s conclusions, and a skeptical eye was turned towards all sea serpent sightings.
Admittedly, many reports of sea monsters can be discounted as sightings of rather mundane animals. The ribbonfish, also known as the oarfish, is a snake-like fish which can grow twenty-two feet in length. A red dorsal fin grows along the ribbonfish’s back, giving it the appearance of an unnatural creature. The ribbonfish, however, is quite docile and harmless — its jaws are wholly incapable of breaking even human skin. Our friend the Basking shark continues to lie behind many sea serpent sightings. In April 1977, a Japanese vessel caught the corpse of a fearsome beast off the coast of New Zealand. The creature was tossed overboard because of its smell, but photographs of it proved that the body was that of a Basking shark.

The Gloucester Serpent

We should not, however, dismiss all sightings of sea serpents simply because a scattered few sightings were determined to be animals known to science. There are a great number of sightings which have never been solved — they remain a mystery. In one case, we even have some physical evidence which confirms the existence of a species of sea serpent. In August of 1817, two women residents of Gloucester, Massachusetts were enjoying a walk in the thick summer air. They hoped that the ocean breeze might offer some respite from the oppressive heat. While looking into the peaceful waves, the two women saw an enormous serpent sliding through the currents. Frightened, they ran into town to tell their tale. At first, little credence was granted the story among their neighbors. Most just chuckled a little under their breath as they whispered, "It’s the heat. Does things to your eyes." Within several days, however, nearly a dozen other residents had seen the serpent also. The Gloucester Serpent, as it was named, quickly gained notoriety from a series of articles in several national newspapers.

The Linnaean Society, dedicated to matters of zoology, quickly converged on Gloucester in order to find out more about the serpent. All of the witnesses agreed on a general description of the Gloucester Serpent — a serpent some forty feet long, dark coloring on the back, white on the belly. The creature seemed passive enough — diving suddenly whenever it heard any noises. The town, however, was not so enamored of the creature and managed to harpoon it, but he could not hold on when the Gloucester Serpent dived for safety.

The Kraken

In Jules Verne’s famous 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, an enormous squid rises from the ocean floor and attacks the Nautilus. When writing this scene, Verne was drawing upon several contemporary accounts of giant squids attacking ships. Sailors, badly shaken, would return to port talking about squids the size of sooners wrapping their tentacles around the masts of the ship and eating the helpless sailors. Many of the so-called educated scoffed at the idea of such a huge creature. But over the past century, large squids, measuring up to thirty-seven feet, have washed ashore. These squids, dubbed Architeuthis, remain mysterious, despite our possession of several carcasses. Some believe that the specimens which we have recovered are only infants — that the full adult Architeuthis might grow to over one hundred feet! Remains of Architeuthis have been found in the stomachs of Sperm whales, leading us to assume that the Sperm whale is the primary predator of the giant squid. Architeuthis probably dwells in the extreme depths of the ocean, so as a result we have never found a fully grown specimen. Studies have revealed, however, that Architeuthis is hardly Verne’s vicious predator; its circulatory system is so defective that it can barely swim and it only passively feeds on prey.

Soon afterwards, two boys were playing in a field near the ocean. Although they had been warned to stay out of the water by their frightened parents, these children approached the shoreline and discovered an odd-looking three foot long snake. It was black — common enough — but its back was covered with a series of bumps similar to the Gloucester serpent. It was black — common enough — but its back was covered with a series of bumps similar to the Gloucester serpent. The boys sold the snake to eager members of the Linnaean Society — for a pitance. The members analyzed the snake, discovering it to be an otherwise unknown species. Even more thrilling was that the snake appeared to be in an infant or larva stage — its adult form could conceivably reach the immense proportions of the Gloucester Serpent. While the Linnaean Society cried victory, their jealous peers denounced their findings and began a truly vicious smear campaign. To this day, the Gloucester Serpent appears every so often off the coast, tantalizing us with a zoological conundrum. Unfortunately, we possess only a few of the many notes taken by the Linnaean Society — and we do not have the remains of the infant serpent.

The Jenny Haniver

Starting in the 16th century, people could purchase dried out bodies of horrific sea monsters mounted on handsome oak. These creatures, usually just a few feet long, were dubbed “Jenny Hanivers”, although the reason they were called this remains shrouded in mystery. Every Jenny Haniver seemed unique — some had wings, others horns, some fins, other hands — but natural historians still created a single species out of all these little monsters. In the end, it was discovered that Jenny Hanivers were merely the product of industrious taxidermists, who would take ordinary fish and cut them up in order to appear like something horrific. The fish would then be dried and mounted.
On November 30, 1896, two boys discovered a massive carcass half buried in the sand of the beach in St. Augustine, Florida. The mass of tissue measured some twenty feet long, 3 feet high and fifteen feet wide. A local doctor, DeWitt Webb, examined the corpse after exhuming the body from the sand. He identified the flesh as that of an octopus—which would have concurred with Webb that the creature was indeed an octopus. Most scholars scoffed at the idea and pronounced that the creature was only a whale. Webb and Verrill saved tissue samples which were analyzed several years ago using modern DNA techniques. This recent study concluded that the tissue was of a huge octopus, named Octopus Giganteus, weighing as much as six thousand kilograms. To this day, no reports of an octopus reaching such proportions have been made.

The Giant Octopus of St. Augustine

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The Daedalus

On August 6, 1848, the frigate Daedalus was sailing back from the East Indies. Under a dark and stormy sky, the ship’s mate noticed something odd in the water. He immediately reported it to the ship’s officer and the captain. The two men hastened to the side of the Daedalus as other interested members of the crew gathered. Swimming alongside the Daedalus was a long, serpentine beast—measuring at least sixty feet. The head protruded only a few feet above the water, but the body could be seen just under the water’s surface. According to the captain, the serpent seemed to have a mane of sorts—or perhaps a dorsal fin. The English remained staunchly skeptical about foreign reports of sea serpents. Yet the reports from the Daedalus convinced the English reading public that there was something out there in the sea completely unknown to man.
The Sirrush as Lau

Prof. Gene Adam

Royal Cryptozoological Society Journal, vol. 34

In 1899, the gentleman scholar, Prof. James Koldeway, devoted his considerable resources to the task of excavating the famed city Babylon, in the hopes of uncovering its mysteries. Hundreds of workers dug at points all around the ruins of the biblical city — probing for important landmarks and buildings still hidden by the greedy soil. By 1902, Koldeway had unearthed an entrance to the city — an entrance which only the ancients could have built. The entrance, dubbed "The Ishtar Gate," stretched some hundred feet high and was covered with intricate designs of fantastic monsters. Each man-sized creature was delicately carved down to each tooth, talon and tail. Over five hundred of these beasts graced the walls of the huge Gate.

A massive inscription, with typical regal modesty, boasted that the Gate was built by "Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, the Pious Prince, Supreme Ruler of the City, the Wise One . . ." The animals themselves perplexed Koldeway and other scholars. Of the three monsters portrayed on the Ishtar Gate, Koldeway could only identify one of the creatures — a lion. The lion was a common motif on public structures built at the time of the Ishtar Gate — it represented strength, grace and power. The massive number of lions on the Gate bespoke of Nebuchadnezzar's claims to greatness.

The two other creatures defied identification. Koldeway knew them only through their Babylonian names. One was large and ferocious, and was called the Re'em on the inscription. The name Re'em also appears in the Old Testament as a mighty creature who should not be trusted. Later studies identified the Re'em on the Gate as the extinct urus, a species of cattle which defied any attempt at domestication. The urus was a native to the European and Asian grasslands, but the it died out sometime after the period of the Roman Empire. The Romans enjoyed using the fierce urus in their gladiatorial combats, but the creatures became increasingly difficult to find and capture.

The third beast on the Ishtar Gate, called the sirrush, has perplexed us for quite some time. The creature is serpentine, but with the forelegs of a panther and the hindlegs of an eagle. The sirrush's torso is covered with scales and its long, sinuous neck is topped by a narrow, snake-like head. A thin tongue darts out from the creature's mouth, while the sirrush's head is topped by either a crest or a set of horns.
Because the other two creatures on the Gate were real (the lion and the Re'em), Koldeway assumed that the sirrush must also be based upon some real creature. The Babylonians were an extremely pragmatic people; they did not mix fanciful creatures alongside real animals in their art. Instead, the Babylonians kept art either distinctly mythological or completely realistic. Yet the sirrush does not resemble any known creature, either then or now.

Koldeway and others published a series of articles theorizing that the sirrush was a relic from the ages of the dinosaur. They claimed that the sirrush had somehow survived through whatever had killed the other dinosaurs, and had lived in the Mesopotamian basin into the period of Nebuchadnezzar. Koldeway remarked that, according to the Old Testament, the Babylonians kept a dragon in their high temple. Perhaps the dragon was none other than the sirrush portrayed on the Ishtar Gate.

A paleontologist noted that the rear feet of the sirrush were those of a bird, and suggested that the sirrush might be a descendant of the ornithischians, who walked on their bird-like hind feet. This paleontologist opined that the ornithischians probably walked either on their hind feet, or on all fours, depending upon the situation.

I believe that the sirrush was indeed a real creature, and one which did not die out in the Mesopotamian era. I assert that the sirrush still lives on in nearby Africa. There are tales of creatures in parts of Upper Egypt and the Sudan whose descriptions match the sirrush.

In 1923, the governor of the Upper Nile province published an ethnography of the Nuer people in his territory. British social anthropologists were thrilled to have so much new material about the tribes of the Nuer, but one particular tale perplexed them. The governor was a dour soul, not prone to fits of fancy; his ethnography, while factual, was quite dull. Yet the governor included an odd tale about the monstrous lau who lived in the Addar marshes around the upper reaches of the Nile.

The Nuer natives informed the governor that the beast lived in the mud of the swamps, but was rarely seen by anyone. Nuer men said that one would see a lau perhaps once in a lifetime. But the lau was incredibly deadly; if it saw a human, it would immediately devour him! The Nuer supposedly could tell the passage of the lau by the furrows it leaves in the mud. Whenever the Nuer see these tracks, they flee immediately. According to the governor many expeditions had been disrupted by the discovery of these tracks.

According to the Nuer, the lau is approximately twenty or thirty feet — not including the tail. The creature's head is covered with an odd mane or crest, which some say the creature uses to capture its victims. Remember that the sirrush has a similarly odd crest on its head. The skin of the lau is not unlike a snake — dry and quite scaly. The lau's body is quite thick — roughly the thickness of a man. The jaws are reportedly different than those of a snake, but the Nuer could not describe precisely how. Most importantly, the lau seems to have legs, although the Nuer could not distinctly describe them. Even when the lau is seen, the creature's legs are generally obscured by the swamp. The Nuer are not a people to be frightened easily; they live in areas where twenty-foot pythons are routinely discovered. But they are deathly afraid of the lau.

Peaked by tales of the lau, British scholars raced to find confirmation of this creature. In the course of several investigations, one scholar found an Englishman who had hunted big game animals for decades in the Nuer territory. This hunter, Sgt. Stephens, said that the lau does indeed exist. The creature is known not only among the Nuer, but also among the neighboring tribes, such as the Shilluk and Dinka. Some natives told Stephens that they had found lau which stretched out nearly one hundred feet! Stephens said that the mane was in fact a collection of tentacles, which the creature used to attack its prey. At night, the creature emits an eerie sound, reminiscent of thunder.

Stephens had somehow obtained some bones from the remains of a dead lau and he sent them back to the British Museum. Scholars have uncovered one memo about the receipt of those bones, but oth-
erwise the lau remains seem to have disappeared somewhere into the bowels of the museum. The memo states that preliminary work could not identify the bones as any known species of reptile.

Stephens told a story of a Belgian, who wanted to experience big game hunting. The Belgian set off into the Addar swamps with a small party of Nuer. For days, the expedition looked for appropriate game in vain. Suddenly, a huge shape emerged from the bush, rushing towards the party. The Belgian fired several shots from his elephant gun, but to no effect. The massive creature simply shrugged off the bullets. The Belgian fell down, cracked his head on a rock and lost consciousness. When he awoke, it was sometime later, and all he could do was stare at the bloody remains of his party. Frightened and feverish, the Belgian managed to stagger his way back to civilization. Stephens withheld the man's name because the gentleman in question was still living at that time.

In 1940, during World War II, an Italian expedition into the upper reaches of the Nile disappeared without a trace. The Italians had hoped to map out the details of the Nile and Africa in order to bring greater glory to the Axis, but the expedition was obviously a failure. Recently, a tour group passed through the area and found the scattered bones of these Italians. Study of the bones revealed that the bodies had been eaten by a large creature with several rows of smallish serrated teeth. Could this be the work of the lau?

Unfortunately, the unstable nature of Egypt and Africa in general has prevented any in-depth searches for the lau, but occasional reports do leak out to us about sightings of a huge reptile, slithering through the muck of the swamps. The lau resembles the sirrush in nearly every way — except for the legs. The lau's legs have never yet been described, but all eyewitnesses described the lau as unnaturally quick. The Nuer believe that if the creature sees you first, you are dead — there is no way to escape the beast. Mesopotamian artists, at a loss on how to draw the lau's legs, may have imagined what sort of legs such a fast creature might possess. In a burst of imagination, the artists may have imposed on the sirrush the legs of two of the fastest creatures known — the falcon and the panther.

Even though the ancient world lacked such modern conveniences as the telephone or the television, the Mediterranean was a very cosmopolitan place. A Mesopotamian artist could easily be aware of beasts as exotic as the lau living in a foreign land. Nebuchadnezzar's empire, dating from 1146-1123 B.C., stretched through Palestine into Egypt. No doubt the legends of the lau traveled up the Nile all the way to Babylon itself. Consequently, Nebuchadnezzar used the beast to adorn the Ishtar Gate as proof of his empire's greatness and power.

Recently, a political terrorist and extremist has arisen in southern Iraq, styling himself as the new Nebuchadnezzar. This practically insane individual claims that he has memories and powers stretching back to the glory days of the Babylonian empire. This pseudo-Nebuchadnezzar claims that he has at his fingertips the magic of the old gods, and the might of the beasts of ancient Babylon, including the legendary sirrush. Driven by constant food shortages, the populace is turning more and more towards the new Nebuchadnezzar. Saddam Hussein seems helpless to stop the groundswell for this rebel leader. As proof of his power, Nebuchadnezzar has devastated several isolated villages, full of "unbelievers," in his words. A few scattered survivors, according to our reports, speak of huge reptiles destroying their houses and eating their neighbors. The creatures were massive and relentless — practically impervious to harm. Hussein has not yet mobilized his military against Nebuchadnezzar, mainly because he is afraid that his troops will panic in the face of Nebuchadnezzar's reputed powers. Instead, Hussein is gathering his forces in the cities and hopes that Nebuchadnezzar will make some sort of blunder along the away.

Naturally, the situation is too dangerous for any of us to investigate the sightings of the sirrush, but how could such a creature exist all of a sudden in Iraq? Even more importantly, how could anyone harness these creatures to follow commands?
The Facts About the Yeti

A RCS Outreach Program Pamphlet, 1996

Few cryptozoological specimens have a greater claim to fame than the Himalayan Yeti or "Abominable Snowman." Excepting Bigfoot and the Loch Ness Monster, the Yeti is probably the most "well-known" unknown creature in the world. It is also probably the least well understood of the more famous subjects in cryptozoology. There have been so many portrayals of the creature in popular fiction, movies, and cartoons, that the distance between the actual evidence and the myth has become quite large. For example, the term Abominable Snowman itself is very misleading, and stems from a mistranslation made over a century ago. Yet the term is so loaded with false meaning that it has come to overshadow the true nature of these elusive hominids.

Truth be told, the Yeti is probably neither abominable nor a snowman, at least in any conventional sense of the terms. The appellation "abominable" conjures up horrifying images of gnashing fangs and rending claws. In fact, there is no evidence that the Yeti have ever attacked another living being, much less a human being. They are, if they exist, shy, reclusive herbivores who probably want nothing more than to be left alone. "Snowman" brings to mind a whole set of strange images, and has led to some interesting, if entirely fictitious renditions of the Yeti. It is supposed that something called a snowman must be white, and popular images often show a gigantic beast standing ten feet tall, covered with long white hair. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Reports of the Yeti universally agree that the animal has dark hair, ranging from an orange-red to dark brown. Likewise, they are seldom if ever described as being more than eight feet tall, although most often they stand around six feet in height.

As a matter of fact, two kinds of Yeti have been reported: the me-teh and the dzu-teh. The me-teh are the more commonly spotted variety, and they stand somewhere between five and six feet in height on average. The dzu-teh are larger and rarer, standing as tall as seven feet and having a wider build. Both are said to live in the same region: the mountain forests of the Himalayas in Tibet, India, and Nepal. Contrary to popular opinion, the Yeti in all likelihood dwell within the forests where food and shelter are more plentiful. It is only on rare occasions that they stray out into the open snow of the higher elevations, although this is where they are more often spotted. This is only natural, of course, since fewer hiding places exist above the tree line.

Reports of the Yeti among the local population date back for hundreds of years. Buddhist temples and monasteries in the area have long incorporated the Yeti into their rituals, and in some cases even use so-called Yeti pelts to dress up as the reclusive creatures in certain rituals. However, it has been shown time and again that these pelts are actually from goats rather than some sort of hominid or primate. Nevertheless, some of the pelts date back hundreds of years, showing that there has long been an abiding interest in the yeti.

Despite these many "fakes," one monastery has provided one of the most compelling pieces of evidence in the pursuit of the Yeti: a hand. Long preserved as a holy relic, the hand was stolen by a group of westerners seeking evidence of the Yeti's existence. It was smuggled out of Asia and back to London where it was examined by several scientists, all of whom ultimately agreed that it came from some unknown hominid. It had an opposable thumb and was very hairy. Blood typing showed that it was from no known living creature. Unfortunately, the hand was soon lost and no one knows what became of this important and only piece of physical evidence.

Cryptozoologists are left with only secondary evidence of the Yeti's existence: footprints and eyewitness sightings. Footprint evidence has been relatively common in the pursuit of the Yeti. The snow is an excellent source for footprints, and has revealed on dozens of occasions the spoor of a large, bipedal animal walking across the snow fields. The foot is undoubtedly not human, but has many similarities to a human footprint. Unfortunately, footprints are not conclusive proof, and even when they are seen in conjunction with an actual sighting of a living Yeti, they draw skeptical dismissal. The most common explanation is that the footprints are left by
some smaller animal, and that as the snow melts it widens the footprint. This theory has become so pervasive that it is the standard dismissal for any footprint evidence found of the Yeti. The fact of the matter is, there is no evidence to support the melting footprint explanation. Why would the melted footprint retain the definition and detail shown in many Yeti footprints? The explanation also fails since many of the footprints are examined immediately after a Yeti sighting, long before the weather would have had a chance to melt the print.

Sightings are some of the best evidence of the Yeti, and yet also the most easily discounted. Skeptics seem to find it amazingly easy to disregard word of an eyewitness, even if they have no cause to believe the person is telling a lie. Furthermore, it is sad to say that racism and prejudice are also large factors in the disbelief shown by Western scientists. For whatever reason, they are loathe to accept any local accounts as truth, and attach more credence to the accounts of explorers of European descent. Never mind that the local peoples, the Sherpas, have been seeing the reclusive Yeti for hundreds of years and are the source of dozens of eyewitness accounts.

Despite Western prejudice, plenty of white men have seen the Yeti as well, dating back to the nineteenth century. These accounts complement the local sightings, and all agree on some basic aspects of the Yeti. They are bipedal herbivores, covered with long dark hair and possessing a rather conical skull. Although they walk about on two legs, they have been known to go down on all fours in order to move quickly. They have long arms, longer than those of a human, and have opposable thumbs. Unfortunately, no pictures of the Yeti have ever been taken. A popular photo made the rounds several years ago, but what was thought to be a blurry bipedal figure turned out to be an outcropping of rock.

One last piece of evidence also points to the existence of the Yeti: feces samples. These have been examined thoroughly, and found to contain parasites unknown in other species. Since individual species of animals have specialized parasites in their system, the presence of unknown parasites points to the existence of an unknown animal of some sort. Between the recovered hand (now lost), the sightings, the footprints, and feces analysis, there can be little doubt that there is some sort of creature active in the Himalayan forests. But what is it?

There are several explanations for the Yeti, some more plausible than others. One explanation for the footprints is that they were left behind by wolves or other creatures moving in a loping gait, thus leaving behind tracks that appeared to be made by a bipedal creature. Such theories are untenable at best, and do not take into account eyewitness reports or any of the other evidence. This leaves us with several bipedal or sometimes bipedal alternatives, none of which can be proved or disproved. A likely candidate for the larger Yeti is the local strain of bear which is known to stand on its hind legs. This would explain the discrepancy in sizes between the me-teh and dzu-teh. Another possibility is some variety of previously unknown orangutan that has adapted to life in the mountain forests by walking on its hind legs. The long shaggy hair of the Yeti certainly resembles that of an orangutan, and many Yeti have been described as having orange-colored hair. In the same vein, the Yeti could be some strain of forest ape.

A fourth alternative is that the Yeti is a surviving strain of the bipedal Gigantopithecus, a species thought long dead. Gigantopithecus skeletons and remains have been found in the Himalayas, and it is not impossible to believe that a strain of the proto-human could have survived for so long in so desolate and unexplored an area.

The Gigantopithecus Yeti explanation is the most interesting and most compelling. It alone would count for all of the evidence, including the now lost Yeti hand. Hairy hominids from around the world, including Bigfoot, have been theorized as Gigantopithecus survivors. It seems possible that there is a correlation between the various rumors and sightings of hairy hominids from around the world. Certainly a surviving Gigantopithecus, if one could be found, would answer a lot of questions.
To: Flamen and Founders
From: Founder Turnus
Re: De Rerum Yetorum (The Yeti’s Hand)

Grace to the Flamen.

We find ourselves confronted by our enemies at every turn. Across the world, we encounter the servants of our Lord’s jailers. The enemy hides in every dark and forbidden place, waiting for us to make a wrong move. We must be vigilant at all times, forever on the lookout for signs of our enemies. Nowhere are they more dangerous than in their lair, and nowhere have they held humanity at bay longer than in the mountain vastness in the Himalayas, the so-called roof of the world.

Humanity has long known of their existence, although few have realized what they are dealing with in the mountain forests of Nepal and Tibet. The legendary Yeti have made this their home, although their English nick-name is more appropriate: Abominable Snowmen. Of course most of the world dismisses these creatures as the stuff of legend and rumor, but we know how often humanity is misled in such matters. Even those humans who do believe in the existence of the Yeti do not understand what they are dealing with. They do not realize that the Snowmen are Pilosi capable of performing great magicks, and that they have nothing but hatred and bile in their hearts when it comes to humanity’s welfare. These “believers” foolishly dismiss the Yeti as some sort of genetic throwback, or worse yet, as simple apes or bears, lost in the woods.

It is easy to understand why modern society is so dismissive, even though the local population has known at least part of the truth for centuries. The Yeti are cunning, perhaps the most cunning of all the Pilosi. They hide their powers from man, clouding our minds with illusions and confusing magickal rituals. Even so, the local holy men have revered and honored the Yeti for many centuries, commemorating the power of the hairy beasts in their dances and rituals. Sometimes the truly brave and farsighted would realize that the Yeti were a force to be feared, not revered, and then they would hunt the man-beasts. But how can one hunt what cannot be seen? How do you destroy a power that can shape your very mind’s eye. Only once was such a hunt successful, and then only partly so. Once, over two hundred years ago, a brave Sherpa hunter managed to cut off a Yeti’s hand.

The hunter took the hand to a local monastery for safe keeping, for even separated from its body the hand retained its power. The monks took custody of the hand, displaying it in a place of honor within the monastery. They incorporated it into their rituals, praying that its owner would not come looking for it. Apparently it never did, and for decades the hand remained untouched, not decomposing as one might expect. The hand eventually became just another oddity, as even the monks began to forget the bravery of the Sherpa warrior who had brought it to them. Then a group of scientists came from the west, men of unscrupulous character who sought to discredit the monks and disprove the existence of the Yeti. They stole the hand, replacing it with a copy of their own design.

They took the hand back to the West and examined it. Much to their chagrin they discovered that the hand was not human, nor ape, nor any animal known to man. They were at a loss. It is then that we, the rightful guardians and rulers of humanity, stepped in. Hearing of the Pilosi’s hand the Flamen in their wisdom realized that it was something the Titanidae must possess. Stealing the hand back from the foolhardy scientists was easily accomplished, not even requiring the expenditure of magickal energy.

The hand has proven an important resource in the fight against the Pilosi, for it has taught us a great deal about them. Our greatest seers and researchers have gone over the hand a thousand times, learning all the secrets it had to offer about the Pilosi of the Himalayas. This whole process took many years, during which time our agents scoured the Earth for more evidence of the Yeti and their magick. But journeys to the greatest mountains in the world are always fraught with danger, danger only heightened by the pres-
ence of the Pilosi. Always the Yeti fled before our searchers, eluding every effort to make contact. They never fought us, but they had no need to. While they hid, cold, wind, thirst, hunger, and exhaustion fought for them. Each time we were forced to turn back, having found little more than footprints and droppings.

Eventually, the hand yielded up its secrets, and it is from this source alone that we know anything at all about the Yeti. What the hand revealed is both startling and highly informative. It tells us more than we ever dreamed it could, facts that are more frightening than we could have ever imagined. Through the use of powerful scrying rituals and other occult investigations we were able to discern how Yeti magick actually works, at least in principle.

It is well known that human beings actually produce magick to one degree or another. Furthermore, we Titanidae, produce a great deal more magickal energy than normal humans, and we are able to direct that power with tremendous skill. It had always been assumed that the Pilosi also produced magickal energy for their own spells and rituals. In fact, the Pilosi, unlike Goblyns, produce no magick whatsoever. By all rights they should be unable to do anything magickal at all. However, their foul creator has imbued them with a special gift. Rather than producing their own magick energies, they use the ambient magick that all humans are constantly emitting. They work and weave this ambient magick with amazing dexterity and sophistication. Through the hand we were able to look back over the course of the life of its former owner. Although we had little control over the visions the hand revealed to us, we were able to see the extent of the Yeti’s power.

The Yeti have the ability to weave ambient energy into powerful spells, what they seem to refer to as shrouds or nets. They cast these over our brains, making us blind to their presence. A Yeti can make a man literally blind with such magicks, or if he has the time to be more subtle in his weavings, he can make the man believe that the Yeti is nowhere to be seen, even though the beast stands only a few feet away. Most of their magickal energies seem to be focused on these kinds of illusions, although they have other magicks as well. They can, when necessary, produce magickal heat to keep them warm on particularly cold nights. They can also throw their shrouds over animals in order to capture them for food. While most humans wrongly assume the Yeti to be herbivores, they are in fact omnivores like humans. They prefer, however, to let us believe that they dine solely on plants, thus making them seem more harmless. Yeti magick can also be used for fortune-telling and even controlling the weather to a certain extent.

The hand also told us some details about the social structure of Yeti society, such as it is. It seems that the Yeti are for the most part wandering hermits, living very spiritual lives. In this they resemble the Buddhist monks that they live so close to. In fact, some Yeti have been known to travel in the guise of monks, using their magick to fool others into thinking that they are humans. Of course, they cannot speak any human language, at least as far as we know. There was even some indication that Yeti sometimes pose as monks for long periods of time, even living in monasteries with true holy men.

Only rarely do the Yeti gather, and then only for purposes of worshipping their demonic gods. These great rituals are a combination of dance and mating ritual. They go on for days at a time, and often involve the casting of powerful illusions to hide their presence from interloping humans. The purpose of the rituals remains a mystery, although it does seem that this is the only time when the Yeti come together to mate. We have no idea how the Yeti know where to come together for their rituals, nor how often they are held. It seems likely that there is some sort of magickal signal for the gathering, although there may be an astrological element to the ritual’s timing as well.

We have no idea how many Yeti are in existence, or how many rituals are conducted. No ritual viewed through scrying the hand showed more than twenty Yeti present, but there could be hundreds or even thousands more lurking in the mountains. There were even some indications that the Yeti were in contact with other Pilosi from around the world, although this was more of an impression on the part of the Titanidae seers than anything else.

What must never be forgotten is that these creatures are our enemy. We should not rest until we have unearthed all of their secrets and then destroyed them completely. Praise to the Flamen.
Genus and Species

Cryptozoology
INTRODUCTION

Having pored over all the documents and stories presented here, the next logical question any Conspiracy X Game Master would ask is: "So what do I do with all this stuff?" Hopefully, we have already spurred your imagination somewhat, but in this chapter we will give more explicit advice about how to incorporate the world of cryptozoology into your Conspiracy X campaign. In the previous sections, we gave you hints about what might be behind the more famous cryptozoological phenomena. These clues were meant to be hooks for your players, information to draw them into further investigations. Here we present the solutions.

Well, the possible solutions, anyway. Before your prying players get too excited, there is something you should know. Here there are no absolute answers to cryptozoology’s greatest riddles. Instead we present several possible explanations for the creatures, along with mission ideas and story hooks to help the Game Master integrate them into his or her campaign.

In general, the material offered here presents a range of options for the Game Master, running the gamut from the mundane to the supernatural. This is the beauty of cryptozoology. Although your players may be familiar with the legends surrounding these creatures, they can never be sure what is really going on, even if they have read this book. The element of mystery is a very important part of every cryptozoology adventure. The primary question characters will be asking is "What is this thing?" Cryptozoology adventures should center around that question, and its answer should not always be forthcoming. Remember, real scientists have worked for decades trying to answer these same questions and have had little success. The final revelation should be worth all of the trouble, and even when the adventure is over, the players may still have only discovered part of the greater truth.

Cryptozoological adventures can encompass all of the danger, conspiracies, and adventure of an alien-based or supernatural-based Conspiracy X campaign. The Titanidae and the RCS are certainly each sinister in their own way. The Titanidae are obviously a threat to Aegis operations, even if they do have a somewhat crazed view of the world. They make new and interesting antagonists for any Aegis Cell, particularly because of their close knit organization, plentiful funding, and psychic powers. The Royal Cryptozoological Society seems a more natural ally for Aegis. After all, they are simply scientists interested in discovering the truth (which may in itself be a problem for Aegis). But there is more to the RCS than meets the eye. What do they do with all that money? What is the rather mysterious Board really up to? Are the rumors of a secret breeding camp for hairy hominids true? Perhaps they have even been in touch with some of the alien races present on Earth. All of this is the stuff of a classic Conspiracy X adventure.

Another dimension exists to the cryptozoological adventure, one that real cryptozoologists face in their work. Suppose the players do find the truth about Bigfoot. Suppose they find the secret breeding ground where the surviving Gigantopithecus make their home. What if they do find a tribe of Neanderthals living in the steppes of western Asia? Or what if the legends of the Mokele-Mbembe are true? Having discovered this incredible information, do the players tell anyone? Is it truly in the best interest of that Neanderthal tribe to have every reporter and scientist in the world swarming all over them looking for pictures and specimens to take back to the zoo? Does science or the livelihood of a newly discovered species hold more importance to the players? This should be a real concern to the players, something that they actually think about before making a decision. Does the world really need to know?
HAIRY HOMINIDS

The chorkans are in effect substitute teachers, allowing individual Titanidae to develop their psychic abilities without the aid of a teacher. The cecha are a kind of psychotron created by the Titanidae to teach their members important lessons. The creation of these psychotrons is a closely held secret. Only the Founders know the truth about the cecha, and only a few Founders know how to empower the strange devices. The Founders create cecha using a special kind of coral that they are able to grow in only one place on Earth. Legend has it that the coral came from beyond the stars as a gift from Kronos many millennia ago. The Titanidae have kept this treasure a guarded secret for more years than most can remember. The cecha is in fact made from a coral very similar to the coral that forms the basis for Grey lens technology, although a Grey would find the cecha to be a very primitive device. The Titanidae can only use their coral for the purpose of storing information, and are not able to breed a variety of lens coral like the Greys. The cecha are in effect substitute teachers, allowing individual Titanidae to develop their psychic abilities without the aid of a teacher.

THE TRUTH ABOUT HAIRY HOMINIDS

Chapter Three: Sightings described several types of so-called "hairy hominids." These bipedal creatures resemble men, but are covered with hair of one sort or another. The Almas, Bigfoot, and the Yeti all fall into this category. In fact, legends of such hairy man-beasts originate from all across the globe, although little definitive proof (or at least proof that the greater scientific community will accept) of their existence has been unearthed. Nevertheless, the evidence continues to mount every year, and it seems less and less likely that we can deny the existence of some race of bipedal humanoids living in the wild areas of Earth.

Most scientists dismiss the accounts as being some sort of gorilla, ape, or orangutan. As reports by the RCS and Titanidae have shown, however, too much evidence to the contrary exists to use this explanation in every case. Certainly it is possible that sometimes wildman, Yeti, or Bigfoot sightings are actually known primates of one sort or another, but that does not account for all of the sightings.

ANCIENT ANCESTORS

The next logical conclusion is that the hairy hominids are survivors of our ancient ancestors and their neighbors. Many cryptozoologists believe that the hairy hominids are in fact surviving species of Gigantopithecus and/or Neanderthal man. This would account for much of what is known about the creatures. How such a population could remain hidden and genetically viable for so long is somewhat of a mystery, but it is not beyond the realm of the possible.

Finding one answer to the question posed by sightings of hairy hominids around the world would be very satisfying, but this is not necessarily the case. If the mysterious bipeds are survivors of species thought long extinct then it is likely that the isolated populations around the world would have evolved in their own ways, branching off from one another and from the long dead ancestors whose remains scientists have since discovered. This would account for some of the minor discrepancies between the various sightings. Nevertheless, the basic characteristics of hairy hominids, in terms of Conspiracy X game statistics, would remain much the same no matter where they were found. On the next page, we present two versions of the hairy hominid: the larger creatures like Bigfoot and some of the Yeti sightings, and the smaller man-sized sightings such as the Almas or wildmen of the Caucasus.

These throwbacks to another age live in isolated areas where few humans travel. They tend to make homes out of deep forests and caves, preferring to stay as far away from civilization as possible. The Neanderthal survivors have primitive tools for cutting, digging, and so on. They are primarily hunter-gatherers, living off the land with no developed agriculture. These creatures tend to group in small families under very primitive conditions. They are dimly aware that humans are somewhat like them. They also instinctively realize that we are a threat to them in some way, and will usually flee at the sight of man. Should a small group of humans stray into one of their population centers, the hominids could choose to attack the intruders to protect their turf.

While generally peaceful, hominids can become extraordinarily violent when cornered or when protecting their young. They will hurl rocks and large stones and even attack with tooth and claw should they become too enraged. Even a well-armed group of explorers might think twice about trying to fight off twenty raving hominids. The hominids will work together as a team, and will use surprisingly advanced tactics when dealing with any outside threat. Remember these are our ancestors and they are sharp thinkers, possibly as smart as humans. This cranial capacity coupled with their basic instinct for survival and protection of their territory can make them dangerous foes.
Another Explanation: Pilosi

An alternative explanation for the presence of hairy hominids is more in line with the fantastic aspects of Conspiracy X. This does not mean, however, that this explanation is not necessarily the right one for your particular campaign. GMs may even want to mix and match explanations: the Almas might be Neanderthal survivors, but the Yeti may fall into this second category of hominids, those the Titanidae refer to as Pilosi.

Of course the Pilosi of reality have little to do with what the Flamens of the Titanidae imagine them to be. In fact, the Pilosi are closer to Neanderthal man or Gigantopithecus than they are to any Greek gods. The Pilosi once lived side by side with early homo sapiens, roving the earth in hunter-gatherer bands. Indeed, the Pilosi were and are simply a less "developed" variant of homo sapiens, something akin to homo erectus. As science postulates, the Pilosi began to die out as humans evolved and began to flourish.

The coming of human beings onto the scene also brought an entirely new phenomenon to Earth’s landscape: psychic static. No other creature on the planet was psychic in any way, and thus there was no Seepage, and no supernatural phenomena.

As human beings became more and more populous on Earth, Seepage became more and more prominent. It is likely that psychic and supernatural phenomena were important causes in the dying out of variant hominid species. All of these other species simply could not compete with the psychically and supernaturally empowered homo sapiens. All except the Pilosi. The Pilosi mastered a skill that saved them from extinction in the face of psychic superiority, a skill that continues to protect them to this day, a skill that humans themselves have been unable to master. The Pilosi are able to control Seepage, to mold it to their will through rituals and incantations. The Pilosi are the Earth’s true magicians. They pull magic out of thin air through the manipulation of human psychic Seepage.

Originally it was only the primitive priests and shamans of the old hominid races who mastered this secret ability, and they kept it to themselves. It allowed them to master their fellow hominids, becoming chiefs and kings among their people. They soon discovered that the offspring of those who had mastered the magic could learn the magic much more easily than other hominids. Conversely, any offspring of hominids and humans could not use the magic at all. Thus the shamans and priest kings took to breeding among themselves, setting up entirely different communities away from the main hominid populations. These tribes of shamans were always revered by the lesser clans of “mundane” hominids and humans. The lesser tribes would pay tribute to the shaman clans in return for small magical favors. Thus, the races of mystical Pilosi were born.
Over the centuries and millennia, evolution and natural selection took its toll on the Earth's hominid population, and soon only the humans and the Pilosi remained. The size of the Pilosi clans was never very large, just barely enough to keep the disparate populations genetically viable. Over the course of time, the Pilosi clans themselves developed in different ways, evolving into the various hairy hominids now found throughout our world.

While their ancestors died out, the human populations grew and grew. For a long time the humans still treated the Pilosi with respect, coming to them for aid in magical and spiritual matters. Indeed, the Pilosi came to be revered as gods and spirits because of their powers. Also, as the human population of the planet grew, the power of the Pilosi increased because there was more raw Seepage for them to draw upon.

Over the millennia, humanity evolved into farmers and then city dwellers, and their population kept increasing. The Pilosi remained few and were content to live in their forests and caves. They had become very spiritual beings over the course of history, concerned with explorations of the soul and the realms of magic. They eschewed the comforts of civilization. The Pilosi had no need for houses or farms, their magic provided for all their basic necessities, and since their magic grew stronger with each increase in the human population, they had less and less need for outside help. They still gave succor and advice to the humans who came to them, and the Pilosi would warmly accept the small offerings of food or art left by human penitents. The Pilosi became the spirits of the woods and the mountains, honored by all men.

Through their manipulation of Seepage, the Pilosi were also able to greatly increase their own life spans, living for hundreds of years. This took a great burden off their population, negating the need for constant breeding to survive. Eventually the most experienced Pilosi reached the point where they could avoid death entirely, unless struck down by some unknown disease or by violence. This allowed the Pilosi to retreat further into their own spiritual world, and their own personal quests for enlightenment.

Speech left the Pilosi entirely, and they began to communicate among themselves through a process known as soul melding. This is not so much a form of telepathy, as it is a joining of two minds in which information, memories, and feelings are exchanged instantaneously. This process does not work with humans however, and communication between these distant cousins became difficult. Pilosi are so in tune with Seepage and its changes in frequency that they are able to understand what a human is thinking just by the fluctuations in his or her Seepage production. However, the Pilosi are unable to communicate their own thoughts back to humans in anything but the simplest hand gestures or pantomime. This led many humans to view these woodland spirits as enigmatic but wise creatures.

Eventually the humans found other gods, gods less enigmatic and more useful to their newly burgeoning kingdoms and theocracies. The Pilosi began to fade into the background, retiring to their forest and mountain retreats. Humans began to develop their own kind of magic based on their innate psychic abilities. Supernatural Incarnates became more and more common in the world. The human population grew and so did their power over the world. Humans lost their respect for the Pilosi and began to hunt them in some places. The peaceful, soul-searching Pilosi were entirely unaware of what was happening until it was too late. The Pilosi clans were so isolated from one another around the world that when one clan was hunted down to extinction none of the others knew of it. They had no warning when the humans came looking for them.

Over the next few millennia, up until about the second century AD, hundreds of clans of Pilosi around the world were hunted to extinction. The few remaining groups of Pilosi eventually caught on to what was happening. They fled from humanity, seeking refuge in the world’s deepest forests and most remote mountains. Their numbers now greatly diminished, they tried their best to remain hidden from mankind. There were some exceptions — times and places when Pilosi and humans lived together in peace and prosperity. But with every passing century, these occurrences grow more and more rare. Today the Pilosi have a new enemy: scientists and cryptozoologists. These enthusiasts have gathered small pieces of evidence that the Pilosi exist. Now they hunt for proof of the Pilosi, hoping to expose their existence to the world at large.

Fortunately the magic of the Pilosi is greater today than it has ever been. Bolstered by the breathtakingly large human population, the Pilosi are able to keep their presence largely hidden from intruding eyes. The Pilosi numbers are now so low and their communities so scattered that they are no longer a genetically viable species. Birth rates among the Pilosi have plunged in the past few centuries to very near zero. Only their magic keeps them alive, and whenever one of their number passes on it is a great tragedy. Perhaps if the various Pilosi populations across the globe could come together they might be able to resuscitate their dying race, but it seems unlikely that these peaceful hermits will ever become so organized. Besides, any travel over long distances involves tremendous risk of exposure. The Pilosi are too frightened of humanity to open themselves up to such dangers.

**The Nature of Pilosi Magic**

Pilosi magic is in fact simply a manipulation of the Seepage produced by humans every moment of every day. Through meditation, ritual, and sheer exertion of will, the Pilosi are able to mold, shape, and control the flow of Seepage in their area, causing seemingly magical events to take place. The Seepage itself is a semi-sentient entity of sorts, a field of potential psychic energy that has reached a sort of quasi-divine status. It is open to the pleas and proddings of the Pilosi magic rituals. Over the centuries, the Pilosi have performed their rituals so many times that they have become ingrained in the fabric of the Seepage. That is to say, the Seepage has been molded by the Pilosi in the same way over and over again to the point that it now naturally behaves according to certain patterns the Pilosi have created.
Most of the Pilosi magical rituals involve achieving a higher state of consciousness. The Pilosi send their minds into the greater astral network of the Seepage and there seek the wisdom of the ages. The result is that they are very in touch with human thoughts, needs, and desires. Over the years, each Pilosi becomes adept at drawing hidden truths from the chaotic swirl of the Seepage. Experienced Pilosi can learn anything known to any human who ever produced Seepage, provided the Pilosi has enough time in the astral netherworld to cull the information. Pilosi sages typically spend weeks at a time lost in the flow of Seepage across the world and into space. As such they have an amazing amount of knowledge about what goes on in this world and beyond, including the presence of aliens on Earth.

As valuable as this knowledge might be to humans, the Pilosi now try to avoid humanity entirely. They have seen into the heart of mankind and know that there is nothing but danger for them in modern society. They have seen that the humans would never leave them in peace if their existence became public knowledge, and so they have withdrawn from humanity entirely. Even those humans who used to have regular contact with the Pilosi no longer meet with the hairy sages. To this end, much of the Pilosi's magic focuses on hiding their existence from humanity. The Pilosi constantly perform rituals of deception to protect them from the prying eyes of humanity.

These rituals usually involve manipulating the Seepage in such a way that it affects the minds of all who enter Pilosi territory. The Seepage tricks the human mind into ignoring any evidence of the existence of Pilosi who might be in the area. Humans will simply overlook footprints and will even ignore a Pilosi standing right in front of them. Unfortunately, the deception is not always a completely effective. Psychically trained humans will not be aware of the magic, but they will not necessarily be effected by it either. Psychic humans are in fact responsible for the majority of hominid sightings around the world.

The Pilosi can also use their magic in a more direct fashion, should the need arise. They can actually manipulate an individual's mind, effectively editing and erasing memories. Pilosi sages are acutely aware of the inner workings of the human mind, having been in contact with its Seepage for so many millennia. An experienced Pilosi, as almost all surviving Pilosi are, can easily overcome a non-psychic mind, overloading his or her thoughts with Seepage and then excising the appropriate memories with the skill of a surgeon. Even Psinks and Voids are susceptible to these effects, although it takes a great deal more manipulated Seepage to affect their minds.

Pilosi are also capable of much more dramatic rituals, but these usually require plenty of preparation time and the participation of several other Pilosi. One of the most commonly used greater rituals is the manipulation of the weather. Pilosi can cause almost any change in the local climate given enough time. Even a single Pilosi can draw clouds to itself and its general area. For each hour the ritual is performed the weather can be changed a bit more. For example, in one hour a sunny day could become overcast. In another hour the wind could start to pick up, while an hour later it could begin to rain. Further hours of ritual performance can bring hail, lightning, snow, and even gale force winds and tornadoes. Pilosi are fully capable of performing these rituals for days on end without respite. A single Pilosi can affect the area about a mile around it. Each Pilosi involved in the ritual doubles the area effected, so four Pilosi working together could change the weather for everywhere within eight miles of the ritual site.

Another popular Pilosi ritual involves the creation of very detailed illusions. If the Pilosi have ample warning of intruders they will gather to cast a complex six-hour ritual which allows them to totally reshape the appearance of everything within the region. Theoretically they could alter the appearance in any way they chose, creating fantastic and horrifying landscapes. In practice, they usually simply create dense forests or other wilderness scenes that will not arouse any attention. These serve to effectively erase any signs of the Pilosi and are capable of fooling even cameras. This is not merely an illusion of the mind but actually a fabrication of light and pure psychic energy. Thus the human eye (and the camera) actually see something that isn't really there. The illusion has an area of effect similar to that of the weather manipulation ritual and lasts for one day for every Pilosi involved in the ritual.

The Pilosi are not a violent race and have not explored violent uses for their magic. They can use their magic to charm local wildlife, assist the growth of the plants they eat and purify the water that they drink. They prefer not to fight, and most of them have never raised a hand in anger. They generally get along with their surroundings very well, and all wild animals have an innate respect for them. Even the most ferocious of animals will leave the Pilosi in peace, largely out of respect for their magic. Theoretically the Pilosi could manipulate the Seepage in ways harmful to humans and others, but they are not likely to do so unless provoked by some very strong stimulus. They will of course fight to survive if necessary, but they much prefer running and hiding.

**Pilosi Magic Gameplay**

Pilosi magic works along the same lines as ritual magic. The Pilosi manipulate Seepage through a combination of ritual and their own force of will. In effect, the Pilosi use the ambient psychic energy to power "psychic" abilities. This allows Pilosi to perform rituals that mimic psi-disciplines. We give examples of several Pilosi rituals throughout the following text, and Game Masters should feel free to adapt them to their own needs. It is almost impossible for humans to learn Pilosi magic. Such an event has never been known in the history of the Pilosi, but it might be theoretically possible.
A TYPICAL PILOSI

Pilosi come in a variety of shapes and sizes, from the Neanderthal-sized Almas to the larger Sasquatch of North America and Yeti of the Himalayas. Their game stats are all pretty much the same, physical differences aside, although the GM may wish to change the Size and Strength ratings for the larger hominids.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Pilosi</th>
<th>Str 3-5</th>
<th>Siz 1-5</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Agl 3</td>
<td>Ref 2-4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Int 3</td>
<td>Will 4-5</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Per 3</td>
<td>Luck 2/12</td>
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Skills
- Barbarism 1
- First Aid 3
- Meditation 5
- Stealth 3
- Tracking 3

Each Pilosi will know a number of different rituals at a high level of proficiency (4 or 5). The specifics of these rituals are entirely up to the Game Master. Sample rituals appear elsewhere in this appendix.

RITUAL OF MIND WIPING

DF3  Threshold 2  Length: 5 minute

Effect: Mind wiping allows the Pilosi to make a human forget that they have ever seen the Pilosi. All of the human’s memories of the Pilosi in the past twenty-four hours are completely erased from the conscious mind. Memory editing requires the Pilosi to test the target’s Willpower against their own. Voids and Psinks have their effective Willpower increased by one for purposes of this test. Psychics will realize that something is going on, but not exactly what. Performing the mind manipulation ritual takes five minutes, during which time the Pilosi meditates and performs the somatic aspects of the ritual. During this time the target must remain in the sage’s line of sight. Pilosi can also combine their powers and perform group rituals. Group rituals usually take longer to perform as the Pilosi attune to each other’s souls. Each additional Pilosi adds one to the Target Number of the Pilosi’s Willpower test and five minutes to the casting time of the ritual. For every three humans to be affected, the Target Number goes down by one.
**Hominids Around the World**

The general behavior and habitats of hairy hominids around the world vary, and here we present a short section about the different types covered in this book. Each section includes a description of the hominid society as well as some ideas on how to include them in your Conspiracy X campaign.

**The Almas**

Two different kinds of hairy hominids said to dwell in the former Soviet Union are described in the Almas section of Chapter Three: Sightings. The first of these are the Mongolian Almas, creatures said to resemble man but covered entirely with hair. The second group was said to live in the Caucuses, to wear clothes and to use tools like a man. Scientists and cryptozoologists believe that these might be remnant populations of Neanderthal man. Alternately, they are two lost tribes of Pilosi.

The Almas of the Caucuses live in one of the more wild and remote regions of the world, and long ago withdrew from contact with humanity. They never had a close relationship with humans, unlike many other of the world’s other Pilosi. They live solitary simple lives, using their magic to protect them from humans and predators, and to gather food. The Almas live in cave systems dug deep into the mountains. Their magic is especially suited to the mountains and they have developed a wide variety of rituals to aid in tunneling through and shaping rock. They live almost their entire lives underground, coming up only to gather more food. They are the only Pilosi known to engage in any form of agriculture, growing edible mushrooms in their cavern dwellings.

**Almas Adventures**

Missions into the former Soviet Union are always exciting, since Aegis Cells or RCS expeditions will have to deal with all the problems of a tenuous political and economic situation. Perhaps the civil unrest in the region has roused the interest of some of the Almas. These creatures have decided to come out more to see what is going on in the world of humans. Although they bear humanity no grudge, they do fear the power that humans have, especially their potential for mass destruction.

With this in mind, the Almas have actually decided to take action. A rebel group is operating in the vicinity of an Almas settlement. The rebels had bought or stolen a nuclear weapon from the remnants of the Soviet army. They were planning to bring it into the region around the Almas and hide it there until they used it. Always in touch with the greater consciousness of the Seepage, the Almas realized just how dangerous the device is. They got it in their heads that such a device should be kept out of human hands altogether, so they raided the rebel convoy and stole the bomb for themselves.

Aegis becomes interested in the theft as a result of the evidence of obvious magic or psychic power use in the raid. Trucks seemed to magically burst into flame, the earth opened up and swallowed soldiers, illusory soldiers attacked the rebels and so on. The Almas prepared for the raid for quite a while and used all of their magic and wiles to pull off the theft. The survivors were captured by the Russian military and reported that the attackers were in fact man-sized beasts, covered with orange brown hair. Now it is up to the players to try and recover this bomb from the hairy hominids before the rebels or Russians get to the site first.

**Bigfoot**

Bigfoot is one of the greatest cryptozoological mysteries of our time, and one that GMs are likely to want to include in their campaigns. As with the other hairy hominids, we present here two options for dealing with the Sasquatch legend. The first is that the Sasquatch are actually a tribe of ape-men, descended directly from the long dead Gigantopithecus. They have evolved past ape-like intelligence to a slightly higher level, incorporating a primitive religion and social structure into their existence. They wield simple stone and wood tools and are not above using them on humans who stray into their territory.

An adventure with these brutes might center around the burial ground described in the Bigfoot section of the last chapter. Aegis is unlikely to have any interest in this area, although there are many links between UFO sightings and Bigfoot sighting that might arouse the suspicion of any Aegis operative. The RCS and the Titanidaes are much more likely to be interested in such goings on. A classic cryptozoological adventure would be a race between the two groups to find the burial ground, all the while fighting each other (either openly or surreptitiously).
**Bigfoot as Pilosi**

The Pilosi of the Pacific Northwest are among the more violent of their race, although certainly they are not particularly violent by human standards. The Pilosi long had a mutually beneficial relationship with the local Native American Indian population, but eventually even that turned sour. Like all humans, the local tribes eventually came to fear and hunt the hairy hominids. Unlike most of their kind, the Sasquatch were willing to fight back, at least for a while. They became terrors to the local human population, carrying on a kind of hit and run war with humanity.

Unfortunately for the Sasquatch, their numbers were too small to effectively fight the quickly reproducing humans. Even with the aid of their magic occasionally a Sasquatch would die and the fallen were rarely replaced. The Sasquatch honor their dead as much as their living, believing that the spirits of the dead live on in the astral network. They are prone to creating elaborate burial mounds for their dead where they perform a variety of necromantic rituals designed to elicit aid from their fallen comrades. They protect these sacred grounds fiercely, although this has not stopped several of them from falling prey to humans.

The Sasquatch are one of the only tribes of the Pilosi to have developed any kind of martial magic. They long ago developed a ritual that would protect them from the hunter’s spear and arrow, a technique which earned them a reputation among local humans for having skin made of stone.

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**Ritual Skin of Stone**

**DF3  Threshold 3  Length: 1 hour**

**Effect:** This ritual creates magical Level 4 Body Armor for one recipient. The stone skin lasts until the next sunrise.

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**Adventures with Sasquatch**

Perhaps the Sasquatch have seen that the humans' ever growing interest in them is going to continue to be a problem until they can do something about it. Every year brings new Bigfoot hunters searching for proof of the elusive beast's existence and every year they come a little closer to the truth. The Sasquatch have decided that they have to take some kind of action aside from hiding behind their magic. To this end, they have developed a scheme that, while risky, might well put off interest in Bigfoot for a long time to come.

They have decided to try and prove that the Bigfoot legends are all a myth and that all of the sightings are myths. They plan to stage a large sighting that attracts nation wide media attention. Then they will reveal that the whole thing was a fake — the work of greedy local humans trying to bring more business into the region. The Pilosi have used their magic to plant suggestions in susceptible minds to try and take advantage of the Bigfoot mania. These people will act on the suggestions by constructing fake Bigfoot costumes, leaving fake trails, claiming UFO encounters, and so on.

The Bigfoot hope to lure a great many important scientists and supernaturalists into the area with tales of Bigfoot and UFO sightings. Then they will unveil their human dupes, and through the use of a potent and complicated magical ritual charm, they will encourage the assembled humans to assume that everything about the Sasquatch has been faked. The plan has its obvious dangers, but it is a risk they are willing to take. It is likely that if the player characters have a cryptozoological bent to them, they will be very intrigued by the whole thing and will come to investigate. This will give them a chance to learn the truth behind what is going on in the Pacific Northwest. They might be able to uncover the efforts of the Pilosi by psychically debriefing the revealed hoaxers. Hypnotizing the hoaxers may reveal that they believe they were abducted by the Sasquatch and forced into creating the hoax. If the players do track down the Pilosi, they are liable to have a fight on their hands since the Sasquatch will be upset that their plan has backfired and nervous about their safety.

**The Faeries**

The faeries of the British Isles may be nothing more than the fanciful imaginings of the local people. Certainly many people in Great Britain and Ireland have had interest in faeries, and too much drink or other substances may lead to some rather interesting sightings. There is no standard cryptozoological explanation for faeries, and in fact most scientists ignore fairy reports all together. Certainly the RCS would never willingly associate themselves with a fairy hunting expedition unless there was real proof that some sort of cryptozoological phenomenon lay behind the myth.

In fact, if the GM wishes, the faeries could be a diminutive tribe of Pilosi.

The Pilosi of Europe are nearly entirely extinct, as are any Pilosi who once lived in areas that are now heavily populated by humans. The faeries of the British Isles are among the few living faeries anywhere in Europe. Another, even smaller tribe is said to live in the Black Forest of Germany, but there have been no indications of their continued existence since the mid-nineteenth century. The faeries of England are the smallest known Pilosi still in existence. Long millennia spent hiding in the caves underneath their fairy mounds have led these Pilosi to evolve into a diminutive, troll-like race.
HAIRY HOMINIDS

The faeries are, by reputation, the most mischievous of all the Earth’s Pilosi. The faeries are also among the most bitter of Pilosi, angered that their once expansive lands have been reduced to a few secluded fairy mounds and forest glens. They take what petty revenges they can upon the rest of the world, seeking to destroy the humans who hunt them and kill them at every turn. The faeries have had to become the most adept illusionists of all the Pilosi since they live in such densely populated regions (compared to other Pilosi). They create all kinds of illusions, even disguising their own appearance and walking among humans for a time. Faeries have found however that when humans become inebriated they are able to see through their illusions with greater facility. Fortunately, the level of inebriation has to be such that no one would ever believe a story from someone who was drunk enough to actually see the faeries. The faeries relish this irony and actually love to get lone humans drunk just so they can scare and confuse them with their true visage.

While they can be friendly and playful on occasion, this is almost always simply a front to put humans off guard. They hate all of humanity with a frightening passion. Over the centuries of human occupation, the faeries have indulged in all sorts of malicious practices from cruel pranks to baby snatching and even murder. Some humans have come to respect their power, but the faeries are seldom impressed by humans signs of respect or devotion. They think the humans fools for bowing down before their mortal enemies and are insulted that any human should think that a fairy could ever forgive them for their crimes against the Pilosi.

Fairy Adventures

An Aegis mission centering around the faeries could prove a novel experience. Perhaps a small group of faeries have gone on the warpath in a region of rural Ireland, causing all sorts of mischief, stealing babies, and generally harassing the local populace. The reports are too numerous to be ignored and Aegis wants to intervene before any serious supernatural phenomena exhibit themselves. The Titanidae, drawn by signs of their age-old enemies the Pilosi might also travel to the area. The RCS would naturally be interested in so many reports of diminutive hairy men harassing the local populace.

The faeries will take an immediate interest in the outsiders and will do whatever they can to try and drive them out. The GM should be creative with the annoying rituals the Pilosi will create in order to harass the players. Anything from flattening tires to lighting hotel rooms on fire is well within the realm of possibilities for the powerful fairy magicians (rituals that mimic Telekinesis and Pyrokinesis). Ultimately the players should be able to learn that all of the activity centers around an ancient fairy mound in the district. They will no doubt wish to investigate.

The mound itself was long ago abandoned by the Pilosi, and is now being used by three faeries who have joined forces to make war (of a sort) on humanity. The Pilosi enter and exit the mound via magic, but if the players burrow into the mound they will find a series of tunnels and chambers that are home to the small band of faeries. No doubt a conflict will ensue between the characters and the faeries. If the players are unlucky the Pilosi will actually kill them, or at least escape. Lucky characters may actually be able to recover a corpse from the scene. Certainly no Pilosi would let itself be taken alive unless he was somehow knocked unconscious.

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Ritual Illusion, Major

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<tr>
<th>Df4</th>
<th>Threshold 6</th>
<th>Length: 24 hours</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Effect: For each Pilosi participating, the area affected increases by one quarter of a mile. The ritual allows the Pilosi to control the appearance of everything within the area of the ritual at the time of the casting. Anyone coming into the area will see things as the Pilosi wish. The ritual can even change the appearance of the beings, making horses appear as unicorns, or Pilosi appear to be dear or bears, as long as they remain within the area of the ritual. The effects last for three days.</td>
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Ritual Illusion, Minor

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Df2</th>
<th>Threshold 4</th>
<th>Length: 1 hour</th>
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<td>Effect: This ritual allows the Pilosi to change his or her own appearance to any other animal or even a person. Pilosi sometimes take the form of faeries, trolls, humans, large dogs, or anything else they find convenient. The Pilosi does not gain any abilities of the form they assume since it is only an illusion (they cannot fly if they make themselves look like a bird; that would require a levitation-type ritual). The effects last until the next sunrise or sunset.</td>
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YETI

The Yeti of the Himalayas maintained relations with humans much longer than most of the world's Pilosi. The Yeti and the local Buddhist monks had a long tradition of cooperation up until the last century. By then even the reclusive Yeti saw that they were in danger from the prying eyes of man. They cut off contact with the human monks and retreated into their forest homes. The Yeti prefer the forests to the open snow fields and rock faces of the higher elevations. Like many Pilosi they use their magic to fashion homes out of the trees themselves, bending and manipulating the growth of the trees over time so that they form walls and roofs. These forest dwellings are kept secret from the humans who might enter the area by means of the Yeti's powerful obfuscation rituals.

There are less than a hundred Yeti living today, scattered throughout the Himalayas in Nepal, Northern India, and Tibet. They are among the most introspective of all the Pilosi, and have developed their mind-expanding rituals more than most other Pilosi. They are sometimes called the Wanderers because of their propensity to spend a great deal of their time in the astral network, tuning into the ever-changing frequencies of the Seepage. They more than any other Pilosi view the Seepage as a living sentient being for whom they all have great respect. Because of their long exposure to the Seepage they are aware of much of what goes on Earth, and some have even made the voyage as far as the Grey homeworld. This makes the Yeti a valuable source of information.

YETI MISSIONS

Obviously the Yeti are a potentially valuable resource for any Aegis Cell, although the players will probably not realize how valuable. Even if they find out, there is still the whole problem of finding the Yeti and communicating with them. An Aegis Cell might be attracted to the Yeti upon learning of reports of strange psychic activity in the remote mountains of Tibet. The Yeti have just completed a major ritual which they hope will hide them from humanity forever. In fact, the ritual was a failure and the great disturbance in the Seepage alerted several powerful psychics that something strange was happening in the area. The players are sent to investigate.

Any number of complications can ensue from this point. The failed ritual may also have alerted the Titanidae to the whereabouts of the Yeti, and they have sent their own team into the area. If they learn of the Aegis Cell's interest in the phenomenon, they will do everything they can to keep the players from finding the Yeti before they do. Likewise, an RCS expedition may be scheduled to go to the region in search of proof of the Yeti's existence. The Aegis Cell might try to tag along with the cryptozoologists. This will not endear them to the Yeti one bit, since the Pilosi know that the RCS means to expose them to the world. The RCS expedition might also be jealous of Aegis' intervention and might decide to try and sabotage the players' efforts in some way.

Finding the Yeti should prove difficult, but not impossible. Substantial residual psychic energy remains in the area in the wake of the failed ritual. The Yeti themselves are somewhat stunned by their failure and are in a dazed state. The players can find the Yeti either with the aid of their own psychics or by following the Titanidae. Even the RCS has a chance of locating the Yeti, since their latent ESP may pick up on the disturbed energies surrounding the Yeti. What they do when and if they find them is up to the players and their antagonists.
**CHUPACABRAS REVEALED**

The Chupacabras or "goatsucker" is considered by many scientists to be a perfect example of traditional folklore as seen through the eyes of the internet. While the reports of the creature began in Puerto Rico, the creatures were soon seen throughout the Spanish-speaking communities of the region. Mexico, Texas and Southern Florida all had their own goatsucker sightings and attacks. Scientists believe that the attacks are probably the work of wild dogs or some other terrestrial animal, and certainly not some kind of demonic vampire beast. This indeed is one explanation of the phenomenon.

**INCARNATE**

For purposes of a Conspiracy X game, of course, it is more interesting if something really strange is going on. Nemesis, the Grey sourcebook gave one option: a Blue transformed by Seepage into a savage Incarnate. We present here several other options, any or all of which the GM is free to choose. The Chupacabras could in fact be a human Incarnate just as easily as a blue Incarnate. The individual would be someone who was transformed by the Seepage into a perverse kind of vampire, much more bestial than the average bloodsucker. For some reason, the vampire has limited itself to livestock. The unfortunate beast was once a very peaceful, respectful human, but the ravages of incarnation have given him hungers he cannot control. It is all he can do not to tear into passing humans, but he manages as best he can.

**TEMPORARY SEEPAGE POSSESSION**

Alternately the Chupacabras could be all in the minds of the local people. Their imaginations have been so fired by the stories of the Chupacabras — a demonic creature — that the locals have started projecting their fearful imaginings into the Seepage. The result is a series of minor possessions that affect single individuals for a short time. The local people are themselves becoming the dreaded goatsucker, although they do not realize it. Late at night when no one is watching, the Seepage lashes out and takes over the mind of the hapless soul for a night. The possessed individual then goes out and kills in the manner of the Chupacabras, continuing the cycle of fear and superstition, meeting the subconscious expectations of the community, and feeding that particular psychic imprint on the Seepage. Thus, as the legend of the demonic beast spreads throughout the Spanish-speaking community of the Caribbean and Gulf of Mexico, so do the Chupacabras sightings.

Humans in a state of temporary possession are capable of amazing things, as the Seepage can actually alter both the victim’s body, as well as the minds of those who might witness the beast. The Seepage reaches out and allows the witnesses to see what they want and expect, rather than what is actually there. This is aided by the physical distortions wrought on the possessed individual’s visage. The result is a number of seemingly conflicting reports as to what the elusive goatsucker actually looks like. It looks like what people expect it to. It is likely that the general appearance of the Chupacabras will become more standard as more and more people hear of the most popular descriptions of the “demon.” This should lead to more consistent descriptions of eye-witnesses.

Statistics for a possessed person would not change much during the temporary insanity. It is possible that the subject’s Strength attribute might increase by one, due to an adrenaline surge, although this is not necessarily always true. Likewise, the newly enthroned goatsucker might also gain the Incarnate power Frenzy for the duration of their possession.
THE MYSTERY OF THE JERSEY DEVIL

The Jersey Devil almost seems out of place in a book on cryptozoology. It seems, at face value, to be an entirely supernatural phenomenon, and this may be true. But the fact remains that the Devil exhibits behavior reminiscent more of some kind of wild animal than of a monster out of hell, and sightings of winged men and other winged beasts are a significant sub-category of cryptozoological sightings.

The Jersey Devil could indeed be an Incarnate, or rather several different Incarnates who have appeared over the course of American history. The Aegis report suggests that the creature has at least two different forms: the larger, more monstrous form and the smaller dog-like form that appeared around the turn of the century. The Aegis operatives went on to suggest that the Jersey Devil was in some way connected to the Leeds family and to a ritual performed by Benjamin Leeds during the revolutionary war. Benjamin Leeds seemed to have been working to create some sort of homunculus, and may in fact have trapped himself in his own creation.

Benjamin was a powerful Focus and became enmeshed in his own researches, becoming what he wished to create: the dog-headed monster that became known as the Jersey Devil. Enraged by this unwanted transformation, Leeds went on a rampage, and ended up terrorizing much of the local community. He then took refuge in the Pine Barrens and fought against the revolutionary Americans as best he could. Eventually he went into a kind of prolonged hibernation, hidden deep within the forbidding pine forest.

In the meantime another creature incarnated around the turn of the century. This dog-like, winged being terrorized the region for quite sometime until it was eventually killed or driven off. This second Incarnate was totally unrelated to the first Jersey Devil, except that it may have tapped into a portion of the Seepage remnants of the original Jersey Devil, but unknowing newspaper reporters were eager to jump at the possible connection.

Then recently, the original Jersey Devil, Benjamin Leeds, awoke from his long, dreamless sleep. He found a fantastic world around him and went in search of answers to all his questions. The creature stayed out of sight for the most part, but may have been responsible for several unexplained sightings of winged men or winged monsters. Leeds came across news of his wealthy descendant quite by accident, and resolved to do him a good turn. Unfortunately the only way Benjamin could think, given his deranged state, was in terms of violence, and thus he began killing people he thought Charles would be better off without. Eventually he confronted Charles himself, hoping that Charles would thank him for the killings. Charles was, naturally enough, horrified and incensed, and Benjamin had no choice (in his mind) but to kill Charles.

Now the Jersey Devil is free again in a strange and frightening world. What it does next is up to the Game Master, but it is certain that it is nothing the players will want to let happen.

### Jersey Devil, Benjamin Leeds

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**Skills**
- Stealth 4
- Tracking 1
- Brawling 3
- Barbarism 3

**Incarnate Powers**
- Flight
- Frenzy
- Regeneration
- Animal Control
The Truth About Nessie

It just doesn’t get any bigger than this in the world of cryptozoology. The Loch Ness monster is probably the most famous of all the creatures and animals described in this book. It is a mystery that has spawned tremendous debate and argument over the past decades, along with a host of books, hoaxes, and television specials. In fact, the Loch Ness monster is so well publicized that the public has ceased to take it seriously (if indeed it ever really did). Now it is up to the individual Game Masters out there to decide whether or not Nessie is real. We present here three options, but we encourage you to come up with your own possibilities as well.

There’s No Loch Ness Monster

This is the most obvious answer: no monster lives in the lake. The whole idea of Nessie is in fact somewhat ridiculous when you look at it closely. How could something that big exist in large enough numbers to breed over all these centuries and still live almost entirely hidden from the eyes of man? But just because there is no Loch Ness Monster does not mean that there are not people out there who want us to believe in the creature. One of these is a man named David Yates, an Englishman with a vested interest in keeping the myth of the monster alive and well.

Yates was born and raised in Liverpool, but moved to Edinburgh to try and make his fortune. This proved less than successful and in desperation Yates turned to other, less traditional ways of making a living. He had been to Loch Ness once before and seen the money being generated by the tourist industry there. While not enough to make him a quick million, David realized that there was a lot of potential there if he could just figure out a new angle for tapping into it. In 1974, David set about on becoming one of the world’s foremost experts on the Loch Ness Monster, although no one would ever recognize him as such. He read all of the literature over and over again, and walked every foot of the lake’s shores (no mean feat that). David was always industrious, but only when the project interested him. One wonders what David could have accomplished if he had channeled that energy into something more productive.

Yates finally had his plan. He was going to become the best man in the world when it came to faking sightings of the Loch Ness monster. Yates purchased a small shop near the lake from which he would sell merchandise. There were already several locations where such material was available, but David hoped to make his the most successful of them all. David became a ghost writer, scripting convincing sighting reports and then finding willing tourists who would memorize them and report them to the paper. The tourists got their moment of fame in exchange for saying they saw the monster from a sight near Yates’ shop. As the number of sightings in his region grew, more and more tourists ended up coming to his store to buy their souvenirs. He soon became the most successful shopkeeper on the lake.

David was still not satisfied, however. His manufactured success merely provided him with a base from which to further his plans. Yates next set his sights on creating false photographs which he would then sell to newspapers around the country. David was very careful when faking his photos. He would set up life-sized humps in the water and use special mechanisms for pulling them along underwater. He would then have an accomplice (usually his wife) take photos from the shore, careful to make sure the film was a little out of focus and incorrectly exposed. Yates was also careful to use different intermediaries each time to sell the pictures, thus avoiding any unwanted scrutiny.

David moved on to faking films and then in the 80s he worked at making fake video tapes, all of which turned a nice profit. More and more tourists came each year, particularly to his region of the lake and his shop. He sat down and wrote a book based on all of the knowledge he had acquired about the Loch Ness Monster, and was surprised at how well his foray into literature was received. The research had been quite easy. After all, he was responsible for most of the reported sightings. Yates never made his millions, but he managed to support himself and his family well enough during all this time. He gave up on being rich and became obsessed with the idea of perpetrating the greatest prank ever: an actual sighting witnessed by hundreds of people.

Yates is now 58 years old and is widely recognized as the greatest local authority on the monster. His book has been widely read, even in scientific circles. Yates has recently published an article in the local paper, and sent copies to scientists and cryptozoologists around the world. He claims to have made an exhaustive study of the Nessie sightings, taking into account food supply, seasonal differences, and weather patterns. He says that through this study he is able to predict with fair certainty when and where Nessie will most likely appear again.

The time is at hand. Cryptozoologists and interested tourists from all across the world have gathered around Loch Ness, taking up every hotel room in the region. Yates’ evidence looks convincing, and he even claims to have tested his theories once before and proven them correct. Several (well-paid) witnesses swear to having seen the creature exactly when and where Yates predicted. Yates has set a two-week period in which Nessie will almost undoubtedly appear in a certain area of the lake, an area not far from Yates’ home and shop.
Yates has warned that the monster is easily frightened by the sounds of motor boats and has asked that boaters stay out of the region as much as possible, with the exception of rowboats (of which Yates himself has a dozen that he is willing to rent). He plans to have the beast appear on the last day of his two week period, ensuring maximum profitability. He has spent years creating his fake creature, using the real flesh of a hippopotamus for the skin and a carefully designed system of pulleys to operate it. His son and daughter, experienced divers both, will operate the fake from under water. It will only appear for a few seconds, but it will be enough to convince all the onlookers that something truly amazing lives in the waters of Loch Ness.

The players have to have a personal interest in the creature in order to come to the projected sighting. If they are not cryptozoologists or in some way affiliated with cryptozoology, Aegis might send them just to see for sure what is happening at the lake. Whatever the reason, the players have come to Loch Ness to wait and see if Nessie really does show when Yates says it will. They are of course not the only ones present. The RCS has sent several scientists to the scene, so too have the Titanidae. This might be a perfect adventure for introducing the characters to the RCS, the Titanidae, and cryptozoology in general. The RCS will be there ostensibly just to watch. In fact, they plan on sneaking some divers into the water with a sonar array and watching the area where the creature is supposed to appear. The RCS Board suspects that something less than genuine is going on here, although they would like to believe what Yates says is true. The RCS scientists will in general be snooping around and trying to uncover any potential hoax. Yates is an extraordinarily careful and clever man however, and it is unlikely that they will catch him before the day of the sighting.

The Titanidae will also be lurking about, trying to discover all they can about everyone present. Their rituals have told them that some sort of human involvement is behind whatever is going to happen. They wrongly suspect that human agents of the Dracones are present in the area, protecting the monster from the avenging Titanidae. The Titanidae will also be gathering at night by the lake to perform various divining rituals aimed at discovering where the creature is (using the so-called netvis branch of Titanidae magic). The Titanidae will soon realize that the players are hiding something, and this may lead them to believe the players are in fact allies of the Dracones.

This scenario is perfect for the GM to present the players with all manner of false leads and clues about what is going on. A host of strange people have gathered at the lake, and the players will be hard pressed to determine if anyone’s motives are what they say they are. Ultimately it will all come down to the great event itself, when Yates will reveal his hoax monster. Unfortunately, the Titanidae are ready for him. They will have been trying to psychically locate the non-existent monster all week and will have decided that their magic is ineffectual against the creature. In lieu of this they have a LAW rocket with which they plan to slay the foul beast. As soon as it surfaces, they blast it out of the water, revealing the whole thing to be a hoax.

Chaos ensues, as the authorities and probably the players try and hunt down the mad rocketeer, leading to a final confrontation with the Titanidae. Yates will reveal that it was all a hoax and faith in the Loch Ness Monster will plummet to an all time low. That’s all right with Yates, who turns his story into a best selling autobiography of a faker and retires on the royalties.
OF COURSE THERE’S A LOCH NESS MONSTER

On the other hand, the legends of the Loch Ness Monster might be true. There are really just too many sightings for one to ignore. But what is it? Surely it is not a plesiosaur as is so often thought, for the waters are much too cold for a giant reptile to survive for any length of time. Furthermore, it seems unlikely that any sort of dinosaur could have survived the ice age in a remote lake in Scotland of all places. The other option is a kind of amphibian, which seems somewhat more likely, especially given the mysterious animal’s propensity for staying under water indefinitely.

The giant amphibian we have come to know as Nessie is in fact a population of around fifty such creatures living in the lake and the accompanying network of underwater caves that abound in the area. The creatures are quite large, averaging about thirty feet in length. They do in fact resemble a plesiosaur in many respects: they have a long neck and tail and move through the water with the aid of four powerful flippers. Locomotion is further aided by an undulating of the body as they swim. Nessies have powerful jaws and sharp teeth, used for catching fish, eels, and other prey. They live entirely on the fish that dwell in the lake, gorging themselves during spawning season and then subsisting on stored fat through the leaner months. The creatures tend to stay on the bottom of the deep lake and in the adjacent cave network. They are not fond of light, and in fact have very poor eyesight. The creatures hunt chiefly through heightened senses of hearing, smell, and touch. Nessies can feel the vibrations left by fish and are amazingly fast when hunting. Although they may not swim quickly, they can strike at prey with the speed of a snake, and few fish escape their hungry jaws.

The monsters are extremely long-lived, with the average Nessie living upwards of seventy years. They reproduce infrequently, and young Nessies take ten years to develop to their full grown size. The creatures seldom lay more than one egg at a time, and it takes upwards of a year for the eggs to hatch into young. From this point on, the young lake creatures are on their own, and it is not unheard of for the Nessies to cannibalize each other, or even their own young. They can be very aggressive, and are very territorial. They divide the lake and cave system among themselves, with the larger animals having the best fishing areas, and will fight to protect their territory.

These amphibious creatures are not even unique to Loch Ness. They can in fact be found in lakes throughout Scotland. There have been reported sightings in other lakes, but they tend to be forgotten in the wake of the excitement over Loch Ness. The creature is an amazing zoological phenomenon, but one that has relatives all over the world. Most exist in remote, untrammeled regions, but some can be found in areas close to civilization such as the slightly less famous Chessie of Chesapeake Bay, a salt water dwelling variant.

Most Nessies have an innate fear of man, and avoid coming into contact with humans. They are particularly disturbed by motor boats of any kind, and most will dive to the bottom when they hear a boat approaching. Given their excellent sense of hearing, it is no wonder that humans have had a hard time locating proof of their existence. Occasionally though, one will overcome its temerity and journey to the surface to take a look around. Long ago, the creatures probably spent more of their time on land, but for whatever reason decided that the deeper waters of the lake were safer. Perhaps those who did not seek shelter in the deep were long ago hunted down and killed as dragons.

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<tr>
<td>Claw (Tw4)</td>
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Nessie
**ROGUE NESSIE**

Suppose one of these giant amphibians goes a little wrong in the head. Instead of trying to avoid humans at all costs, it decides to hunt after humans. This particular crazed monster happens to be very big. It has been around for at least fifty years and is personally responsible for many of the Loch Ness Monster sightings over the past few decades. It has probed at the edges of humanity and has found that, quite frankly, the humans are really rather small and seem to pose no threat whatsoever. Not only do they seem to be harmless, but they are also amazingly annoying. The noise of their boats is absolutely deafening, not to mention all the other crap that seems to accompany humans.

Finally our hero had enough. Being the largest Nessie in the lake, he suffers the most from human incursions into his territory. Being a fundamentally territorial beast, this has angered him beyond comprehension. The great beast has decided to lay into the next lone human it comes across. The Nessie is a smart hunter, creeping up slowly on its prey from the deep water, then shooting forward with a great burst of speed, its neck striking out like a snake. The animal's jaws are roughly as powerful as those of a fully grown tiger, and although it lacks the great teeth and fangs of a large cat, the powerful bite is more than enough to kill. Perhaps the beast even develops a taste for human meat.

As the adventure begins, humans have started to disappear around the lake. The Nessie has been attacking only at night thus far. It does not like the bright lights of the daytime, and has found that humans are woefully irresponsible for their own safety. Nighttime fishermen and those walking along the shore of the lake are all vulnerable to Nessie's attack. Remember, this beast is an amphibian, capable of coming on shore if it has to. On land, it moves about much like a tremendous walrus or seal, and is capable of short bursts of speed. It will rush up on shore and quickly grab a lone hiker, dragging the poor soul back into the water. The killer Nessie then pulls its victims down deep into the lake, stowing the bodies in the underwater caves.

Over the course of a month Nessie claims seven victims, causing the local authorities to close the lake at night. There are of course tales of the monster, but the official police line is that it is the work of a serial killer. Nevertheless, evidence exists that an animal is behind the attacks. Police have found one instance of Nessie tracks leading out of the lake to a pool of blood some fifty feet up the shore. There are also signs that the creature dragged the body back into the lake.

This is where the players come in, drawn by their own curiosity or sent by Aegis or the RCS to investigate the strange disappearances. The local community is naturally enough in an uproar, and wild rumors of lake monsters are making the circuit of pubs throughout the region. Of course, it is probable that all the excitement has caught the attention of the Titanidae as well, and the players may end up in competition with them or working with them.

Finding the creature will be a very dangerous undertaking for the Cell. It will only attack one or two solitary humans, never a large group. Likewise it will only attack at night. Remember that it will be harder for an Aegis Cell to pull strings when working outside of the United States, which means that rocket launchers and so on will be somewhat less forthcoming. There may even be some inclination among the players (particular RCS and scientist characters) to try and capture Nessie. How they’ll do this is anyone's guess, but is best left up to them.

**THERE IS AND ISN'T A NESSIE**

There is of course a final option when deciding how to present the Loch Ness monster to your players. The two adventure ideas presented here can easily be combined into a single larger adventure. Yates has been faking many of the Nessie appearances all along and is now preparing for his final hoax. At the same time, the rouge Nessie has grown tired of its human neighbors and just as Yates' two-week window begins, the Nessie begins to attack the local humans. Since the lake area is now full to the brim with visiting scientists and humans, there are plenty of foolish people wandering the shores of the lake at night.

People start to disappear, and yet as the players dig deeper it seems more and more likely that Yates is really perpetrating some elaborate hoax. Is it a serial killer like the police say, or is it some mysterious lake monster? When they discover the truth about Yates (when the Titanidae blow up the fake Nessie or sooner), he will become the prime suspect in the disappearances. He is taken into custody, but the disappearances continue. What's really going on here? That's up to the players to find out.
**MOKELE-MBEMBE**

**Dinosaurs in the Jungle**

The legend of the Mokele-Mbembe is one of the more fascinating cryptozoological mysteries, chiefly because it seems so plausible. Plausible may not be a word that most would apply to rumors of a dinosaur living on Earth today, but nonetheless, evidence does support this theory. The area is so remote, and the local sightings so proliferous that it is hard to deny that something is going on deep in the jungles of Africa. What exactly is up to the GM.

There are a few options based on the descriptions given in this book. The first is that there is no Mokele-Mbembe. The rumors and myths are simply that: rumors and myths. Indeed, nothing real has been witnessed. The stories are all a product of overactive imaginations and white lies.

Alternatively, no real monster exists, just a rare breed of hippopotamus dwelling in and around Lake Tele. Never renowned for their friendliness, these particular hippopotami are quite aggressive, attacking any boats they come across. The locals have long ago learned that traveling into the territory of these pernicious beasts is a bad idea. Having avoided the place for so long, the natives actually have created myths and legends of fantastic creatures.

Then again, it could be a kind of dinosaur, somewhat related to the long dead brontosaurus. A number of these beasts would have to exist, so as to have a sufficiently large gene pool to draw upon. Tracking down and finding proof of such a creature would be an amazing find for both science in general and cryptozoology in particular. The implications would be staggering, and every zoologist, paleontologist, and wealthy adventurer would book a seat on the next flight to Africa. Fame, fortune, and a place in history await whoever first publishes proof of the infamous Mokele-Mbembe.

Lastly, the Mokele-Mbembe could not be a million year old hold over from a different age. What if instead the beast is a recent addition to our planet, something that appeared only in the last few hundred years. It is possible that some of the first Saurians who came to Earth sought out the jungles of the Congo river basin because these areas were reminiscent of home and far away from the centers of human civilization. This Saurian expeditionary force began experimenting with breeding lifeforms from their own planet, breeding them for food or labor. The Mokele-Mbembe is in fact just a kind of cow for the Saurians, bread for its meat and hide. Sometimes one of the creatures will escape from its secret underground holding pen and make its way to the surface, taking up residence in the surrounding jungle. Perhaps this alien livestock is sighted by natives before it can be quietly killed or recaptured by the Saurians.

The Mokele-Mbembe might even be an experiment of the Saurians, released into the wild in order to see how well they fare here on Earth. The aliens have been monitoring the beasts ever since, occasionally visiting to check on their experiment. The experiment has another, deeper dimension. The Saurians, aware of the human and Grey psychic abilities, need a weapon they can use against these strange mental powers. The Mokele-Mbembe is just that. The great sauropods are all bred to be Psinks, disrupting the flow of psychic energy around them. For this reason alone, Aegis or Titanidae operatives might seek out the alien dinosaurs, hoping to find out the cause of strange psychic disturbances in the region.

Whatever the reason for their journey, the players should have a hard time getting into the depths of the Congo river basin. Many of the local guides have learned that they can make quite a bit of money off scientists looking for the elusive dinosaur. They are more than willing to lead expeditions by circuitous routes in order to increase their fees. They will even go so far as to fake trails or dinosaur tracks just to keep their employers interested. The journey itself is accomplished mostly by river, but eventually the players will have to end up slogging through jungle and swamp to reach their destination. Even then actually seeing Mokele-Mbembe is by no means a sure occurrence.

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**Combat**

- Savagery 3
- Stomp (Sp5)
- Trample (Bk4)
- Claw (Wn5)
- Armor Rating 4
Once they do sight it, then what? How do you make a forty foot long dinosaur stand still while you examine it to try and see where it came from? How do you capture it? Will the thing’s Saurian masters let any of you live to tell your tale? All of these problems and more face the intrepid characters in their quest to discover the truth behind the stories of Mokele-Mbembe.

**THE SECRET OF THE SIRRUSH**

The Sirrush is one of the less famous but more interesting cryptozoological mysteries presented here. Like the Mokele-Mbembe, the sirrush seems to be a survivor of the long dead dinosaurs. One might well wonder how a forty or fifty foot dinosaur could remain hidden for so long, but we must remember that much of the world has been less than adequately explored. Also, the sirrush is universally believed to be a very deadly, efficient killer. Not only that, it seems to have a penchant for killing humans whether or not it is hungry. This indicates that it is probably in some way territorial, and rather touchy about the subject.

Taking the reports at face value, the sirrush could be a fearsome predator, capable of easily killing a human with one bite. It averages about forty feet in length from the tip of its tale to the nose of its serpentine head. Unlike the vegetarian Mokele-Mbembe, the sirrush is undeniably a carnivore. Its primary attack is a deadly bite, easily capable of chopping through flesh and bone. Its hide is like that of a large monitor lizard: tough and resilient, covering a thick layer of protective muscle and fat. The sirrush is also a skilled hunter. Reports have it that if a sirrush sees you, you are dead, implying that it moves with great speed and stealth until it is upon its prey.

The numbers of the creature cannot be large or it is likely that they would have been discovered by now. They make their home in the swamps of the upper Nile, and are fond of lying almost completely submerged in swampy waters. Like an alligator, they leave only their snout and eyes above the water, waiting for some foolish prey to come near enough to strike.

As described, the sirrush need not be anything supernatural or extraterrestrial. Alternatively, the creatures could be another breeding or genetic experiment of the Saurians. Perhaps the sirrush is in fact a creature from the Saurian homeworld, something like a terrestrial beast of burden or guard dog. The sirrush may in fact be part of a Saurian effort to reshape Earth’s ecology to something more to their liking. In this case, as with the Mokele-Mbembe, it is likely that the sirrush are bred in a secret base operated by the Saurians somewhere in Africa.
The Real Story of Sea Serpents

Sea serpents are an interesting category of cryptozoological phenomena, for a long, almost unbroken tradition of reported sea creatures exists. Perhaps it boils down to the fact that man has always had a healthy respect and even fear for the sea and its creatures, and sometimes he lets his imagination get the best of him. On the other hand, perhaps the truth of the matter is that plenty of fantastic animals are out there, both great and small, and science has yet to discover them all.

A Large Snake or Eel

The traditional sea serpent resembles a monstrosely large snake, measuring scores of feet in length and having a tremendous circumference. We know already that snakes in some areas can become very large, and it is possible to imagine that the ocean could produce an even larger version of the land dwelling anaconda. Such an animal would likely be a constrictor if it lived on land, but in the sea it would be able to move its large mass with greater ease than on dry land, and its diet would probably consist of fast-moving, smaller fish. Thus it would probably have to be able to strike out and bite its prey.

Alternately, the sea serpents of legend could be some gigantic form of eel, related distantly to the deadly moray eel. Such a creature would truly be a fearsome predator, with powerful jaws and great agility in the sea despite its large size. It would probably stay near the bottom feeding on large fish or entire schools of smaller fish. Occasionally, the giant eel might be tempted to the surface in search of food, or to satisfy its curiosity about passing ships.

Either of these options turns out to be essentially the same for game purposes. Both beasts are incredibly large, potentially very deadly serpentine water dwellers. Hunting such a creature is an undertaking fraught with difficulties. They tend toward deeper waters, requiring special diving gear or a submersible to even enter their normal territory. They are fast and intelligent, as clever at hunting their prey as any barracuda. The fact that they are also forty or fifty feet long means that few easily transported nets will hold them. Their infrequent surfacing makes using any kind of harpoon an unlikely proposition. The truly diligent cryptozoologist will be lucky to get a picture of one of these fabulous beasts. We know from the tales of sailors past that it is not unheard of for a sea serpent to actually attack a passing vessel. This is of course extremely rare and even aberrant behavior on the part of these majestic serpents. An attack would have to be motivated by a powerful fear or anger. Indeed, an enraged sea monster is truly a fearsome thought. Such a beast could easily swamp and sink a small ship, and tear huge holes out of the bottom of a bigger ship with its powerful jaws.

Sea Serpent

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<td>Per</td>
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<tr>
<td>Luck</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Combat**

- **Savagery 3**
- **Bite (Sp4)**
- **Grapple (Br3) * **
- **Armor Rating 2**

*The Sea Serpent must make one successful grapple. It then deals damage automatically every round after that until the grapple is broken.*
MEMORIES OF SERPENTS PAST

Another, entirely unnatural explanation exists for the elusive but deadly sea serpent. Millennia ago, the Atlanteans walked with impunity among humans, passing themselves off as our gods and heroes. To humans, the nanotechnology seemed a magical, divine power, and it seemed there was nothing an Atlantean could not do. Often the aliens lived aloof from the rest of man, dwelling on remote islands or mountain tops in order to promote their cultivated air of divinity. In order to keep humans from intruding upon their hideaways, the Atlanteans created their own forms of life: nanoconstructs in the form of fabulous creatures that guarded the hidden palaces of these alien visitors.

Among the many creatures fashioned over the centuries were the sea serpents. The fearsome Scylla of antiquity was one of the more flamboyant nanotech constructs ever created, a terrifying creature larger than a humpback whale, and possessing thirty-foot tentacles ending in dog’s heads. Unfortunately such a complex creation was far from stable and eventually its master lost control of it. The thing took up residence in the Straits of Messina for several centuries before its programming finally broke down and its nanotech components disassociated.

Scylla was only the most dramatic example of a long line of nano-monsters that populated the earth at one time. Many Atlanteans relished the idea of pet dragons, centaurs, hydras, pegas, and other creatures. Of course some of the creations worked out better than others. For instance, while it was possible to create a horse with wings, it was not possible to make a horse with wings that could actually fly. The same proved true for most of the dragon designs developed over time. Ultimately the problems with maintaining these nano-creatures far outweighed the mostly aesthetic benefits, and the Atlanteans gave up on them.

Despite the general instability in the product line, one type of nano-creature proved remarkably durable: the serpent. The serpent was a simple, even elegant design, and proved to be a most reliable and fearsome guardian. The artificial intelligences developed for serpent constructs were among the most advanced available at the time. Nano-serpents had an intelligence on par with the average human and were usually capable of speech and even emotions. The Atlanteans who developed the serpents were firm believers in the "bigger is better" theory when it came to guardian beasts, so they made very large serpents, usually around forty feet in length. On the ground, the serpents were dangerous but a little slow. In the water, however, the beasts found their true place. They were quick swimmers, and their nano-enhanced senses allowed them to pick out intruders from miles away in a manner closely resembling passive sonar. They were powerful enough to sink any ships that dared approach their master’s sacred precinct, slaying the crew to a man.

Eventually the Atlanteans would grow weary of playing God and would move on. Sometimes they would destroy their guardian beasts when they left; sometimes they would not. Sometimes the serpents and other creatures would escape on their own. Free to do as they pleased, the serpents took to roaming the world’s seas. They are of course incapable of reproducing without the aid of an Atlantean, but they are also generally built to last forever. They are equipped with advanced nanites capable of repairing any damage done and have effectively unlimited power reserves. Some of these creatures have been with us for over 4,000 years.
Being intelligent malevolent creatures by design, the serpents are the only Atlantean creations known to have survived so long. They were the most intelligent and durable of the ancient guardians, and the only ones designed to live primarily in the Earth's seas. The land-based guardians were long ago hunted down and destroyed or fled to remote locations. The sea serpents have the whole wide world of water in which to hide, an area still largely untouched by humans. The serpents have managed to keep their existence a well hid secret for all these years, attacking human shipping when the mood strikes them. They are more than intelligent enough to recognize a scientific research vessel or a warship when they see one, and keep well away from such threats to their safety.

Occasionally however one of these creatures will take an active interest in mankind, and will try to interfere directly in human affairs. Over the centuries several serpents have come onto the land or into lakes and set themselves up as gods for the local humans (following the lead of their long gone creators). The serpents often demand some sort of sacrifice from their worshipers, thus assuaging their need for destruction and massaging their inflated egos.

Adventures involving the Atlantean serpents are likely to be dangerous games of cat and mouse. Perhaps a serpent has made its way into populated areas and started attacking local shipping. Further, it has grown somewhat careless in its old age, tired of the normal events of its thousands of years of existence. In one of these attacks someone shot the serpent and managed to damage it, blowing off a hunk of its flesh. Aegis managed to obtain the sample and analyze it, only to find that it was full of nanotech devices they had never seen before.

Obviously an intriguing development, the players are sent to investigate the situation further. The creature keeps attacking and learns that the players are after it. Using a captured human and the poor guy's cell phone, it calls the players. It wants to open up negotiations with the players, offering to stop if they will call off the hunt. It is a cagey, dangerous negotiator, and is in fact trying to lure them into a trap. It has only a minimal fear of what the humans could possibly do to it, and would much rather see them dead than give into them. Just to complicate things, all the stories of sea serpent attacks have drawn the attention of the RCS and the Titanidae. These groups are also poking around the area trying to catch the creature. Perhaps the players can work with them to stop this malicious beast from killing again.
OGOPOGO: FACT AND FICTION

We presented a report to the Titanidae about the famous Ogopogo, a rather notorious lake monster that looks very much like a giant serpent. The report gives an accurate account of the history of the sightings of the creature, pointing out that it has been known to be less than shy in its appearances. Up until the 1970s, it was commonly seen in Lake Okanagan. After that, sightings diminished but did not disappear. Ogopogo is one of the better documented lake creatures in the annals of cryptozoology, and as such is of great interest to the RCS, the Titanidae, and possibly Aegis.

The resemblance between Ogopogo and other sea serpents cannot be ignored, and it is entirely possible there is some sort of connection. The fabled monster may in fact be one or more large snakes or eels living in the lake and occasionally making an appearance near the top. It may be one of the giant serpents described in the section on Sea Serpents. Or, quite possibly, it is one of the very same serpents created by the Atlanteans so many years ago.

Adventures in the Lake Okanagan district might well enter around the strange cult that the Titanidae operative reports finding in the area. The cult is a relatively new development, led by a priest, Joseph Clark, who has lost his faith in God. He has turned to the old Indian legends surrounding the lake and to the unnaturally large water snakes that dwell there. He has assembled quite a following among the local population. Pastor Joseph Clark is a charismatic widower in his late fifties. He has fallen a long way from his original idealistic self. His degeneration started when his wife died, and advanced a few years later by the loss of both of his children. Clark lost all hope and faith, turning to a darker way of life. He has spent a great deal of time researching the occult, a process which has helped unlock his own latent psychic power. Now he holds sway over a congregation of some sixty townsfolk, all of whom are devoted to him and the snake god of the lake.

The snake god is a giant serpent, totally natural, but Clark has managed to train the animal to come when summoned. This, coupled with the minister’s own psychic ability has led to total devotion among his followers. The corrupt minister has already perverted the minds of several of his subjects and their relatives, causing them to do things they would never think of normally. Clark has just recently taken the next, most evil step: incorporating human sacrifice into his rituals. He is, quite simply, a mad man and a megalomaniac. Most likely, he is a Messiah Incarnate or Foresaken. Eventually he will not be happy with his secret cult and will turn on the townsfolk. It can only end badly.

Aegis has been monitoring the Titanidae as best they can and have managed to intercept the reports e—mailed by the Titanidaes operative before he disappeared. The players are sent to investigate any link between the legends of Ogopogo, the strange cult, and the Titanidae. Once the Titanidae learn of the existence of Ogopogo they will try and kill it, thinking that it truly is an evil god perverting the local human population, not realizing that it is in fact the minister that is behind the evil around the lake.

REMNANTS OF ATLANTIS

On the other hand, perhaps the minister and his cult are in fact the unwitting dupes of a malevolent alien creature. Ogopogo could be one of the ancient guardians of the Atlanteans, the nano-creatures described in the section on Sea Serpents. The serpent made its way into the lake long ago, setting itself up as a kind of evil god to be worshipped and revered by the local Indian population. The plan backfired, however, when the local shamans rebelled against its rule and set up the wards around the lake.

**Ogopogo Serpent**

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**Combat**

Savagery 4
Bite (Sp4) Grapple (Br3) *
Armor Rating 2

*The Ogopogo Serpent must make one successful grapple. It then deals damage automatically every round after that until the grapple is broken.*
The wards are in fact a magical ritual learned from the Pilosi who used to inhabit the region. They manipulate the Seepage in such a way that it forms an invisible barrier specific to one target: in this case Ogopogo. Thus the serpent became trapped in the lake, unable to take vengeance on its enemies.

It went dormant for a long while after it realized it was trapped. Only when new settlers came into the region in the past century or so did it reawaken and begin to plan for its escape and vengeance on mankind. For decades it acted carefully, learning all it could about these new humans and their strange technology. Eventually, after decades of patient research, the serpent began to act. In the 1970s, it slowly but surely began to assemble a new group of worshipers from among the local population. Through them it has been able to spread its own brand of destruction and chaos, although on a rather limited scale.

Now it has an appropriate leader for its cult, the charismatic but misguided Pastor Clark. Clark is not in fact a psychic, but merely a lapsed minister who has fallen under the sway of the powerful intellect of the serpent. The serpent itself is a very charismatic beast, and an impressive sight when it displays itself to its worshipers. The cult members are all men and women who have lost faith in life or religion or whatever else they held dear. It is hard to deny the divinity of a giant talking snake who seems to know the answer to every question put to it and who cannot be killed. The serpent has even learned to manipulate its nanotech skin in order to rhythmically change its patterns, creating a hypnotic effect that it uses to lull its worshipers into a trance-like state. It then gives them subliminal orders that they then carry out at a later date.

The serpent is still searching for a way out of the lake that traps it, but as yet it has no idea why it cannot leave. It has no real concept of magic removed from technology, and is not aware of psychic powers or Seepage. Therefore, even though the warding stones are in plain sight from any location in the lake, the beast does not know what it is looking at. Frustrated with its plight, the serpent has decided that its inability to move has something to do with the surrounding human population and has therefore decided to destroy them all. Surprisingly enough, this might actually work, although not for the reasons the monster imagines. The warding runes are now quite old and are beginning to fade and lose their power. They draw upon the Seepage of surrounding humans to power them, and should a large number of humans suddenly disappear, their spell might be broken.

The players arrive in the area for much the same reason they would have been if Clark were behind the cult: the intercepted Titanidae messages. The Titanidae are on the war path, looking for their lost founder. Once they discover what is really going on they will bring in all the firepower they can to destroy the serpent. That's easier said than done, as the serpent is loath to reveal itself to anyone outside of its congregation. Its senses are sharp enough that it can tell when outsiders are present. Once it realizes that the Titanidae and the players are after it, it will send its worshipers against them. It will try to scare them away at first, but failing this it will call on its faithful to kill the interlopers.

In this respect the serpent is behaving somewhat recklessly. It sees freedom within its reach and does not want any more delays. Once the intruders are dealt with, it plans to turn its cult loose on the local people: poisoning the water supply, destroying power and telephone service, and attacking the human population in force. It will succeed unless the players and the Titanidae stop it. It will even go so far as to actually attack the players and the Titanidae if they are foolish enough to expose themselves along the banks of the lake. It has analyzed human weapons, and knows that it has no reason to fear traditional firearms. Only explosives or flamethrowers are likely to harm it significantly.

The players' best bet is to expose and neutralize the cult and try to avoid the serpent. One conflict with it should be enough to realize that killing it is next to impossible without heavy firepower, firepower that cannot be used without drawing a lot of attention to the area. Although destroying the cult will set the serpent back for a time, it is not a final solution. Having lost its cult or having faced a concentrated attack of heavy weapons fire, the serpent will withdraw back to the bottom of the lake and wait. It will wait for years if necessary, until it has been all but forgotten. Then it will try again.

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**Ogopogo**

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**Combat**

- Savagery 4
- Bite (Sp4)

**Traits**

- Blood Surgeon Repair System
**PHANTOM CATS**

Anomalous appearances of animals in places they should not be is one of the main forms of cryptozoological phenomena. On their face, however, these appearances may not seem to be the stuff of a great Conspiracy X adventure. These appearances can often be explained away relatively easily, and without resort to paranormal explanations. Perhaps the cats escaped from some private zoo the authorities are unaware of. Perhaps the witness simply saw a big dog of some breed they were unfamiliar with. Perhaps the creature was a family pet gone missing. Perhaps not. Sometimes it really is just an escaped animal. Sometimes its something else entirely . . .

**EYES AND EARS**

During the early days of W.W.II, the U.S. military was extremely paranoid about Nazi spies infiltrating the military here in the states. Intelligence agencies also feared that many U.S. citizens would betray their own country and become Nazi fifth columnists. But the U.S. military did not have the resources at the time to keep an eye on the entire country. Intelligence organizations barely had enough men to keep an eye on known Nazi sympathizers, let alone mere suspects. Covert agencies began to listen to various plans for the gathering of information about "suspects" around the country; the only requirement for these plans was that they had to operate with relatively little manpower.

Prof. Thomas Wintner, a renowned crackpot in academic circles, suggested that animals be used as spies. Wintner claimed that he had created a device that, when planted in the nervous system of various animals, could transmit what the animal saw and heard to a remote facility. Animals outfitted with this equipment could spy on virtually anyone, anytime. The military, even then prone to support dubious projects, gave Wintner his funding and dubbed the project "Eyes and Ears."

Wintner outfitted hundreds of animals with these devices. But little did the military know that Wintner was in fact a former Atlantean agent attempting to gather as much information on American society as he could. Wintner posed for years as a scientist, but found that he could not truly fit in with human society; most people just thought he was weird. Unfortunately for Wintner, his Atlantean sponsor also thought he was weird as well as unreliable. The Atlantean eventually lost interest in the man, and abandoned him to his own devices. As a matter of whim, arrogance or perhaps simple inattiveness, the Atlantean left Wintner with some nanotechnology, and some knowledge in how to use it.

With the "Eyes and Ears" project, Wintner hoped that he could gain the trust of several powerful people in the American government. Unfortunately, the project wasn't that great a success. Wintner was indeed a little nuts, so he really didn't approach the whole matter with a lot of common sense. Instead of using normal, domestic animals, which could blend in to the background, Wintner preferred to implant really odd creatures, such as jaguars and kangaroos, with his nanites. A side effect of these implants was that the host creature could pass the nanites on to its offspring — thereby insuring a perpetual source of "animal spies."

Wintner has long since disappeared from human sight. At present, he is living deep underneath the streets of Baltimore, spinning incredible plots to take over the world. Wintner's lab, however, survives in rural Western Pennsylvania. A group of Black Book operatives were following up some on some files about old covert operations previous to the Roswell incident. The operatives came across the lab in Pennsylvania and began to use Wintner's machinery again. They don't know how to use the equipment at all and have mistakenly sent out a homing signal to the animals still out there. Consequently, strange beasts are popping up in the area — panthers, kangaroos, large dogs, etc.

The players enter the picture at this point. The small town of Mayberry, Pa. is being terrorized by sightings of all these odd animals, but no one can seem to catch any of them. Have the players get one of the animals and find the Atlantean chip imbedded in the spinal cord, or the nanites floating around the blood stream. Some D14 tests should reveal their function, but not necessarily their origin or how they work. The players may choose to hunt down the missing Prof. Wintner (some leads exist which will reveal his current location) or they can try to find out whose controlling the chips now. Wintner is a real nut — but he does have numerous survival skills, he is at home in his sewers and has several nano-systems in his body. He may even have a number of animal "helpers." As for the Book, a simple device will allow the players to track the signal being sent to the chips in the animals. Once there, everything will come together in a grand finale with the players fighting the Black Book in a large, abandoned, creepy subterranean lab.

**STRANGE CATS AS PILOSI**

Occasionally a Pilosi will get the urge to wander about the world of man with impunity. Some of these have grown curious about the other sentient race on the planet. Others are those who long to join humans, envying them their open lives and their freedom to roam about the planet without being hunted or feared. Still others have grown angry at man's excesses and the liberties that humans have taken with the planet. Obviously, they cannot safely journey among humans without drawing attention unless they somehow hide their appearance. Over the centuries, some Pilosi have developed illusion magic strong enough to fool humans for an extended period of time.
Unfortunately, there are some problems with disguising one’s self as a human. Pilosi cannot master human speech, and so are unable to communicate with other humans who they might meet. Additionally, while the appearance of the illusion might be perfect, the illusion does not hide the psychic impression a Pilosi leaves on the world around him. Humans often get an uneasy feeling when they are around a Pilosi disguised as a human, causing them to grow suspicious. The last thing a Pilosi wants is for the nearby humans to grow suspicious and possibly see through their illusion in some way. Even more dangerous, a trained human psychic will immediately realize that some sort of psychic energy is in use in the vicinity of the disguised Pilosi.

In order to avoid all of these problems, many Pilosi decide that it is better to use an illusion of an animal when traveling among human kind. Unfortunately, Pilosi do not always have the best idea of what kinds of animals are common to what regions, and thus they assume the form of strange creatures like panthers, kangaroos, or other seemingly anomalous animals. Humans still get an uneasy feeling around Pilosi disguised as animals, but they are more likely to write it off than if the feelings were associated with a human. On many occasions Pilosi have been startled by the reaction of witnesses who see them as giant cats and decide to hunt them down anyway. Usually the Pilosi will run and hide somewhere and then try and change its illusory form to something less noticeable.

**THE JAGUAR KNIGHTS**

Perhaps the Titanidae findings about Jaguar Knights are true, but not in the way they think. At one time, long ago, local humans and a small group of Pilosi formed a close relationship. The humans worshipped the Pilosi as gods, made sacrifices to them, and revered them in every way. The relationship continued long after most of the other Pilosi across the planet had withdrawn from human kind. These Pilosi would often use their magic to create the illusion that they were turning into jaguars. The resulting image, accompanied by the unnerving feeling all humans have around disguised Pilosi, made the jaguars fearsome foes in battle. The Pilosi are already stronger than most men, and are powerful foes in hand to hand combat. Fighting a Pilosi is made more difficult when you are fighting an illusion and thus cannot tell where the Pilosi really is until it strikes you. These were the original Jaguar Knights.

There came a time when the relationship between the two races grew so close that the two races interbred, producing offspring that were part Pilosi and part human. The resulting children were extraordinarily hairy for humans of the region and possessed no psychic abilities. They also generated no Seepage. However, they were able to learn Pilosi magic. Over the years a whole new race developed in the region, beings that looked like humans but could use Pilosi magic. Eventually, as often happens, the Pilosi found the company of humans to be oppressive and even dangerous. Their blood had already been made thin by the interbreeding, and their number were decreasing. They withdrew from society, but their legacy lived on in the form of the half-breeds who took over the mantle of Jaguar Knights.

Much of Pilosi magic was lost when the Pilosi withdrew, and the new Jaguar Knights were never able to perform the wide array of magical effects that the true Knights could. As time wore on, more and more magic was lost, until only one ritual remained: the Ritual of Transformation. The Ritual of Transformation is really just the Pilosi
minor illusion ritual with a few added twists. The ritual can only be used to make a half-breed look like a jaguar. Additionally, a telekinetic aspect to the ritual allows the caster to walk without touching the ground. Instead, they walk less than an inch above the ground, and thus make little noise in their jaguar form. Some rituals add a slight variation: the half-breed actually leaves jaguar tracks as they move.

Today there are still some remnants of the Jaguar Knights left in the world, men and women who have managed to preserve the ancient traditions and blood lines. Many of them harbor a deep resentment towards the rest of humanity, particularly the industrial giants they see raping their world. The modern Jaguar Knights are pariahs and outcasts, living on the fringes of society. Occasionally they will get up the nerve to strike out against the oppression they find around them.

RCS characters may run into the Jaguar half-breeds while investigating reports of anomalous jaguars being spotted in some big city. They find that the sightings are centered around a certain industrial plant that uses materials taken from a rapidly vanishing Central American rain forest. Soon guards and workers are being killed, seemingly by being clawed to death. In fact it is the Jaguar Knight half-breeds, using weapons made from the claws of dead jaguars. The characters have to catch them in the act before they can learn the truth of what is really going on.

Ritual of Transformation

**DF3**  **Threshold 2**  **Length: 30 minutes**

The caster creates an illusion that he or she is actually a jaguar. The caster can walk around as normal, but they will appear to be a jaguar walking on all fours. The caster is also levitated an inch off the ground, allowing them to move silently. The byproduct of this levitation is that it leaves behind tracks as if a jaguar had walked where the caster walked. The ritual lasts for twenty hours.

Typical Jaguar Knight

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Skills

- Barbarism 3
- Escape 3
- Gymnastics 3
- Martial Arts 4
- Tracking 4
- Shadow 3
- Stealth 3
- Melee Weapon 4
- Jaguar Claws: Fw(Str) damage

Ritual 4

Ritual of Transformation
**MOTHMAN**

The Mothman remains one of the most outlandish of cryptozoological phenomena, and yet one that holds a great deal of interest. The concept of the winged human goes back into ancient history, and is one of the most common motifs in western iconography from angels and demons to the Hawkman comic books. Not only is the winged man a symbol that perseveres, there are also a surprising number of sightings to support the belief that such creatures might actually exist. Over the past century, dozens of people have claimed to see winged men across the country and around the world. Are these just the fantasies of befuddled witnesses who mistake a crane or other bird for a winged man? Or do these “angels” really fly among us?

**ANGEL MAKER**

As the Atlanteans set out to explore the stars, each had his or her own agenda, some of them quite strange indeed. When they came to Earth many of these interstellar explorers decided to give godhood a try for a while. They spent years lording over the lowly earthlings, flaunting their nanotech enhanced abilities. Unfortunately for one intrepid Atlantean explorer, he arrived too late to get in on the easy part of the game. Humans had grown up, and were no longer easily impressed by simple tricks. What’s more, they had grown dangerous, capable of possibly hurting, or maybe even destroying an Atlantean. Perish the thought! Worse yet, there were others on the planet, extraterrestrials who could definitely hurt and even kill an Atlantean who wasn’t particularly careful about his actions.

Our hero decided that it was best to try and keep a low profile. Still the idea of playing god appealed to him. He looked into the religions prevailing at the time, and found the symbols of Christianity to be most attractive. He settled in the heart of a religious area (West Virginia) and set about making himself God. Although he might have been late arriving, he was not stupid. He knew not to expose himself in his scheme for playing God. He had read the bible and he knew that God seldom made a face-to-face appearance. For that he had servants and prophets. Now prophets seemed quite boring to him, so he went with those wonderful servants: the angels.

In order to make his angels, he would need a few human subjects. He set out to find some lonesome fellow whose life was already to the point that it wasn’t worth living. He chose the one and only Randolph Carver, a Ph.D. candidate turned drugged derelict who somehow ended up in rural West Virginia. As our Atlantean hero (anti-hero?) guessed, no one would miss poor Randolph. The former grad student woke from his drunken stupor to discover himself in some kind of laboratory. It was like waking into a bad science fiction movie; strange looking guy in a silver jump suit included. Randolph fainted dead away.

Things only went down hill from there. The Atlantean knew that Angels were supposed to have wings, but he was only partially settled on how he was going to accomplish this feat. He had the wings ready, beautiful butterfly wings suitably sized for an adult male (he’d never been much for feathers). He then designed some nanomachines to attach the wings, build the appropriate muscle structure, and modify the human subject for flight. He was already to make his first angel.

As it turned out, things did not go quite as expected. The Atlantean was very good at programming his own nanomachines, but modifying them for humans proved difficult. His theories were sound, but his application proved to be a little rough. The nanomachines attached the wings and built up the muscle and nervous system needed to operate them. They also went ahead and made a number of other adjustments to the human subject. They distorted its face horribly, and gave it piercing red eyes that had the side effect of being able to see in the dark. Hands were turned into claws, and the subject’s brain underwent some significant modification. It seems that the Atlantean actually took some shortcuts in designing his angel, borrowing some nanomachine programs from another Atlantean who had a penchant for making harpies back in Bronze Age Greece. The result was that the former Randolph Carver became the new and less than improved Mothman.

Poor Randolph went berserk. With his nanotech enhanced strength he burst from the lab and flew free. The Atlantean was heartbroken, his grand attempt at creating an angel had proven a complete failure. The alien became alternatively angry and depressed, and then another, completely different project caught his attention. He abandoned the lab entirely and moved on to greener pastures.

Meanwhile, Randolph was left to his own devices. He spent the next few nights trying to make contact with some of the local humans. In his confused and damaged state of mind he did not realize what a terrifying monster he had become. Only after several witnesses had run away in terror did Randolph begin to figure out just how bad things were. He chanced to see himself in a still pool one moon-lit night, and scared himself half to death.

Depressed, despondent, and badly in need of a drink, Randolph flew off into the night, vowing never to bother decent folks again with his horrible visage. For decades he lived in the forests and wild country of West Virginia, avoiding humanity as much as possible. He would occasionally slip into a feral state for years on end, becoming an animal in every sense of the word. Every so often the sight of civilization would jar him back to his sense and he would grieve for his lost humanity. But Randolph was not the kind to give up and kill himself. He had hoped that he would just curl up and die eventually; that nature would reject the abomination he had become. Unfortunately the nanomachines that coursed through his system had no intention of letting poor Randolph go quietly into the night. They fought off disease, infection, and even the detrimental effects of old age.
Recently Randolph has begun to assume that he cannot die a natural death. Likewise Randolph has decided that it is unlikely that he will be able to hold on to his sanity forever without some kind of human contact. He has resolved to make a go of it, and has once again started poking around human settlements. He hopes to find some poor understanding soul who will take pity on him. Unfortunately, the horrible disfigurement the nanomachines wrought on him make it impossible for him to speak. His clawed hands making writing difficult but not impossible. He has begun leaving message scrawled on rocks or in the dirt. These are nearly ineligible, desperate pleas for help.

The players might learn that there have been new reports of Mothman activity in the strange creature’s old stomping grounds of West Virginia. There are reports of the creature being seen outside homes and on the side of remote country roads. The characters decide to investigate for whatever reason: cryptozoological interest, reports of UFO activity in the region, fear of Pilosi attacking humanity, or whatever else might motivate them. Of course the Titanidae are interested in these new reports, as is the RCS (although less so).

You can see how things will get real complicated real quick. Randolph will attempt to make contact with one or more of the parties searching for him. He will leave cryptic notes in the wood — arranging sticks or rocks to form letters, scrawling on the side of trees, etc. He tries to express the idea that he is a friendly fellow just looking for company, but his English has grown rusty. Typical messages would be "ME NO HURT" or "ME LIKE," missives that are open to interpretation. The Titanidae are not about to negotiate. They want to kill this thing from beyond time and space (so they think). The RCS simply wants to capture it. Meanwhile, it is possible that all of the excitement has caught the attention of the Atlantean who created the Mothman. He comes to either try and redeem his creation or destroy it, and may even enlist the players to help him.

**WINGS OVER SAN JOSE**

Of course all that stuff about a Mothman might just be hysteria. There never was and never will be a Mothman. The fact of the matter is, what the witnesses saw was a bird, nothing more, nothing less. But now, fueled by decades of myth about the Mothman, there have been several new sightings of the Mothman, this time in California. Campers, motorists and even a park ranger have all sworn they saw a flying man during the night.

Upon investigation, it turns out that the ranger had been drinking since one o’clock that afternoon. The motorists caught only a glimpse of the winged creature, and had recently read a newspaper account about the ranger’s sighting. The campers were a group of teenagers thought to be “untrustworthy” by the local paper. Nevertheless, there seems to be something going on here, and any good scientist or investigator will follow up any lead, no matter how unlikely. Perhaps the Mothman has returned.

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**Mothman (Randolph Carver)**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Str</th>
<th>Siz</th>
<th>Agl</th>
<th>Ref</th>
<th>Int</th>
<th>Will</th>
<th>Per</th>
<th>Luck</th>
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<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2/12</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Skills**
- Brawling 1
- Barbarism 3
- Stealth 3
- Survival (Temperate) 3

**Traits**
- Blood Surgeon
- Bio Battery
- Aspect Modification

The Mothman has been granted the ability to fly by his Atlantean nanotech. He can achieve a height of one thousand feet and speeds up to 50 miles per hour. He may go no slower than 15 miles per hour. Carver may carry his own personal effects and up to 200 pounds of extra stuff, including people. Flight is connected to his Bio Battery. Any flight with a duration of over 10 rounds works the same as over-exertion on a human's Bio Battery and Randolph must make the appropriate tests.
We of course know he hasn't, we just got done saying there is no Mothman. The truth is that what all these people are seeing are California Condors, the largest birds in the Western Hemisphere. The condors have a wingspan of ten feet and a body length of four feet, on average. These are big birds. They are also endangered birds, their numbers ever decreasing. They tend to keep their distance from centers of population and it is rare for anyone to see one up close. At least until now.

For several years there has been an ongoing effort by conservationists to restore the condor population to its former glory by breeding the majestic birds in captivity and then setting them free. This program has received a fair amount of favorable press and no one would suspect the truth about what is going on in these breeding facilities.

The fact is, there is a somewhat dubious plan being undertaken by the U.S. military in one of the breeding facilities. It is headed up by some of the same folk who approved the W.W.II era "Eyes and Ears" program of experimentation on animals. Not only are condors being bred, but they are also being trained. Not only are they being trained, but they are being modified. The researchers are training the condors to come to a specific area and stay and watch humans there. They can then be told to fly on to another location or whatever else is necessary. The scientists have inserted a small device into the brains of the condors which sends them signals when activated from a remote source. The condors are trained to react in certain ways to the signals. Additionally, the scientists have equipped the condors with tiny cameras, disguised within the birds feathers (the latest in micro-videography). These allow the scientists to see whatever the condors see.

The goal of all this research? Creating spies. The condors can be sent to specific locations and watch the movements of specific men: criminals, important scientists, alleged spies, and so forth. The concept behind this is that no one will pay attention to a bird, and even if they do no one will kill a condor because it's a protected species. The scientists would probably prefer to use a smaller bird, but so far they have not been able to reduce the size of their equipment to the point where it will fit on anything much smaller than a giant condor. Right now the scientists are performing beta tests on the birds, sending them to survey randomly chosen humans. The unfortunate side effect of this program has been the rapid increase in Mothman sightings. The RCS and Titanidae send in people to investigate the sightings. They start poking around and staking out the locations of the sightings. They may even start to look into the facility that breeds and trains the condors. Unfortunately for our hapless investigators, the agency behind the program is none other than the Black Book. They're not too happy about all this snooping around and start killing people off and quietly disposing of the bodies. The players figure out that something is up and may even break into the breeding facility to find out the truth behind the condor operation. Fortunately for them, the scientists have not figured out how to make the birds attack. Or have they...
APPENDIX: NEW RULES AND CHARTS

INCARNATE POWERS

FLIGHT
This ability enables the Incarnate to propel itself into the air and remain airborne while moving. Maximum altitude is one thousand feet and speeds of 40 mile per hour can be achieved. The corrupted flyer may go no slower than 15 miles per hour. Incarnate may not carry more than personal effects unless they spend 1SP, which allows them to carry extra weight equal to their own. The duration of flight depends upon the SP spent, 1SP allows 1D6 minutes, 2SP allows 2D6*5 minutes, and 3SP allows 2D6 hours.

TRAITS

PSYCH PROFILE

ACADEMIC OUTCAST
Value: 5CP
You once tried to pursue a career in traditional academia, but your interest in cryptozoology made you a pariah among your peers. It is now impossible for you to gain respect in traditional academic circles. You will be laughed out of most conferences, and even old friends want nothing to do with you. This makes research using resources outside of the RCS more difficult: subtract 2 from the Target number of any Research test.

PAST LIVES
Cost: 5CP (non-Titanidae) 8CP (Titanidae)
The character has past lives which can be accessed through hypnosis. This is a sign of great prestige among the Titanidae, and adds 1 to the Target Number of all tests involving Influence within that organization. Accessing the past lives can provide the character with information about the past, and possibly even clues to current events. Much like a dream, these past life regressions often unlock hidden or subconscious memories in the character. The exact information learned, of course, is left to the discretion of the Game Master.

PROBATIONARY STATUS
Value: 10CP
You have done something to upset the rest of the Society. As a result, you are on probation. The Board carefully monitors all of your activities and your fellow members view you with disdain. You cannot under any circumstances lead an RCS-sponsored mission while on probation, and all Influence tests are made at +1Df. The only way to lift probation is to somehow prove your worthiness to the RCS, usually by making a substantial cryptozoological discovery.

SOCIETY PROTÉGÉ
Cost: 15CP
During your early years in school you showed significant promise to the field of cryptozoology. You caught the attention of the RCS and received a variety of scholarships and research grants over the years. You have had several articles published in the Journal and have even gone on RCS-sponsored expeditions. All this has earned you significant prestige within the Society. You are generally well liked and accepted by those around you. This lowers the difficulty of all Influence checks targeting the RCS by one. It also means that you are given preferential access to RCS funds and resources.

TITANIDAЕ MOLE
Value: 35CP
The character has actually been subverted by the Titanidae subconscious psychic blocks. The character suffers periodic blackouts during which time she is actually reporting back to the Titanidae all that she knows about Aegis and its activities. These blackouts usually occur while the player thinks she is asleep, so she does not even realize what is happening. The character may even be subject to other psychic triggers, such as giving false information to Aegis or even a command word that will cause her to go on a homicidal killing spree. Her mind is not always her own anymore, although it would take prolonged examination by a Greater Telepath to determine this.
RITUALS

RITUAL EARTH MOVING
Df3  Threshold 4  Length: 1 hour
Effect: This ritual allows the Pilosi to tunnel through rock at an accelerated rate, creating 100 yards of tunnel in only an hour. A Pilosi can sustain this pace for about 8 hours before it must rest for at least 24 hours. The rock and earth simply melt away, becoming extraordinarily dense around the tunnel walls. Prolonged use of this ritual can create large underground caverns and warrens. Pilosi are also able to use this power to close off the tunnel behind them.

RITUAL ILLUSION, MAJOR
Df4  Threshold 6  Length: 24 hours
Effect: For each Pilosi participating, the area affected increases by one quarter of a mile. The ritual allows the Pilosi to control the appearance of everything within the area of the ritual at the time of the casting. Anyone coming into the area will see things as the Pilosi wish. The ritual can even change the appearance of the beings, making horses appear as unicorns, or Pilosi appear to be dear or bears, as long as they remain within the area of the ritual. The effects last for three days.

RITUAL ILLUSION, MINOR
Df2  Threshold 4  Length: 1 hour
Effect: This ritual allows the Pilosi to change his or her own appearance to any other animal or even a person. Pilosi sometimes take the form of faeries, trolls, humans, large dogs, or anything else they find convenient. The Pilosi does not gain any abilities of the form they assume since it is only an illusion (they cannot fly if they make themselves look like a bird; that would require a levitation-type ritual). The effects last until the next sunrise or sunset.

RITUAL OF MIND WIPING
Df3  Threshold 2  Length: 5 minute
Effect: Mind wiping allows the Pilosi to make a human forget that they have ever seen the Pilosi. All of the human’s memories of the Pilosi in the past twenty-four hours are completely erased from the conscious mind. Memory editing requires the Pilosi to test the target’s Willpower against their own. Voids and Psinks have their effective Willpower increased by one for purposes of this test. Psychics will realize that something is going on, but not exactly what. Performing the mind manipulation ritual takes five minutes, during which time the Pilosi meditates and performs the somatic aspects of the ritual. During this time the target must remain in the sage’s line of sight. Pilosi can also combine their powers and perform group rituals. Group rituals usually take longer to perform as the Pilosi attune to each other’s souls. Each additional Pilosi adds one to the Target Number of the Pilosi’s Willpower test and five minutes to the casting time of the ritual. For every three humans to be affected, the Target Number goes down by one.

RITUAL SKIN OF STONE
Df3  Threshold 3  Length: 1 hour
Effect: This ritual creates magical Level 4 Body Armor for one recipient. The stone skin lasts until the next sunrise.

RITUAL OF TRANSFORMATION
Df3  Threshold 2  Length: 30 minutes
The caster creates an illusion that he or she is actually a jaguar. The caster can walk around as normal, but they will appear to be a jaguar walking on all fours. The caster is also levitated an inch off the ground, allowing them to move silently. The byproduct of this levitation is that it leaves behind tracks as if a jaguar had walked where the caster walked. The ritual lasts for twenty hours.
COMBAT

SAVAGERY

Animal combat is handled much the same as hand to hand combat for characters. An animal makes the same attack roll a character makes, but uses its Savagery skill instead of Brawling or Martial Arts. Different animals have different damages for the same attack forms, so no common damage code is provided here. Check the individual animal statistics for the damage code.

Bite (Ref) Df2. This most natural of all animal attacks can literally tear a defender apart. Many animals will rip into flesh and take great chunks out. Some animals further require that the defender make a disease/poison check. Make a Siz(Wil) check against the Df of the disease/poison, if failed then suffer the effects listed.

Claw (Agl) Df1. Never underestimate the claw attack from any creature. Even the smallest of animals can turn a claw strike into a fearsome attack. This attack is a quick swipe of the animal’s claw which draws blood and causes much pain. Some animals further require that a defendant make a disease/poison check. Make a Siz(Wil) check against the Df of the disease/poison, if failed then suffer the effects listed.

Dodge (Ref) Df=Attacker’s Skill. This skill is an instinctive maneuver for most creatures.

Gore (Ref) Df2. Many creatures are born with some type of natural weapon. From a rhino’s horn, to an elephant’s tusk, to an elk’s antlers of an elk, this form of attack can cause severe wounds.

Grapple (Agl) Df2. This is equivalent to the Brawling move Grab. It may take the form of a bear hug, constriction from a python, or when a sea serpent lifts you up by its jaws. Most of these forms may be used to do damage starting the round after they successfully hit. The attacker may apply such damage or not, depending on its whim at the time. Break moves may be used to get out of this form of attack.

Kick (Agl) Df2. This attack can take many different forms. Examples are the two-hoof kick from a jackass, or a mighty swing of an elephant’s leg.

Pounce (Agl) Df=Defender’s Size. With a quick leap an animal can be on a defender in an instant. The animal will use its weight and momentum to drop the defender to the ground. If a successful attack is made, the defender must make a Siz(Str) test versus the attacker’s Siz(Str). If the defender fails, the attacker has landed on her and the defender is knocked prone. When used as part of a combo this attack form may only be first, and may only be followed by one other attack, most likely a bite, claw, or rake.

Rake (Str) Df2. Some animals will rake either their front claws or hind claws after a successful attack. This form almost never appears on its own but rather follows two claw attacks in a deadly Savagery combo.

Ram (Str) Df=Defender’s Reflexes. More deadly than the Trample is the Ram. A creature targets a single defender and attempts to knock him over with a great force. After a successful Ram, the defender must make a Siz(Str) test versus the attackers Siz(Str) to remain standing. This attack form may not be part of a combo.

Stomp (Agl) Df3. Only performable by creatures with a size of 5 or greater, this attack involves the creature using one of its legs to pound a defender into a dark splotch. The defender must be 4 Sizes smaller, or 1 Size smaller and lying on the ground for the attacker use a Stomp attack. This attack form may not be included in a combo.

Trample (Ref) Df3. This terrifying charge will break the will of many a seasoned veteran. The animal charges a defender(s) and attempts to run her over. All defenders trampled must be at least 1 Size lower than the attacker, or equal Size or lower and lying on the ground. If standing when being trampled, the defender must make a Siz(Str) test versus the attackers Siz(Str). If successful, the defender suffers the first damage code listed. If lying down or unsuccessful, the victim suffers the second damage code. This attack form may not be included in a combo.

SAVAGERY COMBOS

Creating combos with the creatures of Cryptozoology is much like that of the characters. Except that most creatures with Savagery have less moves to create them. When creating combos there is very little guidelines other than try to make the combos believable.

Examples of Savagery Combo’s

Puma: Pounce-Bite

Claw-Claw-Rake

Bear: Hug-Bite
Barbarism

Although not necessarily barbarians, some humanoid's forms of close combat have been termed Barbarism by more sophisticated combatants. When compared to the modern, refined forms of Martial Arts and Brawling, most Pilosi or Hominid fighting forms might seem barbaric. They are nonetheless dangerous.

Given the general peacefulness of hominid society, those that use Barbarism have not developed complex maneuvers. They have very simple attack forms that utilize their natural strength combined with natural or man-made weapons.

**Bite** (Ref) Df2. Most civilized persons find this form of attack repulsive, but those that use it know its effectiveness. Damage is Fw2.

**Break** (Str) Df4. This attack deals a savage blow to a defender using either the attacker's or defender's momentum, or both. A successful Grab must be performed before a Break can be executed. Damage done is Bk(Str).

**Break-Free** (Str) Df=Opponent's Strength. A pure test of an attacker's savagery versus a defender's brute strength. A success here will free the attacker from his grasp.

**Body Block** (Str) Df=Opponent's Reflexes. The attacker attempts to smash into the defender and use its Size to damage her. Damage is Tw(Siz). If a successful attack is made, the defender must make a Siz(Str) test versus the attacker's Siz(Str). If failed, the defender is knocked prone.

**Dodge** (Ref) Df=Attacker's Reflexes. Not trained to counter an opponent's skill, those who use barbarism learn to dodge the reflexes of the attacker. The barbarian is much better at it than civilized persons.

**Grab** (Str) Df3. Not overly familiar with close combat, the barbarian's attempt at grabbing is much harder than that of a trained opponent.

**Head-Butt** (Str) Df2. This technique is a natural form of attack for those in the wild. Unlike civilized combat, this move does not require that the defender be Grabbed first. It does Br(Str) damage to the defender's head and Br2 damage to the attacker's head. Any resulting stun test for either combatant suffers a +1Df penalty.

**Kick** (Ref) Df3. The barbarian is most likely to only kick a defender who is on the ground as their Kick moves are not very sophisticated. Damage is Tw(Str).

**Punch** (Ref) Df1. Many forms of punches are used, all resulting in the same damage. Damage is Br(Str).

**Primitive Weapon Block** (Str) Df=Attacker's Skill. This is how the unsophisticated barbarian uses weapons. This skill is used when the defender attempts to block an attack with a weapon.

**Primitive Weapon Strike** (Str) Df=Opponent's Reflexes. This is how the unsophisticated barbarian uses weapons. The attacker uses a natural or man-made weapon to wreck havoc on the defender.

### Barbarism Combos

Barbarism combos are more related to those of the players than Savagery. When creating Barbarism combos realize that many of the creatures that use barbarism have never been formally trained and as such may not think of complex fighting techniques. To represent this all Barbarism combos are limited to two or three maneuvers.

### Bestiary

**Introduction**

The following animal statistics are provided for those wanting to introduce a natural and more familiar antagonist to their campaign. Of course, the characters need not realize that the creature waiting in the brush is not an alien, Incarnate or cryptozoological phenomenon. The following statistics may also be used for those creatures, like the experimental animal spies, who are familiar but no longer completely natural.

Also included are the statistics for the cryptozoological creatures detailed in this book. The following list provides an easy reference list.

Animals are treated as humans for purposes of attributes and skills. As discussed above, however, their attack forms fall under the labels Savagery or Barbarism. Where the attack form lists certain moves, the animal is limited to those actions. For example, a black bear has no Stomp, Rake or Grab attack. Damage codes and any poison effects are given where applicable.
**Alligator**
- **Str**: 4
- **Agl**: 4
- **Int**: 2
- **Per**: 4
- **Siz**: 3
- **Ref**: 4
- **Will**: 2
- **Luck none**

**Skills**
- Sneak (water only): 3
- Hide (water): 3
- Hide (other): 2

**Combat**
- Savagery: 3
- Bite (Sp2)
- Armor Rating: 2

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**Bear, Black**
- **Str**: 4
- **Agl**: 3
- **Int**: 2
- **Per**: 4
- **Siz**: 4
- **Ref**: 3
- **Will**: 3
- **Luck none**

**Skills**
- Climb: 3
- Track: 4

**Combat**
- Savagery: 3
- Bite (Wn3)
- Claw (Wn3)
- Armor Rating: 2

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**Bear, Brown**
- **Str**: 4
- **Agl**: 3
- **Int**: 2
- **Per**: 4
- **Siz**: 4
- **Ref**: 3
- **Will**: 3
- **Luck none**

**Skills**
- Climb: 3
- Track: 4

**Combat**
- Savagery: 3
- Bite (Wn3)
- Claw (Wn4)
- Armor Rating: 2

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**Bear, Grizzly**
- **Str**: 6
- **Agl**: 3
- **Int**: 2
- **Per**: 4
- **Siz**: 5
- **Ref**: 3
- **Will**: 3
- **Luck none**

**Skills**
- Climb: 2
- Track: 4

**Combat**
- Savagery: 4
- Bite (Wn4)
- Claw (Wn4)
- Grab (bear hug) (Tw4)*
- Armor Rating: 2

*Besides hug damage the Grizzly may also bite a held defender at -1Df

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**Bear, Polar**
- **Str**: 6
- **Agl**: 3
- **Int**: 2
- **Per**: 4
- **Siz**: 6
- **Ref**: 3
- **Will**: 3
- **Luck none**

**Skills**
- Climb: 2
- Track: 4

**Combat**
- Savagery: 4
- Bite (Wn5)
- Claw (Wn4)
- Grab (bear hug) (Bk3)*
- Armor Rating: 2

*Besides hug damage the Grizzly may also bite a held defender at -1Df
**Knocked Prone**

When a combatant is knocked to the ground, the only moves allowed are: Block, Break (to counter a hold), Choke, Dirty Blow, Dodge, Flip, Grab, Head-Butt, Punch, Smash, and Sweep. These moves suffer a +1Df penalty. Alternatively, the character may use his action to get to his feet, though this forgoes any other offensive attack.

If the attacker remains on the combatant such as a large cat might, then the GM may decide that some moves aren’t able to be performed. Also anyone or thing attacking a prone opponent gets a +1Df.
### Crocodile
- **Str**: 6
- **Agl**: 4
- **Int**: 2
- **Per**: 4
- **Siz**: 5
- **Ref**: 4
- **Will**: 2
- **Luck**: none

**Skills**
- **Sneak** (water only): 4
- **Hide** (water only): 4
- **Hide** (other): 2

**Combat**
- **Savagery**: 4
- **Bite** (Sp3)
- **Armor Rating**: 2

### Chupacabra
**Vampire/Goatsucker Incarnate**
- **Str**: 4
- **Agl**: 4
- **Int**: 2
- **Per**: 3
- **Siz**: 3
- **Ref**: 3
- **Will**: 3
- **Luck**: 2/12

**Skills**
- **Meditation**: 5
- **Stealth**: 4
- **Tracking**: 3

**Powers**
- **Frenzy**
- **Incarnate Powers**

**Combat**
- **Savagery**: 4
- **Bite** (Wn3)
- **Claw** (Wn4)

### Dog, Trained
- **Str**: 2-3
- **Agl**: 3
- **Int**: 2
- **Per**: 3
- **Siz**: 2-3
- **Ref**: 3
- **Will**: 2
- **Luck**: none

**Skills**
- **Tracking Dog**
- **Track (scent)**: 4

**Combat**
- **Tracking Dog**
- **Savagery**: 2
- **Bite** (Wn2)

- **Attack Dog**
- **Track (scent)**: 2

- **Guard Dog**
- **Sixth Sense**: 1

- **Savagery**: 3
- **Bite** (Wn3)
- **Pounce**

### Elephant
- **Str**: 7
- **Agl**: 2
- **Int**: 2
- **Per**: 3
- **Siz**: 7
- **Ref**: 2
- **Will**: 4
- **Luck**: none

**Combat**
- **Savagery**: 4
- **Trample** (Bk5)
- **Stomp** (Sp6)
- **Gore** (Wn5)
- **Grapple** (trunk)*

*If the elephant grapples with its trunk, the defender may be Gored or Stomped at -1Df.*
Gorillas
Str 5 Siz 4
Agl 3 Ref 3
Int 2 Will 3
Per 3 Luck none
Skills
Climb 4
Hide 3
Combat
Grab
Dodge
Bite (Wn3)
Punch (Tw4)
Primitive Weapon Block
Primitive Weapon Strike

Hominid, Large
Str 4 Siz 5
Agl 3 Ref 3
Int 3 Will 2
Per 3 Luck 2/12
Skills
Stealth 3
Tracking 3
Throw 3
Barbarism 4

Jaguar Knight, Typical
Str 4 Siz 3
Agl 4 Ref 3
Int 3 Will 3
Per 3 Luck 2/12
Skills
Barbarism 3 Escape 3
Gymnastics 3 Martial Arts 4
Tracking 4 Shadow 3
Stealth 5
Melee Weapon 4
Jaguar Claws: Fw(Str) damage
Ritual 4
Ritual of Transformation

Hominid, Man-sized
Str 3 Siz 3
Agl 4 Ref 3
Int 3 Will 2
Per 3 Luck 2/12
Skills
Barbarism 3 Stealth 3
Tracking 3 Throw 2
Make Primitive tools 3
Traits
High Pain Threshold

Jersey Devil, Benjamin Leeds
Str 4 Siz 4
Agl 3 Ref 3
Int 3 Will 2
Per 3 Luck 4/10
Skills
Stealth 4 Tracking 1
Brawling 3 Barbarism 3
Incarnate Powers
Flight Frenzy
Regeneration
Animal Control
Mothman (Randolph Carver)

- **Str**: 5
- **Siz**: 4
- **Agl**: 4
- **Ref**: 2
- **Int**: 3
- **Will**: 2
- **Per**: 4
- **Luck**: 2/12

**Skills**
- Brawling 1
- Barbarism 3
- Stealth 3

**Traits**
- Blood Surgeon
- Bio Battery
- Aspect Modification
- Survival (Temperate) 3

The Mothman has been granted the ability to fly by his Atlantean nanotech. He can achieve a height of one thousand feet and speeds up to 50 miles per hour. He may go no slower than 15 miles per hour. Carver may carry his own personal effects and up to 200 pounds of extra stuff, including people. Flight is connected to his Bio Battery. Any flight with a duration of over 10 rounds works the same as over-exertion on a human’s Bio Battery and Randolph must make the appropriate tests.

Mokele-Mbembe

- **Str**: 6
- **Siz**: 6
- **Agl**: 2
- **Ref**: 3
- **Int**: 1
- **Will**: 2
- **Per**: 3
- **Luck**: none

**Combat**
- Savagery 3
- Stomp (Sp5)
- Trample (Bk4)
- Claw (Wn5)
- Armor Rating 4

Nessie

- **Str**: 6
- **Siz**: 7
- **Agl**: 3
- **Ref**: 3
- **Int**: 2
- **Will**: 3
- **Per**: 3
- **Luck**: none

**Combat**
- Savagery 3
- Bite (Fw4)
- Claw (Tw4)
- Armor Rating 3

Ogopogo

- **Str**: 7
- **Siz**: 7
- **Agl**: 4
- **Ref**: 4
- **Int**: 4
- **Will**: 2
- **Per**: 5
- **Luck**: none

**Combat**
- Savagery 4
- Bite (Sp4)

Pilosi

- **Str**: 3-5
- **Siz**: 1-5
- **Agl**: 3
- **Ref**: 2-4
- **Int**: 3
- **Will**: 4-5
- **Per**: 3
- **Luck**: 2/12

**Skills**
- Barbarism 1
- First Aid 3
- Tracking 3
- Meditation 5
- Stealth 3

Each Pilosi will know a number of different rituals at a high level of proficiency (4 or 5). The specifics of these rituals are entirely up to the Game Master. Sample rituals appear elsewhere in this appendix.

The Mothman has been granted the ability to fly by his Atlantean nanotech. He can achieve a height of one thousand feet and speeds up to 50 miles per hour. He may go no slower than 15 miles per hour. Carver may carry his own personal effects and up to 200 pounds of extra stuff, including people. Flight is connected to his Bio Battery. Any flight with a duration of over 10 rounds works the same as over-exertion on a human’s Bio Battery and Randolph must make the appropriate tests.
**Rhino, Black**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Str</th>
<th>Siz</th>
<th>Agl</th>
<th>Ref</th>
<th>Int</th>
<th>Will</th>
<th>Per</th>
<th>Luck</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>none</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Skills**

- Sixth Sense 2

**Combat**

- Savagery 3
- Bite (Wn 3)
- Ram (Sp 4)
- Trample (Bk 5)
- Armor Rating 5

---

**Serpent, Atlantean**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Str</th>
<th>Siz</th>
<th>Agl</th>
<th>Ref</th>
<th>Int</th>
<th>Will</th>
<th>Per</th>
<th>Luck</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>none</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Combat**

- Savagery 5
- Bite (Sp4)
- Grapple (Tail) (Bk4) *
- Armor Rating 4

**Traits**

- Blood Surgeon
- Repair System

*The Atlantean Serpent must make one successful grapple. It then deals damage automatically every round after that until the grapple is broken.

---

**Serpent, Ogopogo**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Str</th>
<th>Siz</th>
<th>Agl</th>
<th>Ref</th>
<th>Int</th>
<th>Will</th>
<th>Per</th>
<th>Luck</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>none</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Combat**

- Savagery 4
- Bite (Sp4)
- Grapple (Br3) *
- Armor Rating 2

*The Ogopogo Serpent must make one successful grapple. It then deals damage automatically every round after that until the grapple is broken.

---

**Sea Serpent**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Str</th>
<th>Siz</th>
<th>Agl</th>
<th>Ref</th>
<th>Int</th>
<th>Will</th>
<th>Per</th>
<th>Luck</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>none</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Combat**

- Savagery 3
- Bite (Sp4)
- Grapple (Br3) *
- Armor Rating 2

*The Sea Serpent must make one successful grapple. It then deals damage automatically every round after that until the grapple is broken.

---

**Sirrush**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Str</th>
<th>Siz</th>
<th>Agl</th>
<th>Ref</th>
<th>Int</th>
<th>Will</th>
<th>Per</th>
<th>Luck</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>none</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Skills**

- Sneak(water) 4
- Hide(water) 4

**Combat**

- Savagery 4
- Bite (Wn6)
- Claw (Wn5)
- Armor Rating 2
Snake, Poisonous

Str 1  Siz 1
Agl 3  Ref 4
Int 2  Will 2
Per 3  Luck none

Skills
Sneak 5
Hide 4

Combat
Savagery 4
Bite (Fw1) Poison 3
(onset time 1D6 rounds, damage Wn5)

Snake, Python

Str 4  Siz 4
Agl 3  Ref 3
Int 2  Will 2
Per 2  Luck none

Skills
Sneak 5
Hide 4

Combat
Savagery 3
Grapple (Tw5)*

*Must successfully grapple twice before damage is dealt.

Wolves

Str 3  Siz 3
Agl 3  Ref 3
Int 2  Will 2
Per 4  Luck none

Skills
Track (by scent) 4

Combat
Savagery 3
Bite (Wn3)
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PAGES: 232

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