

NOT WITHOUT MY RIG

A BRP Lovecraftian Horror Adventure of Truckers, Tcho-Tchos and a Spider from Leng



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PRELUDE: TRUCKERS, TCHO-TCHOS AND A SPIDER FROM LENG

About the Adventure

Not Without My Rig is a Basic Roleplaying case of ordinary people against extraordinary trouble, set in Quebec City in 1986. The investigators are a crew of long-haul truckers — hard-working, foul-mouthed, loyal to each other — who make their living hauling freight across the US-Canada border. They know the routes, the docks, the diners and the people who work them. This is not a scholarly investigation by occult experts; it is a search for a missing friend that drags a group of blue-collar drivers into gangster ritualism, human trafficking, and a monster that should not exist outside dreams.

The tone is deliberately pulpy: think of B-movie monster hunts and 1980s kung-fu action cinema, where a mechanic, a trucker or a street kid can go toe-to-toe with something monstrous and grotesque and come out swinging. There is real horror underneath — the fate of six kidnapped sisters is genuinely tragic — but the surface register is fast, physical and a little absurd: hidden gangs, secret spider gods, mutant muscle, and a big rig used as a battering ram.

The player party for this edition is the trucking crew itself: Jax Denrec (the crew's boss, ex-mechanic and current small businessman), his girlfriend Anna Dunsteel, and truckers Mushafah Zahir and Mick O'Bradvik. No new pregenerated characters were commissioned for this edition; these four, along with the missing Mike Slade, form the investigative unit. Two further people are available to the Director as helpful, playable-in-spirit NPC allies rather than party members: Hunter Darrell, a professional finder of missing persons already engaged on a related search, and Minga, a streetwise twelve-year-old fixer who knows the docks and the local Asian community. Either can be brought in as a hired hand, a guide, or occasional extra gun, without displacing the crew as the true protagonists.

The initial problem is simple and personal: their friend and colleague Mike Slade has failed to show up for payday, and with him, his own rig has vanished. What begins as a missing-person favor becomes an unravelling of a trafficking front, a monstrous pet, and a slaughtered family of sisters — and ends, if the crew chooses to see it through, at gunpoint (or wrench-point) in front of a captive god from the Dreamlands.

Background: The Old Man and His Fossil

There is a growing tcho-tcho community in 1986 Canada, arriving from the Andaman Islands, Myanmar and elsewhere in Asia, largely shunned by other Asian communities and forced into the margins. One of these arrivals, an old man named Yán Míngwáng — literally "King of the Underworld" — has built a quiet fortune trafficking his own people: he smuggles tcho-tcho immigrants into the country and puts them to work in his string of small businesses, dangling citizenship in front of them for as long as it profits him. He knows exactly how he is exploiting them and does not care; he assumes, not without justice, that they would do the same in his position.

Yán's fortune has let him indulge a childhood obsession. Raised near the Andaman Islands, he grew up hearing of a fossil cave discovered in the 1920s, sacred to a tribe that worshipped a spider goddess. Among the fossils recovered there was one enormous specimen — a creature from the Dreamlands that had somehow slipped through some ancient gate and been trapped in stone ever since. Yán has wanted that fossil since he was a boy. As an old man with money, connections and a working knowledge of occult ritual, he finally arranged to import the largest fossil slab from India to his Quebec estate.

Once the fossil arrived, Yán's household hired an unwitting outside driver, Mike Slade, to haul the huge, canvas-wrapped disc from the docks to the mansion, since a job like that called for a trailer his own people did not have. To revive the fossil as a living pet, Yán performed the ritual *Call a Daughter of Atlach-Nacha*, a rite that must be cast beside the chosen fossil, takes ten minutes, and costs one point of magic per point of the fossil's SIZ — in this case, roughly sixty points. That is the entire true price of what he wanted. Instead, in his private madness, Yán decided that the revival deserved a grander sacrifice: matched, virginal, physically identical victims. He had his people kidnap the six identical Murville sisters and killed all six in the rite — an atrocity of vanity and obsession, not of necessity. The spider would have risen just as surely, and just as alive, from Yán's own magic alone. The Murville girls' deaths are entirely his indulgence.

Yán still believes what he has revived is merely an unusually large terrestrial spider — dangerous, yes, but an animal, a trophy, a pet to be fed on cattle and, if need be, on trespassers. He does not know, and there is no indication in his own occult reading that he suspects, that what actually rose from that fossil is a true spider of Leng, a creature of the Dreamlands with senses and hungers no ordinary arachnid possesses. This gap between his belief and the truth is not a secret the Director needs to withhold from the table — the Keeper should understand it clearly, since it explains why Yán feels safe keeping the thing in a garden dome rather than fearing it, and why his household treats feeding time as routine chore rather than dread.

Mike Slade, and the Beast at the Door

Mike Slade's part in all this was pure accident. Hired through intermediaries to move the wrapped fossil slab, he parked in the warehouse where the cargo would be transferred and, while looking for a bathroom, stumbled into a locked room holding six identical girls, sobbing and terrified. His discovery of the girls made enough noise that Yán's people realized he had seen them; Mike fled the warehouse without his rig, dove into the harbor to escape pursuit, and was battered against the rocks before stevedores fished him out half-drowned. He is alive, hospitalized, furious, and — crucially for later — willing to talk about everything he saw, because he has no idea what any of it actually means.

The household's other dangerous resident is Xiàng Rén, the "Elephant Man": a former devotee of Chaugnar Faugn from a Myanmar tcho-tcho village, whose years of dream-contact with that god left him grotesquely mutated and mentally



The Old Man and the Fossil

reduced to base instinct. Yán discovered him upon arriving illegally in Canada and took him in as muscle, keeping him obedient through a crude cycle of beatings and rewards — food, and the two captive women chained in his squalid room, whom he abuses without restraint or memory of consequence. Xiàng Rén does not scheme, plot or hesitate; he obeys Yán, he fights without any thought for his own survival, and his one meaningful weakness is sensory: his sense of smell, otherwise sharp, is dulled by the strong spices used throughout the household's kitchen, making a night approach to the grounds considerably safer than a daylight one.

Adventure Summary and Structure

The case unfolds across four connected movements, loosely tied by physical evidence rather than a fixed script. Investigators can skip ahead if they find a shortcut, and can also stall or backtrack; nothing here demands a strict order beyond the natural progression of leads.

The opening movement, at the docks and the hospital, is about establishing that something is wrong and getting the first solid facts: Mike never showed up for payday, port records and police channels (or a hired Hunter Darrell) can trace his rig's last known movements, and Mike's own hospital account supplies the crew's first real information — the pygmy-like clients, the huge disc-shaped cargo, the six identical girls, and the loss of his rig. This is quiet, procedural work punctuated by one visceral detail: the captive sisters Mike glimpsed.

The second movement takes the crew into the abandoned warehouse and from there to the Xi Zhū restaurant. The warehouse holds physical confirmation — tire tracks, an improvised holding cell, a torn scrap of unicorn-print fabric that ties directly to the missing Murville sisters — and its takeout wrappers point toward a restaurant that turns out to be a tcho-tcho-run front for money laundering and trafficking. Pressing the staff here risks real consequences: an evasive manager who may call in armed reinforcements from a nearby gambling den, and, if guns come out without a defensible reason, genuine legal trouble under Canadian firearms law that can cost the crew two days locked up regardless of how the fight went.

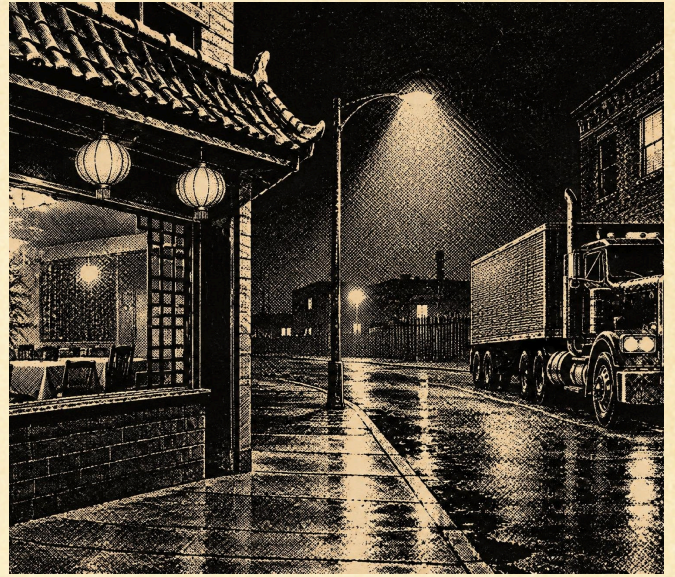
The third movement is the trail to the countryside: a buried invoice and an overheard answering-machine message point to a farm on Chemin des Lacs that unknowingly supplied cattle as spider feed, and from there — or from simple patrol and a lot of luck — to the isolated estate at Stoneham-et-Tewkesbury where Mike's stolen rig and a huge, vegetation-choked steel dome finally come into view.

The fourth movement is the mansion and the dome themselves: infiltrating or assaulting Yán Míngwáng's household, confronting Xiàng Rén and his captives, and finally entering the dome to find the truth of the fossil and the fate of the Murville sisters. Each movement can, in principle, be entered from more than one direction — a missed clue in the warehouse can be recovered through Hunter's police contacts, a stonewalled restaurant can still yield the farm invoice through

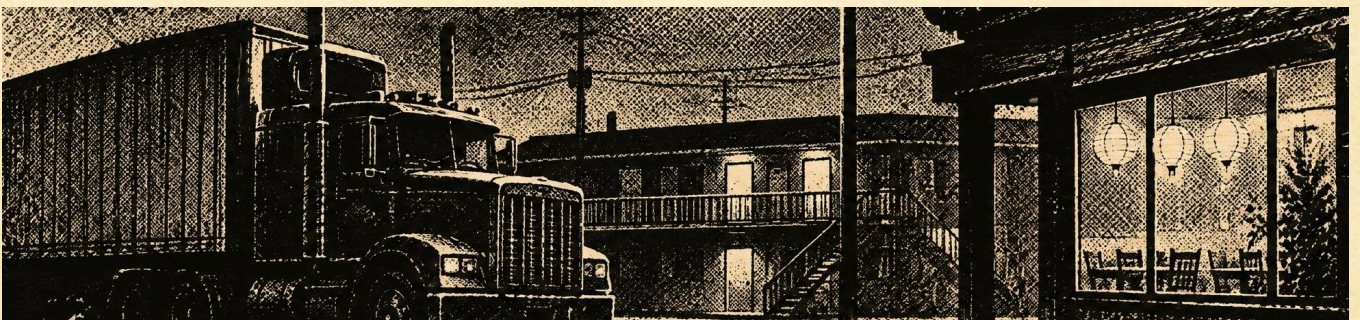
simple searching — so a stalled lead rarely needs to end the investigation outright.



The Xī Zhū Restaurant, Avenue Maguire



The Elephant Man's Room





Torn Unicorn Cloth

How to Run This Adventure

This scenario runs best as escalating physical action punctuated by quieter investigative beats, in the spirit of the films that inspired it — everyday people improvising against something absurdly larger than themselves. Do not rush the crew past the docks and hospital scenes; the personal stakes (a missing friend, an unpaid debt of loyalty) should be established before the horror properly begins. Once the restaurant and farm trail open up, keep pressure coming from consequences rather than clocks: nothing here is on a strict timer, but every rash decision — a drawn gun, a threatened farmer, a rammed door — has a visible cost that carries forward.

Firearms deserve particular attention. Jax and Hunter are the only members likely to carry legally licensed weapons, and Canadian law does not forgive gunplay in a private establishment without provable self-defense. If the crew shoots up the Xí Zhū restaurant and cannot make that case, expect an extreme Credit or Law roll to talk their way out on the spot; failing that, the crew spends two days in custody until Anna wires bail money from the United States or Minga organizes a collection among the dockworkers. Neither option should feel free — losing two days matters if the crew is racing anyone, and it colors how the household at the estate has time to prepare.

Mike Slade himself is a resource the Director can hold in reserve rather than a certainty. Once found and if freed, an enraged Mike can appear at the mansion or the dome to help the crew in a pinch — bursting in with fists, a borrowed weapon, or his own rig as a battering ram, exactly as in the films that inspired this case. But his fury is real and unstable: a failed Sanity roll leaves him fighting past all reason, emptying a weapon into an enemy that is already dead, until the Director judges him spent. Use him as a dramatic reversal when the crew is genuinely overmatched, not as an automatic rescue.

If the investigation stalls entirely, several natural threads remain open: Hunter Darrell's professional habits and police contacts can recover a missed clue at the warehouse or restaurant; Minga's dockside network and language skills can bridge a stuck social encounter; and Jimmy's farm, once found, is an easy, low-friction lead precisely because he assumes any truck that shows up is there to collect his cattle. Let each of these serve as a pressure valve rather than a guaranteed handout — they still require the crew to reach out and ask.

The Crew and the Starting Position

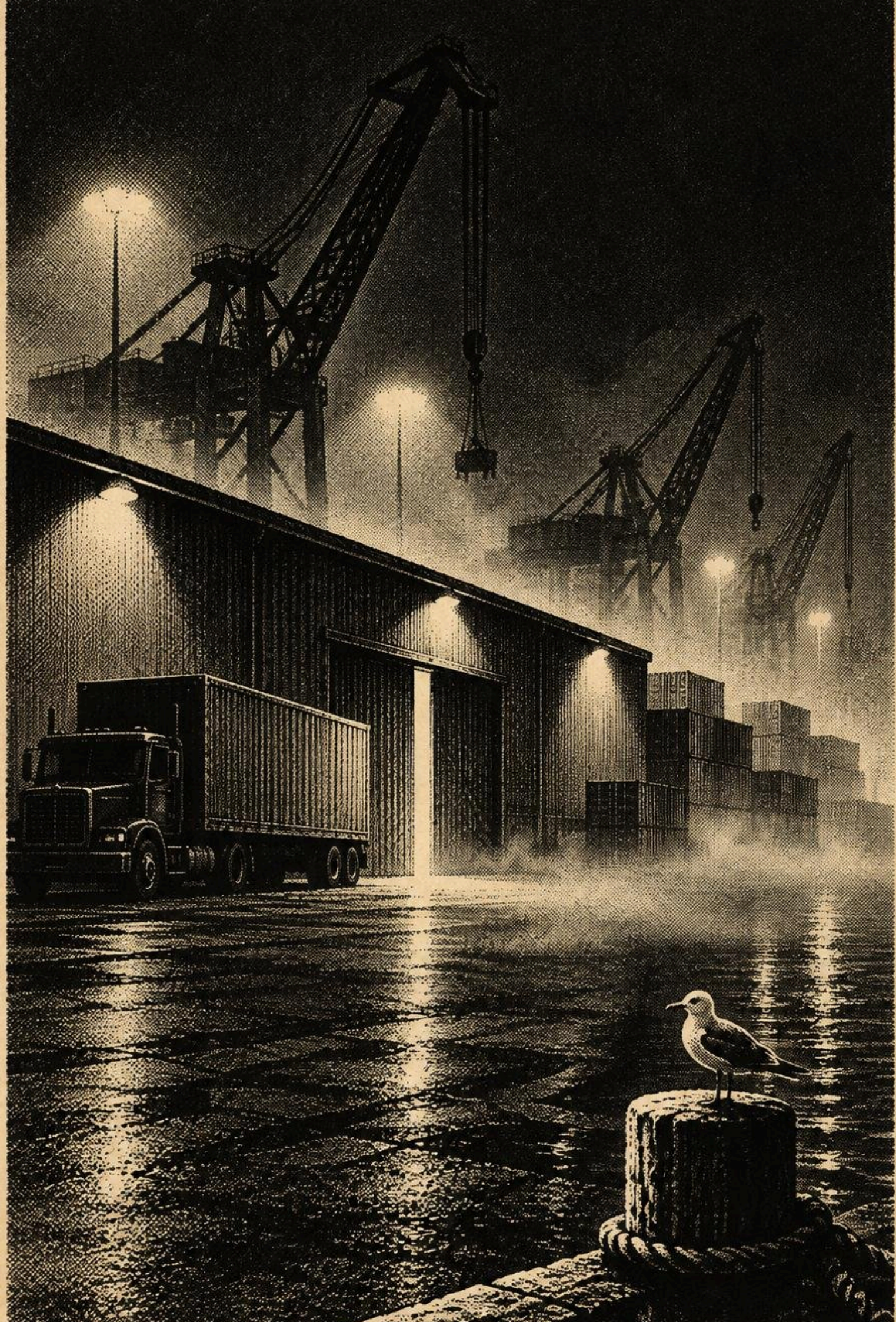
What holds this party together is simple and does not need inventing: they work for the same man, drive for the same company, and treat Mike Slade as one of their own. Jax Denrec is their boss and the practical center of the group — he has the car, the licensed handgun, and the mechanic's instincts to make sense of physical evidence. Anna Dunsteel is along because she is Jax's partner and because she has resources (money, charm, a level head) the crew will eventually need. Mushafah Zahir and Mick O'Bradvik are working truckers who know Mike well enough to be genuinely worried when he skips payday for the first time ever.

At the point where play begins, none of the crew know anything about Yán Míngwáng, the tcho-tcho, the fossil, the ritual, or the Murville sisters. All they know is what is common local knowledge — Hunter Darrell's ongoing, publicized search for six missing identical girls, which the crew has heard about on the radio and seen on posters and television, without yet connecting it to their own missing friend — and the one hard fact that young Minga can offer firsthand: two days ago he saw unpleasant, unfamiliar men loading something large and canvas-wrapped into Mike's own trailer at the docks. Nothing else has been discovered yet; the sextuplets' fate, Yán's true operation, and the nature of what waits under the dome remain entirely hidden from the investigators, to be earned through the leads described above.

Play begins at the docks on a Friday at midday, where three of the crew's four drivers have already gathered to collect their pay and enjoy a weekend off. Mushafah and Mick are killing time in the usual way — goading young Minga into his signature bar trick of dropping a hard-boiled egg into an empty beer bottle for money — while Jax and Anna arrive by car with the crew's pay in hand. Mike Slade is the one person missing, and as the friendly waiting turns into real worry, the investigation that fills the rest of this book begins.



Waiting on Payday



THE VANISHING OF MIKE SLADE

Payday at the Docks

It is Friday, just past noon, and the crew has drifted back to the Quebec City docks the way they always do at the end of a run: to collect their pay, swap complaints about the border crossing, and start the weekend properly. Mushafah Zahir and Mick O'Bradvik got there first and have already fallen into their usual pastime, egging on young Minga's signature hustle. The boy insists that with the right concentration he can drop a hard-boiled egg clean through the neck of an empty beer bottle, something he swears he has done dozens of times. The truckers are welcome to bet whatever they like on the outcome; Minga must succeed at a normal DEX roll to pull it off. If he fails, he immediately offers a double-or-nothing rematch, and keeps offering it for as long as anyone is willing to keep losing money to a twelve-year-old.

Jax Denrec arrives with his girlfriend Anna Dunsteel in his powder-blue 1960 Cadillac Eldorado Biarritz convertible, Anna's little dog Grom riding in her arms and the crew's pay tucked in her bag. Greetings and small talk follow the familiar rhythm of a hundred other Fridays. Then the group settles in to wait for the fourth trucker.

Mike Slade never shows.

Everybody knows Mike sometimes takes on side jobs when he has time to spare, chasing the kind of extra cash he tends to spend on bars and other minor vices, and nobody thinks twice about that habit. What nobody has ever known him to do is

miss a pay day. He simply does not do that, not once in the years the crew has worked together.

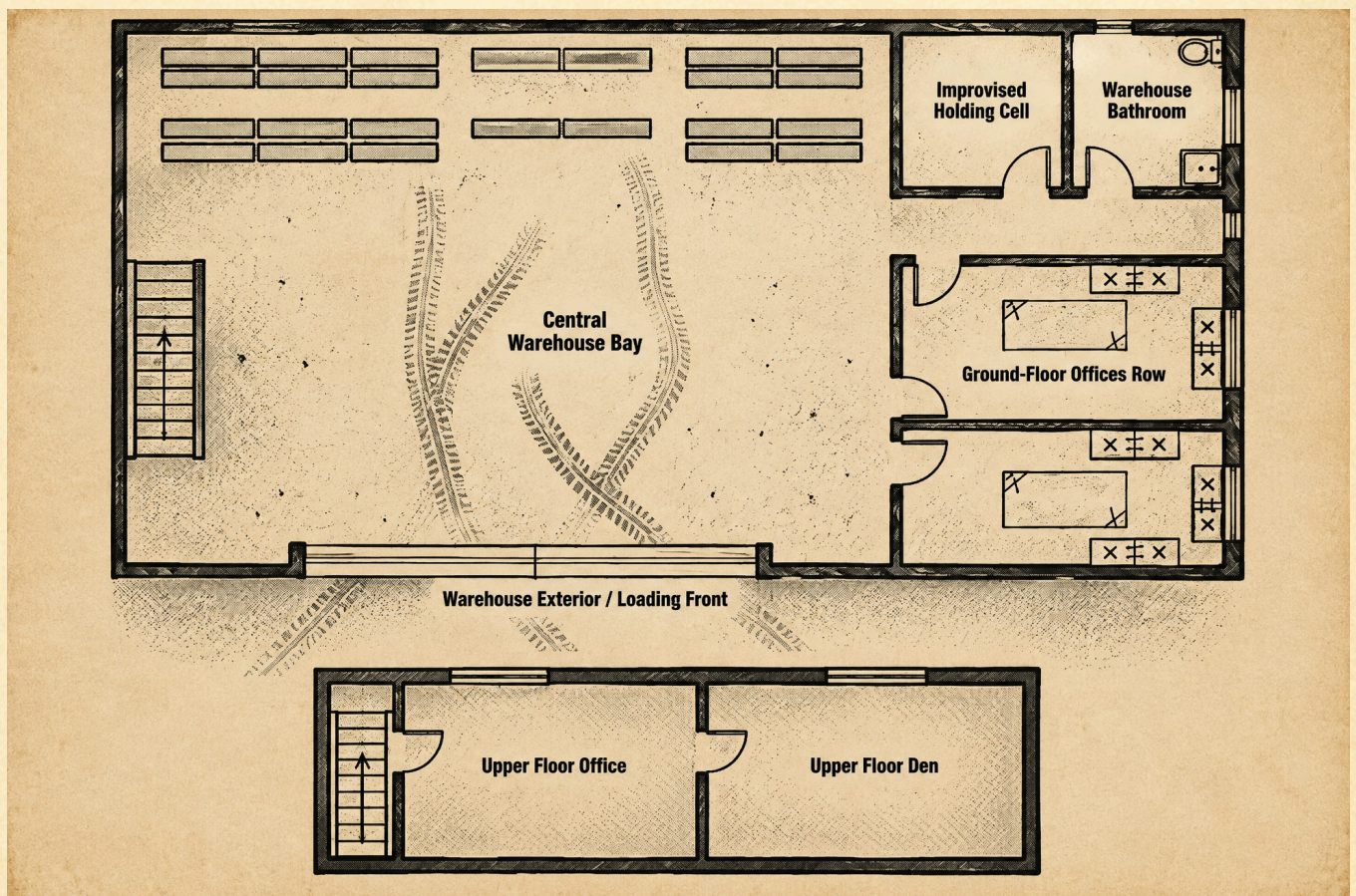
Minga has a piece of the puzzle, though he did not think much of it at the time. Two days ago he saw Mike at the docks, in too much of a hurry with some job to stop and talk or gamble. A handful of unpleasant-looking men — the kind the local Asian community tends to give a wide berth — were loading something bulky, wrapped in green canvas, into Mike's own trailer.

Put together, this points somewhere useful: a two-day-old job in a powerful rig cannot have carried Mike terribly far from the city. If the crew is worried — and by now, with Minga's account on the table, most groups will be — this is the moment the investigation properly begins. The Director should let the crew decide for themselves how to start looking, rather than steering them toward a single method; several genuinely useful routes are open at once.

SEARCHING FOR MIKE

Port Authority Records

Consulting the port authority is easy enough to arrange, though its records only log which vehicles enter and leave the docks, not which specific ships they were servicing. Checking the log does confirm one hard fact: Mike Slade's rig, plate P9626, was recorded on-site two days ago, arriving at 11:30 and departing at 13:43. The staff also remember Mike person-



Warehouse Floor Plan



Minga's Egg Trick

ally — he is outgoing enough that nobody who met him that day has forgotten the encounter.

Unfortunately, this is a busy port and a great many ships passed through around that window, so the log alone does not point to a single vessel. A difficult Spot roll against the paperwork picks out one particular ship's name standing out from the rest of the entries. The Director should note this name privately rather than reveal it outright; its significance only becomes clear once the investigators reach the Xi Zhū restaurant and the wider trafficking operation behind it, and it rewards a careful reader rather than handing over an immediate answer.

Police Missing-Person Channels

Reporting Mike's disappearance to the police sets a slower but reliable process in motion. Once a report is filed, the police check hospitals, border crossings and local precincts on the crew's behalf, and will contact whoever filed the report as soon as they learn anything concrete. This route requires no roll and costs nothing but a little patience — roughly a day — while the machinery of routine bureaucracy does the actual legwork.

Hiring Hunter Darrell

A third option is to call in Hunter Darrell directly. He is a well-known missing-persons finder along the American East Coast, currently in Quebec on a much larger and more publicized case: the search for the six identical Murville sisters. The crew has already heard his radio appeals, seen the sextuplets'

posters around town (each one printed with the phone number of the hotel where the detective is staying), and caught him on a local television segment as the case starts drawing wider attention.

Darrell can be reached with a single phone call. Although the Murville search occupies most of his time, a modest fee to track down one ordinary trucker looks to him like easy money, and he takes the job without hesitation. His working assumption, based on long experience, is that Mike is probably sleeping off a bad night or holed up in some cheap roadside motel. If the players are not running Darrell themselves, he simply follows the same investigative steps described here — port records, police contacts, hospital checks — and will happily suggest any of these avenues to the crew if they have not already thought of them.

Word from the Hospital

Whichever route the crew takes, the payoff arrives roughly a day after the initial report: the police call back to say that Mike Slade has been admitted to the Hôtel-Dieu de Québec, room 112. Dockworkers found him near the warehouses at 6:24 that morning, suffering from hypothermia and bruised in several places. The same stevedores who pulled him out of the water are the ones who notified the police in the first place; it is only by cross-referencing that report against the crew's own missing-person filing that the two cases get connected at all.

Mike Slade's Account

Mike is bedridden but lucid enough to talk, and once his friends are actually standing over him, he tells them everything — mostly out of relief at having someone to tell it to. Two days ago, he says, a handful of strange, short men, almost pygmy-like in build, hired him to haul something enormous on a rented flatbed platform: a huge stone disc, wrapped tight in canvas and lashed down with rope. He drove it into a warehouse by the docks, where the cargo was meant to be checked over before moving on to wherever it was actually going, once his employers confirmed nothing had been damaged in transit.

Mike parked the rig inside the empty warehouse. While the strange little men were occupied inspecting their cargo, he went looking for a bathroom — and found the wrong door instead. Behind it were six girls, all identical, sobbing and clearly terrified. They made enough noise, or he did, that the men outside realized he had seen them. He ran, leaving his rig behind, and eventually threw himself into the harbor to get away from whoever was chasing him. The surf slammed him against the rocks before he managed to drag himself out, half-drowned but alive.

"I already told the cops all of it," Mike says, wincing as he shifts in the bed. "I don't know if they're doing a damn thing about it. Everything hurts and I can't come with you right now — but whoever took my rig, I want to rip their head off with my own hands." His fury is genuine and, for now, entirely useless to him; it is a resource the Director can bring back into play later if Mike is ever freed to act on it in person.

Reading Mike's Testimony

Mike has no idea what he actually witnessed, and neither does the Director need to explain it to the crew yet. Six identical, sobbing girls, held prisoner near the docks, line up unmistakably with the Murville sextuplets that Hunter Darrell — or the local news — has been publicizing for weeks. Any investigator who has heard of that search should be given the chance to make that connection unprompted; it turns an already worrying story about a stolen rig into something considerably more urgent.

The huge stone disc Mike describes is the sealed fossil slab that Yán Míngwáng imported from the Andaman Islands. Mike was never meant to see any of it — the girls' cell and the cargo transfer both happened in the same warehouse purely by unlucky coincidence of scheduling, and his discovery is the reason the fossil's escort reacted with such violence. None of this need be stated outright; it becomes clear, or clearer, once the crew reaches the warehouse itself.

A WAREHOUSE BY THE DOCKS

Getting Inside

With Mike's account of the six girls on the table, it makes complete sense for Hunter Darrell — if he has been brought



Mike Slade's Hospital Bed

into things — to want to see the warehouse for himself, and the crew has every reason to want the same. Getting past the police tape or a lingering guard can go several ways, and none of them need be forced.

Hunter can attempt an extreme Credit roll, leaning on his professional reputation and his standing with the authorities to get himself waved through for a look around. Alternatively, anyone in the group can approach the officer keeping watch directly and try a Charm roll — or a straightforward bribe, if the crew would rather spend money than words — to talk their way in; a success on this second approach is generous enough to bring the whole group in together, not just the one making the roll.

If neither of those works, or the crew would simply rather not deal with the guard at all, Minga is more than happy to help. Distraction and misdirection are exactly his specialty, and he is eager to do right by Mike, who always brings him back some small souvenir from wherever his routes take him. A successful Fast Talk or Stealth roll from Minga — engaging the guard in conversation, staging a commotion elsewhere, or simply slipping past unnoticed — buys the rest of the crew the opening they need to get inside unseen.

A Girl's Cloth Among the Debris

Once inside, it does not take long to find the room that matters most. One of the ground-floor offices has been crudely converted into a holding cell: a hole cut through the door and another through the adjoining wall let a chain run from outside, secured with a padlock that now hangs open. Nobody bothered to clean up before whoever ran this place cleared out.

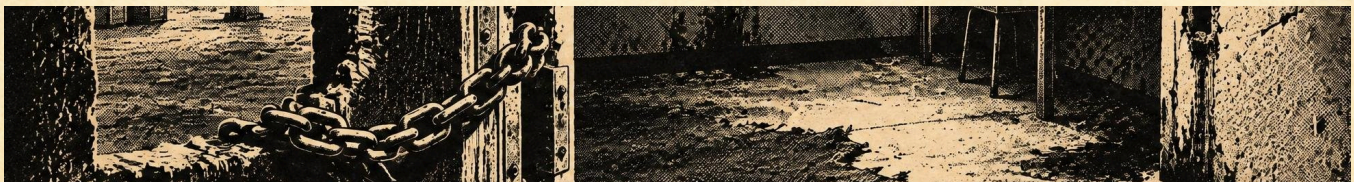
Inside there is little but a scattering of food scraps, two grey, gnawed rugs, dried urine stains in two corners, and a stench thick enough to draw a swarm of flies. Caught among the debris is a small scrap of white fabric printed with the head of a pink unicorn, unmistakably torn from a child's dress. It is a small, ugly detail, and precisely the kind of thing Hunter Darrell — or anyone who has seen the missing-persons posters — will recognize as significant: the Murville family described their daughters' clothing to the police in exactly this kind of specific, sentimental detail, right down to a matching set of unicorn-print dresses the six sisters wore as a set. Confirming that match later, through the family or through police records, removes any lingering doubt that Mike Slade's six sobbing girls were the missing sextuplets.

The rest of the warehouse — its tire tracks, the damaged corner outside where the stolen rig was clearly backed out in a hurry, the empty offices, and the guards' abandoned upstairs den — holds further physical confirmation that Mike's rig was here and was driven off toward wherever it went next. Investigating that evidence thoroughly, and following it onward, is where the case properly continues.



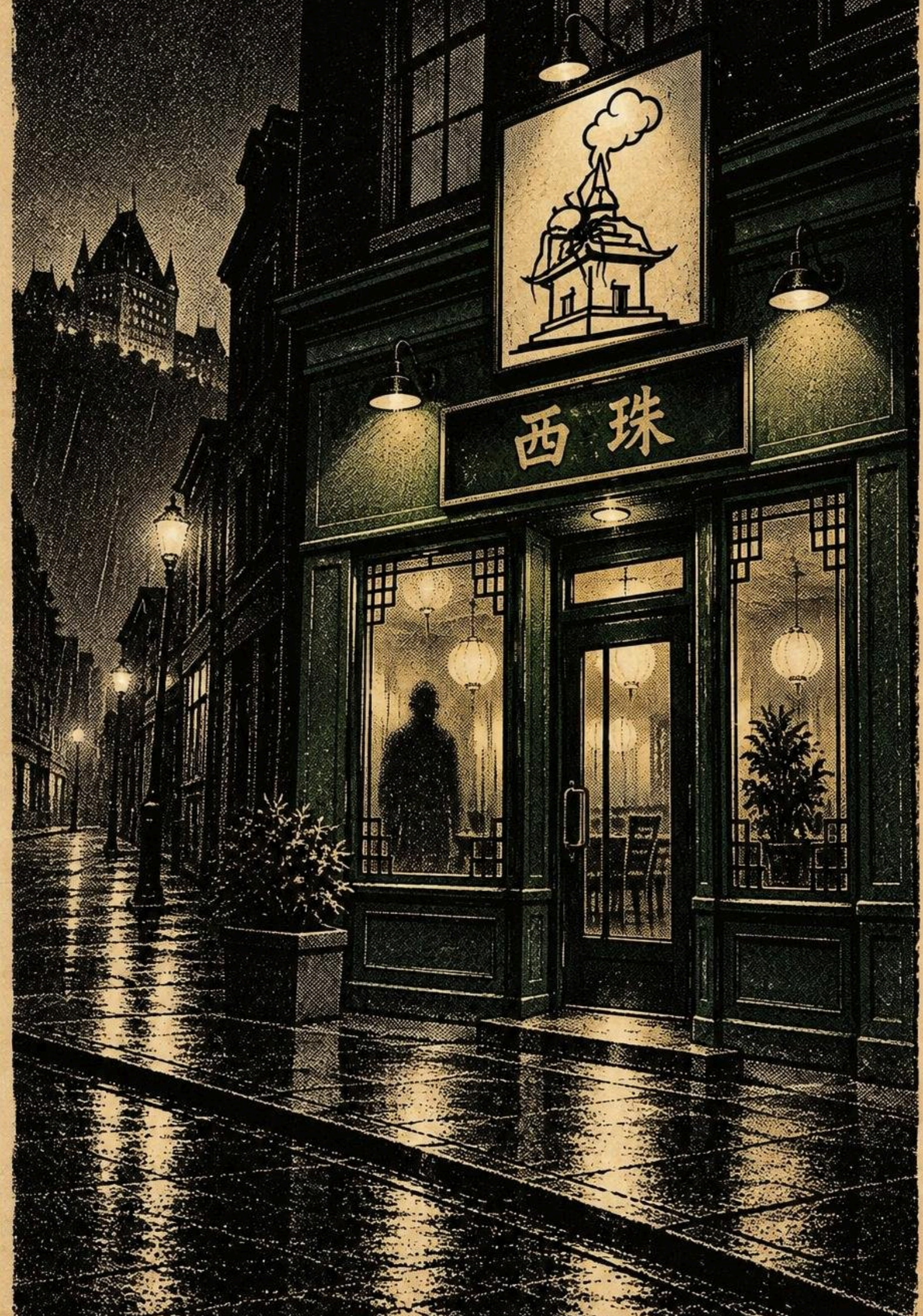
The Improvised Cell

Handout 1 · Torn Unicorn-Print Cloth





The Torn Unicorn Cloth





Tire Tracks in the Empty Bay

SMOKE SCREEN AT THE XÍ ZHŪ RESTAURANT

Mike Slade's account from his hospital bed gives the crew a place to start: a warehouse near the docks where he was told to deliver the wrapped cargo, and where he glimpsed six identical sobbing girls before he fled. Whatever access the crew used to reach that account — hospital visit, police contact, or Hunter Darrell's professional inquiries — the warehouse itself is now reachable, whether through Mike's directions, port records, or simple legwork retracing his last known route. The building has already been visited once by the Quebec police responding to Mike's confused, half-drowned statement, and they have dusted for prints and taken a cursory look, but they were investigating an assault and a missing vehicle, not a trafficking operation, and their search was neither thorough nor informed by anything the crew now knows. There is still real evidence here for anyone willing to look harder than the police did, and it leads, however indirectly, toward a restaurant on Avenue Maguire that has no obvious reason to matter — until someone notices what is stacked beside a battered coffee machine.

THE WAREHOUSE ON THE DOCKS

The building is a corrugated-metal warehouse of the kind that lines every working waterfront: three stories, narrow second-floor windows too small for anyone larger than a child, and a wide sliding door facing the loading apron. The police have already been through it, following prints and photographing

what looked relevant to an assault case. Nothing here has been staged or cleaned up for the crew's benefit; it is simply what remains after a hurried, incomplete official search and whatever the tcho-tchos who used this place had time to abandon before Mike's escape made it too hot to keep using.

Central Warehouse Bay

Through the sliding front door lies one large, echoing space: corrugated metal walls and roof over rusted, empty shelving and a scatter of damp, rotted boxes nobody bothered to remove. A manual pallet jack sits abandoned near the wall, its wheels squealing so loudly when moved that anyone using it in a stealth situation later in the investigation should expect to be heard.

The floor is the real evidence here. Overlapping tire tracks crisscross the dust and old oil stains, but one set stands out: a heavy, widely spaced pattern consistent with a semi-trailer rig, driven in nose-first and, judging by the scuffed, uneven marks where it eventually left, backed out in a hurry rather than pulled away cleanly. A successful Drive (Automobile) roll identifies these as trailer tracks rather than delivery-van or forklift marks; any of Mike's fellow truckers recognizes the particular tread pattern on sight as the kind fitted to his rig, without needing a roll at all. This confirms what Mike already told them from his hospital bed: his truck was here, and it left without him.

Warehouse Exterior / Loading Front

Outside the sliding door, the loading apron opens onto the neighboring warehouse's corner wall. A Spot Hidden roll notices a fresh impact scar at exactly trailer-bumper height, the metal siding dented and scraped pale where paint has been torn away. Searching around the base of that scar turns up broken fragments of a red plastic taillight lens, consistent with the right rear light assembly of a heavy truck. Together, the impact and the fragments confirm that Mike's rig was driven out of this lot carelessly, likely by someone unfamiliar with its size or in a hurry to be gone before anyone noticed. Neither clue says where the rig went next; that answer waits elsewhere.

Ground-Floor Offices Row

A line of small offices opens off the right side of the bay, each holding nothing but a stray table or chair left behind by whoever once ran a legitimate business out of this building. The police searched these rooms too, and found nothing worth noting in their report. They were not looking for the smell of unwashed bodies, cheap takeout containers, or a chain run through a hole cut in a door.

Warehouse Bathroom

A small, grimy bathroom sits at the rear of the offices row, its plumbing barely functional. This is the room Mike ducked into, looking for a moment's privacy while his cargo was unloaded, before he heard crying through the thin partition

wall and realized the room beside him was not empty. Nothing physical remains here to investigate, but standing in it while reading his account aloud gives a director a useful sense of how little distance separated an ordinary trucker from what he found next.

Improvised Holding Cell

One office along the row has been crudely converted into a cell. A hole has been cut through the door at about waist height, and a matching hole punched through the adjoining wall, so that a chain could be run through and padlocked from the corridor outside; the padlock now hangs open, snapped or unlocked in the hurry to clear the building. Inside, the room holds nothing but two gray, gnawed rugs, scattered food scraps, dried urine stains soaked into two corners, and a stench thick enough to draw a small, buzzing cloud of insects.

A Spot Hidden roll — treated as an easy roll if the investigators think to ask what the police might have missed — turns up a small torn scrap of white cloth printed with a pink unicorn's head, caught on a splinter near the chain hole. This is the torn unicorn-print cloth already logged as physical evidence in the search for the Murville sextuplets; shown to the parents or handed to the police, it is confirmed as belonging to one of the six identical girls' dresses. Combined with the chain, the rugs, and the smell, the cell leaves no real doubt: this is where the six sobbing girls Mike glimpsed were held, however briefly, before being moved on.



The Chain-Hole Cell

Upper Floor Office

A metal staircase off the main bay climbs to a second office on the upper floor, sparsely furnished and clearly used only as a passage into the room beyond. Nothing here rewards a careful search; whatever mattered on this floor is in the room behind it.

Upper Floor Den

Behind the upper office is a lounge of sorts: a worn three-piece sofa, a television, two wicker chairs, and several ashtrays overflowing with cigarette butts. Food scraps litter the floor, and the room reeks of stale sweat — the leftovers of however many men spent hours here idling while cargo and captives waited below.

The police searched this room too and noted nothing unusual, since takeout containers and a messy den are not, on their own, evidence of anything. A director should let the investigators find this for themselves rather than announcing it: if a player wonders aloud whether the trash says anything, or if someone makes a difficult Spot Hidden roll (eased to a normal roll by first succeeding on an Idea roll, or simply by asking the right question), they notice that every wrapper and container is cheap Asian takeout, and every one of it comes from the same restaurant, roughly twenty minutes away by car — the Xí Zhū. A Mandarin roll on the printed characters translates the restaurant's name as "Happy Spider" or "Spider of Joy." It is also mildly strange, to anyone who actually lives in Quebec City and thinks to roll on local knowledge, that whoever ordered this food ignored several closer Asian restaurants in favor of this one specifically — a small detail that only locals would notice, and one that quietly confirms the restaurant is not simply the nearest convenient option.

Ramming a Building's Façade

Sooner or later, someone in this crew may decide that the direct approach means driving a rig straight through a wall. This applies equally to the Xí Zhū restaurant's façade and, later, to Yán Míngwáng's mansion.

The driver opposes their vehicle's resistance against the façade's resistance (30 for the restaurant, 40 for the mansion) on the Resistance Table. A normal success knocks down part of the wall and drives the vehicle's nose into the interior, opening a breach; the driver suffers 1D6+2 points of damage from the impact. A failure crumples the vehicle without fully bringing the wall down, and the driver takes double that damage. An extreme success carries the vehicle straight through and lets it keep going inside, with the driver taking no damage at all.

Anyone inside the building when a vehicle strikes it this way, whether or not the ramming succeeds, must make a CON roll or be stunned for one combat round, unable to act.

THE XÍ ZHŪ RESTAURANT

Twenty minutes' drive from the docks, in the ground floor of an apartment block on Avenue Maguire, the crew finds the Xí Zhū — the name confirmed, if anyone bothered to translate it, as some variation on "Happy Spider." The front is brightly lit with dim gold-toned lighting against emerald-green paint, and above the door hangs a small framed sign showing a pagoda-like tower climbed by a giant spider beneath a rounded shape that might be cloud or smoke. It is an unremarkable-looking neighborhood restaurant, exactly the kind of place nobody would look at twice — which is rather the point.

Façade and Entrance

The characters on the sign are mandarin, and the logo above the door repeats the same spider-climbing-a-pagoda image seen on the restaurant's takeout bags. Stepping inside puts a visitor immediately in view of the counter to the right, with the dining room opening beyond it. Nothing about the entrance itself suggests danger — only the ordinary, slightly shabby atmosphere of a family-run restaurant that has seen better decades.



Xí Zhū Restaurant Signage

Counter and Register

Immediately to the right of the entrance is a counter serving as both register and drink station, lined with a few stools

whose padding has worn thin and whose legs show rust at the joints. A grimy commercial coffee machine sits at one end, and beside it an even dirtier fish tank crowds fat carp that never stop gasping for food. A tcho-tcho woman works this counter — evidently the manager — and a scatter of delivery slips and invoices in mismatched colors lies piled up near the coffee machine, along with a telephone whose answering machine light blinks red.

This pile of paperwork is where the investigation's next real lead is buried. Finding it requires either patiently gathering up every document to sort through later, or a successful Spot Hidden roll made on the spot. Among the pile is a handwritten invoice from a local farm on the outskirts of the city, at 125 Chemin des Lacs, recording the sale of twenty cows to the restaurant at six hundred Canadian dollars a head — and there are, obviously, no cows anywhere on these premises. An Idea roll separately notices that the answering machine's light is blinking; playing the message back reveals a plain, unpolished voice speaking English, explaining that he needs some kind of transport to move the cows out to Stoneham-et-Tewkesbury, another rural area outside the city. The message is a couple of days old, and from the restaurant's inaction, nobody appears to have followed up on it.

Neither the invoice nor the message says anything about Mike Slade, his rig, or the Murville sextuplets. There is no way, from this restaurant alone, for the crew to connect this farm lead directly to either mystery — but it is the only concrete

thread the Xí Zhū offers, and following it leads somewhere that matters.

Handout 2 · Farm Delivery Invoice



FERME CHEMIN DES LACS
125, Chemin des Lacs
Stoneham-et-Tewkesbury, Québec

FACTURE / INVOICE

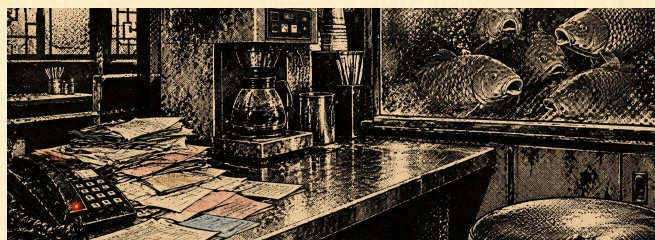
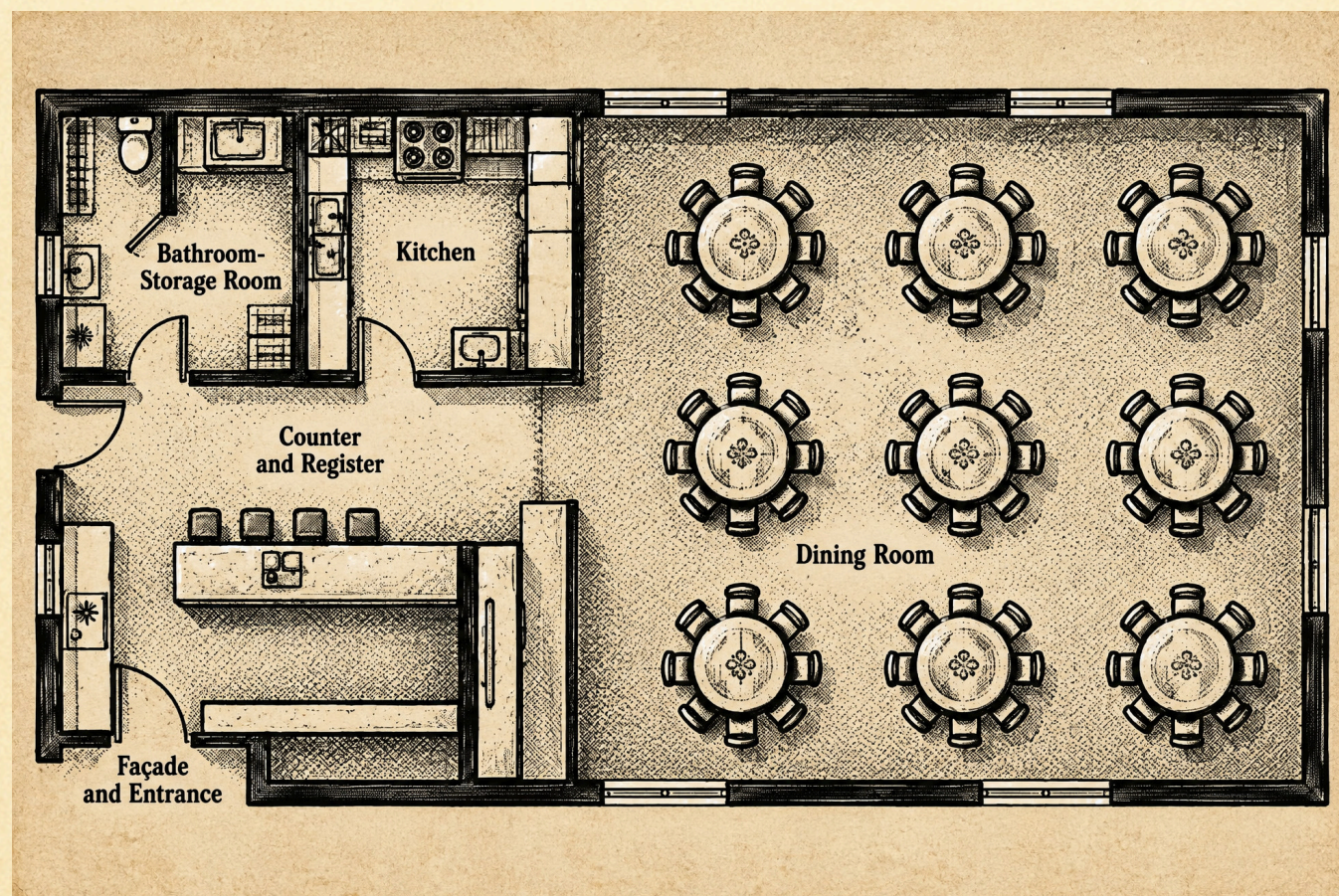
Sold to: Restaurant Xí Zhū

Item	Quantity	Price per head	Total due
Cattle (cows), live delivery	20	\$600.00 CAD	\$12,000.00 CAD

PAID IN FULL

Buyer to arrange own pickup and transport. No delivery included in this price.

— Jimmy



Xí Zhū Restaurant Floor Plan



Paperwork by the Coffee Machine

Bathroom-Storage Room

To the left of the entrance, a cramped room crams a toilet and sink between stacked boxes of rice noodles, soy sauce in industrial quantities, shrimp crackers, and cases of bottled drinks. It is a storage closet doubling as a bathroom, nothing more, and offers no further evidence.

Kitchen

Facing the counter across a narrow service gap is the kitchen, a tiny space thick with the smell of spices, staffed by a tcho-tcho cook and his assistant. There are no waiters as such; the cook's assistant doubles as the only person who carries food out to the dining room, and the woman at the counter clears tables and pours drinks. It is a bare-bones operation for a restaurant of this size, and anyone paying attention will notice how strange it is that a supposedly ordinary neighborhood restaurant runs with only three staff, none of whom seem to want customers to linger.

Dining Room

The main room holds nine round tables draped in green cloth with gold embroidery, each lit by a hanging lamp and ringed with chairs, matching the emerald-and-gold theme of the façade. The carpet has faded from green to nearly black in patches worn bald by years of foot traffic. Only two tables are

occupied, by local Asian shopkeepers who supply the restaurant with goods — evidence of a small, insular community that helps its own and keeps its business quiet. There are no tcho-tcho customers here, and it is immediately obvious to anyone thinking it through that there is no space in this dining room, or anywhere else on these premises, to hide a full-size trailer rig or hold six captive girls. Whatever this restaurant is, it is not where Mike's cargo ended up — it is simply a piece of the machine that moved it, a front for something larger. Its staff being uniformly tcho-tcho, the same people described loading Mike's trailer at the docks, is reason enough for suspicion, even without anyone yet knowing about Yán Míngwáng's businesses.

The staff will not volunteer anything. The counter woman in particular acts evasively, alternating between blank incomprehension and sudden, brittle irritation whenever the crew presses questions in English or French. A difficult Insight roll, made while she is being questioned, reveals that she understands perfectly well what is being said and is simply pretending otherwise. A separate, difficult roll in spoken Mandarin — if anyone in the crew has it, or if Minga is along to translate — catches the staff muttering to each other and makes it obvious, even without a full translation, that they are coordinating something rather than simply confused customer-service workers.

If the Crew Pushes Too Hard

If the investigators lean on the staff — threats, physical intimidation, or simply refusing to leave — the counter woman will move for the telephone. Her call goes to a gambling den around the corner, where tcho-tchos play illegal mahjong and place bets; within five combat rounds, six tcho-tchos arrive at the restaurant looking for a fight. This gives the crew a five-round window to either finish their business, prevent the call from completing, or prepare for a much larger confrontation than they started.

If a real fight breaks out, the police may appear at any point. There is no fixed trigger for this: if the Director judges that the crew has lingered too long, or that the noise and chaos would plausibly draw attention on a city street, officers arrive and the crew may find themselves detained regardless of how the fight actually went.





Nine Tables Under Green Lamps

Firearms and the Law

In 1986 Canada, carrying a firearm legally requires an Authorization to Carry, which costs sixty Canadian dollars and is valid for five years. Of the crew, only Jax and Hunter Darrell hold such licenses, reflecting their professions.

Having a license does not make it legal to discharge a firearm inside a private establishment. If the tcho-tchos flee or are otherwise driven off and the crew cannot demonstrate that they acted in clear self-defense, they are in serious legal trouble. Only an extreme success on a Status or Law roll gets them released on the spot after giving a statement. If that roll fails, the crew is held for two days before release — during which time Anna can wire the necessary bail money from the United States, or Minga can organize a collection among his contacts at the docks. Either way, two days pass before anyone is free again, and whatever urgency the investigation had does not pause to wait for them.



What the Restaurant Cannot Reveal

Nothing in the Xí Zhū connects it, on paper, to Mike's stolen rig or to the Murville sextuplets. In reality, this restaurant is one of several small businesses through which Yán Míng-wáng launders money, employs illegal tcho-tcho immigrants until they gain citizenship, and moves certain goods. The investigators do not yet have the time, standing, or reason to search the place thoroughly enough to establish any of this as fact, and they should not be handed it outright. What they can walk away with is the invoice, the answering-machine message, and a strong, entirely justified suspicion that this restaurant is connected to whatever happened to Mike — suspicion is enough to justify continuing the investigation without confirming Yán's name at this stage.

If Every Roll Fails

Should every attempt to find the invoice or the answering-machine message come up empty, the lead is not necessarily lost. If Hunter Darrell is involved in the investigation, he can follow up with the police officers who responded to any confrontation at the restaurant. A successful Status roll gets those officers to share both the message and the odd invoice they noticed during their own report, though nothing further;

the police were not investigating a trafficking operation and took no more interest in the papers than that.

Where Is My Rig?

If no one at the restaurant ever heard the answering-machine message, it is entirely possible that the farm's cattle have not yet been collected at all. That gives the crew a genuine window: this vague but real lead is, for the moment, the only one they have, and following it means driving out to the farm at 125 Chemin des Lacs themselves rather than waiting for anyone else to act on it first.

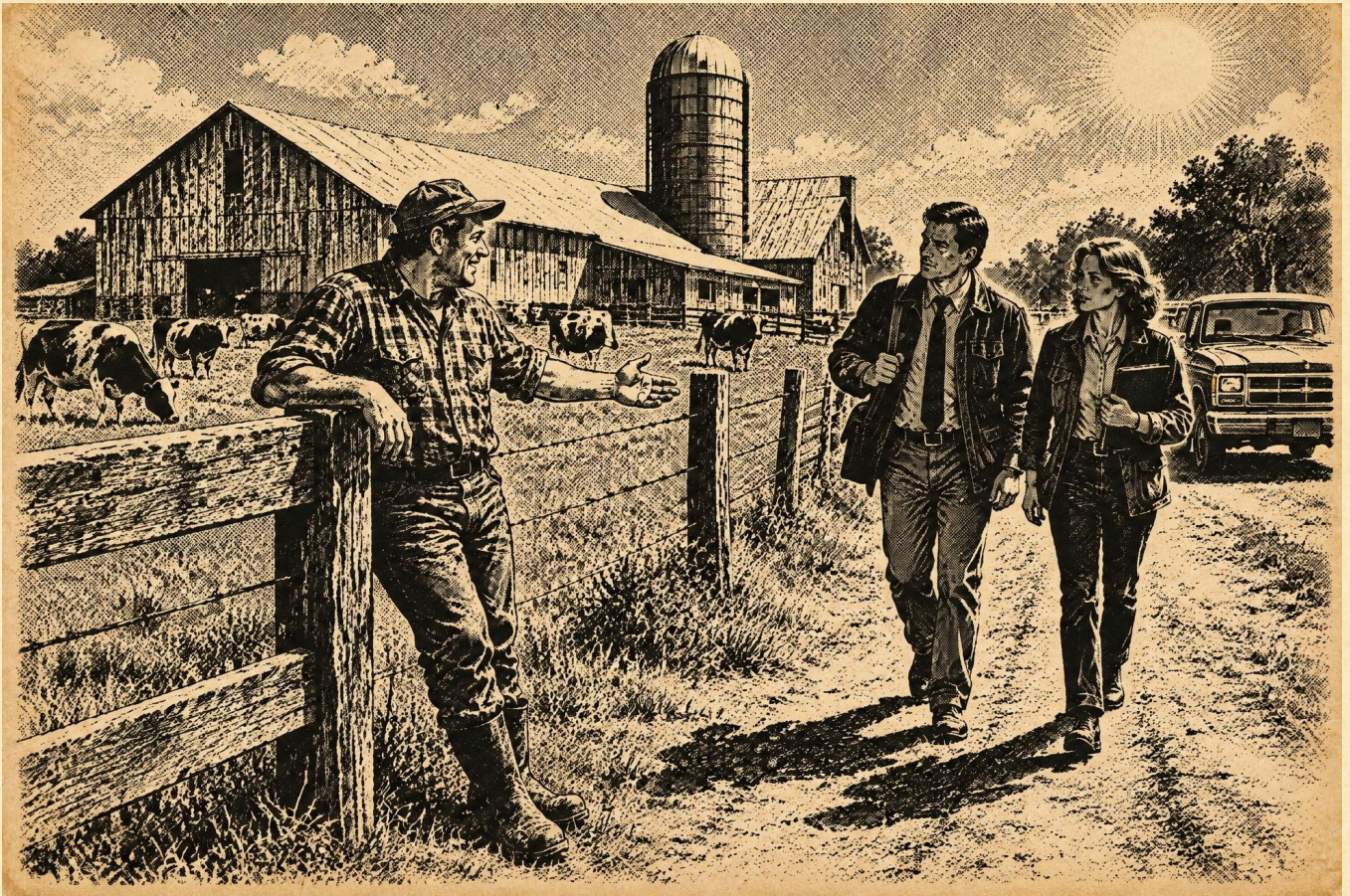
A Call the Next Morning

The morning after the restaurant visit, wherever the crew is staying, Jax receives an early phone call from Mike. He sounds better — the hospital expects to discharge him soon — but he is preoccupied with one thing above all else: his missing rig. He mentions that the police have been in touch about it, though the details of what they told him depend on how the investigation has gone so far and are best worked out at the table rather than assumed in advance. Whatever Mike says next, it should point the crew back toward the same open question the restaurant already raised: somewhere out past the city, on a quiet stretch of road near Stoneham-et-Tewkesbury, his truck is waiting to be found.



The Counter Woman Reaches for the Phone





Jimmy's Dairy Farm

CATTLE CALL: THE TRAIL TO CHEMIN DES LACS

Whatever finally shakes loose from the *Xí Zhū* — the crumpled invoice fished out of a drawer of mixed receipts, an answering-machine tape rewound and replayed, or simply a name muttered by a frightened waiter before the crew leaves — the trail now points somewhere the tcho-tcho staff clearly did not want it to go: a dairy operation out past the edge of the city, on Chemin des Lacs, in the direction of Stoneham-et-Tewkesbury. Whether the crew arrives here with an address already in hand or has to feel their way toward the same general area on nothing but Mike's last known heading, the farm and the estate beyond it are the same destination. This chapter assumes the investigators are now driving north out of Quebec City, away from restaurants and gambling dens and toward open pasture, with the day's earlier violence — or lack of it — still fresh enough to color how much patience and money they have left.

JIMMY'S FARM

The address on the invoice, or the fragment of it recalled from the answering machine, leads to number 125 Chemin des Lacs: a working dairy and cattle farm well off the main road, run by a Scottish immigrant named Jimmy along with his family and a handful of hired hands. The farm makes its living breeding calves for meat and selling milk, some of it to cheesemakers and some directly to private buyers. It is an unremarkable, sun-bleached operation — barns, a farmhouse, fencing that

has seen better decades — with nothing about it that looks connected to gangsters, sorcery or spider gods.

Jimmy himself is easy company: an easygoing, talkative man who runs his farm with evident good humor and none of the wariness the investigators may be braced for after the restaurant. He has no idea who or what actually wanted his cattle, and does not particularly care. If the crew rolls up in one of their own trucks, Jimmy's first assumption — before anyone says a word — is that they have finally come to collect the twenty cows he sold and has been waiting to get off his land.

Getting the Delivery Address

The investigators have several honest and dishonest ways to get what they need out of Jimmy, and none of them require much finesse, because Jimmy simply is not suspicious. The cows are already paid for, in full, and he has no intention of double-checking anything; if a truck shows up at his farm asking about the delivery, he takes it for granted that his buyer sent them.

Playing along as the buyer's collection crew is the simplest route. Anyone who lets Jimmy believe they are there to finally take the cattle off his hands only needs an Easy Fast Talk roll to get him talking, and he will cheerfully supply the exact delivery address along with directions, still assuming he is helping his own client rather than a stranger. A single vehicle is enough to sell the story; nobody needs to produce paperwork or rehearse a cover story in advance.

Being straightforward with him works almost as well, if a slower and slightly more honest way in. Jimmy is receptive to a simple, friendly explanation that the crew is trying to track down a missing friend and the people who bought his cows — an Easy Charm or Persuade roll gets him talking and, once he understands the stakes, willing to reach some kind of accommodation, including telling them where the cattle actually went and letting them make their own arrangements from there.

Intimidation remains an option if the crew has already burned through patience, whether from the day's earlier events or simple frustration, though there is little reason for it against a man this cooperative. A drawn weapon or an explicit threat against someone on the farm will get Jimmy's full attention and full cooperation just as surely, at the cost of frightening a family that has done nothing worse than sell cattle in good faith — a detail the Director can let weigh on any investigator inclined to reach for a gun here.

However the address is obtained, the practical matter of the cows themselves can be resolved quickly if the investigators want to actually take possession of them (whether to sell the story fully, to feed a cover, or simply because leaving twenty cattle sitting in Jimmy's field feels like unfinished business): a trailer can be rented back at the port to haul the animals away, a job that costs no more than a couple of hours once the paperwork with Jimmy is settled.

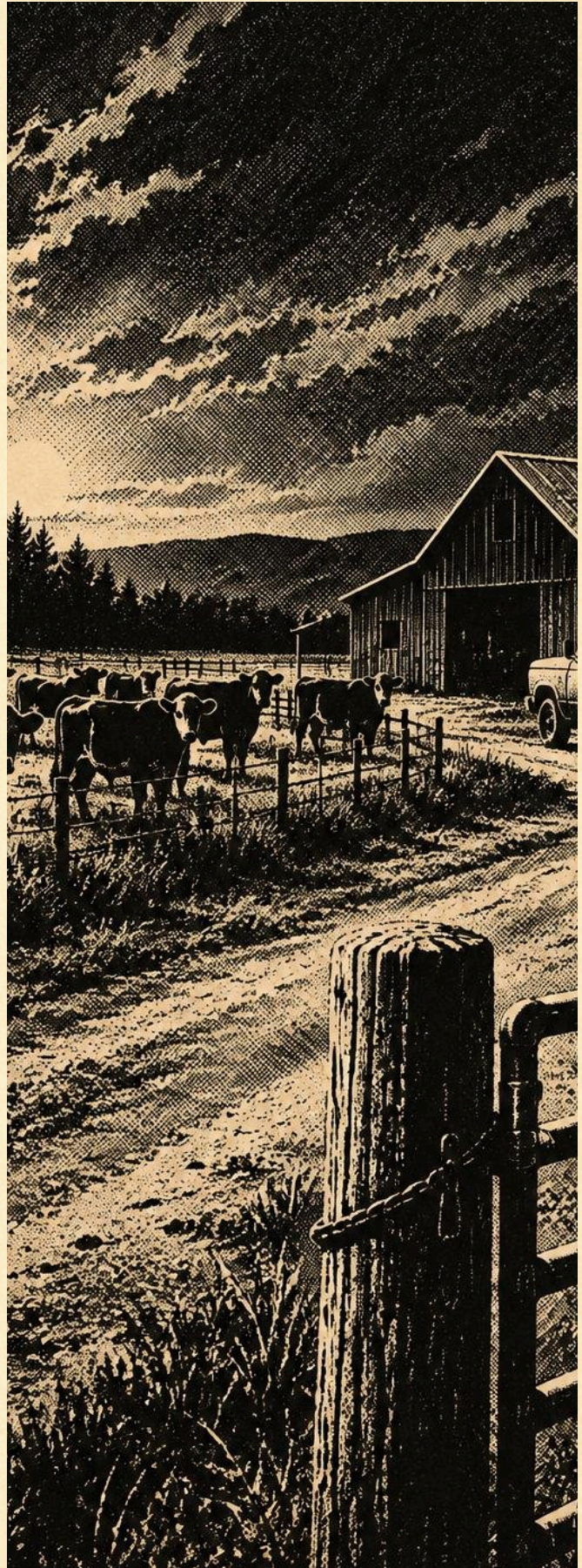
Patrolling Stoneham-et-Tewkesbury

Not every investigation reaches Jimmy's farm. If the paper trail through the restaurant went cold — the invoice destroyed, the answering-machine tape never recovered, the manager's stalling successful enough to hide the connection — the crew is not necessarily stuck. Two patrol officers already have a fragment of the same lead: a rig resembling Mike's own was spotted somewhere around Stoneham-et-Tewkesbury before it slipped away during a U-turn, gone by the time the cruiser could circle back for another look. If Hunter Darrell is involved, or if the crew has simply stayed on good enough terms with the police to be told this much, that sighting gives them a general area to search even without an address.

Working from nothing more than that rough location, the investigators can spend their time driving back roads around Stoneham-et-Tewkesbury, watching for any sign of the missing rig. This is slow, uncertain work with no guaranteed payoff: each trucker who commits a full day to the search may attempt one Extreme Spot Hidden roll for that day's effort. A success finally puts eyes on Mike's parked trailer, sitting beside a lavish, isolated estate — and beside it, wrapped in enough climbing vegetation to nearly hide its outline, an enormous metal dome.

This patrol route and the farm lead are not mutually exclusive paths to two different places; they are two different ways of reaching the same estate. Whether the crew gets there through Jimmy's easy cooperation or through dogged, repeated searching of empty country roads, the destination waiting for them is identical, and the Director should feel free to let a stalled search on one route eventually connect to information gath-

ered on the other — a farmhand who mentions the big estate down the road, or a patrol officer who happens to know the property belongs to a reclusive old businessman.





Who Owns This Estate: Yán Míngwáng

The property belongs to Yán Míngwáng, an elderly tcho-tcho with a long, careful record of quietly profiting from his own people's desperation. He arranges for other tcho-tcho immigrants to be smuggled into Quebec and then puts them to work in a scattered network of small, unremarkable businesses — the Xí Zhū among them — dangling the promise of eventual citizenship in front of them for as long as it keeps them compliant, so that he can bring in still more workers and profit further still. He operates this trade with real discretion; none of his individual businesses are large or conspicuous enough, on their own, to draw attention. The one indulgence that has finally exposed him to any real risk is entirely personal: his decision, late in life, to keep a titanic spider as a private pet.

Yán Míngwáng grew up on the Andaman Islands, in a tcho-tcho community that worshipped a spider goddess and that had, generations earlier, discovered a cave riddled with the fossilized remains of enormous arachnids sacred to that cult. Among those fossils was one specimen larger than all the rest, a find Yán has coveted since he was a boy. Old age brought him the wealth, the connections and the occult knowledge to finally do something about that childhood longing: he had the great fossil slab shipped from India to

his own estate in Quebec, and he possesses the magic needed to revive it. He believes, and has no particular reason in his own reading to doubt, that what he is reviving is simply an unusually large terrestrial spider — dangerous, certainly, but an animal, nothing more. The truth is worse than his belief: the fossil is a spider of Leng, a being from the Dreamlands that reached that Andaman cave through some ancient gate and lay trapped in stone ever since. Nothing in Yán's occult library corrects this misapprehension, and the Director should keep that gap firmly in mind — it is precisely why his household treats the creature under the dome as routine livestock to be fed, rather than as the genuinely alien thing it actually is.

The ritual required to revive such a fossil, *Call a Daughter of Atlach-Nacha*, has to be performed beside the chosen remains, takes ten minutes, and costs one point of magic for every point of the fossil's SIZ — in this specimen's case, something on the order of sixty points, an expensive but entirely survivable price for a man of Yán's power. That is the whole of what the rite actually demanded of him. Instead, in his private madness, Yán decided the occasion called for something grander: six innocent, virginal, physically identical victims, sacrificed together. He had his people abduct the Murville sextuplets for exactly that purpose, and killed all six of them in performing the rite. The spider would have risen from the fossil just as certainly, and just as alive, on Yán's magic alone — the six girls' deaths bought him nothing the ritual required, only a vanity he chose to indulge. Whether or how quickly the investigators learn this fact — and how



Back Roads of Stoneham-et-Tewkesbury

Hunter Darrell, if he is present, reacts to learning that his search for the sextuplets has already ended in tragedy — is a matter for the mansion and dome themselves, not for this chapter; here, it is simply necessary background the Director needs to understand why this quiet old man keeps a monster in his garden and does not fear it.

Sighting the Estate

Whichever route brought them here, the investigators finally have eyes on the place: a large, isolated property well back from the road, its main house a two-story structure built with obvious money and equally obvious care to avoid drawing attention from neighbors who are, in any case, few and distant. Mike's stolen rig sits parked near the grounds, visibly abandoned rather than hidden, as if whoever left it there never expected anyone to come looking. Beyond the house, rising over the tree line, stands the dome itself — a vast steel structure, old enough and neglected enough on the outside that thick vegetation has climbed most of its curved surface, roots and vines doing their best to reclaim it. Nothing about its exterior explains what it is for; it could pass, at a distance and in poor light, for some abandoned industrial folly or agricultural silo, if not for its scale and the strange care with which the surrounding grounds have otherwise been kept.

Yán Míngwáng lives on this estate without any family of his own, attended instead by a household of tcho-tcho retainers

whose loyalty to him runs only as deep as fear and convenience require. Those retainers answer, in turn, to a brute the household calls Xiàng Rén — the "Elephant Man" — a former devotee of the god Chaugnar Faugn whose years of exposure to that entity left him grotesquely mutated and largely stripped of independent will. What either of them looks like up close, how the household actually reacts to intruders, and what waits behind the mansion's doors and inside the dome itself belong to the next stage of this investigation; for now, the crew has done what this leg of the case required of them; they have found the place. Whether they approach it that same night, wait and watch, or drive straight up to the front gate is a decision this chapter leaves entirely in their hands.



First Sight of the Estate



THE HOUSE OF YÁN MÍNGWÁNG

Arriving at the Estate

Whether the crew followed Jimmy's invoice or simply patrolled Chemin des Lacs until someone's eyes caught mud-caked tires through the trees, the estate itself is unmistakable once found: a low, lacquered two-story house behind an unremarkable gate, and behind that, rising over the rear treeline, the curved steel lattice of a dome the size of a small planetarium, its gaps choked with vegetation. Nothing about the front of the property looks sinister. That is deliberate. Yán Míngwáng has run his businesses quietly for decades precisely by looking unremarkable, and he keeps this last redoubt just as understated: a modest staff, no dogs, no visible fence patrol, and a household that would rather melt away than fight.

The household on any given day consists of a cook and a driver sharing a bunk room, Xiàng Rén confined to his own squalid room with two chained captives, and Yán Míngwáng himself, upstairs or in his study. None of them expect trouble. The cook and driver are ordinary tcho-tcho employees, not zealots; they know enough to fear both Xiàng Rén and their employer, and their first instinct at any sign of armed intruders is to run, though they will try to raise Xiàng Rén on their way out. Xiàng Rén (see his separate profile) is the household's actual defense: an unthinking, fearless brute who charges anything Yán points him at. Yán himself is the last obstacle — frail, elderly, and physically harmless in a straight fight, but willing to use what occult tricks he has, to bargain, or to simply vanish into the grounds if his guards go down. The Director should treat the

household's reactions as proportionate: ordinary noise draws the cook or driver to investigate; a gunshot or a scream sends them fleeing or screaming for Xiàng Rén; sustained violence eventually reaches Yán, who will try to talk, then to flee, before he tries to fight.

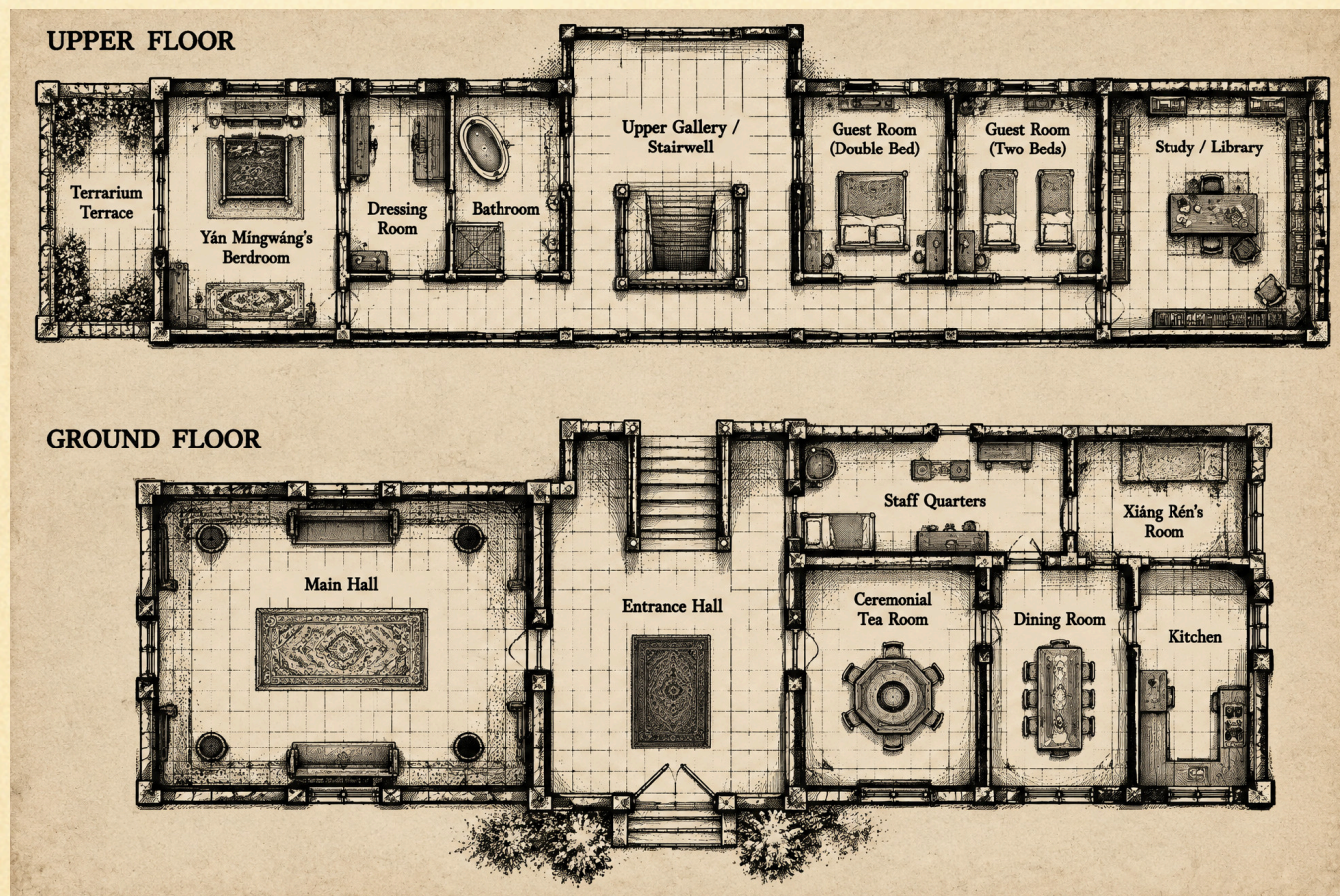
Ground Floor

Entrance Hall

The main entrance is wide and imposing: polished black marble floor veined in blood red, reflective enough to work as a dark mirror underfoot. At its center stands a six-panel lacquered ebony screen carved with a giant spider weaving its web among storm clouds and plum branches — an image whose significance becomes obvious only much later. Doorways lead left into the main hall, right into the ceremonial tea room, and through a side door into the staff quarters; a stairway rises from here to the gallery above. Anyone entering by the front door is exposed to all of these directions at once, and any noise made here carries easily through the polished stone.

Main Hall

The reception room to the left of the entrance is dominated by black wood columns carved with interlocking spiderweb patterns and dragons caught within them. A huge bronze chandelier hangs overhead, and the walls are hung with black silk panels embroidered in silver thread, forming elegant concentric webs. The room is otherwise unfurnished for daily use;



Míngwáng Mansion Floor Plan



Beneath the Spider Screen

it exists to impress rare visitors, and at most hours of the day or night it stands empty.

Ceremonial Tea Room

To the right of the entrance, dark red wood furniture lacquered in glossy black fills a formal tea room. A low octagonal table at its center, inlaid with black jade and coral in the silhouette of a hunting spider, bears a matte black porcelain tea set decorated with a subtle blood-red enamel web motif. Like the main hall, this room sees little daily use; it is where Yán once entertained buyers and suppliers before age and paranoia made him withdraw from most business in person.

Dining Room

Adjoining the tea room, the dining room is somewhat larger and decorated in the same spare, lacquered style, though its tableware is ordinary low-quality oriental porcelain rather than anything ceremonial. It connects directly onward into the kitchen, and is the most likely place to find the cook, the driver, or Xiàng Rén's supper waiting on a tray if the household routine has not yet been disturbed.

Kitchen

The kitchen, reached from the dining room, carries a strong, persistent smell of spices even when no one is actively cooking — the household uses them constantly, in food and otherwise, and the smell has soaked into the walls. This detail matters more than it first appears: it is the same spice-heavy air that dulls Xiàng Rén's sense of smell throughout the house, making

him a far less reliable early-warning system than his keen nose would otherwise suggest.

Staff Quarters

Opposite the kitchen, reached by its own door from the entrance vestibule, the staff quarters normally house only the cook and the driver, who share a plain room with a simple bunk, a table, and a wardrobe. Neither is a fighter, and neither is loyal enough to Yán to die for him; if intruders make themselves known, both will try to flee the property rather than resist, though one may first try to shout a warning toward the adjoining room.

Xiàng Rén's Room

The second room off the staff quarters belongs to Xiàng Rén. It is nothing like the tidy bunk room beside it: a foul-smelling mattress lies directly on the floor, surrounded by flies, in a space that clearly has not been cleaned in a long time. Chained to one wall are two Asian women — not tcho-tcho, unlike everyone else in the household — so weakened by captivity that they can barely open their eyes. They have been raped repeatedly by Xiàng Rén, whose base instincts surface constantly and without warning; the cook and driver are under standing orders to see to his basic needs precisely so that he is kept fed, docile, and close at hand.

These two women are not combatants and cannot meaningfully help or harm the investigators, but they are an immediate rescue objective the Director can use to sharpen the stakes

of any confrontation in this wing of the house. Freeing them requires breaking or picking their chains and getting them safely away from Xiàng Rén, who will attack anyone he perceives as a threat to "his" property with the same mindless ferocity he shows everywhere else. Their condition — physically weak, deeply traumatized, unable to fight or flee quickly on their own — means removing them from danger takes time and probably a second pair of hands, a genuine complication if Xiàng Rén or Yán's other people are still active nearby.

Upper Floor

Upper Gallery / Stairwell

The stairway from the entrance vestibule rises into an upper gallery. Above the stairwell, instead of the usual chandelier, an open-sky *tianjing* skylight of protected glass admits natural daylight — a detail that makes the gallery unexpectedly bright by day and correspondingly dark, glass glinting faintly with moonlight, by night. A carved balustrade runs around the gallery's perimeter, and every door leading off it is a silent sliding panel rather than a hinged door, meaning footsteps, not door-noise, are the main giveaway of someone moving between rooms up here.

Yán Míngwáng's Bedroom

The first room on the left of the gallery is Yán's own bedroom. A huge low-canopy bed of ebony and black silk dominates the center of the room, deliberately positioned with its headboard against the north wall — the direction of balance and

longevity in Yán's private cosmology. An immense three-panel window opens onto a covered private terrace. Personal correspondence, ledgers, or small valuables the Director wants the investigators to find are naturally placed here, though nothing in this room is dangerous by itself.

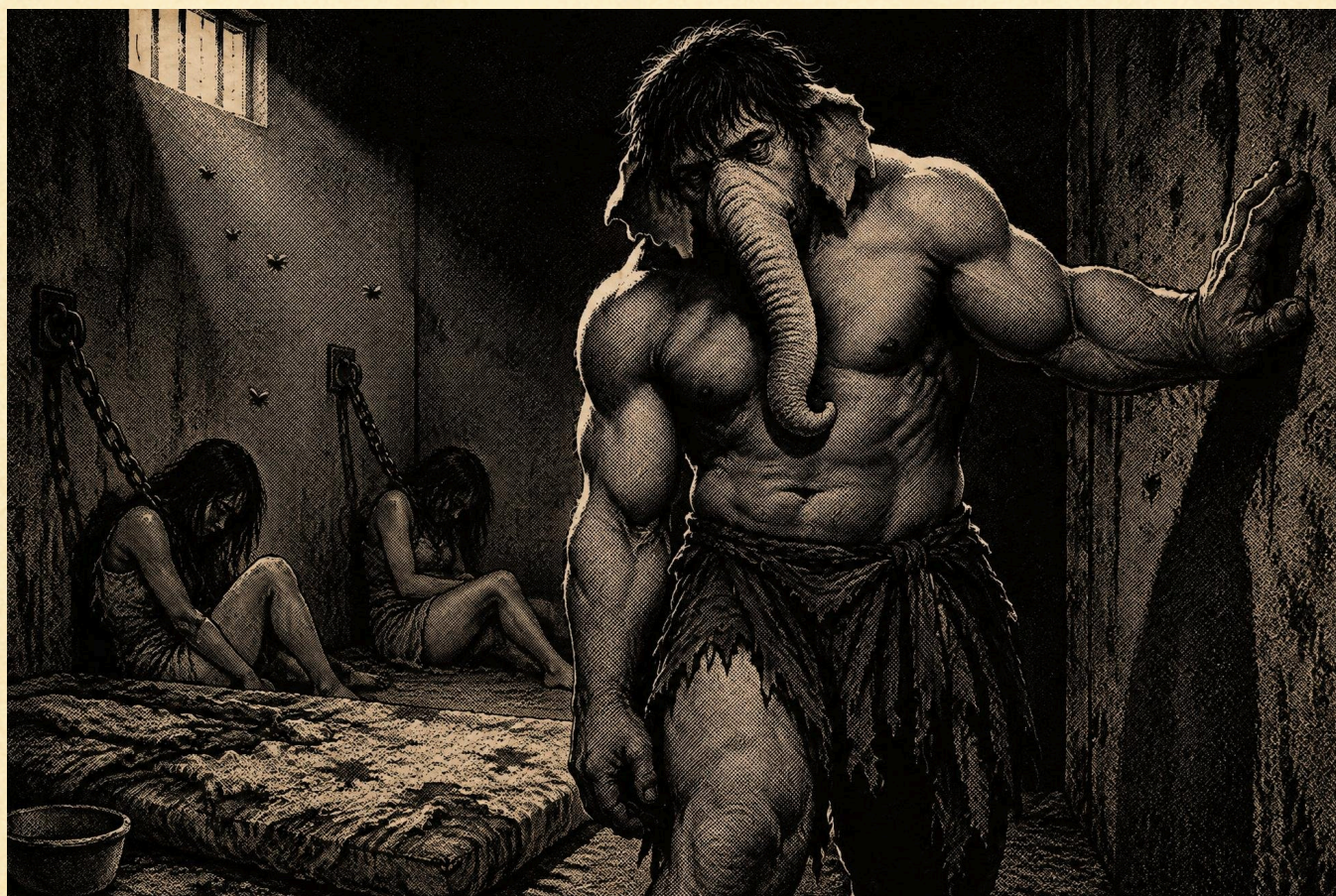
Terrarium Terrace

Beyond the bedroom's three-panel window lies a covered private terrace, holding a hundred-liter tank set on a cabinet. It holds no water — only plants and dense webbing, through which several bloated spiders wander lazily. They are ordinary, if oversized, spiders; nothing here is supernatural, but they can still bite.

Anyone foolish or curious enough to reach a hand into the tank should make a POW roll. A success means the spiders simply do not bite, or the bite passes with no more than a startled flinch. A fumbled result means one does bite properly: the victim's arm swells over the next few minutes and becomes unusable for 1D6 days, a real handicap if a fight or a difficult climb follows soon after.

Dressing Room

Adjoining the master bedroom, this dressing room holds an extensive wardrobe of elegant Western and Eastern suits, all dark-colored and arranged with obsessive precision. There is nothing dangerous here, though its perfect order says something about its owner's temperament that an observant investigator might notice.



Xiàng Rén's Squalid Room

Bathroom

Contiguous with the dressing room, the bathroom is a stone sanctuary built around an oval tub of polished black granite, large enough for two people, raised on a slightly elevated platform beside a rain shower framed by panels of faux translucent jade. It is an entirely mundane space, useful mainly as a quiet route between the bedroom wing and the rest of the gallery, or as cover during a stealthy search.

Guest Room (Double Bed)

A discreet but equally handsome bedroom opens off the gallery, furnished with a double bed and its own wardrobe, desk, and dressing table. It shows no sign of recent use; Yán receives almost no guests these days, and this room, like its twin down the hall, sits ready but empty.

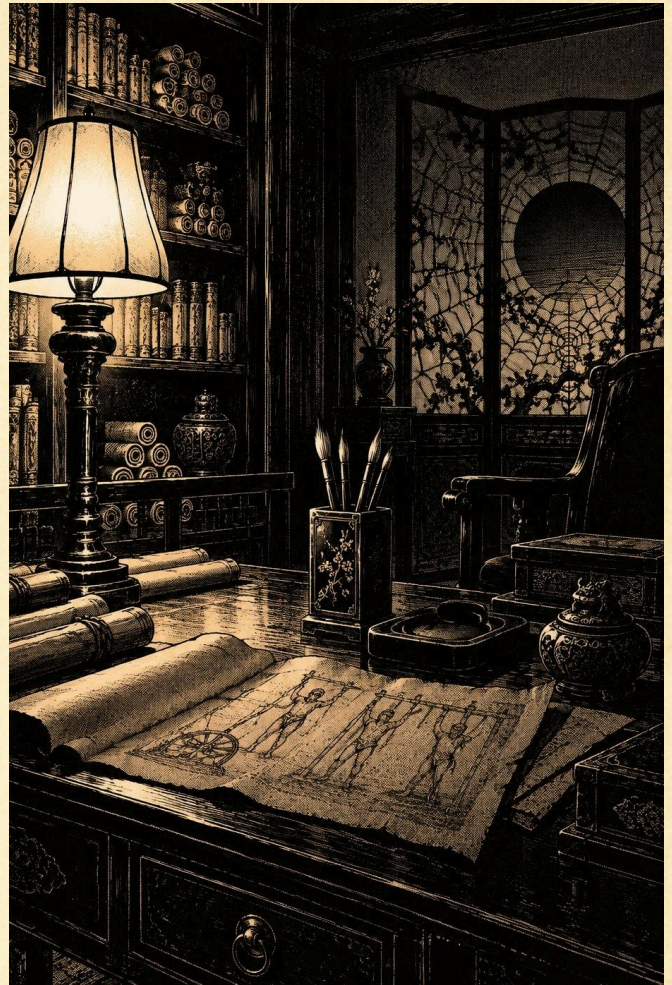
Guest Room (Two Beds)

A second discreet bedroom off the gallery mirrors the first, furnished with two beds and its own wardrobe, desk, and dressing table. Like its neighbor, it is unused and unremarkable, useful mainly as a place to hide, rest, or stash a captive during a prolonged infiltration.

Study / Library

At the opposite end of the upper floor from the master bedroom, a sliding door opens into Yán's study. The atmosphere changes the moment the door slides back: denser, graver, more intimate than the rest of the house, thick with the smell of old paper, leather, and polished wood. Shelves hold scrolls in various oriental languages, alongside a well-known copy of the *I Ching* and a set of old illustrations depicting various methods of torture. Looking closely at these illustrations — old, detailed, and genuinely unpleasant — costs 0/1 Sanity points.

A monumental desk sits at the room's center, holding a set of brushes, an ink stone, and several open books; a standing lamp with a silk shade throws a circle of amber light across the floor. On the far wall, an antique folding screen depicting webs eclipsing a rising sun serves as a backdrop for the whole room. Beyond the torture illustrations, the study's books and correspondence are the most direct source of written confirmation of Yán's occult interests and business dealings, for any investigator willing to search them and read the relevant languages, or find someone who can.



Yán's Study of Old Papers

The Grounds

Front Garden

The garden facing the estate's access road is short and offers almost no cover. Anyone approaching the house from the front during daylight hours can be seen easily from its windows, which is one reason a daytime approach across open ground is considerably riskier than slipping in after dark.

Rear Grounds

Behind the house, the property opens into a much larger yard bordering directly on dense Canadian forest. The ground is uneven and exposed by day, but workable for a careful night approach, with visibility and available cover shifting considerably with the time of day. From here, paths lead to the roofed cattle pen, to the side spot where Mike's rig sits parked, and to the great steel dome rising over the treeline beyond — the estate's true secret, and the destination toward which every other lead in this case has been pointing.

Cattle Pen

Near the dome stands a roofed shelter holding roughly ten head of cattle, tied to posts driven into the ground and quietly feeding on forage. These animals are simply livestock to Yán's household — feed for a pet he does not fully understand. To



anyone who has pieced together how the spider hunts, they represent something else: a way to draw the creature into the open on the investigators' own terms rather than stumbling onto it in the dark, a tactic explored fully once the dome confrontation begins.

Mike's Rig Parking Spot

At the side of the house stands Mike Slade's tractor-trailer, tires still caked in mud from wherever it was last driven off-road. Reaching it unnoticed is a matter of a Stealth roll, easy if attempted at night while the household sleeps; by day, anyone on the grounds might spot the attempt.

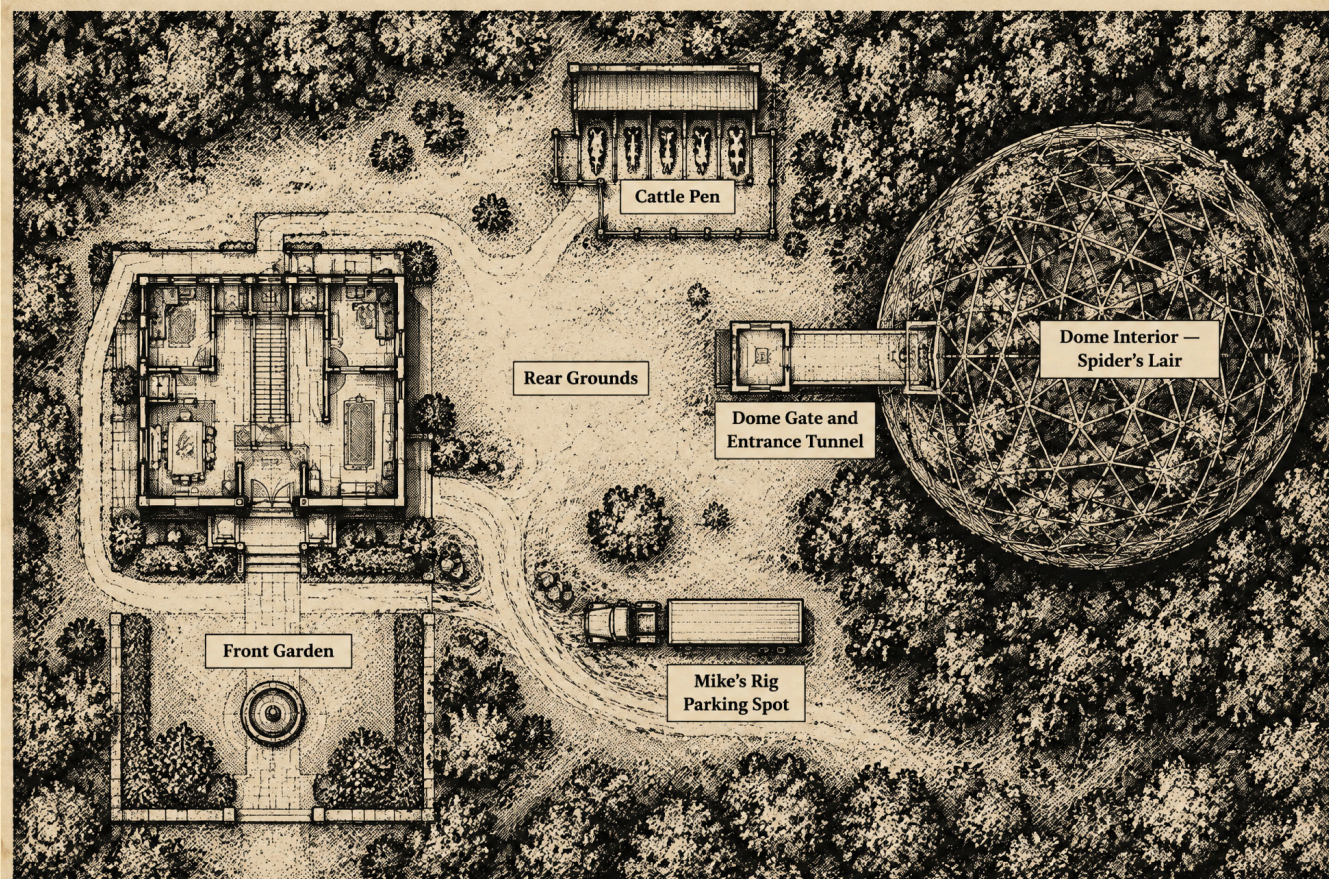
A character who examines the truck and rolls Mechanical Repair or an equivalent skill confirms what its condition already suggests: the clutch is ruined, wrecked by someone driving it who plainly did not know how. Getting the rig moving again therefore requires a difficult Drive (Automobile) roll — and, as anyone who has ever started a diesel engine at night already knows, the noise of a big rig coughing to life will alert everyone still in the house.



The Dome Beyond the Cattle Pen

Dome Gate and Entrance Tunnel

The great steel-lattice dome is reached through a gated tunnel secured by a heavy padlock. Just past the gate, a diesel generator powers floodlights aimed down the length of the tunnel toward the point where it opens into the dome's dark interior. Cutting or picking the padlock, or simply breaking it with enough force, is the only real obstacle to reaching the tunnel itself; the generator and its floodlights, once switched on, are the single most useful tool the investigators have for what waits beyond, turning an otherwise near-impossible search into something merely difficult.



Estate Grounds and Spider Dome

Approaching the Estate

Day, Night, and Direct Assault

The estate's isolation cuts both ways: no neighbors means no witnesses to call the police, but it also means no one is coming to help the investigators if things go badly. The crew can watch the property for a while first, confirming for themselves that staffing is thin and formal security effectively nonexistent, or they can simply drive up and start acting.

Time of day matters more than any other single factor. Anyone trying to reach the rig, the dome gate, or the house itself under cover of darkness, while the household sleeps, can attempt an easy Stealth roll; the same approach by daylight is far riskier, since anyone in the house might glance out a window and see them crossing open ground. The one wrinkle is Xiàng Rén: his sense of smell is naturally sharp enough to catch an intruder that everyone else would miss, but the strong spices used constantly throughout the house dull that sense, so in practice he is actually less likely to notice a night approach than an alert household member would be during the day. In effect, night favors stealth against everyone in the house except Xiàng Rén, and even he is working with a handicapped nose.

Once a confrontation begins, the household's reactions follow a simple logic. The cook and the driver are not fighters; the instant they see armed, hostile visitors, they run, though one of them will usually try to shout a warning toward Xiàng Rén's room on the way out. Xiàng Rén himself is the household's actual defense — a mindless, fearless brute (see his separate profile) who charges in without regard for his own survival and keeps fighting until he is incapacitated or physically restrained. Yán Míngwáng is the last obstacle, and the least dangerous in a straight fight: elderly, frail, and unwilling to risk his own skin if he can avoid it. He will try to talk his way out, threaten consequences he cannot actually deliver, offer money, or simply flee toward the grounds once his defenses fall, rather than stand and fight to the end.



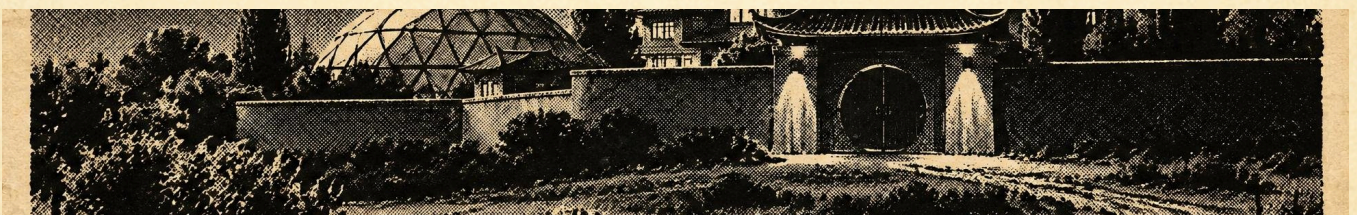
Ramming the Facade

If the crew decides the fastest way in is to drive a truck or car straight through the front of the house, treat it as a deliberate collision using the destination system's ordinary vehicle rules: the driver attempts a Drive (Automobile) roll at a difficulty the Director sets according to speed, distance, and obstacles (an unobstructed straight run across the front garden is easier than threading between outbuildings). On a success, the vehicle smashes through the lacquered facade and comes to a stop somewhere inside the entrance hall or main hall, doing significant structural damage to the house and drawing the immediate, undivided attention of everyone inside; the vehicle itself takes damage appropriate to a serious collision, at the Director's discretion, and occupants risk the usual bumps and bruises of a hard stop. A failed roll means the vehicle stalls, veers, or otherwise fails to breach the wall cleanly, still causing a great deal of noise and alerting the household without granting the element of surprise inside. This tactic sacrifices stealth entirely in exchange for shock and mobility — useful if the crew already expects a fight, or if Mike's rig is available and its engine noise would give them away regardless.

Into the Dome

Past the padlocked gate and the floodlit tunnel, the dome's interior is a wall of shadow and dense, unnatural vegetation. Whoever switches on the diesel generator at the entrance gets floodlights aimed down the tunnel's length, enough to make a normal Spot Hidden roll possible where an unlit search would demand a difficult one. What those lights, or a careful search in the dark, eventually reveal are shapes hanging among the thickest webs — silk-wrapped forms, roughly human in size, that resolve on a successful search into cocoons. Recognizing what they are, and what must be inside them, costs 1/1D4+1 Sanity points; this is the moment the investigators' search for the Murville sextuplets, and for whoever else this creature has taken, stops being abstract.

Somewhere in that same darkness, unmoving and patient, the thing that made the webs is already aware that someone has entered its dome. Detecting it before it attacks is a matter of an opposed roll against its own considerable Stealth and Hide, using its separate creature profile; failing that roll does not mean nothing is there, only that nobody has spotted it yet. What happens next — the full shape of the confrontation with the Leng spider, the fate of the cocooned sextuplets once confirmed, and whatever else the investigators find in the wreckage of the fossil's stone casing — belongs to the chapter that follows.



BRP · Lovecraftian Horror

The Leng Spider

Occupation: Colossal ambush predator and climactic threat within the steel dome



STR 48 240%	CON 30 150%	SIZ 60	DEX 18 90%
INT 7 35%	POW 18 90%	CHA 3 15%	EDU —

HP 45	Power Points 18
MOV 10	Additional Damage +6D6

A colossal Dreamlands arachnid revived from a fossil and confined beneath Yán Míngwáng's steel dome. Yán mistakes it for a titanic terrestrial spider, but it is a true spider of Leng, descended from Atlach-Nacha's kind. It waits among high webs and lightless vegetation, senses movement through its silk, and

descends to bind exposed prey before carrying it into the canopy.

Major Wound: 23

Experience Bonus: +4%

Armor: 6-point natural chitin

Skills: Brawl 75%, Climb 90%, Dodge 45%, Hide 85%, Listen 65%, Spot 75%, Stealth 80%, Throw 70%

Combat and Abilities

Venomous Bite 75%

Combat action · Melee · One creature

Damage: 1D8+DB. If the bite inflicts damage, the victim must attempt a Difficult CON roll. On a failure, venom inflicts 1D6 damage at the end of each of the victim's next three rounds. A successful First Aid roll stops any remaining venom damage.

None · Venom persists for up to 3 rounds · The venom does not stack; another bite only restarts its duration. (Original Rule)

Cast Web 70%

Combat action · 20 meters · One creature

Damage: 1D3+DB. A hit deals no damage but binds the target in dense silk. The target cannot move from its space and must spend an action to attempt a Difficult STR roll to break free. An adjacent ally may attempt the same roll to tear or cut the web. Further web hits do not increase the difficulty.

None · Until the web is broken or cut · One target per attack; requires an unobstructed line through the dome's vegetation. (Original Rule)

Crushing Pounce 75%

Combat action · Melee · One creature



Through the Lacquered Wall

Damage: 2D6+DB. May be used only when descending from above, emerging from concealment, or attacking a target that is bound or prone. A damaging hit also knocks the target prone.

None · Immediate · Unavailable in confined spaces that prevent the spider from bringing its mass to bear. (Original Rule)

Web-Canopy Ambush 85%

Automatic while concealed and motionless · Within visual range of the dome · Observers searching for the spider

Damage: 1D3+DB. While the spider remains motionless in darkness, foliage, or its web canopy, observers detect it by opposing Spot against its Hide. If it wins and then attacks from concealment, attempts to Dodge that first attack are Difficult.

None · Until detected, illuminated, or it attacks · Bright floodlights or removal of its concealment prevent this benefit. (Original Rule)

Wall-Crawler

Automatic · Self · Self

The spider can traverse walls, trees, steel latticework, and ceilings without a roll under ordinary conditions. A hazardous, collapsing, or unusually slick surface may require Climb.

None · Continuous · Requires a surface capable of bearing its colossal weight. (Original Rule)

Web Sense

Automatic · Connected web network inside the dome · Creatures disturbing its webs

The spider knows the location of any creature moving in or physically disturbing its connected webs, even in complete darkness. A creature that remains motionless and does not touch the web can avoid this sense.

None · While contact with the connected web persists · Does not reveal creatures outside or wholly separated from its webs. (Original Rule)

Predatory Fixation

Triggered by exposed prey · Within the dome · Exposed prey

If an exposed tethered animal or similarly helpless prey is placed among the shattered stones and the spider is not already under immediate attack, it descends to cast web around the bait and carry it upward. This reveals its position and permits prepared characters to act against it.

None · Until interrupted or the prey is carried into the canopy · Fails if the bait is obviously inaccessible, already dead, or surrounded by immediate threats the spider has detected. (Original Rule)

Vehicle Ramming Vulnerability

When a character deliberately rams the spider · Vehicle collision path · Self

Damage: Vehicle's remaining HP. A driver may attempt to ram the spider with a heavy vehicle by succeeding on an Extreme Drive (Automobile) roll. On success, the spider suffers damage equal to the vehicle's remaining HP. The attempt may be repeated while the vehicle can move, but a fumble stalls the engine and ends further attempts with that vehicle until it is restarted or repaired.

Risks the vehicle and its occupants as adjudicated for the collision · Immediate · The vehicle must have enough room to accelerate and reach the spider; Mike's damaged clutch is part of the Extreme difficulty. (Original Rule)

Sanity Loss: 1D4/1D10 SAN upon seeing the fully revealed spider of Leng

Tactics: The spider remains motionless above the darkest vegetation and contests detection before attacking. It first casts web at isolated prey, then descends to bite or crush a bound



Cocoons in the Canopy

target and drag it upward. A tethered cow or similarly exposed animal can draw it into view and create an opening. It avoids open ground when possible but defends its webbed canopy aggressively. A successfully rammed vehicle can inflict catastrophic harm despite its chitin.





UNDER THE DOME: THE SPIDER OF LENG

Into the Dark Canopy

Whatever brought the crew this far — a quiet infiltration past a spice-dulled Xiàng Rén, a running battle through the mansion's halls, or a straightforward fight that has already cost blood — the moment they pass the padlocked gate and the floodlit entrance tunnel, they leave the household's rules behind. The dome is Yán Míngwáng's private zoo, and its only inhabitant answers to nothing and no one, least of all its keeper.

The diesel generator at the gate keeps the tunnel lit, but its light dies quickly against the wall of vegetation choking the dome's interior. Whether the investigators arrive triumphant, wounded, or simply exhausted, the change in atmosphere should be immediate and physical: warm, humid air thick with a smell like a compost heap and old blood, the click and rustle of unseen insects, and a silence that swallows footsteps rather than answering them. Nothing here has been designed to be found by daylight visitors — Yán feeds his "pet" and leaves, and no one at the estate lingers longer than necessary.

What the investigators do next depends entirely on how much they already know. If Hunter Darrell has come this far with them, he will press forward with a professional's discipline even as his composure frays — he has spent weeks searching for six girls, and some part of him already suspects what this dome will show him. If Mike Slade's rig has already been located and freed outside, the truckers may choose to fetch it before going further, or to leave that recovery for after the confrontation. Nothing forces the order of these choices; the Director should let the party's actual priorities — rescue, revenge, evidence, or simple survival — drive the pacing from here.

Dome Interior — Spider's Lair

Past the tunnel, the dome opens into a vast, choked wilderness under an arched steel lattice long since strangled by vine and creeper; nothing larger than an insect can pass through that living roof anymore, and no sunlight reaches the floor except in thin, moving threads. The vegetation is dense and dark, deliberately or accidentally cultivated to shelter something that does not care for light. Heavy strands of silk run between the trunks and the steel ribs overhead, some as thick as rope, most invisible until a light or a careless hand finds them.

The ground is littered with broken stone — the shattered remains of the great fossil slab that once held the spider entombed, smashed from within by something considerably larger and stronger than the stone that had contained it for millennia. Investigators who search this rubble methodically, or simply stumble across it while moving through the dome, can piece together exactly what happened here: the fossil did not merely wake, it broke free with violence, and whatever emerged has had time since to grow comfortable in its new territory.

Hanging among the higher webs, easy to miss in the gloom and only fully visible under strong light, are several silk-

wrapped shapes: cocoons, each one roughly the size of a person. Finding them without floodlights calls for a difficult Spot check; with the tunnel's diesel-powered lights turned toward the canopy, or a flashlight held steady on the right patch of webbing, the same search becomes merely routine. Whoever makes that discovery and looks closely enough to understand what they are seeing takes a Sanity check for the sight (see below for the fuller reckoning once the cocoons are opened).

The spider itself is somewhere in this space, motionless, patient and all but invisible against the dark foliage and its own webbing. It does not announce itself. Finding it before it wants to be found is the first real problem the dome presents, and how the investigators solve that problem shapes everything that follows.

Facing the Spider of Leng

However the investigators reach the dome's heart, they eventually have to deal with its true occupant: a colossal spider of Leng, not the oversized terrestrial animal Yán believes he owns. Its full profile — characteristics, attacks, and special abilities — appears with the other creature profiles at the back of this book; the Director should have it ready before this scene begins, since the spider's own competence at hiding and striking from ambush is what makes this fight dangerous.

Because the creature remains motionless in darkness and foliage until it chooses to move, simply walking into the dome does not reveal it. Anyone actively searching for it makes an opposed roll — their Spot against the spider's own ability to remain hidden. Losing that contest does not mean nothing happens: it means the spider chooses the moment of contact instead of the investigators, and its first strike from concealment is much harder to dodge. Winning the roll lets an investigator spot motion in the webs, a shifting silhouette against the steel ribs, or a telltale tightening of silk moments before it strikes — enough warning to act first.

Three broad approaches are available to the investigators once the spider's presence is confirmed, and none of them are exclusive; a clever crew can combine them across a single encounter.

The first is bait. If a tethered animal — one of the cattle from the pen outside, dragged or driven into the dome and left exposed among the broken stone — is available and not already under attack, the spider is drawn to descend on it rather than remain hidden, wrapping the cow in web before hauling it upward. This reveals the spider's exact position and buys the investigators a window to act while it is occupied with the kill, whether that means opening fire, setting up a rammed charge, or simply retreating with the information they needed. Astute truckers who think to drag a cow into the dome before wading in themselves gain a real tactical advantage; the Director should reward that initiative rather than treat it as a shortcut around the fight.

The second is to simply fight it directly, using firearms, edged weapons, or whatever the crew is carrying. This is the most dangerous option by a wide margin — the spider's natural chitin, reach and venom make it a serious threat to anyone still



The Broken Fossil

recovering from the mansion assault — but it remains available, particularly once its position is known and its ambush advantage is spent.

The third is the truckers' own specialty: crushing it with a vehicle. If Mike's rig (or another suitable vehicle) can be brought to bear inside or against the dome, a driver may attempt to ram the spider directly. This requires an extreme Drive (Automobile) roll, made unusually difficult both by the spider's own agility and by the specific mechanical state of Mike's truck, whose clutch was ruined during his panicked escape from the docks; a repaired or substitute vehicle removes that particular penalty but the extreme difficulty from the spider's own reflexes remains. A successful ramming inflicts damage on the spider equal to whatever hit points the vehicle has left, which can be devastating against something this size. Failure is not necessarily catastrophic — the attempt can be repeated as long as the vehicle remains drivable — but a fumbled roll stalls the engine outright, ending that vehicle's part in the fight until it can be restarted or repaired, likely under fire.

Cadillac Eldorado Biarritz de 1960

Movimiento: 15 (210 km/h).

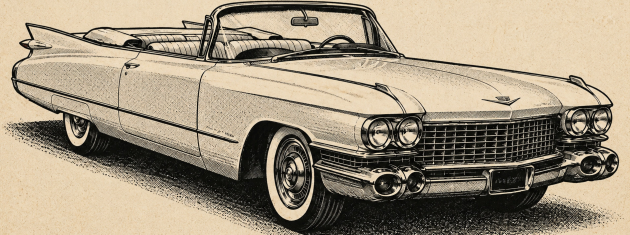
Corpulencia: 6.

Armadura de los ocupantes: 2.

Puntos de golpe: 20.

Pasajeros: 5.

Aceleración: 2-5 localizaciones.



Cadillac Eldorado Biarritz de 1960





Descent Upon the Bait

An Ace Up the Sleeve: Mike Slade

If, at any point during the mansion assault or the fight beneath the dome, the crew is genuinely overmatched — pinned down, outnumbered, or facing a wound that could kill someone — the Director may choose to bring in Mike Slade as an unexpected reinforcement, provided he has already been found and freed earlier in the adventure (see the discovery of the missing rig and the hospital interview in earlier chapters). He arrives the way this kind of story demands: suddenly, from an unexpected direction, already swinging. He might come in throwing punches, firing a weapon he has scrounged or been given, or simply driving his own truck through whatever stands between him and the people who stole it from him. His arrival should feel like a genuine turning point — a chance to breathe, retreat, regroup, or press an advantage that did not exist a moment before.

Mike's usefulness comes with a real cost, however. He is consumed by fury at having lost his rig, and once he starts fighting he does not stop for good sense. At the first sign that a fight has gone past what reason demands — an enemy clearly beaten, dead, or fled — the Director calls for a Sanity roll on Mike's behalf. A success means he can be talked down, redirected, or simply moves on to the next real threat. A failure means he keeps going regardless: emptying a full magazine into a corpse, smashing an unconscious guard's skull long after it matters, or ramming a wrecked vehicle again and again until it is scrap. This continues, uninterrupted by pleading or argument, until the Director judges that Mike has spent his

fury and can be pulled back — usually once there is nothing left in front of him to hit.

This is not a punishment for using him, and there is no requirement that the crew involve Mike Slade at all; many groups will resolve the dome and the mansion without him. But if the Director does bring him in, his berserk failure state is a genuine and visible consequence, not a twist ending — it should be played openly, in front of the players, as the frightening thing it is.

What the Webs Conceal

Sooner or later — during the search for the spider, in the aftermath of the fight, or simply while investigating the cocoons noticed earlier — someone cuts down or opens one of the silk-wrapped shapes hanging in the canopy. What they find ends any hope that this case might have a rescue at its heart: the bodies of the six Murville sextuplets, dead, partially consumed, wrapped in the same silk that has held countless other victims before them.

The Director should be honest about what this means and what it does not mean. Yǎn Míngwáng sacrificed all six identical sisters to revive his "pet," convinced that their number, their sameness and their untouched virginity mattered to the rite. None of that was ever true. The *Call a Daughter of Atlach-Nacha* ritual required only one point of magic per point of the fossil's SIZ — roughly sixty points, which Yǎn's own considerable power could have supplied alone. The sextuplets did not need to die for the spider to live; they died because an

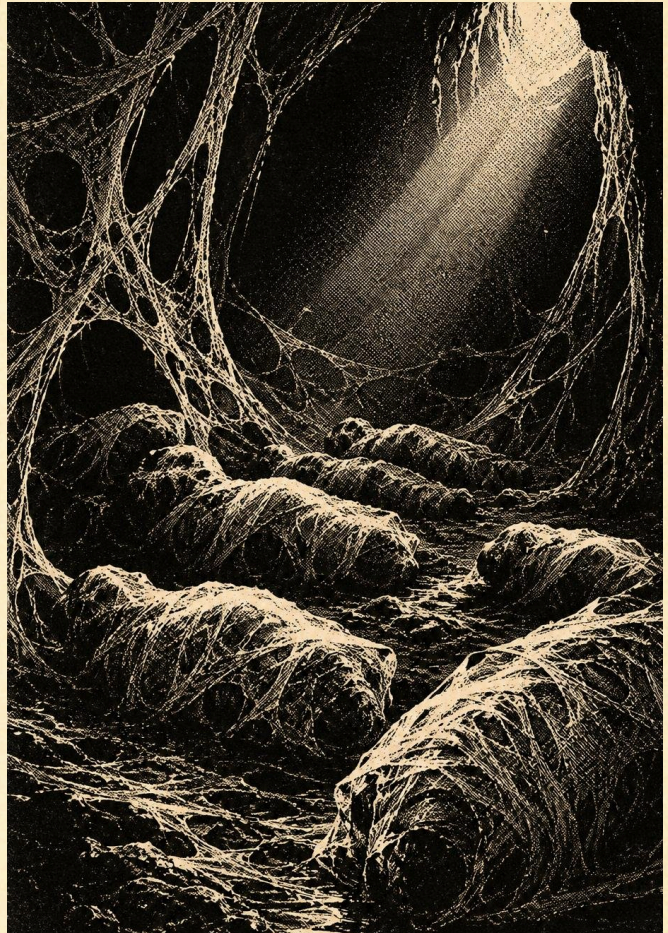
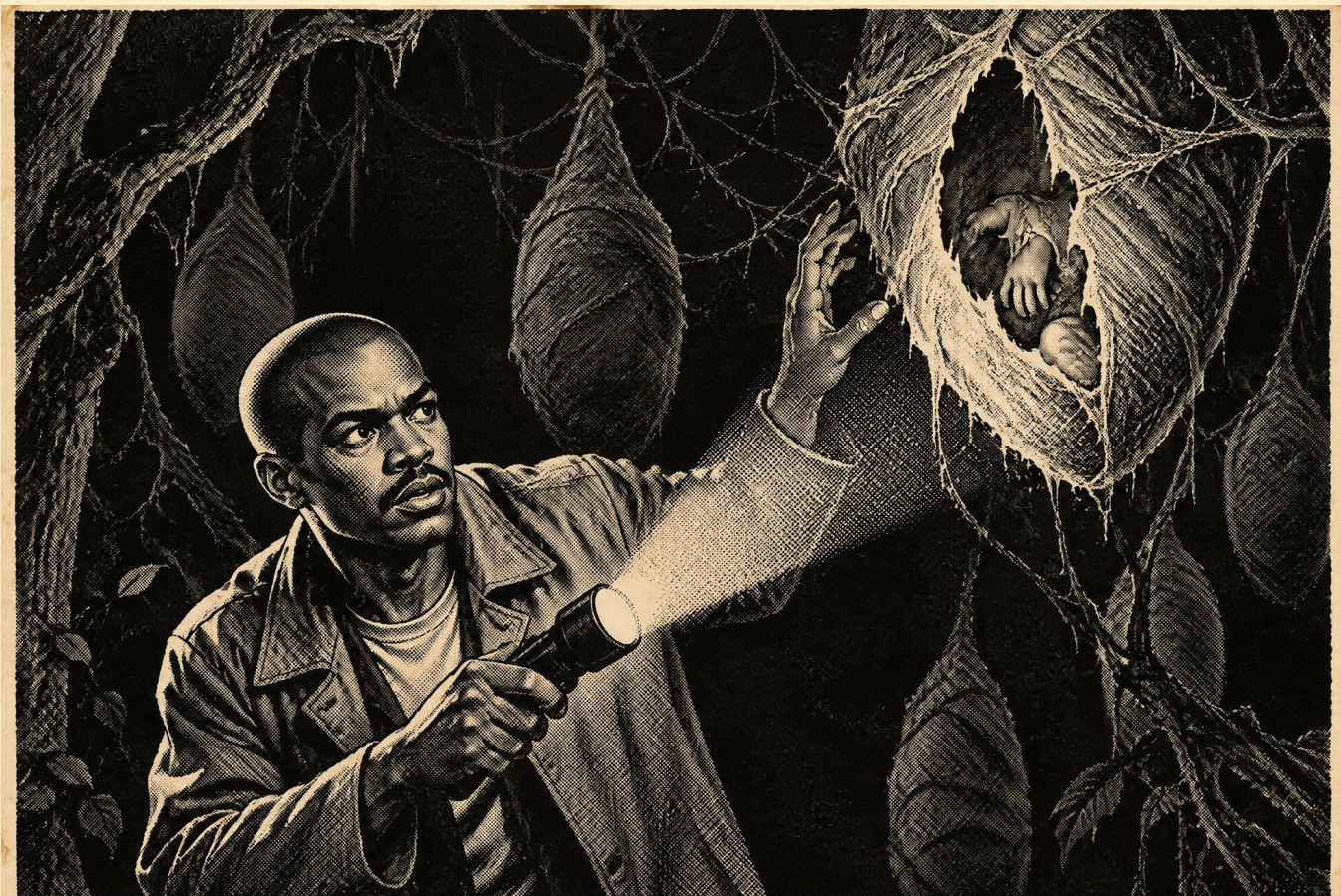


Fury Without End

old, powerful, deeply damaged man decided that his private obsession deserved a more elaborate offering than the spell required. That is the entire tragedy in one sentence, and it should land on the investigators, and on Hunter Darrell in particular, exactly that plainly.

Hunter has spent weeks and considerable professional pride on this search. If he is present for this discovery, play the moment for what it costs him rather than for shock alone: the posters, the interviews, the hope he had allowed himself despite years of training against exactly that habit, all of it ends here, in a spider's larder. He does not need dialogue scripted for him — his reaction is a player's to decide, whether that is controlled grief, sudden fury directed at Yán and everything under this dome, or something quieter that only shows later. What the Director should not do is soften the discovery, hint at a survivor who is not there, or invent some way to undo what has already happened; the sisters have been dead for some time, and nothing found here changes that.

There is nothing further to investigate about the bodies themselves beyond confirming identity — clothing, jewelry, or, if the torn unicorn-print fabric recovered earlier from the warehouse was kept, a match that removes any remaining doubt. Once the sextuplets are found, this thread of the case is closed. What remains open is what the investigators do with what they have learned, and what becomes of Yán Míngwáng, Xiàng Rén, and the spider itself.



What the Silk Held

Sanity Consequences of the Confrontation

Several distinct discoveries and outcomes in this chapter carry their own Sanity adjustment. Apply each one only when its condition is actually met at the table; none of these are automatic beyond their stated trigger, and several depend entirely on player choices the Director cannot script in advance.

Confirming that the Murville sextuplets are dead costs every investigator who witnesses or is told the confirmed truth 1D6 Sanity points; Hunter Darrell, whose professional identity and weeks of effort were staked on finding them alive, loses 1D6+2 instead. Recovering Mike's stolen rig — whether driven out intact, salvaged after the fight, or simply confirmed safe — restores 1D3 points, a small but real note of accomplishment amid the horror. Killing Xiàng Rén, ending a monstrous but genuinely enslaved and pitiable creature, restores 1D6 points. Killing the Leng spider itself, ending the adventure's central threat, restores 1D10 points. Losing a companion at any point during this confrontation costs every surviving investigator 1D6 points. Freeing the two Asian women held captive and abused in Xiàng Rén's room restores 1D4 points to everyone who takes part in freeing them.

These adjustments are not exhaustive of everything the Director might reasonably call for during this climax — ordinary Sanity checks for other disturbing sights remain at the Director's discretion — but they cover the chapter's defined turning points and should be applied consistently regardless of how the investigators reached each outcome.

- Confirming the Murville sextuplets' deaths: -1D6 SAN (Hunter Darrell: -1D6+2)
- Recovering Mike Slade's rig: +1D3 SAN
- Killing Xiàng Rén: +1D6 SAN
- Killing the Leng spider: +1D10 SAN
- Losing a companion: -1D6 SAN to all survivors
- Freeing the two captive women: +1D4 SAN to those who free them

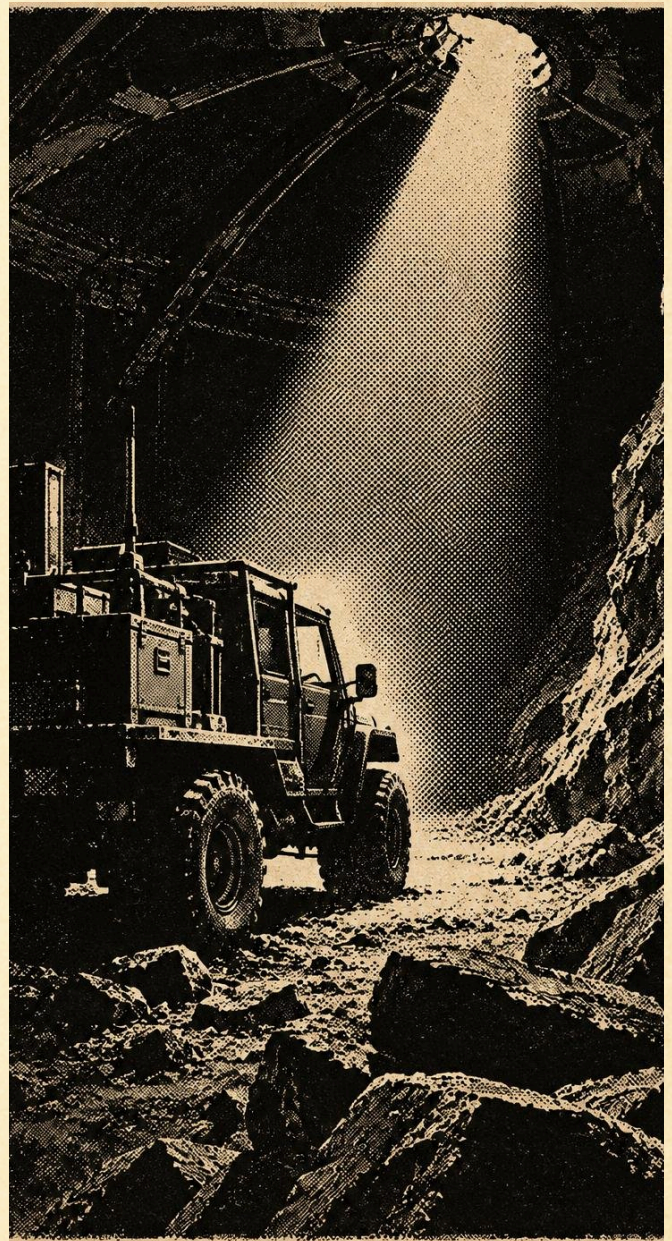
How the Night Ends

This confrontation can end several genuinely different ways, and the Director should be ready to run any of them without treating one as the "correct" outcome. Yán Míngwáng, frail, elderly and physically weak, is unlikely to survive a direct fight if the investigators reach him, but he may just as easily be captured, talked into surrender by the threat of exposure, or simply flee into the forest behind the estate if given the chance — his Body Ward and Dominate abilities exist to buy him time to escape rather than to win a fight outright. Xiàng Rén, lacking any instinct for self-preservation, fights until incapacitated or until Yán specifically calls him off; he is unlikely to surrender on his own, but nothing prevents the investigators from subduing rather than killing him if they have the means and the inclination, a choice that says something different about the crew than simply putting him down.

The spider itself need not die for this adventure to end. Driving it back into the depths of the dome, sealing the tunnel behind

a retreat, or simply fleeing the grounds entirely with Mike's rig and the surviving captives are all legitimate resolutions — the creature remains what it has always been, an ancient and patient predator, and leaving it alive under a damaged or abandoned dome is a loose end the investigators can choose to revisit or walk away from. If the investigators do kill it, whether by gunfire, ramming, or some combination of both, the reward above reflects the very real accomplishment of destroying something that should not exist in this world at all.

Whatever else happens, the two women held captive in Xiàng Rén's room remain a genuine, separate objective distinct from the fight against Yán or the spider: rescuing them is possible at almost any point once the investigators reach that part of the house, whether before, during, or after the dome confrontation, and doing so is worth the effort regardless of how the rest of the night goes. The estate, the dome, and everything under it are now a matter of record — what the investigators tell the police, the press, or no one at all about what they found here is the adventure's final and entirely open choice.



CAST, CREATURES AND VEHICLES

Cast, Creatures and Vehicles

This chapter gathers the complete Basic Roleplaying profiles for every named person and creature the Director needs to run the case, so nobody has to be hunted down mid-scene. Each entry lists characteristics, skills, attacks and special abilities on the selected BRP Lovecraft scale; vehicles associated with a particular driver are kept beside that driver's own profile, as the crew's trucks and Jax's Cadillac are inseparable from how their owners operate in play.

Use these blocks as reference during play rather than reading them aloud. Sanity loss, where noted, applies only under the stated conditions; ordinary conversation with any of these people costs nothing.

Grom

Grom is Anna Dunsteel's small, scruffy black-and-white terrier mix, forever playing with her tongue hanging out and willing to eat almost anything. She is fiercely loyal to Anna and, in a fight, will snap and dart at anyone she sees fighting her owner. Her bite is deliberately weak — she is otherwise harmless — and she is not trained to coordinate with anyone.

Once per round, while she moves among combatants locked in melee near her, each of those combatants must make a normal POW roll or trip and fall prone; an opponent still standing gains an Easy attack against whoever falls. If a large, grotesque creature ever appears — Xiàng Rén, the Leng spider, anything monstrous — Grom's loyalty gives way entirely to self-preservation, and she runs for the nearest way out rather than attacking it.



Grom Underfoot

Mushafah Zahir

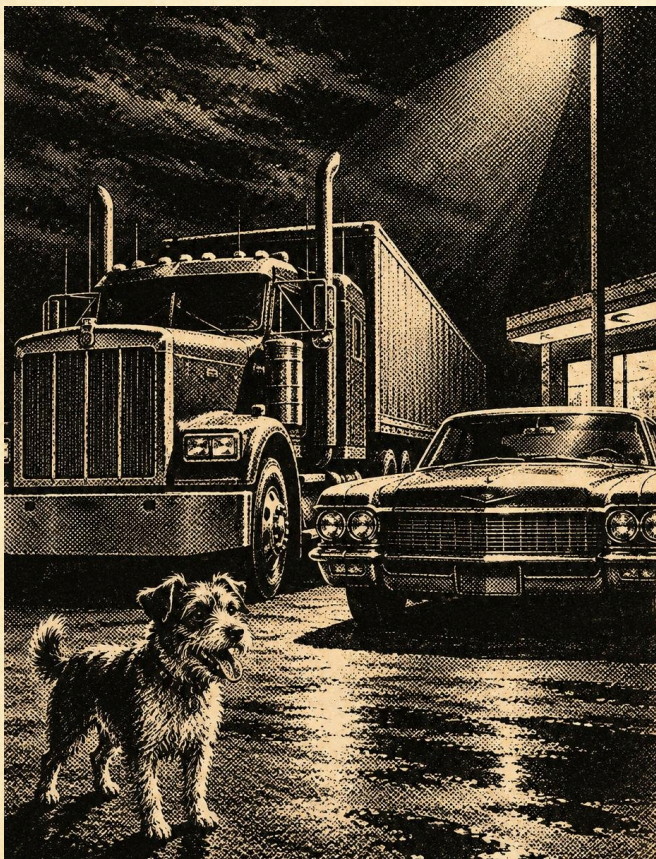
Mushafah Zahir, thirty-nine, is an Egyptian immigrant who worked whatever jobs he could find before carving out a place in long-haul trucking. He values working for Jax and the companionship of the crew, and years of hard road miles behind the wheel of his leased Kenworth W900 have made him tough, dependable and formidable when a fight becomes unavoidable. He speaks Arabic natively, with workable English and a little French.

He is a steady, capable combatant: a solid punch and kick, a machete when armed, and a decent Dodge to keep him standing. Outside combat he is a competent driver and mechanic, spots trouble reliably, and can navigate unfamiliar roads.

His Kenworth W900 travels with him: MOV 14 (113 km/h), Build 9, occupant armor 4, 35 hit points, room for 3 passengers, and acceleration of 1–3 map locations per round. It is a serious obstacle or weapon in its own right if driven into something.

Mick O'Bradvik

Mick O'Bradvik, forty, is a second-generation Irish-American trucker: calm, blunt, and impatient with foolishness. He believes in cutting problems short and getting back to work. With a wife and two college-age daughters waiting on him, he keeps rigid schedules and never misses a delivery. Under



pressure he leads with words and physical presence before reaching for his Mossberg shotgun, reserved for genuinely dangerous confrontations. His signature line: *"I'll knock the foolishness out of you with one slap."*

Mick hits hard in a brawl — punch, grapple, or the shotgun at close range — and backs it with solid Persuade (Intimidation), mechanical know-how, and reliable driving. His Mossberg M500A MIL-S fires at 7/15/35 meters for 4D6/2D6/1D6 damage depending on range, holds five shells plus one chambered, takes three rounds to reload, and malfunctions on a roll of 99–00.

His Peterbilt 359 shares the same road performance as the Kenworth: MOV 14 (113 km/h), Build 9, occupant armor 4, 35 hit points, 3 passengers, and 1–3 map locations of acceleration per round.

Hunter Darrell

Hunter Darrell, twenty-eight, grew up in an orphanage and was never adopted. He made his own way, earning a modest reputation up and down the American East Coast as a finder of missing persons. Detective novels and the adventure fiction of Edgar Rice Burroughs shaped his investigative instincts, his imaginative streak, and an old-fashioned sense of duty. He is in Quebec searching for the Murville sextuplets when the crew's search for Mike Slade crosses his path, and he will take the Slade case for a modest fee, following the same practical leads as the truckers. His quote, half in earnest and half in dread, is: *"I want a gun... Please..."*

Darrell is a capable investigator — strong at research, disguise, lockpicking, fast talk, and reading people — but only a middling fighter. He carries a Smith & Wesson Model 586 revolver (15 meters, one shot per round, six-round capacity, three rounds to reload, malfunctions on 00) as his main weapon, and keeps a Ruger Mk I in a calf holster as backup (20 meters, up to three shots per round, nine rounds plus one chambered, one round to reload, malfunctions on 97–00).

Minga

Minga is a mischievous twelve-year-old Chinese Canadian boy who arrived in Canada with his parents nine years ago. While his parents work in a Chinatown grocery, he spends school hours gambling around the docks instead, and is well liked — and has fleeced more than once — by the truckers, stevedores and sailors who pass through. He speaks Chinese natively, with solid French and workable English, and is an excellent sneak.

His signature hustle is a bet: push a hard-boiled egg through the neck of an empty beer bottle. A normal DEX roll decides it; on a failure he can offer double-or-nothing and keep going until the Director or the bettors call it off. He can also use Fast Talk to hold a guard's attention with chatter or an improvised wager, buying an ally one covert action, and if the crew is jailed without Anna's bail money in play, he can organize a dockside collection among his gambling friends to raise bail after two days in custody. Two days before Mike Slade vanished, Minga saw unpleasant, unfamiliar men — the kind



Kenworth and Peterbilt on the Highway

the local Asian community avoids — loading something bulky wrapped in green canvas into Mike's trailer.

Yán Míngwáng

Yán Míngwáng, ninety-one, built his fortune smuggling illegal immigrants — mostly tcho-tchos from India, Myanmar and nearby regions — into a string of small Quebec businesses, holding out citizenship until it no longer profits him to do so. He knows exactly how he exploits them and feels no guilt; he assumes, not without justice, that they would do the same in his place.

Yán grew up on the Andaman Islands, where a fossil cave discovered in the 1920s yielded increasingly large spider fossils, culminating in one enormous specimen embedded in rock that he saw with his own eyes as a boy. Wealth and occult study finally let him import that fossil to his Quebec estate and revive it, believing he has created nothing stranger than an oversized terrestrial spider — a pet, to be fed cattle, and any trespasser who oversteps.

Mechanically, Yán is physically frail (low STR, DEX and HP) but possesses an exceptional mind and will (INT 16, POW 18) and a ruined social presence. His skills include Research, Knowledge (Occult and Accounting), Status, Persuade (including an Intimidation specialty), fluent Chinese with workable French and English, Insight, Appraise and Knowledge (Nature).

He commands four named spells. *Call a Daughter of Atlach-Nacha* is the one whose procedure the source specifies directly: cast beside the chosen fossil, it takes ten uninterrupted minutes and costs one power point per point of the fossil's SIZ — roughly sixty points for the estate's spider. Yán has already completed this rite before the investigators arrive; it grants him no ongoing control over the revived creature, and it is not something he can simply repeat at will during play. His other three spells — *Withering*, which spends 2 power points to inflict 1D6 armor-piercing damage on a visible target through an opposed POW roll; *Dominate*, which spends 1 power point to force a single short command via an opposed POW roll on anyone who can hear and understand him; and *Body Ward*, which converts up to 5 power points into a temporary protective pool against physical damage over five rounds of chanting — are original, conservative BRP procedures, since the source names them without supplying mechanics.

Yán avoids physical combat entirely, hiding behind Xiàng Rén and his retainers, using Body Ward if warned of trouble, Dominate against an isolated or wavering intruder, and Withering only when truly cornered. He bargains, bluffs and abandons his people without hesitation the moment escape looks possible.

An Chǒu

An Chǒu, fifty-four, is the harsh, unkempt manager of the Xí Zhū restaurant, keeping the front profitable while Yán moves illegal tcho-tcho immigrants into precarious work. She pretends not to understand English or French, watching visitors for weakness, and shifts abruptly between violent bluster and counterfeit pleading depending on what seems to work.

She is a mediocre fighter but a slippery one, wielding a butcher's cleaver (1D8 plus damage bonus) and dodging well. If investigators press the staff too hard, she makes for the restaurant telephone; completing the call brings six tcho-tchos from the nearby gambling den into the restaurant, ready for a fight, five combat rounds later. Anyone questioning her openly in English or French should know that a difficult Insight roll is needed to catch that she actually understands what is being said — her incomprehension is a convincing act, not a real limitation.



An Chǒu Reaches for the Phone

Ten individually numbered tcho-tcho men and women serve throughout Yán Míngwáng's organization as restaurant staff, gambling-den muscle, and mansion guards. They cook, clean, watch doors, collect gambling debts, and reinforce any location under threat. At the Xí Zhū they stall intruders and feign confusion before resorting to violence that might draw police attention; once exposed, they fight pragmatically, using furniture and narrow passages for cover and trying to alert companions at the gambling den or the estate.

Retainer No. 1 supplies the group's canonical printed profile: he punches, kicks or headbutts for 1D3 plus damage bonus, or fights with a knife for 1D4+2 plus damage bonus. He is competent at Brawl, knife work, Dodge, Listen, Spot, Stealth, Hide, Gaming, Bargain and First Aid. If a retainer reaches a telephone or messenger after judging the investigators a

	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW	DEX	CHA	EDU	SAN	HP
Retainer	8	5	11	15	15	8	9	7	38	8

Table — An Chôu

serious threat, the Director may dispatch an available group of retainers from a connected location; their numbers and speed depend on distance, transport and how many retainers are already committed, and investigators can prevent or delay this by controlling communications, intercepting the messenger, or leaving before help arrives. The household's other nine retainers vary in build and temperament — some notably stronger, some frailer, some sharper-witted — and the Director can freely assign any of the ten as the specific guard, cook or gambler encountered in a given scene, adjusting stakes accordingly without needing a fully separate profile for each.

Xiàng Rén, the Elephant Man

Xiàng Rén, seventeen, lived in a tcho-tcho village in Myanmar when he began receiving dream-visions from the god Chaug-nar Faugn. Over the years his body mutated into the grotesque, hulking creature he is now, and his mind degraded until he follows only the most basic instincts: obey his master, survive, and satisfy his appetites. Yán Míngwáng found him upon arriving illegally in Canada and took him into the household, controlling him through a crude cycle of beatings and rewards. He carries out any order Yán gives in exchange for food and

unsupervised access to women, and keeps two abused captive women chained inside his squalid room.

He is enormously strong and durable (STR 21, CON 18, SIZ 18, HP 18) but nearly mindless (INT 4, POW 5) and has two points of natural armor from thick body fat. His preferred tactic is a Charge (1D6 plus damage bonus) followed by a Grapple; once he has secured a target, his Bite lands automatically for 1D2 damage. Lacking a grapple, he falls back on Fist, Knife, or Club, each for modest damage plus his damage bonus, and rarely bothers to Dodge. Encountering him costs 1/1D4 Sanity.

His sense of smell is otherwise sharp but dulled by the strong spices used throughout Yán's household, which is why a night approach to the estate is considerably safer than a daylight one. In combat he disregards his own safety entirely and will not voluntarily withdraw from a wound; only incapacitation, physical restraint, or a direct order from Yán stops him. The two captive women in his room are bystanders, not combatants, and represent an urgent rescue objective for any investigators who reach that part of the mansion.

Tcho-tchos

	Nº 1	Nº 2	Nº 3	Nº 4	Nº 5	Nº 6	Nº 7	Nº 8	Nº 9	Nº 10
FUE	40	15	15	40	15	65	30	15	65	80
CON	25	20	45	60	65	55	75	65	70	65
TAM	55	60	70	55	50	70	80	50	60	80
INT	75	90	60	15	75	60	50	65	70	80
POD	75	25	40	65	70	85	25	25	25	40
DES	40	30	30	20	90	30	65	70	15	50
APA	45	25	60	45	60	50	60	40	55	65
EDU	35	55	35	60	60	30	60	45	45	60
COR	38	15	20	35	35	45	15	15	15	20
P.V.	8	8	12	12	12	13	16	12	13	15
Corp.	0	-1	0	0	-1	1	-2	-1	1	1
P.M.	15	25	8	13	14	17	5	5	5	8
B.D.	0	-1	0	0	-1	+1D4	0	-1	+1D4	+1D4
Mov.	7	7	7	7	8	7	7	8	8	8

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Jax Denrec



Occupation: Athletic small-business owner, former mechanic, crew organizer, driver, and armed support

STR
17
85%

CON
15
75%

SIZ
14

DEX
14
70%

INT
13
65%

POW
12
60%

CHA
13
65%

EDU
12
60%

HP
15

Power Points
12

MOV
10

Additional Damage
+1D4

Jax Denrec is a lively, athletic 42-year-old who exercises regularly and runs early in the morning. A former mechanic from his father's shop, he now operates a small transport business employing three truckers for jobs across the United States and Canada. He enjoys beer, cigars, and Cadillacs, and

responds to trouble with practical organization, personal transport, mechanical expertise, and—when necessary—a handgun. His characteristic reaction is: “What’s going on?”

Major Wound: 8

Experience Bonus: +7%

Armor: None.

Skills: Brawl 65%, Brawl (Head Butt) 30%, Melee Weapon (Knife) 35%, Firearm (Pistol) 45%, Dodge 65%, Drive (Automobile) 50%, Technical Skill (Electrical) 40%, Fast Talk 35%, Repair (Mechanical) 70%, Persuade 25%, First Aid 40%, Language (French) 30%, Jump 50%, Stealth 40%, Climb 50%

Combat and Abilities

Punch 65%

Combat action · Touch · One adjacent target

Damage: **1D3+DB.**

None · Instantaneous · One attack per combat round.

Head Butt 30%

Combat action · Touch · One adjacent target

Damage: **1D4+DB.**

None · Instantaneous · One attack per combat round.

Knife 35%

Combat action · Touch · One adjacent target

Damage: **1D6+DB.**

None · Instantaneous · Requires the knife; one attack per combat round.

Smith & Wesson M1076 45%

Combat action · 15 meters · One target within range



Xiàng Rén's Room

Damage: 1D8+1D6.

One cartridge · Instantaneous · One shot per combat round; capacity 15 rounds plus one chambered; one combat round to reload; malfunctions on 97–00.

Sanity Loss: None for encountering Jax under ordinary circumstances.

Equipment: Smith & Wesson M1076 semiautomatic pistol with 15-round magazine and one additional round chambered; Knife; Cigars and lighter; Cream 1960 Cadillac Eldorado Biarritz: MOV 15 (210 km/h), occupant armor 2, 20 HP, 5 passengers, acceleration 2–5 locations; available as crew transport

Tactics: Jax takes charge by organizing the crew, supplying transport, and applying his mechanical knowledge to practical problems. He prefers mobility and direct coordination over elaborate plans. In a fight he keeps enough distance to use his pistol, dodges actively, and resorts to his knife or athletic close-quarters attacks if pressed. He can also drive the crew in his Cadillac or help diagnose and repair vehicle trouble.



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Anna Dunsteel



Occupation: Jax Denrec's girlfriend, photographer, animal lover, and emergency source of bail money

STR 11 55%	CON 12 60%	SIZ 10	DEX 15 75%
INT 14 70%	POW 11 55%	CHA 16 80%	EDU 10 50%

HP 11	Power Points 11
MOV 10	Additional Damage 0

Jax Denrec's sharp-witted 28-year-old girlfriend is attractive, physically active, and notably self-assured. Anna prefers mature, decisive company and has little patience for childish posturing. She loves animals—especially her small terrier-mix, Grom—and frequently photographs the dog. Although not eager for violence, Anna keeps a switchblade and is quick on her feet. If the crew lands in jail, she can arrange the money needed for bail.

Major Wound: 6

Experience Bonus: +7%

Armor: None.

Skills: Brawl 25%, Melee Weapon (Knife) 50%, Dodge 40%, Art (Photography) 60%, Drive (Automobile) 35%, Charm 75%, Ride (Horse) 25%, Listen 50%, Sleight of Hand 30%, Knowledge (Nature) 20%, Language (French) 65%, Insight 35%, Stealth 45%, Appraise 30%

Combat and Abilities

Punch 25%

Combat action · Touch · One adjacent target

Damage: 1D3+DB.

None · Instant · Un uso por acción

Switchblade 50%

Combat action · Touch · One adjacent target

Damage: 1D4+DB.

None · Instant · Requires her switchblade to be drawn and in hand.

Emergency Bail Funds

Automatic once Anna learns the crew is being held and their immediate legal release has failed · Remote banking or wire-transfer access · Arrested members of Jax's crew

If the crew is arrested after violence without clearly provable self-defense and cannot secure immediate release through the available legal procedure, Anna wires the required bail money. The crew is released after two days in custody.

Bail money from Anna's available funds · Until the bail transaction and release are completed · Available only when Anna remains free and able to contact a bank or transfer service. It does not prevent arrest, erase charges, or produce immediate release. (Original Rule)

Grom's Companion

Automatic while Anna and Grom are together · Nearby · Anna and nearby creatures

Anna normally travels with Grom, her small terrier-mix. Run Grom using her separate creature profile, including her protective behavior toward Anna and her fear of large, grotesque creatures.

None · While Grom accompanies Anna · Grom is an independent animal, not equipment, and may flee from large or grotesque creatures. (Original Rule)

Sanity Loss: None.

Equipment: Compact 1980s camera, film, and photography supplies; Switchblade; Personal funds and banking access sufficient to wire bail money; Everyday clothing and personal effects

Tactics: Anna avoids stand-up fights, relying on her speed, awareness, and ability to withdraw. She punches only when forced into close quarters and draws her switchblade as a last resort. Outside combat she uses charm, fluent French, photography, and careful listening to gather information. Her practical priority is protecting Grom and helping Jax and the crew escape trouble.



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Grom



Occupation: Anna's harmless companion, loyal defender, and unpredictable melee nuisance

STR 3 15%	CON 10 50%	SIZ 2	DEX 15 75%
INT 5 25%	POW 10 50%	CHA 13 65%	EDU —

HP 6	Power Points 10
MOV 10	Additional Damage -1D6

Grom is Anna's small female dog, an unusual terrier mix with coarse black-and-white fur. She spends most of the day playing with her tongue hanging out and will eat almost anything. Fiercely loyal despite being largely harmless, she snaps at anyone fighting Anna and darts unpredictably around nearby melee combatants.

Major Wound: 3

Experience Bonus: +3%

Armor: None.

Skills: Brawl 30%, Dodge 50%, Listen 60%, Sense 65%, Track 40%, Stealth 45%

Combat and Abilities

Bite and Snap 30%

On Grom's turn while someone is fighting Anna · Touch · One creature fighting Anna

Damage: 1D3+DB. This deliberately weak bite is used only against someone Grom sees fighting Anna.

None · Instant · One attack per round. Grom will not attack a large, grotesque creature and instead flees from it.

Underfoot

Automatic when close combat occurs around Grom · Immediate melee vicinity · Each nearby melee combatant

Damage: **None.** Once per round, each combatant participating in close combat in Grom's immediate vicinity must make a normal POW characteristic roll. On a failure, that combatant trips and falls prone. Until the fallen combatant stands, an opponent who remains standing makes attacks against that combatant at Easy difficulty.

None · While close combat continues near Grom · Applies only while Grom is present, mobile, and moving among the combatants. It ceases if she is restrained, removed from the melee, incapacitated, or fleeing a large grotesque creature. (Original Rule)

Flight from Monsters

Automatic upon perceiving a large, grotesque creature · Awareness · Self

Damage: None. When confronted by a large, grotesque creature, Grom refuses to attack it and immediately runs toward the nearest apparent route away from the creature.

None · Until she reaches safety or the creature is no longer present · This overrides her usual behavior of defending Anna from anyone fighting her. (Original Rule)

Sanity Loss: None; Grom is an ordinary dog.

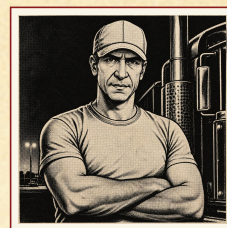
Equipment: Simple collar

Tactics: Grom stays close to Anna and harasses anyone visibly fighting her, favoring snapping attacks and disruptive movement rather than pursuit. She is not trained to coordinate with other combatants. If a large, grotesque creature appears, self-preservation overrides her loyalty and she immediately seeks a route away from it.



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Mushafah Zahir



Occupation: Long-haul trucker and dependable crew combatant

STR 15 75%	CON 14 70%	SIZ 13	DEX 15 75%
INT 12 60%	POW 10 50%	CHA 11 55%	EDU 8 40%

HP 14	Power Points 10	MOV 10
Additional Damage +1D4		Sanity 50

Mushafah Zahir is a 39-year-old Egyptian immigrant who adapted to American life by taking whatever work he could find before establishing himself in long-haul transport. He likes working for Jax and values the companionship of the crew. Years of hard labor and countless miles behind the wheel of his leased Kenworth W900 have made him resilient, dependable and formidable when violence becomes unavoidable.

Major Wound: 7

Sanity: Initial — · Maximum 100

Experience Bonus: +6%

Armor: None

Skills: Brawl 55%, Drive (Automobile) 45%, Drive (Heavy Machinery) 25%, Spot 45%, Technical Skill (Electrical) 20%, Listen 40%, Command (Intimidation) 30%, Throw 30%, Language (Arabic) 60%, Repair (Mechanical) 40%, Navigate 35%, Language (English) 25%, Language (French) 10%, Jump 50%, Climb 45%, Melee Weapon (Machete) 60%, Dodge 45%

Combat and Abilities

Punch 55%

Combat action · Melee · One target

Damage: 1D3+DB.

None · Instantaneous · Mushafah can make one attack per combat round.

Kick 55%

Combat action · Melee · One target

Damage: 1D6+DB.

None · Instantaneous · Mushafah can make one attack per combat round.

Machete 60%

Combat action · Melee · One target

Damage: 1D6+DB.

None · Instantaneous · Requires a machete; Mushafah can make one attack per combat round.

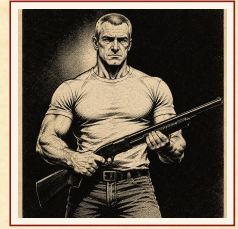
Equipment: Machete; Leased Kenworth W900 tractor-trailer

Tactics: A steady and capable combatant, Mushafah makes one attack per round. He favors the machete when armed, punches at close quarters if disarmed, and uses kicks when the situation makes them practical. He remains focused on protecting his fellow truckers rather than pursuing reckless violence.



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Mick O'Bradvik



Occupation: Long-haul trucker, dependable crew member, and owner-driver of the Peterbilt 359

STR 17 85%	CON 15 75%	SIZ 16	DEX 8 40%
INT 10 50%	POW 10 50%	CHA 9 45%	EDU 9 45%

HP 16	Power Points 10
MOV 10	Additional Damage +1D6

Mick O'Bradvik is a forty-year-old second-generation Irish-American trucker: calm, blunt, and intolerant of foolishness. He believes in cutting problems short and getting back to work. A husband with two college-age daughters, he keeps rigid schedules and never misses a delivery. Under pressure he remains dependable, relying first on direct words and physical presence, with his Mossberg shotgun reserved for serious danger. "I'll knock the foolishness out of you with one slap."

Major Wound: 8

Experience Bonus: +5%

Armor: None.

Skills: Brawl 65%, Grapple 50%, Firearm (Shotgun) 40%, Dodge 35%, Drive (Automobile) 45%, Drive (Heavy Machinery) 20%, Spot 40%, Listen 45%, Persuade (Intimidation) 50%, Language (Gaelic) 45%, Repair (Mechanical) 50%, Language (English) 45%, Language (French) 10%, Jump 40%, Climb 50%

Combat and Abilities

Punch 65%

Combat action · Melee · One adjacent target

Damage: **1D3+DB.**

None · Instant · One attack per combat round.

Grapple 50%

Combat action · Melee · One adjacent target

Damage: **Special.** Resolve as a grapple rather than a damaging strike.

None · According to the grapple result · One attack per combat round.

Mossberg M500A MIL-S 40%

Combat action · 7/15/35 meters · One target

Damage: **4D6/2D6/1D6.**

One shotgun shell · Instant · One shot per combat round; capacity 5 shells plus 1 in the chamber; requires 3 combat rounds to reload; malfunctions on 99-00.

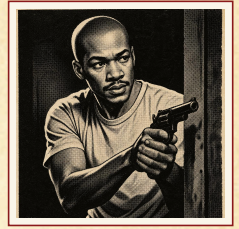
Sanity Loss: None.

Equipment: Peterbilt 359 long-haul truck; Mossberg M500A MIL-S shotgun; Five-round shotgun magazine plus one shell in the chamber; Trucker's work clothes and routine road gear

Tactics: Mick avoids elaborate plans and addresses obvious problems directly. He uses blunt warnings and intimidation before violence, trusting his strength and reliability under pressure. In a brawl he punches or grapples the nearest immediate threat. He brings the Mossberg to genuinely dangerous confrontations, keeps targets within its effective range, and conserves its limited shells rather than firing recklessly. Protecting his family and meeting his responsibilities matter more to him than bravado.



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Hunter Darrell

Occupation: Missing-persons finder; potential hired investigator and emotional throughline for the Murville sextuplets

STR 12 60%	CON 12 60%	SIZ 10	DEX 14 70%
INT 15 75%	POW 12 60%	CHA 12 60%	EDU 10 50%

HP 11	Power Points 12
MOV 9	Additional Damage 0

Hunter Darrell is a 28-year-old missing-persons finder who grew up in an orphanage and was never adopted. Detective fiction and Edgar Rice Burroughs shaped his imaginative outlook, investigative instincts, and unusually strong sense of duty. Already well known along the American East Coast, he is in Quebec searching for the Murville sextuplets. He accepts the apparently simple Slade case for a modest fee, follows the same practical leads as the truckers, and becomes the human face of the sextuplets' tragic fate. Quote: "I want a gun... Please..."

Major Wound: 6

Experience Bonus: +8%

Armor: None

Skills: Brawl 55%, Dodge 50%, Firearm (Revolver) 40%, Firearm (Pistol) 40%, Research 50%, Fine Manipulation (Locksmithing) 60%, Fast Talk 80%, Drive (Automobile) 35%, Knowledge (Accounting) 30%, Spot 50%, Disguise 40%, Language (English) 50%, Language (French) 25%, First Aid 45%, Insight 40%, Knowledge (Survival) 40%

Combat and Abilities

Punch 55%

Combat action · Touch · One adjacent target

Damage: **1D3+DB.**

Una acción · Instant · Un uso por acción

Smith & Wesson Model 586 40%

Combat action · 15 meters · One target

Damage: **1D8+1D6.**

1 cartridge · Instant · Maximum 1 shot per round; capacity 6 cartridges; requires 3 rounds to reload; malfunctions on 00.

Ruger Mk I 40%

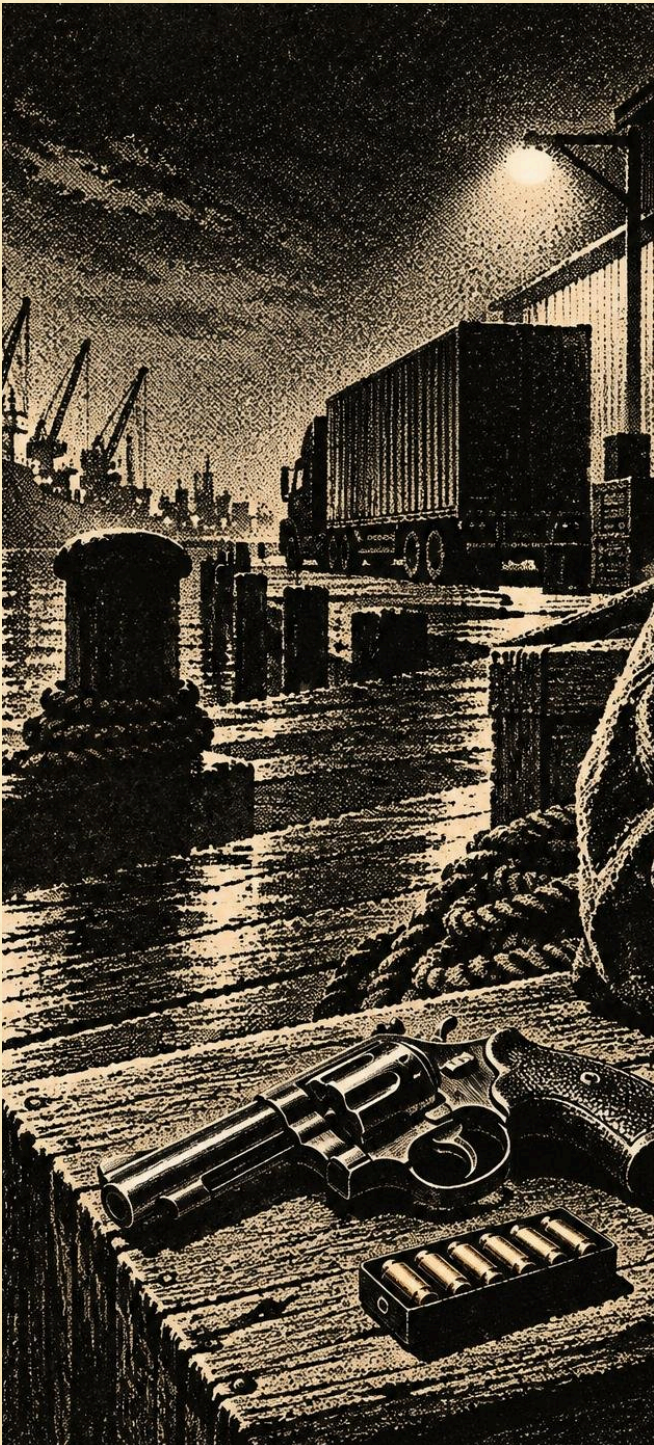
Combat action · 20 meters · One target

Damage: **1D6+1.**

1 cartridge · Instant · Maximum 3 shots per round; capacity 9 cartridges plus 1 chambered; requires 1 round to reload; malfunctions on 97-00. Carried as a secondary weapon in a calf holster.

Equipment: Smith & Wesson Model 586 revolver, loaded with 6 cartridges; Ruger Mk I pistol carried in a calf holster, with 9-round magazine and one cartridge chambered; Murville sextuplets missing-person posters and investigation notes

Tactics: Darrell begins with ordinary missing-person procedure: interview associates, check port and police records, contact hospitals, inspect the missing person's usual haunts, and follow vehicle or witness leads. He shares useful deductions rather than replacing investigator decisions. In danger he seeks cover and relies on his revolver, keeping the calf-holstered Ruger as a concealed backup. The Murville case tests his composure and duty more severely than the apparently routine search for Mike Slade.



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Minga



Occupation: 12-year-old dockside rascal, gambler, informant and occasional rescuer

STR 8 40%	CON 10 50%	SIZ 7	DEX 14 70%
INT 13 65%	POW 9 45%	CHA 9 45%	EDU 6 30%

HP 9	Power Points 9
MOV 10	Additional Damage -1D4

Minga is a mischievous 12-year-old Chinese Canadian boy who spends school hours gambling around the Quebec City docks. Popular with truckers, stevedores and sailors despite repeatedly taking their money, he is especially fond of Mike Slade. Two days before Mike vanished, Minga saw unpleasant men avoided by the local Asian community loading a bulky object wrapped in green canvas into Mike's trailer. He speaks Chinese, French and English and excels at slipping about unnoticed.

Major Wound: 5

Experience Bonus: +7%

Armor: None.

Skills: Brawl 35%, Melee Weapon (Knife) 45%, Dodge 70%, Fast Talk 40%, Spot 35%, Listen 55%, Sleight of Hand 65%, Throw 45%, Language (Chinese) 50%, Language (French) 40%, Language (English) 35%, Jump 65%, Stealth 80%, Appraise 20%, Climb 60%

Combat and Abilities

Punch 35%

Combat action · Melee · One adjacent target

Damage: **1D3 + DB.**

None · Instant · Un uso por acción

Switchblade 45%

Combat action · Melee · One adjacent target

Damage: **1D4 + DB.**

None · Instant · Requires his switchblade.

Bottle-and-Egg Hustle

Announce the trick and stake a wager · Within reach · Minga and any willing bettors

Make a normal DEX characteristic roll to push a cooked egg through the neck of an empty beer bottle. On a failure, Minga may offer double or nothing and repeat the attempt until the Director or participating players end the wager.

The agreed stake, doubled after each accepted failure · One wager or a repeated series of double-or-nothing attempts · Requires a cooked egg, an empty beer bottle and willing bettors. The wager ends whenever the Director or players decide to stop. (Original Rule)

Dockside Distraction 40%

Minga openly engages the guard · Speaking distance · One guard or a small group attending the same exchange

Damage: **1D3+DB**. Roll Fast Talk to hold a guard's attention with chatter, misdirection or an improvised wager. On a success, the guard focuses on Minga long enough for an ally to attempt one immediate covert action; that action still requires its normal roll.

None · Long enough for one immediate allied action · The guard must be able to hear and understand Minga. This cannot compel obviously suicidal conduct, erase established suspicion or prevent a guard from reacting to overt violence. (Original Rule)

Dockworkers' Bail Collection

Automatic when allies ask Minga for help or he learns they require bail · Quebec City dockworker community · Detained members of the crew eligible for bail

If the crew is held after violence without clear legal justification and Anna's bail money is not used, Minga contacts friendly truckers, stevedores and sailors and organizes a dockside collection. The collection secures the crew's release after two days in custody.

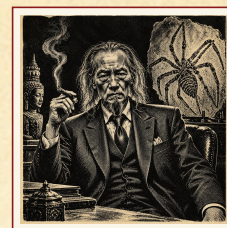
Money collected from the dockworkers · Up to two days of collection and processing · Requires Minga to remain free and able to contact his dockside network. It provides bail only: charges, investigations and later legal consequences remain in force. (Original Rule)

Equipment: Switchblade; Small gambling stakes; Cooked egg and empty beer bottle when running his dockside wager

Tactics: Minga avoids fair fights. He uses crowds, stacked cargo and his small stature to remain unseen, then employs Fast Talk or a conspicuous wager to draw attention away from allies. If cornered, he dodges and escapes rather than trading blows; the switchblade is a last resort.



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Yán Míngwáng

Occupation: Elderly criminal financier, occult ritualist, and principal human antagonist

STR 8 40%	CON 10 50%	SIZ 8	DEX 7 35%
INT 16 80%	POW 18 90%	CHA 3 15%	EDU 11 55%

HP 9	Power Points 18	MOV 3
Additional Damage -1D4		Sanity 0

Yán Míngwáng is a 91-year-old tcho-tcho trafficker whose Quebec businesses launder money and exploit smuggled immigrants. Raised near the Andaman fossil caves, he has coveted their largest spider fossil since childhood. Wealth and occult study finally let him import and revive it by sacrificing the Murville sextuplets. He mistakes the resulting spider of Leng for a gigantic terrestrial pet and intends to feed it cattle—or intruders.

Major Wound: 5

Sanity: Initial — · Maximum 95

Experience Bonus: +8%

Armor: None normally; Body Ward may provide a temporary ablative protection pool.

Skills: Research **40%**, Knowledge (Occult) **25%**, Knowledge (Accounting) **50%**, Status **45%**, Persuade (Intimidation) **55%**, Language (Chinese) **85%**, Language (French) **50%**, Language (English) **35%**, Persuade **45%**, Insight **40%**, Appraise **50%**, Knowledge (Nature) **30%**

Combat and Abilities

Withering

One combat action, spoken invocation and gesture · 10 meters · One visible living creature

Damage: **1D6**. Choose one visible living target and make an opposed POW roll. On a success, the target suffers 1D6 damage that ignores mundane worn armor. This spell has no effect on machines or unliving matter.

2 power points · Instant · Requires sight of the target. A failed opposed roll still spends the cost. This conservative BRP adaptation is supplied because the source names the spell but gives no procedure. (Original Rule)

Dominate

One combat action and a clearly spoken command · 10 meters · One creature able to hear and understand Yán

Make an opposed POW roll against a target that can hear and understand Yán. On a success, the target must carry out one short, immediate command during its next action. Commands that are plainly suicidal or demand prolonged, complex conduct fail automatically.

1 power point · Until the target's next action is completed, or one combat round at most · One command of no more than a short sentence. A given target that resists is immune to Yán's further attempts for the rest of the scene. This adaptation does not remove long-term player agency. (Original Rule)

Call a Daughter of Atlach-Nacha

Ten-minute ritual beside the fossil · Performed beside the selected fossil · One selected spider fossil

The ritual revives a selected spider fossil as the creature it was in life. The established fossil on Yán's estate becomes a living spider of Leng, although Yán believes it to be a giant terrestrial spider. The revival is permanent and does not place the creature under supernatural control.

1 power point for each point of the selected fossil's SIZ · Permanent once completed · Requires an appropriate spider fossil and an uninterrupted ten-minute rite. It grants no command bond over the revived creature. Yán completed this rite before the investigators reach the estate; it is not available as an ordinary combat action. (Original Rule)

Body Ward

Five uninterrupted combat rounds of chanting and tracing signs over the body · Self · Self

Roll 1D6 for each power point spent and record the total as a protective pool. Incoming physical damage is deducted from that pool before reaching Yán; any excess affects him normally. The ward provides no protection from Sanity loss, poison, suffocation, or POW-based effects.

1–5 power points · Until depleted or 24 hours · Maximum 5 power points per casting. Only one Body Ward may be active at a time; recasting replaces the remaining pool. This adaptation is supplied because the source names the spell but gives no procedure. (Original Rule)

Sanity Loss: None merely for encountering Yán; witnessing his sorcery or crimes may call for separate Sanity checks at the Director's discretion.

Equipment: Tailored business suit; Walking cane; Estate and business keys; Account ledgers and coded financial records; Telephone and address books linking his small businesses; Ready cash

Tactics: Yán avoids physical combat and remains behind Xiàng Rén and his retainers. If warned of intruders, he prepares Body Ward, orders his household to delay or capture them, and uses Dominate on an isolated or visibly uncertain opponent. He uses Withering only when cornered. He bargains with money, threats, and claimed influence if his guards fall, but abandons retainers without hesitation if escape becomes possible.



BRP · Lovecraftian Horror

An Chǒu



Occupation: Manager of the Xí Zhū restaurant and operator of Yán Míngwáng's criminal front

STR 8 40%	CON 8 40%	SIZ 7	DEX 11 55%
INT 12 60%	POW 9 45%	CHA 6 30%	EDU 4 20%

HP 8	Power Points 9	MOV 10
Additional Damage -1D4		Sanity 10

An Chǒu is the harsh, unkempt manager of the Xí Zhū restaurant and a ruthless operator in Yán Míngwáng's trafficking network. She keeps the front profitable while illegal tcho-tcho immigrants are moved into precarious work. When questioned, she pretends not to understand English or French, watches visitors for weakness, and shifts abruptly between threats and counterfeit pleading. If investigators press too hard, she reaches for the telephone and summons help from the nearby gambling den.

Major Wound: 4

Sanity: Initial — · Maximum 100

Experience Bonus: +6%

Armor: None

Skills: Fast Talk **40%**, Knowledge (Accounting) **25%**, Persuade (Intimidation) **40%**, Language (Chinese) **60%**, Language (French) **35%**, Language (English) **25%**, Appraise **40%**, Dodge **70%**, Melee Weapon (Butcher's Cleaver) **35%**

Combat and Abilities

Butcher's Cleaver 35%

Attack action · Melee · One target in melee range

Damage: **1D8+DB.**

None · Instant · One attack per combat round.

Call Tcho-Tcho Reinforcements

Use the restaurant telephone after investigators press the staff too hard. · Telephone contact with the nearby gambling den. · Six nearby tcho-tcho allies

If An Chǒu completes the call, six tcho-tchos from the gambling den around the corner enter the restaurant ready for a fight after five combat rounds.

An action and access to the telephone. · The allies arrive five combat rounds after the completed call. · Only available while she can reach and use the restaurant telephone. Preventing or interrupting the call stops

the reinforcements from being summoned through this procedure.
(Original Rule)

Feign Linguistic Ignorance

Automatic when outsiders question her in English or French. · Conversation or observation range. · Observers questioning An Chǒu

She convincingly behaves as though she understands neither English nor French. An observer who hears her questioned in either language must succeed on a difficult Insight roll to recognize that she understands what is being said.

None · While she maintains the pretense. · This conceals comprehension only; it does not erase evidence, prevent translation, or compel observers to believe her. (Original Rule)

Equipment: Butcher's cleaver; Restaurant telephone; Keys to the Xí Zhū restaurant and service areas; Cash-register and office paperwork

Tactics: An Chǒu begins evasively, pretending that she cannot understand English or French. She uses false pleading if it might make the investigators hesitate, but turns threatening or attacks with her cleaver when intimidation seems more effective. If sustained questioning, threats, or intrusion put the restaurant at risk, she attempts to reach the telephone and call the nearby gambling den. She then stalls for five rounds until six tcho-tchos arrive, while remaining alert to police intervention and opportunities to cast the investigators as aggressors.



BRP · Lovecraftian Horror



Tcho-Tcho Retainers (No. 1 profile)

Occupation: Restaurant staff, gambling-den muscle, mansion guards, and scalable reinforcements

STR 8 40%	CON 5 25%	SIZ 11	DEX 8 40%
INT 15 75%	POW 15 75%	CHA 9 45%	EDU 7 35%

HP 8	Power Points 15	MOV 7
Additional Damage 0		Sanity 38

One of ten numbered tcho-tcho men and women employed throughout Yán Míngwáng's organization. They cook, clean, watch doors, collect gambling debts, and reinforce threatened locations. At the Xí Zhū they initially stall intruders, feign linguistic confusion, and avoid overt violence that might attract police. Once exposed or cornered, they fight pragmatically, use furniture and narrow passages for cover, and try to alert companions at the nearby gambling den or estate.

Major Wound: 4

Sanity: Initial — · Maximum 100

Experience Bonus: +8%

Armor: None.

Skills: Brawl 45%, Melee Weapon (Knife) 45%, Dodge 40%, Listen 40%, Spot 40%, Stealth 40%, Hide 35%, Gaming 45%, Bargain 35%, First Aid 30%

Combat and Abilities

Punch, Kick, or Headbutt 45%

Combat action · Touch · One adjacent creature

Damage: 1D3+DB.

None · Instant · Un uso por acción (Original Rule)

Knife 45%

Combat action · Touch · One adjacent creature

Damage: 1D4+2+DB.

None · Instant · Requires a knife or equivalent implement. (Original Rule)

Raise the Household Alarm

A retainer must reach a telephone or messenger after deciding that the investigators pose a serious threat. · Restaurant, nearby gambling den, or

another narratively connected Yán-controlled location · Available tcho-tcho retainers

If the alarm is successfully carried, the Director may dispatch an available group of tcho-tcho retainers from the nearby gambling den or another connected Yán-controlled location. Their number and arrival time depend on distance, transportation, current casualties, and which retainers are already committed. Investigators can prevent or delay the response by controlling communications, intercepting the messenger, blocking access, or leaving before help arrives.

The activating retainer spends the necessary time communicating instead of attacking or physically obstructing investigators. · Until the message is interrupted or available reinforcements respond · Requires an available telephone or messenger and retainers who are not already present, incapacitated, captured, or committed elsewhere. It does not create additional retainers beyond the established group of ten. (Original Rule)

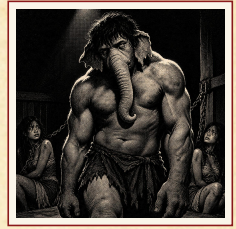
Equipment: Plain restaurant or household work clothes; Concealable knife; Improvised club, kitchen implement, or similar workplace weapon when appropriate; Access to a telephone or messenger while stationed at the restaurant, gambling den, or mansion

Tactics: When maintaining cover, the retainers delay, deny knowledge, separate visitors, and keep someone near a telephone. In a fight they prefer superior numbers, doorways, kitchens, and back corridors. One engages while another attempts to raise the alarm; those protecting the mansion delay intruders rather than pursuing them far from the grounds. They surrender, flee, or bargain if isolated and clearly outmatched unless Yán is present to compel continued resistance.



BRP · Lovecraftian Horror

Xiàng Rén, the Elephant Man



Occupation: Mutated enforcer and terrorized household brute

STR 21 105%	CON 18 90%	SIZ 18	DEX 8 40%
INT 4 20%	POW 5 25%	CHA 2 10%	EDU —

HP 18	Power Points 5	MOV 8
Additional Damage +1D6		Sanity 0

Xiàng Rén is a seventeen-year-old former devotee of Chaugnar Faugn, originally from Nepal and later resident in a tcho-tcho village in Myanmar. Years of dreams and mutation left him grotesquely powerful but mentally degraded. Yán Míngwáng controls him through habitual violence and promised rewards. He obeys simple commands, attacks without concern for survival, and confines two abused women in chains within his squalid room. His condition is monstrous, but his enslavement and diminished agency remain evident.

Major Wound: 9

Sanity: Initial — · Maximum 100

Experience Bonus: +2%

Armor: 2 points of natural armor from thick body fat.

Skills: Brawl (Charge) 75%, Grapple 50%, Brawl (Bite) 100%, Brawl (Fist) 40%, Melee Weapon (Knife) 40%, Melee Weapon (Club) 40%, Dodge 16%

Combat and Abilities

Charge 75%

Combat action · Melee · One target

Damage: **1D6+DB.**

None · Instantaneous · Un uso por acción

Grapple 50%

Combat action · Melee · One target

Damage: **Special.** On a successful grapple, Xiàng Rén seizes the target using the standard BRP grapple procedure. Securing the target enables his Bite attack.

None · Until the grapple ends · Un uso por acción

Bite 100%

After a successful Grapple · Melee · The grappled target

Damage: **1D2.**

None · Instantaneous · May only target someone Xiàng Rén has already secured with Grapple.

Fist 40%

Combat action · Melee · One target

Damage: **1D3+DB.**

None · Instantaneous · Un uso por acción

Knife 40%

Combat action · Melee · One target

Damage: **1D6+DB.**

None · Instantaneous · Requires a knife.

Club 40%

Combat action · Melee · One target

Damage: **1D6+DB.**

None · Instantaneous · Requires a suitable club.

Keen but Spice-Dulled Sense of Smell

Automatic when an unfamiliar scent reaches him · Nearby, as scent can reasonably carry · Nearby unfamiliar creatures or scents

Xiàng Rén can notice nearby intruders by scent when circumstances permit. Strong spices used throughout Yán Míngwáng's household dull this sense rather than eliminating it; approaches by night are therefore easier than approaches by day. Treat scent as fictional positioning and situational information, not automatic detection, leaving stealth plans and countermeasures open to adjudication.

None · Continuous while conscious · Strong spices, masking odors, barriers, and unfavorable airflow can dull or defeat the sense. (Original Rule)

Unthinking Ferocity

When ordered to attack or driven into violence · Self · Self

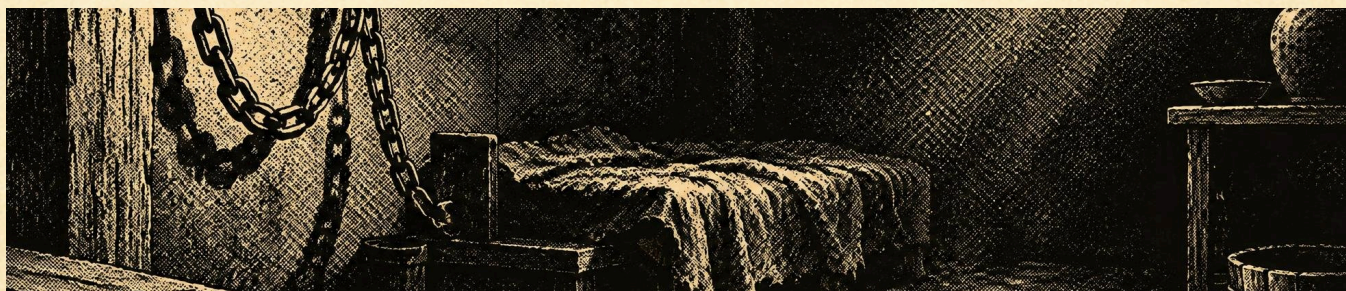
Xiàng Rén disregards his own safety in combat and does not voluntarily withdraw merely because he is wounded. He still stops if incapacitated, physically prevented from fighting, or redirected by Yán Míngwáng.

None · For the encounter · This does not grant immunity to injury, restraint, fear, deception, or incapacitation. (Original Rule)

Sanity Loss: 1/1D4

Equipment: Knife; Heavy wooden club; Stained, ill-fitting clothing; Chains fixed within his squalid room, used to restrain two captive women

Tactics: Xiàng Rén follows simple orders from Yán Míngwáng and closes immediately, usually charging before attempting to grapple. Once he has secured someone, he bites. He neither conserves his strength nor retreats because of injury and continues attacking until incapacitated, physically restrained, or redirected by Yán. If armed, he uses whatever knife or club is at hand. His room's captives are vulnerable bystanders, not combatants, and may provide the investigators with an urgent rescue objective.



PLAYER HANDOUTS

Handout 1 · Torn Unicorn-Print Cloth



Handout 2 · Farm Delivery Invoice

**FERME CHEMIN DES LACS**

125, Chemin des Lacs
Stoneham-et-Tewkesbury, Québec

FACTURE / INVOICE

Sold to: Restaurant Xí Zhū

Item	Quantity	Price per head	Total due
Cattle (cows), live delivery	20	\$600.00 CAD	\$12,000.00 CAD

PAID IN FULL

Buyer to arrange own pickup and transport. No delivery included in this price.

— Jimmy

NOT WITHOUT MY RIG

A BRP Lovecraftian Horror Adventure of Truckers, Tcho-Tchos and a Spider from Leng

Quebec City, 1986. Mike Slade never showed up for payday — and neither did his rig. His crew knows the docks, the diners, and each other; what they don't know is the old man with the fortune, the locked room full of matching sisters, or the thing he's kept waiting in a vine-choked steel dome out past Stoneham-et-Tewkesbury. All they have is a missing friend, a beer-soaked dockside tip from a kid who runs the numbers on stevedores, and a stubborn refusal to leave one of their own behind. Grab a wrench, load the shotgun, and warm up the rig. Some debts you pay with your fists. This one might cost the whole crew everything they've got — and their friend's rig back.

