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## DOCTOR H. P. (HEWLETT PACKARD) LOVECRAFT

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### *Medieval Metaphysics*

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You have been at Miskatonic University for longer than anyone can remember. It has been said that Miskatonic could not even exist without you, due to the aura of omnipresence you seem to project. You're not so certain anymore — you're almost ready to retire.

In a strange way, many of your problems relate to the very people here at the reunion. It all started ten years ago in the basement of the Old House, coincidentally the place of the reunion. You were administering the final exam for your class in “Dæmonology 333: Simple Summonings & Bindings.”

It was the night of a new moon, and the basement was dark as you made your preparations alone. The students were to arrive in less than a half-hour. You carefully set up the candles and marked the chalk pentagram. The class had to summon and bind the dæmon; you had to be sure of the preparations. If just one thing was misplaced or misaligned, disaster would strike.

One by one the students entered the room. They had been studying for this all semester, but you could read in their faces that some had trouble believing it was really happening. You watched as they entered the room: Nancy Cartwright, who's yearning for magic would some day be her undoing; Sarah O'Conner, her love of the arcane only succeeded by her love of technology; Ann Voegle, a sweet and unforboding woman; Michael Shaw, his eyes reflecting an untold doom; and Maxwell Hockforth III, as ever the skeptic.

You bade them welcome, and watched as they took places in the traditional circle around the pentagram. You took your position between Nancy Cartwright and Sarah O'Conner. As the six of you joined hands, you could feel the eldritch energy start to build and you felt certain that the summoning would be a success. Looking back, you wonder how you could be so wrong?

The chanting started and was soon accompanied by a high-pitched keening that seemed to come from the walls of the room itself. A colour started forming in the center of the pentagram, an unholy mist that could only herald the coming of a foul unnameable from the very depths of the pit itself. The volume of the chanting rose perceptibly as you and the students fought to bind the beast. *There!* You could see it rising out of the smoke, glaring... leering...

You felt as if you had been struck by lightning! The jolt flung you backwards, and a mighty crash deafened you momentarily. As you lost consciousness, you realized that someone had broken the circle and the daemon was now unbound.

You woke scant minutes later. The candles had all been doused, but you were able to find the light switch. As the artificial illumination flooded the room, you surveyed the scene. The chalk of the pentagram had been erased, and the other five — all less hardy than you — were all still unconscious. No, four were unconscious; Michael Shaw was dead. You checked the others; Max Hockforth and Ann Voegle had taken the blast the hardest and you decided that one of those three — Shaw, Hockforth, or Voegle — had broken the circle. Nancy Cartwright and Sarah O'Connor were unhurt. There was no sign of the daemon in the air; you decided that the circle had been broken before the summoning had been complete and the daemon was back in the pit. As the others awoke, you found that the blast had not yet finished claiming its victims. Hockforth and Voegle had been driven quite insane.

You tried administering a mental healing spell, but it had unusual effects. Ann Voegle was not affected at all, while Maxwell Hockforth passed unconscious again. The spell did work, however. He awoke with no memory of the ritual. Ann Voegle was sent to an asylum and poor Michael Shaw's body was buried. The University hushed up the incident, as it is wont to do, and your life continued for the next ten years or so.

Then, a couple months ago, you started receiving blackmail notices in the mail. Someone, somehow, found out about the incident and was threatening to tell the press. The blackmailer was asking for \$10000 not to tell; you've managed to scrape together the money, but would rather catch the blackmailer and rid him from your life forever. You have not been able to discover who the blackmailer is, but you hope that the reunion will give you that chance. You have, however, already hidden the \$10000 behind the Pnakotic Manuscripts as the blackmailer requested.

You have been asked to make a short speech at the beginning of the dinner. Please have one prepared.

### **People You Know:**

Charles Coldwell, Dean of the University: He was instrumental in keeping the ritual a secret. But later, he didn't seem to know what happened, himself.

Dr. Franklin Dark: He works down in Biology. He often is very interested in beings from other planets.

Dr. Lawrence Gilman: An unpleasant fellow at best. It is obvious that he comes from Innsmouth.

Officer Dick Friendly: He has been the head of Student Security for quite a long time. He has given you nothing but trouble.

Maxwell Hockforth III: He graduated Valedictorian, and is — as far as you know — the only Businessmajor from Miskatonic. He took your course as part of his graduation requirements, but it was obvious that he does not believe in magic. Perhaps it is for that reason that magic affects him so strangely.

Sarah O'Connor: She was also at the ritual. You've often wondered what became of her and her desire to meld magic and technology.

Nancy Cartwright: She had perhaps the greatest interest in magical research of anyone you knew. You have been her faculty advisor for many years and she is still here working toward her Ph.D. You have often suspected that she is hiding something, but you aren't certain what.

Ann Voegle: You have heard that she will be at the reunion. You remember what she was like before she went mad, a pleasant woman with a good word for all. Who knows how her madness has affected her?

Maria Warren: You were her faculty advisor. She was a very inquisitive girl, but did not have the true talent in the occult of her great-uncle, Harley Warren, the famous occult researcher.

Items

Blackmail Note Prop provided

Amulet of Power This item acts as a magical battery, providing the owner with 1 MANA at all times, reusable. Only you know this

Doctor Lovecraft:

We know what you did. We know you killed Michael Shaw. We have proof that we will present to the press if our demands are not met. Leave \$10,000 in unmarked bills hidden behind the Pnakotic Manuscripts display in the Old House Library the night of the reunion. OR ELSE...