

LIFE IN A BOX

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A Delta Green operation in which we learn time is a river in which men drown, but sometimes, there are boats.

We went out in the desert, after the old man told me where to go. The group called me, and he was the one that showed up, and that was good enough for me. In a parking lot at a Cash & Carry he got out of his old T-Bird, and stepped to my car.

He was old, but alive, and packing. His face was fat, but it didn't carry down to his body, which looked like a picked clean skeleton. The smell hit me when he settled in, and brought back memories of my mom. Chemotherapy.

We drove for a long time.

The site was new. Some energy concern was putting up a grid of huge, lumbering fans in the middle of the desert outside of Inland Empire. Things the size of hi-rises. A place no one ever thought they'd put anything. Yet here it was; a pilot site for a huge complex, hundreds of millions of dollars, thousands of eyes and hands working the ground every day.

The old man had buried something there, a long time ago. Something the group didn't want found.

We arrived at dusk, and toiled around for fifty minutes, lights on for the last twenty, looking. Finally, with a grunt, he signaled we should stop. There, at the edge of boulders the size of houses that the earth had spat out a hundred million years before Inland Empire, was a capped, small well; next to it, a shed.

We got the shovels and went over. The old man considered the well. One white stone, the size of a brick, pointed to the southwest.

"We're her," was all he said, pointing to the shed. It was about a million degrees cooler in the shed, but still hot. I told him to sit. I told him I'd dig. He sat, which was good. It took a long time. When I finally struck the box, it let out a hollow booming sound. It was only a foot or two down, but the ground was hard.

"Get out of the hole," the old man said and I did. That's when I heard a noise from in the hole.

The box was something like a PVC coffin. Pearlescent plastic of green and light green. On its lid was a scraped sigil. Something like an eye, or flame or tree. Dirt slid in the cuts on the surface, coloring them red.

"Carl? Carl is that you?" The voice from the box said, muffled, but clear. Then, a stream of panicked words.

"Don't listen to it," the old man said, and pulled out a cylinder from his pocket. An old-looking incendiary grenade.

Inside the box, the thing begged us to let it out.

"Get the kerosene. I should have done this a long time ago," his steroid-fat face gave me an apologetic shrug.

Overview

This is a last minute operation, a call-in from the old guard that trickled up the chain of command through long-dormant channels. As such, by the time it is on the books, the clock has already run down to seconds.

In fifteen days, HELIOS Free Energy will break ground on the first part of a hundred and twenty-two million dollar wind farm on a location just outside of Amboy California.

Things are buried there. Bad things.

Carl Richen was a Delta Green operative in the 1970s and 1980s. He served in the Air Force, where he was inducted into the conspiracy in 1973, and then in the DEA as a pilot, up until 1989, when he suddenly retired. Today, he is a dying old man living in Twenty Nine Palms, California, just south of Amboy.

During the 1970's and 80's, in the DEA, his work brought him into contact in South America with various operatives of the conspiracy (now defunct) once known as the *Karotechia*. This group of occult researchers, birthed in the horrors of Nazi Germany, spread like cancer throughout south and central America in the decades after World War II. Richen was a lynch-pin for Delta Green in those years, and it was him more than anyone else who helped organize the demise of the *Karotechia*.

Along with one other person, that is — his partner Emory Danos, another DEA agent. Danos was never brought into the conspiracy due to security concerns, though Richen often requested clearance for his friend. As they went deeper into the black, it was harder and harder to hide the reality of the situation.

Officially, Emory disappeared in the jungles of Ecuador in 1989, and is listed as missing, and has long since legally been declared dead. He is not. He is the focus of this operation.

In 1989, Danos and Richen raided a camp in Ecuador run by the *Karotechia*. There, Danos was bitten by a blue eyed Ecuadorean child, found amidst a sea of expensive lab equipment shuttered in a shed in the middle of an impassable jungle. The child was dead, though whatever it had become was as rabid as a wild animal. They put it down, but it was too late. Blood had been drawn.

Richen, feeling responsible for not telling Danos the whole truth, illegally ferried his friend back into the United States in a small aircraft, and at a rental property in Amboy California on the edge of the Mojave,

cared for his friend as he died from the infection that ravaged his body. Later, he cared for him when he woke. For a time, his friend persisted on a diet of live animals that Richen brought him.

Richen told no one, particularly not Delta Green, about his activities. He had good reason not to, and soon, the thing that had been Danos became too hungry. Too unruly.

Finally, Richen did what was needed, and tried to kill Danos. He burned the building with Danos in it. But Danos would not die. Due to previous experience, this was not unexpected. He had been reading the books he had found in Ecuador, and the rituals outlined there.

When the screams and flames died, he found a charred husk of his friend, and set about “disposing” of it. Even as he placed it in the PVC box, and set about the ritual to seal it within an abandoned shack, the Danos-thing had begun to speak again. Richen filled the hole, and found solace in a bottle for 25 years. Until the cancer.

It’s amazing what the last extremities of life will do to your resolve. Richen is torn. Twice during chemotherapy, he has gone out to the place in the desert and stood near the shed where he buried Danos. He knows his partner is still there, below, with a way out. Some kind of immortality.

Orders Come Down Like Rain

Operation MAVIS is last-minute. The call comes down in an unconventional way; a phone call and an automated voice (the number is blocked, if looked into, it leads to a telecommunications relay box in San Francisco), followed by direction to a web hosted, password protected file which self-corrupts 59:59 minutes/seconds after it is opened.

It reads:

OPORD MAVIS

COORDINATE WITH AGENT CATO TEL 999-483-2212 WITHIN THE NEXT 2 DAYS. IN 15 DAYS, MAJOR CONSTRUCTION BEGINS ON THE SITE (HELIOS ENERGY, SAN FRANCISCO CA, BN 4111-42418).

WORK WITH CATO AND ASSIST IN THE REMOVAL OF COMPROMISING EVIDENCE AT 34.820110° N, 115.484161° W. CONSULT AND BRING NECESSARY EQUIPMENT. ALL EVIDENCE MUST BE REMOVED AND DESTROYED. LEAVE NOTHING. WHEN ON SCENE CALL 212-812-8858 FOR FURTHER ORDERS.

About the Coordinates

Anyone with a computer can find the coordinates. Those being more careful might want to venture to an internet café to look it up.

The coordinates are approximately 12 miles northeast of Amboy California in open country. This area is mountainous desert, just north of interstate 40, and just south of the Mojave National Reserve. It is harsh during the day and freezing at night, with little in the way of large plants. It's a place you could die simply by getting lost in the canyons, wandering.

Searching for this information also brings up various publicly filed documentation for HELIOS Energy and the Mojave Flats energy project dating back to 1999.

About the 999 Number

The 999 number is a web telephone number that cannot be effectively tracked. It is bounced all over the world before connecting to agent CATO's battered Motorola burner. Even when connected, attempts to

track the actual number require a COMPUTER USE skill roll of 15% or less.

On such a success, the agent can puzzle out that the phone is located somewhere in the Pacific states of the US. Likely California. Beyond this, it is almost impossible to locate.

Those using this number may talk to agent CATO, though the call quality is poor.

About the 212 Number

The 212 number is easily found. It is a complaint line for fibre-optic subscribers of NYNEX telecommunications, a huge New York telecommunications concern.

Inquiries at NYNEX confirm that this number directs offshore to answering “farms” in New Delhi at AVEX CORP, one of a hundred such firms.

The number is a complex front. “Allowed” incoming numbers trigger a small program in the phone router (COMPUTER SCIENCE roll of 20% or less, and 1D8 hours of pouring through code) to redirect the phone call through a chain of complex bounces, beginning with AVEX CORP.

On the far end of this line is AHAB, the A-Cell contact, who is brief, to the point, and without compunction. If the agents poke into any of the phone numbers or servers and are “noticed” (say, they fumble rolls while working on them) AHAB reprimands them.

AHAB’s Motivation

AHAB is a young man in his late 30’s, pretending to be the old guard. His name is Everett Keene, a computer crypto-analyst in the employ of the NSA, responsible in the new era for tracking threats (as well as working out a more reliable chain of reporting that cannot be compromised). He reports to AJAX, nothing more than a digital dead-drop. He

has no idea who AJAX is, but this is of no concern, Keene is a true believer.

Keene was inducted into Delta Green in 2005 when he was co-opted into an operational group dealing with odd threats on the ground in Afghanistan. The things he saw there, both remotely and later, in person, made him a zealot.

Keene is pragmatic in a way only a programmer can be, and is all about containment and control. He will demand total devotion from his agents, and will be without remorse in the face of the awful things he asks them to do. He has deemed CATO a threat, due to his possible knowledge of the method of reanimation (as well as his dishonesty with the group in the past) and has marked the old man for execution. This is his main goal.

About the Web Server and Files

A COMPUTER SCIENCE roll of 30% or lower locates the servers that host these files in Rabat, Malta. Usual web protocols to break into such a server (COMPUTER SCIENCE roll of 15% or lower), seem to go well, but end with the server disconnecting, as it reformats itself.

Local access to the server in question causes similar problems. It appears a conventional server, but it has been extensively rewritten code wise, and is laden with things which look like doors to coders, but which are actually “self-destruct” buttons.

The server is leased to Mr. Teal who payed up until 2030, in cash, in 2006. Beyond that, the server company can only tell agents looking into it that the server has had a 73% uptime, and has been accessed 190 times.

About HELIOS Energy

HELIOS Energy is a clean energy company based in San Francisco founded in 1992, that has parlayed a small startup into a huge wind/water natural energy concern. They are completely above board. For almost twenty years, they have worked to found small, self-sustaining energy plants using everything from wind to geothermal energy sources.

Their Mojave Flats project is of a scale never attempted by the company before. It is a cooperation between HELIOS and four smaller companies, as well as two large investors. On the Mojave lot, they hope to install sixteen huge wind turbines. Construction is expected to take three and half years.

Spinning Up and Getting Out From Under

This operation is last minute and must feel that way. As usual, agents are needed to disengage themselves from the world and move themselves off the grid. No one must know their location, their mission, or true intentions. If they are law enforcement or federal law enforcement, this is troublesome.

This means: no credit cards, no internet, no phones, and no other modern devices that are not new or disposable. The game master should be clear about these protocols, and the work involved to become invisible. It is not a manner of simply deciding to do so without being at a serious deficit, it requires the checking off of many boxes.

Clever agents can work the angles. Those in law enforcement (Feds, especially) can acquire the following items:

- **BLANK:** Expensive fake documents that back up a “paper person” who will survive brief scrutiny by law enforcement cost approximately \$500. An identity that will survive deeper scrutiny (including school records, former addresses,

etc...) can run \$2,500 or more. This includes a dummy web presence and more. Illegal law enforcement documentation cost \$5,000 or more, and besides being a ticket to up to 5 years in prison it will never survive very close scrutiny. Presenting such identification is simply a ticket to a ride, the rest is up to the agent to role-play.

- **BURNER:** These are easy to come by. Buy a pre-paid phone from a 7-11 with cash, and you are good to go. Various smart-phones with email and location based mapping are available in this manner. Each takes 1D4-2 hours to set up with fake email, anonymous contacts and more, but at a glance to law enforcement, will reveal itself as suspicious. By taking 1D6-2 hours, agents can set up a burner that will endure brief scrutiny by outside agents, but only for a short period of time. Coordinating a phone with a complex Blank identity takes 1D6 hours per phone. Most modern phones have kill switch capabilities, allowing them to be remote wiped via web access, or through incorrect password entry.

- **FULLZ:** Completely compromised illegally obtained credit cards that match a pre-set identity (usually the Blank). Each costs between \$400 and \$1000, depending on the line of credit they can pull (up to \$10,000). None is permanent. Fullz begin at 50% to use. Roll under on each to attempt a use, higher and its declined. Fumble and it's suspicious, and at the very least, the agent becomes a person of interest with the local police. With each use, the card effectiveness decreases by 5%.

Plans and Outcomes

There are various motivations possible behind CATO's request to the group. It need not be as straight forward as destroying the Danos-thing.

Depending on the skill-level of the agents, the game master might consider one of these "secrets" as the resolution, or use any of these elements to create their own.

What is Happening One: Don't Listen to It

This is the standard story; go out in the desert and destroy the Danos-Thing, dispose the evidence, and deal with CATO.

CATO

In this version, CATO is a ruined old man, obviously in the midst of some health crisis. His cheeks are puffed with steroids, and his skin is yellowed. His eyes are shot with blood specs, and are brown with jaundice. His hair is gone (eyebrows, hair etc...) and his hands end in thin fingers, nothing more than bones wrapped in faded leather skin.

He smells of chemicals (chemo-therapy) and bourbon. The further the agents go out in the desert with him, the more the old man becomes obvious with his drinking.

Carl Richen

Agent CATO

STR: 8 DEX: 11 INT: 15 Idea: 75

CON: 9 APP: 6 POW: 15 Luck: 75

SIZ: 5 SAN: 43 EDU: 14 Know: 70

HP: 8 MP: 15

Damage Bonus: -1D4

Skills:

Bureaucracy 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Drink 33%, Drive 55%, Hide 64%, Law Enforcement 68%, Pilot (Light Aircraft, Lear Jet, Helicopter) 61%, Spot Hidden 34%, Sneak 71%.

Spells:

Sein Ward.

Attacks:

Punch 61%, 1D3-1D4 HPs damage.

Buck Knife 52%, 1D6+2-1D4 HPs damage.

.38 Pistol 78%, 1D8 HPs damage.

AN-M14 TH3 incendiary hand grenade 50%, 6D6 Fire damage.

Possessions:

Richen wears an old army-surplus jacket which is huge on him, and in it, he conceals a .38 revolver, 1 liter of kerosene in a Pepsi bottle, two road flares, 1 AN-M14 incendiary grenade, his old motorola phone, a silver lighter, a buck knife, and a pint of cheap bourbon.

Research on CATO

Those who manage to track down CATO before presenting themselves to him can identify him in Twenty Nine Palms fairly quickly with a photograph (or through fingerprints). Those with some contacts can pull his

records and find out about his history with the DEA and Air Force, as well as his involvement in the drug wars in Central/South America in the 1980s. His name is Carl Richen, ex DEA, ex Air Force. Retired in 1989, with a special dispensation, as well as various commendations.

No one in the town has anything negative to say about him. He is considered a fixture at the Dunn Inn, a local watering hole, who routinely serve him long beyond the point he should be served. All feel bad for him. His old, beaten T-Bird (once black, but now rust and flecked black and gold) is a fixture around town. People wave at it as it passes.

The local police know of him (and his past) and have never had any call to deal with him, personally. He is given a level of respect not usually dished out by small town police, due to CATO's DEA past, and his time in the drug war. Twenty Nine Palms has a Meth problem, and twice, CATO was consulted to put the locals in contact with "his people" in Washington. As such, the local police will not like people poking around Richen's business who are not law enforcement themselves. Too much prodding without a backstory as a fed or cop might stir up trouble.

Richen receives treatment at the Cancer Treatment Centers of America in Barstow. His doctor (Dr. Namarita Roopra) and his nurses adore him, and will be outspoken about his "good attitude". They will, of course, not share his medical information without a truly compelling argument. Those who can find his medical info will find that he has terminal liver cancer (stage 4), and his prognosis is poor. Any doctor looking at the file will guess CATO has perhaps 6 months, maybe less.

Richen's Apartment

Richen lives in a tiny studio apartment in Twenty Nine Palms on the main strip in the little burg. Inside is little more than the ransacked remnants of a once-interesting life. It is easily broken into, and has contains nothing of consequence.

Likewise, his ancient T-Bird contains little of consequence (though there is a fully loaded pump shotgun in the spare wheel well in the car).

The Drive

CATO will arrange a meeting in the parking lot of the Dunn Inn in the early morning, and will arrive in his T-Bird a few minutes after the agents. CATO will propose the group drive out in two vehicles with the agents following along. If agents insist however, CATO will ride with them.

The drive from Twenty Nine Palms out into the desert takes about twenty minutes, and passes some of the most inhospitable areas on earth. During the day in the summer, the temperature averages about 100°, and drops to the 60's at night.

The desert is alive with tons of wildlife, some of it very dangerous. Rattlesnakes, sidewinders, king snakes and more. Not to mention bears, coyotes and bobcats. Unskilled humans without survival gear will do very poorly in the desert.

After a bit, the group passes a huge sign announcing the MOJAVE FLATS CLEAN ENERGY PROJECT. Past it is a winding dirt road that is occasionally marked on one side or the other by a white rock, otherwise, its open country. After five minutes up this most basic road, agents spy a small tin shack.

The Burnt House and the Shack

There were once two buildings on the property; a wooden building used as a caretaker shack for a short-lived oil concern, abandoned when the company went under in 1959, and a tin shack which once held electronics not yards from the wood house.

The house was burnt to the ground in 1990, but few noticed, or marked it as usual. It was not even reported to the local authorities.

The second structure is a thirty by twenty tin shack. Once, it housed some sort of electronics, but that equipment was pulled out sometime before 1960. It is on municipal land, but was long since past any usefulness, and as such, is ignored.

It under the dirt in this shack that CATO buried the Danos-Thing before it could reconstitute itself after the fire. CATO is too weak to dig, but tells the agents they must dig up the box, DO NOT OPEN IT, burn its contents inside the ward, and dispose of whatever remains.

Voices from the Hole

The Danos-Thing wakes as the digging gets close, and begins to speak to the agents. CATO warns them not to listen to it.

- “What lies did he tell you?”
- “He means to feed you to the thing we both serve.”
- “Carl, tell them how you killed me...”
- “This is retirement...”
- “I cannot die. Join me, here, in the dark.”
- “Come for me, then.”

CATO must make a SAN roll. Failure means he suffers 1 point and begins drunkenly shouting at the hole until calmed down.

The Sein Ward

Twenty-five years on, this ward is faded, but still visible inside the shack. Its power remains. It is a 10-foot circle on the dirt floor, marked at points by embedded rocks of malachite and onyx glass, etched with

markings. CATO learned of this ward in books recovered (and long since lost to the conspiracy) from the Ecuadorean shack.

He does not fully understand it, but knows the Danos-Thing cannot cross the boundary of the circle. What he *does not* know is that that ward creates a wall of energy in a perfect circle projecting straight into space. *It does not block the airspace above the hole.* Once the portion of dirt is removed from the top (and the stones on it), the airspace is open.

The Danos-Thing had not reconstituted itself quickly enough to make use of this well-known weakness of the ward during the last time CATO was dealing with it. It will not make that mistake again.

Digging Up the PVC Box

While agents dig, the old man sits and drinks with a pistol on his lap, watching. After a bit, he takes out a red cylinder with a pull pin on top (agents rolling DEMOLITIONS identify it as a AN-M14 TH3 incendiary hand grenade) and places it within reach next to him.

Once the dirt is removed from the box so it is visible, the Danos-Thing will launch an attack using its tentacle-like limbs to grab the wood struts above the box on the ceiling, and snap them in half, causing the entire shack to fall inwards.

All agents present must make a LUCK roll (these effects stack):

- **Failure by more than 15%** indicates they suffer 1D6 HPs damage and are incapacitated by rubble, until assisted by another agent.
- **Failure by more than 10%** indicates they suffer 1D4 HPs damage from falling debris.
- **Failure** indicates they have crossed the Sein Ward threshold, and the Danos-Thing may attack them.

- **Any Fumble** indicates the Sein Ward has been breached by falling debris, and the Danos-Thing boils out of the gap, free. It will attempt to kill all present, establish a lair in the desert, and then feed on nearby townships, growing in power.

CATO will wade into combat as capable, and will selflessly attempt to save agents from the Danos-Thing, even substituting himself for them.

The Danos-Thing and the Ward

The Danos-Thing is infected with horrific matter brought from Point 103, a long-lost Nazi outpost in Antarctica, once inhabited by the Elder Things and Shoggoths.

It is not a man, though it can appear that way. In this version of the story, it is long underfed, and has reserved what strength it has remaining during its “sleep”.

Once the box is opened, the Danos-Thing will attempt to reach straight up with its inhuman elasticity, and pull down the shack on top of the agents; in the hopes of dragging one or more inside the ward’s boundary, whereupon it will feed. It has no plan past this.

Once the PVC “coffin” is dug up, CATO will warn the agents to stay back beyond the circle.

The Danos-Thing

The Danos thing, at first, appears like a naked, perfect human man, but its skin and form can run like wax at will, taking on horrifically inhuman shapes. Limbs flow and re-shift as if they were sculpted moment-to-moment on a whim.

It is incredibly strong and resilient.

STR 30 CON 20 SIZ 20 (can appear 12)

POW 12 DEX 5 HP 26

SAN LOSS 1/1D8

DEFENSES

All attacks (except fire) inflict 1 point of damage (on impale, 1D3 damage). Fire inflicts normal damage. It burns readily. Inside the ward, such damage can permanently kill it. Outside the ward, it regenerates 1D4-1 HPs per turn until killed.

ATTACKS

Engulf and Pulverize 31%, 4D6 damage.

Run Through 61%, 1D4+2D6 damage.

Grab and Hurl 36%, 1D6 damage (throws an agent 2D10 feet).

Phone Call

If agents do as they are told, and survive, they may have a worse fate yet. AHAB orders them to kill agent CASTRO. The 212 number is picked up on the first ring.

He is terse and reticent to elaborate. He asks the agent questions:

- Is the threat eliminated?
- Is CATO with you?

If they answer no to the first question AHAB reprimands them and orders them to complete their mission.

If CATO is present, AHAB gives the following order:

“Remove all evidence of our involvement with the situation.”

The subtext is to remove CATO, though AHAB will not confirm this on the phone.

Killing CATO is not as easy as one might imagine, and despite the horrors of the world and the things he has experienced, the old man does not wish to die. He begs, pleads and cajoles for his life. He explains that when he reached out to A-Cell he had no way of knowing of the changes in the interim; how could he? He would never willingly expose the group. He may have accidentally alerted some to the groups' presence, by accident.

Anyone attempting to shoot CATO in cold blood must FAIL a SAN roll *and* lose 1D8 SAN. Those who do not fail cannot bring themselves to do it, no matter how hard they try.

Those who witness it suffer 1/1D6 SAN. All involved suffer debilitating dreams for weeks after.

What is Happening Two: Bring Me Succor

In this option, after contacting the conspiracy, CATO tried to destroy the Danos-thing himself, before the agents arrived. However, CATO is now infected, and is compelled to serve the Danos-Thing. Still, the Danos-Thing cannot leave the ward in the desert, and CATO cannot undo it. It requires someone with knowledge of the dark forces of the world to activate a spell of opening. The agents have unwittingly become that tool and then likely, a meal.

Differences in the Shack

When the agents arrive at the shack, it is the same as in the previous “explanation” save one thing. Those making a SPOT HIDDEN roll notice the dirt on the ground of the shack has been disturbed. CATO dug

it up and was infected, and is now full of terrible strength. Still, the Danos-Thing could not cross the Sein Ward, and infected, CATO could not destroy it.

At Gunpoint

The moment they all enter, CATO pulls his pistol, and forces the agents at gunpoint to dig up the box. Treat all of his Stats as +5 and his HPs as +15. He is not fully transformed into a copy of the Danos-Thing, but is on his way; as such he is susceptible to normal weapons.

CATO directs the agents to remove stones and marks on the ward in a very particular order. Once it is broken, the Danos-Thing moves through the gap, and wreaks havoc on the agents.

Risky Moves

Clever agents might attempt to ruin the ward *out* of sequence, or pocket portions of the ward in an attempt to restore it at the right moment.

Doing so requires the agent to beat CATO's SPOT HIDDEN of 34% and make a LUCK roll. Failure indicates detection and a pistol whip from the surprisingly strong CATO, fumble means the agent is shot.

On success, the agent is primed to slam the door shut on the Danos-Thing with a successful contest of DEXx2 vs. the Danos-Things' DEXx5 (25%). On a win, the agent slams the piece back as the creature attempts to cross the ward, and it is instantly destroyed, pulled inside out by terrible forces which level the shack and inflict 1D10 HPs damage on everyone inside it. Shortly thereafter, CATO perishes as well.

The “Plan”

Once free of the ward, the Danos-Thing is full of malicious glee as it tortures and kills the agents. Due to its physical power, it has the obvi-

ous upper hand. Once it subdues or kills, it slams a single agent into the PVC box, and buries them.

“Not many people get to see what is after life, be thankful,” it says. Those buried suffer (2/1D10 SAN).

What is Happening Three: Dark Communion

In this option, it is much worse. CATO is under the influence of the Danos-Thing and has been for some time. Danos is more than a reanimated corpse, it is a gate for something else to come through into our world.

For years CATO has killed for its pleasure, and has woken that which was implanted in Danos in the jungle. Still, CATO could not undo the hypergeometric ward he put in place.

This thing from beyond is still influenced by the mind it inhabits, and seeks a deeper knowledge and revenge on the conspiracy which buried it, impotent, for so long. It will use the agents as tools to find the book from Ecuador that the conspiracy possesses, and then use them as puppets in a war to expunge the pathetic meat-men of this world, before engulfing it.

Differences in the Shack

When the agents arrive at the shack, the earth in the floor is obviously disturbed, though the circle ward is still intact. The shed *stinks* of rotten meat, and is lit with thousands of flies. There are no sources for the stench visible. SPOT HIDDEN reveals odd graffiti inside the shack near the floor, tiny, etched symbols.

CATO

CATO (with stats identical to CATO in version two) urges the agents into the middle of the circle, handing out shovels. Once inside the circle, agents notice the smell is worse.

The Harbinger

The Danos-Thing exists as a mass of viscous black liquid in the rafters of the shack, filling a perfect circle of the ward. It is identical in stats to the previous Danos-Thing, but has an additional +20 HPs, and regenerates +1D6 per round, instead of 1D4-1. It is also completely without form, and infects by forcing itself into orifices whereupon it subsumes agents' minds and takes them over. Treat this as an additional attack:

Subsume 35%, 1D6 HPs (target must resist POW vs. POW or lose 1D20 SAN, at 0 SAN, become a vessel of the "god").

Once an agent is infected, the Danos-Thing flings them across the barrier, where they suffer 1D8 HPs damage as the barrier attempts to contain the tiny amount of alien-material.

These puppets (which have access to the former-agent's knowledge) will then attempt to gain access to the Ecuadorean book that CATO surrendered to the conspiracy in 1990, so they can remove the Sein ward and free their dark god.

Resolution

→ Kill the Danos-Thing: Restores 1D8 SAN.