

# THE

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## A CROSSOVER ADVENTURE FOR F

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# THE ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT

# VICTORIAN & EDWARDIAN ADVERTISEMENTS & SCENARIO IDEAS

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**Gladstone:** "I think it is quite  
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# Forgotten Futures

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A CROSSOVER ADVENTURE FOR *FORGOTTEN FUTURES*  
& *THE ORIGINAL FLATLAND ROLE PLAYING GAME*

~

CURSE OF THE LEOPARDMEN

A *FORGOTTEN FUTURES* ADVENTURE BY ALEX STEWART

~

THE ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT

VICTORIAN & EDWARDIAN ADVERTISEMENTS  
& SCENARIO IDEAS

MARCUS L. ROWLAND & ALEX STEWART

*ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARCUS L. ROWLAND OR FROM PUBLIC DOMAIN SOURCES*

If you have any questions or comments please send email to [forgottenfutures@ntlworld.com](mailto:forgottenfutures@ntlworld.com)  
This PDF is a free download; if you are asked to pay for it please let me know via the above address.

Double sided printing: For best results print the cover and this page single sided,  
the remainder of the book double sided. The last page should be used as the back cover.

Fonts used include Marriage (cover, title page) and Albertus Medium (most text).

<b>Introduction</b>	<i>ii</i>
<b>The League of Extraordinary Geometers</b>	
Introduction	1
Chapter One: Poly Gone	2
Chapter Two: The Spherical Heresy	2
Chapter Three: Fear and Loathing in the Third Dimension	4
Chapter Four: The League	6
Chapter Five: Across the Dark Metropolis	10
Chapter Six: The Sound of Silence	12
Chapter Seven: End Game	15
More Flatland Crossovers	16
Characters, Flatland RPG conversion, NPCs etc.	17
<b>Curse of the Leopardmen ~ by Alex Stewart</b>	
Introduction	21
Chapter One: An Unhappy Landing	21
Chapter Two: A Party Animal	22
Chapter Three: A Delicate Commission	24
Chapter Four: Jolly Boating Weather	25
Chapter Five: A Spot of Bother	26
Chapter Six: Climb Every Mountain...	27
Chapter Seven: The Temple of Life	29
Chapter Eight: What's a Nice Girl Like You...?	29
Chapter Nine: The Valley of Dr Murat	30
Chapter Ten: A Clone at Last	31
Chapter Eleven: Cheetahs Never Prosper	32
Characters	33
<b>The Advertising Supplement</b>	
Introduction	36
Pattisons' Famous Whisky	36
Hair-Raising Problems	37
Tatcho; Edwards' "Harlene"; Rowland's Macassar Oil; Anticapilla; Beyara	37
Next To Godliness?	39
Dr. Mackenzie's Arsenical Soap And Face Lotion; Malloween; Nylon; Sunlight Soap	39
Simply Shocking...	41
J. L. Pulvermacher Ltd.; Electro-Vigour; Dr. Williams' Electric Medicated Pads etc.	41
Gleaming White	43
R.D. & J.B. Fraser	43

# Introduction

This is a collection of short unconnected pieces for the *Forgotten Futures* RPG, which for one reason or another have never previously been published or put on line. For the most part they can be used with any other Victorian / Edwardian role playing system, though some conversion of statistics etc. will be needed.

**The League of Extraordinary Geometers** is an adventure I've run at several conventions. The plot is best described as extremely silly. The *Original Flatland Role Playing Game* rules or the shorter *Flatland Role-Playing Game* on the *Forgotten Futures* CD-ROM are needed to run it to full effect, but it's possible to get by on the *Forgotten Futures* rules alone. *The Original Flatland Role Playing Game* is sold as a PDF; all profits go to Doctors Without Borders.

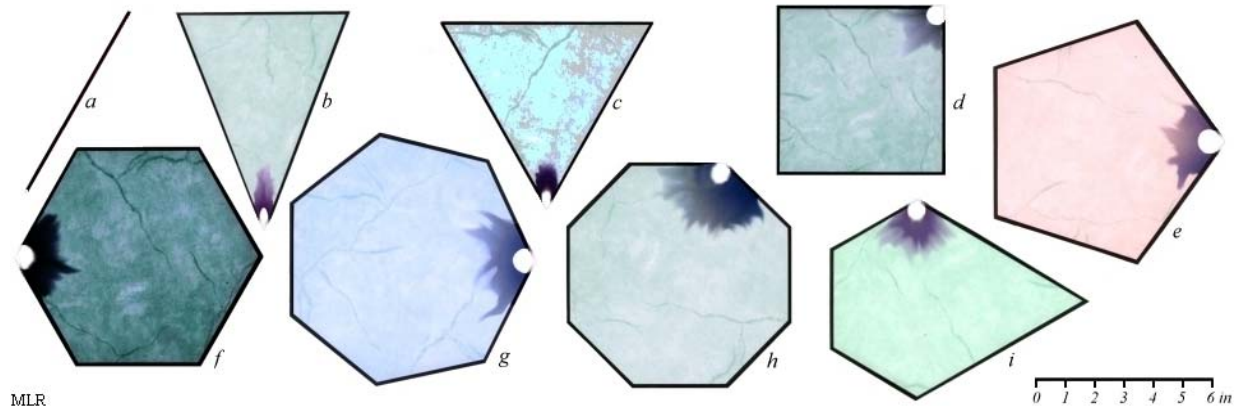
**Curse of the Leopardmen** was written by Alex Stewart for Heliograph Inc's *Tsar War Adventures*, which was cancelled before publication. He has very kindly given me permission to include a generic version, easily adapted to any campaign.

**The Advertising Supplement** was originally intended as a longer stand-alone publication, a showcase for Victorian and Edwardian advertising and plots suggested by it. I had to shelve it to work on other projects, and in the end feel that it's more useful to publish it at its present length, rather than sitting on it indefinitely.

Images used in this collection come from copyright-expired or copyright-free sources including period books and magazines and Wikimedia commons, or were drawn for *The Original Flatland Role Playing Game* or this book. Some images have been processed or manipulated.

The most recent *Forgotten Futures* release is *Forgotten Futures X: The Tooth And Claw Role Playing Game*, based on Jo Walton's World Fantasy Award-winning novel *Tooth and Claw*, and illustrated by Hugo Award-winner Sue Mason. It includes a detailed background, rules for dragon adventurers, two long adventures and several adventure outlines. It's the first *Forgotten Futures* release to be published simultaneously in HTML and PDF versions. Extras include a cutout paddle steamer and a long extract from *Those Who Favor Fire*, the unpublished sequel to *Tooth and Claw*. It went out to registered users at the end of July 2008, and on line at the end of August 2008.

The next release is provisionally entitled *Forgotten Futures XI: Planets of Peril*, and will be based on the science fiction of 1930s author Stanley Weinbaum. If all goes well it will be published towards the end of 2009.



Typical natives of Flatland

(a) A woman of good family (her internal anatomy is so narrow as to be invisible) (b) An obvious member of the lower orders, probably a servant or artisan (c) A poor but honest tradesman (d) A. Square, narrator of Flatland (e) Doctor Pentagon, the learned physician (f) Squire Hexagon, a wealthy landowner (g) Sir Sefton Septagon, baronet (h) Count Otto von Octagon of Polygonia and (i) A sinister irregular figure.

All of the anatomy shown, other than the external lines, is invisible to Flatlanders, since they only see themselves from the sides and bodies disintegrate at death; doctors have inferred some details but are often wrong. The semi-circular cavity at one corner of each figure is its eye, which also functions as its mouth; the dark matter around it is neural tissue which acts as the brain.

## The League of Extraordinary Geometers

by Marcus L. Rowland

### Introduction

**T**HIS is a crossover between *Forgotten Futures* and *The Original Flatland Role Playing Game*, which is available as a PDF sold in aid of Doctors Without Borders. An earlier version of this game is included on the *Forgotten Futures* CD-ROM. If you don't have either, you can get by on the *Forgotten Futures* rules only.

Adventurers are natives of Flatland, sentient plane geometrical forms such as lines (women), acute and equilateral triangles (the criminal and working classes), squares and pentagons (the middle classes), and so forth. They are typically about six to nine inches in their longest dimension as adults. Social status is dependent on regularity and the number of sides; the higher the number, the higher your rank in society. The ruling priesthood are regular figures, with hundreds of perfect sides; God is a perfect circle, who made the world as a perfect plane with two physical dimensions, left-right and north-south (sometimes also called up-down). Any talk of a third dimension or of curvature of the Plane is absolute heresy. Most Flatlanders are incapable of visualising higher dimensions, even if they have a mathematical background; actual experience of the third dimension, let alone higher planes, is more or less incomprehensible to them.

Full character generation and other rules for this setting are provided in both Flatland RPGs; however, this adventure is mostly set in a somewhat cinematic version of nineteenth-century London, and can for the most part be run using the normal *Forgotten Futures* rules. Sample Flatland characters are provided at the end of the adventure, with a brief explanation of their skills etc.; if players want to use their own Flatland characters they should do so, of course, but A. Square should be used as an NPC if he isn't a player character. About the only qualification needed is that

characters should have some vague idea that there might theoretically be more than two physical dimensions, or should be known as adventurers and/or troublemakers whom the State, the monolithic government of much of Flatland, might consider to be expendable. To emphasise this, it may be necessary to execute one of the adventurers – try to keep at least one spare character prepared.

As our story begins the adventurers are at home, going about their normal business, whatever it may be, and completely unaware of the extraordinary events that are about to overtake them...

## Chapter One: Poly Gone

**A**LL of the adventurers (with the exception of Lois if used) are at home or in captivity when they are roused by a group of soldiers who verify their identities then escort them to the Temple of the High Circles, a gigantic building with room for several hundred Flatlanders in its central hall.

If Lois is being used she sees one of the prisoners being escorted to the Temple; she can choose to follow, and if she does so will easily slip in unnoticed if she keeps quiet – females are virtually invisible from certain angles – or will be “accidentally” noticed by one of the guards in the escort and forced to accompany them to the Temple as a prisoner.

After a long wait in one of the outer chambers the prisoners are escorted into the main hall, where Sub-High Circle Ununhexium 292 is waiting for them with an entourage of guards, Sub-Sub-High Circles, and other interested parties.

“Yesterday the High Circle vanished from this hall during morning service. More than a hundred witnesses saw him engulfed by something that at first seemed to be a semi-circle, then a circle which vanished as mysteriously as it appeared. As he was engulfed our beloved High Circle had the presence of mind to shout ‘Sphere!’”

“It happens that I have had cause to study some of the more... abhorrent mathematical theories, in my work of suppressing heresy, and remembered reading of the Sphere in certain... forbidden texts. [*Look at A. Square and pretend to spit*]. It is the current position of the Church that these beliefs are essentially harmless, albeit blasphemous, and should be subject to censure rather than more... extreme sanctions. Were it not for the grace of our dear leader, some of you would now be in a much less comfortable position. If he has been lost it is likely that someone less... tolerant... will be appointed in his place.”

“You have forty-eight hours to find the High Circle and return him to the Temple. Succeed and there will be amnesty for your sins. Fail... and be prepared to spend the short remnant of your life atoning for them...”

He sweeps out, followed by his entourage.

## Chapter Two: The Spherical Heresy

**A**S the adventurers move around the chamber they should start to notice an oddity about the area where the High Circle and Bishops vanished; things seen through it seem very slightly distorted, as though viewed through a piece of curved glass. Anyone actually entering the area feels a little chilled and somehow “stretched,” but it’s hard to be sure if this is more than imagination. Gradually the distortion and chill seem to fade away. It’s possible that adventurers with knowledge of heretical *non-Euclidean geometry* may talk learnedly of distortions in the fabric of space, or say something to the effect that the world isn’t completely flat. Needless to say this is blasphemy of the



highest order, and if the adventurers don't save the High Circle it will be noted by several eavesdroppers and used against them at their trials.

Let the adventurers try to come up with a plan to summon the Sphere or trace its movements. For example, they might attempt to lay out lengths of wood to build a 2D representation of a 3D object such as a cube [figure a], on the assumption that a 3D observer will realise the internal details must be invisible to the Flatlanders who can only see the exterior [as in figure b].



They won't be allowed to leave without an escort, but can send out for materials or equipment if needed, or go themselves if they don't mind several guards tagging along to ensure that they don't do anything stupid. Any reasonable resources will be supplied, if they can be justified and aren't obviously part of an escape bid or an attempt to con the guards or rob the temple. A large supply of bricks can readily be arranged; a large supply of *gold* bricks can't.

Whatever they come up with, within reason, should be effective, to the extent that it attracts attention. After several hours the adventurers hear a mild-sounding voice saying "Hello... you chaps in the two-dimensional world... are you trying to attract my attention?"

A. Square will not recognize the voice as that of the Sphere he has previously encountered, but it does have the same echoing sourceless quality he associates with beings from Higher Dimensions. If they ask a few questions they should be able to establish some or all of the following:

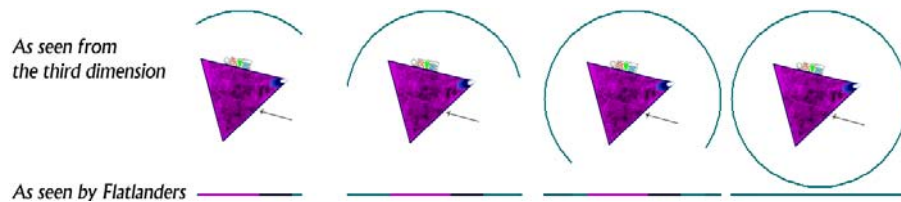
- The being is a denizen of the third dimension.
- It knows what a sphere is, but is not one itself. It has no way to contact the Sphere.
- It knows that A. Square has communicated with beings from Higher Dimensions ("I've read your book") but can't explain how it obtained it. If it tries, it uses terms which simply don't translate into the Flatlander language; any attempt to clarify things ends in confusion, with crucial words replaced by meaningless gabble.
- If asked to describe or name itself the same thing happens.

Sooner or later someone should think of asking if the High Circle is in its' world. It says "I'll try to find out," and goes silent for several minutes. Just as the adventurers are starting to think it has gone away they hear it say "We think that he is here, but we will need your help to rescue him." All attempts at getting a more detailed explanation fail with more translation errors. If anyone asks if doing this will be dangerous, the answer is "perhaps."

**Troubleshooting:** Most of the adventurers should be curious about the third dimension, and prepared to take risks to see it for themselves. But if they don't want to help rescue the High Circle, don't force them – leave that to the Sub-High Circle and his minions, who have of course been eavesdropping. As soon as there is any hint of backing out the doors are opened and his procession returns, to "reason" with those who are refusing to do their sacred duty. Start with a verbal pummelling – if that doesn't get results the minions get more violent. This should leave the adventurers bruised but alive. The next stage is a severe beating which leaves some of the adventurers more seriously injured; they will need medical treatment to recover. If all else fails, execute someone to encourage the others, and give the player concerned a new character, preferably someone less desirable than the one who has been killed. For example, if A. Square is being used as an NPC he could be run by the player who lost a character. If more executions are necessary don't give the players more characters; they're simply out of the game. It's harsh, but it's wholly in keeping with Flatland's society.

## The Forgotten Futures Compendium ~ The League of Extraordinary Geometers

Eventually the adventurers should get fed up with the communications difficulties and/or beatings and decide that they'll have to go along with the third-dimensional entity. It instructs the first volunteer to move to the centre of the hall then sets to work.



Abruptly a curved line of shining metal appears to one side of the first volunteer, extending and curving round until from the outside all that is visible is a perfect circle. The volunteer sees the circle form from the inside, and sees himself or herself reflected from all angles as the circle closes. Then the circle disappears as mysteriously as it appeared, its occupant vanishing with it. For the occupant, everything goes dark... Incidentally, Flatland is *always* illuminated, apparently from outside the Plane of the world, so darkness is deeply disturbing to anyone experiencing it for the first time. Observers with knowledge of geometry will quickly realise that it was *not* a sphere that took the volunteer; a sphere would have reduced in size (as seen by Flatlanders) as it left the plane of the 2D world.

If the adventurers try to contact the voice again, there's a long pause then it says "Phew... that was trickier than I expected, but your friend is safe. Who's next?"

*Don't* describe the situation as the volunteer is experiencing it; since there is currently no way for them to communicate they're just going to have to be kept in the dark (literally, in the case of the volunteer) until they're all in the third dimension. If anyone asks about this, the voice tells them that "your friend" is resting and adapting to their changed circumstances, and can't communicate at present.

The remainder of this adventure assumes that everyone else follows suit – anyone who doesn't is simply left behind in Flatland, their fate dependent on the success or failure of the other adventurers.

The next figure to move to the centre of the room notices the same feeling of chill and distortion experienced earlier; by the time the last adventurer is taken it's bitterly cold and objects look decidedly warped.

### Chapter Three: Fear and Loathing in the Third Dimension

Everything described from now on should be extremely strange to the adventurers, but is of course commonplace to denizens of the third dimension such as the referee and players. Try to emphasise how weirdly irregular everything is, how difficult it is to comprehend a third spatial dimension, etc. Some examples are given below but this adventure would be impossibly long if everything was described in this way. Encourage the players to go along with the idea that everything that they see is novel, incomprehensible, and often terrifying, and to act it out as much as possible.

**E**VERYTHING goes black...

Each of the Flatlanders feels dizzy, as though the whole world is spinning around them, for an indeterminate time that could be anything from a few seconds to several hours. They can't move, can't see, and feel nothing except an odd prickling sensation throughout their bodies.



Suddenly the light returns, and the Flatlanders find themselves, still immobile, somehow embedded in white material. Ahead of them the view is... strange. Instead of the normal line (literally) of sight, a grey vista of angles at varying degrees of sharpness dependent on distance, there's a blurred multi-coloured chaotic band that somehow seems to contain more than one object in any given direction. It's almost as if the adventurers are somehow seeing in another direction, additional to left and right and backwards and forwards. Strange objects move in the distance, much larger than any Flatlander, dark masses with protruding pinky-white irregular objects fixed to them, and smaller dark masses attached that seem to move relative to the main... thing. Everything looks hideously irregular, but somehow much more vivid than normal sight. Light comes from several sources, each of them flickering slightly and painful to look at. The voice of the Being from the Higher Dimensions says "We'll soon have things ready for you. Meanwhile, try to stay calm." As it speaks part of one of the strange irregular objects moves, almost like a gigantic mouth, except that the direction it moves in isn't one the adventurers comprehend. Slowly the adventurers should realise that the object they are seeing *is* the Being from the Higher Dimension, a hideous travesty of the geometrical perfection they expected, extending into a third spatial dimension, possibly several others they can't yet perceive.

Another voice says "He's ready for them."

Pick an adventurer randomly (it doesn't matter which one, but pretend that it does). The strange shape moves towards the character, and two of its pinky-white appendages touch the white surface, each of them branching into several smaller things [*fingers*] that seem to be a couple of inches long. The white surface seems to flex then the world spins around the adventurer. Somehow he or she is being moved through the third dimension. This is repeated until all of the adventurers are on another flat surface [*a tray*]. As they're moved they should see that each of them is somehow embedded in an oblong flexible white thing [*a sheet of paper*], and for the first time glimpse the interior of each other's bodies, strange colours and structures that they had never previously imagined. Each is surrounded by a ring of strange black blobs of various shapes, all roughly the same size [*Hebrew lettering, but Flatlanders read by feeling indented 2D tablets and the shapes will mean nothing to them*].

The first Being picks up the flat surface while another moves in front of it, reaching out an appendage towards an odd oblong thing with several smaller rectangles [*a door*], from which protrudes a gleaming brass sphere, the first regular geometrical object they have seen. The whole rectangular structure somehow moves, as though pivoted like... no, in exactly the same way as the opening of a Flatland door. It must be some gigantic three-dimensional equivalent!

The being carrying the adventurers goes through the opening, into a darker but less cluttered space [*a corridor*]. There are hints at regularity here, strange geometric vistas that extend in various dimensions, rectangular panels that seem to let light into the space. The other being opens another door, and into another enclosed area, this one much darker.

Another of the strange Beings is ahead, standing in front of a row of smaller but similarly shaped objects, all of them immobile and grey-white in colour. The Being carrying the adventurers holds them out to it, and it uses its own appendages to take an adventurer [*again make a show of selecting someone; again, it doesn't really matter much*] and the white material in which he or she is embedded and somehow distort it [*roll it into a cylinder*]. The adventurer selected is plunged into darkness again; the others see the being take the white object and move it to one of the grey Beings, then somehow open the smaller hemispherical appendage [*the head*], place it inside, and close it again. This is repeated, one adventurer at a time, until all of the adventurers are in darkness again.

Let the tension build for a moment then another voice says "Emet!"

Suddenly the adventurers can see again. What they see is very, very strange...

## Chapter Four: The League

AS the adventurers look around they will realise that they are seeing double, two images that somehow fuse together as they take in their surroundings, giving an extraordinarily vivid impression of depth, impossible with the normal Flatland single eye. The Beings seem to confer for a moment then one of them says “Can you all hear me?” It’s the voice of the Being that originally spoke to them in Flatland.

At least one of the adventurers will probably try to reply, but what comes out is a strange grunting croak, wholly unlike their normal tones.

“Welcome to London. Mister Tenniel made you these bodies, and the Rabbi animated them for you, but you’ll need a little practice to get used to them. You’re roughly the same shape as me, but your head” [point to it and turn it] “doesn’t rotate like mine. I know it must be strange but please move extremely cautiously. My name is Dodgson, Charles Dodgson.”

The adventurers have been put into golem bodies sculpted from clay by the artist Sir John Tenniel and animated by the magic of Rabbi Lowe, formerly of Prague (and last resident there in the 16<sup>th</sup> century, although the adventurers won’t know that). Dodgson is better known as Lewis Carroll. They are three of the founder members of the League of Extraordinary Geometers. Others include Edwin A. Abbott, a mathematician and psychic who wrote an English translation of A. Square’s *Flatland* following a series of vivid dreams, Charles Babbage, Professor G. E. Challenger, Albert Einstein and Nikola Tesla. Referees with some knowledge of history and fiction will realise that there are some problems in this list; don’t worry about them. The league specialises in meddling with the fabric of space and time, a few anachronisms are only to be expected and Flatlanders certainly won’t recognise the names, even if the players do!

Each of the adventurers has been put into a grey clay body about 5ft tall and weighing about a quarter ton, with the Hebrew letters אמת (“emet,” translated as “truth”) marked on their foreheads. if the letter “א” is deleted the word becomes “מת” (“Met” translated as “dead”) breaking the spell. Any other damage to the word has no effect, provided that at least part of each letter is still in place. Since Tenniel had to work fast and follow the Rabbi’s guidelines the golems are strong and functional rather than pretty.

### Golems

In their clay bodies the adventurers have BODY 8, their usual MIND, and SOUL of SIDES/2 (round up to a maximum of 7). The bodies are clumsy but have a minimum of Brawling 5 plus a half of their normal *Flatland* Brawling skill (round up), with Effect 9 or Brawling+1, whichever is higher. For female characters base this on their attacking Brawling skill. The other BODY-based *Flatland* skills such as Weapons do not carry over; the physical form and environment are too different. Stealth is 1. They have the following wound boxes:

B [ ] F [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] C [ ] \*

\* Only head wounds can be critical.

Golem fists: A:F/KO B:I/KO C:C/K

Since they are made of magically animated clay without vital organs, weapons such as knives and bullets will do little damage – bullets usually embed in the clay without causing harm, the slashes left by knives close immediately, unless there has been a deliberate attempt to carve off a lump of clay. Head wounds risk harming the Flatlander within and can thus be dangerous. Head wounds can also damage the activating word “אמת” on their foreheads as described in the main text; this will not kill the Flatlander immediately but it permanently removes the animation of the golem body.

Bludgeoning weapons, explosives and falls do normal damage.



## The Forgotten Futures Compendium ~ The League of Extraordinary Geometers

Give the players a few minutes for their characters react to their horrible new bodies; Irregular, with bits that move attached to them, and ludicrously lumpy. Every move that they take should be fraught with difficulties; slipping on parquet floors, a complete lack of understanding of stairs and of their own strength, etc.

Encourage introductions; Dodgson will be delighted if A. Square is one of the adventurers, and compliment him on his book. He goes on to say “We’ve given you these temporary bodies; I know that they’re nothing like you’re used to, but you’ll need them to survive in our world. Without something to contain your bodies safely you’d disintegrate in minutes. As it is, they’ll be good for a couple of days, after that we’ll have to return you to your own world.”

Someone (most likely A. Square) may point out that the Sphere was able to take him to higher dimensions without any protection; Dodgson’s reply is “Yes, and we’d love to know how he did it, you should have fallen apart in a few seconds.”

Tenniel snorts and says “I doubt he actually took anyone anywhere at all. It was probably an illusion.” It’s obviously a long-standing argument.

It should become clear that there’s a big difference of opinion:

- Dodgson believes that the Sphere came from a three-dimensional plane of mathematical perfection “parallel to our own.”
- Tenniel is sure that it deliberately chose a spherical form to confront the priests of Flatland and cause trouble and might look completely different in its own dimension.
- Rabbi Lowe talks learnedly (and more or less incomprehensibly) of the Kabbalah, the Sephirot, and other elements of Jewish mysticism, none of which should mean anything to Flatlanders, suggesting that the Sphere is an emanation of *Tipheret*, the principle of symmetry and balance, one of God’s attributes. Don’t worry about explaining this unless you know a LOT more about Jewish mysticism than the author...

Sooner or later someone should ask why the adventurers have been brought to the third dimension. Try to encourage the adventurers to ask questions rather than listening passively and to continue to explore their forms and make clumsy mistakes (such as breaking a vase or smashing a table) as Dodgson explains:

The League is an association of mathematicians and scholars who are aware of the existence of the “higher and lower dimensions” and other anomalies of space and time. Several years ago they became aware of the existence of Flatland; a mathematician called Abbott began to dream about the two-dimensional world and translated A. Square’s book into English. Using a combination of “sound mathematical principles and a little applied science and magic” they created “portals” which they use to observe the affairs of Flatland and “some other two-dimensional planes.” They have been trying to find a way to extend their studies to the higher dimensions.

One of their guiding principles is that they will do no harm to the denizens of the “lower dimensions” lest they in turn suffer the attentions of beings from “higher planes.” Although this is not intended to sound condescending, try to phrase it so that the adventurers can take a little offence.

A few days ago Tenniel was studying animals in one of Flatland’s zoos and noticed a “bear” disappear; a Flatland animal best described as an eight-pointed star shape. Another disappeared thirty minutes later, and another thirty minutes after that, exactly on the hour. On the third occasion pieces of two rocks in the enclosure also vanished, and Dodgson was able to measure the curvature of the remaining rock and calculate that a section of Flatland exactly a foot in diameter was affected. The exact timing of the incidents and diameter of the circle can’t be a coincidence; “whatever did it was using human measurements and a clock running on the time used in our world.” Players who have read *Flatland* may point out that the book



uses human measurements such as feet and inches; remind them that it's a translation and say that in reality Flatlanders use completely different units.

Since then members of the League have taken turns observing Flatland, and working on ways of tracking further incursions, but they didn't notice anything else happening until the adventurers attracted their attention. After they learned of the loss of the High Circle they studied the place where he vanished, and detected an "imbalance"<sup>1</sup> which strongly suggests that he is indeed in the three-dimensional world, and probably within a few miles. Unfortunately that's within a few miles in London, one of the largest and most densely populated cities in the world, and there is no way to tell the direction.

Dodgson is rather diffident about explaining the reason for the Flatlanders' presence, but eventually Tenniel says "No point beating about the bush," [*another incomprehensible expression, as far as the Flatlanders are concerned*], "Whoever has your High Circle is probably a highly respected mathematician or scientist; nobody else would have the necessary skills. The courts of our world know nothing of Flatland, except as a work of fiction, and would be hard to convince. If we try to do things legally it may take several days to obtain a warrant, and I suspect that the High Circle can't hold out that long. We may have to resort to more... direct means. I can't think of any League members who are good in a fight, not since the Professor<sup>2</sup> was killed, but the Rabbi's golems are stronger than any normal man. They can't think; we needed you to give them minds."

It may take the adventurers a while to appreciate that they are being asked to act as thugs, albeit in the cause of rescuing the High Circle. It's work that's generally reserved for the most mindlessly acute triangles, those too stupid to succeed as soldiers or police. They're at liberty to decline, of course, but the alternatives are to return home without the High Circle (and face certain death) or to stay in the 3D world (and eventually starve since there is no food for them in this world).

Assuming that the adventurers help, the first step is to find the High Circle. The snag is that the League's headquarters are in South Kensington, not far from the Science Museum, the City and Guilds College, the Royal School of Mines and the Royal College of Science. There are literally hundreds of mathematicians living within walking distance, and no obvious way to narrow the field.

Sooner or later one of the adventurers should think of suspecting the members of the League themselves; they know that Flatland really exists, and have the knowledge needed to open portals between the dimensions. Six members currently live or work within range of the League's headquarters:

- Dodgson and Tenniel can vouch for each other; they were both observing Flatland at the time the High Circle disappeared, and neither could have used the apparatus they used to transfer the adventurers from Flatland without the other knowing. If anyone asks to see it, it's a complex mechanism consisting of jointed steel rods, extending pistons, coils and a metal "cookie cutter" suspended from the ceiling over a large mirror-topped table, which is surrounded by complex apparatus and dozens of lead-acid batteries, none of which will mean anything at all to the Flatlanders. If they ask for a demonstration, Dodgson activates the machinery and the table top shimmers then shows a view of Flatland, covering an area of a mile or so around the Temple. By manipulating the controls it's possible to zoom in until things are shown at life size; the apparatus can then be lowered into the portal and literally slices out a section of Flatland. If the Rabbi doesn't immediately use his magic to transfer the material to paper, it rapidly disintegrates. Naturally all demonstrations will use inanimate objects.



<sup>1</sup> Any attempt to explain this will fail; it's part magic and part non-Euclidean geometry, and wholly incomprehensible to Flatlanders.

<sup>2</sup> Professor James Moriarty, of course.

## The Forgotten Futures Compendium ~ The League of Extraordinary Geometers

- Rabbi Lowe was also in London at the time of the High Circle's disappearance, but he was in France at the time the animals disappeared from the zoo. He is only in Britain because Dodgson sent for him, guessing that his help might be needed.
- Professor Challenger<sup>3</sup> lives nearby, but he is currently in South America on "some damn-fool dinosaur hunt." Dodgson explains that there has been a lot of press interest in the expedition; it would take weeks for Challenger to return, and he couldn't possibly do so without publicity.
- Charles Babbage is in London and lives in Marylebone (about two and a half miles away), but hasn't had any contact with the League in weeks. In any case he's "obsessed with cogs and gears," and doesn't seem to have much interest in the "lower dimensions."
- Edwin A. Abbott, the translator of *Flatland*, is also in London; he's headmaster of the City of London School in Blackfriars, four miles away. It's term time and he's busy so hasn't visited the League's headquarters in a couple of weeks.

The League has a dozen or so other members, but none of them are currently in London. If the idea of so many three-dimensional beings having access to Flatland doesn't worry the adventurers they really haven't been paying attention!

If the adventurers don't think of suspecting the League members, Tenniel will eventually come up with the idea. Due to the strangeness of the golems' appearance they can't easily make house calls, it will be much easier if the "suspects" come to League headquarters. He has telegrams sent to Babbage and Abbott. Encourage the adventurers to suggest wording.

**Troubleshooting:** It's possible that the adventurers will have other ideas, or want to solve the case without the League's help; remind them that they are in a different world, and one that they are having great trouble understanding, and can't get much done without native guides.

They may think of alternatives to solving the case; for example, they may decide that the best thing to do to safeguard Flatland is to kill all the members of the League, destroy their equipment, etc. and accept the fact that they cannot return home. If they want to try this remind them that they don't know all the members of the League; that they've been told that at least one is several weeks' travel away; and that they've been told that they can only survive a few days in the 3D world. They can't possibly reach them all before they die.

Someone may suggest that rather than solving the case, the League could return the Flatlanders to another part of Flatland beyond the reach of The State; this is possible, if anyone insists on it, but the League knows nothing about these areas and can't guarantee safety. If anyone goes through with it, they end up in a primitive country whose government is even more repressive than The State.

**Abbott** will arrive an hour or so later if the summons mentions that Flatlanders are present, three hours later if it's just a request that he attend a meeting. He's delighted to meet the Flatlanders, of course, once he's convinced that they're animating the golems, and full of apologies to A. Square (if present) for publishing his work without obtaining permission – he offers to pay royalties, to him or his family, if that's agreeable to him.<sup>4</sup>

As the adventurers question Abbot try to make it clear that he's a gentle and somewhat unworldly man, a priest of the 3D world's incomprehensible religion, and a very unlikely suspect.

<sup>3</sup> See *The Lost World* and *Forgotten Futures III*

<sup>4</sup> It's easy to make the adventurers rich. A piece of gold leaf about three by two inches costs a shilling; a hundred or so Flatland coins, sized in proportion to the Flatlander body and equivalent to a guinea or so, would fit into the same area. The portal machinery could put a 2D version of such a leaf into Flatland. Most would be wasted, since the Flatland version would only be one atom thick, but it's a negligible expense. Note that some "gold leaf" sold by unscrupulous dealers is actually Dutch metal, a relatively worthless zinc alloy; if the Flatlanders think it's gold and try to spend it they risk execution as coiners (forgers).



**Babbage** responds to the summons with a telegram of his own, saying “REGRET OTHER BUSINESS PREVENTS ATTENDANCE. BABBAGE.” It’s curt, but the League members know that Babbage is notoriously intolerant of distractions. It won’t immediately arouse their suspicions. The Flatlanders may have other ideas, of course.

If they ask about him, Dodgson explains that Babbage believes that all mathematics can be reduced to repetitive calculations which can be handled by machinery. Remind players that Flatlanders may find the idea rather hard to grasp, since it isn’t actually possible to make gearwheels with axles (or any other kind of wheel and axle) in Flatland. Encourage them to ask questions, and try to bring out the idea that gearwheels are shaped somewhat like the animals stolen from the zoo in Flatland. This is another tenuous reason to think that Babbage could be involved.

If nobody seems to be getting anywhere Dodgson summons a bicycle messenger and sends him round to Babbage’s house with a hand-written note. An hour later the messenger returns, saying that he couldn’t deliver the note. When asked why, he says that the place is surrounded by street organ players, who are besieging the house “and playin’ so loud that it ‘urts me ears.” The doors are locked, presumably to keep them out, and nobody responded when he knocked, although he did see “an old geezer” leaning out of an upstairs window and shouting at the organ grinders.

If the golems decide to ask questions (or move while the boy is present) he’ll think at first that it’s some sort of conjuring trick, then run off frightened once he realises that it isn’t. This doesn’t have any particularly bad consequences, other than starting a few odd rumours about the League, but Carroll and Tenniel will worry about it.

Babbage’s hatred of street musicians and other interruptions is notorious, so none of the League’s members will be greatly surprised. He’s trying to get a law passed banning street organs altogether, which has not been received well by their operators. Carroll adds “He’s even been talking about building a machine to cancel out their noise, based on one of his infernal calculating engines. I told him, he’d have to pack thousands of gears into an impossibly small space to get the sort of speed he wants.”

If the adventurers still don’t seem to be catching on Tenniel eventually says “You know, you *could* probably do it... build Babbage’s machine, I mean... if some of the components were two-dimensional, or maybe extended into more than three dimensions. That way you might be able to avoid the wheels getting in each other’s way...”

Hopefully by now the adventurers will have realised that Babbage is the most likely suspect. If not, and only as a last resort, Tenniel will say “Maybe we’d better go over there and have a word with him.”

## Chapter Five: Across the Dark Metropolis

**B**Y now the adventurers have hopefully worked out that Babbage is the most likely suspect, and will be eager to investigate his activities. If not, the members of the League will have done the job for them. It’s time to pay him a visit...

Babbage lives on Dorset Street in Marylebone, about two and a half miles away as the bird flies [*Flatlanders will need this one explaining and may have real trouble with the idea*], three miles by road. The most direct route is across Hyde Park, then through a complex maze of side streets to the house. There’s only one snag... the adventurers aren’t exactly inconspicuous, and they’re too heavy for most horse-drawn vehicles. A pantechnicon (heavy wagon with a large team of horses) could be arranged but it would take several hours, and it’s already late afternoon. If they want to resolve things quickly they’ll have to walk there.

## The Forgotten Futures Compendium ~ The League of Extraordinary Geometers

The obvious problem with this idea is that the golems aren't exactly inconspicuous. Fortunately Tenniel has the answer; bushy false beards, wigs with long braids, hats and overcoats. "I've kept them here since that business with the dwarves..."<sup>5</sup>

Tenniel does indeed have enough beards, wigs, hats and overcoats for all of the adventurers. Dressed in them they look remarkably unconvincing; their grey stone hands and faces are concealed to an extent, but nobody looking past the beards and braids will be fooled for long.

"Fortunately this is London," says Dodgson, "where nobody will admit to showing any curiosity. Anyone who looks at you will be too embarrassed to say anything."

Rabbi Lowe hands everyone a leather-bound book from one of the shelves in the main room – they're volumes of the proceedings of the Royal Society, although the adventurers won't know that and can't read them – and says "You had better pretend to be scholars. Pretend to read as you walk, and if anyone says anything to you say 'Mazeltov,' lift your hat and put it back again, and keep walking." He demonstrates how to do these things. He doesn't offer to accompany them.

With the adventurers thus thinly disguised, Tenniel and Dodgson prepare to lead them out. The first obstacle is a flight of stairs down to the building's lobby, and more steps down to the street. Encourage players to have lots of problems with their first experiments in moving through the third dimension; for example, they might walk forward without trying to lower themselves from one step to the next, try to roll or slide down, etc. Fortunately the steps are marble and fairly sturdy, and the golems are tough enough to absorb the impact of a fall without serious damage.

Once outside, things are just strange, as far as the Flatlanders are concerned. To begin with, there is a lot more *up* around; they may have begun to get used to the idea of a ceiling overhead inside the building, but not there's just a blue immensity, with swirling amorphous white things [*clouds*] at a huge distance. There are also a lot more people around; on foot, and riding in occasional horse-drawn and horseless carriages on the cobbled streets. Occasional brown irregular objects [*trees*] rise from gaps in the flat surface, with impossibly huge green tops. Present all this as totally alien to the adventurers, and don't forget to describe the prolific and to pious eyes blasphemous use of circles [*wheels*] on vehicles. They're the nearest thing to a completely regular object the Flatlanders will see in this world, and by their standards even the wheels are less than perfect.

The first stage of the journey is a walk of a few hundred yards to Hyde Park. At first things are relatively quiet, with the procession attracting an occasional glance but left alone, but by the time they're half-way there children are on their way home from school, and are a lot less shy about staring at something strange. Soon they are followed by a jeering gang of small boys, who shout things about "freak shows" and make monkey noises. "Just keep walking," says Tenniel. Dodgson digs into his pockets and finds a handful of pennies and sixpences, which he throws back down the street. Some of the boys chase off after the coins, others continue to follow the adventurers, but if they continue walking the boys will gradually lose interest. After all, it isn't very exciting.

The first real excitement comes when the Flatlanders have to cross a road, negotiating slippery cobbles liberally coated with horse manure. Have all the adventurers roll their BODY [8] against Difficulty 5, anyone failing slips and falls – in the path of an oncoming carriage.

Assuming that someone does go over, the driver makes a valiant attempt to stop but the horse is startled and starts to bolt. Anyone still on their feet must roll against Difficulty 4 to get out of the way, against Difficulty 8 to drag the fallen out of the way. But if any of the golems are hit by the carriage the result will probably be a little unexpected, at least by the adventurers; roll dice but ignore the results, the carriage wheel breaks but the golems will be unharmed!

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<sup>5</sup> A story for which the world is not yet prepared.

The driver of the carriage is thrown into the road, and starts to argue furiously with Tenniel. Dodgson urges the Flatlanders onward towards the park, leaving Tenniel to sort out the mess. Of course the Flatlanders may have other ideas, but if they get into a fight the most likely consequence will be loss of their hats, beards, and wigs, and quite possibly the death of whoever they are fighting, and probably a long delay. It's better to walk away.

In the park the main problems will be numerous dogs and horses:

- Dogs react to golems by barking, growling, and generally freaking out. They won't try to bite the golems themselves, but may bite at their coats. This is a nuisance rather than a serious problem, but at least one or two of the golems should have ripped clothing by the time they cross the park.
- Horses just bolt; there's something about golems that terrifies them. One horse after another is panicked by the golems; they dash off with their riders clinging on frantically and trying to bring them under control. This is just a nuisance at first, but about half way across they encounter thirty horses of the Household Cavalry, which stampede across the park leaving devastation in their wake. Dodgson suggests that the golems speed up as much as they can (from a slow shuffling walk to a fast shuffling walk) and get out of the park before the distraction ends.

By the time the golems are back on the road Tenniel has caught up with them; he now has badly bruised knuckles, and suggests that they try to keep up the fastest possible pace.

## Chapter Six: The Sound of Silence

**B**Y now it's getting dark (which ought to worry Flatlanders who have no experience of day and night); fortunately this makes the golems just a little less conspicuous, although their pretence of reading may be a little strained between gas lights. Now, as they get closer to Babbage's home, they begin to hear the distant discordance of at least a dozen barrel organs. This will just sound like another incomprehensible noise to the Flatlanders, but Dodgson and Tenniel cover their ears.

Suddenly everything goes eerily quiet. It's not just the "music" that stops; the golems can no longer hear the thud of their own feet, and when Tenniel and Dodgson say something their mouths open and shut but nothing can be heard.

Dodgson mimes for the golems to keep going, but Flatlanders should have no idea what his gestures mean. Encourage them to misunderstand.

In the road ahead half a dozen organ grinders angrily crank their "instruments," trying to overcome the eerie quiet. An upper window of the house they are "serenading" opens, and someone leans out and gestures at them, his mouth opening and shutting as though saying something very rude. The referee should mime raising his or her arms and laughing maniacally, but shouldn't make any noise!

The Flatlanders should have the idea that this is Babbage, who has perfected his noise cancelling device, if they aren't completely confused. Dodgson and Tenniel urge them on towards the house as best they can. They'll have to go up a few steps to the wooden front door, BODY 9, but it shouldn't be an impossible obstacle for them. Once inside there's a much tougher challenge; a rickety flight of wooden stairs (BODY 7) up to the first floor<sup>6</sup>.

The golem bodies are heavy, and with all noise cancelled there's nothing to warn the adventurers that their weight is overloading the stairs. They'll be all right if only one golem takes the stairs at a

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<sup>6</sup> The second floor for non-Brits.

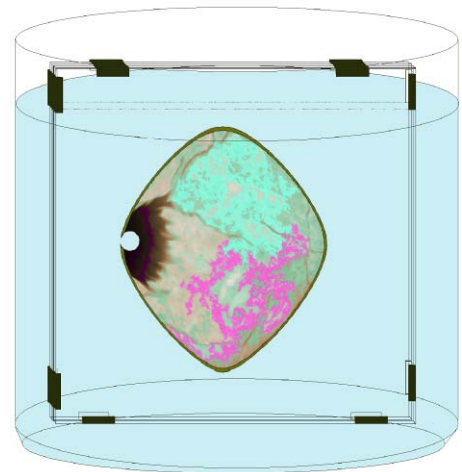
time, but if they go up in a bunch the stairs will collapse when they're half way up. Dodgson and Tenniel will try to put this idea across, but again players should be encouraged to misunderstand.

If the adventurers bunch together (two or more golems within three steps of each other) the stairs will collapse automatically. If the total BODY of the golems and anyone else on the steps overcomes the BODY of the stairs they will collapse. Fortunately there's a cupboard filled with old furniture underneath, so they fall a few feet onto a relatively springy surface. It isn't enough to harm the golem bodies. They can still get up, but they'll need to pile up the furniture (possibly dragging some from the ground floor rooms) and climb up the unstable pile of debris to reach the first floor.

Sooner or later the adventurers should reach the door of Babbage's workroom, which is firmly locked. This door is BODY 10; it's reinforced to keep out intruders who might steal Babbage's work. This still shouldn't be too difficult for the golems, although they have relatively little space to work in, especially if the stairs have collapsed.

Babbage has indeed been tampering with higher and lower dimensions.

His first experiments in Flatland netted him the "bears" (now deceased) and the High Circle, who is still (just) alive; Babbage doesn't have access to Rabbi Lowe's magic, but sandwiched the unfortunate priest between two sheets of glass. The problem is that the gap between the glass surfaces is not a two-dimensional space; it's several atoms wide, and the High Circle is slowly leaking body fluids that seep out of the gap. Babbage has compensated, to some extent, by putting the glass sheets into a bath of dilute saline solution, but unfortunately he's got the strength wrong and it's slowly dehydrating the Circle's tissues, making him shrink. As a result the High Circle is now an irregular rounded diamond shape, and it may take some time for the Flatlanders to recognize him. He's certainly in no shape to talk or exert his authority.



During these experiments Babbage has somehow found something that has eluded the rest of the League; a way to open a portal into a higher dimension. *Something* that is resident there somehow became aware of his presence, understood what he wanted, and created an incomprehensibly complex mechanism of interlocking gears which shouldn't possibly work in our world, making his sound cancellation machine possible.

The machine itself is roughly the size of a grand piano (remember that this will mean nothing to Flatlanders) and consists of a platform covered in a hugely complex structure of gears upon gears upon gears, with brass trumpets sticking out from the sides. On top of it a gigantic complex of cogs and pinion wheels whirs around at enormous speed. Anyone looking closely will realise that some of the wheels seem to vanish into nothingness, twist through dimensions that the eye can't follow, and so forth. Looking at it for more than a minute or two might lead to madness, but the most likely result for humans is a very bad headache. Flatlanders won't find it *much* more disturbing than the 3D world. Think "Dali meets Escher" and you won't go far wrong.

Dodgson and Tenniel want to stop the machine without damaging it; it's obviously a work of genius, but it may be tampering with Things That Man Was Not Meant To Know.

Babbage wants to keep the machine going to drive the organ grinders away; after that he's all in favour of further tampering with Things That Man Was Not Meant To Know, since it has already netted him impressive results. He recognizes the golems – he's seen prototypes – and assumes that they are mindless automata, and that if he can somehow give them orders, they will obey.

## The Forgotten Futures Compendium ~ The League of Extraordinary Geometers

In short, all three humans start to try to mime instructions at the Flatlanders. Remember (and remind the Flatlanders if necessary) that they have little or no experience of human mime, and that the signals will probably mean nothing, or may be badly misinterpreted. They will also (hopefully) be looking for the High Circle; he's in plain view, but on his side in the jar; his distorted shape and the unfamiliar viewpoint may mislead them.

Sooner or later someone will probably try to destroy the machine, or at least shut it down. There's nothing as useful as a big "off" lever, of course, and Babbage is unlikely to want to cooperate. Pulling random levers achieves nothing except to replace total silence with a high-pitched whistling buzz. No other noise can be heard. If any of the brass trumpets (BODY 4) are damaged the same thing happens.

The framework is strongly built, BODY 12. Roll the Effect of any attack against the frame:

- A. Reduce BODY of frame by 1
- B. Reduce BODY of frame by 1D6/2
- C. Reduce BODY of frame by 1D6

If the BODY of the frame drops to zero the machine stops working (as C result below).

The gearing looks delicate but appearances can be deceptive; most of the gears are whizzing through multiple dimensions at great speed, and the chances of actually damaging them are small. Roll the Effect of the attack against Difficulty 9:

- A. Whatever weapon is being used is cut neatly in half, as though a thin cross-section has just vanished. If the "weapon" happens to be a golem's hand or head, that's just too bad. Damage should be treated as an Injury, or Critical Injury if the head is involved.
- B. No damage; the weapon or blow fails to intersect the dimensions currently occupied by the gears.
- C. Sproing!!!! Cogs fly off in all directions, the machinery is thoroughly wrecked

If the adventurers want weapons there is an assortment of laboratory apparatus and furniture around, most of it BODY 4 to 6 (BODY 1 for anything made of glass). Anything that isn't made of strong wood or metal will probably break about as readily as Babbage's machine.

When and if the machine is wrecked there's a sudden rush of sound as it stops working. There are yells and shouts (and the blast of police whistles) outside. Within a few moments one barrel organ starts playing, then another. The police eventually arrive and start to arrest organ grinders for disturbing the peace.

Inside the house Babbage tries to protect himself from the Golems and/or Dodgson and Tenniel. If the High Circle hasn't been spotted already, Babbage holds him up and tries to use him as a shield, threatening to break the glass if everyone doesn't back off. It should be obvious that he's dangerously unhinged; weeks of staring at Things That Man Was Not Meant To Know sometimes have that effect. Tenniel and Dodgson are probably best fitted to talk him down without too much risk to the High Circle

Even with the machine destroyed the remnants of the gear wheels look decidedly unnatural, twisted and distorted; in fact the distortion gets worse as the adventurers look, until they seem to be peering into a hole in the very fabric of space and time, about six inches in diameter.

And nothing happens. It just hangs there in mid-air, doing precisely nothing.

If anyone is foolish enough to reach into the hole, of course, the Being that gave Babbage his machinery will notice. It didn't mind making the machinery, as a toy for a lower life-form, but strange three-dimensional arms groping around in its dimension are beyond a joke.



Let whoever has reached into the hole feel around for about thirty seconds, then a long rugose tentacle snakes out, slaps the intruder away from the hole (It has surprise and strikes with Effect 14; fortunately it isn't trying to harm anyone beyond pushing them fairly hard), and retracts back down the hole, pulling it closed with a horribly final sucking sound.

Babbage screams and tries to leap after it, dropping the High Circle if he hasn't already been rescued (kind referees will have the jar land on something soft), but by the time he reaches the hole it no longer exists.

With the immediate multi-dimensional menace(?) out of the way, the adventurers, Dodgson and Tenniel can turn their attention to getting the Flatlanders and the High Circle (if he has survived) back to their homes, and ensuring that Babbage doesn't do any more harm.

Babbage has his own version of the portal device; it looks a lot like the machine in the League's headquarters, but the viewing mirror is smaller. Dodgson is sure that he can put the adventurers back where they belong immediately, rather than going through the ordeal of another walk across London. The adventurers don't have to comply, of course – and may not want to risk returning at all if the High Circle has been killed – if so the return to the League's headquarters has to wait until late at night, and goes without incident, apart from scaring a few drunks.

## Chapter Seven: End Game

**H**OPEFULLY the Flatlanders can return in triumph, taking with them the High Circle (who will be somewhat the worse for wear but ought to survive if he wasn't dropped) and possibly a gift or two from the Third Dimension. As already noted, it would be easy for the League to make the adventurers rich with a little gold leaf. Short of that, they ought to settle for rescuing the High Circle and returning home. If they don't return to Flatland they will die. Make sure that aware of this if they have other plans.

The High Circle won't be a fan of the Third Dimension, but he now has proof that it exists, and this should hopefully affect the State's treatment of "heretics" and other troublemakers. If you used the sample characters, all now have proof that the Third Dimension exists:

**A Square** may be disillusioned and is definitely puzzled; the Third Dimension isn't the paradise of geometrical perfection the Sphere showed him. So where does the Sphere really come from?

**Professor Quatremass** now has to change his worldview a little. He accepts that the Third Dimension exists (always assuming it wasn't a hallucination), but won't accept that every incident blamed on it really does stem from abhorrent geometry. Mostly it's trickery and humbug, of course. Gradually his memories will fade and he'll decide that it was all a case of mass hysteria.

**Rhombus** comes back superficially unchanged, but he lost most of his third-dimension extension when he was put back into Flatland. He needs to rest and recover before he fights his next duel.

**Alaric Quinn** and **Sir Septimus Prime** return with their belief in the Third Dimension confirmed. Additionally, Sir Septimus will be turned back the right way round if he specifically asks for it.

Finally, **Lois Line** has the story of the century – and nobody prepared to publish it.

Back in the 3D world, the League will try to stay in touch with the adventurers; after all, they're Flatlanders with the mental agility to adapt to the Third Dimension, and they'll be vitally important in any future contact between the worlds. Babbage eventually recovers from his attack of over-enthusiasm and admits that a little more caution might be a good idea.

The Sphere, the Thing That Man Was Not Meant To Know, and other manifestations of higher dimensions leave both dimensions alone... for now. Their future plans may be another matter.

## More Flatland Crossovers

### Paper Assets

The British Government learns of the League's success in bringing Flatlanders through to the 3D world and comes up with an interesting idea – in their 2D form, or embedded in paper, they are very easy to hide. If they could somehow be given a little mobility in such a form, say enough to take notes on Flatland writing tablets, also embedded in the paper, they would make almost perfect spies. The idea is simple; hide such a piece of paper in a hostile foreign embassy, have a Flatlander eavesdrop on their conversations, and recover the paper later.

The adventurers can be humans, assigned the job of getting the agent in and out of the embassy, or Flatlanders recruited for the mission. If Flatlanders, they should be given some ability to move without human aid; for example, the paper might be able to curl and uncurl and move like a snake, or have some limited ability to change shape into e.g. a paper glider or an origami golem.

Of course no mission goes exactly as planned – maybe the paper is attacked by mice, maybe it falls into enemy hands. Whatever, the Flatlander needs to extricate himself, or human agents need to recover him, before he is killed or the mission is compromised.

### Spaceland Invaders

The Sphere came from another 3D dimension which it called “Spaceland” and is obviously *not* from our world, where perfect symmetry tends to be the exception rather than the norm. If it ever finds us what will it think of us? Pitiful asymmetrical lumps? Hideous monsters to be exterminated without mercy? And is it alone, or does it have lots of friends?

Let's go for a worst case scenario; there are thousands or millions of spheres, all extremely xenophobic and determined to exterminate the human race. Maybe they plan to do it by sheer weight of numbers – if enough of them pile on top of a human he will be crushed – or maybe they have deadlier weapons. They appear to be able to move in and out of normal 3D space, and materialising *inside* someone could really spoil his day.

Human members of the League might be called in as scientific experts to counter the invasion. Flatlanders might be asked to act as intermediaries to negotiate a ceasefire.

### Return Visit

Human members of the League finally work out a way to transfer their consciousnesses to artificial 2D bodies, with Flatlander help, and set out to explore Flatland properly. Of course their bodies look as crude and artificial as the golems, to Flatlander eyes, and they can't get back without the help of their friends in London. They don't really have much of an idea of how to behave in Flatland, or the skills the average Flatlander takes for granted, such as Recognition of angles and estimation of distance with only one eye. Can they even move around without accidentally impaling someone? And sooner or later the Flatland authorities will realise just how odd they are, and arrest them as spies or dangerous heretics. With extra-dimensional help from the League any imprisonment is likely to be temporary, but can they be rescued before the State decides to execute them?

And all that's *before* something goes wrong with the project, and they're left marooned in Flatland...



## Flatland Characters & NPCs

### Albert Square - heretical lunatic and mathematician.<sup>7</sup>

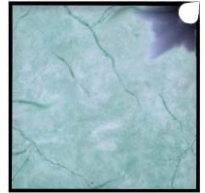
SIDES 4 MIND 3 BODY 4

Artist (writer) 6, Business 5, Law 6, Mathematics 7, Recognition (Feeling) 5, Recognition (Visual) 4.

Disadvantage: Insane (believes in third dimension).

A. Square is the author of Flatland, a dangerously heretical mathematical allegory which has been suppressed by the state but is sometimes found in collections of the odd and occult. He believes in a "third dimension" and has spent several years in solitary confinement, as an obviously dangerous lunatic. As the State has become aware that the third dimension may actually exist he is occasionally consulted on his alleged experiences, but will never be trusted. He is generally kept under house arrest or escorted by acute guards, too stupid to comprehend his blasphemous ideas, if he is allowed out. He is insane by all normal Flatland standards.

Quote: "Upward, not Northward!"



### Professor Quatremaass - professional sceptic

SIDES 4 MIND 3 BODY 4

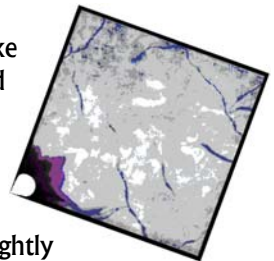
Brawling 6, Doctor 5, Mathematics 6, Recognition (Feeling) 4, Scholar 5, Scientist 7.

Advantages: Wealthy

Disadvantages: Poor Sight, Eccentric, Son of an Irregular Figure

Professor Quatremaass is a professional sceptic who has no truck with any rubbish like multiple dimensions. He has made a career out of explaining away curious phenomena, and as a result is highly regarded by the State and priesthood. He has a beautiful but extremely stupid daughter, and several assistants including a clever but impoverished young equilateral who ghost-writes his books. He is extremely vain and a snob who will suck up to any aristocrat he encounters, and always defers to their opinions even if he knows that they're wrong. He lives in fear that someone will find out that his father was slightly irregular.

Quote: "Incredible! He's been laterally inverted!"



### Rhombus - an immortal

SIDES 3\* MIND 4 BODY 6

Brawling 10, Disguise 5, Mathematics 4, Recognition (Feeling) 6, Recognition (Visual) 5, Scholar 6, Stealth 6, Thief 5, Weapons 8.

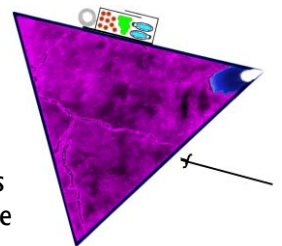
Advantages: Good Sight, Wealthy, Very Thick

Disadvantages: Insane

Rhombus is strong, youthful-looking, intelligent, and (despite his name) so close to Regular that he is sometimes mistaken for an Equilateral, especially if he uses his Disguise skill to shade his angles. He is secretly "Thick," an immortal warrior who will not die unless his eye angle is completely severed. This has given him limited knowledge of the third dimension; the Thick gain their immortality from an extension into this higher space. He is a skilled fighter with point or sword, and usually poses as a wealthy student. His knowledge of the Third Dimension would be considered a dangerous heresy if it were known, and his belief in it is insanity by Flatland standards.

Quote: "No, that was Duke Otto of Octagonia. The fourth, I think..."

\*Acute triangles are usually rated as Sides 2 for social purposes, but Rhombus is so close to Equilateral that he effectively has Sides 3



<sup>7</sup> First name borrowed, with permission, from *Flatterland* by Iain Stewart.

### Alaric Quinn - the Great Detective

SIDES 5 MIND 4 BODY 4

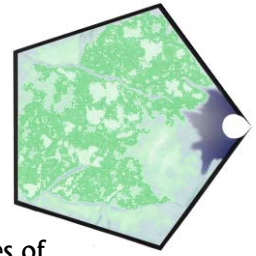
Brawling 4, Business 3, Disguise 6, Law 6, Recognition (Feeling) 4, Recognition (Visual) 6, Scholar 5, Weapons 5.

Advantage: Good Sight

Disadvantage: Eccentric

Alaric Quinn is an eccentric detective in the great tradition of eccentric detectives – inquisitive, tactless, always ready with a new theory, however bizarre, provided it isn't physically impossible. He has begun to speculate about the third dimension, following a series of "locked room" disappearances which can only be explained by teleportation or some other form of abduction which can bypass walls. So far this is just a tentative theory, not a firm belief, so he is regarded as eccentric rather than insane.

Quote: "Hmmm... the door was locked on the inside, but he still disappeared..."



### Lois Line - unusually intelligent female reporter

SIDES 1 MIND 2 BODY 6/3 \*

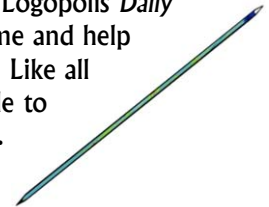
Artist 5, Brawling 8/5, Recognition (Feeling) 6, Stealth 5

Disadvantage: Regarded as dangerous (e.g., a sharp female)

Lois is that rarity in Flatland, a (slightly) intelligent woman. She is a reporter for the Logopolis *Daily Plane*, a leading foreign newstablet, perpetually in search of a story that will make her name and help to overcome the disadvantage of being a member of the weaker and more dangerous sex. Like all females she must ululate (make loud whooping noises) as she moves and weave from side to side or face summary execution. She is generally considered to be a dangerous aberration.

Quote: "Hey youse, what's the big idea! Don't ya wanna talk to the press?"

\* BODY 6 if attacking, BODY 3 if defending herself.



### Sir Septimus Prime – dimensional abductee

SIDES 7 MIND 5 BODY 3

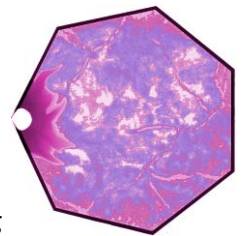
Artist (painter) 8, Brawling 3, Business 6, Disguise 6, Mathematics 8, Recognition (Visual) 9, Weapons 5

Advantages: Good Sight, Wealthy

Disadvantages: Insane, Reversed

Sir Septimus is the equivalent of an alien abductee; two years ago he vanished for several days, returning with no memory of the experience, but subsequently discovering that he is now laterally reversed, so that his former left is now his right and vice versa. His paintings began to show a strange non-Euclidian influence, which most viewers find extremely disturbing, and he has developed an unhealthy interest in the less savoury branches of mathematics. In view of his rank nobody actually treats him as a lunatic – yet. He is reasonably sure that at least one of his servants is a police spy, and takes care to say nothing that could be considered as heresy.

Quote: "I realised something was wrong when I noticed I was turning left to go to my studio, not right..."



### Sub-High Circle Ununhexium 292

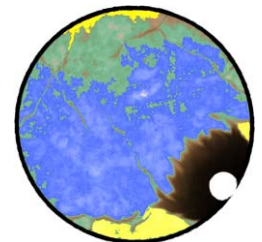
SIDES 292 MIND 6 BODY 2

Business 8, Mathematics 9, Recognition (visual) 9, Scholar (theology, religious history, etc.) 9, Weapons 5

Advantages: Good Sight, Wealthy

Ununhexium 292 is genuinely devout, one of the minority of priests who considers the purity of his faith more important than personal or political advantage or wealth. He lacks the ambition to be High Circle and would prefer to spend more time in his studies; the disappearance of the High Circle is inconvenient and has the potential to seriously disrupt his plans. His current post is head of the Church's Internal Affairs department, which investigates corruption, heresy and other crimes within the priesthood.

Quote: "Let us discuss the nature of your heresy..."



## Flatland Characteristics, Advantages, Disadvantages and Skills

### Characteristics

- SIDES:** Primarily social status, also used somewhat like SOUL in contests of will etc.  
**MIND, BODY:** As in *Forgotten Futures*. However, BODY only applies to the 2-dimensional environment; in the 3D world most Flatlanders are essentially BODY 1, and only have one Flesh Wound – they are as easily damaged as a soap film and a second Flesh Wound or any more serious Injury kills instantly.

### Advantages

- Wealthy:** Flatland currency, of course!  
**Good Sight:** A bonus to Recognition (visual), +1 to spot hidden etc.  
**Thick, Very Thick:** Due to an extension into the third dimension the character can survive damage that would kill a normal Flatlander; in our world Thick is equivalent to an Injury box, Very Thick is equivalent to an Injury and a Critical Injury box. In Flatland the character can only be killed by severing his eye from the rest of his body.

### Disadvantages

- Insane:** Often, but not always, a belief in a third dimension  
**Poor Sight:** Cannot learn Recognition (visual), -1 to spot hidden etc.  
**Eccentric:** Behaves oddly, often treated as though SIDES is reduced.  
**Son of an Irregular Figure:** Affects career and marital prospects

### Skills

- Artist:** Used much like its *Forgotten Futures* equivalent, e.g. Artist (writer); Artist (painter) can include the ability to disguise oneself or others by shading their sides and angles.  
**Brawling, Military Arms:** As in *Forgotten Futures* but does not imply knowledge of 3D weapons etc.  
**Business:** Limited to knowledge of Flatland's business practices.  
**Disguise:** Similar to *Forgotten Futures'* Actor, but emphasising the disguise of the number of sides or regularity by posture, movement, and (occasionally) the use of paint if the Artist (painter) skill is available. Generally illegal, though it may be permitted for approved stage shows, police work, etc.  
**Doctor, First Aid:** Limited to treatment of Flatlanders.  
**Law:** Similar to Scholar (Law) but only relevant to Flatland's legal system.  
**Mathematics:** Limited to simple plane geometry, accounts, etc. At high levels a vague understanding of additional dimensions is possible.  
**Recognition (Feeling):** Measurement of a Flatlander's true angles by touch, generally considered impolite, a lower class skill.  
**Recognition (Visual):** Visual recognition of angles; skill requires years of specialised training, usually only available to the upper classes.  
**Scholar, Scientist:** As in *Forgotten Futures*, very little relevance to situations outside Flatland.  
**Weapons:** Use of sharp lines etc. as weapons. An alternative to Brawling skill, it is not possible to combine both skills in a single round of combat.



## Human Characters

### Lewis Carroll (Charles Dodgson) – Author and logician

BODY 3 MIND 4 SOUL 5

Artist (Author, Photographer) 8, Athlete 5, Scholar (Logic, mathematics, etc.) 6, Brawling 4, Scholar (Christian Theology etc.) 6.

Dodgson appears superficially vague and is extremely shy, but his diffidence disguises a keen intellect. He is a ladies man but his family goes to great lengths to suppress information on his indiscretions, to such an extent that it is later believed that their reticence hides a darker secret.

Quote: *"It's a most entertaining puzzle..."*



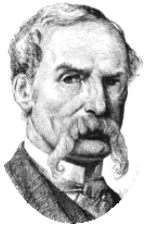
### Sir John Tenniel - Artist

BODY 4 MIND 4 SOUL 4

Artist (Painter and cartoonist) 7, Athlete 6 (fencing, gymnastics, running), Brawling 7, Business 7, Melee Weapon (sword-stick) 6, Scholar (Politics, Art, Satire) 6.

Tenniel is not a mathematician, but has an unusual ability to visualise the higher and lower dimensions, as evidenced by many of the illustrations in the *Alice* books. One reason for this, paradoxically, may be that he was blinded in one eye as the result of a fencing accident at the age of 20. He regards himself as having a duty to supply a little common sense to the League.

Quote: *"If it's the fourth dimension does that mean that time is the fifth?"*



### Rabbi Lowe – Implausibly long-lived magician

BODY 2 MIND 5 SOUL 6 MAGIC 4

Doctor (healing hands) 7, Linguist (Polish, Hebrew, English, French, German, Italian, Spanish) 7, Medium 6, Scholar (Judaism, Talmudic Law, Mathematics, Numerology, Kabbalah) 9, Wizardry 9.

Rabbi Lowe became interested in the League via his pursuit of Kabbalistic magic and numerology. He regards most of the League's activities as a distraction from the proper use of mathematics, to achieve a greater understanding of God, but their insights and technology have been useful often enough that he is prepared to help them if necessary.

Quote: *"The Sefirah of Compassion is part of the Right Column, therefore inversion through a higher space might lead the compassionate man to selfishness..."*



### Edwin A. Abbott – A. Square's Translator

BODY 5 MIND 5 SOUL 4

Artist (writer) 6, Athlete (Cricket, Football) 6, Brawling 6, Medium 7 (limited to dream communication with Flatland), Business 6, Scholar (Religion, Christianity, Methodism) 6, Scholar (Mathematics, Geometry, Logic, Topology) 7

Abbott is a clergyman, headmaster of a prestigious school, mathematician and author, and successful in all of these fields. His association with the League is a natural consequence of his publication of *Flatland*, and general interest in the nature of dimensions.

Quote: *"If we assume a space of  $N + 1$  dimensions..."*



### Charles Babbage – Mathematician and Inventor

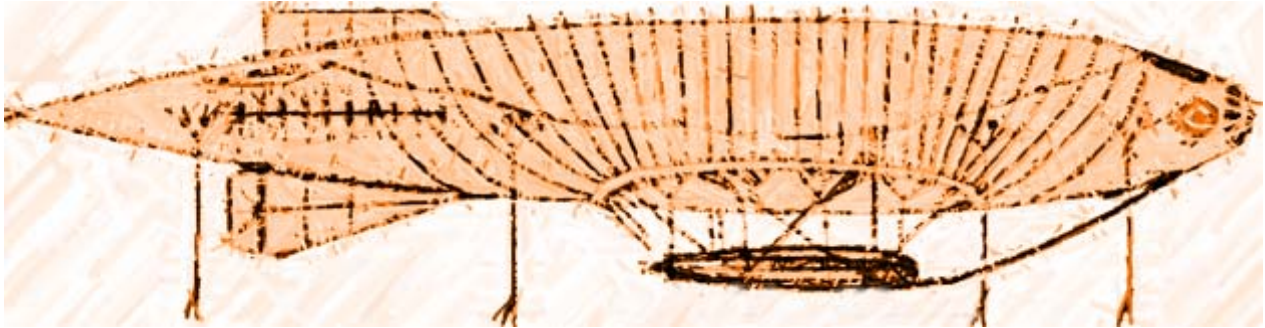
BODY 5 MIND 5 SOUL 4

Babbage Engine 8, Brawling 6, Mechanic 7, Scholar (Mathematics, Geometry, Logic, Topology) 8, Scientist 7

Babbage is the inventor of the Babbage Engine, the fundamental basis of all mechanical calculation. He's also an eccentric unable to finish any project without starting over again to "improve" it, and obsessed with his hatred of interruptions, most notably street musicians.

Quote: *"It is difficult to estimate the misery inflicted upon thousands of persons... ..by organ-grinders and other similar nuisances"*





## Curse of the Leopardmen

by Alex Stewart

### Introduction

**C**URSE OF THE LEOPARDMEN is a generic Victorian SF adventure, originally written and run for *Forgotten Futures*. It isn't tied to any specific setting, which means it can be slotted quite easily into most ongoing campaigns, or adapted for other systems such as *Space: 1889* or *GURPS Steampunk* with very little effort.

PCs can be pretty much anything the players desire. The group I ran this for were a mixture of classic adventuring types; a couple of explorers and retired military men, a society lady with a hidden past, a noted scientist, and a music-hall entertainer on an 'extended tour of the colonies' who joined the expedition as the quickest way out of town when his creditors turned up.

The PCs begin the adventure in the British colonial outpost of Timbruktayla, somewhere in West Africa. There's no need to be too specific about the geography, since, in keeping with the genre, the Dark Continent is simply there as an exotic background for the players' derring-do. All the GM needs to establish at this stage is that the PCs are close to the edge of the map, and to a pair of equally vaguely-bordered French and Belgian possessions. Both powers maintain a low-level diplomatic presence in the town, concerned mainly with facilitating trade and business being conducted there by their citizens.

The town itself is relatively large, with an airfield attached to the local British garrison. The only civilian traffic to use it, however, is the weekly mail 'dig from Cape Town, which, as the scenario begins, is almost an entire day overdue. Any transient PCs will have arrived by riverboat, getting to know each other on the two day journey upstream.

Locally-based characters will have met them in the Imperial Hotel, the only salubrious hostelry for three hundred miles, and the de facto hub of the local European social scene.

### Chapter One: An Unhappy Landing

**A**S the players acquaint themselves with each other and the local state of affairs, preferably by conferring with NPCs among the hotel staff or in the bar, they'll find the major topic of conversation among the locals is the late arrival of the mail 'dig. This is almost unprecedented, and speculation is running high. They may also notice some ill-feeling between the local French and Belgian residents, following the recent annexation by the French of a large swathe of Belgian territory. (The British are pretty neutral on the subject, not really caring what the foreigners get up

to among themselves; anyone thinking to ask an African, which isn't very likely in this period, will hear that at least the French are an improvement over the Belgians, whose atrocities in the regions they occupied were notorious).

As the adventurers are taking their ease on the hotel veranda, or exploring the streets, their attention will be attracted by a low, droning sound.

- Anyone with Pilot skill or a military background will recognise it instantly as a dirigible engine.
- Anyone with Pilot or Mechanic skill will realise easily (Difficulty 2) that the engine's malfunctioning badly.

After a moment they catch sight of the 'dig. It's obviously in serious trouble, sideslipping badly as it loses altitude, and trailing smoke from its single functioning engine. It skims the roof of the hotel, regaining height in the nick of time; it's clearly touch and go whether it'll make it to the airfield before crashing.

Where it actually comes down will depend on where the PCs are when it crashes. Ideally they should be among the first on the scene, taking charge until the local authorities turn up. For added drama, have one or more of them leap for their lives as it hits, scramble for the mooring lines, or otherwise be actively involved in the forced landing.

Once the 'dig has come to rest it shouldn't take long for someone to realise that the fire in the engine is spreading, and that the crew are making no attempt to disembark. The frame of the cabin door has been buckled by the impact, and will need to be forced before they can gain entry.

Once inside the adventurers need to move fast. The 'dig has a crew of two; the pilot, Algernon Bigglesworth, is dazed from a blow to the head but can be helped outside with the minimum of difficulty. Clearly disorientated, he will insist on grabbing his navigational charts before leaving. His co-pilot is deeply unconscious, suffering from a severe head wound, and will need to be carried. Use of Doctor or First Aid skill will swiftly determine that he's a long-term hospital case, and nothing can be done to revive him here.

Almost as soon as the adventurers get the crewmen outside the crash recovery team from the airfield will turn up and take charge, and Bigglesworth and his co-pilot will be rushed off to the garrison hospital. PCs wanting to accompany them will be politely but firmly brushed off.

Any conspicuous gallantry or quick thinking from the players should be rewarded with bonus points as appropriate, as well as the kudos of the inevitable crowd of bystanders, who are quick to hail them as heroes.

## Chapter Two: A Party Animal

**T**IMBRUKTAYLA is a sufficiently small place for word of the PCs' heroism to get around fast; particularly if one or more of them are local residents, already well known in the community. Over the following day or two they'll be widely feted, culminating in an invitation to a formal reception at the Governor's mansion. Characters of sufficiently high social standing, or already friendly with the Governor, Sir Gordon Smythe-Charlesworth, would expect an invitation to the party as a matter of course, but official recognition of their bravery is a reasonable excuse for the rest of the group to attend as well.

On arrival, the adventurers will find the party already in full swing. The guest of honour is young Bigglesworth, who is the centre of attention, particularly among the local single women. He's revelling in it, making the most of his (slight) injuries by playing them down ("Just a scratch, really; had worse shavin'!"), and being disarmingly modest about his adventures. ("Only did what any chap in my position would have done, what?"). He'll greet the PCs warmly ("The real heroes of the hour!") but will extricate himself as soon as he can to return to his admirers.

## The Forgotten Futures Compendium ~ Curse of the Leopardmen

The other guests are a mixed bag of local merchants, senior officers from the garrison, assorted wives and daughters, and the local French and Belgian diplomats.

As the adventurers circulate, chatting to Bigglesworth, Sir Gordon, and other NPCs, they should be able to fill in the story of what happened to the 'dig, and the political situation between the French and the Belgians if they haven't found out about it before.

According to Bigglesworth, and all the independent evidence would seem to back up his story, the dirigible got caught in a sudden tropical storm. Blown far off course by hurricane-strength winds, and severely damaged by lightning strikes, bringing it home was a considerable feat of piloting skill; especially as his co-pilot was unconscious throughout after being thrown against the control console when the storm first hit. Bigglesworth is unsure exactly where they ended up, but remembers seeing a lush mountain valley with a volcano at one end of it; a striking landmark not recorded on any of his charts.

This is a good hook for one of the Explorers or Scientists in the party, especially if they've been previously provided with a reason to be searching for just such a hidden valley as part of their character background.

At an appropriate juncture, everyone's attention is grabbed by a most undiplomatic scuffle between the French and Belgian Charges des Affaires. Before Sir Gordon can intervene the combatants are tactfully separated by a man in a Belgian military uniform, who hustles his country's diplomat away with profuse apologies to all concerned. (Characters with a military or diplomatic background may recognise his rank insignia as that of a Colonel. If engaged in conversation by anyone surprised to see an officer of his rank here he'll say he was in town to collect the diplomatic pouch, but given that he's attempting to quiet an embarrassing drunk and remove him discreetly he won't be at all inclined to hang around for small talk).

During the commotion Bigglesworth will slip away into the garden with one of the young women for 'a breath of fresh air.' No one, except possibly a PC or two, will notice him leave.

For a short while thereafter conversation will be dominated by the unseemly incident in the drawing room. If the PCs are still in ignorance of the French annexation of Belgian territory, now is a good time to have Sir Gordon explain it to them.

Just as things are beginning to settle down again, there's an ear-splitting scream from the garden. Assuming the adventurers are at the front of the crowd who rush to investigate, they'll run outside to find the young woman who left with Bigglesworth having hysterics, her ball gown liberally spattered with blood. Bigglesworth's body is nearby, his throat torn out, apparently by some huge, vicious animal.

The garden is in bright moonlight (purely so the characters can see what's going on, but if they want to start looking for silver weapons and muttering about werewolves, let them enjoy themselves, it's a good red herring). Anyone with appropriate background knowledge, such as an Explorer or White Hunter, will have little difficulty finding tracks, after a Detective roll if the referee feels it necessary. Cross-reference a standard MIND roll with the damage chart, as if it were a combat result;

- A success in column A will let them identify the tracks as the marks of a big cat of some kind
- A success in column B will let them realise that the species is completely unfamiliar.
- On a critical success (column C) they'll realise that the tracks appear to have been left by a biped...

Just when they've had enough time to become really spooked, something bursts out of the shadows at them. It seems roughly man-sized, is definitely bipedal, but is inhumanly agile and strong. Don't be afraid to fudge the die rolls to ensure the assassin gets away at this stage, but given the darkness, the speed and ferocity of the target, and the fact that the adventurers don't really have a

clue what they're facing, most shots will probably go wild without you having to cheat. Any PCs trying to tackle it physically will simply be thrown aside, taking clawing damage if appropriate.

Before anyone can stop it the assassin leaps to the top of the ten foot wall surrounding the Residence and disappears over it, the last few bullets spanging harmlessly into the brickwork. (If none of the PCs are armed, the Residency guards empty their carbines after it for added dramatic effect).

Bigglesworth's lady friend is of no further help; all she can add, once the brandy and smelling salts have kicked in, is that the creature appeared out of nowhere, killed Bigglesworth, and ran off when she screamed.

If none of the adventurers is qualified to do so an NPC doctor will pronounce Bigglesworth dead at the scene, cause of death mauling by some large carnivore. An autopsy the following day will confirm the presence of teeth and claw marks on the body, species unknown.

### Chapter Three: A Delicate Commission

**B**EFORE the PCs depart Sir Gordon will take a local resident he has reason to trust, or whoever in the party has the highest social status, aside for a quiet word. Bigglesworth's personal effects need to be collected from his room at the Imperial Hotel, as discreetly as possible. Given the circumstances, if this could be done by someone unconnected with the authorities it might help to keep everybody calm; there's been enough wild talk about the leopard cults among the natives as it is.

If the characters demand more details he'll explain that rumours have been circulating recently of some sort of cult or secret society based in the outlying jungle villages. Members are said to dress in leopard skins and masks to hide their identities and terrorise the locals into co-operating, and are widely believed by the more superstitious natives to have supernatural powers. He'd always dismissed it as palpable nonsense until now. But if these groups really exist, why would they want to kill Bigglesworth?

As the group returns to the Imperial Hotel the streets are already humming with rumours and barely-restrained panic. Soldiers are out patrolling, but clearly have little idea of what they're looking for or what to do if they find it.

Once they arrive back at the Imperial the hotel manager will give them the key to Bigglesworth's room, which is on the upper floor of the two storey structure, and one of an adjoining pair kept permanently reserved for the use of the mail 'dig crew. At first sight everything seems in order, although the window is wide open. A successful Detective roll reveals scratches on the windowsill, however, and anyone going outside to check will find gouges in the wooden wall beneath the window. Almost like claw marks...

Examining the room carefully will reveal that nothing appears to be missing; all of Bigglesworth's personal effects are accounted for. Anyone thinking to open his map case, however, will find it empty, and (prompted by a MIND roll if necessary) should find that odd given his insistence on recovering his charts from the downed dirigible. Determined ferreting through the case will find the torn-off corner of a chart, no more than an inch or so across, as though the contents had been snatched out in haste.

All is not lost, however; behind the dressing table, or in some other location where the PCs can find it by diligent searching or a plausible lucky break, is a single sheet of paper apparently dislodged there by accident. It's covered in handwritten notes and calculations, culminating in what is obviously a rough estimate of latitude and longitude. Comparison with a half-finished letter ("Dear



Mama, had a bit of a narrow squeak yesterday...” will confirm that the handwriting is Bigglesworth’s.

Checking against a map, or the area knowledge of any Explorers present, will quickly determine that the location is somewhere in the uncharted area further upriver. It shouldn’t need Sherlock Holmes to deduce that Bigglesworth was killed to prevent him from revealing the location of the valley he saw from the ‘dig.



## Chapter Four: Jolly Boating Weather

**B**Y now the PCs should be eager to seek out the hidden valley, and whatever secret it hides that’s worth killing to protect. If they’re dragging their feet have Sir Gordon prompt them with a request to continue the investigation into Bigglesworth’s death, citing their initiative in finding the hidden map reference. (“I can’t ask you officially, of course, but your assistance would be... appreciated.”)

If they’re keen to go without prodding, they may think to ask Sir Gordon for a little official back-up; if so he’ll insist that the expedition must appear to be a purely scientific one, but he’ll pull a few quiet strings to put the resources of the garrison at their disposal. This will amount to free access to the armoury, and, if they think to specifically request it, an armed escort, consisting of Corporal Trubshawe, a competent but unimaginative career NCO, and a detachment of Askaris. It doesn’t hurt to indulge the players at this stage, but make a careful note of what they ask for; it can be enormously amusing for the GM when they find that their laboriously-hauled Maxim gun only has a single belt of ammunition because they didn’t think to ask for any reloads...

The expedition will take several days to organise, and will eventually consist of the adventurers and any NPC sidekicks they have, a small mountain of supplies, a couple of dozen bearers to carry it, and Trubshawe and his Askaris if present. This period can be played out, advancing any character-related subplots along the way, or just skipped over in the interests of keeping the plot moving. In either event, getting this lot upriver is going to be a major undertaking.



Fortunately one of the local river steamers is due to set off in the right direction, carrying mail and supplies to a remote mission station, and her captain is willing to let the expedition hitch a ride; for the right price. At first sight *The Empress of Africa* and her owner, Captain Finnegan, don't inspire much confidence; but despite her dilapidated appearance the Empress is mechanically sound. Finnegan seems to spend most of his time drunk, shouting abuse at his crew, or both, but has a reputation for straight dealing in all the settlements he habitually calls at, and enjoys the confidence and affection of a crew who know he's all bark and no bite and go about their jobs with unobtrusive efficiency.

The journey upriver takes a couple of days, the mission station being the furthest outpost of British influence in this part of Africa. As the first day wears on the other river traffic thins out, until the Empress is the only thing moving apart from the occasional crocodile. Set the scene with some evocative description; the slow-moving water, the soporific thudding of the engine, the thick vegetation hugging the banks on both sides. After a while have the most paranoid player take a couple of Detective rolls. Success means they catch a flash of movement on the bank, but can't make anything out when they look directly at it. Failure just means they get more paranoid! (After all, if you're making them roll there must be something out there, right?)

As dusk begins to fall a volley of arrows strikes the boat. Most land harmlessly, but one of the bearers is killed and a couple more injured. The rest panic, and have to be calmed down. (By Finnegan if the PCs are too busy blazing away ineffectually at the vegetation on the bank). When the dust settles, nothing of the attackers can be seen.

If the arrows are examined they have a distinctive black and yellow pattern on the fletching, which seems to have the bearers and Finnegan's boat crew thoroughly spooked. Though reluctant to talk about it, they may eventually be persuaded to identify it as one of the marks of the leopardmen.

Whether or not there are further attacks during the night and the following day is at the GM's discretion. In either event, keep everyone jumpy with further sightings of movement along the banks.

The mission station is reached the following afternoon, the boat tying up at a solid-looking jetty in the centre of an apparently thriving village.

## Chapter Five: A Spot of Bother

THE *Empress'* arrival is greeted by a throng of locals, who immediately start to unload their supplies. Among them is Constance Lloyd-Bennett, the local missionary, and a formidable presence. She will take charge of the wounded bearers, conveying them to the mission hospital, and invite the adventurers to dinner that evening once she's patched up the injured and concluded her business with Captain Finnegan.

If Trubshawe is present, and none of the adventurers think of it, he'll take it upon himself to post sentries around the village.

When the party present themselves at Mrs Lloyd-Bennett's bungalow for dinner they'll find a couple of extra guests, who she introduces as M'Beki, the local tribal chief, and M'Baga, his half-brother, the local witch-doctor. M'Beki speaks excellent English, and is strongly in favour of the British colonial government, which he believes has provided greatly increased prosperity and stability in the region without interfering unduly in tribal affairs. M'Baga clearly feels otherwise, but says little; observant PCs, assisted by Psychology or Detective rolls if necessary, will note a flash of barely suppressed anger when M'Beki speaks of forging closer ties with the British in the future.

If the subject of the leopard cult comes up, especially if one of the adventurers passes an arrow around for inspection, it's M'Beki's turn to show anger. So far as he's concerned they're just a bunch of superstitious thugs, bent on undermining good relations with the British by cowardly acts of subversion and violence, to protect their own status by denying his people the advantages offered by Nineteenth century science and technology.

M'Baga counters that all the material prosperity in the world isn't worth much if they lose their identity as a people, but stops short of expressing outright sympathy for the leopardmen's position. He explains that in the mythology of their tribe their ancestral homeland was guarded by leopard spirits sent by the gods to protect the land from invaders. No one is quite sure where these mythical homelands were now, but according to oral tradition the tribe was forced to migrate southwards after the way back to their land closed up behind them.

It shouldn't take much deductive reasoning to realise that this legend could refer to some major geological upheaval; such as the eruption of a volcano... Sure enough, Bigglesworth's calculations point to a location somewhere to the north of the village.

Later that night the village is attacked by a group of leopard cultists. This can, at the GM's discretion, or depending on the actions declared by the players, be led up to gradually; finding the body of a murdered sentry, for instance. Alternatively, have it come as a complete surprise once they've turned in.

For the best dramatic effect try to keep the action free-flowing, pairing each PC off against a cultist, but reminding them that their own scuffles are taking place against a backdrop of running, screaming, and brawling figures, gunfire going off, and probably a couple of minor fires... Any ladies present who haven't changed into their night attire can be considered to be wearing whalebone corsets, which gives them a 5 point Armour modifier against damage to the torso!

The cultists are dressed in leopard skins, and armed with steel claws which they wield in ferocious slashing attacks. Close observation (possibly of bodies after the battle) will reveal sandals embossed with the pattern of a big cat's foot on the sole, designed to leave leopard-like footprints.

The adventurers will, of course, prevail, eventually driving off the cultists. How pitched the battle becomes will depend on how many of the NPCs are armed, and whether or not the group brought an armed escort with them. Don't be afraid to let them take a mauling before they win, however; if one or two of the party have an injury box (or even two!) ticked off at this stage, it just adds to the drama later on.

As the tide of battle turns in the PCs' favour one of them will recognise the leopardmen's leader, easily distinguished by his more elaborate mask, as M'Baga. At which point the villain will either be killed, apprehended, or escape.

### Chapter Six: Climb Every Mountain...

ONCE the village has been tidied up, the expedition sets out for the interior. M'Beki, still incensed at his brother's treachery, promises the party they won't have to worry about the leopard cults any more; he's sending a message back to Sir Gordon with Captain Finnegan, asking for troops to hunt them down before they can cause any more damage. Anyway, without their leader, the cult has undoubtedly been thrown into disarray.

Nevertheless, the party should still be kept on its toes with more sightings of stealthy movement in the jungles. If M'Baga has escaped, any skilled trackers in the party should find occasional evidence of his having passed through ahead of them. After a couple of days these tracks should vanish inexplicably, coming to a sudden stop in the middle of a huge patch of open ground.

## The Forgotten Futures Compendium ~ Curse of the Leopardmen

After several days of slogging through jungle and across open plains, the adventurers find a range of mountains appearing in the distance. The closer they get, the more forbidding they become. As the party reaches the foothills the going becomes harder, gradually funnelling them into ever-narrower gorges. Old military hands will recognise this as perfect ambush country.

Although nothing actually happens, keep the tension rising; a couple of the bearers desert, some of the NPCs claim to see animals prowling round the campfires at night...

Eventually the expedition finds itself in a dead-end canyon. Anyone with Science or Scholar (Geology) skills will be able to recognise the far wall as being of relatively recent origin. Just as if some massive landslide has sealed off whatever's beyond...

The way ahead seems completely impassable, however. At this point, just as the implications are beginning to sink in, the area is shaken by an earth tremor. Even though night is coming on, more of the bearers promptly desert.

The expedition will probably camp for the night at this point, planning to survey the area properly the next morning. If one of the PCs remains on watch they will catch sight of something moving stealthily, and with inhuman grace, halfway up the apparently unclimbable rock face. It's too dark to make out any details, but it's definitely there. If they've all turned in, they'll be woken by an NPC sentry taking a potshot at it.

As several witnesses watch, the creature, or whatever it is, suddenly vanishes without trace.

Careful observation the next morning, using binoculars or some similar aids to vision, shows a configuration of shadows at the point the creature disappeared which suggests the mouth of a cave. With a little effort, the PCs should be able to climb that far at least...

There is, indeed, the mouth of a cave there. Getting up is difficult, but not impossible, especially once a line has been fixed. Moreover, there seems to be daylight filtering in from the other end.

At this point it's time to separate the PCs from the rest of the expedition (apart from any cherished NPC sidekicks, of course). As they're preparing to explore the cave another tremor hits; the only safe place to shelter from the inevitable rockslide is inside. And, just as inevitably, once the shaking stops the mouth of the cave has been sealed by tons of rubble. Their only alternative is to go forward, towards the daylight at the far end, and see what lies beyond.



## Chapter Seven: The Temple of Life

**A**S the party emerges, blinking in the daylight, they find themselves in a lush valley. This is undoubtedly the one Bigglesworth saw, as the far end is dominated by a smoking volcano. From now on there will be occasional further tremors; don't make a big thing of it yet, just throw one in whenever the action seems to be flagging a bit. For added drama, have everyone take a BODY roll not to fall over, gradually increasing the difficulty number each time...

Everything else here appears to be peaceful, however. The wildlife is plentiful, without any obvious predators, and the vegetation abundant; even without their supplies, the party should have no trouble living off the land.

As they set off down the valley, the adventurers eventually stumble into the remains of a ruined city. Any archeologists present will be stunned; whatever ancient civilisation left these ruins behind has never been previously recorded. Most of the buildings are now little more than tumbled blocks of stone, but one has enough of its walls left intact for its purpose to be obvious; a temple of some kind.

Within the temple is an artificial pool, reached by steps, and fed by a natural hot spring. The water level has clearly dropped by a foot or so, quite recently judging by the colouration of the stone, but it's still deep enough to swim in; or just lounge around in, seated on one of the descending tiers of steps around the rim. At least some of the party should decide that a good hot soak is just what they need after the rigours of their journey.

By the time they finish exploring the ruins, and bathing if they feel so inclined, night should be falling. Anyone with injuries who swam in the pool will feel a little unwell as the evening wears on, developing a slight fever, and will fall into a deep sleep almost as soon as they turn in.

In the morning they wake feeling fully refreshed, and with all their previous injuries, even criticals, completely healed. (The fever being a by-product of their metabolisms going into overdrive). They're also ravenously hungry, but appear to suffer no other ill effects.

As the party continues to explore the ruins, or study the miraculous pool, someone should detect stealthy movement again. This time, however, it's not a false alarm. They're being stalked by a leopardman.

This should lead to a stand-up fight with the creature, at the end of which it will either be killed or driven off. In either event, this is the adventurers' first clear sight of the thing that killed Bigglesworth. After the cultists' attack on the mission station they'll probably have concluded that the assassin was merely human after all, forgetting the impossible leap to the top of the wall; now they should be nicely wrong-footed by the appearance of the genuine article.

It's essentially a wereleopard, bipedal, but with feline features and humanlike hands and arms. Its only weapons are natural ones, but its teeth and claws are formidable.

Once it's been killed or has fled, the PCs should be sufficiently shaken up to be wrong-footed all over again by their next encounter.

## Chapter Eight: What's a Nice Girl Like You...?

**A**FTER defeating the leopardman, the party will undoubtedly want to check the rest of the area to make sure they're in no further immediate danger. Sure enough, someone will catch sight of a flash of movement among the ruins. It doesn't appear to be skulking or waiting in ambush, though; quite the contrary. If anyone shoots, or calls out, it will scurry into cover, revealing itself momentarily as a young girl in her late teens.

If they wait, without revealing themselves, the girl will become visible intermittently through the ruins as she wanders about, apparently perfectly at ease. She'll be startled if the party reveal themselves, bolting for cover, but can be coaxed out quite easily if any of the women do the talking.

She says her name is Isobel Murat, and she lives further down the valley with her father. She's lived in the valley all her life, but her father comes from a place called Belgium. They don't get many visitors, and she's sure he'll be happy to see them. Her English is good, but she's happier speaking French; anyone fluent in that language will bond with her quite easily.

If anyone mentions the leopardman she'll seem unconcerned; she knows all about the 'big kitties,' but they've always left her alone, and she'll be genuinely astonished that anyone might consider them dangerous. If anyone picks up on her use of the plural, she doesn't know how many there are in the valley but certainly more than one.

If anyone asks she'll tell them that she and her father are the only people who live in the valley, and that supplies are brought in once a month by airship; she's not sure when the next one's due, but it's not for several days, she thinks.

## Chapter Nine: The Valley of Dr Murat

**I**SOBEL leads the party down the valley in the direction of the volcano, eventually coming to a comfortably-appointed colonial bungalow. Sharp-eyed characters, or those passing Detective rolls, will notice a couple of heavy-duty pipes running into one wing of the building, disappearing into the ground in the general direction of the ruins.

The party will be greeted by Isobel's father, who introduces himself as Dr Theodore Murat. He is polite and welcoming, but more than a little bewildered by their arrival. If there are any Scientists in the party he will become positively effusive, eager to talk shop and discuss his researches with a peer. There is a chance (MIND roll, Difficulty 9) that other Scientists will recognise his name; he caused a considerable stir some years ago with a widely disparaged paper about the spontaneous generation of life at the cellular level, and dropped out of sight shortly thereafter.

Anyone expressing interest in Murat's researches will be treated to a tour of his laboratory, where he has spent the last five years attempting to isolate the regenerative element in the spring water. Thus far he has failed; it seems to rely on some peculiar chemical property imparted by the volcano, and which becomes inert shortly after samples have been removed. Keeping it warm and under pressure prolongs the effect, but only by an hour or two. He will make his notes freely available, but any sufficiently qualified Scientist will find that there seem to be omissions in what they're being shown.

One end of the lab has a door in it, which Murat says leads to a storeroom. A sufficiently acute PC should realise that this is where the pipes they saw outside seem to be running to.

Murat makes every effort to be a good host, but is so wrapped up in his work that the adventurers get little more out of him than they do from Isobel. He's evasive about who's funding his researches, for instance, although Isobel will cheerfully tell them that the supply 'dig is usually piloted by a man called Vincent who she thinks is very nice. If Murat overhears this, he's clearly not happy.

Elsewhere in the house the adventurers should notice several photographs of Murat with a woman who strongly resembles Isobel. If asked, Murat says she was his wife, Madelaine, who died of a tropical fever three years ago; the miracle water may heal physical injuries, but has no discernable effect on disease. He clearly finds the memory distressing. Oddly, however, there are no pictures of Isobel anywhere.

Murat will provide a palatable dinner, cooked by Isobel, and show everyone to comfortable guest rooms. Once he and his daughter have retired, at least some of the party should decide it's time to take another look at the laboratory, and the mysterious storeroom.

## Chapter Ten: A Clone at Last

THE laboratory is exactly as the PCs last saw it, and there's nothing there to be found that Murat hasn't already shown them. Which leaves the storeroom. The door is surprisingly thick, and secured by heavy bolts on the outside, but not locked. To no one's surprise it will turn out to be another lab, full of unfamiliar equipment. What will come as a surprise is the leopardman waiting on the other side of the door.

The ensuing fight should be tense and exciting, with the adventurers probably having to take the creature on hand-to-hand. If they did think to bring firearms they may find them hard to use in the confined space; firing into melee is seldom a good idea! Play up the claustrophobia and the cluttered nature of the laboratory, with furniture getting in the way and delicate equipment smashed. If you really want to pile the pressure on, start a small fire...

Once wounded, the leopardman will try to escape to the open air; which means going through the house, and probably any other members of the party on the way. Murat will be disturbed by the noise, and come to investigate; once he finds the PCs have discovered his secret he'll explain everything.

The inner laboratory contains three large cast-iron tanks full of miracle water piped from the spring; two are empty (and can be used to restore any severely-mauled adventurers!) but an almost full-grown leopardman is visible through a thick glass porthole in the third.

Murat explains that his work has been perverted by the Belgian military authorities; at first he thought he was being bankrolled by a wealthy philanthropist, but discovered the truth after his chance discovery that the spring water not only promoted cell growth in living creatures, it could create new life from the fusion of two cell cultures. (Remember that at this time DNA hadn't even been theorised, let alone such advanced concepts as genetic engineering and the cloning of organisms; Murat knows what's happening on a cellular level, but hasn't a clue as to why). Since then his paymaster, Colonel Van Zandt, has insisted on him producing these hybrid abominations, intending to raise an invincible army of super-soldiers to sweep the French out of Africa.

If asked why he continues to co-operate, Murat crumbles; Van Zandt has been keeping him in line by threatening to harm his daughter. If the adventurers promise to keep Isobel safe, they'll gain a willing ally.

By now they should have figured out Murat's other secret; distraught at the loss of his wife, he used some of her cells to create Isobel. He won't admit she's a leopard hybrid too unless asked directly, but if he is he has no idea why she's the only one whose human half predominates; perhaps it's something innate to the gentler sex...

If no one thinks to ask about the increasing frequency of the earth tremors, remind them by hitting the party with the strongest one to date. Van Zandt's demands for more leopardmen has forced Murat to extract water from the spring in ever-greater quantities, which in turn seems to be stimulating the previously-dormant volcano. The scientist's pleas to slow things down in the hope that they'll stabilise again has only resulted in further threats against Isobel. He fears it's only a matter of time before a full-scale eruption takes place.



## Chapter Eleven: Cheetahs Never Prosper

**B**Y now the adventurers should realise the clock is ticking; they have to get out of the valley before the volcano blows. The only way to do that is aboard the supply 'dig when it arrives, but Van Zandt is unlikely to just give them a lift; when he finds his security has been breached he'll almost certainly kill them to preserve his secret. If the PCs are in any doubt about that, Murat will mention that he left the valley with a couple of leopardmen after the British mail 'dig overflowed them a couple of weeks ago...

Their only option is to hijack the 'dig when it arrives. Murat will go along with whatever plan they come up with, unless it involves any risk to Isobel, but won't be much help in a fight. If the players are taking too long to come up with something, or start getting bogged down arguing among themselves, a few of the local leopardmen will attack the bungalow, the volcano will become dangerously active, or both.

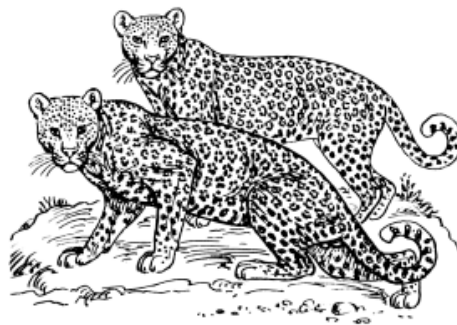
When the 'dig arrives, it will be piloted by Van Zandt. No one should be terribly surprised when they recognise him as the Belgian officer at the Residency the night Bigglesworth was killed. The good news is that none of the regular dirigible crew are with him. The bad news is that he is accompanied instead by two leopardmen and, if he escaped after the incident at the mission station, M'Baga. (This at least will explain why his footprints suddenly vanished; he climbed a rope ladder to the 'dig).

The end game will be dictated entirely by the players' actions, although they should eventually end up in control of the 'dig just as the volcano blows its top. Even if no one knows how to fly it, they can at least get airborne by cutting the mooring line. Which could lead to some interesting problems in itself, of course...

For further complications have Van Zandt or a leopardman make it aboard, or be climbing the rope, just as the adventurers take off.

If anyone in the party has Pilot skill, they're more or less home free by this point. If not, Babbage Engine might let them figure out how to program the autopilot, but getting the 'dig down again in one piece will still be tricky!

Once the party arrives back in Timbruktayla Sir Gordon will pass on the discreet thanks of Her Majesty's Government, plus whatever more tangible rewards the referee deems appropriate.



## Characters

### Sir Gordon Smythe-Charlesworth, The Governor-General.

BODY 3 MIND 4 SOUL 4

Brawling 3, Marksman 5, Business 6, Linguist 5 (Latin, French, Ashanti), Psychology 6, Stealth 2.

The consummate career diplomat, Sir Gordon is always charming, even when he's making someone an offer they can't refuse. He knows everyone in the local European community, and is an astute judge of character. Ideally he should be a friend or social contact of one of the PCs.

Quote: *"I'm sure we can sort this out without any further embarrassment..."*



### Algernon Bigglesworth, Mail Pilot.

BODY 4 MIND 3 SOUL 4

Brawling 4, Pilot 7, Stealth 2, other skills at the referee's discretion, although he's unlikely to have time to demonstrate them.

A likable, slightly shallow man in his early twenties, Bigglesworth's only real interests in life are flying and the company of impressionable young women. Temperamentally unsuited to the rigours of life as a Royal Naval aeronaut, he opted instead to join the GPO's Aerial Packet Service, where his career has been remarkably undistinguished.

Quote: *"So there I was, in thick cloud, compass gone haywire... Let me top up your glass..."*



### Colonel Vincent Van Zandt, Dastardly Belgian Fanatic

BODY 5 MIND 5 SOUL 2

Brawling 6, Marksman 6, Melee Weapon (Sabre) 6, Military Arms 7, Linguist 5 (English, German, Russian), Pilot 4, Stealth 5, Thief 5

Van Zandt sees himself as a staunch patriot, prepared to do whatever it takes to safeguard his country's interests. Anyone else would see him as dangerously unbalanced. He is, however, courteous, charming, and plausible, always convinced that his actions, however regrettable, are justified. He's been designed as a truly formidable adversary, who the PCs will find a real challenge to defeat. Whether or not his supersoldier project has any official sanction is up to the GM; in either event the Belgian government will deny all knowledge of it once it's been exposed.

Quote: *"Nothing can stand against my army of leopardmen; all of Africa will be ours!"*



### Gaston Prideaux, French Chargé d' Affaires

BODY 3 MIND 5 SOUL 3

Brawling 3, Linguist 5 (English, German, Latin), Psychology 6, Stealth 2

An ambitious diplomat at the start of his career, who sees this posting to a minor backwater merely as a stepping-stone to greater things. Clever and cultured, but more interested in impressing his superiors than doing a thorough job, Prideaux can be good company if his socialising doesn't have some ulterior motive behind it.

Quote: *"An excellent vintage, is it not, mon chere?"*



### Roland Montblanc, Belgian Chargé d' Affaires

BODY 3 MIND 4 SOUL 3

Brawling 3, Linguist 4 (English, German), Psychology 5, Stealth 5

A screw-up's screw-up, Montblanc's steadily downward career in the Belgian diplomatic service has finally ended in this dead-end posting; bitter and resentful, he floats through life in a cocoon of alcohol. The perfect patsy for Van Zandt, in fact, who found it childishly easy to provoke him into an attack on Prideaux just when he needed a diversion for Bigglesworth's assassination...

Quote: *"You think I'm a joke, don't you? Well I'm not finished yet..."* (Walks into half-closed door).



## The Forgotten Futures Compendium ~ Curse of the Leopardmen

### Leopardman, Hybrid Clone Killing Machine

BODY 7 MIND 2 SOUL 1

Brawling 7, Stealth 6

Claw: Effect 8, A:F B:I C:C

Bite: Effect 9, A:F B:I C:C

Ferocious and deadly, the leopardmen should be run as something a little more dangerous than brute force opponents; they have enough intelligence to formulate simple plans, use tools, and retreat if the adventurers gain the upper hand.

Quote: "Raaaaagh!"



### Corporal Trubshawe, Stalwart NCO

BODY 4 MIND 3 SOUL 3

Brawling 6, Marksman 4, Military Arms 5, Stealth 3

A career veteran who's seen it all, Trubshawe remains stoic and unperturbed even in the most dire peril, barking out orders to his Askaris, and carrying out the instructions of any PC with a military rank higher than his. (He won't take orders from civilians under any circumstances).

Quote: "Steady, lads... On the word of command... Wait for it!... Fire!"

### Askaris, Doughty Native Troops

BODY 4 MIND 3 SOUL 3

Brawling 5, Linguist 2 (English), Marksman 4, Stealth 3

Locally recruited British troops, the Askaris will obey orders from Trubshawe or any member of the party with a Military rank. Not as efficient or disciplined as British regulars, but they get the job done.

Quote: "Yes Sir!" (Sloppy salute)



### Captain Finnegan, Hard-Drinking Riverboat Skipper

BODY 3 MIND 3 SOUL 4

Brawling 4, Business 6, Mechanic 7, Stealth 2

Finnegan sank everything he owned into buying the Empress of Africa, and scrapes a reasonable living hauling cargo up and down river. Like many Europeans in Africa he drinks too much, but still enjoys the affection and confidence of his crew, as well as a reputation for honest dealing in the settlements he calls at. Despite his rough and ready manner he carries a bit of a torch for Mrs Lloyd-Bennett, but would never dream of admitting it.

Quote: "Call that stowed? If you don't know how to tie a simple knot I'll come down there and demonstrate on your neck!"

### Constance Lloyd-Bennett, Formidable Missionary

BODY 4 MIND 3 SOUL 4

Brawling 4, Doctor 5, First Aid 3, Linguist 4 (Latin, local tribal dialect) Marksman 4, Stealth 2

Since the death of her husband, whose old service revolver (Big Handgun) she still carries, Mrs Lloyd-Bennett has thrown herself into her work for the Church Missionary Society with furious zeal. Completely devoted to the welfare of the natives under her care she has developed a good working relationship with M'Beki, the local tribal chief.

Quote: "Don't just stand there, help me get him over to the hospital."



### M'Beki, Progressive Tribal Leader

BODY 3 MIND 5 SOUL 4

Brawling 3, Business 6, Linguist 6 (English, French, Latin), Psychology 5, Stealth 2

M'Beki is firmly convinced that British colonial rule is good for his people, offering improved prosperity and medical care for everyone. He considers Mrs Lloyd-Bennett a personal friend.

Quote: "This is the Nineteenth century, for heaven's sake! You can't keep living in the past."

## The Forgotten Futures Compendium ~ Curse of the Leopardmen



### M'Baga, Villainous Tribal Witchdoctor

BODY 3 MIND 4 SOUL 2

Brawling 3, Melee Weapon (steel claws) 6, Linguist 4 (English, French), Psychology 4, Stealth 5, Thief 5

Claws: Effect 7, A:F B:I C:I/C

M'Baga hates the colonial government, and is determined to destabilise it through the terrorist acts of his leopard cult, which Van Zandt is supporting as cover for the activities of his own leopardmen. M'Baga is well aware of the Belgians' reputation, but is sure he can get rid of Van Zandt when their collaboration is no longer in his best interests; and if he could gain control of the real leopardmen at the same time that would be no bad thing...

Quote: *"You cannot deny a people their true destiny!"*

### Leopard Cultists, Expendable Cannon-Fodder

BODY 4 MIND 3 SOUL 3

Brawling 5, Melee Weapon (steel claws) 5, Stealth 3

Claws: Effect 6, A:F B:I C:I/C

Some may have other skills at the GM's discretion, but in general their only function is to attack the heroes and die.

Quote: *"Aaaaargh!"*



### Doctor Theodore Murat, Tormented Scientific Genius

BODY 3 MIND 5 SOUL 3

Brawling 3, Doctor 8, Linguist 5 (English, Latin, Classical Greek), Science 8, Scholar (Biology, Chemistry, Mathematics) 6, Stealth 2

Murat is obsessed with his work, but tormented by the use to which it's being put. The only thing he truly cares about now is Isobel, to whom he's devoted, and whose personal safety will override all other considerations for him. He may admit, if pushed, that she's a clone of his dead wife, but won't volunteer the information that she's a leopard hybrid if the adventurers don't figure this out for themselves.

Quote: *"If anything should happen to her... I couldn't bear it!"*

### Isobel Murat, Cute Leopard Hybrid

BODY 7 MIND 3 SOUL 3

Brawling 7, Linguist 2 (English), Science 2, Stealth 6

Isobel is a complete innocent, knowing nothing of life outside the valley in which she grew up. This makes her totally trusting of people. She appears completely human, although her blonde hair has a curious dark mottling which may arouse the suspicions of the adventurers, and she always wears cotton gloves, which conceal the deformation of her fingertips caused by her retractable claws. If she's sufficiently frightened or angered, by her father being hurt for instance, her leopard side will emerge, making her extremely dangerous until she calms down again. (A useful *deus ex machina* if the players screw up so badly Van Zandt looks like offing them!)

Quote: *"Oooh! Look at the flowers! Aren't they pretty?"*



## The Advertising Supplement

Most people get up in the morning with a fair idea of likely events during the day ahead, and very rarely run into invading Martians, marauding dinosaurs, or deranged serial killers. It seems unlikely that anyone reading this has fought a gun battle on the wings of a biplane, or unravelled a sinister web of deceit to unmask the machinations of an ancient cult and a nameless evil from beyond the stars.

Life is different in a role playing game, and characters don't lead routine lives...

Introduction to 'Plot' – the *Forgotten Futures* rules

**R**PGs concentrate on the extraordinary, and often overlook the routine details of everyday life. But characters shouldn't live in a vacuum; life should go on around them, and they should occasionally be reminded that there are other things in life apart from deranged cultists, gun battles, and other threats. People have needs – for food and drink, entertainment, bicycles, shoes, medicine, and hundreds of other everyday items. This collection explores those needs.

Most of these advertisements appeared in *Pearson's Magazine* in March 1898 and April 1906, and in the paperback edition of George Griffith's *The Angel of the Revolution* published the following year. The reason for choosing these books was simple; they're the only ones I own which still include the advertising! Usually it was omitted from bound volumes of magazines, and only the cheapest paperbacks included it. Larger versions of these advertisements are included on the *Forgotten Futures* CD-ROM. A few came from online and other sources.

I've tried to pick a representative sample of the products and services on offer, but advertisements for companies and products that still exist have been omitted for legal reasons. Many of the advertisers have long since faded into oblivion, or are at best remembered because their products are mentioned in fiction of the day. Each section has at least one scenario idea, sometimes more; while I've aimed them at *Forgotten Futures*, all can be used with any Victorian or Edwardian game. There were some interesting surprises along the way, such as the (entirely real) history of the Scottish whisky industry on this page, and some familiar product names on very different products; see page 40 for an example.

Marcus L. Rowland ~ August 2008



### Scotland's Best?

Founded in 1896, Pattisons' used prolific advertising to become a market leader amongst whisky blenders and attract hundreds of investors. In 1898, when this advertisement appeared, their shares might seem an excellent opportunity for any adventurer looking for an easy profit. In December that year the bubble burst; questions began to be asked about Pattisons' business practices, and their credit was frozen. The company collapsed owing £740,000 and triggering a market crash that took down nine major companies and dozens of smaller suppliers. The directors were eventually charged with fraudulent floatation, fraud and embezzlement, and served terms of imprisonment. The industry, already suffering from problems caused by over-production and a saturated market, took years to recover.

There are many reasons for adventurers to become involved; to recover their money, help friends stave off the worst effects of the crash, investigate for the authorities, or use the crisis to gain control of vast amounts of alcohol that will eventually be used to fuel their eccentric inventions. Or just get very, very drunk...



'Look here,' said Anthea; 'I really have an idea. This isn't like a common carpet. It's very magic indeed. Don't you think, if we put Tatcho on it, and then gave it a rest, the magic part of it might grow, like hair is supposed to do?'

'It might,' said Robert; 'but I should think paraffin would do as well - at any rate as far as the smell goes, and that seems to be the great thing about Tatcho.'

E. Nesbit: *The Phoenix and the Carpet* (see FF VIII)

THE past is another country... where it's legal to make outrageous claims about medical products and cosmetics. Harlene and Tatcho were hair-restorers, both widely advertised throughout the period covered by this collection (the examples are from 1906, right, and 1898, below), and I've found copies of earlier and later advertisements on line. Today neither product exists, though there are undoubtedly successors. So what were they?

There was little or no regulation of these products and their ingredients, almost anything could be included, and complete lists of ingredients were rarely published. An 1898 advertisement describes these hair preservatives as "...progressive dyes, [which] deposit a sediment on the scalp which fills up the pores..." Given this clue it seems likely that they gradually darkened hair, making it appear a little thicker and giving the illusion of growth. Paraffin may have been an active ingredient, though surgical spirit (rubbing alcohol) is more likely, mixed with oils including perfumes.

The trial bottle of Tatcho seems to have been eight fluid ounces, about 225ml. The oil was flammable and might be usable as a Molotov cocktail. But there are other adventure possibilities...

## Hair Today...

A wealthy adventurer starts to receive samples of Harlene, Tatcho, and other hair-restorers through the post - initially one or two a day, then four or five, then dozens. All have been sent by the manufacturers; if the adventurers check, they'll find that they were ordered by post. The orders were written in block capitals and accompanied by postal orders purchased several weeks earlier in one of the busiest post offices in London; a counter clerk describes the purchaser as someone very like the adventurer, but isn't 100% sure. It's obvious that someone must be up to something, but what? Some possibilities:

- An old enemy, a Master of Disguise, is sending the bottles; eventually one will contain poison, nitroglycerin, bacteria or a deadly scorpion.
- As above, but one of the adventurer's servants is in the pay of the villain and will commit the actual murder, making it look like an outside job.
- It's an elaborate practical joke.
- It's a plot to distract the adventurers from something else.
- The adventurer has been mesmerized, and is ordering the hair tonic then forgetting that he or she has done so. The adventurer's heirs hired the mesmerist, and plan to have the adventurer declared insane.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**EDWARDS'**

**'HARLENE' FOR THE HAIR**

THE GREAT  
**HAIR PRODUCER & RESTORER**

The Very Finest Dressing, Specially Prepared and Perfumed, Fragrant and Refreshing.

**A LUXURY AND A NECESSITY TO EVERY MODERN TOILET.**

**"HARLENE"**

PRODUCES LUXURIANT HAIR, PREVENTS ITS FALLING OFF OR TURNING GREY.  
Unparalleled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache.




THE WORLD RENOWNED  
**REMEDY**  
FOR  
**BALDNESS.**

For Curing Weak and Thin Eyelashes: Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair beautifully soft.

For Removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also for RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOUR.

**IT IS WITHOUT A RIVAL.**

Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be devoid of any metallic or other injurious ingredients.

Edwards' "HARLENE" Preserves, Strengthens, and Invigorates Children's Hair.

Prevents and Cures all species of Scurf, Keeps the Scalp Clean, and Allays all Irritation.

**Stopped the Hair Falling.**

Miss Gower, Broom's Barn, Fair Hill, Galway, Ireland, is much pleased with the "Harlene," and has recommended it to her friends. It has quite stopped the falling of her hair. Please be prompt in sending present order.

**Proved it Herself.**

30, Elgin Crescent, Notting Hill.

Dear Sir, I am delighted to add my testimony to the wonderful efficacy of your hair tonic. I never could have credited the effects of "Harlene" had I not myself proved them. I am, yours truly,

CATHERINE RANNEY.

P.S. - You may publish this, and I will always recommend it if applied to.

**Quite Bald.**

31, Grove Street, Bedford.

Dear Sir, - I have great pleasure in stating that your "Harlene" is the best I have ever used. I have tried several other so-called restorers, but to no purpose. I was quite bald on the top of my head, but, thanks to your wonderful "Harlene," I have a good head of hair now after six weeks' use. You may include this with your other testimonials. - Yours respectfully, ARTHUR BLANCHARD.

**Very Good.**

31, Third Avenue, Queen's Park.

Dear Sir, - Mr. Holcombe has recommended me to use the "Harlene." I had some from him for a trial, and I think it is very good. I have recommended it to my friends. Enclosed Postal Orders for 4s. 9d. Please forward to Mrs. Randall as above.

1s., 2s. 6d., and (triple 2s. 6d. size) 4s. 9d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World; or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

**EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 & 96, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.**

## No Hair Trouble is too severe for Tatcho

Mr. Geo. R. Sims's Great Hair-Grower.

NOW that Mr. Geo. R. Sims has placed his great Hair-grower, "Tatcho," at the disposal of men and womanhood in general, there can be but little commiseration for anyone who neglects to protect him or herself against the scourge of baldness, loss of hair, and greyness. Having regard to the fact that the same circumstances that induced Mr. Sims to "think out" a remedy for himself reflect the position of thousands who, if not actually bald, are, as Mr. Sims was prior to his discovery, rapidly approaching the baldness, it may be interesting to recall Mr. Sims's interview with the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. He says: "I found that I was rapidly going bald, not seriously, you understand, but the thinning out was sufficiently marked to set me thinking out a remedy. I went to two specialists. Then I discovered the preparation which has now been placed upon the market, and found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders. Look at my hair now. Isn't that convincing evidence?"



A Young Lady Almost Bald.

"Remember, Misses Norton, Mr. Sims. My daughter was taken dangerously ill last year, and after her recovery she discovered her hair was falling off. In about a week she was almost bald, but I resorted to Tatcho, her hair began to grow fast and she is now as healthy as ever." (Mrs. A. WILSON-EWER.)

Three Doctors, Many Preparations, all Failed.

"Commercing 1st April my son's hair began to fall off until he was completely bald. I consulted three doctors and tried many preparations. All failed. My son felt very lonely about his hair. After using two bottles of 'Tatcho' his hair has grown beautifully and quite as strong as ever it was."



"LARRY HILL." "Tatcho" is the remedy in comparison made known by doctors. That well-known practitioner, Dr. Cooke, writes: "No other treatment for the hair in my opinion can compare with 'Tatcho.' I have recommended it to hundreds of patients."

"Tatcho" is not a remedy for the sick only. The institution of the system by which the public are able to obtain, carriage paid, a 4/6 Trial Bottle of "Tatcho" for 1/10 has brought "Tatcho" to a level with other necessities of life. This system was instituted and is being continued solely for the benefit of the people to the value of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's discovery. Each user being a living testimony to the power of "Tatcho," a hundred thousand users are of infinitely greater service in securing an enduring reputation than a hundred thousand pounds spent in the ordinary method of Press publicity.

### GUARANTEE.

"I guarantee that if you use 'Tatcho' for 10 days, you will find it the best hair restorer ever used. If you do not, you may return it for a full refund of the money paid for it."

**OUT OUT THIS COUPON**

On receipt of this coupon, send 1/10 to the Great Central Hair Tonic Co., Ltd., 95 & 96, High Holborn, London, W.C., and receive a 4/6 Trial Bottle of "Tatcho" (Guaranteed) postage free.

**TATCHO**

"TATCHO" is the best hair restorer ever used.



Macassar oil was an alternative to chemical tonics and dyes, common from the 1850s to the 1920s, a predecessor of today's gels and creams. It was a mixture of palm oil and other aromatic oils. While it genuinely darkened and "fed" the hair without adding artificial dyes, it had the unfortunate side-effect of staining upholstery, so much so that "antimacassars," white crocheted cloths that could easily be removed for cleaning, were almost universal accessories of armchairs and other furniture. A popular brand was *Rowlands' Macassar Oil* (there is no connection between my family and this company), whose advertisements appeared in all of the sources used for this collection; the example above in 1906.

## ROWLANDS'

### MACASSAR OIL



is the only reliable and genuine preserver of the hair; it closely resembles the natural oil in the skin which Nature provides for nourishing and stimulating the hair. It

#### FEEDS THE HAIR,

prevents baldness, eradicates scurf, and is an absolute necessity for Children's Hair. Also in a golden colour for fair hair. Sizes, 3/6, 7/-, 10/6. Sold by Stores and Chemists.

## Beyara Positively kills SUPERFLUOUS Hair The Great SYRIAN REMEDY

BEYARA has been in universal use for years in Syria, Asia, where certain religious customs require the hair to be extirpated from the body. Beyara is prepared from the Syrian formulæ by a veteran chemist, and is now offered for the relief of those in this country who are troubled with superfluous hair on FACE, NECK, ARMS, or other parts of the body. In no case does Beyara produce more gratifying results than where everything else has failed.

#### BEYARA IS THE ONLY SUBSTITUTE FOR ELECTROLYSIS

It is perfectly harmless, easy to use, and may be applied by anyone in the privacy of their HOME.

EXPLANATORY BOOKLET FREE.

**The P. Beyara Co.,**  
M51 Leopold Road, Liverpool..

Sometimes hair removal is the problem. It wouldn't be fair to omit the many products designed to make the process as painless as possible, from safety razors (then an exclusive product of the Gillette Corporation, and little changed between 1906 and the 1950s) to chemical depilatories. It's notable that one of the 1906 advertisements to the left finds it necessary to mention electrolysis, the latest and probably most successful way to remove hair permanently, and presumably a real threat to the makers of less effective alternatives.

### ...Gone Tomorrow

An archaeologist shows the adventurers a mysterious ape-like idol, found in an ancient Egyptian tomb. A few days later all of them, men and women, start to grow luxuriant hair, including beards and body hair. Meanwhile the archaeologist and idol vanish. Experts can't identify the idol, but agree that it was probably a symbol of fertility and growth. Why it should only affect hair baffles everyone.

At first it can be handled by shaving once a day, but soon several shaves a day are needed to keep the adventurers looking normal. But there always seems to be stubble, and after a while it's impossible to keep the hair at bay. Children hurl insults or make "Ook ook!" noises in the street, circus proprietors offer sideshow jobs, and drains need constant unblocking. Chemical depilatories are unsatisfactory, even electrolysis only works for a day or two, and is fairly painful.

Eventually the search for a cure should lead the adventurers to an ancient Chinese herbalist, who listens to the story then laughs before showing them a small statuette, very like the original idol. He tells them "Is not Egyptian – is Sun-Wu-K'ung! Is Monkey, Great Sage Equal Of Heaven! Good joke on you, yes? Monkey likes joke!"

With this clue the adventurers should eventually work out that the idol must have been stolen from China and somehow found its way to Egypt, and that the curse will only end if they find it and return it to its original temple. Of course there are snags; the archaeologist who found it has vanished, there are rumours that a Master Criminal is involved (see FF VI), the adventurers have no idea where the idol originally came from, and there are a few wars and revolutions in progress in China, which may cause complications. But nobody ever said life was going to be simple...

**A CURE REGISTERED BY GOVERNMENT.**

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

All sufferers are earnestly requested to write for my new remedy

### 3003 "ANTICAPILLA" (REGISTERED.)

A fragrant liquid compound entirely free from all poisonous ingredients, which entirely and permanently destroys the cyst and follicle (after which the reappearance of the hair is impossible), without the slightest pain or injury to the skin, leaving the latter as white and smooth and clear as if there had never been a growth of hair upon it. It never fails to cure the most stubborn and painful cases, even when all other and oft-repeated treatment has failed to have the desired effect. One bottle, sufficient to cure, sent post free for 4/6 (to foreign countries, 5/6), which I offer to return if results are deemed in any way unsatisfactory. No plucking, or burning, or cutting off required, as it is entirely unlike any other preparation offered for a similar purpose. Letters strictly confidential. Address:—  
**Mr. R. H. THOMPSON (Dept. 8), 149 Strand, London,**  
 (WHOLESALE—BARCLAYS.) W.C.

**A CURE REGISTERED BY GOVERNMENT.**

# DR. MACKENZIE'S

## ARSENICAL SOAP AND FACE LOTION.

**THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.**

Prepared with Arsenic, Zinc, and other ingredients as a beautifier of the skin and complexion, and guaranteed absolutely harmless. It produces a lovely skin and complexion, and cures spots, pimples, redness, roughness, freckles, lines, wrinkles, crowsfeet, and shiny and greasy skins. The finest and purest soap made. For all irritations it is most emollient and soothing. Deliciously and expensively perfumed, 1/- per tablet; 3 for 2/6; producing a lovely complexion, softening and beautifying the skin. The finest and purest soap in the world. Made from cold cream and without common fats.

**"Madame Patti finds it most excellent."**

**Florence St. John:** "I am so pleased with the result that I use no other."

**Ellaline Terriss** writes from Gaiety Theatre: "I think it is quite one of the best I have ever used."

**Dorothea Irving** writes from Southampton Row, W.C.: "I find it most soothing and refreshing."

**Cynthia Brooke** writes from Adelphi Theatre, London: "I consider Dr. Mackenzie's Arsenical Toilet Soap positively the best I have ever used for the complexion."

**Fanny Brough** writes: "I consider Dr. Mackenzie's Arsenical Soap most pleasant for Toilet use—excellent in hard water—and most delicate in perfume."

**Miss Fortesque** is most pleased to recommend Dr. Mackenzie's Arsenical Soap as she found it most excellent.

*At all Chemists all over the World, or direct from*

**S. Harvey, Ltd., 5, Denman St., London Bridge, S.E.**



This lotion is not greasy, does not contain Glycerine, and is absolutely harmless. By tightening the skin it quickly removes all wrinkles, lines, crowsfeet, or puffiness under the eyes. It keeps the skin soft and velvety, and in summer will entirely prevent and quickly remove freckles. For pimples, redness, roughness of the skin, excessive perspiration wrinkles or enlarged pores, it is matchless. Price 3/6 per bottle; large bottles 5/-. This Lotion prevents the growth of superfluous hairs on the face.

**Dr. Dr. Ritchie, F.R.S., (Edin.) F.C.S.,** certifies as follows: "I have carefully examined Dr. Mackenzie's FACE LOTION, and I hereby certify that it contains nothing whatever injurious to the skin. On the contrary, it is one of the finest tonics and beautifiers that I have ever examined."

**The Grange, Carleton, Pontefract.**—Miss E. Tew would be obliged if Messrs. Harvey Ltd., would send her by return of post another bottle of Dr. Mackenzie's Face Lotion, as she has derived benefit from the first."

**"Lostock Hall, near Preston.**—Miss Edmonson would be glad if Messrs. Harvey Ltd. would forward her a bottle of Dr. Mackenzie's Face Lotion, as she likes it better than anything she has ever tried. Kindly oblige by sending it by return as she is without it."

**From Lady Milles, Lees Court, Faversham.**—"Kindly send by return another bottle of Dr. Mackenzie's Face Lotion; 3/6 enclosed."

**"Lady Edwards, Bran-svale House, Stow on the Wold.** wishes Messrs. Harvey Ltd. to send her a bottle of Dr. Mackenzie's Face Lotion."

*Of all Chemists, or post free, 3/6, from*

**S. Harvey, Ltd., 5, Denman St., London Bridge, S.E.**

If the chemicals you use on your hair don't worry you, what about those that go on your skin? Even when they didn't deliberately contain toxic ingredients, as in the case of the Arsenical Soap above (1898), cosmetics and soaps were often mixed with whatever ingredients could be found to make them cheaper and appear to be more effective. Sometimes they were harmless – chalk was extremely common – but some of the other chemicals commonly found included sodium hydroxide (which could appear to improve the complexion by removing the outermost layers of the skin), dyes, ammonia, whitening agents, etc. By 1906 this product, and most other chemical soaps, seem to have vanished from view – soap advertising now stresses purity, not toxic chemicals, and a more natural look is fashionable.

### Chemistry Lessons

An adventurer with radical sympathies (or posing as such) and an extensive knowledge of chemistry is approached by a contact in a revolutionary movement and asked to develop a new and improved arsenical soap. The "improvement" is that the arsenic content is to be increased ten or twenty-fold, and the mix must somehow be doctored so that the user absorbs a lethal dose. The contact is naturally unwilling to answer questions, but promises that the soap is to be used by someone who won't be missed, and that its use will be for the "greater good." In this particular instance an obvious assassination would be counter-productive, what's needed is a quiet "accidental" death.

- The victim is secretary to a senior government official; her subordinate, who will probably get the job if she is taken ill or dies, is a spy for the revolution.
- The victim will be the contact's wife – he's using the revolution's resources to avoid the expense and scandal of a divorce.
- The contact is an *agent provocateur* – the soap is to be sneaked into a Royal bathroom, and discovered (with maximum publicity) before anyone is harmed, as horrifying evidence of the Revolution's fiendishness.
- The revolutionaries suspect that the adventurer is a reactionary spy; the project is a loyalty test.

For more revolutionary adventures see *Forgotten Futures VII*.

If you read enough of these advertisements it's easy to start to assume that every product must be bogus, but that isn't necessarily true – for example, Malloween (right, 1906) seems to have been a reasonably harmless skin care product, and even today mallow leaves are still used for similar cosmetics. I'd be rather more suspicious of the original Nylon (below, 1907) since the advertiser seems to be rather coy about the nature of the ingredients. It seems unlikely that there was any

"Adds a New Luxury to the Comforts of Life."

# Nylon

FOR THE BATH, TOILET, NURSERY AND GENERAL HOUSEHOLD USE.

Rapturously welcomed by all who try it in the bath, or for any toilet use. Contains valuable antiseptics, purifying and whitening the skin, and beautifying the complexion. Removes dandruff from the scalp, and strengthens the hair. Refreshing and soothing, and allaying irritation. Recommended by Doctors.

In the household NYLON is useful in a hundred ways, cleansing and purifying everything it touches.

Of Chemists, Grocers, Stores, etc., price 1/-; or should difficulty arise, post free from the  
**NYLON COMPANY, Store Street, London, W.C.**  
(In which case please give name and address of your usual local dealer.)

connection between this company and the later artificial fibre. The market leader was Pears, another company which stressed the purity of its product, and still exists today.

It would be remiss to leave this section without mentioning household soaps, used for laundry and cleaning. One of the reasons to be dubious of the original "Nylon" is that it claimed to be useful in this role too. The market leader was Sunlight Soap, Britain's first nationally branded and marketed cleaning product, which was



made from the late 19<sup>th</sup> century to the 1950s, and likely to be found in most homes throughout the period. It even had the royal warrant, used in the Royal households. It was so respected that the poet William McGonagall was inspired to verse (for which he was paid the princely sum of two guineas):

### Sunlight Soap

You can use it with great pleasure and ease  
Without wasting any elbow grease;  
And when washing the most dirty clothes  
The sweat won't be dripping off your nose  
You can wash your clothes with little rubbing  
And without scarcely any scrubbing;  
And I tell you once again without any joke  
There's no soap can surpass Sunlight Soap;  
And believe me, charwomen one and all,  
I remain yours truly, the Poet McGonagall.

## It's Easy to Make . . . YOUR Skin Beautiful.

**I**F you wish for a clean, soft, bright velvety skin—if you care at all for beauty—in fairness to yourself, you should try **MALLOWEEN**.

**MALLOWEEN** improves and beautifies the complexion by promoting a healthy action of the skin. It removes wrinkles, freckles and all roughness, restoring in a natural way all the colour and freshness of the skin, which wind, rain, dust and time have obliterated. **MALLOWEEN** not only does this, but it refines a coarse skin and prevents it becoming rough, hard or dry; and remember, a dry skin always wrinkles. It removes all blemishes such as pimples, blackheads, etc., and its constant use will beautify the complexion and keep the skin soft, clear, smooth and healthy.

## MALLOWEEN

does this because it consists of an extract of Marsh Mallow and other valuable emollients, which are combined in a most wonderful way, according to a formula of a celebrated skin specialist. This formula brings out, as no other formula can, all the goodness of the emollients, and that is why **MALLOWEEN** is so far superior to ordinary skin foods or tonics.

**MALLOWEEN** is sold at a price that puts it within the reach of everyone—1/-, 1/6, and 2/6 per bottle.

If your Chemist does not keep Malloween, write at once to us, and on receipt of price we will supply you **POST FREE**.

**The HOLME PREPARATIONS Co.,**  
42 Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

**A**LTHOUGH the Twentieth Century was widely perceived as the Age of Electricity, as the Nineteenth had been the age of steam, its use as a medical treatment began much earlier. Bad back? Aches and pains? Hair loss? Old age? Electricity will cure them all, as shown in this 1906 advertisement.

# MAKES MEN STRONG!



People whose nerves are shaky, whose limbs are racked with pain, whose body aches from morning till night, who have no heart, no life, no energy to do anything which would bring them credit, need suffer no longer, for the means whereby they can be restored are at hand. **ELECTRICITY** scientifically applied converts physical wrecks into men of might. It brings back the glow of health to the pallid cheek, makes every fibre tingle with the buoyancy of youth, and pushes people through their troubles to health and success.

Mr. A. F. Etherton, Tile House Farm, Stoughton, Surrey, says—"I have not had a pain in my back since the first week I wore your appliance, and I don't feel like having any more pains. I get stronger every day, and I can do my work with much more pleasure now."

There is no place for the weakling in this hurry-scurry world. It takes "**Nerve**" and **Strength** to overcome obstacles. The successful man, no matter what his occupation, shows in his every movement decision and enthusiasm. The weakling lacks every element necessary for success.

## **GREAT FREE BOOK OFFER.**

All those people who would like to read of the wonders of **ELECTRICITY** and the results it has accomplished in cases where the struggle for existence had been given up—how it produces a clear eye, active brain, and steady nerve in men and women who had tried every known remedy, and had seen one after the other fail, should write at once for **Pulvermacher's Great Work**. This book deals with the subject interestingly and exhaustively, and will be sent **FREE** to all readers of **PEARSON'S MAGAZINE** who are interested in the development of vigorous health. To those who cut out this announcement

and send or bring it to us, the book will be forwarded free and post free at once.

**The Superintendent, J. L. PULVERMACHER, Ltd.,**  
**5 Vulcan House, 56 Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E.C.**

Pulvermacher was undoubtedly the most prominent source of these miracle cures, beginning with books and pamphlets published as early as the 1850s. By the end of the nineteenth century Pulvermacher belts were sold throughout the English-speaking world; in America the Pulvermacher Galvanic Company had branches in Ohio, San Francisco, and other cities and seems to have been one of the earliest examples of a product with global branding. At this distance it isn't clear if these were all part of a single company, or separate instances of the Pulvermacher design being marketed by independent companies.

The basic Pulvermacher product was a quack version of a genuine medical treatment, Dr. Golding Bird's "Moxa", which worked by applying relatively high voltages to localised areas to relieve pain or stimulate paralyzed muscles, and was the basis for many electrical therapies that are still in use today. By comparison, the Pulvermacher belt contained metal plates that produced much smaller voltages (by a chemical reaction with any dilute acid, including sweat) and allegedly stimulated the muscles to ease chronic illnesses, but couldn't target a specific pain location, and undoubtedly worked mainly by psychosomatic effect. To add insult to injury Pulvermacher's publicity material often quoted Bird's papers; Bird responded by denouncing the company on several occasions, in scientific journals and elsewhere – this simply gave Pulvermacher more publicity!



The belt must have been extremely uncomfortable to wear for extended periods. Refinements included special extensions to the genitalia to promote fertility; since the belts and extensions were made of woven brass wire (backed with canvas in some versions) they must have also pulled out hair and damaged the skin in some very sensitive areas.

Electro-Vigour seems to have been a more local British product. All evidence suggests that it was probably a copy of the Pulvermacher design. There were numerous variations on this theme including electric corsets, hats, stockings, hair brushes, combs, pads, etc. While the Pulvermacher system relied on tiny voltages and (probably) psychosomatic effects, some electrical cures used much higher voltages. Static electricity treatments were common, as were electrical vibrators and rays of very dubious design. About all that can be said of these devices is that if things went badly wrong, the customer probably wouldn't be around to complain. Although, to be fair, the craze for radium and X-ray based "cures" that followed in the 1920s probably killed more people...

### It Works! It Works!

What if the hype for electricity is true, and it really is the cure-all that these advertisements promise? What if perfected electrical treatment gradually eliminates most of the causes of human illness? What if small doses of electricity are all that's needed to postpone death indefinitely, and achieve something near to perpetual youth? What happens to society? To doctors? To the insurance business? To the population as a whole?

In a world where human health is totally dependent on electrical belts, and other forms of medicine are all but forgotten, a ruthless business cartel plans to gain a monopoly of the electrical belt industry then gradually raise prices until it controls the world's economy. There is only one independent company left in Britain, a family business whose owners face deadly peril as they defy the Cartel. Fortunately they know a few adventurers who might be able to help...

The *Forgotten Futures* melodramatic rules are extremely useful in this setting, especially if the family happens to have a beautiful daughter who might find herself tied to the factory machinery just before the steam is switched on... Alternatively, a good head for business and the law might be the best answer, the ability to beat the Cartel at its own game.

For more on electrical healing and the problems it might cause see *Forgotten Futures V*. For some other belts with curious properties see *FF VII*. For more on radium cures see *Forgotten Futures VI* and <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Radithor> and <http://www.orau.org/PTP/collection/quackcures/quackcures.htm>

## GET SOME LIFE INTO YOU



### ELECTRO VIGOUR CURES WEAKNESS

What's the use of dragging your legs about like a wooden person? Feel like a person of spirit. Away with pains and aches. Off with this wretched feeling as if you were eighty years old and had one foot in the grave. Come and let us put life into your nerves. Let us give you a new supply of youthful energy. Let us make you feel like throwing your chest out and your head up and saying to yourself: "*I am strong and healthy.*" Let us give you back the old feeling of youthful fire, vim, and courage. We can do it, so that in two months you will wonder that you ever felt so weak and depressed as you do now.

Stone Lodge Farm, near Dartford.  
Dear Sirs,—I beg to inform you that **I am now quite well again**, as very shortly after commencing to wear your **ELECTRO-VIGOUR** I began to feel better. **I now feel better and stronger than I have been for years**, and I may say that I have decided to order one for my wife, who is troubled with rheumatism.—I remain, yours faithfully,  
**GEORGE BROWN.**  
The Lawn, Birstall, Leicester.

Dear Sirs,—Just a line to say that I am quite well again, thanks to your splendid Appliance, which has proved very satisfactory in every way. **My back never troubles me now, and I have a splendid appetite and sleep well.** It is a grand Appliance, and am quite satisfied with it, and shall recommend it whenever I have the chance.—Yours gratefully,  
**ALBERT COX.**

### ELECTRO-VIGOUR CURES

Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, Lame Back, Sciatica, Stomach Troubles, Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and every indication that you are breaking down physically.

You put it on when you go to bed, and sleep peacefully under the influence of the warming, vitalising power. You awake full of ambition, with a healthy desire to tackle your day's work. Each day you gain new life from it, and soon begin to feel strong and healthy. Every symptom of your trouble gradually disappears, strength takes the place of weakness, and you are made happy.

You should write for our free book and send us. Every man and woman should have the book, so get it at once.

### GET OUR FREE BOOK.

The Dr. G. McLAUGHLIN Co., 164 Strand, London, W.C.  
Also 35 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

**M**ANY of the advertisements considered for inclusion in this collection covered products and services that wouldn't look out of place in any modern magazine; obviously the style of advertising has changed, but people still buy cocoa and chocolate, soap and sanitary towels, patent medicines and pianos. But there were exceptions, items that caused a little surprise.

Why would anyone want to buy used false teeth? This 1898 advertisement implies a flourishing market, large enough to require fairly palatial premises, and it's not hard to find supporting evidence; advertising for the firm appeared in local papers throughout the United Kingdom well into the 1920s. Frasers seem to have had a virtual monopoly on used false teeth.

The cause was simple; false teeth were made of porcelain, and making them involved a long and complicated casting process. A set of false teeth made entirely to order could easily cost several months' wages for the average working man, or for anyone (such as the elderly or retired) on a restricted income. Second-hand teeth were simply much cheaper.

In the most basic form of this trade, widely practised by pawnbrokers, used dentures were simply resold as they were, without any attempt to fit them to the mouth of the buyer. If you were lucky there might be several pairs to try for a good fit – if you were VERY lucky they were washed first.

The refined version of this trade broke down the dentures and recycled the components. Broken teeth were discarded; the others cleaned, sorted and sold by size and position. Frasers sold the teeth to dental suppliers, who built them into “new” dentures or used them to repair old ones. Some may have changed hands several times before wear made them unusable. It sounds bizarre, but the results were probably not much worse than brand new false teeth of the period.

## The Tooth Fairies

Residents of Hove, a British seaside resort with a large population of elderly and retired gentlefolk, are horrified by a series of peculiar attacks, in which the victim is assaulted and robbed of his or her false teeth. As the crimes are investigated it should become apparent that the same group of four criminals (at least one of them able to pose as a gentleman) has committed every robbery, and that the thieves seem to be working their way down a list of elderly victims.

- A Master Criminal had an extraordinarily rare stolen gem hidden in a false molar, intending to have it built into a denture and smuggled out of the country. By mischance the tooth was put into another set of dentures, one of several sent out to a dentist in Hove. By the time the error was discovered the teeth were already in use, and neither the (late) dental supplier nor the (equally late) dentist could say which customer got them. The criminals are working their way down the list of customers, and optionally getting more violent with each failure.
- As above, but the Master Criminal is a Master Spy and the tooth contains a tiny strip of microfilm (in use from the 1870s), the plans of Britain's latest secret weapon or the details of a secret treaty.
- As above, but the Master Criminal is a Mad Scientist and the tooth contains a stolen sample of Radium (first purified in 1902 and worth thousands of pounds per gram), smuggled into Britain from France for one of his insane experiments. Anyone wearing the dentures for more than a few days will receive a lethal radiation dose.
- As above, but the British Secret Service is responsible – the tooth contains a poison capsule originally intended for a British agent and they are trying to recover it without causing a panic or revealing that they have a toothless spy.







## Remember how the future used to be?

When vast fleets of flying ships blackened the sky...

When psychic investigators used electric pentacles...

When Venus was a paradise, never fallen from grace...

When the government's main job was to make the airships run on time...

When a gentleman could build his own spaceship and still have change of a million pounds...

When there were still dinosaurs and monsters in the unexplored corners of the Earth...

When you could find a complete role playing game with nine supplements on line...

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*All of the author's income from this game is donated to  
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# MARCUS L. ROWLAND & ALEX STEWART

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DELICIOUS COFFEE.

## RED WHITE & BLUE

Best After Dinner.

COMPENDIUM

## BONGOLA

## TEA

NO EQUAL.

## HEADACHE

Cured in Ten

Minutes by

## KAPUTINE.

When suffering from Headache or Neuralgia your Nerves are wrong,—not the Stomach, you don't regulate an apartment, but something that will go right to the source of the trouble,—the Nerves,—and put them right. That is what Kaputine does. You do not take a course of Kaputine, but just one dose, and that will cure the most violent attack of Headache, or Neuralgia in minutes.

Kaputine cures naturally, goes straight to where it is required,—the Nerves, does not affect the Stomach, straight to where it is required,—the Nerves,—and put them right. That is what Kaputine does. You do not take a course of Kaputine, but just one dose, and that will cure the most violent attack of Headache, or Neuralgia in minutes.

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to every sufferer,—I, we have your Name and address, and we will send you Kaputine, free, and Post Paid by return.

### S. KAPUTINE, WARRFIELD.

1/6 per bottle, 3 bottles 4/6, 6 bottles 8/6, 12 bottles 15/6, each.

WE DO NOT HAVE FALSE TEETH

WE DO NOT HAVE FALSE TEETH

People whose nerves are shaky, whose limbs are racked with pain, whose body aches from morning till night, who have no sleep, no life, no energy to do anything which was in bringing them credit, read better no longer, for the matter while they can be relieved and at last, **DR. BOWEN'S** scientifically applied converts physical weakness into men of might. It brings back the law of health to the pallid cheek, makes every fibre sing with the buoyancy of youth, and pushes people through the transition to health and success.

Mr. A. P. Hetheron, Tate House Farm, near Stratford, Surrey, says—"I have been laid a pain in my back for the last week I wore your application and I don't feel like having any more pain. I feel like a new man, and I feel like a new man."

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All those people who would like to read of the wonders of **DR. BOWEN'S** and the results that accomplished in cases where the struggle has been a long one—how it produces a new man, a new woman, a new man and woman who had been in the hands of a doctor and had seen one after the other fail, should write at once for **Dr. Bowen's** **Great Book**. This book deals with the subject interestingly and authoritatively, and will interest **FREE** to all readers of **Dr. Bowen's** **Great Book** who are interested in the development of the human body and mind and the law of health. The book is a very important decision and a very important decision. The book is a very important decision and a very important decision.

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