

The Ankh of Chephren Campaign Log

Session 1: 19:2:08

Party Time

Joe Jenkins – Tom

Edward Cholmondley – John

Dr. Karl Gustav Magnus – Gord

Damon Toyler – Karl

Knightsbridge, London, Autumn, Evening

11/10/36

You all arrived at the Knightsbridge Gentlemen's Club and were ushered upstairs to the Rathbone suite. There were four leather chairs set for you in front of a desk and whisky and cigars had been supplied on a silver tray. You sat around chatting while waiting for your host to appear, wondering why you had been summoned here and who this mysterious Winstanley Malvern Hedges was.

Eventually he did appear. He greeted you and told you how you were the right men for an important job that could be a matter of national security. He explained you simply had to locate an item and return it to him. The item had emerged amongst a coven of witches in Oakham in Norfolk. You all (except Edward) thought he was talking rot but he seemed absolutely sincere.

He was quite vague about the item but he explained that it was or seemed to be of ancient Egyptian manufacture and you would know it when you saw it, and it was quite portable. And that you needed to get there as soon as possible as he had reason to believe agents of the German official, Heinrich Himmler, were on the trail of the same item.

You wondered why he had chosen you for the job and he explained that you all possessed a variety of skills that were crucial to the operation. You were all patriots, even the slightly German one. You had an expert in outdoor survival, and he expected that your mission, or further missions might take you to far flung locations. You had an expert in history, especially myths and legends. You had someone who was at home with the slightly more dubious side of investigation. And you had someone who kept an open mind when presented with the fantastical. Malvern Hedges told you he needed those loyal to the king who could use their own initiative and face up to any danger, especially the murderous Hun (present company excepted).

So after fetching your things, you caught the train at King's Cross and were soon arriving at Oakham station (change at Ely). You did not want to disturb ladies so late in the evening (or you were too frightened to confront witches after dark) so you took rooms at the local inn, The Queen's Head, and turned in for the night.

12/10/36

You had a nice chat with the landlady of the Queen's Head over breakfast. She did not want to say too much about the ladies of Wilkes Cottage because if you couldn't say anything nice, you shouldn't say anything at all. But she did say they had very many visitors, mostly coming up from London, and

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they helped people find lost dogs and talk to dead husbands. Or find lost husbands and talk to dead dogs.

You had to walk the mile or so out of the village along by the river road, to get to Wilkes Cottage. Your immediate impressions were of a well kept place but no activity going on at the moment.

Edward seemed to go into a trance for a few seconds. He saw the front room of the cottage which had a few books and papers scattered about the floor. Then his mind went up the stairs and through a doorway. He was suddenly confronted by the skull-like face of a woman. Then he snapped out of it.

You ascertained by tyre tracks that for a quiet, out of the way spot, the cottage did get a lot of traffic and visitors. Joe went round the side of the building and noticed that in the corner of one window there were a couple of very clean circular patches, made from the outside. But he couldn't think why they were there.

Magnus knocked on the door and it slowly swung open, but there was no reply. He called out but there was still no reply. Entering the front room Magnus and Edward saw what Edward had seen in his head a few minutes before. Meanwhile Joe had broken into the kitchen and joined them.

You picked up a load of papers that seemed to be pages from an old diary by a Maj. Howard Wilkes:

The strangest sight, a dark pyramid black like the night, placed on earth by god, or thrust up from the depths by satan himself...

...And the others, I knew deep inside that there was no way they could reach us, again. I prayed that they might find another way out. I still hold some hope, but with each passing day I am more inclined to believe they have met their fate at the despicable claws, or talons, of one of those foul creatures...

...The terrible way Ramsay had to go, up against a pair of those beasts all on his own, running low on ammo. I didn't want to leave him but Phillips and Larsen could see there was no way down, and pulled me back in the nick of time...

...And as we emerged we could see the gate in front of us, only a matter of half a mile or so away. I told Phillips to be careful and hug what little undergrowth there was, but his eyes suddenly changed and he could see nothing but our way back, and he could no longer hear any reason I might impart. He threw down his pack and broke into a run, straight across the clearing. There is no need for me to convey how the flying beasts did make short shrift of this unexpected but easy meal...

...I determined to make sure no one will have to endure what I have. It is best that the world can forget what I am not able to. To this end I collapsed the tunnel. A regrettable bit of archaeological vandalism but for all our goods...

...I have decided to split them up. I will send them to the four corners of the country with clear instructions that they must be hidden for good. I will not say here, or anywhere as long as I live, where I am sending them, and no one, not even those who know me best, will be able to guess. And so, this terrible matter now ends.

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You found a book on the reading table that seemed to be open at a missing page. It was called *Secrets of the Pharaohs* and was missing the page 126-127. It seemed to be a middle-brow travelogue and guide to ancient Egypt.

Edward warned you against it, but you went upstairs. In the second room you tried, you found lying on one of the beds a husk-like dead body. It seemed that the woman had had all the fluids removed from her body, but it was clearly not the result of natural degradation. You searched the room for indications to her identity and were satisfied that this was Sally Dark. You even found some photo's of her.

You did the same sort of thing to the other rooms and pieced together that the other occupants of the house were Gloria Travers, Yvonne Symson, and Caroline Jaymes, and you managed to come up with photo's that you thought were probably them.

In the kitchen you found some very strange ingredients, like bat wings, dried spiders and black candles. You got the definite impression from the state of the kitchen that people had been in the house the day before, and had left in a hurry.

From calling cards in the hallway you got the impression that these witches were very much in demand within that section of London society that likes to dabble in spiritualism. You also found a map of Northamptonshire with the village of Claverley ringed. You went through the calling cards and found a recent one which came from Lord Brockhyrst of Claverley.

Most of you had heard a number of things about Lord Brockhyrst. He had been up and coming in the Conservative party but had resigned his seat amid rumours he had been thrown out of the party for being too extreme. He had fallen in with Oswald Moseley but had soon fallen out again, and now he had seemingly retired from public life, although every now and again he was touted as a possible next prime minister. You decided in the absence of anything better than going back to report to Malvern Hedges, that you should make a visit to Claverley House.

You went back to the village anxious not to be blamed for murder or anything. You had a few minutes to kill before the train to Northampton so had another meal at the Queen's Head where you tried to make out that there had been no response to your visit to Wilkes Cottage, and that the witches must be off on holiday. At Northampton you took a cab straight to Claverley House and were surprised to hear that today was the day of a great party there. The cabbie said he had been busy all day ferrying the well to do between the station and the great house. When you drove through the gatehouse you were impressed to see that the otherwise traditional stately home had a massive art nouveau mooring tower with half a dozen airships moored to it, and a futuristic observation gallery.

There were many staff at the end of the drive there to greet guests. Edward approached the head butler and somehow he was convinced that your names were on the guest list and that you had a number of rooms reserved in the west wing.

You were all struck by the youthfulness and athleticism of all the house staff. They all seemed to be rather fair haired, too. Doctor Magnus felt it reminded him a bit of being in Hitler's Germany, which he despises. After getting refreshed and ordering back to Northampton for a load of tuxedos you had a couple of hours to kill before the party started. And you all split up.

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Damon went for a walk round the grounds. Beneath the patio, there was an ornamental rock garden with waterfall spilling out into the boating pond below. Many of the early guests were enjoying themselves on the lake. Damon noticed that the waterfall seemed to have a path leading behind it. He decided it would be a bit too conspicuous to investigate now, but made a note to do so after dark.

Joe investigated some of the rooms on the first floor. It all looked pretty much as he would expect, but he came across a locked door to what looked like an important room. He could not get the door open but noticed, through the keyhole, that there was a number of red flags hanging there, though he couldn't make out any details.

Magnus and Edward went down and took some tea in the lounge. They listened to the local chatter and it was mostly upper crust and reactionary. There was a bit of a fracas outside, as two villagers seemed to want something and a couple of the aryan butlers were trying to get rid of them. After a while Lord Brockhyrst himself turned up and reassured the couple that everything that could be done to find their daughter would be done, although he doubted she was on his land.

Edward concentrated on their thoughts and discovered that Lord Brockhyrst wanted to get rid of the plebs for being annoying and badly dressed and disturbing the guests. Mr Burton, genuinely believed his daughter, Jennifer, was at Claverley as she had said she was helping out with preparations for the party. She had left the night before and not come home and had never done that before. They swiftly got escorted off the grounds.

After your snooping, you got dressed for the party and made your way down the big staircase into the entrance hall. Lord Brockhyrst was at the door to the great hall greeting his guests and at his side was the woman you took to be Gloria Travers.

As you approached the MC called out names for you (which were your real first names but fictional surnames; Edward only knows where he got those from). And you lined up and shook hands with your hosts. As Gloria touched Edward's hand she came over all funny for a few moments then forced a smile and greeted him. Edward later told you all he had been rumbled.

You mingled at the party for a while, and had a few drinks. Damon and Joe went out to the patio and considered their options for investigating behind the waterfall. Edward and Magnus stayed in doors. After a while a member of staff approached Edward and told him he had a phone call if he would like to walk this way. Magnus tried to follow but was strongly encouraged by the staff to continue to enjoy the party.

Damon needed a female to accompany him down towards the waterfall to give him a decent cover story to be messing around down there. He started chatting to an older gal, Fiona Featherstonehall (pronounced Fanshaw), who didn't look too at-home at the party. She pointed out her airship up on the mooring tower which was easily the poorest one up there, but she was very proud of it. She also seemed to have a bent for adventure saying how she had been to Persia and the Amazon. Damon and Fiona began to make their way down towards the waterfall. She said she was looking for something. She couldn't say what it was, but said she'd know it when she found it. Which is what Malvern Hedges told you about the Mysterious Item.

Edward was shown the way to the office by the butler. He opened the door fully expecting a cosh to smack him on the head as he entered the room. He was not disappointed and his body fell to the plush wilton like a sack of king Edwards.