

Bob's

HORATIO CLUB

DOUG SAVAGE'S STORY

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Session 1.0

CAST OF CHARACTERS

PLAYER CHARACTERS

Annabelle Parker	Dawn	Techno-Psi Archaeologists		Thin pale
John Watson	Jay	Soldier/Medic	TL8	5'8" blonde Anglo
"Grandma" Baba Yagga	Michelle	Mage		Old crone
Sergio	Russell	Gladiator w/ Body Control	TL4	6'2" 240# swarthy Roman
Doug Savage	Image	Face Man/Investigator	TL6	Dashing



WELCOME TO THE HORATIO CLUB

Sergio wakes up just outside the front door of The Club, the gladiator's last memory getting his neck snapped on his home world. He enters the swanky establishment and is greeted by a host. Sergio has questions, but doesn't really know what questions to ask. He's offered a room and accepts. It is better than anything he ever had back home.

I'm I the 86th floor of the Empire State Building, my uncle's lab. I notice that door I've never checked out before. No time like the present. It opens into a long hall which

eventually opens to reveal a host behind a desk. He asks if I'd like a room. I ask what this place is and name drop my uncle—Doc Savage. He says they know of my uncle; the place is "The Club". I say I've got to be getting back, but when I turn to go, there is a wall instead of the hallway. I decided to stay. I'm taken to a nice hotel room. The phone rings a front desk, who says calls going outside aren't working right now.

"Grandmother" Yagga is hanging out in her hut when the walls change. Her Mage Sight reveals magic down a hallway. She goes to check it out and is greeted by the host. She finds it all very interesting and accepts their hospitality of a lavish room, and one of her favorite beverages chilling in a bowl of ice.

Dr. John Watson is called out on an emergency: a child is missing in a burning building and they think his drone can help out. The drone spots a crumpled boy in a bedroom and envelopes him in a silvery blanket. Watson goes in and carries the boy out. Now that the lad is secure, he notices an open door across the street. Within is a sharply dressed man who asks if he's staying the night. As he begins to answer, he notices the door that was behind him is gone. "I guess I am", he says; "How much?" "Your money is no good hear."

Annabelle is on a dog sight. She's looking at a small pyramid shaped artifact with a gem embedded in it. As she picks at it, the gem lights up. She recalls the room this artifact came from. There is finds a notch there that fits the pyramid. She inserts the pyramid and the door starts to glow and the room dogs up. She detects an increase in tachyons. She walks through the door, which vanishes after she passes through. A bit further down the hall a man beckons her and asks if she's staying for the night. Charles shows her to her room.

DINNER

A large table is being filled with foods. Several people, not all human, gather at the table. I notice Annabelle and Watson seem a bit clueless. Grandma joins us as well, she eats only meat off the bone. Watson believes this all has something to do with a mixing of universes.

I meet a version of my Uncle. He says Horatio Club has many doors, The Club will match us to a need ... somewhere. Grandma gets antsy and want to g exploring. I suggest we gear up and meet in he lounge in 15 minutes.

EXPLORING

Grandma picks a door she sees as glowing. I sense danger within, but not immediate. Grandma opens it and off she goes. It's quite dark, except for a distant light; we try to keep up with her.

LONDON 1888

It opens up and we smell oil, coal smoke, and fish. Watson has a coughing fit. We see horses and carriages. A large steam-powered truck comes billowing by. We ask a steam-cyborg beggar what's news—nothing of note. He directs us to a public house.

We buy a newspaper on the way in. It mentions "Spring-Healed Jack". He's causing trouble in the West End, robbing banks, but was thwarted by the "enigmas" Mighty Maid and Lady Britannia. Lady Britannia wears leather and goggles. Mighty Maid is tall and strong.

2 cp (spent on Guns (Pistol) and Guns (Shotgun))



ON THE TRAIL

Our night passes uneventfully. Kippers, portage, and ale for breakfast. Watson warns us not to drink the water—cholera.

RESEARCH

As I'm looking through old newspapers, we realize we have arrived just as Jack the Ripper is beginning his killing spree. Two recent murders seem to be his handiwork so far. The first murder happened in an alleyway—as expected. The second occurred in broad daylight in front of multiple witnesses: the woman was lifted into the air by an unseen force and her throat slit.

THE MORGUE

We head to the morgue where the bodies are. The first woman, **Mary Anne Nichols**, was not strangled; she is missing her kidney. The second, **Annie Chapman** looks like she

was lifted up with the left hand and cut with the right; she is missing her liver. The Ripper, as is the custom here, was wearing gloves, so no finger prints.

Grandma casts a spell to speak with the spirit of Mary Anne. The corps glows and asks, "Why have you awakened me?"

"Ask your questions." Grandma says to Watson.

"Tell us about your killer." Watson says.

"I picked up a John on the street. I took him to an alleyway and we got friendly. Suddenly I felt a large prick in my throat and that was that."

"Tell us about your killer." Watson says again.

"He was a gentleman, with a tall hat, dark hair."

"Did he have a beard? Mutton chops?"

"Mutton chops."

"Did he wear cologne?"

"He smelled nice. He had a cape."

"Did he have an accent?"

"He spoke like a gentleman."

"Did he have a cane?"

"No cane."

"A knife."

"I didn't see a knife."

Mary Anne goes slack. Grandma is exhausted; somehow, Sergio lends her some strength.

ANNIE CHAPMAN'S MURDER LOCATION

It's time for lunch and we head toward the part of town where the murders occurred. We stop in the Red Lion Inn. People are talking about the murders. An older gentleman in particular is talking to other blacksmiths. He's rather boisterous, maybe a bit drunk, and has the attention of several in the bar. He claims she was picked up, but he couldn't see anything picking her up. Then blood gushed out of her, into the air and onto the ground, some of it floating. (Sergio hopes this means we can use flour to expose The Ripper while he's invisible.) Sergio buys a bag of flour

There is still blood at the location of Annie's murder. Watson collects a sample for Grandma. Annabelle notices a bloody footprint. Grandma says it's from a boot of quality leather. Watson is able to track it to an alley, where the walk right up to a brick wall. Annabelle says there is no secret door here or anything, but there is a bit of blood on the wall. Grandma sniffs and says it is the blood from the street. Our theory is that the blood that was on The Ripper did not pass through the wall when he did.

The wall is to a bakery. I question the proprietors who saw a 6'+ 20 stone well dressed man in a cape, passing through the walls as he ran through the bakery.

Grandma, using the recently acquired blood sample, attempts to get a vision of the liver that goes with it. She determines the liver is in a cold dark place, more than a mile away.

Watson wants to try and pick up The Ripper's trail, so we continue to the next open shop; the adjacent one is not open. The haberdasher didn't see anything, but in the commotion—many people were more interested in the streets—he might have just missed him.

The next shop, is a printer. He saw nothing, and was in a position to see The Ripper if he had passed through.

We go back to the unopened shop; it looks like it's being used as a warehouse. It's locked; Grandma waves her hands and bit and mutters something and the door unlocks. We find footprints that go from the shared-with-bakery wall to the back door. Grandma does not detect his sent on the back door, so The Ripper must have exited insubstantially. This place apparently use to be a clothing store so we all take advantage and dress in period clothing. While we're dressing, we're beset upon by a street gang, which have been using this place as an occasional hide out.

STREET TOUGHS

They rush in. One slashes Sergio badly. Annabelle just touches one of them and he falls unconscious. Grandma flies above the group of knife wielding thugs. I move in closer and shout, "You will not survive this. We will allow you to leave."

Two thugs run away. One thug starts wiggling a bit—he's itchy. Another falls (for no reason I can see), and begins trying get back up. Sergio cuts the arm off itchy. With that, the remaining three thugs are prone at best, bleeding out at worst. Watson sets to bandaging their wounds. Sergio concentrates for a bit and his wounds heal a bit.

An interrogation of the only conscious thug, the one Annabelle dropped, we find they know of the tall, dark, and intimidating man that frequents these parts at night, but don't know anything useful. We offer to not pursue them further, if they find out what they can about The Ripper from their underworld contacts; we'll meet them here same time tomorrow.

2 cp spent on Guns (Pistols)



SETTING A TRAP

We continue to the first murders scene in hopes of finding additional clues.

MARY ANNE NICHOLS MURDER SCENE

We check out **Mary Anne Nichols'** 2-week old murder scene. It's been taken over by hawkers and gawkers. Annabelle (a mind reader) determines that one of the gawkers is actually a plain clothes detective. Watson notices a street urchin, picking pockets, and an older man that street urchins return to.

We approach the plain-clothes-man. "Nasty business this killer." I say.

"Indeed it is." He responds.

"We're actually investing this fiend. I perceive that you live in the area. Have you seen a large—over 6 feet tall and 14 stone if he's half a stone—well dressed gentleman, dark hair, mutton chops?" I ask.

The detective hesitates.

"We are not with Scotland Yard. We are only after this killer."

He becomes interested. "Meet me at Royal Inn at 6pm."

"Thank you. We shall see you then."

The team decides to split up to continue interviewing witnesses.

INTERVIEWING PROSTITUTES

Annebelle, Sergio, and Grandma move about the East End interviewing prostitutes. They've seen plenty of gentleman, but none so large and with dark hair and mutton chops.

INTERVIEWING THE PLAIN-CLOTHES-MAN

We approach him when he sits down at a pub.

"Are you from the news papers?" He asks us?

"No, I assure you we are not. We work for The Crown—her majesty herself."

"Are you with the Diogenes Club?"

"You'll understand if I can't confirm the existence of such a club."

"Ah, I see."

His information jibs with ours, but he doesn't offer anything new, except for the possibility that a high-strength enigma's abilities would have a lucrative go at it at the docks.

BAITING THE RIPPER

This evening, **Annabelle** and **Grandma** (who can change her appearance), acting as bait, loiter around the Whitechapel District, posing as prostitutes. **Sergio**, disguised as a homeless wino, waits a few yards from **Annabelle**. **Watson** and **I** wait midway between the two women: within shouting distance of either, but we can't actually see them for all the fog.

Not much happens. **Annabelle** turns away her suitors without incident. **Grandma** beats one of hers with her broom.

2 cp



ELIZABETH STRIDE IS MURDERED

SPRING-HEALED JACK SIGHTING

While waiting for **Jack the Ripper** to show, **Spring-Healed Jack** makes an appearance. We hear some metallic squinching sounds and a woosh. I manage to snap I picture of **Spring-Healed Jack** as he makes a landing near a street lamp near us. He is followed by what is most certainly **Lady Britannia**, then **Mighty Maid**. I manage to get a photo of **Mighty Maid** as well. (I couldn't get the camera ready in time for **Lady Britannia**.)

NEXT DAY

It starts getting light. We wake up **Grandma**, who's fallen asleep on her corner, and bed down for the morning back at the old clothes warehouse. We plan to meet those street toughs later anyway.

A young thug shows up in the afternoon. They know nothing specific about a 6'+ tall dark-haired gentleman, but he does say a man meeting that description has been seen about Whitechapel, but nowhere else.

We head to the Royal Inn for a meal—stew. There is a mention of Spring-Heal Jack in the papers, with **Lady Britannia** and **Might Maid** hot on his tail.

I develop my two photos and **Sergio** suggests we use them to get information from a newspaper. The newspaper guy is impressed with the two photos. He says he has no knowledge of a London gentleman meeting the description of "**Jack the Ripper**", and being so large he would be hard to miss.

Elizabeth Stride and **Catherine Eddowes**, the 3rd and 4th victims, were murdered in my London's history on the 30th of September. **Elizabeth** at 1:00am, 40 Brennan St. and about an hour later, **Catherine** at Miter's Square. The first murder was probably interrupted by a passing street cop. It's currently September 11th.

We return to the morgue in hopes of getting actual **Ripper** samples under the fingernails of one of the first two victims. Back at the clothing warehouse, **Grandma** works her clairvoyant-magic and actually gets an impression of laboratory, she thinks for making potions. She senses that the **Ripper** is west of here. **Annabelle** and **I** find us all a place to stay in the west part of town.

TWO DAYS PASS—13 SEP.

Elizabeth Stride was found murdered in her apartment; the door forced open—splintered. The killer was methodical this time, not rushed. And the papers are calling him "**Jack the Ripper**" for the first time. (The newspaper guy did seem to like the name when I let it slip at our meeting two days ago.)

We check out **Elizabeth's** apartment. Blood is all over the place. **Grandma** does not smell the cologne that she smelled from the 1st murder scene, but she does get a strong chemical smell. **Sergio** notices that the front door looks like it was punched, and the puncher has apt to be a few inches taller than **Sergio**—who is 6' 2". **Grandma** and I notice claw marks, e.g. in the wall; the claw marks are razor sharp. We conjecture that the **Ripper** may not be using a scalpel; he's using his claws. Could **Jack the Ripper** be a werewolf?

Forensic analysis indicates **Elizabeth's** throat was slit in her bed, then she was moved to the floor for ... harvesting. **Sergio** figures the killer watched her bedroom from the street: he followed her home and waited for her candles to go out. He checks the window and finds claw marks; did the the killer climbed out the window to make his escape? On the

ground outside the window, **Sergio** sees two heavy boot prints—same size as the 2nd murder—confirming our suspicion.

Watson is able to pick up the killers tracks and believes he favors one of his legs. After a while, the tracks become more even. Rapid healing? Or does his “Mr. Hyde” form have an odd gait; and when he reverts back to “Dr. Jeckal”, his wounds don’t translate.

Annabelle and **I** decide to interview **Elizabeth**’s upstairs and downstairs neighborsn they don’t know much. **Watson** tries to follow the **Ripper**’s trail further; his tracks are too difficult to follow.

2 cp

Session 1.5 : Thursday, September 13, 1888 [Saturday, February 23, 2019]



KILLING THE RIPPER

THE INVESTIGATION CONTINUES

Annabelle suggests we look for a **Dr. Jekyll**. The Who’s Who at the library doesn’t list anybody. **Annabelle** suggestions looking for werewolf sightings: nothing obvious.

Annabelle and **I** ask the **chemist** if a tall dark man bought anything from him. No. We try purveyors of electrical supplies as well. **Watson** and **Grandma** check out working labs, e.g. universities. None of this reveals anything, but we notice posters for a lecture on “Transformations” tonight at the Rosewood Theatre.

AT THE ROSEWOOD THEATRE

The show costs a penny each. We each sit in different locations to get a good look at everyone. The talk is well attended: serious students of the arcane, posers, Victorian-era nerds.

The curtain opens. **Thomas Cross**, a 5' 8" dark-haired gentleman in nice but worn clothes, begins speaking about the history of the “enigmas”, who started cropping up about 50 years ago. He believes it's possible to give normal people enigmatic powers. Most people have a single power, e.g. strength (and find work at the docks). Some come with a disadvantage, e.g. a guy that grew in size, but became an idiot because his brain stayed small. **Thomas** speaks for about an hour and a half.

When he exits the stage, he walks past **Grandma**, who was sneaking about back stage. **Thomas** takes a swig from his flask and **Grandma** smells the same chemical smell she smelled from one of the murder scenes. **Grandma** sends **Annabelle** a mental message that she's following **Thomas**. **Annabelle** informs the rest of us and we pick up the trail—which isn't difficult as **Grandma** is leaving bread crumbs.

KILLING THE BEAST

We follow **Thomas** into the Whitechapel district. He begins turning into a giant with tentacles coming out of his mouth! He leaps 6 yards down the street. We rush to capture him before he kills again. **Annabelle** pulls a glowing, humming, sword-thing out of ...her purse(?). Beast-Thomas pulls a gaslight right right out of the ground! **Grandma**, while flying on her broom, does ... something, and **Thomas** drops the gaslight. **Sergio** rushes the beast and swings his gladius; the beast dodges. Somehow, **Grandma** renders the brute blind and in pain. There is a gas explosion, but we're all still in the fight. **Annabelle** and **Sergio** hack at him; **Watson** shoots him in the leg. Eventually, **Sergio** eventually hacks his leg off. The beast goes down, changes back into the normal man, **Thomas**, and expires. A search revealed his calling card.

3 cp, Grandma MVP



GETTING HOME

BACK AT OUR INN

We rest up for the day. **Grandma** and **Sergio** work some of their healing magics. **Grandma** attempts to determine what **1** was drinking from his flask, but there just wasn't

really any of the **potion** left, and without a proper lab, **Grandma** can't make any determinations.

The next morning we head over to **Thomas's apartment**.

THOMAS CROSS'S APARTMENT

Annabelle unlocks the door to the **squalid little flat**—typical of many Brits at this time. We search the place and I find a **silver vial**. It smells like it held the same potion as the other. I also find a **leather apron**. **Grandma** takes a whiff—she smells the usual chemical smell, but also a whiff of the sewer. **Thomas's journal** seems to be in English, but it must be in some kind of code, because it looks like gibberish. Neither **Grandma** nor **Annabelle** can make sense of it.

We make our way into the **sewer**.

THE SEWERS

It stinks—even worse than the surface. **Annabelle** pulls out **her glowing sword**, **Grandma** touches **Sergio's sword** and now it's glowing dimly. I have proper **flashlight**. Hovering on her **broom**, **Grandma** sniffs the stinky wind, then leads the way.

Annabelle notices **a small person** in the shadows—not even a foot tall, dressed in medieval clothes.

ANNABELLE: Hello there. (She turns down a side passage, following it.)

Grandma and the rest of us follow, but we don't see anything. According to **Annabelle**, it hops upon a **saddled rat**.

ANNABELLE: Excuse me, can you help us find somebody?

BROWNIE: Are you talking to me.

He leads us to **the "creepy man"'s place**.

THOMAS CROSS'S LAB

I find a well hidden notched hole in the brickwork. **Annabelle** inserts the **key** we haven't used yet. We hear some gears and a section of the wall moves in and slides back. **Annabelle** puts away her **glowing sword** and pulls out some kind of **advanced sensor**. She doesn't detect any motion in the **lab**, but she does detect a few little things scurrying away in the sewer.

We walk in. There are **Jacob's ladders**, **chemicals**, and **burners** on shelves and tables. **Watson** sees a large knife switch on the wall. The wires appear to be going up into the center of the room. A bright light fills the room—the brightest we've seen since coming to this world. We seem to be in the **lab of a mad scientist**.

I check out his desk. Lots of research notes, which I can't make sense of—maybe **Grandma**...

What!?! A **big hairy ape** in a cage begins roaring at **Sergio**. Oh no: the **gorilla** starts changing. He grows, bends the bars of the cage, as a tentacle slithers out of his mouth!

Grandma and **Annabelle** move in. **Sergio** steals himself. **Dr. Watson** blasts the beast with his **Glock**. **The beast** swings at him with his giant fist in retaliation, but **Watson** dodges back. **Sergio** stabs him, deep into his chest; the beast is bleeding profusely, although the gunshot wound is already showing signs of healing. **Watson** blasts him again in the chest. **Annabelle**, with no thought for her own safety, rushes up and touches the **ferocious beast**. He seems stunned. **Sergio** wastes no time putting all his effort into swinging at the neck of the monster; his head comes off his body.

Sergio is very proud of himself

SERGIO: How about some accolades!?! [posing: one foot on the body, holding its severed head up]

I take a photo. **Grandma** begins sawing off the **gorilla's hands** to take with her – nobody asks.

I continue searching and find **50 gold coins**, which I give to **Grandma** for safe keeping. **Annabelle** traces the **power cables** and finds and opens a secret door. It's loud in here: it's a generator of some sort. It's glowing green and there is no obvious place for coal. **Annabelle** pulls a knife switch and the device seems to power down.

As we make our way to exit, **Annabelle** sees her **little invisible friend**.

ANNABELLE: [to her little invisible friend] I wouldn't go in there. And whatever you do, don't mess the "the box".

GRANDMA: [scowling to herself, loud enough for all to hear] "Faerie."

We walk out of the **vile lab**...

HORATIO CLUB

...and into the **Horatio Club**. We reek of sewer and are immediately ushered to showers. **Grandma** felt they were making too much a fuss about it.

3 cp, Annabelle and Sergio MVP