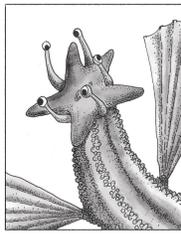


ORGANISM 46B

by
Noah Lloyd



The First Day

On their first day drilling into the ice, after a few hundred meters, the drill sputters and groans as though it has hit rock. This can be

a tense moment, as the investigators struggle with equipment and the backblow from superheated water (call for appropriate rolls as the investigators respond). After a few dramatic moments, the drill spits out a large chunk of what appears to be black, igneous rock; as soon as the rock warms up, however, it melts into a malleable putty unidentifiable by modern science. Allow the investigators to be creative in their attempts to identify the material: if they ever expose it to electricity (or you can contrive to have it exposed), it rigidifies into whatever shape it had been formed into. Another current causes it to re-liquefy. Further experimentation reveals that this property extends to the molecular level; the material is effectively impervious in its rigid state. The possible benefits to science, especially material manufacturing, are immense.

A conspiratorial member of the expedition named John Mercy seeds rumors around the camp about “Organism 46b,” a supposed cryptid discovered by the Russians in Lake Vostok, another Antarctic sub-glacial lake (see our resources in this one-page scenario’s original post for more information about this urban legend). Mercy claims that the Russians weaponized whatever it was they found under the ice, and that maybe this material is related to it.

The Third Day

Halfway through their drilling, while the crew attaches another shaft to the increasingly long drill, the whole apparatus begins vibrating; at first minutely (**Spot Hidden**, which allows the investigators to back off before danger occurs), and then with great ferocity. John Mercy stands near the bore hole when a sudden backwash of superheated water sprays from the hole, effectively boiling Mercy alive—any investigator near the bore hole should roll **Dodge** or take 1D10 damage as the water surges out. The investigators can attempt to save Mercy, but his skin peels and falls away whenever he is touched, and his death is merciful (**SAN** 0/1D4).

Amid the chaos, the drill collapses into the bore hole: even though another kilometer of ice should be standing in its way, the whole apparatus rockets downward. The only explanation (with **INT** if necessary)

is that they have hit an unexplainable pocket of air, large enough for the drill assembly to collapse into. The bore hole is about one meter in diameter—just wide enough for a full-grown person to descend, and the expedition has more than enough rope and safety equipment to lower down a select few individuals...

The Chamber, the Elder Thing, and the End of the World

As the investigators are lowered through the shaft, no roll is necessary (assuming they bring flashlights with them) to notice the segment of electro-mimetic material the drill churned through on their first day. They apparently drilled straight through a narrow band of the stuff, about five meters tall, that is obviously viscous and darker than the surrounding ice above and below it; anyone who leans in for a closer look, and with a successful **Spot Hidden**, notices what might be tiny occasional sparks along its surface. It is easy to take samples, if they so desire.

It takes nearly an hour of hanging in an uncomfortable harness for the investigators to reach the site of the drill’s collapse. The floor of the area they enter is covered in snow (unusual for Antarctica, which receives almost no precipitation), and the drill has foundered into many segments that lean haphazardly against stony columns. (A closer look at these columns will reveal that they are not natural, but handmade.) Getting their bearings, the spheroid chamber they find themselves in is perfectly symmetrical, with perfectly smooth walls and ceilings, and likely a continuation of this pattern beneath the snow; it is about the size of a football field, with a ceiling half again as high. The columns and stone walls, some of which the drill has knocked over, are parts of pentagonal buildings arranged in an almost beehive fashion. As the investigators explore, **Listen** notes sounds of movement coming from the approximate center of the chamber, and a queer musical piping.

In the center of the chamber is a huge cone, the funnel of its mouth pointing downwards. Beneath this cone, happily toying with his experiments, is a billion-year-old, and quite mad, Elder Thing inventor that calls itself Dimitri (**SAN** 0/1D6). Dimitri has built itself a speech box that translates its musical piping into human language—at first it attempts speaking to the investigators in Russian (they were, after all, the first to explore nearby Lake Vostok), but once it realizes they speak English, it fiddles with a couple of knobs and the speaker switches over to English (though Dimitri’s speaker always has a Russian

accent). Dimitri is happy to meet the investigators—even if they attack it, it attempts to placate them and request their help. Dimitri has been down here for far, far too long, and all it wants is to see daylight again... but, you see, it has a problem, the chamber they are all now in is a bomb, set to make the Earth unusable by the Elder Things’ enemies the Mi-go, and, well, the humans have just set the bomb to ticking. Dimitri can answer just about all of the investigator’s questions.

While this conversation is occurring, anyone who remains at the collapsed drill can roll **Spot Hidden** to notice that a black ooze seems to be dripping, and then running, down the hole and pooling onto the cavern floor. This eventually reconstitutes into the Mi-go Electro-mimetic Shoggoth (use **Shoggoth** stats, **SAN** 1D6/1D20 to witness). Wait for a suitable moment in Dimitri’s conversation for the shoggoth to attack (perhaps Dimitri is explaining the nature of the electro-mimetic material, or perhaps Dimitri has just said, “Why yes, disarming the bomb is easy, all you do is—”), when it collapses upon Dimitri and devours it.

The investigators now have two problems: 1) find a way to defeat or escape the shoggoth, and 2) disarm doomsday machine. The bomb funnels its explosion through the large cone at the chamber’s center, so destroying the cone (or luring the shoggoth into destroying it) will stop the bomb and melt the shoggoth, long enough at least for the investigators to make it back to the cable and begin their ascent. Alternatively, Dimitri *has* left instructions behind on using the bomb’s controls, but they are written in confusing Elder Thing cartouches as simple arrays of dots (readable with **Cthulhu Mythos**). Alternatively, investigators can attempt three **Hard Operate Heavy Machinery** rolls (or other if they can improvise a creative solution) to defuse the bomb via the control panel. Every round that an investigator fiddling with the controls fails a roll brings the bomb one step closer to detonation—they only have four failures to disarm it. The electro-mimetic shoggoth freezes in place if an investigator can manage to send electrical current through it, but only for the duration of one round, before it regains control of itself. If they fail to disarm the bomb, suffice it to say, the Earth trembles as a new supervolcano opens directly beneath Antarctica. If they succeed at stopping the bomb, but the shoggoth survives, and the bore hole remains open, it eventually begins to squeeze its way up the shaft...