

A NEW SECRET WAR BEGINS!

ACHTUNG!

A MODIPHIUS
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ISSUE
NO. 2

Dare YOU wield
the unholy might
of the MYTHOS?

Gamemaster's Guide

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GUIDE

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Introduction



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Chapter One

Introduction

A Meeting of Minds

"Another failure? I am beginning to suspect that these are no mere accidents. Why are we thwarted at every turn?"

Reinhardt Weissler's icy tones scarcely concealed the seething anger that bubbled inside him. He glanced around the room, a chapel deep inside the shadowy bowels of Wewelsburg Castle. None of the congregation dared meet his gaze. Even amongst the assembled ranks of Masters and Canons, here in the very seat of their sorcerous power, it was not considered wise to catch the eye of the Exarch of the Black Sun.

"Report, what do you know of this matter?"

"It is no doubt a result of a plot by Section M, or their American cohorts, Majestic, Exarch." The repugnant features of Reiner Lang, one of the four priors who comprised his senior command, ventured. Lang's voice wavered and his body twitched, the flabby folds of flesh levered into an ill-fitting SS uniform. "They have been a thorn in our side, ever since..." Reiner's voice trailed off, wilting under the Exarch's stern gaze.

"Any thoughts, Fräulein Fleischer?" The Exarch enquired, irritated by Lang's inane babbling.

Klaudia Fleischer, tall, immaculate, an ideal of Aryan womanhood, toyed idly with one of the silver cuffs at her wrists. She looked composed, but the movement revealed her nervousness. She spoke quietly, but her offering proved no more satisfactory.

"My Norn dreamers have probed the matter extensively, Exarch, but to little avail. All I can say with any certainty is that no human agency appears to be at work here." Even in extremis, she couldn't help but furnish an answer which made Lang's theories seem foolish.

Weissler's ire softened, it was a rivalry he fed and encouraged, one designed to keep them on their toes and at each other's throats.

"What do you think, Prior Urner?"

A small, rather plain looking old woman dressed in tweeds came forward. Candlelight glinted off her glasses but just as she was about to speak, a wracking cough seized her. The Exarch waited impatiently for it to subside.

"My apologies, Reinhardt." The Exarch scowled. Astrid Urner was a brilliant academic, a renowned scholar, but she was beginning to suffer from the infirmities of age and sometimes forgot her place.

"...I mean of course, Exarch. I have devoted considerable time and energy to the subject, and many of my most talented and diligent novices have worked tirelessly, but we have been unable to come to a resolution. The books make mention of many possible causes, but I cannot say with any certainty..." The Exarch's small store of patience began to be exhausted as Urner wound tortuously through strange convoluted theories and references even he had trouble following. Eventually, he raised his hand in a short chopping motion. Urner took the hint.

"Prior Lohmann?"

The Black Sun's supreme warrior-sorcerer stepped forward, the low light playing on the greying hair at his temples and the scarf which he wore to conceal the scarring on his neck. His face carried the same sneer it always wore, but the grey eyes were cool, calculating.

"I have no evidence, only instinct and that instinct points towards Wolff and her hellish cubs." There was a stir within the ranks at the reference to *Nachtwölfe* and its leader. The former prior Mina Wolff was a despised figure, her organization loathed within the Order of the Black Sun.

"If in doubt, I always ask myself, who stands to gain the most if we fail? Who else but *Nachtwölfe*?" Albrecht Lohmann concluded smugly.

Weissler stared at the four members of his inner circle, giving them the full benefit of his unwavering gaze. Each was useful in their own way, especially the dangerous Lohmann, his nominal second in command, but none had been able to bring this matter to a satisfactory conclusion.

"Speculation, supposition, conjecture, not one of you is able to say how this information has leaked, how our most secret operational plans have fallen into enemy hands. Yet, you miss the most obvious explanation of all... there are traitors in our midst."

None of the four Priors blinked, but Weissler knew he had their full attention now.

"But Exarch, surely..."

"Silence, Lang. I have suspected as much for some while, but I have been unable to uncover sufficient evidence to prove my theories... until today."

At Weissler's final word, the unholy chapel's doors swung open to reveal a legion of silent *Toten*, the Exarch's personal bodyguard. These remorseless undead warriors marched into the room in perfect step, surrounding the conclave. Impassive steel masks covered their faces, razor sharp black steel claws tipped the ends of their forearms.

"It was quite simple really, just a matter of deduction, for it could only be from inside this very castle that the information was extracted. Yet how were they doing it?" intoned the Exarch. "And more importantly, what must we do to uncover these turncoats?"

"Every senior Black Sun initiate has walked in the valley of the black sun, felt its ebon rays upon their brow, believes in the manifest rightness of our destiny. How could any of our brothers and sisters betray us?" The question hung unquietly in the air.

"Quite simply, they could not. No, it was some outside agency, something which had permeated our ranks, infiltrated our counsels, penetrated our innermost sanctuary!"

The Exarch stepped back and let his mind relax, beginning to feel the power course through his veins. Black fire played around the tips of his fingers, his pupils turned to ebon as he drew on the power of his patron deity, Nyarlathotep. He intoned a low chant, deep and sonorous, which conjured a humming ball of cosmic fire between his upturned palms.

"But no terrestrial agency this, Lang. It is far beyond the capabilities of those Allied fools."

"Something not even the vision of your Norns could detect, Klaudia."

"For these are creatures who set no store in ancient books and tomes, Astrid."

"Nor could the direst machinations of Mina Wolff ever explain this, Albrecht!"

The humming reached a fever pitch and Weissler brought his hands together in thunderclap and the ball exploded, sending a shockwave through the room.

The assembled ranks shuddered beneath the raw power of the eldritch blast. But as it subsided and the dust cleared, where once there had been ranks of Canons and Masters, now stood revealed rows of bizarre otherworldly creatures. Their bodies were like an insect's, but they were human-sized and larger, winged and with savage looking sets of claws and pincers. The creatures set up a great buzzing sound like an agitated wasp's nest.

"By Yog-Sothoth!" Weissler heard Lohmann exclaim.

"No, not by the Gate and Key, but by the swarm and the hive!" exclaimed the Exarch. "Mi-Go infiltrators who killed our own and borrowed their shapes! Well? Shall we stand for such presumption?"

The Exarch's hands shimmered again and conjured two streams of dark liquid fire which seared through the ranks of the nearest Mi-Go, incinerating several drones outright and setting many more ablaze. In moments, Lohmann and Fleischer followed his lead, conjuring ebon lightning which chained through their creatures, causing their limbs to pop and burst, boiling them inside their carapaces. Lang, somewhat predictably, went on an immediate retreat and wove a protective shroud around himself and Urner.

Battle was joined in earnest now as *Die Toten* entered the fray, their inhuman speed and merciless blades rising and falling, chopping and slicing, tearing the Mi-Go apart. Stunned by the ferocity of the attack, the Mi-Go gave ground, but soon began to fight back, drones and augmented warriors selling their lives dearly before the unrelenting assault.

Bodies littered the room, but two Mi-Go scientists were at the centre of the fray, trying to rally their forces and using sonic weapons to blast at the leaping *Toten*. But as their foot soldiers perished, dying in droves around them, the Exarch unleashed another torrent of magical energy which tore one scientist apart and left the other floored, its limbs smoking.

As *Die Toten* mopped up the last few survivors, the Exarch stalked over to the stricken scientist, seized its head and looked deep into its alien compound eyes. "I know you creatures share your thoughts telepathically, so hear me now. If this was a declaration of war, consider the challenge accepted," he said, then tore the scientist's head from its neck, and tossed it to roll along the floor.

"I rather enjoyed that," concluded the Exarch. "I must get out of my office more often."

What is Achtung! Cthulhu?

Achtung! Cthulhu is a setting setting for Lovecraftian roleplaying during World War II, which allows players to discover the truth behind the malign influence of the Mythos on the Nazi war machine and beyond, as conflict engulfs the globe during 1939-1945.

In this pulp-influenced world of brave Allied heroes and dauntless two-fisted adventure, you will take on the role of the Gamemaster or GM, guiding players in the roles of Allied servicemen and women, secret agents, members of the resistance or even hapless civilians caught up in the wider conflict. You will direct the twisted might of the Nazi occult: the Cult of the Black Sun, who wield foul magic and summon captive horrors in their bid to unleash Yog-Sothoth. You'll also control *Nachtwölfe*, their nominal allies but real rivals who place their trust in Atlantean technology, weird science, and strange wonder weapons to prevail.

You will describe and shape a world where dread secrets and powerful artefacts lie forgotten in ancient ruins,

abandoned sites and forgotten cities, and you will reveal dusty tomes and manuscripts replete with eldritch knowledge that was never meant for the sight of mortals. You'll give players the opportunity to arm themselves with experimental technology and deadly weapons, and help them learn powerful magical spells and harness potent psychic powers to fight against this uncanny threat.

You'll bring to life exotic native races like the Deep Ones, undersea worshippers of the dreaming god Cthulhu, or the strange Mi-Go, fungoid-insectoid beings from the furthest corners of the solar system who have come to Earth for an unknown purpose. You'll also control the monsters, entities and gods of the Mythos themselves, who seek to take advantage of the chaos of the second world war to extend their dominion over the minds of men.

Will your players prevail against all odds, or will they, like so many others before, fall to the malign influence of the Mythos? That is your story to shape and tell...





What is the 2d20 System?

During your game, players' actions and their consequences will affect the storyline. When you make a villain pull the trigger, what happens when your player tries to dive for cover? Does the hail of bullets hit them full on taking them down or do they narrowly miss, spraying the nearby wall instead? When a character is in jeopardy and the outcome is in doubt, it's the dice that decide, but it's you who frame the narrative, provide the setting and decide on the difficulty of each test.

The player pulls out a pair of twenty-sided dice and rolls them to see what happens as they try to evade. A twelve and a fifteen means the heroine will feel those slugs penetrating her flesh, her body twitching under the impact. If they rolled a three and a ten, you decide the bullets whistle harmlessly by her cheek and describe that result.

Roleplaying games use rules in order to shape or resolve the drama of a story but the GM presides over all, a weighty but awesome responsibility. *Achtung! Cthulhu* utilizes the 2d20 System (2d20 shorthand for "two twenty-sided dice") and while the dice reign where the gamemaster does not, you are the one who describes the adventure, makes sure everyone has fun and each character has a chance to shine.

The 2d20 system also has some unique characteristics which aren't present in other roleplaying games. Rules

for **Stress** let you know how much physical and mental punishment characters can take. Rules for **Momentum** allow characters to push home any advantage, using that successful dive into cover to come up all guns blazing, or make their escape through a handily discovered back door. You have your own currency **Threat** to make a Nazi patrol materialise out of the ether, suddenly blocking the heroine's escape route and sparking a further encounter (an event that is invoked as a **Complication**).

All of these rules and mechanics, help set the scenes, add suspense, and shape the thrilling storylines that characters from the *Achtung! Cthulhu* universe experience during their daring escapades.

The 2d20 System is here to lend a helping hand but it's you who ultimately decide. **Foci**, **truths**, **talents** and other mechanical values will come together to flesh out each character's personality — while **skills** and **attributes** define their virtues, as well as their weaknesses, but you control a vast cast list of allied and opposition NPCs with which you people the game. The 2d20 System does all of this in an easy-to-learn, quick-to-play manner and throughout this book, you'll find plenty of examples to help walk you through the mechanics in engaging ways. As you take up the mantle of GM, get ready to create, describe, and populate this awesome universe — we promise it's going to be one hell of a ride!



Chapter 2

The Secret War



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Chapter Two

The Secret War

Achtung! *Cthulhu's* Secret War is an ongoing battle raging between six major factions drawn from the Allies, the Axis and the Mythos, although many other conventional and otherworldly forces are caught up in this hidden conflict, either by accident or design.

Founded by Exarch Reinhardt Weissler, the Cult of the Black Sun are the sorcerers supreme of the Nazi Reich, whose primary goal is to bathe Earth in the atrophying rays of the solar black sun which contains the imprisoned god Yog-Sothoth. Their arch rivals are *Nachtwölfe*, the Night Wolves, a breakaway group led by Mina Wolff, who believe in the primacy of science and technology and who use distinctive Atlantean *Blauer Kristall* to enhance their troops and construct Wunderwaffen — wonder weapons — to win the war.

Opposing them are the dauntless heroes of Section M, Britain's own occult force. Led by Sir Alec Towton, it is comprised of a mix brave field agents, eccentric boffins and powerful mystics, who combine typical British ingenuity, improvisation and invention to endure the worst the Nazis can throw at them — as long as there's a decent cup of tea always on hand. Even before America's formal entry into the war, the United States' Majestic, the "office of mumbo-jumbo" was there to lend its British allies a welcome hand. Led by the redoubtable Sally Armitage, Majestic combines native courage, raw American muscle and psychic operatives to take the fight to the Nazi menace.

Elsewhere, eldritch non-human powers stir. The Deep Ones are an Earth-native amphibian species dwelling in submarine cities deep within the depths of the ocean, and who come to the surface to interbreed with humans, defend their undersea environment and prepare for the day their dreaming god, dread Cthulhu, awakens. Their enemies, the Mi-Go, are an alien species, a strange mix of insectoid and sentient fungus from the far reaches of the solar system, interstellar explorers, scientists and conquerors, who have come to this planet to pursue a dark agenda of their own.

In this chapter you'll learn more about these six different factions, discover their drives and motivations, who they really are and what part they play in the conflict. Beginning with each faction's origin and history, you'll move on to explore their hierarchy and command structure, and what you can expect when you meet them out on the field of battle. After that you'll probe deeper to discover their bases and installations, both major headquarters where they plot strategy and tactics, and the temporary field bases where they shelter whilst out on campaign. Finally, you'll finish up with a breakdown of their plots, goals and missions, as well as learning about their most famous battles and the part they played in the overall story of World War II.



Section M

"We've not got much time. Or much hope. But, we do have a stiff upper lip. So that'll just have to do."

— Viscount Alexander 'Alec' Towton

Section M's mission is to oppose and foil Black Sun and *Nachtwölfe*'s worst machinations and serve as Britain's front line occult force in the Secret War. It's always playing catch up, but that's the nature of things. Section M was not officially brought into being until 1939. Black Sun had already been in existence for a decade, millions of marks poured into establishing its citadels, arcane researches and overriding mission to unleash the solar black sun's dread gaze across the face of the earth.

Section M began as a necessary counter measure to the worst of the Nazi occult, but also as a means to ensure that Alexander Towton, its founder and financier wouldn't interfere in what the higher-ups felt was 'the real business of war'. Yet, despite its initial heavily reliance on a forgotten archive of Victoriana and a talent for improvisation and making do — Section M survives and eventually thrives. Its success is due to a combination of those great British virtues — indomitability and luck — while leaning on the cosmopolitan diversity of its former Empire to fill in any gaps. By war's end it has matured into a formidable fighting force.

The strength of Section M lies in its unorthodoxy, its faintly amateur ethos and its adaptability, reacting directly to situations without the burden of endless bureaucracy. Sir Alec Towton is a brave and indefatigable leader, adept at spotting an array of talent and harnessing it for Section M's exacting needs. If questioned by grey-faced Whitehall civil servants, his invariable response is: 'I'm paying for most of this. I don't need to explain how I choose to spend my money, do I? Good god, man. This is Great Britain.' Usually, this is enough to quell any further interference in the affairs of the Section.

BACKGROUND

"Give another of my chaps a white feather, ma'am, and you'll be ordering your next pound of mince through broken teeth, got it?"

— Margaret 'Peggy' Walsh

The Right Honourable Alexander Ward-Grey Towton (see p 168) is a man of energy, drive and commitment and an almost pathological inability to accept that his specialist assistance in the war effort is not required. This makes him a significant irritant to the War Office and to the raft of sub-departments and ministries at which he would



The first great adventure in the ongoing, globe-spanning Zero Point campaign. A band of heroic soldiers, agents, and partisans combine deep behind enemy lines on the eve of world war II, as they discover the unspeakable horrors of Castle Karlstein in occupied Czechoslovakia!



Three Kings
1939

As the British Expeditionary Force withdraws in the face of the almighty Nazi Blitzkrieg, soldiers, agents, and resistance fighters are caught up in the chaos and carnage of the Battle of Dunkirk, as a sinister conspiracy threatens the lives of the retreating Allied armies.



All that stands between Hitler and the complete conquest of Europe is Britain's last line of defence, the Royal Air Force. Göring launches his assault, but the RAF endures, and the Nazi occult are called in to extinguish Britain's last hope. Can a brave team of agents tie together the disparate threads of the plot, foil Germany's plan and prevent Operation Sea Lion, the invasion of Britain?

Heroes of the Sea
1940

Battle of Britain:
Their Finest Hour
1940

The battle for the western deserts of North Africa is at its height. Deep in the great wastes, an ancient evil stirs, provoked by the unwise intervention of meddling Black Sun sorcerers. War makes strange bedfellows and Section M and Nachtwölfe form an uneasy alliance to return a fabled city back to its resting place beneath the ancient sands.

The Serpent
and the Sands
1941

1939
Shadows of Atlantis

1940
Under the Gun

1941
Tomb of the Aeons

1942
Code of Honour

Discover the secret history of the earliest days of the war: a tale of murder, greed, and deceit, where forbidden knowledge is prized higher than a man's life (or his sanity) in the quest for an ancient artefact of immense power...



With German forces just 20 miles away across the English Channel, Britain digs in, bunkers hastily built into the White Cliffs of Dover. These excavations uncover a strange building buried deep in the chalk, seemingly millennia old. What uncanny truth lies at the heart of this curiosity and can the agents discover it, before others turn up to claim this ancient prize?

The crew of *Ingrid*, a Mark IV German panzer, become lost in an unnatural sand storm in the deep wastes of North Africa. When they stumble upon a strange temple complex, they are forced inside the unholy ziggurat to recover a lost artefact. Will they defeat this channel house's newly awoken inhabitants and can they survive the horror lurking in this tomb of the aeons?

Istanbul is a neutral city, packed with spies, all waging a deadly war of wits against a backdrop of cocktail bars and polite smiles. Yet, something even more terrifying is going on beneath its ancient streets, setting in motion centuries old plans which threaten to change the course of the whole war - and even the world itself!



Allied agents are asked to investigate a revolutionary propulsion system, but are soon plunged into a thrilling adventure which takes them way beyond the narrow confines of their mission parameters, to confront monstrous foes, probe a dark conspiracy and explore a mystery as pitiless as the mountains themselves.

As Hitler launches his last great throw of the dice, Operation Brute Strength commences, a secret offensive within the main Battle of the Bulge. The ancient Ardennes forest contains many dark secrets, an Elder undercity, forgotten Celtic gods and a brave resistance movement, but can the Allies thwart the machinations of the Blackbird and his legion of Black Sun and *Nachtwölfe* henchmen?

The final remnants of the Nazi occult gather at the far ends of the earth, as the Western Allies join forces with the Soviets to battle the Third Reich in the most dangerous theatre of war yet, the snowy plains, icy mountains, and subterranean tunnels of Antarctica. There, monstrous foes and an ancient horror await, and at stake is the very fate of the world itself!

Something unwholesome stirs in the wilds of the frozen north as Section M observe the movements of the Heidelberg, a troop ship moored in a remote Norwegian fjord. What has drawn Elena Munx, one of *Nachtwölfe*'s rising stars, to such a remote part of the world, and is it connected to legends of strange creatures which stalk the area?

As the Allies close in, Hitler orders Exarch Weissler to enact the *Endzeiten* Protocol (End Times Order), triggering Ragnarok, and dooming mankind to servitude beneath the withering gaze of the black sun. Can a small team of agents penetrate the city, halt Weissler's demonic ritual and capture the Fuhrer before he triggers the end times?

A Light on the Mountain
1942

Blessed of the Wind
1944

The Forest of Fear
1944

Ashes of Berlin
1945

Assault on the Mountains of Madness
1945

1943
The Trelborg Monstrosities

1944
D-Day
The Darkest Day

1945
The Fall of
Wewelsburg Castle

1945
The Siege of
Fenrir's Seat

The war hangs on a knife edge. Set free by a leading Nazi occultist, an ancient evil stirs in the snowy fastnesses of the Norwegian border, threatening to unleash a terrifying artefact which could not only alter the course of the war, but change the fate of humanity itself. Can the fearful Trelborg terrors even be defeated by mere mortal men?

Occupied Europe awaits the long promised Allied invasion, but on the UK's south coast, a entire regiment of US landing craft practice is reduced to matchwood by a potent undersea power. Can Black Sun now command mighty ocean-going leviathans? Could this prevent D-Day? Investigate a trail which leads through ancient legends to the forgotten remnant of a fabled underwater city.

The end is nigh and senior Black Sun command flees to Wewelsburg II, the sinister edifice erected in the Dreamlands. There, out of the reach of the Allies, they will seal themselves away from the world of men and plan a fourth Reich. The Allies prepare to take on the formidable defences of Wewelsburg in the real world, then continue the assault in the Dreamlands, sealing its dark influence away forever.

As the embers of war fade, Allied forces surround Fenrir's Seat, *Nachtwölfe*'s secret base in the Tyrol. A tense stand off ensues, as the cornered night wolves make their final stand, threatening to summon the sundered god Sarthothus. A defector suddenly offers a way in, but what secrets await in this formidable complex and what is Mina Wolff's last great gambit?

regularly arrive, a fistful of laboriously typed pages in his hands, insisting that he knew what the mysterious agencies in Nazi Germany were really up to.

Towton is an expert on the occult and is certain that his insights into the presence of Reinhardt Weissler and his cult will prove pivotal. The majority of the top brass in Whitehall disagree. Some of them quite vociferously. But as the power of the Black Sun is finally revealed and becomes impossible to ignore, Towton is appointed as the head of a putative counter force, dedicated to combating the Nazis on their own terms — Section M.

Blooded Early

"He saw something out there... Alec might never say what... but he saw something. Never been quite the same since."

— Major Lawrence Grand

Few are aware of it, but Towton has encountered the Mythos before. As younger man, he pursued adventure across the globe until, somewhere in the Hindu Kush, he met something which changed him forever. Towton never speaks of it but no one who has spent a night in Section M's headquarters can ignore the agonised screams which emerge from his room when he is sleeping, or the fact that he has no memory of the dreams which induce such terror in his unconscious mind.

The initiative, to finally harness Towton's enthusiasm and esoteric knowledge, comes from Major Lawrence Grand. Grand is the head of Section D; a top-secret department dedicated to dangerous and unusual missions. As the direct precursor to Section M, it is Grand who recognises that even the best of his well-trained operatives cannot hope to deal with the darker forces which the Third Reich is unleashing. Fortunately, one of Grand's most trusted aides in Section D is an old friend of Towton's and makes Grant aware of the eccentric peer's expertise. And wealth. George Taylor, Towton's long-standing friend and business colleague, is well aware of Towton's deep knowledge of *les affaires eldritch* and arranges a meeting between the two at the Savoy.

While Grand is initially evasive about the precise nature of the threat Section D faces, Towton is quickly able to deduce its true nature and offers insight, help and suggestions to combat the occult menace. Grand, recognising an opportunity, uses all of his considerable influence to overcome the reluctance of the establishment and Section M is born. Towton's ability to finance much of Section M's early operations is a vital element in removing the deep-seated distrust in the 'old-boy's network'. While his lineage and credentials can't be disputed, Towton himself is considered 'not quite sound'. Yet with Grand's backing, Section M comes into being, though the birth pangs are sometimes painful.

Fortunately, despite the inevitable bureaucratic delays, Section M is able to immediately launch itself into the Secret War with gusto. Towton has not been idle in the meantime; as far back as 1933, as Weissler's presence in the echelons of the Reich was revealed, Towton recognises that the Nazis are willing to pursue even the most dangerous and forbidden avenues of knowledge, if it can lead them to power.

Anticipating the crisis to come, Towton began to gather a small select team of contacts he could draw on — 'when' as he ominously put it, 'the time came.' As soon as Section M is officially sanctioned, Towton moves with speed. Men and women of talent from Great Britain, the Commonwealth and far beyond are quickly assembled at Towton's home and briefed in their new duties. Major renovation and refurbishment work begins at Clemens Park, Towton's estate in the Garden of England. Classrooms, laboratories and training areas are hurriedly constructed and the already extensive occult library is augmented with a number of more dangerous tomes on special long-term loan from the British Library.

Towton leaves much of the planning and organisation of this phase of Section M's development to his indefatigable amanuensis, Margaret 'Peggy' Walsh (see p.169). Miss Walsh is a long-term employee of Towton's and quickly establishes herself as his de-facto second-in-command, during his frequent absences. This is indelibly imprinted on the minds of everyone when a recruit makes the mistake of talking over her. Without a pause or change in inflection, Miss Walsh drives her fist into the man's stomach and pushes him backwards into the small boating lake in the garden. Since then, even the toughest of soldiers have learned to listen when Peggy speaks. Those who visit Section M on more specialised occult business are already quite aware of her quick wit and extensive knowledge of the weird and unnatural.

The military arm of Section M initially lacks a clear leader, but this lacuna is quickly filled, when Towton is introduced to the ferocious Captain Eric Harris (see p.165). "Badger" Harris, as he is known is a career soldier and a man apparently without fear, which he amply demonstrates during the Battle of France. While even the toughest soldiers lose their minds in the face of the terrors Black Sun unleashes, Badger Harris remains absolutely imperturbable. Harris quickly recruits a special service Commando unit of like-minded men, whose intelligence, bravery and a willingness to face any horror, no matter what the cost, marks them out. It does not take many operational encounters before even the most fanatical Black Sun and *Nachtwölfe* troopers learn to fear the name of Badger's Commandos.

The nascent forces of Section M are, even in the days before America joins the war officially, bolstered by further expertise from the United States. Miskatonic University, home to a number of men and women long aware and hardened against the Mythos, willingly offer

their support. Soon, Section M and the embryonic forces which will eventually go on to form Majestic (p 22) establish their own version of the lend-lease program. Tanks, jeeps and other more arcane resources are lent to Britain in vast numbers, and Section M begins to amass a series of grimoires, and develop its own unusual weaponry based on a forgotten archive of Victorian armaments.

The war, far from grinding down the optimism and vigour of Section M, only serves to embolden it and, as Towton is able to point to more and more successes in the field, his sceptical superiors soon began to afford him the latitude — and the budget — he had always wanted. With this in place, Badger's Commandos are soon turned into a crack force, with equipment to rival even the most dangerous *Nachtwölfe* formations, thanks to Section M's FEAR lab (see p.18).

Further reinforcements are drafted in quickly, with the Grey Watch (p.163) — an elite band drawn from the Scottish border regiments — and Gopal's Ghurkhas — a fearsome Nepali regiment — soon offering additional numbers and radically different tactical options to Section M's battlefield capabilities. The Bronze Berets, a unit of dead-eyed snipers drawn from the cream of British marksmen, are introduced to new technologies like the Beowulf Mk I Sniper rifle (p.61) adding even more raw anti-Mythos battlefield muscle. The Berets soon begin to take a deadly toll on the most fearsome of Black Sun's summoned horrors.

This influx of money and manpower leads to a shift in Towton's thinking. Whereas, in the past, Section M had been a chiefly defensive organisation, as the war wears on, Towton is able to increasingly go on the offensive, dispatching his forces overseas, and sometimes, even further afield...to thwart the machinations of Weissler and his erstwhile protégé. Section M is able to provide military intelligence and crucially, direct operational support to the Allied war effort throughout the mid- and eventually final stages of the war. Towton's agents are instrumental in diverting attention from the Reich's occult reconnaissance of D-Day, ensuring that the weather magic which Black Sun had intended to use to disrupt the invasion of France is quelled. As the noose tightens around the Third Reich, Section M troops are fully committed to prevent the tides of dark magic and hideous science and finally condemn the writhing Nazi serpent to death.

*"Eyes up,
cards away,
CO incoming,
tention!"*

Amateur Allies

Towton is fortunate in the early days of the war to be able to call on the Fraternity of Inner Light to supplement Britain's mystical defences. Founded in 1922, by Dion Fortune, these amateur mystics are based near Glastonbury Tor in Somerset and are able to come to the defence of the realm through their deep meditation sessions. Fortune, a gifted medium, instructs her Fraternity on how to combine their psychic powers to construct a refuge in the Dreamlands and bring into being shadowy avatars to protect Britain from the growing threat she senses from Germany.

The shadowy figures are actually servants of the Elder Gods in their guise as guardians of the Dreamlands. The Elder Gods fear Nyarlathotep and the Black Sun's use of the dream realm as a hidden fortress and marshalling ground, and take steps to defend against it in the real world. When Weissler dispatches his Norn dreamers to terrorise the minds of the British high command, it is these guardians, with the Fraternity's aid, who respond, repelling the assault, and killing or rendering insane many of the Norms' most powerful dreamers.

SECTION M HIERARCHY AND MILITARY STRUCTURE

"Section M ain't like anyfing else in the British Army? Thank Gawd for that!"

— Corporal 'Biter' Oulthwaite, 'Badger's Commandos'

The existence and success of Section M is ultimately, due to the efforts of one man, Alexander Towton. An irrepressible, indefatigable man, it is with Towton that much of the credit for Section M's successes and the blame for its failures comes to rest. At its inception, Section M was a handful of men and women in a slightly dilapidated manor house, but by war's end, it is a large and flourishing department, able to put multiple specialist squads in the field, provide arcane and logistical support and deploy on multiple fronts to combat the Nazi occult menace wherever it threatens. At its centre, devising its stratagems and tactics, weaving multiple disparate threads into a coherent whole, and approving nearly every operation and mission is Towton himself.

His eternal second-in-command is the gifted and relentless Peggy Walsh, his trusted right arm. Aiding her are a series of dedicated experts. These include Towton's long-serving (and long-suffering) staff — Arthur Morris, the taciturn chauffeur, bodyguard and vehicular expert; Dr Dennis Parker, the eccentric but brilliant scientist responsible for the creation of many of Section M's more outré weapons of war. This cadre is supplemented by a number of key military personnel and advisers, amongst them, Corporal (later Colonel) Akhee 'the Eye' Singh, the legendary Eric

'Badger' Harris, and the equally renowned (though for different reasons) 'Mad' Jack McMasters. This tight-knit inner circle is responsible for plotting Section M's course through the choppy waters of the Secret War.

Below them, Section M is an increasingly well-organised and carefully directed body of fighting men and women. At its inception, the ad-hoc nature of Section M leads to a degree of sprawl — with different departments and detachments all operating with a degree of autonomy that resulted in something approaching semi-organised chaos.

As it develops, this is no longer the case. Now Section M operates with a structure which mirrors a division of the British Army itself. Towton and his inner circle form the Divisional Headquarters. Each military detachment operates as its own independent body when in the field, but is capable of rendering support to any other, if ordered. Given the nature of the missions with which Section M is tasked, the military forces at its disposal are always better equipped than regular infantry — capable of surviving with greater independence and possessing additional training to ensure that they can survive for long periods of time behind enemy lines.

Section M's extensive scientific and research staff are also treated as de facto military personnel; while large numbers are employed as researchers and analysts and remain in Britain, many are sent overseas as support forces, capable of supplying jury-rigged weaponry or magical resources to negate the capacities of the Reich. This is one of the many reasons for Professor Richard Deadman's ubiquity throughout the western front during the war; in the early stages of the conflict, he was one of the few with the combination of academic knowledge and experience of intelligence work to prosper in the field. While Section M was forced to rely heavily on Deadman initially, Towton works hard to ensure that this is not always the case — finding young, intelligent men and women who could combine their natural gift for academia with the rigours of combat or magical training. These candidates are subjected to rigorous testing, for physical and mental aptitude and stability. The vast majority do not pass these tests, but still go on to have exemplary careers during the war, working for Naval Intelligence, at Bletchley Park, or as SEO agents.

The select few who are considered both sufficiently brilliant and sufficiently sane are inducted into Section M's Facility for Eldritch and Arcane Research (FEAR), whose name is sufficient indicator of its areas of expertise, although the nomenclature is not used outside Clemens Park. Everywhere else, FEAR is just referred to as 'The Lab'. It combines a historical research bureau (the Arcane), dedicated to poring through even the most obscure and neglected of grimoire in pursuit of knowledge, with a scientific department (the Eldritch), specialising in dissecting and understanding the hideous creatures and powers which the Black Sun and *Nachtwölfe* draw on.

FEAR is nominally under the command of Dr Parker, however, in reality it operates without much in the way of direct control or supervision. Instead, its staff of brilliant scientists, drawn from every corner of the Commonwealth (and beyond) are entrusted to devise the most potent and devastating weapons of the Secret War. While *Nachtwölfe*, with its Blue Crystal technologies, appear to have a head start on the engineers and innovators at FEAR, it is rapidly able to close the gap and begin to record significant victories, utilising its newly created weaponry and devices.

Towton is indulgent of 'The Lab', agreeing with Parker that the best means of combating the technological and magical advances of the Reich, is by acquiring some of their own. Sometimes, this has resulted in... unfortunate incidents. A number of small explosions have rocked the countryside near Clemens Park headquarters, and a number of Home Guard officers called to investigate strange activity around a number of local farms are never seen again. Or at least, never seen whole, again. This has resulted in FEAR being considered something of a liability in the staid corridors of Westminster, but Towton's growing reputation and influence are enough to ensure that the questions about what, precisely, is going on have been asked quietly, when they have been asked at all.

As the war continues, and Section M's involvement deepens and becomes more demanding, the organisation sets up independent cells in overseas occupied territories. These function like fairly typical resistance cells, except that they boast a significantly smaller and more gifted membership. There are few who know the truth of the Secret War, and fewer still who possess the skills and audacity to fight it. Section M supplies these cells with whatever they can spare, but as Black Sun and *Nachtwölfe*'s machinations grow ever more desperate and deadly, many of them learn to fend for themselves. A commitment to secrecy and ingenuity have rendered this network of incalculable value to the Secret War effort. Section M, despite its burgeoning resources and growing sophistication, relies heavily on these resistance cells' efforts and sacrifices: they provide vital intelligence on Black Sun's and *Nachtwölfe*'s dispositions overseas, as well as regularly sabotaging and interdicting the Nazi's best-laid plans.

*"Rank, hierarchy, command structure,
they only go so far.
Lead by example,
inspire and enthuse -
impart purpose and above all,
show your troops you care.
Do that and they'll fight to
the ends of the earth for you."
— Alec Towton*

SECTION M BASES

"A Section M Base needs many things to ensure that it offers the best possible chance for survival. But, most of all, it needs somewhere you can brew a decent cup of tea."

— Viscount Alexander 'Alec' Towton,
from a briefing given at Clemens Park.

Clemens Park

The ancestral home of Viscount Towton, Clemens Park, occupies an extensive estate in Kent, close to the RAF base at Biggin Hill. Yet while Biggin Hill is a fairly conventional military base, Clemens Park is anything but. As a result, there are relatively few outside visitors and 'The Park' or 'CP' as those who live and work there call it, has rapidly achieved a reputation as a sombre, forbidding place.

Despite its reputation, Clemens Park remains a beautiful neo-classical building, built in sturdy redbrick. The gardens, though reduced in size as more outbuildings have been erected, are still carefully maintained and the broad drive which describes a lazy curving path up to the vast, iron-studded wooden front doors retains all of its deliberate grandeur. It is only inside that things become noticeably... different.

Once it became clear to Towton that, if Section M were to thrive, it would need a dedicated space in which to do so, he devoted his considerable fortune to turning his residence into a specially adapted headquarters. The ground floor of Clemens Park retains most of its traditional trappings and character — though it has been somewhat spruced up. While Towton, himself, is a frugal man, he is also aware that besuited men from Whitehall have certain expectations of a Viscount's home, and it makes political sense to indulge them. Reception rooms, a drawing room and even a Billiards room are all exquisitely furnished. Thick carpets, leather chairs with just the right trace scent of cigar smoke clinging to them... everything is as one might expect from a formal stately home.

Towards the back of the ground floor, the façade slips a little. Here, there is less luxury and more utility — tables and chairs are decidedly less comfortable and the rooms are strewn with documents, maps and radio transcripts. There are also classrooms, in which new recruits are given the famous Section M welcome briefing and then quickly inducted into the organisation. The on-site training facilities occupy a great deal of the surrounding land and a number of the outbuildings, in which various classes are given, covering everything from jury rigging explosive devices and hand-to-hand combat, to stealing a car or strategies for placating an angry Ghoulish pack. The first lessons, however, are always given in the manor itself.

The first floor is entirely given over to the now famous library-cum-museum, which Towton has been building for many years. While this once occupied a single room, Towton had already begun to expand it before the war began and the onset of hostilities has seen it consume

the entire upper floor of the house. Bookshelves teeming with reference works, mythological texts and prophetic tracts can be found lining every wall and there's a locked section where the most dangerous tomes are kept hidden. The almost endless columns of shelving are occasionally broken up by display cabinets, stuffed with the strangest and most unsettling occult paraphernalia; Deep One fins, shrunken Servitor heads, the atrophied tip of a Mi-go wing... all of these and much stranger can be found, nestling in the glass-fronted display cases.

The lower floors, the basement and the sub-levels contain a series of well equipped laboratories. These extend someway beneath the earth, and much further into the Kent countryside than the formal boundaries of Clemens Park might indicate. These laboratories are used for a variety of purposes, including the preservation and analysis of Mythos creatures, the creation of new weaponry and other highly classified procedures. FEAR is also rumoured to have several cells constructed even deeper in the earth, in which the most dangerous Black Sun prisoners of war are kept. There are even specially adapted meeting rooms, in which it is rumoured creatures from beyond this world are brought to the table to negotiate. The war must be won and mutually shared goals can sometimes make for the strangest of bedfellows...

The rest of the manor house contains kitchens, bedrooms and all the other necessary features of a functioning residence. Towton continues to live at Clemens Park most of the time, with the east wing of the house typically reserved for him, though it too has been somewhat modified, to allow certain highly classified meetings to occur there.

While most of the outbuildings at Clemens Park are occupied with various elements of training, including an armoury and a firing range, there is one installation that deserves special mention. Set some distance apart from the rest of the training huts (all of which, it should be said, are freezing cold in winter), is the Hub of Arcane Reconnaissance and Defence, or as it's more commonly known, HOARD. HOARD is the means by which Towton, his inner circle and the plans of Section M are kept secret from the prying eyes of Reinhardt Weissler and his allies. HOARD is covered in complex and incredibly powerful magical sigils, its interior only occasionally existing in the same dimension as the rest of Clemens Park. Fluctuating and flickering through several dimensions, it emits an implausible geometrical and magical protective shield over the entire estate.

Creating and implementing HOARD was a remarkable and highly dangerous feat and was only achieved by unprecedented co-operation between the innermost circle of Section M's top Celtic and Runic sorcerers. Maintaining the magical barrier is perhaps as difficult as initially establishing it; venturing into HOARD is potentially lethal, with the universe teeming and roiling just inside the door. Only those of great magical skill are trusted with shoring up the fraying edges of its shielding spells. HOARD is perhaps the