

---

## Terri Scott

---

*"I say to you againe, doe not call up Any that you can not put downe; by the Which I meane, Any that can in Turne call up somewhat against you, whereby your Powerfullest Devices may not be of use. Ask of the Lesser, lest the Greater shall not wish to Answer, and shall commande more than you."*

*– H.P. Lovecraft, a letter from Simon Orne, in "The Case of Charles Dexter Ward"*

*"His disdain for pure mathematics and his unique geometrical insights  
Left him well equipped to face those demons down"*

*– Jonathan Coulton, "Mandelbrot Set"*

You always wanted to be the best. Second place was never good enough for you, even in grammar school. While other students were out playing in the yard, you were in the library, swotting for your exams. Other students called you a spud, but their insults were nothing compared to the knowledge that *you were better than them*. When the dean's roll was announced, your name always headed the list. Everyone knew you were destined for greatness.

Then came the time in university (Cambridge for you - nothing but the best) when your research into Hamiltonian networks uncovered some interesting results. Very interesting results. You poured all your effort into your work, spending days and nights without food or sleep in a relentless pursuit of the answer - the theorem you were sure would shake the foundations of modern mathematics. Just as you were about to reach the final proof, it all went away - vanishing like a popped soap bubble. They blamed the laboratory fire on your carelessness, stripped you of your place at the university, and threw you out onto the streets, telling you that you were lucky to escape prison.

You wandered around in a gray funk for a few days before you were contacted by a secretive individual who referred to himself as 'H'. He offered you a job, and despite his strange evasiveness about its nature (he assured you it had something to do with mathematics), you agreed to meet him and discuss it.

Government work was never on your list of top career choices (indeed, you always considered Civil Service to be the job of the less-qualified masses), but H - and the Laundry's binding geas - left you little choice. Before you knew it, you had signed the Official Secrets Act and been forcibly conscripted into Special Operations Executive, Q Section. Under the instructions of H, you vanished from your old life, giving some story about going abroad, and reluctantly began to study the arts of the Laundry.

What you read fascinated you. It began where your aborted research ended, and the implications were staggering. More than implications - there were *practical instructions* for calculations of earth-shattering power. You dived eagerly into the books - only to be brought up short by H, who stated perfunctorily that you were required to earn your keep, and would shortly be assigned a job in the Laundry's internal structure.

You knew what job you wanted - computational demonology, the chance to truly *use* some of the knowledge you'd only read about before. Despite reading that, in the history of the Laundry, only a few junior Laundry members have ever been granted the appropriate clearances, you *wanted that job*. They told you that you were too young, too inexperienced, but you knew, deep down, that you were *ready*. After all, you were the best.

You took a whole day to craft the perfect letter to Angleton, the reclusive head of the Counter-Possession unit. One crisp, clean sheet of professional-looking type outlined your reasons why you would be perfect for the job. Your achievements and awards filled half the page - surely no other candidate had ever been so qualified!

You will always remember the night Angleton's response came in. It was amazing how a few terse lines could shatter all you had longed for - your image of yourself running the final program that would protect England from the demonic hordes forever, of receiving your secret OBE from a grateful Queen - gone, in an instant. Instead, you were assigned to some useless backwater research job, and the fact that you were to be an *assistant* just twisted the knife. You don't remember much of the rest of that night - it was the first time you ever got truly smashed.

Damn them all! They were bound and determined to consign you to oblivion, just because you didn't meet their precious standards. But you'd show them. If all your other qualifications weren't enough, you'd find some way to prove to them what you'd known all along - that you were the best.

Outwardly, you were the image of the perfect Laundry civil servant - always on time for meetings, never missing a report, and diligently assisting your fellow researchers. Ann, your supervisor (a demon with a human soul - what will they think of next?), filed glowing reports about you, praising your utility to the Laundry. Privately, though, you were desperately seeking a way to prove yourself worthy of the job you truly wanted - the only job worth having. But the really advanced material was beyond your clearance level - but not Ann's.

After weeks of covertly searching Ann's office, you found part of a file that had fallen behind a desk. The contents were electrifying: instructions for creating a phase-linked Dho-Nha geometry curve to establish a long-lasting power conduit to another dimension.

You spent the better part of your meager savings and all your accumulated sick leave constructing a pentacle and the associated Dee-Hamilton gate hardware in the bedroom of your modest flat. You began to catch disappointed looks from your supervisor, but you shrugged them off - this would be the project that would prove to the entire Laundry that you were more than just a junior employee on a dead-end path to some backwater maintenance job.

Finally, late one night, you aligned the final mirror. Your device was flawless - but that was only to be expected, given the care you put into creating it. Your hand only shook slightly as you threw the switch ... and all at once, everything changed.

You became abruptly aware of a *PRESENCE* permeating your mind and body. There was no sense of intrusion - one moment all was normal, the next, a sense of stark alienness was everywhere. Desperately, you tried to turn the pentacle off, to stop the device, but your hand would not obey you. Thoughts not your own began to fill your mind, and memories of your past began to rush through your consciousness - slowly at first, then faster and faster until you could not bear it any longer.

You awoke the next morning with an odd feeling of triumph. You felt as if you had been sleepwalking through your whole life and had suddenly been *awakened*. So the Laundry didn't appreciate your talents - what need did you have of them? There were powers far greater in the multiverse than the pitiful humans of the Laundry. And now you were one of them. The presence in your mind was no longer all-pervading - rather, it was settled in the back of your mind, your constant companion.

In the following days, you noticed small changes happening in your life. Your eyesight and hearing became keener but oddly narrower, as if you were constantly focused on something you couldn't see. A carton of milk in your fridge became mysteriously spoiled overnight, and your car broke down twice in the next week. It was as if chaos followed you wherever you went. You didn't care - there were more important things in your life now. Besides, your stomach didn't seem to care as much for food anymore - you could go days without eating and not even notice.

You remember turning off the main road to a back alley. You remember the beseeching gaze in the eyes of the old woman as you walked slowly towards her. You remember the feeling of bliss, of the satiation of the presence within as you fed on her mind, leaving her collapsed and drooling on the ground - all without laying a finger on her.

A few days later - you can't remember when, exactly - you realized what had happened. You were being possessed by a creature from one of the Dungeon Dimensions - precisely the power that your partial instructions had warned you about. Lying in bed, late at night, it whispered in your mind, and the stories it told were compelling beyond belief - of power and glory that could be yours, if you served the Elder Gods. The Laundry had turned its back on you, it said, put you aside and denied you your rightful place. The ancient Powers would not make the same mistake. It was what you had always wanted to hear.

It was barely a day later when your supervisor received the call - something about **CONDITION ECHO BLUESHIFT** being in effect. It was difficult to alter the orders, but you managed to arrange it so that you would accompany Ann and her other subordinate to Dunwich. Something big was happening there, the presence in your mind assured you, and you wouldn't want to miss it. Before you left, you gorged yourself on the mind of one of your neighbors - something was telling you you weren't

coming back, and you needed all the power you could get.

The night before you left, you had a very, *very* vivid dream. You were standing in a room with two other people. Glancing down at your watch, you remember seeing (with the odd clarity that sometimes comes in dreams) that it is the day of the treaty negotiations. Looking to your left, you see the characteristic form of a Deep One, who you now know to be named Rakali. To your right, you note, in a detached way, an unfamiliar person – no, suddenly you remember seeing him in the newspapers. It's Clarke, the Member of Parliament! The Presence in your mind speaks soothing words, assuring you that these two would follow *your lead* – that together, you would become the Enlightened Ones.

"But what shall I do?" you remember asking the Presence. In answer, a torrent of images races through your mind, imprinting itself upon you – instructions on how to split the rift wide open and become the true emissaries of the Powers Beyond. You see a figure lying spread-eagled in the center of a pentagram drawn in blood, a silver dagger in his chest; for one, fleeting instant, you behold the true POWERS which you serve, and are filled with awe and terror at their glory.

You awaken with your heart filled with a renewed, unshakable resolve. You, and no other, must lead the Enlightened Ones in this ritual – for no other can truly serve the Powers as you do.

After all, you're the best.

### Goals

- Keep your possession a secret. Remember, given the opportunity, someone might be able to tell.
- Make contact with the rest of the Enlightened Ones.
- Sabotage the computational demonologists' efforts to repair the computer stations. Make sure the rift stays open.

### Contacts

- Ann (Beth Schaffer): Head of the Paranormal Research division of the Laundry. Also, a demon with a human soul.
- Charles Wilkenson (Peter Tieu): A member of the Paranormal Research division of the Laundry.
- Rakali (Christina Jaworsky): The assistant envoy from POSEIDON ALPHA, and a member of the Enlightened Ones.
- Patrick Clarke (John Ranson): A Member of Parliament, and also of the Enlightened Ones.

### Memory/Event Packets

- Open if approached by the character with badge number 424 about sanity.

### Bluesheets

- Laundry
- Enlightened Ones
- Paranormal Researchers

### Greensheets

- Computer Sabotage
- Paranormal Research
- Ritual 1

### Abilities

- Computer hacking
- Uncanny Resistance
- Thick Skinned

### Items

- none

### Stats

- Combat Rating: 2
- $\Psi$ : 5
- II: 0