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**Patrick Clarke**

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*“An influential member of parliament has not only to pay much money to become such, and to give time and labour, he has also to sacrifice his mind too.”*

*– Walter Bagehot*

You are Patrick Clarke, a reputable member of the British Parliament. Because the continued peace between humans and the underwater races is essential for British shipping routes, the government has sent you to Dunwich Training Centre to oversee negotiations between the humans, POSEIDON ALPHA, and VARUNA NINE.

As a child, you were always patriotic. You remember proudly waving the Union Jack at a speech given by the Prime Minister. You remember seeing the smart-looking MPs gathered around her, and it was then that you resolved – a resolve you kept through years of law school – to become a Member of Parliament.

Your struggle to become an MP was difficult, to say the least. After a long, uphill political battle (in which your opponent pulled some dirty tricks on you, made even worse by the fact that you hadn't thought of them first), you finally made it to the Parliament seat. It was hardly a landslide victory, but your tenacity had made it yours.

You remember sitting in your new office the day after the election, reading through reports. You turned over the second-to-last report on your desk – and there, sitting under them all, was a thin folder from some government outfit you'd never heard of. Special Operations Executive – wasn't that disbanded after World War II? The folder contained the Official Secrets Act, but not the one you'd seen before. The third section... well, you don't want to think about it. The other documents in that folder described certain details that – well, the oddest thing was that you'd seen many of these concepts before.

Years ago, you encountered a book that changed your view of your existence. You heard about the possibility of holes being torn in the fabric of spacetime itself when powerful mathematical equations are solved, creating a gate between our dimension and a realm populated with demons too terrible to describe. This was told to you by a close family friend, the night before he supposedly “moved to Africa” and was never heard from again. But he left you the book, and you devoured its contents eagerly.

Since then, you have dabbled in research about the entities from other worlds. You've had to keep it somewhat low-key, because technically you're not supposed to know any of this. But you're an experienced politician, and gathering information from the unwary has always been one of your strengths. A bit of eavesdropping here, political ass-kissing there, and bribery in extreme cases has gotten you the information you need. And what information it has been!

The more you learned about the demons from the extra-platonic realm, the more nervous you became. You know a thing or two about the importance of allies, and how to win the favor of those more powerful than you. And from what you've heard about these creatures—fearsome, dark beings who will destroy the minds of those who oppose them—you want these Elder Gods as allies, not enemies. The very concept thrilled you.

By stroke of fate or luck, you've learned that Dunwich Training Centre is located on a sector of spacetime particularly vulnerable to rifts connecting your world and theirs. You've had to work for years to accumulate the information you have, but if there's any time to put it to use, it's here on the island of Dunwich. You'll need allies in this, though. Unfortunately, this opinion of the Ancient Gods is so unorthodox that even in Dunwich, their worshippers (who call themselves the Enlightened Ones) must operate in deepest secret.

You remember dreaming, the night before you left for Dunwich. You were standing in a gray, featureless room, with two people to your left. One was a young woman (with the odd clarity of dreams, you remember a nametag on her that read Terri Scott). The other had strange features, like a fish walking on land. Her name, you suddenly recall, is Rakali. You must make contact with them and help them appease the Ancient Ones, so that their power can help Great Britain rule the world.

You'll have to sit in on the negotiations, though. It's irritating, but it was the only way that you would have ended up in

Dunwich. You'll have to do your best to make sure that the treaty gets signed, otherwise people might start suspecting that you're here for... other reasons.

It's terrible to see people fighting a power so much greater than themselves. They're only sealing their demise at the hands of the Elder Gods. But through the power of the Old Ones, Britannia will be truly great again – the Empire on which the sun never sets.

### Goals

- Oversee negotiations between the people of Dunwich, POSEIDON ALPHA, and VARUNA NINE without attracting suspicion to yourself.
- Contact the Enlightened Ones and help them appease the Elder Gods.

### Contacts

- Jeremy Salisbury (David Farhi): The commander of the Dunwich Training Centre.
- June Whitfield (Bertha Tang): The representative of the Laundry to the negotiations.
- Rhaokinvar (Daniel Kane): The representative of POSEIDON ALPHA to the negotiations.
- Actassi (Rachel Leuthold): The representative of VARUNA NINE to the negotiations.
- Terri Scott (Elizabeth Hanson): A Laundry agent, and the leader of the Enlightened Ones.
- Rakali (Christina Jaworsky): Rhaokinvar's assistant, and a member of Enlightened Ones.

### Memory/Event Packets

- none

### Bluesheets

- The Laundry Negotiation Team
- Enlightened Ones

### Greensheets

- The Second Treaty of Dunwich

### Abilities

- none

### Items

- Tazer

### Stats

- Combat Rating: 2
- $\Pi$ : 1
- $\psi$ : 5