

ARKHAM HORROR

THE CARD GAME

Campaign Guide

The War of the Worlds

The Eve of War

"Yet across the gulf of space... intellects vast and cool and unsympathetic, regarded this earth with envious eyes, and slowly and surely drew their plans against us. And early in the twentieth century came the great disillusionment."

- H.G. Wells, "The War of the Worlds"

The War of the Worlds is a three-part campaign for *Arkham Horror: The Card Game* for 1 - 4 players. The three scenarios included are "First Contact," "Phobos and Deimos," and "The Thirsting Void." This campaign is based on both the book by H.G. Wells and the radio play adaptation by Orson Welles, and further adapted to the mythos of *Arkham Horror* with a few other connections and tweaks.



Campaign Setup

To setup *The War of the Worlds* campaign, perform the following steps in order.

1. Choose investigator(s).
2. Each player assembles his or her player deck.
3. Choose difficulty level.
4. Assemble the chaos bag.

◆ **Easy (*I want men from Mars*):**

+1, +1, 0, 0, 0, -1, -1, -1, -2, -2, ☠, ☠, ☠, ☠, ☆

◆ **Standard (*I want invaders from another planet*):**

+1, 0, 0, -1, -1, -1, -2, -2, -3, -4, ☠, ☠, ☠, ☠, ☆

◆ **Hard (*I want monsters from the depths of space*):**

+1, 0, -1, -1, -2, -2, -3, -4, -5, -6, ☠, ☠, ☠, ☠, ☆

◆ **Expert (*I want horrors from beyond the void*):**

0, -1, -1, -2, -2, -3, -4, -5, -6, -8, ☠, ☠, ☠, ☠, ☆

You are now ready to begin at the Prologue.

Expansion Icon

The cards in *The War of the Worlds* campaign can be identified by this symbol before each card's collector number.

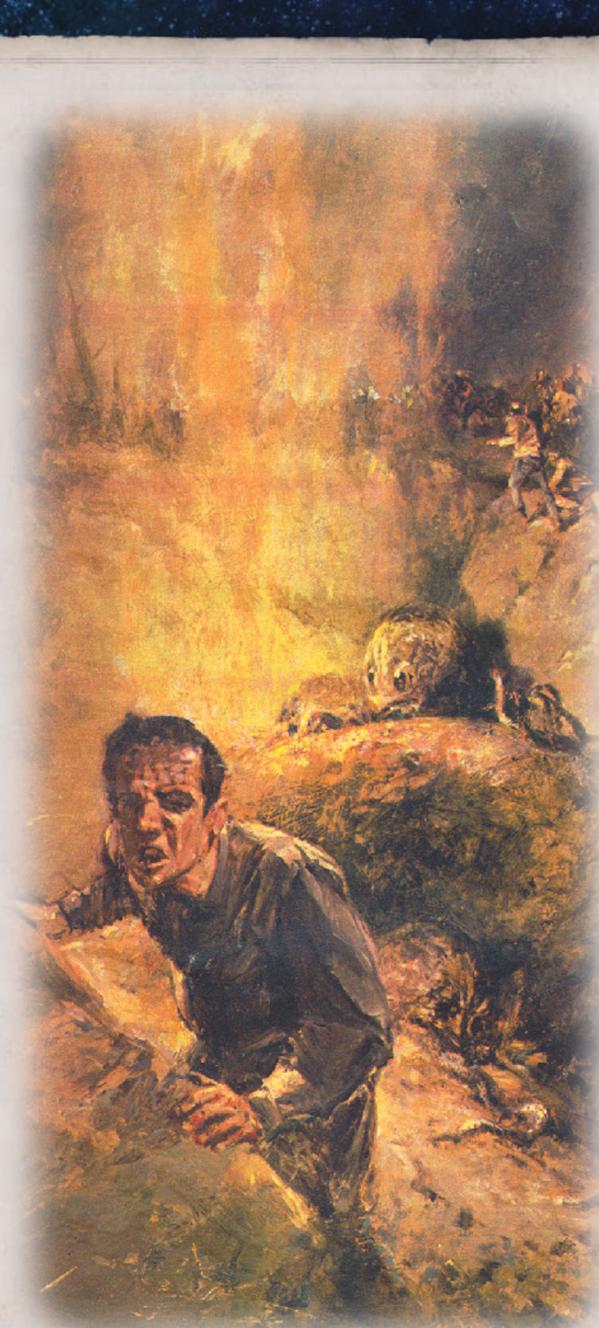


Prologue

It all began as a seemingly unimportant event in late October. Astronomers across the globe, from France to Java, all reported bright flashes of incandescent gas from the surface of Mars, moving towards Earth at great velocity. Though never before seen in human history, this phenomenon repeated each following night with astounding regularity. Theories ranged from volcanic activity to meteor showers, but the scientific community could not come to any definite conclusion, while the press relayed the mystery to a fascinated public.

Then, on the evening of the 30th of October, came the Thing. A flaming object plummeted to earth with a green flash that was visible for hundreds of miles, impacting on a small farm in Grovers Mill, New Jersey. It was thought at first to be a meteorite, though onlookers discovered an enormous metal cylinder half-buried in the impact crater and smoldering with intense heat. A local farmer named Wilmoth endured a storm of press attention as the main eyewitness of the cylinder's descent, but his layman's perspective only led to more questions. The reporters soon shifted their focus to Professor Richard Pierson from the local Princeton Observatory, who had made the trip to observe the strange object for himself. His conjecture was broadcast to the nation by radio until sudden motion from the crater once again diverted the reporters' attentions, but this time to their horror.

The cylinder rapidly unscrewed, and with painstaking slowness, the Martians emerged in all their grotesqueness. Bulky, with slick skin, tentacled appendages, and lipless v-shaped mouths, the aliens terrified the onlookers into a quick retreat. The Martians made no pursuit, but instead began to assemble strange machines with deliberate method, working slowly but tirelessly. The frightened spectators debated amongst themselves what to do about these grotesque creatures, and finally a few of the more optimistic men approached the crater with a white flag of truce. The Martians responded by employing one of their newly-constructed devices without delay. A parabolic object lifted out of the crater and projected a ray of invisible heat at the advancing party, immolating them in mere moments, and erupting the landscape around them into wildfire. What remained of the crowd fled in abject terror as the Martians returned to their machinations. There could be no doubt that the monstrous visitors were invaders instead, and war was their only goal.



Scenario I: First Contact

You and your friends had listened to the radio broadcast of the events unfolding at Grovers Mill. War with these alien invaders is inevitable, but you know that this will not be a conventional war by any means. The world is unprepared both physically and mentally to deal with such an alien threat. With your experience in the weird and arcane, you may be the only hope of repelling the Martian menace. As with any war, information will be the deciding factor; information you can only obtain by observing their tools, tactics, and weaknesses up close and in person. You work through the night to prepare as much as possible, delaying sleep until you're safely aboard the midday train from Arkham to Princeton.

It is well after sunset when you finally arrive at Princeton Junction, where uniformed guards of the state militia sternly turn away journalists, photographers, and other busybodies with the same tired repetition. After the initial attack, the militia locked down the site for the public's protection, but they've been waiting on orders from the top ever since. You suspect that if you submit to their authority to get access to the crash site, you'll be subjected to the same tedious protocol. However, the alternative is slipping past the cordon and possibly provoking the militia to investigate at a faster pace. In either case, there's no just telling how long the Martians will be content to stay secluded in the crater. You consider carefully whether to approach the guards and convince them of your talents, or slink off into the woods to begin your own covert investigation.

The investigators must decide (*choose one*):

- ☉ *"Getting the militia's assistance will be worth jumping through a few hoops. We'll convince the guards that we can help."*
 - ◆ In your Campaign Log, record that *the investigators are cooperating with the militia.*
 - ◆ Add 1  token to the chaos bag for the remainder of the campaign.
- ☉ *"The Martians aren't going to wait on militia protocols. We'll sneak onto the site and conduct our own investigation."*
 - ◆ In your Campaign Log, record that *the investigators are proceeding without permission.*
 - ◆ Add 1  token to the chaos bag for the remainder of the campaign.

Setup

- ☉ Gather all cards from the following encounter sets: *First Contact* and *Martian Invaders*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



- ☉ If the investigators are cooperating with the militia:

- ◆ During this scenario, use "Act 1 - Red Tape" and "Act 2 - Firsthand Account (v.I)." Remove the other Act 1 and Act 2 from the game.
- ◆ Also gather the *Collaboration* encounter set, indicated by this icon:



- ☉ If the investigators are proceeding without permission:

- ◆ During this scenario, use "Act 1 - Perimeter Breach" and "Act 2 - Firsthand Account (v.II)." Remove the other Act 1 and Act 2 from the game.
- ◆ Also gather the *Circumvention* encounter set, indicated by this icon:

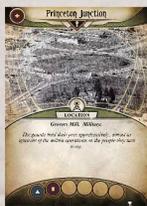


- ☉ Set the following cards aside, out of play: Second Crash Site, both copies of Fighting Machine.
- ☉ Put the Princeton Junction, Millstone River, Plainsboro Field, State Militia Field HQ, and Wilmuth Farm locations into play. Each investigator begins play at Princeton Junction.
- ☉ Shuffle the remainder of the encounter cards to build the encounter deck.

DO NOT READ until the end of the scenario



Suggested Location Placement



If no resolution was reached (each investigator resigned before Act 3 or was defeated): The investigators flee from the Martians' overwhelming assault. Go to **Resolution 1**.

Resolution 1: *The swift advance of the Martians' deadly machines forces you to abandon your investigation without the vital knowledge you sought. With the main roads now overrun by the invaders, you cut a path through the dense underbrush of the pine forest in a breathless chase. The constant flashing of metal and whoosh of the fiery heat-ray spur you onward, threatening you with the same gruesome fate as the soldiers should you stop for even a second.*

By the time the adrenaline wears off and you can finally hear yourself think once again, Grovers Mill is nothing but a red glow behind you. You collapse against a tree to recover as doubts rapidly seep into your brain. Did you ever have a chance against the Martians? Does anyone on Earth? The sheer power of their machines is so overwhelming that any tactical advantage you can think of would be effectively useless.

A green streak across the dark night sky interrupts your regrets, careening into the woods south of you and reminding you that you have only just faced the invasion's vanguard. The waves of invaders will not be stopped by fervent wishes alone. With your avenues of escape limited, you stand wearily and begin to trudge northward through the darkened forest, hoping that you will think of a solution in the coming hours.

- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record that *the investigators still know little about the Martians.*
- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record that *the Martians wiped out the militia.* If the militia was so easily destroyed, does humanity truly stand a chance? Add 1 🎲 token to the chaos bag for the remainder of the campaign.
- ☉ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☉ If there is at least one Fighting Machine in the victory display, skip to **Resolution 5**. Otherwise, proceed to Scenario II: Phobos and Deimos.

Resolution 2: *With the Martians focused intently on the scattered militia, you head north along the road from Grovers Mill, back the way you first came. The carnage behind you leaves plenty of doubts in your mind, but there is too much at stake to stop now. Without the information you now possess, any efforts from the militia - or any other force, for that matter - would be useless against the Martians weapons. You hope that your insights here tonight will prepare the rest of the world for the coming invasion.*

☉ In your Campaign Log, record that *the militia suffered heavy losses in their retreat.*

☉ Skip to **Resolution 4.**

Resolution 3: *The militia commanders attempt to regroup their disorganized troops on the nearby highway as you make your exit from Grovers Mill. Soldiers of all ranks are utterly baffled by their swift defeat by the Martians, but owing to your assistance, many of them survived with supplies to spare. You yourself might not have believed the overwhelming power of the Martian machines had you not fought them here tonight. To that point, one of the militia commanders approaches you, pressing you with questions on how you were able to combat the invaders so skillfully. You choose your words carefully, focusing your explanation on how the Martians can be outmaneuvered to avoid a lot of needless questions about yourself.*

The officer's interview is short, but insightful, and not just for him. Through his questions, you can infer that the military tried tactics that you hadn't considered. Though they ultimately failed against the Martians, this information both focuses and reinforces your own findings tonight. The questioning is cut short by the sound of advancing fighting machines and the hum of the ghostly heat-ray firing through the woods. At once, the militia scatter up and down the highway, with most soldiers funneling south toward the militia headquarters at Trenton. You prudently return north on the road you came by, both for better odds of avoiding the Martians and to begin work on applying your hard-won intel.

☉ In your Campaign Log, record that *the militia made a safe retreat from Grovers Mill.*

☉ Each investigator earns 2 bonus experience from their insights gained from overseeing the state militia's escape.

☉ Proceed to **Resolution 4.**

Resolution 4: *Through close observance in the heat of combat, you discovered the key flaw of the Martian invaders. As powerful as their inventions are, the Martians themselves seem to have great difficulty in moving and working on their own. Their actions are slow, deliberate, and painful, perhaps working to overcome the difference in gravity between Earth and Mars. Their vehicles make up for this vulnerability, and each one has a specific function. The Martians behave like brains, changing bodies to suit their needs, but no single machine can perform all the tasks they need for their invasion. Whenever the Martians need to first construct a machine or transfer between them, they are at their weakest. It is an advantage you may have to press several times, for the night sky still flares with green flashes regularly, signaling the steady flow of yet more invaders.*

☉ In your Campaign Log, record that *the investigators discovered some of the Martians' weaknesses.*

☉ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.

☉ If there is at least one Fighting Machine in the victory display, proceed to **Resolution 5.** Otherwise, proceed to Scenario II: Phobos and Deimos.

Resolution 5: *Clutched under one arm as you make your retreat, you hold a gleaming fragment of one of the Martian fighting machines. These tripods are undoubtedly the most fearsome of the invaders' weapons that you have seen thus far, but they thankfully are not invincible. Their mounted heat-rays are only as accurate as the Martian pilots controlling them, and with their extreme size, they have considerable blind spots. Your own victory over a fighting machine is proof of your authority in Martian matters, especially where the military and government have failed. Should you need to prove yourself to a doubting public, solid evidence will be a great help.*

☉ In your Campaign Log, record that *the investigators have proof of defeating a Martian tripod.*

☉ Proceed to Scenario II: Phobos and Deimos.

Scenario II: Phobos and Deimos

For the next day and a half, you travel north through the New Jersey countryside, keeping close to the road but not on it. Due to the rapid Martian assault, trains were suspended, and the roads blocked off, leaving you with few options for travel. The journey is not a lonely one, however, as several of the surviving soldiers from Grovers Mill trudge alongside you. Most are still dazed from the first conflict with the Martians, but one artilleryman is more lucid than the others. He grimly speculates on humanity's chances, looking regularly to you for affirmation.

"They called over the radio that Trenton's been completely wiped out," the artilleryman mumbles anxiously, "It won't be long now until the Martians reach Washington, and then, what's to stop them? You've seen how frequently those cylinders keep falling." You largely ignore the soldier's doomsaying and try to work the facts into a plan of action. The state militia's power was clearly not enough to face the Martian menace, but you aren't out of options yet. The national military will be concentrating on large population centers like New York City to defend the largest number of citizens at once. With their better equipment and larger amount of troops, they might be able to match or even beat back the invaders, and your assistance will be invaluable to their overall efforts. Thankfully, your overland route has brought you close to Newark, just across the Hudson River from New York City.

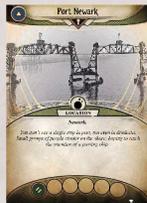
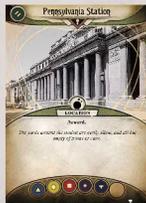
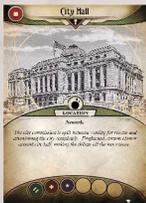
By the time you reach the outskirts of Newark, you hear the metallic echoes of the Martian war machines once more. Some of the tripods can already be seen in the distance, towering over the treetops. The civilians immediately begin to panic, which ripples into the city ahead of you like a shockwave. The streets quickly fill with people desperate to escape the Martians, slowing your own progress to a crawl. You had hoped that Newark would be only a brief stop on your journey, but the citizens are at a very real risk of being exterminated by the pitiless Martians. In the past, you sought and destroyed unknowable horrors to protect the average person from being subjected to them. It is far too late to keep the Martians a secret, but you can still protect these people and clear the road to New York City by helping to evacuate the disorganized city.



Setup

- ① Gather all cards from the following encounter sets: *Phobos and Deimos* and *Martian Invaders*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:
 
- ② Set the following cards aside, out of play: Holland Tunnel, Flying Machine, Artillery Cannon.
- ③ Put the Pennsylvania Station, Metropolitan Airport, Port Newark, Grace Church, City Hall, Rutgers University, and St. Michael's Medical Center locations into play. Each investigator begins play at Pennsylvania Station.
- ④ Put Professor Richard Pierson into play at City Hall.
- ⑤ Check the Campaign Log.
 - ❖ If the Martians wiped out the militia, use "Act 3 - Air Assault (v.I)." Remove the other version of Act 3 from the game.
 - ❖ If the militia suffered heavy losses in their retreat, or the militia made a safe retreat from Grovers Mill, use "Act 3 - Air Assault (v.II)." Remove the other version of Act 3 from the game.
- ⑥ Shuffle the remainder of the encounter cards to build the encounter deck.

Suggested Location Placement



DO NOT READ until the end of the scenario

If no resolution was reached (each investigator resigned or was defeated): The Martian forces have completely overrun the city. Go to **Resolution 1**.

Resolution 1: *The Martians sweep into Newark at a rate far faster than you anticipated, annihilating and collecting citizens long before you have a chance to help them. The added threat of the flying machine proves the final nail on the coffin, further scattering the refugees and scoring the city time and time again with its heat-ray. You narrowly dodge the deadly salvo and retreat down into Holland Tunnel where the aircraft cannot follow you. Screams and rumbles echo behind you, but thankfully, the passage is free of the toxic black smoke. You continue down into the tunnel, nursing regrets and cursing the day that the Martians began their terrible invasion.*

Your mind returns to the gruesome spectacle of the Martians draining the blood of the humans they caught, and the terrifying possibilities for the humans they didn't devour. Was the entire invasion purely a mission to subjugate the earth and turn its inhabitants into cattle? To travel millions upon millions of miles simply to take humanity as food? The Martians were certainly capable of this wanton cruelty, but doubt gnaws at the back of your head. There must be a deeper purpose to their invasion of Earth. Questions and theories clash inside your head, leaving you without any answers. Only by continuing on and finishing the fight can you hope to solve this grisly riddle.

- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record that *the investigators failed to evacuate Newark*. Was the city doomed from the start? Add 1 token to the chaos bag for the remainder of the campaign.
- ☉ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☉ If an investigator took control of Professor Richard Person during the scenario, proceed to **Resolution 3**. Otherwise, proceed to Interlude: The Stillness.

Resolution 2: *The sounds of fighting fade as you descend into the dim lighting of Holland Tunnel. Your efforts in Newark today have saved hundreds, if not thousands of people from the Martians' gruesome plans, to say nothing of your skillful destruction of the Martian flying machine. It seems logical now that the Martians would have mastered flight if they bridged the millions of miles between Earth and Mars, it was just a possibility you hoped that you wouldn't have to face.*

The other reality that you still have to come to terms with is the Martians feeding upon humans. You still shudder to remember witnessing the awful event and wonder just what drove the Martians to it. Given the brutality of their war thus far, the invaders may feed on any living creature in the same way, but they have specifically targeted humans in this campaign. Could humans possess some unknown quality that the Martians crave? Or could it be some prehistoric enmity toward humanity? The prospect of an invasion of this scope over something as simple as claiming food seems laughable to you. You wrack your brain for alternative reasons as you tread through the dimly lit tunnel.

- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record that *the investigators evacuated much of Newark.*
- ☉ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☉ If an investigator took control of Professor Richard Pierson during the scenario, proceed to **Resolution 3**. Otherwise, proceed to Interlude: The Stillness.

Resolution 3: *Professor Pierson claps his hand on your shoulder amid your troubled thinking and gives you an appreciative nod. "Take heart, my friend. You've helped avert a crisis today. It is inevitable that people died at the hands of the Martians, but if you prevented even a single person from falling into their clutches, then you've made a difference in this war." You nod, still coming to terms with the responsibility that you've shouldered. There is always a cost to war, but with the survival of all humanity at stake, it is well worth paying. The professor's sense of perspective is refreshing after all the terror and hardship. Logic is a valuable commodity in these strange and strenuous times, and Pierson is a more logical man than most. His assistance will be vital in the coming days and weeks. You nod to Professor Pierson in return and continue down the long tunnel to New York City, steadying your resolve for whatever awaits you at the end.*

- ☉ Any one investigator may choose to add Professor Richard Pierson to his or her deck. This card does not count toward that investigator's deck size.

☉ Proceed to Interlude: The Stillness.



Interlude: The Stillness

As you approach the far end of Holland Tunnel, a tremendous explosion sounds in front of you. The whole structure trembles, and the electric lights flicker for a moment before failing completely. Chunks of the ceiling shake loose, and you scramble toward the dim light. To your despair, you find the exit to New York City blocked by a jagged wall of rubble and earth. Through what small gaps remain, you discover that a Martian cylinder has landed directly in front of the tunnel, and the crater caused by its impact has walled you inside. The Martians have already emerged and begun to construct their war machines. With the invaders ahead of you and the collapsed tunnel behind, you are trapped.

Minutes draw to hours as you sit in the dark confines of the tunnel, trying to produce a plan. Any attacks you could stage would be made at an extreme disadvantage, hemmed in as you are, and the only avenue of escape is forward through the Martians. The proximity of the invaders even keeps you from striking a light or speaking too loudly, should they discover your position. Powerless to act and with nothing in the tunnel but fallen rubble and the frigid waters of the Hudson leaking in, you huddle up and try to keep your wits alongside the few refugees that entered the tunnel alongside you.

The muted sounds of combat reverberate around the crumbling tunnel throughout the night and into the next day. The immediate sounds of destruction and ballistic weapons lessen, while the unearthly oscillations of the Martian heat-rays only multiply, giving you plenty of insight into the battle raging outside. All the while, the Martians in the pit outside continue their construction without pause, without sleep, as relentless and remorseless as their machines. The tense silence gnaws at you, but worse still, at the civilians trapped beside you, who have no experience in the strange and far less fortitude than you. At last, one neurotic-looking man reaches his wits' end. "I can't stand it!" he cries, "We hide here only to waste away! Let me die in the fresh air if nothing else, for pity's sake!" Before you can make any motion to silence him, a mechanical crunching of debris sounds from the tunnel's entrance. One of the machines is investigating, and you have scant moments to make a crucial choice.

☉ The investigators must decide (choose one):

◆ "Fool or not, these Martians will not claim another life!"

Proceed to **For Humanity**.

◆ "Silence that idiot before he gives us all away!"

Skip to **For Survival**.



For Humanity: Unable to calm or silence the frantic man, you turn to face the crab-like handling machine as it breaches into the tunnel to collect you all. Limited by the cramped quarters and weakened by the conditions inside the tunnel, the machine proves more challenge than it normally might have. For minutes you grapple, praying that other Martians do not take notice, until finally you breach the handling machine's cockpit and dispatch its pilot. The panicked man sinks to his knees as the vehicle collapses, shocked into silence and perhaps reconsidering the value of his life after nearly losing it. You quietly instruct him that there will be no further outbursts, and sit back down to nurse your new wounds.

☉ Each investigator takes 1 physical trauma and 1 mental trauma. You've saved another life from the Martians, but at what cost?

☉ Continue to Scenario III: The Thirsting Void.

For Survival: The man's mania jeopardizes not only his life, but yours and those of the other civilians trapped alongside you. It is a harsh decision, but you deliver a swift blow to the back of man's head and retreat back into the shadows of the tunnel. One of the Martian handling machines forces its way inside, and upon finding the unconscious man, seizes him by the leg and backs out as quickly as it came, dragging its new victim with it. Silence creeps back in, but for the sounds of Martian activity, and you exchange a strained glance with the other refugees. Survival is paramount, and the Martians will not show mercy towards anyone. Those that do not have the strength to oppose them are easy prey.

☉ Add a 🍀 token to the chaos bag for the remainder of the campaign. Each sacrifice is another advantage for the Martians.

☉ Continue to Scenario III: The Thirsting Void.

Scenario III: The Thirsting Void

Another night passes in the cold isolation of the ruined Holland Tunnel, leaving you weary and ragged. For the first hour after waking, you sit in a daze until you realize that you actually are sitting in utter silence. The sounds of the nearby construction have vanished, and even the distant hum of heat-rays has fallen quiet. A lump catches in your throat as you peek through a small gap in the debris. The pit holds only the empty cylinder now without a trace of the Martians or their devices. Excitement fuels your body, and you break out from the tunnel, breathing fresh air again at last. You savor the relief before encouraging the other survivors to join you.

You find your bearings quickly, though the results unsettle you greatly. The tall buildings and orderly roads around you have been shattered and upended. The occasional gust of wind stirs the coating of black dust, giving slight motion to an otherwise frozen ruin. You have trouble accepting that this abandoned ghost town was once New York City. Could the Martians have annihilated it so utterly in a mere three days? Could this dead city truly be the one that never sleeps? You swallow your fears and doubts to tell the worried survivors to look for food while you try to find answers.

Each street you visit offers you the exact same view. Half-demolished buildings and burnt-out cars smolder side-by-side, and you find no end to the corpses coated in the black residue of the poisonous smoke. You fail to recognize the many landmarks that once made the city famous, each melted and shattered by the Martians' rampage. Your path meanders vaguely northward until you lay eyes on the spacious expanse of Times Square. It was perhaps the busiest intersection in all of the western hemisphere, but now it lies as deserted as the rest of the city... but for one thing.

A shrill cry suddenly rings out across the square, two alternating notes in an inhuman voice. "Ulla... ulla..." Your eyes turn upward to find one of the Martian fighting machines, collapsed against a broken building. The cockpit sits partially opened, and its pilot droops over the side in a repulsive state. The alien's skin is pale and clammy, and a foul ichor drips from its mouth as it writhes sluggishly in place. Its eyes latch onto you, half-conscious but with fierce hatred still burning. Again, it bellows the cry with all the strength it can. "Ulla... ulla..." What at first you thought was an echo between the empty buildings soon returns as distant cries of other Martians. The call repeats again and again, and as the wail carries around the city, the sky darkens steadily above you. The wind whips up from an inconstant gust to a powerful gale, but still the cry carries above it. After all you have seen, this cannot be coincidence. Even in this wretched state, the Martians are attempting something much darker.

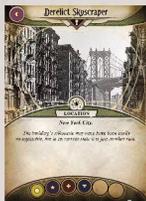
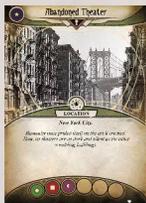
Setup

- ☉ Gather all cards from the following encounter sets: *The Thirsting Void* and *Martian Invaders*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



- ☉ Check the Campaign Log, under "Evacuated Locations". Count the number of listed locations and subtract 8 from that number. Add a token equal to that result to the chaos bag for the remainder of the campaign. (For example, 5 locations would result in a -3 token).
- ☉ Before drawing opening hands, if Professor Richard Pierson is in an investigator's deck, that player sets that card aside, out of play. After each player has drawn his or her opening hand, the player who set Professor Richard Pierson aside adds that card to his or her hand, as an additional card.
- ☉ Set the following cards aside, out of play: Uvhash.
- ☉ Put the Times Square, General Motors Building, Central Park, and Statue of Liberty into play. Each investigator begins play at Times Square.
- ☉ Remove one of the two copies of Derelict Skyscraper, Vacant Square, and Abandoned Theater from the game at random. Put the other copies of these locations into play.
- ☉ Check the Campaign Log.
 - ❖ If the investigators failed to evacuate Newark, remove the 69th Regiment Armory location from the game and put the Collapsed Wreckage location into play.
 - ❖ If the investigators evacuated much of Newark, remove the Collapsed Wreckage location from the game and put the 69th Regiment Armory location into play.
- ☉ Check the Campaign Log.
 - ❖ If the investigators discovered some of the Martians' weaknesses, use "Act 1 - Stark and Silent (v.I)." Remove the other version of Act 1 from the game.
 - ❖ Otherwise, use "Act 1 - Stark and Silent (v.II)." Remove the other version of Act 1 from the game.
- ☉ Shuffle the remainder of the encounter cards to build the encounter deck.

Suggested Location Placement



DO NOT READ until the end of the scenario

If no resolution was reached (each investigator resigned or was defeated): The investigators could do nothing to prevent the summoning of Uvhash. Go to **Resolution 1**.

Resolution 1: *There was no escape from the red tendrils of Uvhash. They surged downward from the stormy sky, spreading like the Martian red weed and draining the blood of any and all surviving humans. The brave few who chose to fight against the dread outer entity fell just as swiftly as those who cowered and fled in their despair. None remained who could stop Uvhash from slaking its thirst upon humanity in a complete and total massacre. The battle for New York City was lost, and with it, the war between Earth and Mars as well. However, this was no victory for the Martians. Even as humanity bled its last, the invaders lay dying in the broken streets from the native infections of Earth. What bargain they struck with Uvhash may never be known, but the Martians are denied their prize, and share the Earth with humanity now in cold silence.*

- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record that *the Martians summoned Uvhash to consume humanity.*
- ☉ Each surviving investigator is **killed**.
- ☉ The investigators lose.



Resolution 2: *The unsteady chanting of Martian voices reaches a fever pitch as a great mass descends from the stormy sky. It is Uvhash: a spectacular conglomeration of mouths, eyes, and grasping tendrils. You stare in horror until a deafening roar sounds beside you. Nodens, the great enemy of the outer gods, lets fly a sonorous hunting cry and raises his trident in challenge. A piercing and unearthly shriek returns from the nightmarish creature as it descends toward the Statue of Liberty with frightening speed. Nodens chants arcane words rhythmically and leaps upward to meet the advancing entity. Blue fire flashes at the three tips of his trident, blazing across Uvhash and blinding you with its sheer intensity. You avert your watering eyes and clamp your hands over your ears in agony as another shriek rings out, second after painful second until-*

Silence. The sounds of the churning sea, pounding rain, and death chant of the Martians have all ceased. Only the sound of blood rushing in your ears and the gentle lapping of the water against the island's base remain. You stand unsteadily and take a bewildered stock of your surroundings. There is no trace of the monstrous Uvhash or its rival Nodens. The storm has vanished completely, leaving only a cold gray overcast hanging over the damaged metropolis. The other alien creatures have likewise disappeared, and the Martians have ceased to draw breath for their haunting cries. Even your offering to Nodens is no longer lying in its heap beneath the statue.

You turn toward the sea with mortality in mind. The Martian war machines brought humanity to the brink, but even their power was nothing compared with that of the battle you partially witnessed. Was their great invasion nothing but another skirmish for these greater powers? Are humans truly so insignificant in this unknowable cosmic battle?

- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record that *the investigators called upon Nodens to banish Uvhash.*
- ☉ Each investigator suffers 2 mental trauma from bearing witness to forces beyond his or her comprehension.
- ☉ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display. Each investigator earns 5 bonus experience, as he or she has saved the world from the Martian invasion.
- ☉ The investigators win!

Resolution 3: *Time was not on your side in the summoning of Uvhash, but neither was it on the side of the Martians. The writhing nigh-infinite mass could not be slain by mortal means, but it could be waylaid. Each blow against the outer god spilled coveted blood. Each moment spent chasing you was time and energy wasted. You could not meet the price to call its rival, but your chance lay in making the Martians' own offering fall short. Minute after weary minute you continue the war of attrition, beating back the vampiric tendrils and scrambling to preserve your life to keep its pursuit. You feel the entity growing desperate as its feeding delays until at last, it cannot sustain itself from the Martian offerings. With a cry that jars your bones, the feaster withdraws back into the roiling storm above.*

You collapse down into the street, breathless and bloody, staring up at the clouds. The torrent of rain slows to a drizzle, and the cloud cover thins until the sky glows a cold gray color. New York City returns to the eerie silence from when you first emerged from the tunnel, but for the last few dying gasps of Martian invaders. Your scars and memories are all that remain of the Martians' final gambit. This war between worlds has ended. Against all odds, humanity has defended its domain... this time.

- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record that *the investigators drove Uvhash back into the void.*
- ☉ Each investigator suffers 2 physical trauma and 1 mental trauma from the strain of holding off Uvhash.
- ☉ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display. Each investigator earns 5 bonus experience, as he or she has saved the world from the Martian invasion.
- ☉ The investigators win!



Epilogue

Read the following only if the investigators won the campaign.

“Later when their bodies were examined in the laboratories, it was found that they were killed by the putrefactive and disease bacteria against which their systems were unprepared... slain, after all man’s defenses had failed, by the humblest thing that God in His wisdom put upon this earth.”

- “The War of the Worlds” Radio Broadcast

In the months and years to follow, humanity rebuilt their fallen cities and buried the dead. The Martian invasion was above all else humbling, and civilization rebuilt itself much more cautiously. Not since prehistory had mankind feared the night sky as they do now. A careful lens is now kept aimed at the ominous red planet, watching for the telltale green flashes and vapor trails. Had the Martians watched their comrades and learned? Were they already preparing to return? Only time would tell if the future was ordained to the humans or Martians.

And yet the world would never know the greater peril it had escaped the day that the Martians died. The only ones who claim the existence of the great vampiric monstrosity are those who also claim to have forestalled it. Leading experts would attribute this abominable being to hallucinations alone. Hunger and fear are powerful influences, to say nothing of the stress of facing the gruesome Martians firsthand. Even the brief storm over New York could be explained as a seasonal gale. Everything, the doctors agreed, could be explained rationally. After all, how could such a far-fetched tale possibly be true? Not like the men from Mars.

Credits

Arkham Horror: The Card Game Design: Nate French and Matthew Newman.

Campaign Design: Tyler Gotch

Editing: Tyler Gaffney, Spencer Wilkinson

Playtesters: Spencer Wilkinson, Daniel Martinez, Tyler Gaffney, Katie Gotch, Kevin Gotch, Troy Gotch, Axolotl, MickeyTheQ

Design Notes

And there you have it, the War of the Worlds with a Lovecraftian twist. I got the idea to adapt War of the Worlds to Arkham Horror because I read the original book on a whim and saw a lot of similar themes. Strange and hideous aliens, powerlessness to the invaders’ tools and methods, and madness as the protagonist wandered the streets of London in hunger and isolation. The only thing it lacked was a climax that didn’t give all the credit to the bacteria.

I decided to use Uvhash from James Ambuehl’s *The Advent of Uvhash* as the ultimate antagonist for the Martian invasion. In the story, Uvhash was an entity from an unnamed red planet who drained the blood of its victims. Since the Martians drank blood in the same way, it seemed like a good fit to make the Martians servitors of Uvhash.

As for the rest, I followed the book as closely as I could while drawing from Orson Welles’ radio broadcast, since rural New Jersey in the 1930’s was much closer to the Arkham setting than the original book was. I hope you enjoyed the adventure.

Campaign Log: *The War of the Worlds*

INVESTIGATORS

PLAYER NAME	PLAYER NAME	PLAYER NAME	PLAYER NAME
INVESTIGATOR	INVESTIGATOR	INVESTIGATOR	INVESTIGATOR
UNSPENT EXPERIENCE	UNSPENT EXPERIENCE	UNSPENT EXPERIENCE	UNSPENT EXPERIENCE
TRAUMA (Physical) (Mental)	TRAUMA (Physical) (Mental)	TRAUMA (Physical) (Mental)	TRAUMA (Physical) (Mental)
EARNED STORY ASSETS/WEAKNESSES	EARNED STORY ASSETS/WEAKNESSES	EARNED STORY ASSETS/WEAKNESSES	EARNED STORY ASSETS/WEAKNESSES

Campaign Notes

Evacuated Locations

Sacrifices to Nodens

First Contact

Phobos and Deimos

The Stillness

The Thirsting Void

KILLED AND INSANE INVESTIGATORS