

Advance this Agenda at 6 Doom.

Objective - Investigators at Whately Farm must spend 3 clues per Investigator to advance.

long...already," I promptly ushered him out the door, but when I returned shortly after, the book was missing."

Old Man Whately grows increasingly nervous with you snooping around his property. You force your way to the back lot where an old barn used to stand, but is now in utter devastation as if a dynamite blast had scattered the timbers in all directions. Only the bottom floor remains but it is covered in a black tarry substance that smells awful and is dripping off the remaining debris. As you stand in amazement to this scene you realize Old Man Whately is no longer standing behind you and has run off screaming "We won't be stopped, Ygg-Sothoth is the gate and the gate will be opened!"

Gobbling Ooze has +1 Health while at any location with Foetid Yellow Ichor attached to it.

Gobbling Ooze has +1 Health while at any location with Foetid Yellow Ichor attached to it.

"*Bh... bh... bh... bh... bhah... bh... bhah... bh... bhah... nagh... naana... nagh... naana... bh... bh... HELP! HELP! If—I—If—FATHER! FATHER!*

POO-SO THOTHI...?

A deafening, cataclysmic sound banged out, whose source, be it inner earth or sky, no hearer was ever able to place. A single lightning-bolt shot from swirling storm down to the altar-stone, and a great tidal wave of relentless force and indescribable stench swept down from the hill to all the countryside.

"The thing has gone forever," Armitage said. "It has been split up into what it was originally made of, and can never exist again. It was an impossible in a normal world, only the least fraction was really matter in any sense we know. It was like its father—and most of it has gone back to him in some vague realm or dimension outside our material universe; some vague abyss out of which only the most scattered ruins of human asagremey could have called him (at moment) on the hills."

Seth Bishop comes running at you, hollaring up a storm. "Up that in the rud beyond the gen, they's 'suntin' ben't that it smells like thunder, an' all the bushes an' little trees is pushed back from the rud like they'd a house ben moved along of it. An' that ain't the wust, nuther. They's prints in the rud, deep ground prints as big as barred-heads, all sunk down deep like a elephant had ben along, only they's a sight more two foot cool make I looked at one or two afore I run, an' I see every one was covered with lines spreadin' out from one place. An' the smel's was awful, like what it is around Wizard Wardele's of 'haouse. . . ."

Forced - At the start of next Mythos Phase, place Freak Weather in the encounter discard pile.