

The three of them enter the backroom of the warehouse some time after one in the morning: A woman, fleshy frame stuffed into a too-tight red dress. A thin man in a letterman jacket. A tall man with a pair of glasses balanced on his nose. The men schlep between them a man-shaped bundle, all covered with sheets.

“Do remind me, why are we the ones carrying him?” thin guy gripes, high voice higher than usual with agitation.

Red dress, already kicking off her heels, gripes back. “Because I’m the one who got him to the car.”

“I don’t see how that’s relevant when you’re clearly the one better suited to-”

*“Look, if you want to be the one to shake your tits in his face, slip him a mickey, pay his tab and stuff him into the trunk, you go right ahead and do that next time, and **I’ll** carry him in.”*

In the end she does end up carrying one end, while the thin man pukes in the bathroom. Like he hasn’t done this before. Hasn’t had every opportunity to get used to it. It’s easier, now that they’ve realized they don’t have to take the cloth off the body before letting it out. That it dissolves tarp and sheets and duct tape just as easily as clothes and meat, eating through the wrapper instead of forcing them to open its presents for it. Forcing them to take one last look at the still-living human being they’re about to-

Well, they still have to clean up after it.

Glasses sniffs. He wants a cigarette. “It’s funny, kind of, you used to hear stories about shit like this.”

“Yeah?”

They carry the package past the fridge, into a room stinking of formaldehyde and something much, much fouler.

“Yeah, you know. Guy goes to a bar, pretty girl-” the woman interrupts with a sharp, humorless bark of laughter, “-buys him a drink. Next thing he knows, he wakes up naked in a tub of ice.”

“Yeah, well...” They lift the unconscious man onto the table. Red dress looks meaningfully at the padlocked bucket on the opposite end. “This genius is about to lose a whole lot more than a kidney.”

Glasses laughs at that, because what the hell else can he do?

Briefing

Delta Green flagged a strange package in transit at a shipping or postal center: a set of empty metal containers. They decided to let the package continue to its destination at a warehouse. The Agents are sent to stake out the area, in order to determine who ordered the packages and what they’re doing with them. They’re given photos of the containers (cube shaped metal cans about the size of a bowling ball) but aren’t told anything else about them, such as what properties they had that set off the alarms in the first place.

Alternatively, the Agents are mundane local or federal law enforcement officers working missing persons cases, and can find E Cell and the warehouse through their kidnapping of random victims.

E Cell's "Green Box"

A warehouse. In the office, a fridge, some cots, a couch and a TV. One door leads to a small bathroom. The other to a makeshift operating room.

The Operating Room

A sink. Cabinets with sedatives, cleaning supplies, chemicals. A hose. A drain in the floor. In the center of the room, an operating table with restraints. On the table, a strange residue. Next to the table, a twenty gallon plastic bucket. On the bucket, patterns like the branches of a fractal tree. The lid is hinged and padlocked shut. One of the agents carries the key.

Inside the bucket is a small shoggoth. When a living creature with a central nervous system is placed on the operating table and the lid of the bucket is removed, the shoggoth oozes out and covers the victim's entire body. It dissolves and devours all but the victim's head and nervous tissue, which it leaves coated in a strange transparent ooze, before returning to its container. The disembodied head, (usually) stunned into quiescence by the effects of the ooze but still quite alive, can then be placed inside a specially prepared container, which preserves it for eventual transport. Depending on when the last pickup was, there may be a couple 'full' containers, stored out of sight.

Somewhere in the Warehouse is a scrap of paper with a small tune, written on it in musical notation. If whistled, this tune mimics the shoggoth's "recall code" in the Elder Thing language, prompting it to immediately return to its bucket. Agent Edmund knows the tune by heart.

E Cell

E Cell was once part of the Cowboys. They kidnap people, render their nervous systems down into an easily packaged format, then drop them off for transport to parts unknown. They hate their job, but have been informed that it is somehow necessary for humanity's continued existence, and have become numb to its horrors.

If E Cell realizes the Program's agents are investigating them, they will assume that they are an NRO Delta team, and either pack up the whole operation or set an ambush. In this case, augment their equipment with kevlar vests and shotguns, plus an automatic carbine and tac armor for the ATF agent. Anyone they somehow take alive will be fed to the shoggoth. It will take them over quota for the month, and this time it will be someone who actually deserves it: an MJ12 goon who has no doubt killed several good agents. If they realize they're being attacked, one nasty tactic they might use is to set up the bucket against the door, so that an Agent kicking it down will knock it over and free the shoggoth inside.

Edmund: Sitcom Writer

STR 10, CON 10, DEX 12, INT 14, POW 8, CHA 15

HP 10, WP 8, SAN 29, Adapted to Helplessness, PTSD

Skills: Alertness 60, Archaeology 40, Art (Scriptwriting) 60, Athletics 50, Bureaucracy 50, Criminology 50, Drive 40, Firearms 40, Language (Elder Cipher) 40, History 40, HUMINT 60, Occult 50, Persuade 70, Unarmed Combat 60, Unnatural 23

Weapon: Hi-Point in 9mm (40%, D10)

Ethan: Psychiatrist

STR 10, CON 10, DEX 11, INT 15, POW 12, CHA 14

HP 10, WP 12, SAN 53, BP 56

Skills: Accounting 30, Alertness 40, Athletics 50, Bureaucracy 50, Firearms 40, First Aid 60, Forensics

50, HUMINT 30, Law 20, Medicine 80, Persuade 60, Pharmacy 50, Psychotherapy 60, Science (Biology) 50, Search 40

Weapon: Browning Hi-Power (40%, D10)

Elizabeth: FBI Agent

STR 11, CON 14, DEX 13, INT 9, POW 15, CHA 7

HP 13, WP 15, SAN 59, Adapted to Violence,
Sleep Disorder

Skills: Accounting 60, Alertness 40, Athletics 50, Bureaucracy 40, Craft: Gunsmith 40, Criminology 50, Dodge 50, Drive 50, Firearms 70, First Aid 30, Forensics 30, HUMINT 60, Law 50, Melee Weapons 50, Persuade 50, Search 50, Unarmed Combat 60

Armor: 3 (kevlar vest)

Weapon: Glock 20 (70%, D12)

Itty Bitty Shoggoth in a Bucket

STR 25, CON 13, DEX 10, INT 8, POW 12

19 HP

Skills: Alertness 80, Swim 90

Envelop: 55% to hit, deals D10+2 damage and attaches to target. Unopposed DEX*5 to escape or be consumed for D10+2 further damage each turn. All damage dealt by this attack is returned to the shoggoth as HP. Armor is reduced by 1 for each point of damage it prevents. Targets reduced to 0 HP in this manner are consumed entirely save for their head and nervous system.

Plasticity: All attacks against the shoggoth inflict 1 damage, except those with 15% or greater lethality, which inflict 2D10 damage.

Resilience: The shoggoth heals D6 HP every turn it does not move or attack.

Hypnotic Instructions: If released from its container, the shoggoth pursues the nearest living creature with a central nervous system. Once it has consumed such a creature and rendered them down, it returns to its bucket.

SAN Loss: D4/D10 SAN from Unnatural

Agents who surreptitiously track E Cell's containers will find that they are shipped South, eventually making their way to the Antarctic, where the trail goes cold. Investigating who is behind this turns up some well covered tracks which lead to the [Starkweather Foundation](#), a 501(c)3 dedicated to furthering Antarctic exploration and science.

