

Going Underground

A Case File for Rivers of London: the Roleplaying Game

GM PLAIN TEXT HANDOUTS

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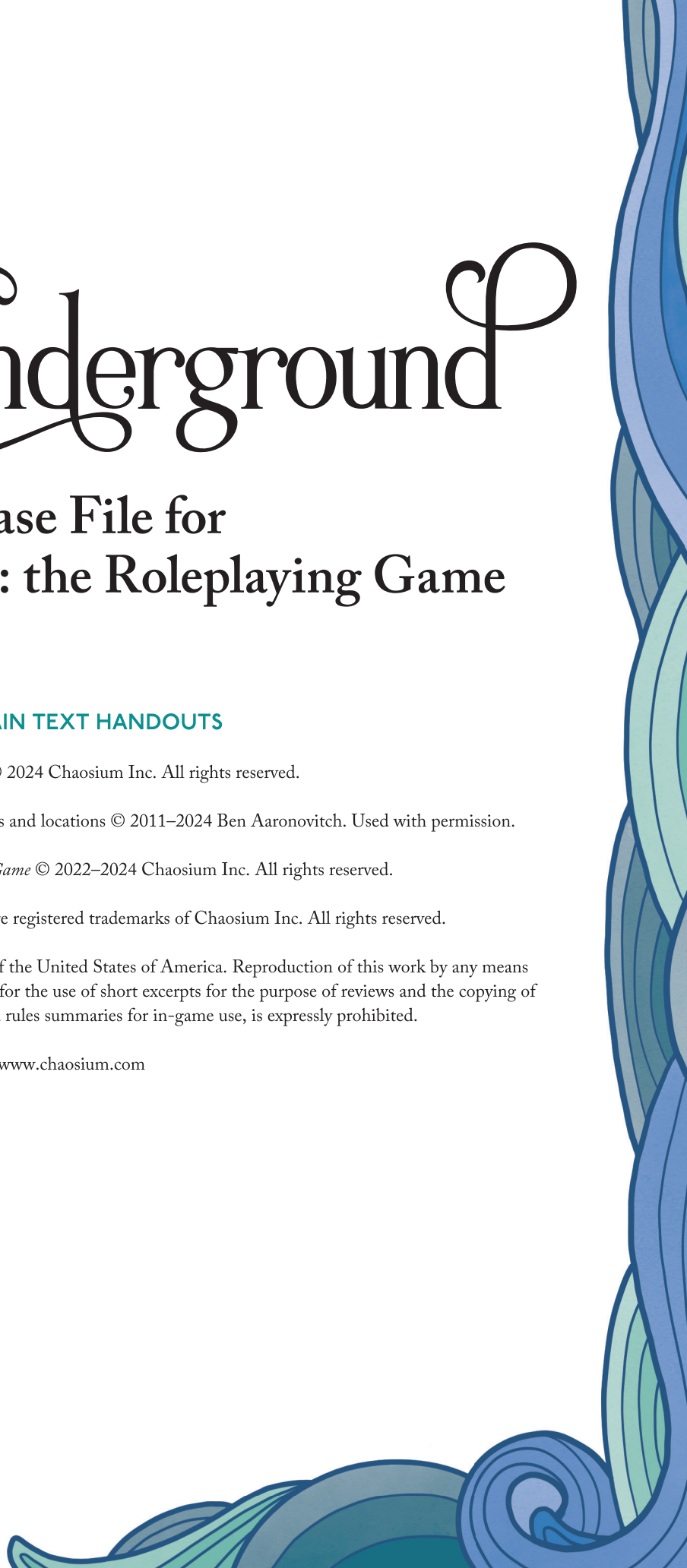
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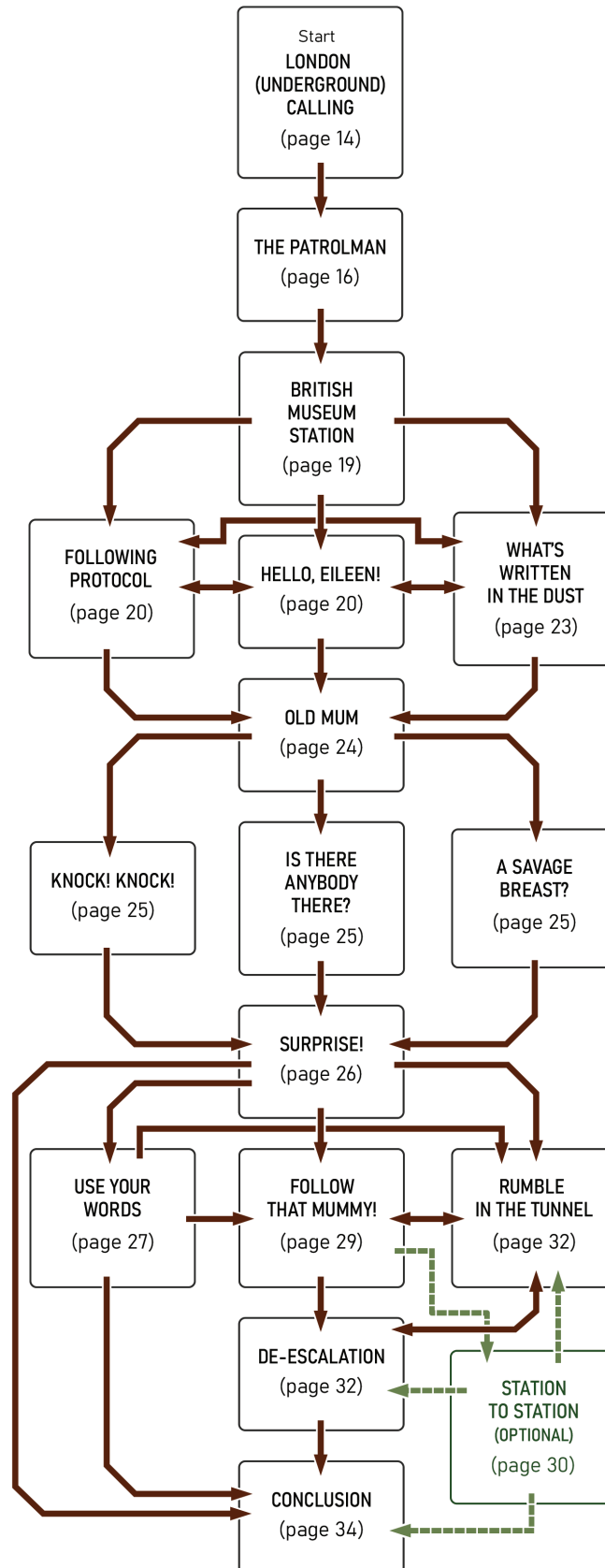
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GOING UNDERGROUND

Plot Progression Diagram



BRUCE BUCKLER'S STATEMENT

You won't laugh at me, right? You promise? Honest? Okay, then.

I've worked on the Underground since I was a boy, walking the tracks looking for damage and any other safety concerns. My usual line's the Piccadilly but they were shorthanded on the Central tonight, so I volunteered to do an extra shift to help out. You hear all sorts of stories in this game—you know, ghosts and other odd things creeping about in the tunnels. But I'm not a credulous man, so I never really believed that anything was haunting the old British Museum station, especially not this Amun-Ra character.

Anyway, I was singing to myself as I wandered into what's left of the station—just to cheer myself up, you know, cos I was feeling a bit isolated down there. Never had that happen before. I spotted this pile of cement bags that hadn't been stacked properly at the far end of the eastbound platform, so I kept on singing and started to rearrange them so there was no danger of them falling on the track.

That's when I heard it—a creaking noise coming from somewhere further up the tunnel. Then there was this weird groaning, wailing noise. I don't know, it sort of sounded like what I'd been singing but... wrong, y'know? I looked round, and there it was! A face... a horrible face, looming at me out of the darkness! But more like a kid's painting of a face than a real one, if that makes sense...

I stumbled back, lost my footing, and landed on my backside. Just as well the power was off, or I'd probably have fried myself. I don't remember much after that, but I must have picked myself up and run back here—all I wanted was to be out of that tunnel and to hear people laughing. Proper weird, it was, cos I've always been totally fine with my own company—you have to be in this job. Then the sergeant here came to talk to me and said he knew some specialists who'd want to see me, and, well, the rest you know.

EILEEN ADKINS' STATEMENT

Me and my friend, Madge, we'd gone to the pictures to see this new film—Bulldog Jack. Have you heard of it? Ever so funny, it was. Anyway, in it, this group of thieves are using a secret tunnel from the British Museum to steal stuff. The tunnel came out at what they were callin' Bloomsbury station, but we all knew it was really British Museum, seeing as they were both closed and everything.

At one point, the hero, Jack, sneaks onto the tracks to get to this Bloomsbury station to find the villains' lair, and my friend, Madge, when we was goin' home after the film, said she bet there wasn't a secret tunnel entrance at British Museum—it was all made up. I said there was because my Uncle Ralph worked at the museum as a caretaker and he said there was all sorts of tunnels and whatnot under the building, and no one knew where most of 'em went.

We was standin' on Holborn station at the time, so I told her straight—I said, "Marjorie Elizabeth Morris, I'm going to wait until the last train's gone, then I'm going to take a leaf out of Bulldog Jack's book and go down there and find that tunnel." She said I was stupid because it was far too dangerous, and she was having none of it. She caught the train home and left me. I did it, anyway, just to show her. That'll teach me, eh?

To cut a long story short, I always carried a torch [flashlight], so getting down to the old station wasn't a problem. But then I tripped and sprained my ankle in that tunnel back there—the one where they used to turn the trains round. It hurt like the blazes, I can tell you. Next thing I know, there's this loud creaking noise and something comes striding out of the darkness towards me. Well, that was it, wasn't it? I was so shocked, I put my hand out—right onto the third rail. Poof! Gone. Last thing I remember is that really strange face staring at me. Next thing I know, I'm back here but my body's nowhere to be seen. One of life's little mysteries, I suppose...