

H. P. Lovecraft's Arkham

H. P. Lovecraft's Arkham

Player Handouts

(date)

*This is the certified last will and testament
of Silas M. McCrindle.*

*I, Silas McCrindle, being of sound body and mind,
bequeath my entire estate, chattels, holdings, and cash
accounts to my only surviving relative – my niece/nephew
(*<insert name here>*).*

(signed) Silas Michael McCrindle

(witnessed) Rowena Peters

E. E. Saltonstall & Assoc.

(witnessed) Dorsey Teal

E. E. Saltonstall & Assoc.

Silas Papers 1 (p. 137)

World-Wide Telegraph
The Globe in Seven Minutes

CAIRO
VANCOUVER
HONOLULU
MEXICO CITY
LONDON
MELBOURNE

BERLIN
ROME
BUENOS AIRES
CAPE TOWN
NEW DELHI
MANILA

TO SILAS MC CRINDLE STOP ARKHAM MASS STOP
DARCUS MC CRINDLE HAS ESCAPED STOP RECOMMEND
ALERTING YOUR LOCAL POLICE STOP SIGNED DR ABNER
HARRISON STOP WISC STATE HOSPITAL GREENWOOD END

SAN FRANCISCO
HOME OFFICE: NEW YORK
CHICAGO

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Silas Papers 2 (p. 138)

Silas Papers 4 (p. 143)

Silas Papers 3 (p. 143)

Massacre In Greenwood, Wisconsin

Five Slain by Madman

The people of Wisconsin were shocked today by news of a horrific massacre at the McCrindle family farm, near Greenwood in that state. Police were alerted but arrived too late to prevent the carnage. The five mutilated bodies of the well-known family spanned three generations. Late in the day of the murders, acting on information from a concerned citizen, police formally arrested a sixth family member, Darcus McCrindle, in connection with the brutal murders.

— *Chicago Tribune*

Greenwood Assassin Arrested and Confined

Speedy Trial Likely

After lengthy interrogation, police today formally charged Darcus McCrindle as the sole perpetrator of what already is becoming known as Wisconsin's "McCrindle Massacre." The county prosecutor has promised a swift and just trial for Darcus McCrindle, commenting that "This crime is of such cruel barbarity that it is equaled only by the bloody Indian wars of our nation's youth."

Police reported late today that two more family members might have been murdered. Police believe that Darcus McCrindle also butchered Silas McCrindle and an infant or very young child, but before he attacked the family home. A search for their bodies has been started. If McCrindle is found *compos mentis*, your correspondent personally believes that the race between the hangman and the state asylum will be no race at all. A demon like McCrindle will surely hang.

— *Chicago Tribune*.

For all the years since you were a child I have protected you from the truth, but the time has come that only the truth can protect you.

A generation ago, a tragedy occurred in our family. (Our family was the McCrindles of Greenwood, Wisconsin.) Your father Owen was an extraordinary person, and he was the rightful guardian of the books. His position did not go unchallenged, for his brother Darcus — an evil, spiteful man — wanted the books for himself.

Darcus had been corrupted by diseased teachings. In his relentless pursuit of power, he betrayed your father's trust, and murdered your family. He would have destroyed you as he did them, had I not been able to send you far away. I entrusted you to a foster family whom I knew would raise you as their own. But it wasn't you alone I had to protect — it was also the books. I took them and sought obscurity here in Arkham. Just another crazy old man wandering around the Miskatonic campus.

For hundreds of years our family has guarded this forbidden lore. The legend is that the books of arcane knowledge and power can be the undoing of mankind in the wrong hands. None of us but Darcus has ever dared study these volumes. I keep them hidden in the attic under an Indian throw rug with a collection of other old books. I beg that when you find them — do not read them. No one knows why the books were not destroyed — perhaps there is a special unresolved destiny for them, as there has been for our family. Although the books have the power to do great evil, they also have the key to destroying evil.

My Understanding of the Great Booke is a navy blue book, cloth-bound in grubby condition. Its title is stamped on the cover. The tome comprises several hundreds of pages.

Monstres & Their Kynde has its title stamped in small flaking gold letters on a green leather spine. The book has sustained significant wear. Mottled discolorations attest to water damage. Significant portions of the spine and pages are rat-gnawed, and the glue and binding have deteriorated enough so that the book's loose signatures are bundled together with string, like a parcel.

The Othaat Aquadingen by Edwin Fisher (1783). This book was handwritten in an Elizabethan-style cursive. It's in an accountant's ledger. The book's title and author are inscribed on the flysheet inside the front cover.

The Untitled Book is a mystery. It too is handwritten, but in an unreadable language. Family tradition suggests that the tongue is unknown on earth. Its frenzied scrawls and half letters have always been a mystery. The book can be secured closed with a bronze clasp and lock. There is no key for the lock.

Darcus said that he had found a way to read it, but he was a great liar as well as a murderer.

Now you are the guardian. Never reveal that you have these books. Our charge is simple: preserve the books. Our unknown enemy is by all the tales a formidable one who never rests and never relents. Be on constant guard. Be undismayed. From beyond the grave, I beg you that the burden of McCrindles be taken up, and carried forward.

Uncle Silas

P.S. Darcus is interred in the State Hospital for the Insane in Wisconsin. He would be about fifty now. Do not contact him. Should he ever escape, do not underestimate him. My best advice would be to hide the books and let him search as he will. If you contradict him, he turns murderous.

FIREBALL OVER ARKHAM!

Interplanetary Visitor Startles Our Town

By Dr. Morris Billings,

Department of Astronomy, Miskatonic University

A rare spectacle visited Arkham last night at about 1:15 A.M. It was a fireball, a meteor large enough possibly to have burnt its way through our atmosphere and come to rest on earth. Observers as far away as Portland and Framingham reported seeing the flaming path.

Our visitor may have left evidence of itself! For how you can help to find it, read further in this article.

Those fortunate enough to have seen the event commented upon the subtle greens and golds of its fires. Some heard low whistlings or hissings; one man in Nashua heard explosions at some distance.

Bolides, commonly known as fireballs, usually break up when approaching the surface of our earth. Very rarely, a meteorite is large enough and fast enough to leave behind a large hole (or crater) when it strikes the earth.

A very large such formation is thought by some to exist near Winslow, Arizona. Residents may recall the great fireball of 1913, which was seen disintegrating along a path from Saskatchewan to the island of Bermuda.

Many meteors fall toward earth, but few survive the terrible jolts and frictions caused by colliding with our atmosphere. Those that do survive offer important scientific knowledge about our solar system, and perhaps about its history.

Fireball-Hunters Wanted

I am arranging a search for fragments of last night's fireball. To avoid duplication of effort, and to receive special instructions, interested citizens should contact me at the Department of Astronomy at Miskatonic University to receive their search assignments. We especially hope that owners of automobiles can volunteer.

Speed in finding remnants of the bolide is imperative, since each passing hour increases the chance of contamination from the natural elements. Volunteers will be told how to look for fragments, and assigned areas in which to search, in order to avoid duplication of effort.

Discovered meteorites will be placed on exhibit at the university, with full credit given to discoverers. I recently saw the collection of the Naturhistorischen Hofmusuem, in Vienna, Austria, and the effect is one which would make town and university proud.

Hills Papers 1 (p. 153)

Condemned Papers 1 (p. 168)

University Student Missing On Camping Trip

Richard Cardigan, a junior at Miskatonic University, remains missing today. Authorities report that he apparently was the victim of a camping accident.

Fellow camper and friend Henry Atwater was discovered early Sunday morning wandering the streets of west Arkham, suffering from amnesia, and is currently hospitalized.

The young men left for their trip from Arkham on Thursday, to return on Saturday.

Police located the campsite beside the river a half-mile northwest of Cabot Road, but found no trace of Richard Cardigan. A search for the missing student was abandoned for the day after a violent thunderstorm erupted. Police and volunteers plan to search again tomorrow.

More volunteers are welcome, and are requested to meet after day-break at the Cabot Road dead-end. Cabot road runs north off the Aylesbury Pike about three miles northwest of Arkham.

Atwater's Condition

Though physically well, Atwater suffers from amnesia and has been entered in Arkham State Sanitarium. Doctors foresee a full recovery.

Police hope he can soon add details to their knowledge, and help locate the missing Cardigan. They speculate that the youths may have been struck by lightning Friday evening, and fear that Cardigan may have been seriously or fatally injured.

—Arkham Gazette

ETHAN WILLIAMS' BOOKE OF THOUGHTS, excerpt

November 16, 1814

Memories of Bishop plague me still. Though of our Band all are now dead before me, Bishop is but Sealed Away.

I have once more beheld Bowen Bridge and examined our craftsmanship thereto. The column stands strong and the sigil that we chiseled into the stone is intact and bright.

Still, I fear the years to come, for fear of Sermon Bishop's great curse upon our Seed and his vengeance there against. And yet more I dread my soul's judgement before Heav'n, as Punishment for the contractilities I spoke to bind that wizard. Having taken his Carnamagos Booke, it fell to me to call upon the Powers he favoured. Treating with such Powers has stained my heart, and left me fearing all matters quizzical, foreign, and dark. So much fearing, never did I dare read nor speak the Forbidden Words and to call upon the Name, though doing so likelied our oppressor's final death and true dissolution.

Thaumaturgical Prodigious, excerpt

Another man thought leagued with the devil was one Sermon Bishop, of Bad Water Road in Arkham, along with his fellow-wizard, Richard Russel. This Russel lived in Arkham as well, at the western end of what we know now as Main Street. The two were said to worship a demon which lived beneath the ground, and that they had pacted with the devil and could not die.

Among those alive today some remember Sermon Bishop, who was among Arkham's first settlers, and they swear that he never aged in all the long years he resided here. His wicked pact, they say, only left Bishop stooped and bent in consequence. Witnesses also tell of both men's evil doings in burial plots, attempting blasphemical resurrections.

Arkham citizens rose against him, and some say kidnapped and killed him, burying the body in the forest or sacking and weighting it down into the Miskatonic, in A.D. 1752. Russel fled, and was not heard from again.

Bishop's Bridge Burns

The covered bridge that once crossed the Miskatonic four miles upriver is no more. In the last week's thunderstorms, the aging structure was struck by lightning which burned the roof and most of the decking and timbers

Thought to have been built around 1750, only the central stone support and the approaches now exist. The Sheriff has closed the road.

Originally Bowen's Bridge, after the prosperous farmer who built it, folks later began calling it Bishop's Bridge.

Locals say that the bridge has attracted lightning strikes. The structure had lately grown so decrepit that the County closed it to horses and wagons.

There is visible from the south side of the river a symbol decorating the stone of the still-standing central support, of unknown meaning and origin.

Little needed these days, the bridge probably will not be rebuilt.

EMINENT ARKHAMITES

A Continuing Series by E. Lapham Peabody

Sermon Bishop, Wizard

In the mid-18th century, Sermon Bishop was rumored a witch and thought to be responsible for misfortunes suffered by farmers west of Arkham. Other, darker words were whispered of him, but never aloud.

Elihu Phillips, a neighbor, frequently argued with Bishop. When Phillips' daughter was born with a twisted leg, the farmers were sure Bishop was responsible. One night, as Bishop returned from a visit to Dunwich, Phillips and six other men captured him and bound him, and hung with a magical sigil round his head.

Bishop, they said, had used a terrible book to treat with a great demon, dealings that left the wizard's body bent and crippled. In compensation, Bishop could not die.

Rendered helpless by the sigil, the seven carried Bishop north to the Miskatonic, and there cemented him into the hollow of a stone bridge support while the bridge was under construction. They marked the stone support with the same sign which bound Bishop, hoping thereby to imprison the wizard forever.

Although the wizard's seven enemies were among those the sheriff questioned, no one was ever charged.

The wooden roof and walls of the bridge fell into disrepair in the later 19th century. In 1901 a powerful lightning bolt struck and burned both spans, and the bridge was never rebuilt. Only the foundations and the central support remain, a few miles west of town. The sign, as folks indicate, is chiseled into the stone of the central support, and can be seen today, keeping us all safe from this wizard!

My particular thanks to Mrs. Nina Williams Hope of Arkham, who supplied information important to my tale.

—Arkham Advertiser

A History of the Arkham Township, excerpt

... Another such individual was the hunchback Sermon Bishop who, like earlier relatives, was accused of witchcraft. This man lived on the western outskirts of town, on Hill Street (then called Bad Water Road), and was thought a powerful wizard. Rumors of his activities gave rise to grave suspicions, and crop failures and dry cows were often blamed on him. Bishop disappeared one night while returning home from a visit to Dunwich and was never seen again. Rumors flew that the Devil had finally come and taken him away. The sheriff conducted what all agreed was a thorough investigation but no suspects were ever brought to trial. Though he likely was the victim of foul play, Bishop's body was never found.

Ser. Bishop,

I fear your absence for manie days proves death at the hands of Phillips and his comivers. How they have defeated the Treader tokens a conundrum I dare not guess, but their Powers must be great, and so I flee.

If you have been Delayed, and not Slain, my lettres to S.O. in Salem and J.C. of Providence notify my destination, so let not our correspondents fail to acquaint you of me, for they have their owne Reasons to speak riddles.

Bookes and papers of Value I take; lesser essays to our central Purpose have been carried to the river and given over to the Resident. The current Resurrection, still lying in most parte. I kill't today with a horse pistol as too heavy to cart. I have also collaps'd the entrance at Parson's Point.

I trust to continue our partnership into Truths Ultimate, beyond night and day as we have bespoken.

Russel

Klausenburg, Trans.
September 14

To the Keen-witted Ser. B., my Greetings & c.,

Since yr. Failures multiply in calling Back that which you mention, may perhaps the saltes are imperfect, like a multitude be, or the calling was made wrong but I pass no comfort to you, for in the recalling of men from their essences my victories are sore limited, though the gains of that few be great.

The Treader of the Dust asks payment dearer than gold, and there be other Pracktices to forestall Death. Hold not inconsiderate the enmitie Binding him to you, and his memory is beyond this World by other writings no longer to hand this inst., and whereof also Alliance fails just when declared and acted upon with vigor.

To yr. desire in yrs. of March 18, the Pnakotic Manuscript alas through carronades of exclamation does hint toward and subtly render Beings much Resembling the one you sum. If the things be brothers, yours antedates even the mountains and the seas of this world. Leave it sleeping, unless you desire Rankorous Tum-Dizzy amongst your neighbors.

Please, if obtaining the results you hope for, contact SS. in Salem and J. Cur. in Providence and tell them.

H.

Event 2

Ghost Spotted in Harper's Woods

Three people have recently reported seeing a ghost prowling Harper's woods, just north of town. All three sightings were made after midnight by lone drivers.

One, Brian Fosworth, an employee at Benson's Market, was so startled by the apparition that he nearly tumbled the market's delivery truck into Harpers Brook.

Stories have long been told of sacred Indian grounds within the woods.

In the past, "ghosts" often have been reported in the area, but usually a young boy with a sheet is discovered to be the culprit and the matter is put to rest.

Really now, young man, it's too early for Halloween pranks!

-Arkham Gazette

Dead Papers 5 (p. 200)

Skeleton Found in Checkley Manor

Police Suspect Foul Play

By Roberta Henry

Demolition of the Checkley mansion was halted yesterday by the discovery of a skeleton hidden behind a brick wall in the basement.

The house, at 633 Noyes, once an Easttown landmark, had been nearly leveled when workmen broke through a basement wall and discovered the remains beyond.

Police removed a single skeleton and some personal effects, under the direction of Arkham Medical Examiner, Dr. Ephraim Sprague. Dr. Sprague has stated that he believes the skeleton to be that of an elderly woman, but no identification has been made.

Cloth fragments and jewelry were also found.

Additional bone fragments are rumored to have been located in the basement, stories

which the police will neither confirm nor deny. A spokesman for Beckworth Development Co., which ordered the demolition, indicated that the company has suspended demolition, pending completion of the official investigation.

The previous owner of the home, Jason Checkley, last descendant of the Arkham Checkleys, died last week at St. Mary's Hospital following a heart attack.

This reporter has learned that the Checkley fortune had dwindled, and that the mansion had been sold to Beckworth Development two years ago, for an undisclosed sum. According to Beckworth, the agreement allowed Checkley to live out his remaining years in the manor.

Police have questioned Willard Crossman, friend of and now executor of Jason Checkley's effects, in connection with the find. Crossman himself is presently hospitalized at St. Mary's Hospital, recuperating from a stroke. Doctors have refused requests for an interview.

—Arkham Advertiser

Dead Papers 1 (p. 190)

A New School In Arkham

Director Jason Checkley today announced the opening of an institute dedicated to the study of spiritualist phenomena, the Checkley Institute for Psychic Research.

Housed on the second floor of 623 Brown Street, the center contains an 5000-volume library, study space, and a small lecture hall.

Guest rooms, as yet uncompleted, offer living quarters for visiting students and lecturers.

— Arkham Advertiser, Aug. 28, 1917

Psychic Institute Closes

The Checkley Institute for Psychic Research today closed its doors at 623 Brown Street.

Co-Directress Mrs. Andrew Estheridge castigated the increasingly atheistic temper of the times while announcing that some furnishings would be auctioned to pay pending Institute debts.

The founder of the Institute, Director Jason Checkley, will retain certain portions of the Institute library.

— Arkham Advertiser, Nov. 23, 1920

Dead Papers 2 (p. 193)

January 1, 1906

I, Jason Checkley, take full responsibility for the death of the negro servant called Marsella. Victimized by her in a terrible way, I lost control and strangled her with my own hands.

In my basement I have left three things, dangerous things that should be destroyed. Although they look human, they are not. Take no pity of them. The surest way of destroying them can be found on page 284 of a book called the "Nyhargo Codex". This book is contained in my library.

May God have mercy on my soul,

Jason Checkley

Aug 7, 1905: Marsella has agreed. I could ill afford the \$500 she said she needed. She claims to know how to bring my beloved children back to me. The staff has been dismissed for the next few days and I have prepared the basement room as she instructs.

Aug 8, 1905: Most hideous of days! When I realized what she had done I lost my mind with rage. I closed my hands around her neck and wrung it like one of her chickens. When I regained my senses, she was dead. Thank god I can count on Willard's help.

Aug 9, 1905: The coffins were interred today in our mausoleum. Too many deaths these days for people to be interested. I must figure out what to do with them.

I've hidden Marsella's body, along with her tools.

Aug 10, 1905: Their appetites are tremendous. I feed them regularly but they show no signs of trying to communicate with me. I don't feel I can trust them.

Aug 11, 1905: I have chucked the servants and had them remove their belongings. While those three dwell in the basement, I must have absolute privacy. I also intend to panel that wall of the basement in order to hide the entrance to their chamber.

Aug 12, 1905: One attacked me today. It was Adam. As I picked up a food bowl, he rushed at me from behind. It was only by luck that I managed to fend him off and escape the room. I shall be forced to treat them like wild animals.

Aug 13, 1905: Perhaps the three are redeemable. The secret to their recovery may be hidden at hand. I will devote the rest of my life to saving them. From this day on I shall speak no more of them in this book.

My package arrived today from London. The two books I received were in even better shape than hoped for. I am ever grateful to Mildred for approving this expense. The two volumes will certainly improve the library, plus they appear to contain much information pertaining to my problem.

One, the Nyhargo Codex, translates carvings found on an ancient wall in central Africa. The accuracy of this translation has been a cause of merriment in academic circles, but too much relates to Haitian voodoo for it to be the imaginings of a crank. Unanswered questions surround the author's sudden death. It is said that he was the only one who knew the location of those dark and mysterious ruins.

Then there is the Dhol Chants. It is fairly technical and I know little about music. Still, it may contain something of interest.

Event 3

Robbery Attempted at Police Station

An unidentified man last night forced his way past the duty sergeant and attempted to enter the property room at the rear of the Arkham police station.

Another officer entering the building tried to detain the man, but the culprit fled to the street. The malefactor is described as a Negro, slender, bald, and about six feet in height.

Chief Nichols asks citizens who see this man or who know of his whereabouts to contact the police immediately.

— Arkham Advertiser

Event 4

VANDALS DEFILE CEMETERY

Last night one or more persons unknown entered Christchurch Cemetery and unearched a recently buried coffin. When discovered this morning, the coffin was fully exposed, the dirt heaped up around the outside of the grave.

The casket seals were damaged in several places but apparently frustrated the attempt to open the coffin.

Groundskeepers assure the public that the beloved in question has been safely and securely replaced in peace.

Police have no suspects. They noted that fraternity hijinks traditionally occur in the fall.

— Arkham Gazette

Event 5

TRANSIENT INJURED IN ATTACK

A man identified only as "Joe" was admitted early this morning to St. Mary's, suffering lacerations of the face and neck. At 3:57 A.M., police found the man running down River Street near Garrison, screaming for help. No pursuer was seen. He was quickly rushed to emergency treatment.

Joe claimed to have been attacked by a pale young girl who first tried to kiss him and then bit him on the throat.

The man could give no address. Police surmise that the indigent, while sleeping it off in an alley, was attacked by a wharf rat or stray dog.

— Arkham Advertiser

Event 6

Warehouse Murder

Laborers arriving on the job discovered a man's body near the Lucky Clover Cartage Co. early this morning.

The coroner indicates that the man was a victim of violence, placing probable cause of death either from shock or loss of blood. Though unconfirmed, wounds on the victim's face and throat were rumored to be so severe as to obscure most features.

Police investigation continues.

— Arkham Advertiser

Event 7

Mystery Incident at Police Station

Constable Robert E. Logan, a constable of exemplary record and of long service to Arkham's police, was found this morning at 5 A.M. in a semi-coherent state at the station.

Police also report that the property room had been entered, but they are unsure if anything is missing.

Constable Logan was on duty at the time. For the moment, police are treating the incident as an internal matter, but no one has anything but praise for Logan. Readers may recall that last year he valiantly rescued two foolish young men from the depths of the Miskatonic.

The stricken officer is presently in St. Marys Hospital undergoing tests.

— Arkham Gazette

Event 8

Atrocity at the Borden Arms

Police were summoned to the Borden Arms Hotel this morning when housemaid Ruby Rankowitz found vile and blasphemous remains in a third-floor room.

Shockingly, officers found a pair of severed human hands wrapped in a piece of cloth. Dr. Sprague indicated that the hands had been severed from an undetermined corpse about a week old.

Investigation was prompted by the remains of a dismembered goat strewn about the room; walls and ceiling were painted with undecipherable symbols.

Police believe the renter of the room, a Dr. Marquis, has fled Arkham.

The renter is described as a tall, distinguished-looking Negro. The man is said to speak with a French accent, and is apparently well-educated.

— Arkham Advertiser