



Island of Ignorance

The Third Cthulhu Companion

Player Handouts for Scenarios

This PDF collects together all player handouts for *Call of Cthulhu*[™] scenarios appearing in *Island of Ignorance: The Third Cthulhu Companion*. That book, published by Golden Goblin Press, is a highly-reviewed compendium of handy source information and scenarios which is a perfect complement to any *Call of Cthulhu* game. It can be purchased in print or PDF direct from Golden Goblin press at: <http://www.goldengoblinpress.com/store/>

Each handout in this PDF is provided in two versions:— one with minimal textures and formatting (suitable for printing on specialty paper, etc); the other with full textures and formatting.

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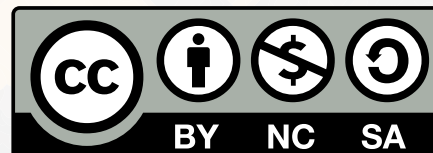
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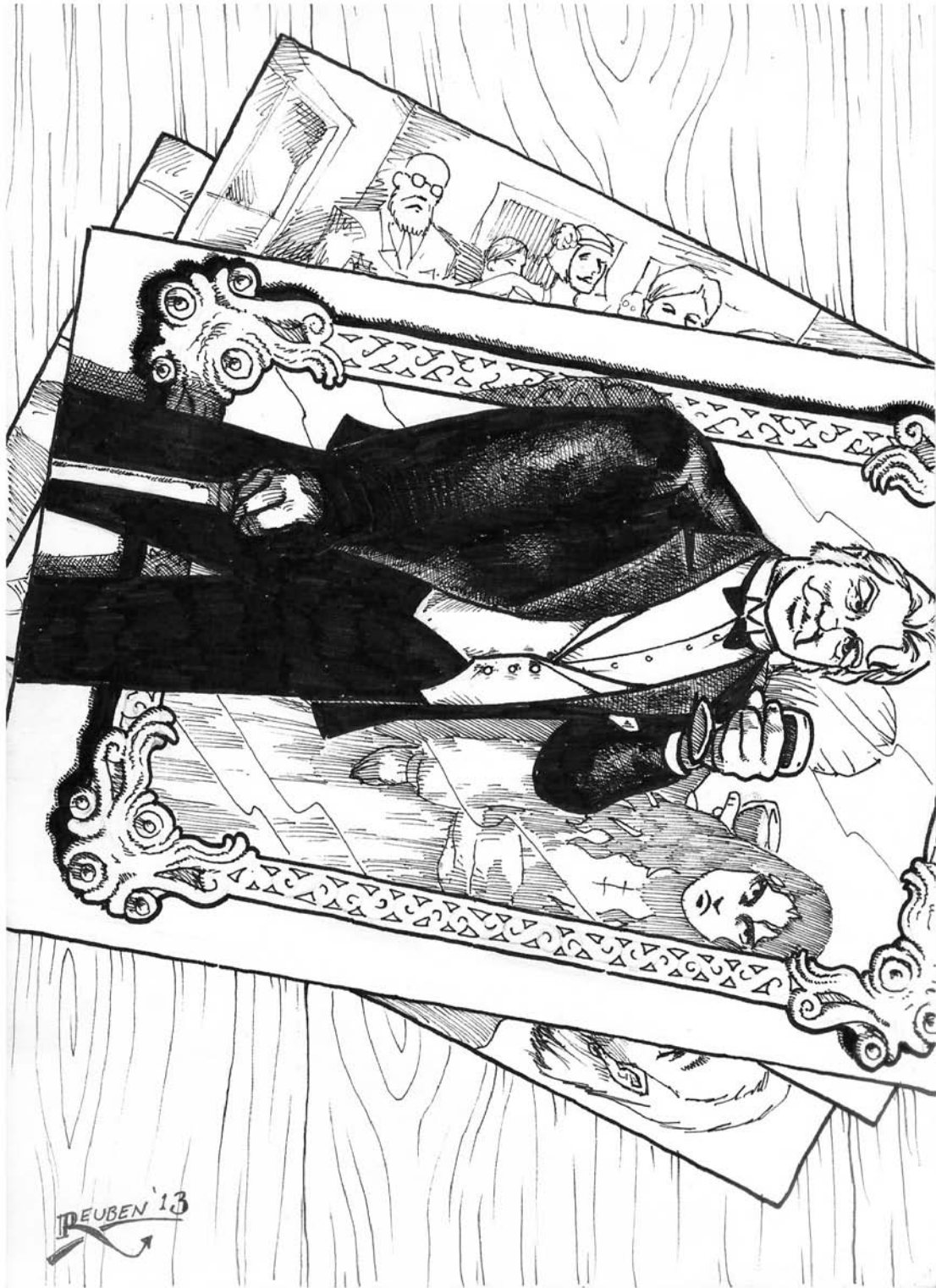
Darkness Illuminated

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Blue Uncertain Papers #1 (Plain)



Blue Uncertain Papers #1 (texture)





Blue Uncertain Papers #2 (plain)

The Calusan Legend On the Fracturing of the Soul
For Those Who Die On Key West

The island's name, Key West, is an Anglicized corruption of the Spanish Cayo Hueso, which translates as "Key (or Isle) of Bones". When "discovered" by Ponce de Leon c. 1521, it was uninhabited, but littered with bones, many arranged in intricate patterns or placed in the trees.

explanations

Later historians report two parallel ~~explanations~~ for all the bones. One is that the island was a communal graveyard, believed by the Calusan people to be a special place where the souls of those whose bodies were left there would persist in a form of afterlife. According to this legend, their souls would fracture into three parts: pupils, reflection, and shadow. The pupils fragment would remain with the bones of the deceased, while the reflection and shadow of the ~~dead~~ deceased would migrate to and inhabit the bodies of lesser creatures close at hand, and their descendants. In this way, the soul of the deceased would survive after a fashion. The reflection of the inhabited creatures would look like that of the deceased, and the shadow of the inhabited creatures would look like the shadow of the deceased as well. Mystics in particular liked to be buried on Cayo Hueso to maintain their connection to our world.

Another story is that the isle was the final battle ~~site~~ site between a group of Key island natives and mainland natives, and that the Key island natives made their final stand here.





Blue Uncertain Papers #2 (texture)

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Summary Of The Chapter Copied From The Saracenic Rituals

The Saracenic Rituals, originally, were several chapters from Ludvig Prinn's De Vermis Mysteriis, focusing on his sojourns in the Middle East. They are a highly charged, practical section of De Vermis Mysteriis, redolent with spells, incantations, and the nuts and bolts of sorcerous practice.

Among Prinn's topics is how true wizards are, even in death, not like the rest of us. Having traveled in and partaken of higher planes of existence, their death on this plane does not fully put an end to them. Rather, some portion of their ~~PK~~ essence (conveniently described as a "soul") continues to exist in other realms of existence, while clinging tenuously to its connection to this one. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Indeed, the corpses of such wizards are dangerous things to have around. The wizards' continued survival ~~in~~ nearby planes of existence intrudes on our own, giving rise to things that folklore struggles to describe, using terms such as ghosts, hauntings, the "undead", and re~~inc~~arnation.

One particularly famous quote from the Saracenic Rituals reads: "Wisely did Ibn Schacabao say, that happy is the tomb where no wizard hath ~~XXX~~ lain, and happy the town at night whose wizards are all ashes. For it is of old rumour that the soul of the devil-bought hastes not from his ~~XXXX~~ charnel clay, but fats and instructs the very worm that gnaws; till out of corruption horrid life springs, and the dull scavengers of earth wax crafty to vex it and swell monstrous to plague it. Great holes secretly are digged where earth's pores ought to suffice, and things have learnt to walk that ought to crawl." ✓

One of the Saracenic Rituals, on the page that the spine is broken to fall open at, purports to discuss how the soul of such a wizard might be "brought back and refocused in our world." It sets out a chant, in no known language, which must be accompanied by a human sacrifice. The chant reads, "Tâ Narlato! Trika farln oiko! Iâ Iâ Iâ!" The human sacrifice must be killed by asphyxiation, specifically, asphyxiation caused by the forced consumption of the "worms or other beasts" into which the wizard's essence has "migrated." The wizard's soul then takes over the body of the victim. The text refers to this ritual as the Reintegration of the Soul.

The ritual is not a precise one. Several recommendations are made with respect to how to optimize the chance for its success, however. The closer the ritual is performed to the wizard's original grave, the better. The ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ more of the things that the wizard's soul has migrated into that are present for the ritual, the better. The caster of the spell must spill his or her life's blood, ideally. The use of other sympathetic magic methods, such as carving appropriate phrases into the wood of the wizard's coffin, or selecting a victim who is reminiscent of the wizard in life, are also recommended. Finally, attempting the ritual without all of the components of the wizard's soul at hand is warned against, as the result will be "foulness."

In the 19th Century, the Saracenic Rituals were translated into English by one "Clergyman X". Clergyman X annotated several passages of the Saracenic Rituals with lore from later explorations, including explorations of the Americas. Clergyman X notes the marked similarities between this section of the Saracenic Rituals and certain Caribbean legends about the "Isle of Bones", Caya Hueso. According to these legends, people in general, but magicians and shamans in particular, would be buried on Caya Hueso because it "preserved their spirit", which would "easily" take up residence in creatures of lower forms.

Blue Uncertain Papers #3 (plain)

17



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the chicken census
part of which is just
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Public Eye

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today, was nun-
leaders in Ameri-
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ative of New York

AND MRS ENRIGHT OF ARKHAM, MRS
Stillman of Wakefield, and quite a few of
intimate friends. On the departure
from the chapel the Rev Father gave the couple
his blessing and said they were the first
couple he married at the camp with their
parents present. The bride was presented
with a bouquet of roses. The couple will
make their home in Ayer for the present.

Rev. Father Stiney of Camp Devens was
born in the same village as Mr. Enright,
Innsmouth to the north of Ipswich.

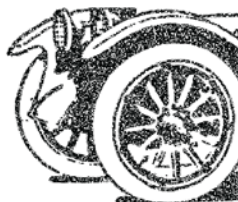
Obituaries

Susan Simmons

Susan Simmons, age 35, of South
Peabody Avenue, died suddenly last
night. Dr. James Bell, her family
physician, ruled the cause was a sudden
and unforeseeable brain aneurysm. She
is survived by her son Robert, age 8
and daughter Eloise, age 6, who will be
going to live with her cousin Edgar
Miles in Bozeman, Montana. Susan's
husband of 10 years, William, has been
missing since last April.

Eustache H. Lessard

Eustace H. Lessard, 223 S. Powder
Mill street, a well known and popular
young man of this city, died at
midnight Wednesday night, following a
lingering illness at the age of 29 years.
He is survived by his widow, his
parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Lessard.



By being too eco-
the more it waste
of coal each day
wonderful result

original doors
e, which on
years, were
rom decay.

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PLUMBING, SHEET METAL WORK

BOILING CHINESE BUCKLE UPON HILL.

Mobius charged in application for the
injunction that she had "an unreasonable
and extraordinary infatuation for me." On
one occasion, he said, she entered his store,
broke his glasses, "shrieked and yelled" and
threatened to throw acid in his face.

DELIVERY MAN MISSING

Police are looking for information on the
whereabouts of William Simmons, a local
delivery man who went missing on Satur-
day April 9th. William delivered a
package in nearby Dunwich on or around
the 7th. Upon completing his business
there, he set out to return to Arkham,
and that was the last anyone saw of him.

William's wife, Susan, is understandably
worried and has no idea where her
husband may have gone. Detective
Michael Cooper, of the Arkham Police
Department, said, "Currently we're not
ruling anything out or making any
assumptions. We have found no evidence
that foul play was involved and while
unlikely, it is possible that Mr. Simmons
may have vanished of his own accord. If
you have any information, police contact
the Arkham police."

**BUTTER AND EGG
THIEF IN TOWN**

Police are looking for the big "Butter and Egg

minor nasal op-
Springfield last

The regular in
Arkham Board
held at the Tow

The ladies of t
church will ser-
popular supper
morrow evening

Miss Ruth Hol-
spent the week
Mr. and Mrs. I
street.

Edward Fuger
played at the W
working in Mill
store.

Mr. and Mrs.
Garrison Street
farm owned by
Stoughton, in E

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Massachusetts:
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Miss Fanny Cl-
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Consumption Papers #3 (plain)

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TODAY
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lay as follows:
1925 1926
.....9 13.
.....14 27

ean by kiss-
help myself.
id.—Virginia

ILLEGES
ses. Roxbury
Faitham, Call
vt.

attention of a watchman, who hurried
towards the girl. His presence upset the
plans of the two young men, for one yelled:
"Come on, beat it" and both rushed away
from the Treasurer's office and, taking
different exits, made their way out of the
building. They were seen to go towards the
Common.

Neither of the alleged holdup men
displayed any weapon and it is the belief
of investigators that they were "snatchers"
rather than stickup men.

**TWO DROWN
IN SUDDEN
HARBOR STORM**

Industrialist Family's Woe

April 4, 1926—A 32' pleasure yacht,
DELORS' SMILE, capsized today when a
strong nor'easter suddenly blew into the
harbor. Dr. and Mrs. Herrington, and
their two sons, were aboard. Mrs. Deloris
Herrington and James Herrington, the
younger of the two boys, both drowned
before help could arrive.

The elder son, William Herrington, is in
critical condition at Boston City Hospital.
The patriarch, Dr. James Herrington II,
survived with minimal injuries and is
holding vigil over his surviving son.

Dr. Herrington is the son of philan-
thropic industrialist, James Herrington Sr.
The Herrington family could not be
reached for comment.

Dr. Sean Matthews of Boston City Hospi-
tal and a friend of the Herrington family
commented, "We are doing everything
possible for both William and his father at
this time. I fear it's in God's hands now."



**WOMAN
PREPARI**

**Mrs W. J. M
in Home in**

While preparing
at 1 o'clock this af-
J. Martin, aged 57,
st, East Boston, ra-
her heart and fell i-
Her husband rushe-
and, on failing to r-
neighbors. The po-
Station 7 rushed to
Boston Relief Stat-
pronounced dead o-
Carl A. Peterson. I-
neous and is believ-
to heart failure.

en a resident
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of the town's

**Lines
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50). Cafe pro-
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**ills
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(AP)—While
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ir 15th floor
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"awoke when
ad sent for a
i to the room
his wife fell,
as a suicide,
ecretary and
irplane com-
t saying Mrs
t to fainting
as overcome
window. He
fortunate ac-

RIEFES

mine the cause of the explosion which
occurred in a washroom beneath the
radio room. One theory is that the
blast was caused by hydrogen gas
leaking into the washroom from
auxiliary batteries in the radio
quarters, becoming ignited.

**FATHER OF LOCAL
HERO FOUND DEAD**

MAY 4th, 1920—Morris Fitch,
father of Congressional Medal of
Honor winner Gary Fitch, was
found dead yesterday morning of
an apparent fall. The body of Mr.
Fitch, long time keeper at Lonely
Point, was discovered by Harrison
Venderhoff while delivering
supplies to the lighthouse. Mr. Ven-
derhoff said, "When no one came to
meet the boat, I got worried. I
climbed in through a window,
calling out and looking around. I
found poor Morris near the bottom
of the lighthouse stairs. There was
nothing I could do; he'd been there
for a while."

No sign of Bessie Fitch could be
found, and it is thought that she died
of a lengthy illness and was privately
buried on Lonely Point by her devoted
husband. The pair had become re-
clusive in recent years after the death
of their son Gary. Morris Fitch was
sixty-six years old and is survived by
his daughter Michelle Gannon and
two grandchildren.

**ALIENS CLAMOR TO
ENTER THIS COUNTRY**

NEW YORK—With a grand total
of 11, 482 aliens in port at the end
of the race of immigration carrying
liners to reach port first under the

Boyle, wealthy
death, refusing
Although, Boy-
terday, police
til an anonymou
night gave the ir
Boyle was in an

Boyle said he
of policemen wh
little kidding" b-
name them. "If
he said, "If I die
erence.

TO CIRI



Darkness Illuminated Papers #1 (plain)

Lighthouse Papers #1 (plain)



in the idea, to
circumstances then,
the chicken census
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were 359, 637, 385
farms in the United
States in 1920, as against
only three months
ago April 15, 1910. In
many chickens are
marketed each year
and April 15 con-
fiscant. The actual
was any, probably
that in egg pro-
cent. In actuality
of population does
with that of human
for eggs and fried

27, 746, 510, with
Ohio, and Texas
led. It isn't nearly
more there are on
paver on city pave-
off we will all be.

Public Eye

ge, who celebrates
today, was num-
bers in Ameri-
finance, until his
ctive affairs some
ative of New York

and Mrs. Enright of Arkham, Mrs.
Stillman of Wakefield, and quite a few of
intimate friends. On the departure
from the chapel the Rev. Father gave the
couple his blessing and said they were
the first couple he married at the camp
with their parents present. The bride
was presented with a bouquet of roses.
The couple will make their home in
Ayer for the present.

Rev. Father Stiney of Camp Devens
was born in the same village as Mr.
Enright, in Innsmouth to the north of
Ipswich.

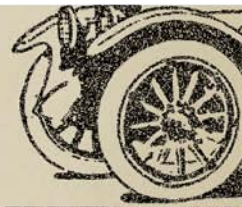
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PLUMBING, SHEET METAL WORK

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minor nasal op
Springfield last

The regular m
Arkham Board
held at the Tow

The ladies of t
church will serv
popular supper
morrow evening

Miss Ruth Hol
spent the week
Mr. and Mrs. I
street.

Edward Fuger
ployed at the W
working in Mill
store.

Mr. and Mrs.
Garrison Street
farm owned by
Stoughton, in L

The federal in
Massachusetts
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1921 or about 4
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Consumption Papers #4 (texture)

Consumption Papers #3 (texture)

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nday: slowly
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nd: Fair to-
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attention of a watchman, who hurried
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Her husband rushe
and, on failing to
neighbors. The po-
Station 7 rushed to
Boston Relief Sta-
pronounced dead
Carl A. Peterson. I-
neous and is believ-
to heart failure.

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y to 20; Bos-
15 to 20.
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vt. Morning
ashington 24,

...m: Barom-
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orthwest, 12
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TODAY
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lay as follows:
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.....9 13
.....14 27

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id.—Virginia
ILLEGES
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Faltham, Call
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**Lines
c "Petting"**

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radio room. One theory is that the
blast was caused by hydrogen gas
leaking into the washroom from
auxiliary batteries in the radio
quarters, becoming ignited.

**FATHER OF LOCAL
HERO FOUND DEAD**

MAY 4th, 1920—Morris Fitch,
father of Congressional Medal of
Honor winner Gary Fitch, was
found dead yesterday morning of
an apparent fall. The body of Mr.
Fitch, long time keeper at Lonely
Point, was discovered by Harrison
Venderhoff while delivering
supplies to the lighthouse. Mr. Ven-
derhoff said, "When no one came to
meet the boat, I got worried. I
climbed in through a window,
calling out and looking around. I
found poor Morris near the bottom
of the lighthouse stairs. There was
nothing I could do; he'd been there
for a while."

No sign of Bessie Fitch could be
found, and it is thought that she died
of a lengthy illness and was privately
buried on Lonely Point by her devoted
husband. The pair had become re-
clusive in recent years after the death
of their son Gary. Morris Fitch was
sixty-six years old and is survived by
his daughter Michelle Gannon and
two grandchildren.

**ALIENS CLAMOR TO
ENTER THIS COUNTRY**

NEW YORK—With a grand total
of 11, 482 aliens in port at the end
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Lighthouse Papers #1 (texture)



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ERNOON, JANUARY 3, 1919 — TWELVE PAGES CLOUDY TONIGHT; COLDER TOMORROW. PRICE

Lighthouse Papers #2 (plain)

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LOCAL MAN AWARDED MEDAL OF HONOR

Sergeant Gary Fitch, a native of New London, was posthumously awarded the nation's highest military honor on Monday during a ceremony at the White House. Sergeant Fitch was one of four men so honored for their heroic service to this country during the final months of The Great War. In addition to the Medal of Honor, Gary Fitch was also promoted to the rank of lieutenant.

On August 12th of 1918, Sergeant Fitch led a group of men across no-man's land in an effort to take out a forward German mortar position raining havoc down on allied trenches. The men were quickly pinned down by German machinegun fire, taking heavy

casualties. As a smoke screen was deployed so that his men could withdraw, Sergeant Fitch charged forward. With a shotgun and hand grenades, he took out the German machine gun and moved on to eliminate the mortar position it protected. While he could have withdrawn, Sergeant Fitch remained at the enemy advance position, directed allied artillery strikes by marking targets with colored smoke grenades, until killed by German snipers. His heroic actions are credited with saving the lives of hundreds of allied troops. A statue of Lieutenant Fitch is being planned for the entrance of Bulkeley High School, the school he attended.

ADRIFT REACH

PROVIDENCE: Blair of New York landed here today which took the Reef lightship, refuge, after the scene, was written near the Point. The two in a small boat reached the light. Mr. Blair and his wife from New Vineyard when fog, lost their boat ashore. The ship almost immediately was abandoned and was abandoned Blair and his son from their dory so because of the early Monday morning ship was sighted

DEATH RATE IN 1918 INCREASED 32 P. C.

NEW YORK (United Press)—The rate of mortality which American life insurance companies had to

SOLDIER OF FRANCE WHO KEPT HIS WORD

MOULINS, France (A.P.)—Raoul Doriot, a soldier of the great war, who committed suicide the other day

COMMUNIST JINX

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"RING ON FINGER OF NURSE



Frank Smith yesterday, who began crying when she took the witness stand and asked that the minister offer prayer. Mrs. Smith confessed

OHIO MURDERS

MOTHER SLAYS HER THREE CHILDREN THEN KILLS SELF

August 29th, 1922—Police found the bodies of three children, dressed in their pajamas and placed in their beds. Their mother, Michelle Gannon, was found in the kitchen, dead from an apparent self poisoning. Detective Fitzroy issued the statement, "It seems the mother drowned each of the children, one by one, in the bathtub, then dried them off, dressed them, and laid their bodies in their bedrooms as if putting them to bed for the night. Afterwards, she ate stew laden with rat poison and died at the kitchen table. We've taken the father, James Gannon, to the hospital for shock.

mation and asked to be permitted to go home and get their stills. Judge Johnson granted the requests.

Mr. Gannon was working late when this terrible event took place and is not considered to be involved in any wrongdoing."

James Gannon, Junior was about to turn 10, and sisters Mary and Roberta were just 7 and 2 years old. Their father could not be reached for comment. Shocked neighbors said the family seemed happy, although Michelle often had a temper with the children. Michelle Gannon had recently taken ill and was suffering from sleeplessness, but everyone agrees that there were no signs of any dangerous behavior from her.

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MANCHESTER HAS EXCITING FIRE

Man in Night Clothes
Makes His Escape by
Spectacular Stunt. Blaze

TELEPHONE GIRL BLOCKS SUICIDE

Plugs In on Call and Man
Who Had Taken Poison
is Rushed to Hospital



Lighthouse Papers #4 (plain)



Lighthouse Papers #2 (texture)

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ERNOON, JANUARY 3, 1919 — TWELVE PAGES CLOUDY TONIGHT; COLDER TOMORROW. PRICE

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Lighthouse Papers #4 (texture)



The Aylesbury

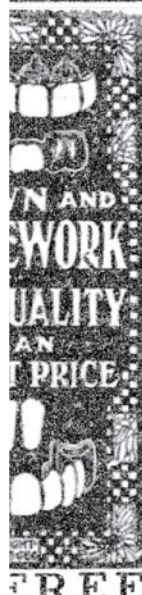
ALGERNON V. WHIPPLE CO.
Publishers and Proprietors.

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among the many that are too light to hold the great new locomotives that are to come to the New Haven some time during the early winter.

LOCAL LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER HOOKS A BIG ONE

July 22nd, 1917—Morris Fitch, long time lighthouse keeper at Lonely Point, just might be starting a new career as a professional fisherman. Along with local fisherman Jessie Holland, he landed a 10-foot bull shark. While Mr. Fitch wouldn't comment on his catch, Jessie later said, "Morris was specifically looking for that particular shark. We let four other bull sharks go, as well as anything else he hooked."

When asked who landed the shark, Holland replied, "Morris did. As soon as we got it close to the boat, he blasted it a bunch of times with his shotgun, cursing up a storm at the damn thing. It was the oddest charter I ever took out, but, so long as the client's happy, that's that." We hope to get a comment from Mr. Fitch, on just what the nature of his dispute with the shark was. No word on if or when Mr. Fitch, who's been lighthouse keeper at Lonely point for thirty-six years now, plans to retire.

Men Drawn From And Eleventh Div

The following names were drawn for United States army service late Friday afternoon:

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392 Bank

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OPPORTUNITY!

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rose-colored sweet-

FI! RANGE

Guaranteed to
Roast Meats of
all kinds with-
out basting or
turning in the
oven.

Another Mysterious Disap- pearance Baffles Police

Yet another child has disappeared, 10th in a series of children that have gone missing over the last 8 months. Preston Travers, 11 years, son of Elijah and Martha Travers of Reverence Street, failed to return home last evening after his shift at the Hollingsworth Textiles Mill. What baffles investigators is that—except for Gracie Portman, the first child who disappeared—all of the children have reappeared as mysteriously and suddenly as they disappeared. Three to five days after their initial disappearance, the children wandered out of the forest, none the worse for wear. Physical examinations show them to be in perfect health—and in some cases, better health than when they disappeared.

Similarly confusing is the fact that every returned child denies that anything strange occurred, insisting that they were gone for only a few moments.

All are child workers at the Hollingsworth Mill. Police investigations at the mill and its immediate environs have turned up no leads, and the adult workers at the mill have been cleared of suspicion.

When 13-year-old Gracie Portman disappeared, it was assumed she ran away, so it was not until 12-year-old Jessica Morris disappeared that the public began to take notice. Unlike Gracie, however, Jessica reappeared after 4 days, allaying fears for her safety.

Subsequent disappearances, in order, involved James Hollings—11 years, Yancy Beatty—13 years, Sylvia Drake—10 years, Jake Torrance—9 years, Chastity Willis—11 years, Polly Murray—10 years, Lydia Belknap—12 years, and now Preston Travers. The only common factors between all subjects seem to be their employ at the Hollingsworth Mill and that each disappeared in close proximity to same. Investigations are ongoing.

According to the Aylesbury Historical Society archives, Indian legends dating back hundreds of years claim that the forest in the area of the mill is cursed.

Hearing on Telephone Situation

An informal, but animated and interesting meeting was held at the Misquat club rooms, Friday evening, on changes in the telephone service of Aylesbury especially in the matter of toll charges within the town.

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Miss Violet J. B

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Aylesbury. Fun

Lighthouse Papers #3 (plain)



Bethany Willowton



Elsa Nussbaum



Janet Whittles-Rose



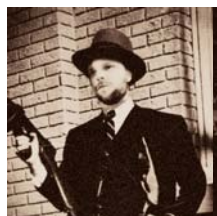
Marcia Parada



Roxanne Bennett



Sister Helena



Bruno DeLuca



Edwin Hurst



Felix Bancroft

Children Papers #1 (plain)



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ALGERNON V. WHIPPLE CO.
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to hear from owner Fall delivery. Give Box 551, Olney, Ill.

ANTED—\$40 weekly ir spare time, selling r. Experience ur- ED MILLS, Norris- 60-100

OPPORTUNITY!

wide-awake men and for the genuine and roducts. Established nally advertised. om every angle—we Write today for free ry. First come first O., Dept. 75, New 14-40

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ite of Milk.

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RANGE

Guaranteed to Roast Meats of all kinds with- out basting or turning in the oven.

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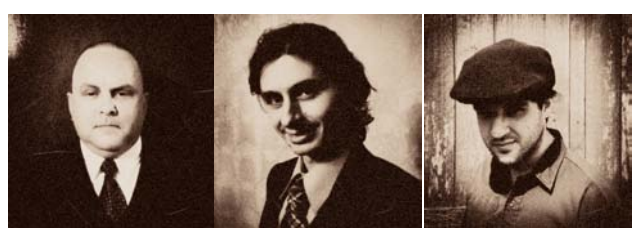
Henry O. Rump home on the ti last Sunday. He Deans Corners, lived on the fa was the son of Whipple Rump Rumpole was a tegrity and cha ous, unassuming sense of humor sisters, Miss El kept house for more, and Miss Aylesbury. Fun



Gareth Parkes Hank Duncan Herbert Hillier



Lionel Price Phillip Hyatt Scott Baker



Simon Harper Stanley Dupont Walt "Hashed Potatoes" Johnson

Children Papers #1 (texture)



Children Papers #2 (plain) section (a)

16th day of October in the year 1693:

As I am not an unreasonable owner, I have been allowing Hyabo some small time in which she may do as she pleases, as she has proven herself quite useful and has shown no signs of a rebellious nature. She often slips off into the woods during these periods of free time, returning with a lightness of step and a smile on her face. I wonder if my little maid has found herself a lover ~ and if so, who it might be. I shall follow her sometime to see what she's getting up to...

21st day of October, 1693:

A fascinating day indeed! I followed Hyabo into the woods, hoping to discover who she is trysting with. Little did I guess that my little slave was worshipping a pagan goddess at an altar deep in the forest! There is a statue upon the altar, a statue of a pregnant woman with fulsome, pendulous breasts, but with the legs of a goat and the head and curling horns of a ram. The eyes of the statue are what truly beguile me ~ not a mere two as one might expect, but seven glowing orbs staring out at me, hinting at the secrets lurking behind them. I spent the afternoon watching Hyabo worship at the altar, performing strange, ~~we~~ profane rituals. She even called forth a demon. It resembled a monstrously twisted tree, replete with stamping hooves and tentacles for branches, and it did her bidding! Think what I could do with such power!

30th day of October 1693:

I finally confronted Hyabo about her witchery in the depths of the woods. She was quite fearful, afraid that I might expose her practices and turn her over to the Magistrate, or worse, to the fire and brimstone of Minister Cromwell. She was taken aback when I commanded her to instruct me in the ways of her dark goddess. We spent the rest of the afternoon in the sacred glade, and I was introduced to the ways of The Great Mother.

10th day of Febr'y, 1694:

Tonight we set my plan into motion. In one act, we plant the seed to bring the Great Mother to our earthly realm. A glamour cast upon my fool husband and the young Foster child will lead them to the Mother's altar, where they shall rut like animals. My magics will ensure that his seed takes root in her belly. The child she bears will be the perfect vessel for the Mother, and the fool townsfolk will think my husband either an adulterer or a witch, either of which gets him out of my way!

section (b)

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(Several entries follow, detailing Parker's indoctrination into the worship of the Great Mother, including the spells listed above).

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April 3rd, 1904

I had the oddest dream last night. I was swimming and dove down under the surface. I'd lost something, something important, and was looking for it. I kept swimming down and down, for a long time, but I wasn't scared. I was breathing, under the water, and I could see better in the dark depths. The deeper I went, the better I could see and breath. I knew I should be drowning, but I wasn't. In my dream, I felt physically totally comfortable. It scared me.

June 28th, 1905

I had that dream again, gotta be the the third time this month. I was swimming into the depths of the ocean without drowning, looking for something. But this time, I could hear singing, chanting, sort of like church. I knew it was for me, welcoming me, calling me ... I was so afraid I told my dad about the dream. He looked so sad and said I should go talk to my mom about it. I don't want to; she has such a temper lately.

March 18th, 1906

Mom asked about Sam today. She wanted to know if we were serious. I lied and said no. She pulled my hair and called me a ~~tr~~idiot. I think Dad must have seen us coming out of the woods and told her about it. She then asked if I had anything I wanted to talk about, and asked me about my dreams. I said no, and pretended I didn't know what she meant. I know she means the old dreams about the sea. I told her she was crazy and she beat me, calling me a lying little slut. I hate her! I don't know why daddy would ever marry such a monster! He tells me that mom and I fight because we are so alike but I'm NOTHING like her ...
NOTHING!!!



June 9th, 1907

Mother's getting sick more and more. She's walking slower now, and her back is hunched over. Her hair is so thin and greasy looking. She smells too. Good. I hope she dies! Father tells me she to be a good girl and not to upset her. He says she's the only mother I have, but I don't care. I hate her. Life will be better when she's gone.

January 21st, 1908

Mother tried to get me to talk again, even made us tea and cakes. She wanted to talk about the dreams of the sea and about what they meant. She said it part of who I was, who she was, and what our family was. Not daddy's side, but hers, the Elliot's. I'd never met them, and she never talked about them. I told her I didn't have any bad dreams about the sea, but she said she knew I did. The blood of Dagon and Hyakka breeds true, she said. Dagon and Hyakka ... I knew the names from the chants in my dreams. She said the reason we didn't get along was that I took after her, and her family, so much. I told her she was crazy and that I was nothing like her. She makes me so angry. This time when she hit me I hit her back. Daddy had to pull us apart. She called me an ungrateful little whale. I told her she was a bitch who stank like low tide. Then daddy smacked me and said I couldn't talk to her like that. How could he side with her! He's such a fat slave to her! I hate them both!

May 23rd, 1910

I need to get away from here, just like my br Gary did. I'm going away from the sea, away from my mother and from these dreams. When I graduate next year I'm moving inland. I wrote to Aunt Janis in Dayton and asked if I could visit next summer. If she says I can, I won't ever come back.



April 3rd, 1904

I had the oddest dream last night. I was swimming and dove down under the surface. I'd lost something, something important, and was looking for it. I kept swimming down and down, for a long time, but I wasn't scared. I was breathing, under the water, and I could see better in the dark depths. The deeper I went, the better I could see and breath. I knew I should be drowning, but I wasn't. In my dream, I felt physically totally comfortable. It scared me.

June 20th, 1905

I had that dream again, gotta be the ~~the~~ third time this month. I was swimming into the depths of the ocean without drowning, looking for something. But this time, I could hear singing, chanting, sort of like church. I knew it was for me, welcoming me, calling me ... I was so afraid I told my dad about the dream. He looked so sad and said I should go talk to my mom about it. I don't want to; she has such a temper lately.

March 18th, 1906

Mom asked about Sam today. She wanted to know if we were serious. I lied and said no. She pulled my hair and called me a trudlop. I think Dad must have seen us coming out of the woods and told her about it. She then asked if I had anything I wanted to talk about, and asked me about my dreams. I said no, and pretended I didn't know what she meant. I know she means the ~~the~~ dreams about the sea. I told her she was crazy and she beat me, calling me a lying little slut. I hate her! I don't know why daddy would ever marry such a monster! He tells me that mom and I fight because we are so alike but I'm NOTHING like her ...
NOTHING!!!



June 9th, 1907

Mother's getting sick more and more. She's walking slower now, and her back is hunched over. Her hair is so thin and greasy looking. She smells too. Good. I hope she dies! Father tells me she to be a good girl and not to upset her. He says she's the only mother I have, but I don't care. I hate her. Life will be better when she's gone.

January 21st, 1908

Mother tried to get me to talk again, even made us tea and cakes. She wanted to talk about the dreams of the sea and about what they meant. She said it part of who I was, who she was, and what our family was. Not daddy's side, but hers, the Elliot's. I'd never met them, and she never talked about them. I told her I didn't have any ~~tea~~ dreams about the sea, but she said she knew I did. The blood of Dagon and Myocca breeds true, she said. Dagon and Myocca ... I knew the names from the chants in my dreams. She said the reason we didn't get along was that I took after her, and her family, so much. I told her she was crazy and that I was nothing like her. She makes me so angry. This time when she hit me I hit her back. Daddy had to pull us apart. She called me an ungrateful little whore. I told her she was a bitch who strank like low tide. Then daddy smacked me and said I couldn't talk to her like that. How could he side with her! He's such a ~~slave~~ slave to her! I hate them both!

May 23rd, 1910

I need to get away from here, just like ~~the~~ Gary did. I'm going away from the sea, away from my mother and from these dreams. When I graduate next year I'm moving inland. I wrote to Aunt Janis in Dayton and asked if I could visit next summer. If she says I can, I won't ever come back.



Dearest Mickey,

It has been a long time since we've spoken and I know you must hate me, but I want you to know I forgive you. I am so sorry for everything that's happened; your mother and I never ~~we~~ meant to hurt you or Gary. I wish things could have been different.

Your mother is gone now, been gone for a few years. She always said she'd stay with me until my end. She visits from time to time, but not often and never for long. With you gone and Gary in the army, I'm all alone here. I miss you, all of you, and I wish I could just ~~quit~~ quit the lighthouse but someone needs to tend it. When your mother visits, I need to be the one she finds. I can't hate her like you do. Sometimes I wish I could, but I'm starting to understand. She's started a new life, without me in it, just like you and Gary. But children are supposed to do that, which brings me to the ~~best~~ wonderful news that's reached me.

My sister tells me you have another baby on the way. I'm really happy for you. I wish I ~~could~~ could have been at your wedding, and I really want to see my grandson, but I understand your reasons for not letting me be a part of your life. I'm told your ~~husband~~ husband is a good man, and a good father.

Does he know about you, about your mother, the Innamouth Edliots, all of ~~it~~ it? Have you come to accept it yourself? I know you think you're different, and that you can ~~fight~~ fight it, but you can't. Your mother and I tried, with love, with prayer, with every tonic and medicine out there, but she still changed.

Maybe it was selfish for us to have children, but we were all so happy together once. You and your ~~brother~~ brother are both so wonderful, making you both couldn't be wrong. I love you Michelle. Please, have mercy on a lonely old man and write back. Even if it's to tell me you ~~hate~~ hate me, I'd just like to hear from you. We were so close Mickey; I don't know how it all fell apart with us. Don't ~~shut~~ shut me out; I have no ~~one~~ one left in my life.

With love,

Daddy. 



Lighthouse Papers #6 (texture)

Dearest Mickey,

It has been a long time since we've spoken and I know you must hate me, but I want you to know I forgive you. I am so sorry for everything that's happened; your mother and I never ~~meant~~ meant to hurt you or Gary. I wish things could have been different.

Your mother is gone now, been gone for a few years. She always said she'd stay with me until my end. She visits from time to time, but not often and never for long. With you gone and Gary in the army, I'm all alone here. I miss you, all of you, and I wish I could just ~~quit~~ quit the lighthouse but someone needs to tend it. When your mother visits, I need to be the one she finds. I can't hate her like you do. Sometimes I wish I could, but I'm starting to understand. She's started a new life, without me in it, just like you and Gary. But children are supposed to do that, which brings me to the ~~best~~ wonderful news that's reached me.

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Does he know about you, about your mother, the Innamouth Edliots, all of ~~it~~ it? Have you come to accept it yourself? I know you think you're different, and that you can ~~fight~~ fight it, but you can't. Your mother and I tried, with love, with prayer, with every tonic and medicine out there, but she still changed.

Maybe it was selfish for us to have children, but we were all so happy together once. You and your ~~brother~~ brother are both so wonderful, making you both couldn't be wrong. I love you Michelle. Please, have mercy on a lonely old man and write back. Even if it's to tell me you ~~hate~~ hate me, I'd just like to hear from you. We were so close Mickey; I don't know how it all fell apart with us. Don't ~~shut~~ shut me out; I have no ~~one~~ one left in my life.

With love,

Daddy. /



Lighthouse Papers #7 (plain)

Dear Gary,

If you are reading this, then I am dead, and there are some things you should know. Your mother was unfaithful to me, ~~un~~unashamedly so. She even brought her new child to me and asked me to help teach him English. Yes, you and your sister have a younger half-brother now. Your mother has drifted further and further away from me since her change, but this was more than I could bear.

I killed her lover, but couldn't bring myself to harm the child. He is your ~~my~~ brother, after all, and innocent of doing me any wrong. Your mother and her lover are not. My rival is dead, and your mother has been punished. I've forced her to keep her promise to me, and she's remained with me until my end. But now I am gone, and there ~~is~~ are things which need to be taken care of.

Come home and bring your sister if she'll come. You'll both need to bring someone you can trust with you, to help. The island ~~is~~ should be closed to you, and you'll need some help reaching the house. I can't explain, but you'll figure it out easy enough. Do what you ~~will~~ will with your mother and brother. I'm ~~to~~ beyond caring. I may burn in hell for what I've done, but the last few years of living alone here and being played for a fool by that devil woman... Well, hell won't seem unfamiliar.

I wish I could



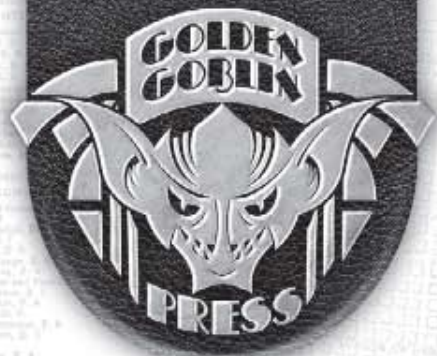
Dear Gary,

If you are reading this, then I am dead, and there are some things you should know. Your mother was unfaithful to me, ~~un~~unashamedly so. She even brought her new child to me and asked me to help teach him English. Yes, you and your sister have a younger half-brother now. Your mother has drifted further and further away from me since her change, but this was more than I could bear.

I killed her lover, but couldn't bring myself to harm the child. He is your ~~bro~~brother, after all, and innocent of doing me any wrong. Your mother and her lover are not. My rival is dead, and your mother has been punished. I've forced her to keep her promise to me, and she's remained with me until my end. But now I am gone, and there ~~are~~ are things which need to be taken care of.

Come home and bring your sister if she'll come. You'll both need to bring someone you can trust with you, to help. The island ~~should~~ should be closed to you, and you'll need some help reaching the house. I can't explain, but you'll figure it out easy enough. Do what you ~~will~~ will with your mother and brother. I'm ~~beyond~~ beyond caring. I may burn in hell for what I've done, but the last few years of living alone here and being played for a fool by that devil woman... Well, hell won't seem unfamiliar.

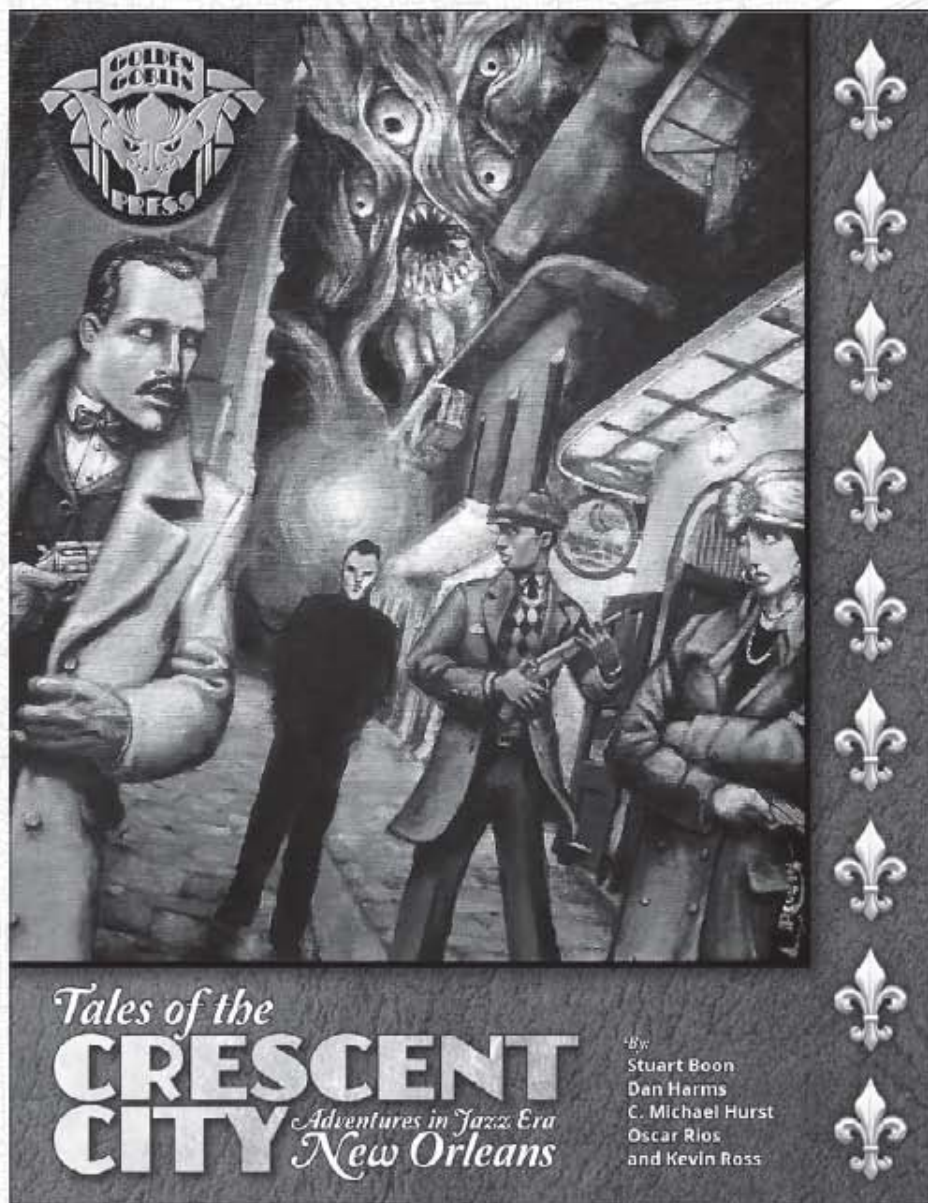
I wish I could



*Along the banks of a
crescent bend in the lower
Mississippi River lies a
city like no other...*

It is an old city with a colorful, often tragic history, a place where different races, cultures, and religions meet, sometimes blending and other times clashing. It's a city rich in the arts, where music and food are celebrations of life.

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