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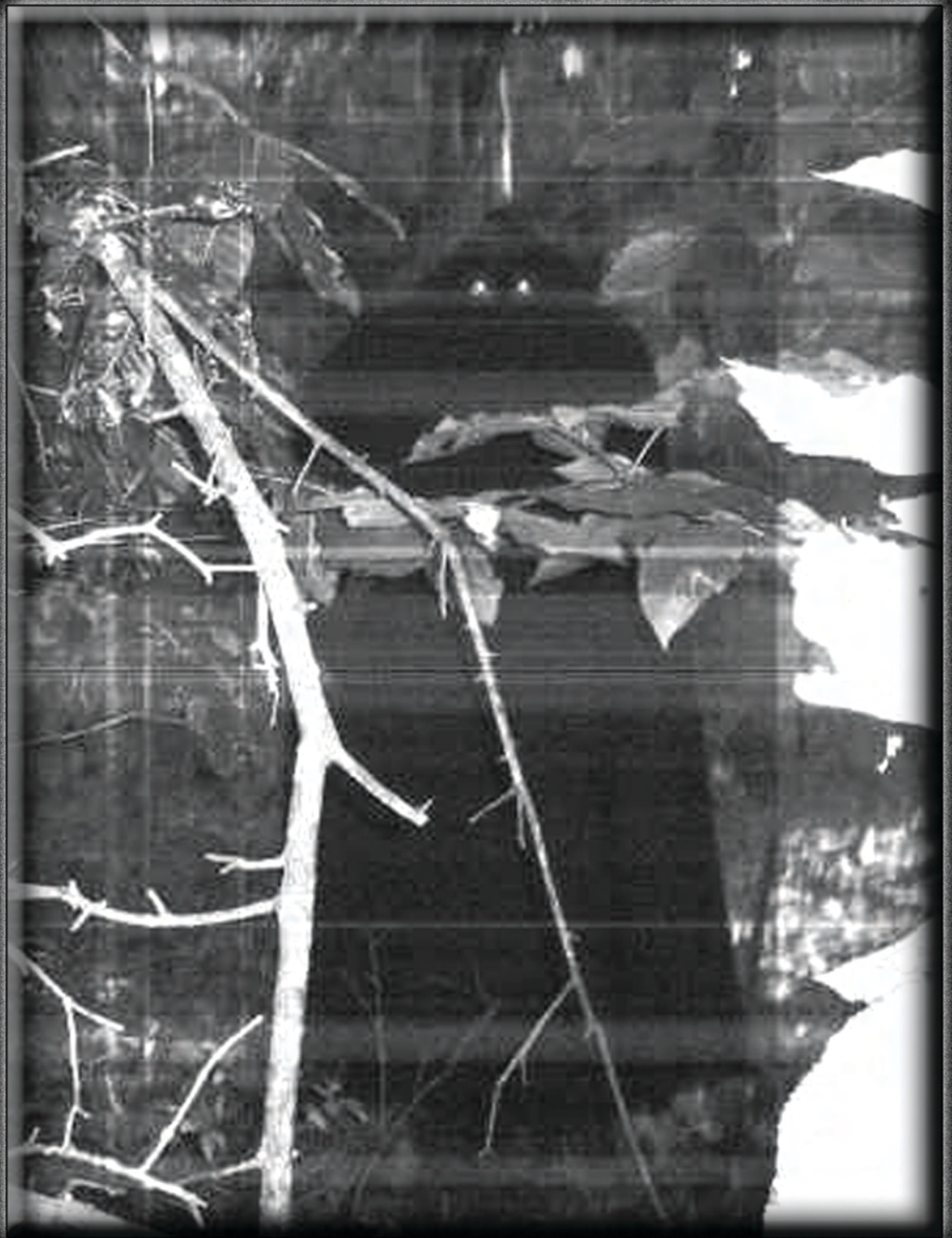
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Twilight Memoirs



**THREE CLUES TO ADVENTURE
FOR CALL OF CTHULHU**





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Twilight Memoirs

A Call of Cthulhu Monograph

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Special Thanks
to Dustin Wright for his encouragement,
to Cassie for her infinite patience,
to Dan for his fantastic advice,
to Cassie W. for being Helen,
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Introduction

There is, I think, a certain vicarious thrill that can be experienced by reading the personal writings of others. Lovecraft certainly seemed to think so. His work is full of letters, diaries, research notebooks, and all manner of other documents. These were merely one of his many devices for the distillation of terror. This monograph is an attempt to capture the essence of Lovecraft's love for forbidden, voyeuristic reading material, while providing keepers with new ideas and material to incorporate into their Call of Cthulhu games.

It does, however, differ somewhat in approach from other books of this type. Rather than presenting you with straight up adventures I've instead given you three complete "primary sources." Each one is designed to inspire some ideas for your games and serve as evocative handout for your players to examine for clues. Handouts have always been my favorite part of Call of Cthulhu and this monograph should give you plenty of them.

So, how do you use this monograph? Allow me to first explain its composition. The monograph is broken into three sections. Each section contains a complete document, ready to be photocopied and given to the players as a handout. Each document then has a corresponding appendix in which you'll find relevant game statistics, background information, and scenario hooks.

Here is a summary of what you'll find inside:

Section One: The Journal of Henry Radcliff

This section presents the 1927 journal of Henry Radcliff, a librarian whose discovery of a strange tome leads him to madness. In the appendix, you'll find a new antagonist in the form of the "Crimson Angel", a bold Mi-Go who has gone against the Cult of Nyarlathotep and raised a following of his own.

Section Two: The Research Log of the Kenning Expedition

This section centers on the research log of an archaeological expedition sent to a mysterious isle in the Caribbean in 1920. The members of the expedition were never heard from again, but their research log was found floating on a raft in the Caribbean. The appendix details the history of the mysterious island and provides scenario hooks that give the player-characters reasons to re-visit it.

Section Three: The Diary of Helen Dubois

This section focuses on the diary of a modern-day woman by the name of Helen Dubois. Driven mad by the loss of her son and husband, Helen begins to look to the woods for guidance and in the process comes in contact with an ancient entity. The appendix of this section presents an all-new mythos deity: Aylith, the Widow in the Woods.

Enjoy!

A Note on Racism:

Let's face it, folks: racism is part of the history of the United States. It's also a factor in Lovecraft's work. It's ugly, it's disgusting, but it was very much a part of living in the 1920s. Racist language is used in this monograph in order to give a more authentic account of the period and to invoke the reader's disgust with certain characters. Please understand that the views of the fictional characters in this monograph do not represent the views of the author.

The Journal of Henry Radcliff

Being the personal writings of a madman



July 14th, 1927

I must write these words quickly as I am not well. The heat of this blasted room is enough to drive a man, a capable man like myself, utterly mad. I hold a doctorate in literature from a prestigious school and here I sit amongst contemptible half-wits, stamping contemptible books in this contemptible (and antiquated) campus library. My former colleagues are surely satisfied with themselves; I know they smirk with satisfaction at my suffering. The scandal that left me in this position is so ridiculous that I shall not bother myself to re-tell it within the pages of this journal. These pages are my attempt occupy my otherwise dulled mind while I sit in this intellect-devoid prison.

As I have written, I am not well. My illness is not physical, but located in the now swelled part of my brain that exudes boredom. As I sit, mindlessly stamping textbook after textbook I wonder if I will die one day, right here in this chair, to which my sweating back now clings. Yes, eight years of university education and here I work with a sweating back. To be perfectly blunt, this nonsense is below me. Below my level of mental capacity and below my sense of dignity. Since my scandal brought me to this place, dignity has been a commodity firmly out of my reach.

July 15th, 1927

Today I was told by my supervisor, an ancient and terrible crone called Ellen Smith, that my task for the rest of the week will be to stack and organize all of the out-of-circulation books in the basement of this damned place. Again, I am forced to work like a common nigger. This scandal will be the end of me. I have only contempt for these damned books, these things that, as a naive undergraduate, I studied with such zeal. Now I see these books as the pointless collections of tripe that they are. I have studied them and now I lift them with my strained and weary muscles. This is my reward, my gift from the cosmos. If I have ever believed in a God I most assuredly do not now. If there is a greater power looking down on my humiliation and allowing it to continue unrelieved, it is not a deity that I wish to befriend, nor even acknowledge. A year from now, I'm sure I will curse even my mother for birthing me into such a vile existence as this. Perhaps, I'll write a novel one day. Yes, a dark tale of a man driven insane by the stupidity of his peers. After years of dull servitude he would finally get what was coming to him. Revenge. How I would love revenge against those who have led me to this situation. Revenge.

July 17th, 1927

I spent most of yesterday afternoon in the basement archives of the library. It was a foul place, filled with an incomprehensible mixture of dust and moisture. I stacked rotting, mold-laden tomes for the better part of three hours. I was surprised by the age of some of these documents. Many of them, though half destroyed, were hand-written and utterly unique manuscripts dating back to the last century. Though I have grown disgusted with the appearance of books I must admit that I felt an odd sort of compulsion to examine these tomes. Words written by hand, with care, by an author who actually put thought into his work are innately interesting, even to a jaded wretch like myself. Today (my day off) I felt like returning to the library for some reason, if only to take another look at the aged documents in the basement. I offer this as proof of my madness, for only a madman would voluntarily return to a place towards which he feels such disgust. I shall instead sate my curiosity by writing here, wasting both ink and paper on my disillusioned musings.

I have been thinking about my scandal recently. That is, the event that others perceive as scandal and I perceive as a simple misunderstanding. My "colleagues" at the school were anything but when it came down to it, when I really needed them. I suppose all great minds face adversity. My mind is great, I am assured. My insights are, at times, quite astounding even to myself. If only someone could place a phonograph in my brain and capture some of my inner dialogues I know that our world would be better for it. If I ever have a chance to escape my sentence at the library, I would like to write a book, a research piece. Something profound that would show those bastards once and for all the mistake that they made by revoking my tenure. Something should be done. Something must be done. I will show them.

July 18th, 1927

If they insist on treating me like a peasant, then I will behave like one! Today, I stole a book from the stacks in the basement. I found myself alone (no small task considering the ever-circling patrols of my hag of a supervisor!) among the older books that I was supposed to be stacking. I had become quite tired, so rather than stacking the books, I was simply shuffling them about to convince that old witch that I was busy at work. While I was engaging in this procrastination I began to page through some of the older manuscripts again. I must say, they are quite fascinating. Written and illustrated entirely by hand. Wrought by such careful hands. I found a very old, leather-bound tome entitled "The

Testament of the Crimson Angel.” I was immediately captivated by its marvelous illustrations, images so bizarre and abstract that one could imagine oneself looking into a mirage when viewing them. I was compelled to take the book because of my spite for this school. I doubt a single soul on the faculty has ever laid eyes on it, nor would they understand it if they did. With my copious spare hours I will be able to give this marvelous tome the attention it deserves.

July 19th, 1927

Today, despite a slight cough brought on by my recent treks into the moisture of the archives, I managed to page through “*The Testament*” discreetly during my otherwise eventless shift. Again, I am amazed by the artistic abilities of whoever illustrated this work. The images are at once realistic and undeniably bizarre. Strange anatomies are shown with enough detail that they could be from one of Da Vinci’s studies. I still have not delved into the text of this work, as it will assuredly take me quite some time to do so given its weight and apparent length. I don’t believe I’ve ever seen a book so massive (which speaks volumes given by current occupational sentence). I will begin reading after I finish this entry.

I have given a great deal of thought recently to the idea that I should rework this journal into a memoir of sorts, one that could prove my innocence in the matter of my scandal. That cursed event that has led me to my lowly state of being. It is so clear, so vivid in my mind that I could surely describe it in such lurid detail as to garner interest from a reader. How could I begin to write about it? Penning my thoughts on the matter would surely drive me mad with rage. The ignorance of my peers frustrates me every moment of the day. Each time I walk up the library steps to fulfill my day’s debt to that cursed school it haunts me. I can feel the pity and contempt of the students as they see me stooped over a pile of books waiting to be stacked. I must look ridiculous. How could one appear normal when forced to perform menial tasks rather than something that warrants the full extent of one’s mental abilities? They will regret this, I swear it.

July 20th, 1927

I cannot say for certain what time it is. I only know that I have missed my library shift by several hours. I do not care. I have been awake since the time I last wrote here, reading “*The Testament.*” The text is miraculous; it seems to be never ending, as I have read all night, into what ever hour of the day it is now, and my book mark still seems to be in the very front portion. This book is quite different than I expected it to be. It is not, as it would seem, a work of fanciful fiction, but an account of old

religions and philosophies forgotten by modern theology. The work has almost biblical depth and as I read; I feel that I am merely scratching the surface of the content. It is as if there is a deeper, more profound resonance to the text that my mind cannot quite identify. I have never read such a work. I must now gather my composure and muster an apology to the ugly, heartless woman who supervises my work at the library. It will take most of my willpower to do so, but I cannot lose what is left of my income. My eyes burn from my night of reading. I surely look like a gutter-dweller. This will have to do. I have no time for aesthetic pleasantries today. Much to do. Much to read. I must go.

July 20th, 1927

I have read much more. Still, I need more time.

July 21st, 1927

Today is the second on which I have neglected my duties at the library. Yesterday, I told Ms. Smith that I had fallen ill. She seemed to believe me, though her tone was quite inquisitive. It was, I should mention, not a complete lie. I have had a persistent cough since my time in the archive. I halted my reading only for a short, unintentional nap at some godless hour early this morning. I awoke with my face planted firmly between the covers of "The Testament." as if it had been speaking as I slept and I was listening very carefully. Since I began reading yesterday, I have had the most fantastic dreams. They are at once nightmarish and oddly compelling. I will continue to read this afternoon.

July 23rd, 1927

A variety of terrible events have prevented me from writing here yesterday. I will do my best to transcribe the events of the past few hours with composure, but I'm sure that it will be difficult. Last night I received word that my beloved mother had died. She took her own life by slitting her wrists with a kitchen knife. I sat in complete horror for most of the evening, trying to think of why she would do such a thing. My mother was a calm woman; one who has always been quiet and slow to anger. Since the death of my father almost thirteen years ago, she has remained devoutly religious and quite friendly, always smiling in a kind sort of way. Always pleasant. As I sat, trying to determine why (or perhaps how) she would take her own life, my thoughts returned (as they often do) to my scandal. That singular event, which has defined so much of my life in recent years. I believe that I am at fault. I am at fault for my mother's suicide. My mother. My scandal. My fault.

I will take a train to Boston in the morning for her funeral, though I will be ashamed to show my face. I dread my return to work after this weekend. I know that Ms. Smith will be brimming with questions, questions that I have no interest in answering.

My only escape comes from reading the Testament. It is the single most captivating book I have ever ventured to read. I feel that I am learning a secret, as if I am finding something that has been lost through the ages. I cannot describe the compulsion that this book creates in me. It is almost unnatural.

July 24th, 1927

I arrived in Boston two hours late and missed my mother's funeral. My aunts scorned me for showing my face here. They blame me. Perhaps they should. I will return home by train this evening. I want to get away from these people. I want to get away from this life. There is no returning for me.

July 26th, 1927

I went back to the library for the first time since my mother's death. Ms. Smith was unusually pleasant, although she asked all manner of prying questions. I simply shrugged through most of her interrogation. I know that if I give that woman a piece of my mind, she surely will fire me. While I enjoy the thought of never walking into this prison again, I am afraid that I need the income. I have few skills outside the realm of academia. I must admit, mother's death has struck a blow on my confidence. I feel responsible. I feel that she killed herself because I humiliated her with my scandal. My scandal.

I have passed my spare hours in the world of the testament. This book rings so true, in the strangest of ways. It has made me question my most axiomatic beliefs. I have never been so compelled by theological musings. This is not to say that I believe what it says. I don't believe in its "magicks" or its brand of bogeymen. Of course, it is largely nonsense. It must be nonsense. Still, the book is written in such a hypnotic tone. The pen strokes that line its pages are so fine . . . so focused. It is hard to turn away.

July 26th, 1927

I am not usually awake at this hour. I was stirred from my sleep by a sound from somewhere above my room. The roof perhaps. I do not know what I heard, only that there was a sound. A sharp sound from above. I am writing to calm my nervousness. I don't know why I feel so nervous. My aged apartment is alive with sounds in the evening. This one was different somehow. It stirs an unreasonable terror from somewhere within my mind. Nerves. It is simply my nerves. Mother's death, my scandal, my work, the library, all of it. These things are wearing my nerves thin.

July 27th, 1927

I am writing from my desk at the library. It has been a quiet morning. Few students have come in and Ms. Smith has spent most of the morning hidden away somewhere within her book-ridden lair. I am driven to describe the strange dream that I had after finally falling asleep last night. I saw it. The crimson angel, of whom my book speaks with such reverence and detail. A winged thing, bathed in red light, like a dying star over its shoulder. It was a terrible, misshapen thing. It hovered in my mind on great wings and its face. . . my God, its face. Its face was alive with writhing protrusions. I did not feel afraid somehow. Instead, I was captivated as if the angel was trying to communicate something to me, something that I cannot yet understand. It was one of the most vivid dreams I have had. What it is about this book that makes it capable of rousing my imagination to such heights. I awoke with a strange sense of comfort, like my concerns and nervousness are all pointless in the grand scheme of what is to come. I feel that soon, perhaps very soon, I will achieve my retribution.

It is their fault. I understand it now. Those ignorant fools who revoked my tenure and killed my mother with shame. Their stupidity will come back to do them in. They do not know what they have done. I know it now. I know that I will be proven right. I know that they will regret having ever crossed me. My time is coming. I will keep reading.

July 28th, 1927

What excitement! What satisfaction! I killed her. Stabbed her eyes with my pen-knife. That crone. That witch! That deranged woman who served as my warden in this prison. After my shift yesterday I called Ms. Smith into the basement and there, among the stacks of rotting books, I stabbed her eyes. I stabbed them until she stopped her struggling and lay still. There was, of course, a great deal of blood. I cleaned up what I could and wrapped her body in one of the unused draperies that was stored in

the basement. I carried her body across the back lots of the campus, amidst the willow trees, and put her in a pond. I placed stones to sink her. She sank below the surface. I feel as if my legs are about to spring into spontaneous dance! Tonight I will celebrate. I will celebrate and read and dream. My revenge is at hand. I will celebrate.

July 28th, 1927

What have I done? A madness has taken me. I killed my . . . I killed Ms. Smith. What have I done? They will be searching for her. Someone will know. They will find me. I have to leave. Perhaps I will go to my mother's house. She left it to me in her will. Yes, I must go there. I need to get away from this place and go somewhere I can have peace and quiet. Someplace to think and study. I will leave tomorrow.

July 29th, 1927

I cannot say for certain what drove me to my murderous actions last night. I am honestly frightened by myself, and at the same time, I must admit that I am perversely impressed. I have dreamt of stabbing that witch in the eyes and now I have done it. My will has been carried out. The Testament speaks of such things. I have had my revenge and, though a part of me regrets it, a stronger part yearns for more.

Early this morning, I took a train here. I arrived at my mother's house and spent most of the day getting comfortable. The house is quite large and an unseasonable draft seems to pervade the place. When I was young, I used to climb into the dumbwaiter and hoist myself up to the hallway outside my room. The dumbwaiter is broken now. Like much of this house, it is in a state of loathsome disrepair. The place still smells of my mother. It smells of her perfume and of her cedar chests. This smell has remained unchanged since I was a boy.

I've been trying not to think too much about what happened last night. I think that I am safe for now. It will take the police some time to discover her body and it will take them longer still to find me. I'll have time to decide what I'm going to do next. I will read more. Yes, first things first. I will read. What a wonderful escape reading is. I regret speaking ill of books as I did earlier in this journal. Books are marvelous things. They open new worlds to us. They speak in unfamiliar tongues and we are able to understand. I will read.

July 30th, 1927

It is easy for one's mind to play tricks when one is locked in one's childhood home with a strange book.

Whispers in the night.

August 3rd, 1927

It has been several days since I last wrote. I have spent them in a haze of reading the Testament and making notes to myself about its contents. I am truly beginning to understand the nature of the things in the book that were cryptic to me at first. I actually seem to be making progress through the tome's thousands of pages. What I read fascinates me.

I have heard nothing of the events of the murder. It seems that I have succeeded in secluding myself from suspicion. There hasn't been so much as a knock at the door. Except, that is, for the whispers. For the past several nights, I have been haunted by a choir of strange whispers whose source I cannot discern. I have not been able to make out their message, as the whispers always seem to fall just out of audible range. Last night, they disturbed me to the point that I threw open the windows and looked outside. I saw no sign of the whisperers. I believe that someone is toying with me. I suppose it's not entirely improbable that one of those bastards from the University followed me here, perhaps for the sole purpose of driving me mad with whispered secrets. What do they say?

August 4th, 1927

I heard the whispers again tonight. Earlier this evening I was eating a brief meal while reading the Testament. My mother's old clock, ornate and scrawled with many twisting carvings like the roots of an ancient tree, struck eight or nine o'clock. I do not remember which. They came from the walls, not inside the walls, but beyond them somehow. I listened for a while and though I could not make out what the voices were saying, they seemed to have a strange pattern to their speech. It was an insect-like buzzing, but with more dynamic inflections, almost like those of human speech. I went out into the yard, into my mother's garden. In the moonlight, the flowers towered over the tall grass like pallid statues. My mother's garden is quite extensive and, since her death, it has become dreadfully overgrown. I will tend to it in the morning. I searched in the yard, found nothing, and continued my search by pressing my ear against the side of the house where I had heard the voices. To my surprise, I could hear the whispers. They were not coming from the wall as I had expected. They came from above. I looked up toward the apex of the house. I saw

what I thought was a large owl or some other night-bird, but as I raised my head the creature took flight and buzzed off into the night. I cannot say what it was, but it seemed to be somewhat rigid in form. More like an insect than a bird. I believe that this insect-thing is the source of the whispers that have haunted me. Tomorrow night I will be ready for it.

August 4th, 1927

It is late. Very late at night. A passage I read in the Testament has prevented me from sleeping. It was a detailed description of the deity for which the tome was named, the Crimson Angel. The writing of this passage was frighteningly vivid, so much so that it caused me to shiver almost uncontrollably. I cannot say for certain why the passage affected me so, but I think it was because of the strange familiarity that I had with the description. It reminded me of my dream, the dream that I had only a few days ago. It was as if I had read this passage before. I cannot sleep, but I cannot write of this anymore. I will go for a walk.

August 5th, 1927

The telephone rang this afternoon. I think it was the police department. Three rings and then nothing. I fear that they may suspect I am here. I must not worry about it. There are more important matters at hand. I have made preparations in the event that I am visited by the whispering thing. I have my revolver at hand and, if I get the opportunity, I intend to fire on the creature. Its similarity to the "angel" described in the testament is too troubling to bear. My first dream-visions of the angel were not particularly unpleasant. On the contrary, I must admit that I felt a strange compulsion to look upon the creature, a compulsion to follow into whatever infinity it chose to lead me.

The more I read about this creature, the more unnerved I become. According to the Testament, the crimson angel escorted the author on a journey "beyond the stars." My literary instincts told me that it was some sort of allegory, dreamt up by the opium laden brain of the book's author, but it seems literal somehow. The thought of the events in the testament occurring in our world makes my mind shudder as it muses on alien paradigms; states of mind so far removed from mankind's cultural awareness that our world seems like only an inconsequential island in a sea of dark mysteries. The author writes so convincingly of planets beyond our solar system, prismatic nebulae, and the strange vistas of alien worlds. Fiction writers give readers lies in their work; lies disguised as truth. In my years of study I have learned, if nothing else, to discern fiction from non-fiction. As much as it terrifies me to admit . . . the Testament is not fiction.

It is something more. For now, I will continue to read. I will log any events of interest this evening in a future entry.

August 5th, 1927

I hear the whispers. As I write, I hear the whispers. Louder this time. I will try to record here what they say:

the wearer masks waxen mask hidden by robes eternity Great essence

The whispers have subsided. I was not able to understand much of what was said. What I did understand still burns in my mind with an inexplicable and horrific clarity. I will look outside now.

August 6th, 1927

Last night, I saw the whispering thing a second time. It did not flee. It flapped its wings and seemed to hover above the chimney. I raised my revolver to fire, but I could not. Something about this night-speaker caused me to take pause. I cannot explain the feeling anymore than I can explain my compulsion to kill the librarian or that which led me to commit the acts leading up to my scandal. My cursed scandal. If it were not for that single moment, in which the slightest misjudgment entered my mind, I would not be here now, with a dead mother, tormented by a nocturnal orator.

My memory of what happened next is vivid and, though I have not slept, I can still see it as if it had just happened. The winged-thing spoke to me. Not an animal noise. Not a whisper. Something in-between. As if this hovering thing were not able to fully articulate human speech. After its attempt at communication, the creature retreated into the starry sky. As it got further away, my eyes focused on the sky behind it and what I saw assaults me to this very moment.

I saw more of them . . . in the moonlight . . . more creatures. Many more. They seemed to gather in the night sky like a silent flock of nocturnal birds. Worse, I could feel them gazing at me. I felt myself being examined by dozens of strange-eyed night-things. At that point, I was overcome by fear and ran into the house. That was almost five hours ago. I have yet to sleep. Instead, I have been reading the Testament. I know now that this book holds a rare breed of truths that I must discover. I do not know the motivations of my nightly guests, but I intend to find them out.

August 7th, 1927

Knocks at the door. Policemen. As I write, I am crouched in a small alcove near the entry-way of my mother's house. There is the slightest crack in the drapes and I can see uniformed men standing on the doorstep. I will continue to write. The careful movement of my pen seems to steady my breathing, so that I make very little sound. I must keep writing. Breathe slowly. Slowly. If only they knew that I am crouched a mere seven feet from them. If only they knew how close I am. If only they knew. Steady. Write write write. They are knocking again. More knocking. They are leaving now. What relief! I thought for a moment that one of the men had seen me; a young officer, probably more sharp-sighted than his veteran companions, nearly made eye contact with me through the crack in the drapes.

They will surely be back. It is not safe for me to stay here any longer. I must leave, but where will I go? I have more important concerns at the moment. I must prepare for my guests this evening. I found a strange incantation in the Testament; it's a superstitious ritual of some sort. In previous years I would have been harshly skeptical of the type of superstitions that I find in the Testament. "Just remnants from a young world governed by agriculture." I would have said. Things are different now. The Testament has shown me new perspectives on almost every aspect of life. As I have written here before, I trust that the Testament is based firmly in our reality though it is not the reality that most know.

I digress. Tonight, I will prepare my spell and summon them. The Testament says that this incantation will bring the angel-things to a passive audience with me. Should this spell work, I will get a closer look at the creature and study its features. I will see if they match the fantastic illustrations of the Testament. I will see if the Crimson Angel has visited me.

August 8th, 1927

I can hardly contain the excitement with which I pen these words. I was awake all through the fantastic night and I am now shrouded in the rays of the morning sun. Where to begin? I've seen so much; learned so much. I feel that my brain will rupture if I do not relate last evening's events here.

I will begin by saying that I had gathered the proper materials and fully prepared to cast the spell before night had fallen. I was nearly seen by a policeman when I went into town for supplies, but I managed to evade

his paranoid gaze. With my preparations complete, I sat and waited quietly; wondering if the whispers would come. Around eleven o'clock, I heard them. I must admit that even in my excitement I had dozed slightly while waiting and the whispers woke me with an unpleasant start. I listened carefully in order to judge the relative location of the whisper-source and eventually discovered that the creature seemed to have taken a perch in my mother's fireplace and was speaking to me amidst the ashes of fires long past. I approached the fireplace and threw open the doors. There, not two feet away from me, was a creature so bizarre yet so familiar that I knew at once that it was the crimson angel. With quivering hands, I invoked the spell at the winged-thing and the creature seemed to acknowledge my action and comply with my will. After the spell was woven, I beckoned for the thing to step out from the fireplace and it did! To describe the creature's appearance would surpass my vocabulary. Suffice to say that it was a large, many-armed thing with skin the color of salmon. It approached me silently, but I was not afraid. I had confidence that my spell would allow me to interact with this being without danger.

I began to question the creature and my questioning continued into the morning hours. It answered my queries with a strange, buzzing voice, which seemed barely capable of human speech patterns. I asked many things, and such answers I received. I now know the true nature of the Testament. It is intended to prepare the reader for a star-journey with the crimson angel and its brethren. As the thing spoke to me, I learned that I will be ready for this journey as soon as I complete my reading of the Testament and fully comprehend its message.

After I had questioned the angel for several hours the entity took its leave of me and with a single flutter of its wings ascended the length of my mother's chimney.

For the last two hours I have been sitting quietly in the kitchen trying to come to grips with what I have seen and reassuring myself that the incident was neither a dream nor a fanciful hallucination.

I hereby dedicate what remains of my human life to my preparation for the star-journey of the crimson angel. For the first time since my scandal, I feel that my life has actual meaning and relevance. I know now that earthly authority is merely an illusion and the agendas of the angels are the only true pursuit. I will continue to read this evening and promise to write again soon.

August 9th, 1927

I have developed an urge to share what I have learned. Most of the despicable beings I have encountered would not be worthy of a star-journey, but I will seek those who are both mentally competent and strong-willed enough to deal with the spiritual requirements of the journey. I will go into town today and look for new disciples. I will begin my search at the local library, as it will no doubt be a haven from the police and likely the location of plenty of individuals of competent intellect.

I know that the angel will visit me again soon. I will be ready when it returns.

August 11th, 1927

I spent most of yesterday in town, searching for like-minded individuals to join me in the star-journey. I found only one man. I homeless fellow named Richard. After some discussion, he acknowledged that he has always known that our modern world was an illusion. He seemed very enthusiastic about getting to study the Testament and he agreed to meet me here tonight after dark. What excitement! I will finally have someone with whom I can share the things I have learned. I will be a night to remember.

August 12th, 1927

Richard came to my mother's house last night and the two of us discussed the Testament over a cup of tea. I paid very close attention to his nature and the depth of his intellect. He proved to be quite knowledgeable in many fields, having been a university student for several years in his youth. I think that he will please the angel. I think that he is worthy. He certainly seems eager to begin studying the Testament. I must hurry to finish the thing so that he may begin to read it. I will read through the night.

August 13th, 1927

No angel tonight. I sat and waited patiently. Perhaps it is waiting for me to finish reading the Testament. I must continue. I know so much now. So much.

August 14th, 1927

I visited with Richard again today. The two of us had a discussion on a street corner downtown. He seems even more eager to begin his study of the Testament. He feels that it will change his life. I have no doubt that he is correct. Since I found the Testament my life has changed greatly. I am finally beginning to realize my full potential as a human being. I know now that everything I have read in the Testament is absolutely true, and that, if I follow its teachings, I will eventually join the crimson angel for my own star-journey. Oh, how I would love to see the stars! I would bask in their light, no longer sheltered by the filtration of our atmosphere. Such places I will visit! All when the stars are right.

August 15th, 1927

More police today. They actually broke the door down and came in. Fortunately, I was in the kitchen and heard them coming. I was able to hide in the cellar as they searched the house. I fear that they know I am here. I didn't have time to cover up the evidence of my habitation. I'm sure they saw the left-over food from my evening meal. They must be very suspicious of me if they went to the trouble of getting a search warrant. I am going to leave tomorrow morning. It is no longer safe. I must find a place that I can do my reading and prepare for my journey without having to constantly worry about the police.

While they were searching the house for me I thought long and hard about the reason that I killed that woman. I hated her, I truly did, but that was not the full extent of my motive. I can't fully explain the way I felt when I knew for certain that she was going to die. It was as if my psyche needed some sort of catalyst to transfer it from one reality to another. The life I had before the Testament and the life I have after it. I cannot help but chuckle.

August 16th, 1927

I left my mother's house early this morning. Richard said that he knew a place we could stay for a while, a place that would be safe from the prying eyes of the police. We met in the early afternoon and he brought me here. I'm sitting in a rocky patch of woods known as "Witch's Watch." Richard said that bizarre rituals and sacrifices were held here long ago. I am compelled to believe what he told me. There is a certain, undeniable energy about this place. It will be the perfect stage for us to continue our study of the Testament and conduct our rites. These haunted rocks will be the origin point of our star-journey.

I hope to find more people to make the journey with us. The Testament says that the journey is much easier when made by a group of travelers rather than just one or two. It says that the crimson angel is hungry for followers. It is mad with jealousy for the other gods. For now, its power is idle. When the Angel has gathered enough followers, the circle will be complete and we will all be exalted in its presence.

August 17th, 1927

Last night was very cold. Soon, however, such petty human discomforts will no longer apply to me. Richard and I went out today, looking for more people of high intellect, the type of people who would be intrigued by our explanation of the Testament. We searched several areas where Richard thought we would find such folk, but everyone we found avoided us as if we had some sort of communicable disease. No matter; they are not capable of the level of thought it would take to begin their study. They are simply a herd of insignificant creatures, destined to wander this planet in a cloud of ignorance. Their kind would not be well accepted by the crimson angel.

Tonight, Richard and I are going to attempt to contact the angel again. I believe that the time is almost right for our journey. Richard is still in the early stages of his study of the Testament, but I am confident that he will understand more thoroughly once he is able to see the angel himself. If the angel will accept us, I will gladly give myself to it.

August 17th, 1927

It is almost time. Our preparations have been made and I can tell that Richard is very excited. If we should begin our star-journey tonight I will leave my journal here. I will leave it with the intent that others may find it, read it, and be drawn toward the teachings of the Testament. The Testament has given me a meaning to life that I could not have discovered by my own intuition. I can now see that the trials of my life, (my scandal, mother's suicide, and the murder) all of these things have led me to this point. Intuition and conscience are the enemies of progress and enlightenment. I look with excitement toward the journey that lies before me.

Appendix I

Non-Player Characters



Henry Radcliff, Insane Cultist of the Crimson Angel

STR 10 CON 9 SIZ 9 INT 16 POW 10
DEX 7 APP 9 EDU 19 SAN 0 HP 9

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Pen-Knife 40%, damage 1D4

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 8%, Literature 85%, Library Use 95%

Spells: Contact Mi-Go, Elder Sign

Richard Garland, Superstitious Drifter

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 12 INT 5 POW 4
DEX 11 APP 6 EDU 7 SAN 0 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fists 60%, damage 1D3 + db

Skills: Concoct Far-Fetched Conspiracy Theory 95%

Spells: None



The Crimson Angel, Mi-Go “Heretic”

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 16 INT 17 POW 18
DEX 17 HP 15 Move 7/9 when flying

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Nippers 70%, damage 1D6 + db + grapple
Electric Gun 60%, (see *Call of Cthulhu* for description)

Armor: none, but impaling weapons do minimum possible damage.

Spells: Contact Human, Contact Mi-Go, Mi-Go Hypnosis

Sanity Loss: 0/1D8



Average Mi-Go

STR 10-11 CON 10-11 SIZ 10-11 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 14 HP 10-11 Move 7/9 when flying

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Nippers 30%, damage 1D6 + grapple

Armor: none, but impaling weapons do minimum possible damage.

Spells: each has INT x2 chance to know 1D3 spells.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6

Average Crimson Angel Cultist

STR 10-11 CON 13-14 SIZ 10-11 INT 8-9 POW 10-11
DEX 10-1 APP 8-9 EDU 1-2 SAN 0 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Fists 40%, damage 1D3 + db

Armor: none

Spells: each has a 10% chance to know 1D3 spells

New Mythos Tomes

The Journal of Henry Radcliff – In English, by Henry Radcliff, 1927. This leather bound journal contains the personal writings of Henry Radcliff, a librarian driven insane by his study of the *Testament of the Crimson Angel*. The journal contains a chilling account of Radcliff's activities during the last few weeks before his mysterious disappearance. The average time it takes to study and comprehend the journal is one day.

Cthulhu Mythos: +2%

Sanity Loss: Skim 0/Read 1D6

Spells: none

The Testament of the Crimson Angel - In English, by various authors, 1800-1820. The Testament is actually a collection of several smaller volumes, all relating to a "deity" known as the "Crimson Angel". The book was never printed, and only two or three bound manuscripts of the text still exist. Though the volume does contain real spells and mostly accurate information, it was written under the false assumption that the "Crimson Angel" (actually a high-status Mi-Go) is a deity rather than the servant of deities (Nyarlathotep and Shub-Niggurath). The volume also includes a variety of carefully penned illustrations of the Crimson Angel and other Mi-Go. The average time it takes to study and comprehend *The Testament* is 20 weeks.

Cthulhu Mythos: +8%

Sanity Loss: Skim 1D8/ Read 1D10

Spells: Council of the Crimson Angel (Contact Mi-Go), Grace of the Crimson Star (Elder Sign)

What Really Happened?

Henry Radcliff was a very troubled man even before his accidental entrance into the world of the Cthulhu Mythos. Radcliff worked as a professor of literature at a university in the eastern United States for thirteen years until a controversial scandal ended his teaching career. The scandal involved the disappearance of one of Radcliff's students, a nineteen-year-old woman named Margaret Wilson. Wilson disappeared without a trace in October of 1926. The police investigation of Wilson's disappearance brought to light a torrid sexual affair between Radcliff and his student. Though Radcliff was never officially charged with any crime, the university revoked his tenure in an attempt to improve public reaction to the controversy.

In truth, Radcliff had nothing to do with Wilson's disappearance though he did have a discrete affair with her (and several other students, both male and female). Radcliff's rage at the loss of his reputation nearly drove him to madness. He resigned himself to a menial job as an assistant librarian at the campus library shortly after the incident. It was during this job that Radcliff first came into contact with the *Testament of the Crimson Angel*. Radcliff's unstable mind was quickly drawn to the bleak worldview that *The Testament* presented. In the weeks that followed, Radcliff became extremely reclusive and dedicated himself to the obsessive study of *The Testament*. Over the course of his study, Radcliff was visited several times by the "Crimson Angel," both physically and through the Angel's "contact human" spell.

Radcliff dedicated himself to the "deity" and attempted to form a new sect of cultists. Unfortunately for Radcliff, his madness was a great detriment to his social skills and he was only able to convince one other person to join him in his worship. Radcliff's only recruit was Richard Garland, a local vagrant who had been homeless since his experiences in the Great War left him shell-shocked and unable to work. Garland was a very superstitious man and took to Radcliff's leadership right away. Garland had only begun his study of *The Testament* when Radcliff performed a ritual to contact the Crimson Angel and offered to sacrifice both men's brains to service of the Angel. The Angel was pleased and sent a swarm of Mi-Go to earth to recover the men's brains and return them in Mi-Go brain cylinders. The Crimson Angel now uses the men's brains as specimens to further his study of human nature. The Angel intends to return to earth one day and use what it has learned to raise a new cult to itself.

The Cult of the Crimson Angel: A History

Long before Henry Radcliff took his fateful voyage to the stars a Baptist minister by the name of Jonathon Sutter was visited one night by "angels" when he awoke from a deep sleep. Sutter went on to become the principle author of the *Testament of the Crimson Angel* and single-handedly amassed the largest following that the angel has ever received. After all, what congregation could resist the glory of having their minister be personally visited by servants of the Lord. Yes, the original Cult of the Crimson Angel consisted largely of a Baptist congregation in rural Georgia. At first, Sutter merely related the instructions of the Angel to his congregation. "Look to the stars" he would say "God is in the stars!"

And so, with a throng of the faithful at his command, Sutter unwittingly began to introduce his congregation to the spells and sciences of these creatures and the reverence of the Elder Gods. Sutter made one mistake, however; he misunderstood the teachings of the Mi-Go and began to revere one particular Mi-Go, which he called "The Crimson Angel." "Christ's second coming will not be as man" he would say "when the Christ of the New Testament returns, he with reveal is nature as son of the Star-God. He will return as an wrathful angel, burning with crimson." Of course, Sutter was putting his own spin on an already misunderstood message. Unfortunately, the cult did not question Sutter's judgment or his motives and, over the course of about five years, the Cult of the Crimson Angel swelled to 231 members. By this time, Sutter's meetings with his Mi-Go mentors were getting more and more complex.

The Mi-Go colony led by the “Crimson Angel” was beginning to enjoy the reverence that the humans were paying them and began to forego their responsibilities to the cults of Nyarlathotep and Shub-Niggurath. They began to exert power outside the commands of their patrons. This schism eventually grew until the Mi-Go began to distort the teachings of the Elder Gods to achieve their own goals. The “Crimson Angel” colony began to upset other colonies of Mi-Go, who branded them with plutonian labels of “heresy” and “blasphemy.”

Back on Earth, the Cult of the Crimson Angel was beginning to perform weekly rites deep in the woods adjacent to sleepy Georgia townships. They were using the magic of the Elder Gods to bring praise and homage to the Mi-Go. By now, Sutter was utterly insane from his many dealings with the Mi-Go and other things from beyond our world. His sermons were no longer the well-meaning ramblings of a misguided minister; they were now defiant lectures about the ignorance of humanity and the right of his disciples to claim their place amongst the stars. At this time, Sutter began to put his thoughts on paper in the form of the first manuscript of the “Testament of the Crimson Angel”. He wrote vivid descriptions of his deity, detailed instructions on spell casting and other rituals, and first-hand accounts of his conferences with the “angels.” Other cultists began to contribute their own observations and experiences and the tome grew to be very large.

Conflict was brewing among the stars. The “Crimson Angel “ colony of Mi-Go was beginning to draw the attention of the other servants of the Elder Gods. The Cult of Nyarlathotep was particularly intent on investigating the Mi-Go “heresy.” Nyarlathotep began to send his attendants to Earth with intent to destroy the Cult of the Crimson Angel and re-establish the Cult of Nyarlathotep in its place. The night skies of rural Georgia began to fill with the arrival of hunting horrors and other servants of Nyarlathotep. The stage was set for a violent inquisition.

The conflict climaxed in an incident known as the Athens massacre. No one knows exactly what happened that night, but the end result was a bloody massacre of 87 of the Crimson Angel cultists. Jonathon Sutter was shot and killed by a police officer during the investigation of the massacre when he attempted to steal evidence from the scene of the killings. Sutter’s original manuscript was hidden away by the few members of the cult who had survived the massacre and a small number of hand-written copies were made.

Though the Cult of the Crimson Angel still exists, it is a fledgling shadow of its former self. The cult’s small following is centered in the eastern United States, especially along the Atlantic Coast.

Scenario Hooks

The Disappearance of Henry Radcliff-

The investigators are all friends or colleagues of Henry Radcliff. Each of them receives news that Henry has disappeared and they decide to do their best to discover what happened to him. This scenario will lead the investigators further and further in to the dark world of the Cthulhu mythos as they follow Radcliff’s trail of murder and madness.

Possible Events:

- ◆ The investigators look into the murder of Ellen Smith and trace the crime to Radcliff.
- ◆ The investigators search Henry’s mother’s house and find evidence of his occult research (including his copy of *The Testament* and possibly his journal)
- ◆ The investigators are confronted by Mi-Go intent on covering up Radcliff’s disappearance.
- ◆ The investigators find Radcliff and Garland’s headless bodies near “Witch’s Watch”

A Matter of Allegiance-

The investigators are all members of the Cult of Nyarlathotep. When their leaders begin to suspect that a “heretic” sect of Crimson Angel worshippers is forming in the area the investigators are sent to put an end to the cult of the Crimson Angel once and for all.

Possible Events:

- ◆ The investigators are sent to find Radcliff’s copy of *The Testament of the Crimson Angel* and destroy it.
- ◆ The investigators discover a thriving sect of Crimson Angel worshippers and must decide how to deal with them.
- ◆ Someone within the Cult of Nyarlathotep is a traitor who has been spying for the Cult of the Crimson Angel. The investigators must weed out the traitor(s) and foil their plot.

A Beneficial Acquisition-

The investigators are hired by a mysterious client to retrieve an “important book” (*The Testament of the Crimson Angel*), which has made its way into the hands of a “rival faction” (the Cult of Nyarlathotep). Of course, the investigators’ client turns out to be a member of the Cult of the Crimson Angel. The investigators are caught as pawns between two warring factions. Can they escape with their lives?

Possible Events:

- ◆ The investigators must break into the building where the testament is being kept.
- ◆ The investigators discover the journal of Henry Radcliff and realize that their employer must be a member of the Crimson Angel cult.
- ◆ The Cult of Nyarlathotep intervenes with the investigators’ attempts to recover *The Testament*. Perhaps they even try to brainwash or otherwise recruit the investigators as double-agents.

The Research Log of the Kenning Expedition

Being a series of documents found on a raft floating in the Caribbean Sea in 1921



Date: May 15, 1920

Our investor, Mr. Kenning, requested that a detailed log be kept of the progress, activities, and findings of this expedition. I, Morgan Blake, am both the leader of this expedition and its chronicler. I will do my best to keep this log accurately in order to fulfill Mr. Kenning's interests. We have planned a one month expedition to an uncharted island off the northern coast of Haiti and just east of Ile de la Tortue in the Caribbean Sea. The purpose of this expedition is to explore a set of ruins that were first seen by an acquaintance of mine named Allison Haliford. Allison was working as a photographer for National Geographic Magazine and was being given an aerial tour of the Ile de la Tortue when she first sighted the mountainous and heavily jungled isle to the east. This isle seems to be relatively uncharted, as it does not appear on any current maps of the area. Allison claimed that she saw, in a clearing, a valley full of primitive stone ruins. Allison contacted me within a week of the experience and described what she saw to me. Thanks to Mr. Kenning, we were able to raise funds for the expedition rather quickly and I began planning the trip. My preliminary survey of the area confirmed the location of the isle and showed us that the isle would be very difficult to reach by sea as it is surrounded by a barrier of dangerous reefs. We have therefore decided to approach the isle from the air. Our departure from the isle will occur by air exactly two months after we embark.

I believe that the team I've assembled is very competent and knowledgeable and I am quite excited to be meeting them over the next two days. Our pilot will be William Collins, a dear friend of mine who has accompanied me on many of my previous expeditions. I have been in many dangerous situations with William and he has always proved to be a stalwart companion. I offered Allison the opportunity to be our photographer (it seemed only fitting, since her keen eye led us to this point) but she declined in favor of another project. The photographer who I found to fill the position is one Henry Wallace of London. I have never met Mr. Wallace but I have admired his journalistic photography for some time now. He is a young man, but exceptionally insightful with his craft. His photographs manage to capture the essence of the subject in a way that few photographers can manage. The third member of the expedition is one George Reynold, an explorer and archeologist of some esteem. I have not had the opportunity to work with Mr. Reynold before, but I am extremely confident in his abilities and have heard many good things about him. The final member of our team is a Haitian Creole called Jean-Pierre Poirier. He knows the Caribbean very well and is fluent in all of the local dialects.

As I mentioned previously, I am quite happy with our team and am greatly looking forward to meeting everyone and getting the journey underway.

Date: May 17, 1920

Since my last entry, I have met each member of the team and I remain confident in all of their abilities. From Cayo Babo, we will head southeast by steamer and should make land fall on Ile de la Tortue within two days. There, we pick up supplies and further prepare for the journey at hand. Though the mysterious island that we are looking for is ill-mapped, between Jean-Pierre's knowledge of the region and what maps we do have, I am confident that we will be able to navigate without much problem.

I spoke with Mr. Kenning this morning and assured him of my confidence in the expedition. As I told him, I fully expect to discover entirely new types of flora and fauna on this journey. If we are able to find the ruins that we are looking for, perhaps we will even uncover a forgotten civilization. Mr. Kenning, being somewhat of a collector, expressed a particular interest in any artifacts that we may find.

In the last few days, I have done a great deal of research on the Caribbean civilizations and have familiarized myself fairly strongly with the culture and folklore of the islands.

Date: May 18, 1920

As I write, our steamer, "The Corsair," is well on its way to Ile de la Tortue. Spirits are high and everyone appears to be getting along well. Henry has already taken some group photographs and I am sure that they will turn out very well.

Things have gone remarkably smoothly so far, save a strange warning given to us by a Creole boat attendant who assisted in our departure this morning. He told us that the "Loa" is strong here and should not be disturbed. I must admit that I was a bit discouraged by the young man's warnings, though I expected that we might encounter such superstitions. I am not a man who ignores the cautions of others. We will be careful, but we will not be deterred.

Date: May 19, 1920

Today, we arrived on Ile de la Tortue, the infamous pirate's haven. The remainder of our sea-journey passed without incident. As I write, supplies are being loaded into our plane and William is plotting the course for our approach to the island. I spoke briefly with Jean-Pierre this morning and asked his opinion on the expedition. I thought that it would be useful to hear a native's thoughts on our travels here. I was delighted to learn that he is very supportive of the expedition and feels that it will do a great deal to shed light on some of the secret histories of these islands. He doesn't believe that the locals will have any reason to protest our exploration. I have, on my previous journeys, occasionally run afoul of various factions of indigenous folk. Like the young man who warned us at the docks yesterday, many of these people do not appreciate outsiders looking into the ruins of their past. I hope that our work here will help to prove that all of mankind can benefit from these discoveries.

I am almost giddy with excitement. Tonight, I will retire at dusk so that we can get a very early start tomorrow morning. I look forward to the many wonders that await us on our unnamed isle.

Date: May 20, 1920

Success! This morning, we enjoyed a brief flight to the island and William performed a wonderfully smooth landing. Our landing field was a large clearing directly in the center of a gargantuan jungle. I must admit that I had hoped to see some sign of the ruins from the plane. We saw nothing on our descent, but I remain confident that the ruins cannot be far from our base camp. Most of this evening was spent getting our camp in order. The real work of the expedition begins in the morning, when we make our first trek in to the jungle, toting machetes and testing our speculative maps. The jungle is alive with activity this evening. Though I have visited jungles before, this one exhibits a certain "personality" that I cannot quite explain. My instincts tell me that this place was ancient when the world was still young. Yes, there is a certain weight in the air here. It is as if the jungle itself has witnessed many marvelous and terrible sights and is attempting, through its nocturnal buzzing, to relate its tale to visitors. Though I am fatigued from our travels, I find myself having trouble falling asleep. The sounds of the jungle are strangely compelling and I find myself wondering what kind of interesting fauna may be responsible for the sounds and calls that assail my ears. Just now, I heard some sort of distant cackling screech, probably the song of some undiscovered species of bird. There is so much here to uncover. With that, I will retire. I need to conserve my strength for tomorrow's travels.

Date: May 21, 1920

Today, we trekked through a great swath of jungle. Our travels consumed the better part of the day and we stopped only for a brief lunch. George believes that we have found a new species of snake, one which he has named "The Obsidian Viper" by virtue of the black gleam of its scales. Henry tried to take a photograph of the creature but the serpent darted off into the underbrush just as the camera flashed. No matter, George made a detailed sketch of the viper in his journal and has written a thorough description of the encounter. The rest of the day's travel was mostly uneventful. I must say that I was correct last evening when I imagined the extent to which the jungle is crawling with life. Just today we have seen apes, snakes, large insects, several varieties of birds, and other creatures so strange as to be unidentifiable. I would like to study each creature that we come across in more detail but it is simply impossible if we are to keep any sort of traveling pace. The jungle is simply too populated with beasts to conduct much research.

Before reaching camp this evening, we came across a ridge from which we could see a tall mountain range looming ahead. We believe that these mountains contain the valley that Allison spotted from her airplane. I hope to break the edge of the range by mid-day tomorrow and spend most of the afternoon ascending the mountains. We believe that the ruins are located in a winding, serpent-like valley far in the interior of the mountains. Perhaps we can use one of the peaks to get a better, more aerial, vantage point. I am confident that we will find these ruins. It is only a matter of time.

Date: May 22, 1920

Today, our travel was hindered by an unrelenting rain that hovered over us for most of the afternoon. We have not yet reached the mountains, but we are very close. I expect that we will reach the mountainside early tomorrow morning. Even with today's difficulties, spirits remain high. I can sense a great deal of excitement in all of our team members as each has a lot to gain from the success of this expedition. Jean-Pierre, in particular, has proven to be an invaluable guide. His knowledge of the terrain and animal-life has no doubt spared us from many unknowable and unpleasant fates!

Again, I am amazed by the night-droning of the jungle. It seems so orchestrated, as if the creatures were generating their calls and hoots with a greater goal in mind. I must admit that I find it eerie and unsettling. I look forward to the daylight.

Date: May 23, 1920

We have made an exciting find! We reached the edge of the mountains this morning, just as I had hoped. We began to ascend the slope when William spotted something in the distance. We investigated and found the first piece of our ruins! It was a very large block of stone carved to resemble a bloated, primitive face. The sculpture is obviously thousands of years old and George does not recognize the style of the carving as coming from any known culture. This was, in-and-of-itself, enough to excite us to no end. However, upon further inspection of the surrounding mountainside, we found an incredibly long stone staircase that appears to run deep into the interior of the mountains. The age of the stone in the stairs is similar to that of the statue and they are uneven and cracked in some places, but this remains a stunning discovery. We intend to follow this staircase for the rest of the day as it will surely lead us to more artifacts. I will update my log again when we have reached camp this evening.

Date: May 23, 1920

I am both exhausted and amazed by our progress today. We have followed the ancient staircase for a very long distance but are still meandering around the exterior face of the mountains. The length of this stairway is astounding. Late this afternoon, the stairs were interrupted by an ancient stone bridge, which spanned a deep gash in the mountainside. George is still puzzled as to the origin of these architectural wonders. We made camp tonight on a flat patch of ground adjacent to our mysterious stairway. In the morning, we intend to continue to follow its winding path. The morale of the team is extremely high and everyone is getting along well. We have all become accustomed to Henry's dry wit (a gift of the British) and Jean-Pierre's fascinating stories of life on these islands.

Date: May 23, 1920

Lights! It is nearly three in the morning here and I am writing because we have just witnessed a very strange phenomenon. George woke everyone when he saw a series of lights emerge from the jungle far below us. These lights were small (to our eyes) and orb-shaped. They seemed to hover and dance around the canopy of the jungle below. We watched this phenomenon for almost an hour before the lights lowered

back below the canopy and were no longer visible to us. Jean-Pierre warns that the lights were angry ghosts and that we were lucky to be so far away from them. Of course, I don't buy into such superstitions but I must admit that the hair on my neck stood up slightly when I saw the strange beacons. They moved with a weird fluidity that is difficult to describe. George seems to believe that this is a perfectly natural phenomenon, something akin to swamp-gas. I agree with him, although the lights still unnerved me slightly. Whatever these "ghosts" truly are I hope that we encounter them again. I would like to conduct a more in-depth examination.

We will keep a close watch for similar phenomenon in the future. I would like to find out more about these lights and what causes them. Perhaps we could even get close enough for Henry to take a photograph. (He said that they were too distant to show up on film this evening).

Date: May 24, 1920

We spent most of the day on the mountainside, climbing these unusual stairs. The amount of stone that the builders have used for this construction is stunning. I estimate that we have followed this stair for almost twenty miles. We have gradually entered the interior of the mountains. The hike has been difficult but manageable. Spirits are still high, although fatigue is beginning to take its toll on all of us. I will suggest that we all take an extra hour of sleep in the morning. We will need all our wits about us if we find the ruins. I have a feeling that we are very, very close.

Date: May 25, 1920

Today, there were some interesting developments regarding our mysterious staircase. George observed that we seemed to be traveling at a slight but constant curve. By our calculations, this would mean that we've been following an extremely large spiral pattern. I believe that this was a deliberate design and that there must be some purpose behind it, religious, logistical, or otherwise. This discovery raised more questions about the mysterious civilization that built this place. Such an achievement would be quite a feat for modern architects, yet these stones are thousands of years old. It also seems that, in order to construct such a large spiral, the builders must have had some way of viewing the mountainside from above, which is quite impossible unless this range once held higher peaks or the builders were somehow capable of flight (a laughable prospect). I discussed the nature of the stairs with George over lunch. He believes that this spiral was of some religious significance to the builders. He also believes that, by following the spiral to its center, we will find areas of great importance. I trust George's judgment and am confident that these stairs will eventually lead us to the ruins, or at least a segment of them. My instincts tell me that we are getting very close to something, though I can't quite put my finger on what it is.

Our second discovery of the day was a strange species of bird, which took it upon themselves to bombard us constantly throughout the day, trying to filch crumbs from our knapsacks. The birds are very large, with red plumage and thick, black beaks. Henry captured several pictures of the birds and I look

forward to having them examined by a naturalist. The team has honored me by naming these pests after me, calling them "Damned Red Blakes." More tomorrow.

Date: May 26, 1920

As I write, it is almost noon and our progress has been halted by a fervent downpour. The sky spills down on us as if it were angry. We tried to persevere in the weather but stopped when Henry lost his footing and nearly tumbled down the staircase with all of his photography equipment. We elected to set up our tents and make an early stop. The rain here is blinding. One cannot see more than a few feet in front of one's face in the midst of it. The deluge blocks out the surrounding landscape and lends a strange sense of isolation. It is quite eerie to think about the seclusion of our current position. If, God forbid, something should go wrong, there would be very little that could be done.

The only thing I can do is to put my trust in my team. Up to this point they have earned it in spades. I must admit, however, that I have grown slightly suspicious of Jean-Pierre. I can't fully explain why I feel the way I do about him, except to call it instinct. Somehow, it seems that he takes pleasure in our setbacks. Still, he has done nothing to deserve my suspicion. I'm sure that these thoughts are merely the product of an isolated mind with too much time to think. We have had, on our hiking days, a great deal of time for personal reflection. Every expedition that I've been on has had a slightly different social procedure in terms of travel chat. On this expedition, we talk very little while walking. Perhaps it is merely the strain of walking against the grade of the mountain or the monotony of climbing stair after stair. This is not to say that we don't speak to each other, it's just that we don't do it while walking. It gives one a lot of time to think and imagine. Most of my thoughts lie with what we will find when we reach the eye of this amazing spiral. I can hardly contain my excitement regarding what we will find among these ruins. I will try to write another entry this evening. There should be plenty of time for it.

Date: May 26, 1920

Just a few minutes ago, we heard a bizarre sound coming from the interior of the mountains. It was a deep, resonant tone like that of a fog horn and every bit as loud. I could feel the vibrations in my stomach. The sound lasted for about thirty seconds before it ceased. The team is understandably shaken. I believe that the sound was the call of some unknown species of animal that has escaped the gaze of science by its seclusion on this island. Though I admit to being unnerved, I cannot deny that I am simultaneously excited. I hope that we are able to see this creature more closely and that Henry will be able to capture it on film. Though this expedition was intended to be mostly archeological in focus, our good fortune in finding new plant and animal species has been outstanding. I doubt that we will sleep much before morning. The team is roused and nervous. The sound seemed to bother Henry a great deal and he started shaking visibly. He says that the sound reminds him of something terrible that he heard as a child, a sound from the sea.

Date: May 27, 1920

Progress was slow today. I can feel tension beginning to mount between the members of the team. This is no doubt due, in part, to the monotony of our hike in the past few days. That is not to say we are not excited to be here but there is definitely a sense of futility given off by the sheer length of these stairs. My instincts still tell me that we are getting close to something important. I know that we will prevail in the end. For now, we continue our climb on nothing but our own faith in the expedition. More later.

Date: May 28, 1920

Today, we made an exciting discovery. Around mid-morning, we found a stone structure on the mountainside, just off the path of the staircase. The structure appears to be a shrine of some sort. It was hewn from the same ancient stone as the stairs. Though the shrine is heavily damaged by erosion, there is a small statue of a serpent's head still intact. George believes that the statue was intended to glorify some snake-headed god. He also says that its proximity to the spiral staircase probably has some significance. Henry took several pictures of the team assembled in front of the statue. It was a proud moment and provided a sense of accomplishment, which we all needed. We spent most of the afternoon searching amongst the shrine ruins for artifacts but found only one item of note. William recovered a gold coin that George believes to be Spanish in origin. If this is the case, it seems that we may not be the first to explore this island. However, if the Spanish were here, there will be more artifacts of this kind for us to find. Either way, we stand to gain. Our plan is to keep moving along the spiral stairs where we will hopefully find more ruins similar to the shrine.

Date: May 29, 1920

Around noon today, we noticed that the spiral staircase had begun to descend rather than ascend. We continued to follow the stairs for several hours until they led down into a large valley. It is a jungle thicket, completely overrun by wildlife. In the late afternoon, we finally came to the end of the staircase and were left in a clearing on the outskirts of the jungle. I am confident that this is the valley that Allison saw from the air. I am certain that we will find the ruins that she saw. It is very exciting. The attitude of the team has changed from one of mild frustration to one of pure elation. We all feel as if we are finally making progress.

We have stopped for the night on the edge of the jungle, which we plan to enter in the morning. As I write this, I must observe that the night-sounds of the jungle are even more hypnotic here than they were in the exterior jungles. Perhaps there is a biological phenomenon that causes the jungle to communicate with itself so. The combination of these sounds and the excitement of our progress make it extremely hard to rest. I constantly feel that our goal is only a few feet ahead. I'm sure my zeal frustrates the team at times but they do well to conceal any discontent. Perhaps this is bound into all of our natures, this constant search for the unknown. I know that my appetite for discovery is one that will not likely be

sated even by the success of this expedition. There are always more mysteries to explore and I will be eternally enthusiastic to investigate them.

Date: May 30, 1920

Today, our trek through the jungle was rewarded with an important find. At mid-morning, we came upon a small set of stone ruins, perhaps the remnants of an ancient dwelling place. The structure appears to have once been rather conical in shape and probably stood about thirty feet tall. All of the original stones seemed to be present, though the structure obviously collapsed a very long time ago. We were pleased to find that the serpent motif of these ruins match closely those that we documented earlier in the journey. Obviously, this valley was once the center of this snake-revering civilization. We found no artifacts amongst the ruins, but their well-preserved condition gives us hope for what future finds will hold. Henry has taken a great many photographs of the ruins and their unusual motifs. Most of the stones were covered with a thick layer of dark green moss. This could offer one explanation as to why the ruins have not been discovered until now. It seems that the stones would be highly camouflaged, even from an aerial view.

In total, we found three serpent-head statuettes amongst the ruins. George believes that these were once attached to the top of the structure, likely as a sign of the dweller's support for some ophidian deity. George says that the darkened areas around the serpent's mouth indicate that the inhabitants once used the statues to burn some sort of offering, the exact nature of which he could not determine. Perhaps a future find will shed more light on the original purpose of these statues. We plan to continue searching this area tomorrow morning until we are satisfied that there is no more to be found. Then, we will continue to travel west, roughly following the direction that the staircase has pointed us. More tomorrow.

Date: May 31, 1920

After spending most of the morning at the dwelling ruins, we continued on our westward course into the jungle. Though we did not find any more structures today, we did find several solitary bricks set into the jungle floor; which may once have composed a stone roadway. If this is the case, the civilization here must have been even more advanced than we originally thought. The presence of roads strongly indicates some sort of commerce, perhaps even external commerce. This discovery is provocative because it implies that these mountains may hold the remnants of other civilizations, perhaps ones that had some contact with the snake-tribes of this valley. Hopefully, we will find more evidence of such an interaction.

Date: June 1, 1920

Success! Today we discovered the ruins that we have been looking for! It was mid-morning, and we were having a chat about our plans for the day, when Jean-Pierre spotted the top of another set of conical dwelling ruins. After inspecting the structure more closely, we found that it lay on the outskirts of an entire ruined city! We all literally shouted with joy when we realized the size of it. The city seems to cover most of the valley floor. Many of the structures are almost completely intact (though they are somewhat

overgrown with jungle plants). We spent most of the afternoon just walking about the ruins in a glorious mood. We have found thirteen dwelling structures, a large conical structure that was likely a meeting place of some sort, and various eroded statues. Perhaps most impressive of all is a very large, conical, temple-like structure. Tonight, we celebrate and decide how we are going to split up the task of excavating this beautiful find. We are setting up camp on the outskirts of the settlement. I have no doubt that we will find all manner of precious artifacts for Mr. Kenning's collection. I am also confident that we will find enough evidence to piece together the origins and nature of this forgotten civilization. I will write more tomorrow, tonight we drink!

Date: June 2, 1920

Today, we searched our new find with great zeal. Our first discovery was a very grim one and proved that we are not the first Europeans to visit this place. Scattered among the ruins are some twenty sets of skeletal remains. George examined the remnants of the skeletons' armor and clothing and believes that these corpses belonged to a group of Spanish explorers who probably came here in the 1500s. I observed that the placement of the remains was very peculiar. They were not all in one area, but rather spread out amongst the ruins. Also unusual was the fact that the skeletons were almost completely intact and untouched by either wildlife or weather. What circumstances led to these Spaniards' deaths? It is very puzzling. Henry is currently documenting the remains with his camera and tonight George is going to examine them more closely.

We have also found several interesting artifacts, including many more serpent statues and carvings. Every building seems to bear some aspect of the serpent motif. The structures here are all very conical in shape. One also has a long, winding spiral pattern carved around it. Perhaps this pattern is some kind of reference to the stairway that we climbed, or perhaps the spiral was an important symbol to this culture. Either way, it is both mysterious and intriguing. Tomorrow, we are going to begin a systematic sweep of the ruins, documenting everything of interest. We are also going to do our best to clear some of the larger areas of the ruins, as they have been utterly consumed by the jungle.

Date: June 3, 1920

Last night was very difficult. The whole team was having trouble sleeping. I was being kept awake by the constant droning of the jungle that surrounds us. Both William and Jean-Pierre complained of strange and horrifying dreams. George and Henry said that they were simply too curious about the ruins to sleep. Continuing our excavation of the exterior of the ruins, we found several inscriptions in the dwellings that suggest this civilization had a complex system of written language. George is currently scanning one of his books in search of similarities between these strange inscriptions and existing languages so that we may attempt a rough translation. We also found several beautiful pieces of pottery. Each is a simple earthen pot and several have the same spiral design as the other structures that we have found. These will make great additions to Mr. Kenning's collection once we are able to ship them. We believe that the conical temple has at least one underground level. We intend to explore the

innards of the temple only after we have cleared the outer ruins and claimed any artifacts that we might find. This afternoon, Jean-Pierre found a stream near the ruins that will serve as a convenient source of water while we work. I have not written of the climate here up to this point, as I did not want to seem as if I were complaining. I should note, however, that the jungle is extremely hot and, at times, overwhelmingly humid. The team is no doubt relieved that the bulk of our hike is over, at least for the present. Now, it is time to delve into the secrets of this place.

Date: June 4, 1920

Today, we found many more artifacts within the settlement ruins. We found several pieces of pottery, which William is graciously helping to sort and document. Most astonishingly, however, we unearthed a massive, circular stone slab that appears to be carved with a primitive map of the layout of the settlement. This discovery is of profound importance. The slab is probably too large to move, but it will provide us with a great deal of valuable information about the ruins. Henry is currently busy taking photographs of the slab and the other artifacts, while George is sketching a copy of the slab's inscription into his notes and doing his best to decipher its meaning. Jean-Pierre has been a great help with the most laborious parts of our work here and for that he should be commended. I must say, however, that he seems to have developed a very negative attitude toward the project. He seems to object to our treatment of the relics and has made several derogatory comments under his breath. Jean-Pierre is very quiet most of time and, when he does speak, it is usually to argue with something one of the others has said. Several nights ago, William told me, in confidence, that he disliked Jean-Pierre. He said that the Creole gives him a bad feeling and that we should be very careful around him. I can see what William means and I understand his discomfort. Still, Jean-Pierre does as he is told and is a diligent worker. I sincerely hope that I will not regret hiring him. I will do my best to trust him and extend my friendship to him. Perhaps a private discussion is in order. We plan to search the exterior ruins for one more day before attempting a foray into the temple.

Date: June 5, 1920

Though we found fewer artifacts today than each of the last two days, we are all very excited by what this site has to offer. George has determined that the settlement is purposely built in a great spiral. Though this is amazing, I am not surprised. Whatever this spiral pattern originally meant to these people, it is evident that it was a very important aspect of their lives. I remember a Celtic history class that I took during my brief time as a graduate student at Miskatonic University. I once heard a guest lecturer speak on the importance of the spiral pattern to the ancient Celts. George explained that reverence for this pattern was not limited to the Celts, but emerged in many cultures as a symbol of eternity or even as a tool for meditation. Of course, our current subjects are quite far removed from the ancient Celts, but still, this pattern is very relevant. I sometimes wish that we were able to bring an entire library of books on these expeditions. It would make our field research much more solid. Unfortunately, until we return to the United States we will have to go on instinct and the few books that George was able to fit into his pack.

I look forward to our trek into the temple ruins tomorrow morning. We are electrified, but the nature of the ruins also makes our journey there extremely dangerous. We will have to exercise a great deal of caution as these ruins are exceedingly old and could crumble at any moment (as we discovered during our investigation of the exterior ruins).

Date: June 6, 1920

Today, we made our first foray into the ruined temple. My immediate observation upon entering the ruins was that the interior of the temple was far larger than I expected it to be. The room we first entered was a massive chamber, probably used for the worship of an ophidian deity. The ceiling inside spanned all the way to the top of the conical structure, where there was a small opening through which the sun shined feebly. Judging from the blackened stone around the opening, it was probably used as a smoke stack of sorts, allowing the worshippers to burn their sacrifices inside the worship chamber. We found several more serpent statues and more skeletal remains. We also found some strange carvings on the temple walls, strange because they were carved in Spanish, apparently scrawled by the corpses now littering the temple floor. George said that the carvings repeated two words, "Serpentee Diablo", "Snake Devil".

The chamber had a strange smell to it. It was as if the room had a history of exotic scents. No doubt, many things were burned in that room: strange incenses, animal sacrifices, and perhaps even human sacrifices. All of these things blended together and gave me a distinct sense of the history of the place. We searched the main chamber for about three hours, discovering the carvings and artifacts that I mentioned before. About mid-morning, we found a staircase leading to a lower level of the temple. The stairwell was mostly buried in crumbling masonry and it took us most of the day to clear it. We returned to camp just before dusk and made sure to carefully catalog our finds. I think that Mr. Kenning will be most pleased with our results. Perhaps he will even be pleased enough to send us on another expedition. We intend to explore the lower section of the temple tomorrow morning. I'm sure I will have many more discoveries to report tomorrow evening.

I decided to write a second entry tonight in an attempt to calm my nerves. As I write, it is approximately one o'clock in the morning. At half past eleven, we were all startled awake by a terribly loud tone, similar to the one that we heard down in the valley when we were still on the stairway on the side of the mountain. The tone was nearly deafening this time. It sounded very close, perhaps just a bit to the west of our camp, just beyond the ruins. The tone seemed deeper than before, deep enough that I could feel my entrails vibrating in sympathy. I am convinced that it was the call of an extremely large animal. Jean-Pierre claims that the spirits here are restless and want us to leave. He says that something terrible happened here. He is beginning to grow increasingly irrational. I cannot say I fear the source of the sound. Actually, I'm quite intrigued. Obviously, this is some species of very large creature that has not yet been subjected to the scrutiny of science. If we are the first to photograph it, I'm sure we will receive a great many awards upon our return to America. Whatever this moaning creature is, I hope to see it soon.

Date: June 7, 1290

Disaster! This morning we awoke to find our camp completely infested with writhing snakes! When everyone was roused, we found William unconscious in his tent. It seems that he was bitten during the night and that the venom has placed him in a comatose state. We gave William several doses of our anti-venom but his condition has not improved. I simply do not know what to say. I am stricken by fear and guilt. As leader of this expedition, it is my responsibility to see that our journey is as safe as possible. Though I did not cause this invasion of reptiles, William's current peril is my fault. He is currently in his tent. We have tied several tourniquets onto his arms and legs in hopes of slowing the progress of the venom through his body. We used torches to drive the snakes from our camp and moved all of our tents and equipment about a mile to the East. Everyone is justifiably upset and worried. After we moved the camp we had a solemn discussion about what we should do. I tried to get as much input from the team as I could before making a decision. In the end, we decided that we should continue our excavation of the ruins and take turns watching over William. It was a difficult decision, but we all agreed that William would not want his incapacitation to halt our efforts. Our time here is limited and we must make the most of it. We will do our best to care for William and we will press on.

By the time we decided what to do it was early afternoon. We left Henry to watch over William and made our way back to the ruins. The weather, which was overcast and dreary, perfectly reflected our mood. The pervasive moisture made our hike slippery and dangerous. I sustained a minor hand injury when I slipped and fell amongst a patch of sharp stones. Eventually, however, we did arrive at the ruins and decided to make our way toward the lower level of the structure. When we went inside the temple, however, we discovered that the stones we had cleared from the stairway yesterday were scattered about the room as if they had been picked up and thrown by a child in a tantrum. I imagine that this place is crawling with animal life at night. No doubt this disturbance was caused by some type of animal, perhaps the apes we see out in the jungle every so often. We cautiously approached the stairs and descended. They led to a smaller chamber (relative to the upper room, anyway). There, we found a massive, and spectacularly preserved, statue of a coiling serpent. At the base of this statue was a stone slab about three square feet in size. The slab was covered with ancient glyphs and symbols. This is truly an important find as this slab could lead us to a greater understanding of their inscrutable language. Over the next few days, we will photograph the slab extensively and record each glyph by hand. The whole site is in remarkable condition. I do not think that this chamber had been disturbed since the time of its creators. I don't believe that the Spanish explorers ever made it this far. Perhaps it was too well-hidden or perhaps they came to their demise before they had the chance. When we return home, I intend to do research on the nature of the Spanish expedition. Hopefully I will find some answers there.

Date: June 8, 1920

William's condition has worsened considerably overnight. I fear that he may be nearing his final hour. Should the unthinkable happen, we will give William a respectable burial here on the island. I cannot accurately describe the sadness I feel at William's unfortunate fate. I feel extremely guilty for his plight. I should have been more careful. I should have done things differently. Still, the rest of the team is depending on my leadership to get them out of this situation alive. William would not want me to dwell on it. He knew the risks of the expedition and bravely accepted them.

We returned to the temple site this morning and found everything in good condition. Henry took some more photographs of the slab and the temple interior, while I began copying the glyphs into my notebook. I noticed that Jean-Pierre seemed particularly interested in the slab. I'm sure this must be especially fascinating for him. He probably has ancestry from this hidden culture. We recovered several more artifacts from the temple site today, as well. Most of them are pottery and other domestic items crafted from clay. Most are very brittle, but have stood up to the elements remarkably. Only a few have been significantly damaged. Mr. Kenning will be pleased and I have no doubt that he will get his money's worth out of this expedition. We plan to spend two more days working at the temple site. After that, I think we will search the valley west of the settlement ruins. I am confident that we will find more structures and artifacts there. Hopefully, we will also leave behind these terrible serpents, which almost seem to follow us from site to site. We cannot afford to lose another member of the team to these loathsome creatures.

Date: June 8, 1920

I was awakened tonight by a shrill cry from Jean-Pierre's tent. I quickly went to investigate, fearing the worst, but I found Jean-Pierre unharmed. He was covered in sweat and shaking visibly. He claimed that he was having a terrible dream in which he was suddenly able to read the writing on the stone slab in the temple. He said that it contained a terrible but compelling message, but he refused to describe it. I have tried not to say too much of Jean-Pierre's mental state but his strange outbursts are beginning to worry me. Honestly, I cannot say that I trust him to watch over William as he is scheduled to do in the morning. I suppose I should give him the benefit of the doubt. He has been an asset to the team so far even though his attitude is often sour and his personality rather "eccentric."

Date: June 9, 1920

William's condition remained about the same today. He is not conscious and his breathing is very weak. Despite my concerns about his trustworthiness, we left Jean-Pierre in charge of watching over him and it seems that he did very well. I regret thinking ill of him. Today, we revisited the temple ruins. We found a few more pieces of pottery and a small statuette portraying a fierce-looking serpent. We also found more evidence of spiral patterns on some eroded pieces of masonry. They appear to have been painted on with some sort of plant-based, red dye. Neither George nor I have been able to determine

exactly what plant this dye was extracted from. It doesn't seem to be any species that grows in this area. Perhaps such a plant has become extinct since the time when this civilization flourished.

Jean-Pierre has seemed very disconnected today. The strange dream he had last night seems to be troubling him. Still, he is unusually quiet and I've twice caught him muttering to himself. Tense, hurried whispers like someone who is bitterly arguing with himself. I fear for his mental health. I hope that he is able to cope with whatever dementia is assailing him. We cannot afford to lose another member of our team, not now.

Date: June 10, 1920

Today we made our last venture into the temple ruins and found very little. A light, steady rain gave the day a feeling of gloom that we could have done without. Frankly, it was a frustrating day. We did a great deal of work and accomplished very little. William is holding steady. I feel some comfort that his condition has not yet worsened. At least he is stable for now. Still, the realist in me knows that he could die at any moment. I've been trying to spend as much time as possible with him. Even though he remains unconscious, I don't want him to sense that he is alone. We have discussed what will happen if William does not survive. George is confident that he can pilot our plane competently enough to get us off the island, should it come to that.

Tomorrow, we travel west. We will explore the rest of the valley floor and see if it holds any new wonders. For instance, I would love to find more pertaining to our Spanish predecessors. The mystery of what happened to those poor men has been haunting me. It seems so tragic, so sudden. Of the corpses we found, none seemed prepared for whatever fate befell them. The settlement ruins are fascinating but part of me will be happy to leave this place behind. Death is in the air here, I can feel it.

Date: June 11, 1920

My God. As I write, it is quite early in the morning (six or seven, by my estimation). William has died and Jean-Pierre is missing. We have spent the last hour searching the area for him, but there is no sign. I am worried that Jean-Pierre's abrupt absence has something to do with William's death. It appears that William finally succumbed to the snake's venom, but it seems a peculiar coincidence that Jean-Pierre disappeared the very same night. I'm not sure what to think. I have not yet begun to mourn for William, as I am too confused and shocked. I'm sure tonight will be a somber evening.

Date: June 12, 1920

Rain today. Last night, we buried William's body near our camp. We did our best to bury him with dignity. We marked his grave with a crude stone marker. Hopefully, we will be able to recover his body one day and give him a proper burial back home. William was a good friend and a skilled pilot. His family back in the states will surely understand that he died in pursuit of a noble cause. Our whole team understands the dangers that are inherent in this expedition, but we all feel that our work here is worth the risk. There is still no sign of Jean-Pierre. I assume that he has abandoned us, or worse, is dead

himself. There is little we can do about our lost comrades. We must continue here until we are out of time. I do not wish to seem callous, but our expedition must go on despite these losses. I sincerely regret the loss of William and Jean-Pierre and I feel largely responsible for both of them. However, I cannot let my personal feelings get in the way of the task at hand. Mr. Kenning has put a great deal of money into this expedition and I will not disappoint him.

Of course, we are now several days behind schedule. We will do our best to make up for the time we've lost. I feel that, if we are able to make significant progress, morale will improve. I need a success as much as the others do. I need to prove to myself that William's death was not in vain. We will set out in the morning. I want to leave this place.

Date: June 13, 1920

Today, Henry, George, and I resumed our trek westward across the floor of the valley. We were somewhat hindered by a thick patch of jungle that slowed our progress until the late afternoon. For the rest of the day, we crossed a swampy wetland and made camp in a rather large, dry clearing. I should note that there was a peculiar incident this afternoon as we hacked and trudged our way through the jungle growth. We heard a strange sound, a bizarre mixture of human and animal tones that seemed to originate from the dense foliage to the north of our position. I can best describe the sound by saying it was a laugh of some sort. Not a pleasant, light-hearted laugh, but something more akin to a witch's cackle. I can only assume that this sound was the call of some undiscovered species of animal, most likely a bird. Later in the afternoon, George heard the sound again while Henry and I were filling our water skins. He said that the sound seemed more distant this time and came from the east. I am filled with a mixture of fascination and puzzlement. Like the tone that we heard in these jungles when we were on the mountainside, this sound made the hair on my neck stand on end. This is precisely the type of event that we needed to boost morale. It gives all three of us something to think about other than William's death and Jean-Pierre's disappearance. My mind truly needed the relief. I admit that I am still guilt stricken about William. If his family should one day read this log I beg of them to forgive me. I do not mean to speak of his death as an inconvenience to the expedition and continue on with writings of our discoveries. You must understand that my mind is abuzz with lamentations about William's death. As I have written before, I feel responsible. It pains me to think of William's face. Camp is solemn again tonight (as it should be, I suppose). Tomorrow will be another day of difficult travel. I will try to rest now.

Date: June 14, 1920

Another day of westward travel. We are beginning to near the western peaks of the valley and they are clearly visible on the horizon through clearings in the jungle canopy. Today's hike was not as strenuous as yesterday's, but it was no less bizarre. We heard the strange animal sound three times over the course of the day. All three times, it came out of the east. George said that it sounded like the source of the sound had traveled in our direction, because it sounded about the same distance away as it was last night. Of course it could be that the sounds today were made by different creatures of the same species. Either

way, the bizarre cackle that this creature (if it is a creature) produces is bone-chilling and frankly, very frightening. Still, I am curious to learn more about the hidden species of this island. I hope that we come in contact with whatever produces this sound within the next few days. A good discovery would help to build our level of confidence. I should say that we are a bit overburdened by the volume of stone and clay trinkets that we recovered from the settlement ruins. We were forced to leave William and Jean-Pierre's loads behind as the three of us alone could simply not bear the weight of it all. Still, our hardships are only temporary. I'm sure that Mr. Kenning will compensate us nicely for our sore backs. I estimate that we will reach the base of the mountains to the west in two more days. We are all excited that the end of our journey is within sight. Tonight I am going to share a bottle of brandy that I have been saving. Our spirits still need lifting and I think that the brandy will be a welcome remedy. More tomorrow.

Date: June 15, 1920

Heaven help us. This morning, just before sunrise, our camp was attacked by some sort of monstrous serpent. I was awakened by the sound of tearing canvas. When I looked outside, I saw that George's tent had been literally ripped into two pieces. Seconds later, a serpent of unbelievable size darted into my field of vision. As I watched, frozen with horror, the creature snatched up George in its jaws as if he were a common field mouse. Still paralyzed with fear, I watched as Henry emerged from his tent and suddenly burst into a panicked sprint to get away from the coiled beast. The creature's head shifted and it began to slither after Henry with stunning speed. I finally managed to gather my wits and snatched my revolver from my knapsack. As the serpent pursued Henry, I opened fire on it and I believe I struck in with several shots. The creature then turned to look in my direction and I fired one final shot that pierced its left eye. It gave out a mind-shattering moan, like the one we heard from the mountainside, and vanished into the underbrush. I stood for several, light-headed moments, once again paralyzed by fear, before Henry staggered back to the camp and vomited. George is gone. There is no trace of his body. I dare say the serpent ate him whole. This tale will no doubt seem far fetched to Mr. Kenning and his consultants, but I swear on my reputation that every word is true. Henry and I sat huddled together until almost mid-day. We spoke only in groans and expletives. Neither of us could entirely believe that our experiences were real. It seemed more likely that this attack was a nocturnal fantasy brought on by too much brandy. Still, as I write this, I am perfectly awake and on the brink of emotional breakdown. It seems that our expedition was doomed from the start. Perhaps we were destined to be the prey of this serpent demon. If that is the case, as I believe it is, I can only hope that someone will one day discover this log. I hope that whoever reads it understands that I accept full responsibility for this deadly folly. I wish to sincerely apologize to the families of the men who I so selfishly brought here. Henry and I have decided to abandon our equipment and make a run for the mountains by morning. This will be my final log entry. I am sorry. I am truly sorry.

Appendix II

Non-Player Characters



Morgan Blake, Leader of the Kenning Expedition

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 14 APP 12 EDU 17 SAN 60 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .45 Revolver 70%, damage 1D10 + 2

Skills: Anthropology 45%, Archaeology 50%, Biology 20%,
Credit Rating 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 2%, History 60%, Natural History
15%, Occult 10%

Spells: None



William Collins, Freelance Pilot

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 10 INT 11 POW 10
DEX 16 APP 12 EDU 13 SAN 50 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: 12-gauge shotgun 50%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6
Fists 60%, damage 1D3 + db

Skills: Pilot (Aircraft) 90%

Spells: None



Henry Wallace, Expedition Photographer

STR 8 CON 9 SIZ 7 INT 17 POW 14
DEX 9 APP 15 EDU 19 SAN 70 HP 8

Damage Bonus: -1D4

Weapons: Fists 50%, damage 1D3 + db

Skills: Photography 94%

Spells: None



George Reynold, World-Renowned Adventurer

STR 16 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 14 POW 9
DEX 13 APP 17 EDU 16 SAN 45 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .45 Revolver 80%, damage 1D10 + 2

Skills: Anthropology 50%, Archaeology 60%, Credit Rating 40%,
Ride 60%, Track 30%

Spells: None



Jean-Pierre Poirier, Creole Interpreter and Yig Cultist

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 7 INT 10 POW 13
DEX 9 APP 7 EDU 12 SAN 0 HP 8

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Machete 50%, damage 1D8 + 1 + db

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 15%, English 80%, Creole Dialects 90%

Spells: Summon/Bind Child of Yig

What Really Happened?

The “unnamed” isle to the east of Ile de la Tortue was known as K’gura by its ancient inhabitants. The cavernous valleys and thick jungles of the isle have played host to many generations of Yig worshippers. During the reign of the first Valusian kingdom, the Isle was a basalt stronghold of the serpent people.

The fatal flaw of the Kenning Expedition was the inclusion of one Jean-Pierre Poirier in its membership. Poirier came from a long line of Haitian Yig worshippers. His grandfather, a high-priest of Yig, prophesized that Jean-Pierre would one day receive an opportunity to protect the secrets of the Serpent God from the scrutiny of interlopers. This prophecy came to fruition when Jean-Pierre was chosen by Morgan Blake to join the Kenning Expedition as an interpreter.

Poirier began receiving dream visions from Yig the first night that he stayed on the “unnamed isle.” These visions instructed him to seek out the ruins of the Valusian city of Iktura, which were the same ruins seen by Allison Halliford during her aerial survey of the nearby islands, the very same ruins that Morgan Blake was so intent on finding. Upon his arrival in the ancient city, Poirier was led by Yig to find the ancient stone slab within the ruins of the city’s temple. The inscription was in a language that dated back to the time of the serpent people. Yig granted Poirier the ability to read the slab, from which he learned the spell to summon and bind a child of Yig. One of Yig’s sacred snakes had dwelt in the secluded valley for centuries (and was, coincidentally, the source of the strange animal “tones” that Morgan Blake wrote about in his log). After departing from the expedition party, Poirier cast the spell and summoned forth the sacred serpent. The creature then attacked the expedition party (as detailed in Morgan Blake’s log).

Morgan Blake and Henry Wallace managed to escape the isle by constructing a make-shift raft. They attempted to travel west, to Ile de la Tortue but both men died of exposure before reaching their destination. The remnants of the raft and Morgan Blake’s log book washed up on the shores of Ile de la Tortue and were eventually recovered by Mr. Kenning’s operatives.

The Spanish Exploration of K’Gura

The research log of the Kenning expedition makes note of the expedition’s discovery of Spanish artifacts and remains. Though the nature of the Spanish presence on the island was a mystery to the members of the expedition, clever investigators might be able to dig up some of the following information by doing some concentrated research:

According to Christopher Columbus’ log he spotted the “unnamed isle” (K’Gura) on his way to Haiti. He was intrigued by the tiny island and decided to dispatch a small retinue of explorers to investigate it. This detachment was led by one of Columbus’ lieutenants by the name of Diego de Valencia. Valencia and his men were instructed to re-join with Columbus’ fleet in two weeks. Neither Diego, nor his men, were ever seen again.

In truth, Diego de Valencia and his men ran afoul of the ancient secrets of the isle. They explored K’gura for almost a week before their first encounter with the Yig worshipping natives. After several small skirmishes, the Yig cultists held a ritual to summon forth a sacred child of Yig. The great serpent ambushed the Spaniards just as they entered the ruined city of Iktura. The corpses and graffiti found by the Kenning expedition reflect the outcome of this ambush.

Scenario Hooks

The Disappearance of the Kenning Expedition-

The investigators are compelled to travel to the mysterious isle of K'gura and investigate the disappearance of the Kenning expedition. Perhaps they are acquaintances of the members of the original expedition or perhaps they are hired by Mr. Kenning to help him cut his losses. The investigators would probably receive Morgan Blake's log from the outset of the scenario and could use it to guide them through the dangers of the forgotten isle. Perhaps the cult of Yig (possibly led by Jean-Pierre Poirier) is currently trying to find Blake's log and destroy it, in order to cover up the events that took place on their sacred isle. The investigators, upon receiving the log, become the prime target for the cult.

Possible events:

- ◆ Everyone who comes into contact with Morgan Blake's log seems to die mysteriously. Rumors begin to spread that the deaths are the result of a curse triggered by the expedition. Investigations into the matter prove that the cult of Yig is a more likely culprit. Furthermore, the investigators discover that the cult is planning a great ritual that would revive the isle of K'gura and bring forth the serpent-folk from their subterranean homes.
- ◆ En route to the mysterious isle, the investigator's plane is hijacked by a Yig cultist who was posing as a guide. The investigators must subdue the attacker whilst keeping the plane safely in the air.
- ◆ Using Blake's log as a guide, the investigators must race to the lost city of Iktura to stop the Yig cult from completing their grand ritual. Of course, they will have to face the dangers of the isle along the way.

The Diary of Helen Dubouís

Being the memoir of a young widow and her journeys into the woods



It was a car wreck. That's what the papers and the television said. "Three car pile up, 34-year-old man and 4 month old infant killed." It was a car wreck that killed my baby boy and my husband. I was never religious and I'm glad for it. I'm glad I never went to church. I'm glad that I never gave that bastard an hour of my time. I'm not a kid. I know that life isn't fair. I know that sometimes bad things happen to good people. The problem is that this bad thing was basically the end of everything I cared about, everything I had built my life around. I can't even begin to explain how that feels. I can only feel it. It makes me want to die. The only reason I can write this now without crying or slitting my wrists or something is that I'm still numb. It's been almost a year, a year and I still haven't cried. Not one tear. My shrink says that I have deep-rooted denial, that I still think they're coming back one day. That's bullshit. I know they're gone. I know they're dead. I know that they're not coming back. Those are the facts. They were the only people I cared about in the world.

On second thought, I wish I had gone to church, just once, so I could have flipped the bastard off in advance. Not that I believe in God. I wish I had something to believe in. Something tangible and real. I've learned that nothing is secure. There is no tangible help when something like this happens.

The only way I've managed to stay out of a mental hospital is by agreeing to see my therapist every two days. Every time I leave, she tells me it's not going to get easier until I let it get easier. I'd like to slap that bitch. Every time I go into her office, I see her perfect family staring back at me from expensive frames on her desk. Smiling. Happy. Every time I see them, I want to smack her. I want to beat the shit out of her. It's not that she isn't right sometimes. It's just that she would have the audacity to sit there and give me advice about this; give me advice about something that she couldn't possibly understand. I want to slap her. My shrink's name is Angela. I've always thought that Angela was a pretty name. In fact, if my husband hadn't been killed in a car accident two months ago we might be well on our way to conceiving an Angela or a Robin or maybe a Cindy. That's the type of thing I think of when I'm sitting there listening to her give me advice about how to handle the destruction of everything I loved. I think about how she was lucky to be born before her father was killed in a tragic wreck or something. How can some people be so lucky? Her smiling family is so lucky. Angela is so lucky. I wish I could just slap her. Slap her hard. Make her perfect cheek bleed onto my hand. The hand where my wedding ring still sits. I'd like to leave an imprint of that ring on her cheek. One that would stay there. So every time she looked in the mirror she would remember how lucky she is. I just want to slap her. I'm not a violent person or anything. In college, I always said I was a pacifist. I was too young to be a hippy when all that went down, but pacifism seemed right to me. I don't like violence at all. Still, I'd slap the shit out of Angela if I could.

Instead, I've been taking walks in the woods behind my house. They go pretty deep; all the way back to the state park and the old train tracks. I haven't gone that far in a while. I usually walk for about an hour. Two when I really feel like slapping Angela. See, Angela is pretty much my only contact back in the normal world. Sure, I get cards and peach cobbles from my relatives. Peach cobbles: "Sorry you lost your husband and son . . . have a peach

cobbler." It's almost funny. Anyway, my relatives are too fucking afraid of upsetting me to offer anything other than cliché sympathy cards and baked goods.

I wish there was some way to bring Chad and Bryson back. When Chad and I were first dating he used to tell me all the normal mushy shit about how he would never leave me. Well Chad, it looks like you fucked that one up. It just seems impossible that someone that I was so close to, so interwoven with, could be gone with no way to remedy the situation. When I was going through college, I learned how to solve problems. I do it damn well. This problem can't be solved. It can never be solved. Still, part of me wishes I could find a way. I always helped Chad when he was in trouble. I covered his back when he got busted for plagiarism. I always stood behind him. I always supported his best interest. What am I supposed to do now, honey? How am I supposed to get you out of this one? How? If only I knew. I took a walk tonight. It was cold for August. The woods keep me calm. They let me think. The woods and I get along. They understand, somehow. The trees and the underbrush say they have been there. They've seen leaves fall and be reborn. Autumn and spring. How will I reach my spring? I refuse to sit here and take this! If there is a God, I'd like to get back at the bastard, show him he's not in charge. Not here. Not in my woods, where I can tell my troubles to the trees. Here, I'm God.

Another day, another visit with Angela. She keeps telling me that I'm in denial; that I'm not responding to Chad and Bryson's death in a realistic manner; that I've developed a system of magical thinking. She's right I guess. I mean, I feel like there should be something that I can do to get them back. That's all. They were both meant for greater things than death in a car wreck. It just doesn't add up.

Just got back from another walk in the woods. The whole time, I was thinking about Bryson. The sounds he made when he was first born, the way he used to look at me, saying nothing and read my mind. I swear to God, Bryson and I could communicate with each other. We could sit there for hours without speaking. I could just feel that he knew what I was saying and he would respond in little ways. A smile at just the right moment. A shake of the head. I know he understood me. He probably understood me more than Chad ever did. He came from my body. He was the only other person in the world who had experienced the world through my body. We had a connection. I know I'm just going crazy, but when I go on my walks I can hear him talking to me, talking like he never could in life. I can hear what his voice would have sounded like. He tells me that it's okay. He tells me that things aren't that bad. That's when I know that it's not really him. If the voice in my head knew me, like Bryson knew me, it would know better. It would know that the most important people in my life were both taken away in one night. It would know that things couldn't possibly be worse and that they can't get better until I do something to help them. I have to help them. I have to. I have to help them get back to me and our house and our things and our bathtub. Chad used to love to take baths. He would sit in there for hours and just read. He always read in the bathtub. He can't do that now. I have to help him. I have to do something. It can't just be over. Not like this. Not now. Not without any warning. They both had so much life ahead of them. It isn't right or fair or anything. It's bullshit. I have to help somehow. I'm not going to quit until I do. How could I? How could I just leave them like this? in the ground? I have to help. I have to help. There must be some way. Something. I can help. I know I can help.

Today, I met the widow in the woods. I was walking along, thinking about Bryson. I was thinking about the conversations that we should have had, and there she was. She was standing between two trees just up the path from where I was walking. She had a black dress and her face was pale but dark at the same time. So tall. She was so tall. I was a little bit scared because I'd never seen someone so tall. But she held up her hand and I felt okay. I knew that I could talk to her. I could tell that she was a widow too. I could tell that she was as sad as I was and that she wanted to help me. I don't remember her voice. It was so strange. It didn't catch in my memory. I just remember she spoke without moving her mouth. Like when I used to talk to Bryson. She was so tall though. I was looking up and listening and I just knew that she wanted to help me. She understood. She said that this wasn't the end, that my womb would carry another. I asked what she meant and she said "another child." Another baby. Another baby Bryson. I can have Bryson again. I can have Chad too. I just have to wait, she said, until the stars are right. I see what she means. I can feel them: Chad and Bryson, I can feel them inside me. I can tell that they're trying to get back here. They have to use my body to get back. That's it! That's it, they can use my body to get back! It's alright, I'll be okay. I can help them. I knew that I would find a way. The widow in the woods told me to come back and shout her name into the forest, her beautiful name. Her name is Aylith. Aylith in the woods and the dales. The widow, the mother, the fertile goddess.

Aylith!

Aylith!

Your name blesses the forsaken!

Come unto me Aylith, widow of the woods.

Come unto me and teach me of the black goat and the many-mother.

Grant unto me the seed of the woods.

Grant unto me the dark children.

Aylith!

Aylith!

Your name blesses the forsaken!

I went into the woods again today. I ran and shouted "Aylith, Aylith." I was supposed to see Angela today. I didn't even think about her. I just kept thinking about the Widow. I knew that I needed to see her again. I had questions. So I ran into the woods and shouted her name. Aylith didn't come. I waited all day. I dug a hole and sat in it waiting for her. I covered my face in leaves like she does. I called her name. I sang the song she taught me. But Aylith never came. I went back home. It's dark now in the woods. I'm going to go again. Maybe she only comes at night. That must be it. She only comes at night. Night night night night night. It's night now. I'll go.

What wonderful things Aylith has shown me. Last night, I saw her children. Her children are beautiful and dark. They are small things, her children, and they walk so well. They're like tiny men. They walk and crawl and climb. They are quiet, but they talk to her. It's just like how Bryson talked to me. They look at her and she knows, she knows what they think and what they see. Aylith sent them away and she brought me close, closer than before. I could see her leaves and her hair. She had fine black hair all across her neck. Her face was a beautiful

darkness. Her eyes are fireflies. She smells like time would smell: old, wise, eternal. She whispered to me until the sun rose. She taught me the words to prepare my body for the little ones. My new Chad, my new Bryson. I can already feel them inside of me. Bryson says "mommy, I want out." Aylith says she knows. She can hear Bryson too. She wants to help. She says I need a man to help get them out. I need a man to conceive them. She told me how to make the oil of the woods. How to feed it to a man so he'll do what I say and conceive my new young. I tried this morning to make some. But I messed up somewhere. I'll try again later. It's really hard. I need my sweat in a bowl, a lot of sweat. I mix in the purplish plant that Aylith gave me. Then I have to put my tongue in. I have to hold it in the oil for a long time and then I have to kiss a man with my tongue. I have to make sure that the oil gets on his tongue. Then he will do what I say. He will help me conceive a new Bryson and a new Chad. I will try again. I have to. I have to get this to work.

Today, I made the oil of the woods. It took me about two hours to get it just right. I can taste it now on my tongue. I can feel that it is working. I know that it will work. Tonight, I'll go out just like I did in college. I'll go out and kiss someone and bring him here and sleep with him. There's a bar in town that Chad and I would always go to when we got a chance. It's a good place to go if you want to get laid. I'm sorry Chad, but I have to do this. I hope you understand. This is for your sake and for Bryson's sake. I'm sorry. You know that I would never do this unless I had to.

His name was Ryan. We were talking by the bar while a heavy-metal band was on stage. They were screaming and playing so loudly I couldn't even hear Ryan speak. So I just kissed him, full on, with my tongue. I expected him to pull away from me or to be surprised or something. He didn't. He just sat there and kissed me. He kissed me so hard that it hurt. The oil worked just like the widow said it would. He moved his hand up to my breast. I told him to follow me and I brought him here. I've never been with a man who was so enthralled with me. He loved me. He worshipped me. I was his goddess.

It wasn't like it was with Bryson. This time, I knew that I was pregnant right away. I can feel it. I can feel movement. I can feel new things growing in me: a new Bryson, a new Chad. They're on their way. I told Ryan to leave and he did. I feel powerful. I feel like I can do anything. I feel like God. Death means nothing to me now. I know how to create life, how to create new young. I know how to bring forth life from my body. Hail Aylith! Whose name blesses the forsaken! The many-mother! The gracious widow in the woods!

My phone has been ringing continuously. Angela, my mother, telemarketers, they all keep calling. I haven't answered. I feel bad for not talking to them, but they wouldn't understand what's going on. They wouldn't understand what's happening to me. I could never explain to them the things that I've learned. They just wouldn't understand. Tonight, I'll go to visit the widow again. She is the only one who can understand this. She will be so pleased that I did as she said. She will be so pleased with me.

I went into the woods and it was raining. The clouds made the woods very dark and I wasn't sure if I would be able to find the place where Aylith always comes. I called out into the woods like she taught me to do and soon I found her sitting on a pile of large rocks. Her fallen

children were dancing around her in a worshipful display. From a distance, they looked like a swarm of fireflies spiraling around in the rain. She was silent when I approached, but I knew she was pleased. She did not speak but she told me that I had done well and that it would only be a matter of time before my children were ready to emerge from my body. She said that they would come when the stars are right. I joined the dark children in their dance. We praised Aylith for her grace, praised her mysteries. We danced in spirals and circles. We danced until the sun was beginning to rise. Before I left, I embraced the widow and felt her arms envelope me, blessing my body and readying it for the coming of my young.

For the last three days, I haven't been able to write. I've been in terrible pain. It's a pain I know I have to endure if I want to see Bryson and Chad again. I went to see Angela yesterday and she said that I needed to be institutionalized. I knew that she wouldn't understand. I knew it. I ran out of her office and kept running until I was deep in the woods. It was daylight, so I knew that Aylith wouldn't come but I felt safe. I've always felt safe in these old woods. Ever since I was a little girl this is where I walked. Somehow, I always knew that these woods would be important to me one day. I always felt that there was some sort of great secret that the woods would tell me one day, if I was faithful to them. Now I know that it was the widow. All these years, she has been leading me to this point. My belly is already swollen and it's only been a few days. I can already feel them moving around inside my womb. They are ready to come out. Bryson has been talking to me everyday. He says that he is sorry that he left. He is sorry that he made me go through all this. I tell him not to apologize. It isn't his fault. It isn't anyone's fault. None of that matters now. When the stars are right everything will be okay. We'll be back together and start our lives over again. Even as I write Bryson is talking to me. He is very anxious. He says he is ready to come out. I have to keep telling him to wait just a little bit longer. When the stars are right. When the stars are right.

It's been days. I don't know how long. I remember intense pain. I remember that, from the kitchen floor, I could see through the window. The widow's children were dancing outside. I don't remember what happened. I woke up covered in my own blood. The floor was a mess of placenta. I knew that I had done it. I found Chad and Bryson staggering around in the living room. They were bloody, black figures, like the children of Aylith. Their eyes shown with that same firefly light. I was beside myself with joy. Aylith has given my life back to me! Now, I can take care of them and everything will be how it should be. That night, I brought Chad and Bryson into the woods with me. I wanted them to meet the widow, their grandmother, their goddess. We met with Aylith and we danced under the stars. Aylith demanded that we dance because the stars were right. We danced all night. It was a swirl of joy under the moonlight.

My family and I will continue to visit the widow and her children. We will dance with them when the stars are right. I want more babies. I want our family to fill these woods.

Appendix III

Non-Player Characters



Helen Dubois, Follower of the Widow in the Woods

STR 9 CON 11 SIZ 7 INT 14 POW 15
DEX 13 APP 16 EDU 17 SAN 0 HP 9

Damage Bonus: -1D4

Weapons: Fists 30%, Damage 1D3 + db

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Occult 15%, Fast Talk 60%

Spells: Oil of the Woods, Spiraling Dance of the Widow, Call/Dismiss Aylith, Summon/Bind Children of Aylith



Aylith, Great Old One

STR 13 CON 30 SIZ 6 INT 25 POW 40
DEX 6 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Tongues 80%, Damage 1D6 + Grapple

Armor: None, but completely immune to physical weapons. Magical weapons, fire, electricity, and similar sources of energy do damage normally.

Spells: as the keeper wishes. Aylith is known to have imparted Oil of the Woods, Spiraling Dance of the Widow, Call/Dismiss Aylith, and Summon/Bind Children of Aylith

Sanity Loss: 1D6/1D20

Average Child of Aylith

STR 6 CON 6 SIZ 2 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 11 HP 4

Damage Bonus: -1D6

Weapons: Bite 50%, Damage 1D6 + db

Armor: None

Spells: Spiraling Dance of the Widow

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6

What Really Happened?

Helen Dubois was a normal, well-adjusted twenty-seven-year-old woman until a tragic car accident claimed the life of both her husband and her son. Helen's sanity was shattered by this event (it brought her down to three sanity points) and she immediately went into counseling to avoid being admitted to a mental institute. Helen was well on the road to recovery until she crossed paths with the Widow in the Woods, a great old one, who saw Helen's mental state as an opportunity to gain a new follower. When Helen first saw Aylith, she lost the remainder of her sanity and became utterly obsessed with the deity.

Aylith then began to tutor Helen, teaching her how to create the oil of the woods, a potent mixture that fills the mind of those who ingest it with thoughts of lust and procreation. The elixir also causes the conception of children of Aylith. Utterly insane, Helen used the oil on a local man by the name of Ryan Porter. Porter slept with Helen and conceived two dark children of Aylith.

After several days, the new children of Aylith emerged from Helen's womb. In her delusional state, Helen believed that these strange, dark children were a re-manifestation of her lost husband and son. Helen then took her young into the woods, where she joined with Aylith in an eternal quest to create new offspring.

New Mythos Deity

Aylith, Great Old One

"Aylith! Aylith! Your name blesses the forsaken!"

Aylith, also known as "The Widow in the Woods" and "The Many-Mother," is an ancient entity that has roamed the earth for untold centuries. Though she acts independently, Aylith is a servant of Shub-Niggurath. Her powers seem to encompass the same general portfolio as her master: sex, fertility, and reproduction. Her motives are unclear, but seem to focus on the conception of new "children," possibly as some form of offering to Shub-Niggurath.

Aylith takes the form of a tall, shadowy humanoid figure with yellow glowing eyes and numerous strange protrusions that resemble the branches of dead trees. Children of Aylith generally stand between one and two feet tall. Their bodies are more defined than Aylith's, but they maintain the same dark color and firefly-like eyes. Aylith is always seen in a wooded area and she seems to be bound to such confines. Her children, however, are free to roam beyond the boundaries of the forests.

Cult: Aylith has been revered by many human cultures over the centuries. Many ancient Native American tribes and early Druidic cultures seem to have worshipped her. Though the size of her human cult has waned over the centuries, it has seen a rebirth in the modern era as many practitioners of "new-age" religions have inadvertently begun to practice her rituals. Aylith's cult also overlaps with the cult of Shub-Niggurath. Many cultists of Shub-Niggurath revere Aylith as the lieutenant of the Dark Young.

Attacks and Special Effects: When faced with an attack, Aylith will typically respond by casting spells. She is, however, capable of lashing out one of her many black tongues. She uses her tongues to thrash enemies and grapple them. Usually, Aylith will mesmerize a captured opponent by casting *Spiraling Dance of the Widow* and force them to mate with her and conceive new children. If overwhelmed, Aylith will simply disappear into another dimension.

Game statistics for Aylith can be found on the previous page.

New Spells

Oil of the Woods

This spell creates a magical elixir that has potent mind-altering effects. When ingested by a human, the oil causes uncontrollable feelings of sexual lust. The spell also assures the conception of new children of Aylith if the target follows through with his or her sexual compulsion. The mixture is very potent and only a very small amount of oil must be ingested for the enchantment to take effect.

Creating Oil of the Woods requires the use of a magical plant that can only be obtained from Aylith, the Widow in the Woods. As a result, it may be necessary for the caster to first cast the Call/Dismiss Aylith spell. Once the proper ingredients are gathered, making the oil requires only a few minutes. Casting the spell costs 4 magic points and 4 sanity points. Each casting produces one dose of the oil. The creator of the oil is completely immune to the effects of any dose that he or she created.

When a human ingests the oil, the caster must make a resistance table roll using his or her POW against the target's POW. If successful, the target is overcome with a sexual desire for the caster. The affected target falls into a blissful stupor until he or she is able to sate his or her sexual desires or until twenty-four hours pass, whichever comes first. If the caster engages in intercourse with the target, 1D4 children of Aylith will be conceived and born within the following week.

Spiraling Dance of the Widow

The caster of this spell engages in a mesmerizing dance, compelling all those who witness it to join in mad revelry. The caster of this spell must be capable of physical movement, thus a character who is tied-up or otherwise incapacitated cannot cast the spell.

Casting the spell costs 6 magic points and 1D6 sanity points. The spell takes one round to cast. When the spell is cast, the user must make a resistance table roll using his or her POW against the POW of any targets who witness the magical dance. If successful, the target is magically compelled to join in the dance. Every 10 rounds the caster must make another resistance table roll for each target in order to maintain the spell.

Call/Dismiss Aylith

This spell calls forth Aylith, the Widow in the Woods. The spell must be cast in a forest or other suitably wooded area and can only be cast at night. The caster must shout Aylith's name amongst the trees and offer his or her service to the entity. Each magic point spent increases the chance of a successful cast by 5 percentiles; a result of 96-100 is always a failure. The spell also costs the caster 1D10 sanity points. When the spell is successfully cast, Aylith will appear nearby. The entity may request a sacrifice or some other test of worth before it will assist the caster.

Summon/Bind Children of Aylith

This spell brings forth 1D4 children of Aylith. It may only be cast at night. Each magic point spent increases the chance of a successful cast by 10 percentiles; a result of 96-100 is always a failure. The spell also costs the caster 1D3 sanity points. The children of Aylith will faithfully follow the commands of the caster so long as doing so does not hinder or bring harm to their mother, Aylith. The summoned children will remain until sunrise.

New Mythos Tomes

The Diary of Helen Dubois - In English, by Helen Dubois, 2005. This brief journal contains the personal writings of Helen Dubois, a young widow who became a follower of Aylith, the Widow in the Woods after her son and husband were killed in a tragic car accident. The text contains first hand accounts of magic-use and encounters with mythos entities. The average time it takes to read and comprehend the diary is one day.

Cthulhu Mythos: +3%

Sanity Loss: Skim 0/ Read 1D6

Spells: Oil of the Woods

Litanies of the Many-Mother - In English, by mutiple authors, 1854. This leather-bound tome contains the rites and sacrements of a sect of druids based in London, England. The text includes many references to "Aylith, the Many-Mother," who the druids viewed as a benevolent fertility goddess. Apparently the sect that authored this tome was disbanded in 1862 after their practices were brought to attention the local authorities. Though the text does not discuss the nature of Aylith in great detail, it contains all of the spells commonly associated with the entity. The average time it takes to read and comprehend the *Litanies* is 24 weeks.

Cthulhu Mythos: +5%

Sanity Loss: Skim 0/ Read 1D6

Spells: Oil of the Woods, Revelry in Moonlight (Spiraling Dance of the Widow), Call/Dismiss Aylith, Summon/Bind Children of Aylith, Voorish Sign, Blight/Bless Crop, various Command Animal spells

Scenario Hooks

All in the Family-

The investigators are called in to solve a string of mysterious disappearances. Seven women, all between the ages of twenty and thirty are missing. All of the women have been lured into the woods by Aylith, the Many-Mother. The entity is raising a cult in an attempt to summon her master, Shub-Niggurath. The investigators must find the women and stop them before Aylith's plan comes to fruition.

Possible Events:

- ◆ The investigators discover the diary of Helen Dubois, one of the missing women. The text sheds some light on the situation.
- ◆ Each of the missing women has birthed several Children of Aylith. The mad, dancing children are beginning to fill the local forests and parks.

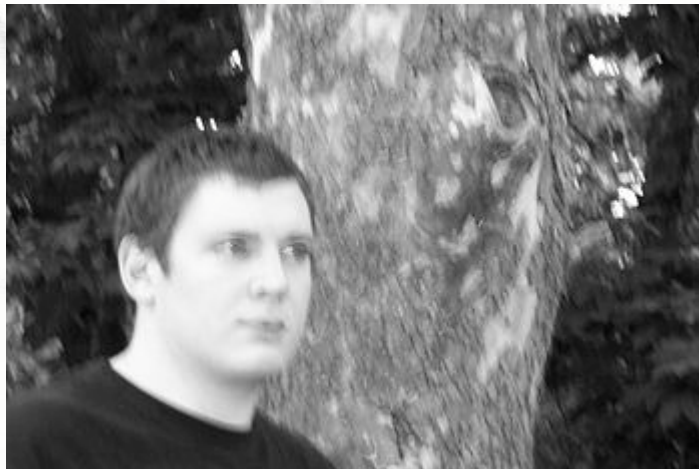
What Happened to Helen?-

The investigators are friends and colleagues of Helen Dubois. Helen vanishes without a trace two months after the tragic accident that claimed the lives of her husband and son. The authorities suspect suicide, but Helen's diary suggests a more disturbing possibility. The investigators must search for Helen and discover what dark fate befell her.

Possible Events:

- ◆ The investigators search Helen's house and find her diary as well as the bloodstains from the birth of her new "children"

About the Author



Clint Krause is a freelance writer, musician, and game designer. Aside from these activities, he also enjoys reading, travel, and spending time with his fiancée Cassie. Clint has a degree in Creative Writing from Central Missouri State University. He currently lives in Knob Noster, Missouri. Visit Clint on the web at www.clintkrause.com.

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