



THE HITHOE DOSEIER

FOR USE WITH THE LAUNDRY RPG



By Gareth Hanrahan, Andy Klosky, James Knevitt, WJ MacGuffin,
Paul L Mathews, Brian Nisbet, John Snead, Jay Stratton and Graham Walmsley
Based on the 'Laundry Files' novels by Charles Stross



The Laundry

THE MYTHOS DOSSIERS

Based on the Laundry Files novels by Charles Stross.

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THE MONSTERS & THE SPIES

There have always been monsters amongst us.

The Laundry exists to protect the United Kingdom from brain-eating horrors and slimy things with teeth, and management may talk about thin lines (in a nameless colour, and traced through dimensions that can only be described with contradictory mathematical equations) that protect Us against Them, but the truth is that They've been here all along. This is their world, not ours. We're just the latest tenants.

For most of human history, the existence of the 'supernatural' was universally accepted. Humanity shared the planet with other hostile species. What we term 'myths' were often attempts to describe the unimaginable. Accounts from Roman legions describe meetings with gods and monsters in the same matter-of-fact way they record tallies of supply stores. History books are replete with mentions of ghosts and ghouls.

The Agricultural and Industrial revolutions changed how humanity dealt with the supernatural. The world population doubled in the eighteenth century, and became much more urbanised. As many supernatural entities are derived from humans – either through mutation or possession – this resulted in the likelihood of encountering such an entity increasing more than five-fold in that century alone. In turn, the improvements in firearms and the greater centralisation of power meant that humanity could more effectively respond to the emerging threats. Ghouls were gunned down, gorgons imprisoned by the state, cases of possession locked away before they could spread. A similar shift occurred across the Western World; the British Empire killed more witches than the Inquisition.

By the start of the twentieth century, there were few monsters left, and those that survived were driven underground or forced to conceal themselves among the populace. Knowledge of the supernatural was suppressed, and the history books rewritten to turn monsters into legends. The population were only too willing to embrace this safer, saner, expurgated version of history.

That which cannot be named cannot be categorised. By removing the supernatural from the everyday vernacular, the authorities also made it impossible for ordinary people to articulate their experiences. A thirteenth century villager who saw a ghoulish had a place for it in his *weltanschauung* and would have been able to name the monster and respond appropriately to it. A twenty-first century cubicle drone has no such context for the monster; he can only describe the ghoulish by analogy, by metaphor, by oblique references.

The Monster Control Act, 1864

The mid-1800s were a period of great upheaval in London. Joseph Bazalgette's grand sewer works were being run under the ancient city, as his Embankments were being erected along the Thames. The workers dug down along the course of the buried Fleet river, and built a maze of tunnels under the streets. But they were not alone down there in the darkness – the ghouls of London waged war against Bazalgette's workforce. Questions were asked in Parliament and in the newspapers. Were these ghouls inhuman beasts who should be shown the business end of a Gatling gun, or were they desperate, poverty-stricken beggars who had taken refuge underground because they had nowhere else to go? When does a man become a monster?

The government enacted the Monster Control Act in 1864, after four years of subterranean skirmishes. The Act gave the government authority over those who were of 'questionable humanity.' Previous to the Act, there were no legal restrictions on the treatment of monsters. The Act protected the semi-human from cruel and unjust mistreatment and dictated how creatures should best be constrained for the good of society. It also established a new police district, referred to as Z District, which encompassed the sewers and other underground tunnels (Z District was folded into the Laundry in 1952).

The Dossiers

Deep beneath Mornington Crescent underground station, the Stacks snake out like a run-down version of Borges' Infinite Library. The shelves are crammed with documents and reports. Eyewitness statements, newspaper cuttings, court transcripts, the diaries of madmen, autopsies, scientific papers, archived material – from these, the Laundry works to piece together the shape of the world. A seemingly innocuous report may contain vital information when correlated with a dozen other files. Triangulate the doctor's report about an outbreak of strange dreams with seismic activity under the Pacific, and find the traces of the sleeping god.

THE LAUNDRY

This book contains extracts from the murkier reaches of the Laundry's archives, a selection of unexplained encounters, unverified reports, uncorrelated data, loosely organised by whatever codeword seemed to fit. The truth exists in the unseen connections between them.

'I had a strict rule, which I think secret services follow, too: No piece of information is superior to any other. Power lies in having them all on file and then finding the connections. There are always connections; you have only to want to find them.'

– Umberto Eco, Foucault's Pendulum

How To Use This Book

The Mythos Dossiers is divided into eleven chapters, each covering a different creature. In each chapter, you'll find half a dozen reports and articles related to that creature – although working out exactly how some of the files connect to the creature may take a little lateral thinking or deduction. For the Gamemaster, there are fuller descriptions of the new creatures in Appendix 1.

The simplest way to use these files is as a summary of what the Laundry knows about a given entity. Treat the book as a monster manual that the players can peruse as needed. Read and remember, and maybe you won't be eaten by a shoggoth. Or, if you are, you'll know exactly how its digestive system works. There are secrets here – secrets that the Laundry has already discovered, but not understood.

Secondly, if the player characters are up against ASTERION SNARL or ANNING BLUE SKULL, and they pop down to the Stacks to find out what's on file, you can just give them a handful of photocopied documents in a manila folder and let them work out the connections. A successful Research roll gets the characters the relevant documents; if the players fail, then give them a random document and let them tie their brains in knots trying to work out how it all ties together.

Thirdly, you can use the files as plot hooks. Just give the players a single document and send them off to investigate the situation it describes. Many of these files are leads that the Laundry has yet to follow up, or describe cold cases that were never closed. With the Laundry in upheaval following the events of *The Fuller Memorandum*, many old files are being re-examined. The clues needed to navigate CASE NIGHTMARE GREEN could already be in the archives, if only we could make the right connections...





- - OPERATION HIGH JUMP - -

REPORT 2: December 12, 1946 to February 26, 1947

CLASSIFIED TOP SECRET ANNING BLUE SKULL

Ministry of Defence, March 19, 1951

Diary of Lieutenant Joseph Marconi

December 12, 1946

We spent the last week surveying the outermost section of the ruins. God in Heaven, it's an absolutely incredible place. The scientists are going wild over some of the devices they've found. They claim that the majority of these ruins are more than thirty million years old. I don't know what to think – that's older than I can imagine, way before any humans, and here's this advanced city. I may only be a civil engineer, but even I can see the wonder here. Just the fact that this place is still standing and that some of the devices in it still work is incredible beyond words. There's so much we can learn, if we are even capable of understanding what we're looking at. In even one percent of the age of this city, everything we've built would be dust.

We were warned about some sort of defenses or creatures or something left behind by the builders. No sign of them – given that Dr. Dyer's report seemed a bit odd and his assistant Danforth is crazy, I'm wondering if they just got spooked by this place. I can certainly see that happening, especially since the wind sometimes makes these really creepy sounds, it's like some sort of weird Chinese music or something and has everyone a bit on edge. I guess that's why today two seamen machine-gunned one of those weird white penguins into hamburger. They say it surprised them. We all came running after the shots, and saw a pair of confused and jittery swabbies and a very large and very dead penguin. No matter how incredible it is, I think the deeper portions of the ruins get to everyone.

December 19, 1946

The cover mission goes really well. On Tuesday, I took a seaplane back to the Currituck for a general meeting. Lots of lies and BS about arctic training and readiness. Less than quarter of the other officers in the meeting room had a clue why we were really here. Everyone else there was full of jokes, optimism, and complaints about the weather. Byrd is one of the best bald-faced liars I've ever heard, he even got me nodding and smiling at several points. Then Byrd introduced the film crew. The public part of the mission is going to be filmed, while the rest of us go back to looting an ancient alien city. This is insane. I never thought I'd miss the war – things at least made sense back then.

Then I headed back to the ruins – I hate this place. The mission is mess. It's the damn blobs. I caught finally caught a glimpse of one of them today. They've eaten most of the guard dogs and have already gotten one of my men. Now everyone travels in groups of at least three. To make matters worse, the blobs are bulletproof, so the Captain issued grenades and a few flame throwers. Issuing weapons that might damage the ruins made the scientists really angry. I thought Dr. Weiss was going to have a stroke in the midst of his yelling at the Captain. I don't want to damage this place any more than they do, but I'm not having another of my men decapitated by hostile jello.

December 31, 1946

I haven't mentioned it to anyone, but I'm also starting to hear the blobs' damned cries in my sleep. Despite all this, I'm also starting to understand the ruins a bit better. Everyone who spends enough time down in the lower levels says the same thing. I've seen the bodies of some of the bizarre critters that made this city. They're about as alien as I can possibly imagine and yet I can read bits of their inscriptions and so can everyone else who spends time down here, even Seaman Whitey, and he's dumb as a bag of dirt. One of the science types talked about patterns of energy stored in the stone. That sounds like nonsense, but that doesn't mean it isn't true. If it wasn't for the blobs, I think that I'd be almost comfortable here, and that scares the hell out of me.

We're no closer to securing the ruins from the blobs, and now we have other things to kill us. The Captain ordered them not to mess with anything here, but some of the seaman were getting bored. One of them, Gilbert got a hold of some sort of weird looking carved stone. Seaman Gunderson said Gilbert thought he had an idea what

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it did and started poking it with some thin wire. Gilbert had been complaining about the cold since we arrived and said he could make it a bit warmer. Gunderson said that Gilbert got that stone working – there was a glow around Gilbert and Gunderson said both of them were warmer. Then, Gilbert said he was still too cold and poked the stone again. Gunderson said that Gilbert then caught on fire and burned to ash in less than a minute. Naturally, the stone was fine. The scientists packaged that stone up for transport back to their labs. I wish them lots of luck with it.

December 22, 1946

Some of the men hear the cries of ‘Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li!’ on the wind, even when there don’t seem to be any blobs around. I can’t tell if it’s a case of sensitive hearing or hallucinations. If it’s the latter, they aren’t the only ones starting to crack a bit. I wish the nightmares would stop. The scientists have stopped complaining about the heavy weapons, after the latest attack by the blobs. I’m told that Dr. Weiss’s leg will be fine in a few weeks. I don’t expect we’ll ever see his assistant again.

January 17, 1947

I told them not to dive. Byrd authorized hunting the damn things in their element. We knew they came out of the water. The plan sounded good: fancy rebreathers, some sort of supposed protections, almost 80 pounds of timed explosives, and this weird device. The protections were these weird metal plaques that made my eyes hurt to look at. At least Thompson and Dixon made it back; the trio of spooks they were escorting didn’t. Dixon says he’ll never dive again, and I don’t blame him one bit.

I overheard two of the spooks talking before the dive. Something about a ‘summoning’ to call the blobs and then a ‘thomic burst’ to kill them – it sounds like the first half worked great, but not the second. Those poor bastards. The Captain says that Byrd sounded nervous when he got the reports, and ordered the Captain to step up exploration and artifact collection. The unofficial word is that we’ll be bugging out in mid April or so.

February 26, 1946

Back on the *Currituck* and heading home. I didn’t see ‘the incident.’ The scientists made a big discovery four days ago. Dr Mulka found a large room near the centre of the ruins, which the blobs had never gotten to. He said it contained all manner of powerful active technologies. I heard a lot of talk of powerful ‘thomic readings’ – is that some sort of atomics? We’re not wearing dosage badges; I wonder if I’m radioactive.

Dr. Weiss has been back on his feet for a while and he got really excited. He said he had an idea that everything in this room was part of some sort of containment system, and he had an idea how it worked. I guess that’s when things started to go wrong.

Dr. Weiss said he was going to see if he could alter the containment a bit – he never did say what was being contained. Midshipman Norris and Seaman Collins stood guard outside the room in case a blob showed up. They said that around ten minutes after Dr. Weiss went in, the screaming started. They both mentioned a solid glow in the room, and that they couldn’t get in. Then everything started to shake, like an earthquake in a place that should never have them. The shaking stopped in a few minutes, but one of the seamen standing watch outside came running into the tunnels yelling about the sky being different out towards the pole.

I went outside and saw it. Directly south of the ruins, there was something like a rip in the sky. In it, I saw stars that shouldn’t exist – a whole lot of them. I could also see something on the ground in that direction, like a plateau or maybe a mountain. The Captain radioed Byrd, and he took a plane out to take a look. Byrd flew the plane himself, which either shows he’s brave or he’s crazy, likely both. The Captain listened to Byrd broadcasting what he saw over the radio and let the rest of us officers listen in. Byrd talked about a huge pyramid on a vast plain. Then, he started to crack – I still remember his screaming about ‘The Sleeper,’ ‘The Plateau of Leng,’ and the ‘Wall of Pain.’ The rip in the sky started to flicker at this point, and Midshipman Norris said the room Dr. Weiss went into had gone dark. We never found Dr. Weiss. The room looked exactly like it had before he went in, but he was gone. I don’t ever want to know where.

Byrd got the plane out before the rip closed. God help anyone who was on the other side of it when it closed. Byrd talked about threats to the US and to the world. He ordered us to make certain that room was closed so that no one could get in and then to get the hell out of the ruins. Then he started to howl something like words. A medic told me Byrd had to be kept sedated for three days, but was mostly OK afterwards. Maybe the crates of stuff we brought back will keep us safe from the Russians or whatever, but given what happened to the things that built the city, I’m not betting on it.

CLASSIFIED MOST SECRET, Ministry of War, July 11th, 1943

RECLASSIFIED TOP SECRET ANNING BLUE SKULL, Ministry of Defence, March 18th, 1951

**The Dyer Expedition
Joint US-UK Occult Assets Task Force**

Report on the Dyer Expedition of 1931

April 13, 1943

ADDENDUM: William Dyer was exceedingly reluctant to be interviewed, but upon hearing that he could aid national security and the war effort, he agreed. Relevant portions of this interview are included below.

Major Ashley: I have reviewed the suppressed narrative of the flight you and your assistant Danforth took to the ruins. To mix up the order a bit, did you ever learn anything more about what your assistant saw upon leaving the ruins?

William Dyer: No, and from his reaction I'm honestly rather glad of this fact. The only piece of information not in that narrative concerned a discussion he and I had on the voyage back to the United States. He was intermittently lucid on this voyage, and during one of his better times, he said that the "mirage" was like a rip in the sky, and behind it waited "The Sleeper." He then mentioned something about being impaled upon a pike that seemed quite horrible and exceptionally vivid to him. I couldn't get him to explain any more. He started screaming at this point. A few weeks after we returned home, he had forgotten most of the incident, which is, I think, what allowed him to recover. Please don't interview him, he's still quite fragile.

Major Ashley: One point which continues to puzzle me is that you were in an alien city for a few hours and managed to decipher much of their history from an array of sculptures. I've seen your photos, and while those reliefs are exquisitely carved, they do not seem nearly as informative as you found them.

William Dyer: I completely understand, and am rather at a loss to offer an explanation. After a short while there, parts of the city simply started to make sense to me. Perhaps there is some sort of radiation or race memory seeping from the rock, I really don't know. This understanding faded over the next few days. By the time I was back in the States, I could look at the photographs I took and remember what I could see in the sculptures, but I couldn't gain any new information. Once I was back in the States, I looked at a couple of reliefs that Danforth photographed, but which I hadn't seen before. I could make a few vague guesses, but that's it. That entire experience remains a mystery to me.

Before we go on, I know you are here to interview me, but I wonder if I could ask a question.

Major Ashley: I suppose that depends upon the question. There are many things I can't talk about; the war, you understand.

William Dyer: I do understand, I just want to know if you had any information about the Antarctic expedition the Nazis were planning before the war started. I worry about what they might get up to there. Hell, I worry what you folks might get up to there.

Major Ashley: I'm afraid I can't say anything about Nazi or Allied military activities. I would like to ask you more about the "Old Ones" (**later note - ANNING BLUE SKULL**) - you mention that eight of them left Dr. Lake's camp. How many decapitated bodies did you see in the ruined city?

William Dyer: I honestly wasn't counting them, but I'm fairly certain that there were six bodies. I have no idea what happened to the other two, but with shoggoths loose, I'm not certain how long they could have survived.

**REPORT CONTINUES -
see ANNING BLACK, addendum 2.**



Report on Anning Blue Skull biology using newly available scanning methodologies.

Dr. Roland DeChamp

November 17, 1989

Dissection of the second subject recovered by Operation Highjump has been completed. Before I discuss the findings, I must again congratulate them for keeping one of the subjects frozen until scanning technologies had developed to the point that we actually had a chance to see what was going on.

My first observation is that I'm fairly certain that the subject was heavily genetically engineered. I simply do not believe that any naturally evolved organism would have either that level of redundancy or some of the capabilities possessed by the subject.

These capabilities are most evident in the subject's manipulatory organs. Each one is a multiply-branching tentacle, in which the tendrils continue to subdivide down to a thickness of 10 microns. In addition, the point where the smallest tentacles branch off from one another all contain miniature eyes specifically designed to allow the subject to clearly observe the microscopic materials that it was manipulating. The subject could literally examine and manipulate individual cells by hand.

Also, the subject's tissues are exceptionally durable and strong. The tensile strength of the subject's connective tissues are all at least 1,800 MPa, which is almost twice that of spider silk, and more than 12 times stronger than any human tissues. This same tissue strength indicates that the subject would have been able to easily live at depths of up to 6 kilometres undersea, as well as in hard vacuum.

Electrical stimulation also indicates that Anning Blue Skull musculature was at least four times the strength per mass as human muscle tissue. I'm certain that a curious Anning Blue Skull could literally disassemble a living human being cell by cell. This observation caused me to re-examine the autopsy reports on Dr. Lake and the other researchers on the Dyer Expedition who were killed by the revived Anning Blue Skull subjects. I cannot be certain without further examination, but some of the data from those autopsies indicates that this may be exactly what happened to some of them. I don't believe that Anning Blue Skull could actually perform genetic engineering or nanotechnological manufacturing by hand, but they could perform a level of surgery, medical examination, and materials analysis by hand that we have difficulty performing with our most advanced and specialized instruments.

-----FIELD REPORT ON THE GILBERT DEVICE-----

-----JUNE 3, 1974-----

-----DR. CARL GIAMATTI-----

I am pleased to report that the state of portable computer hardware and thaumometer construction have finally advanced to the point that we were able to successfully analyze several pieces of ANNING BLUE SKULL technology, including the so called Gilbert Device. This device is named after US Seaman Samuel Gilbert, who met his death experimenting with it. As per your earlier instructions, I'm sending along a preliminary report on the Gilbert Device in advance of my final report.

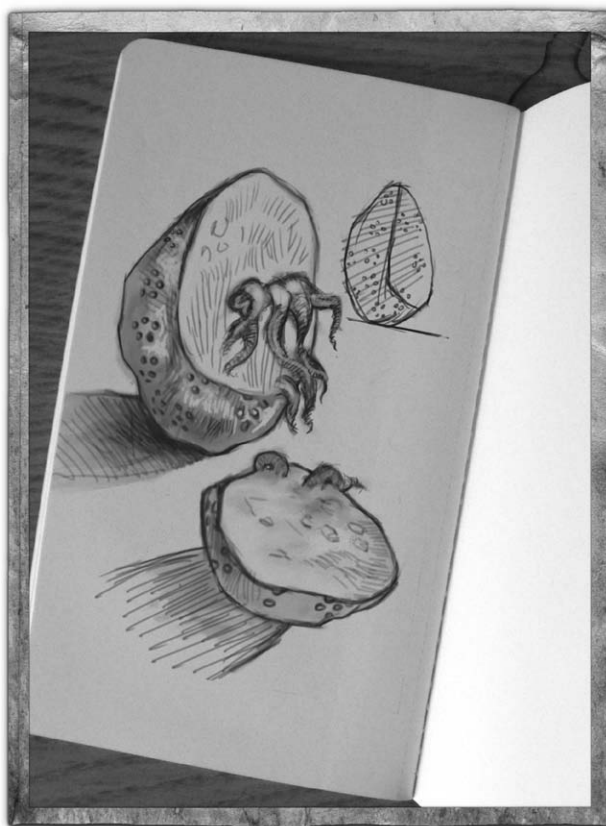
In form, the Gilbert Device is typical of many other pieces of advanced ANNING BLUE SKULL technology that have been recovered. It appears to be a rounded and roughly star-shaped stone approximately 9.3 cm across. It is seemingly decorated with a complex pattern of dots, which when examined under a microscope reveal a series of 55 small holes, each around 0.2 mm in diameter. These dots form the device's controls. ANNING BLUE SKULL is presumed to have controlled this device by means of its many small manipulatory tendrils.

We performed our experiments in the Antarctic ANNING BLUE SKULL ruins, to make use of the so-far mysterious properties of that structure, which provide visitors with fragmentary knowledge of ANNING BLUE SKULL writings and devices. Given the obvious and often severe limitations of this knowledge, we used radio-controlled instruments to manipulate the Gilbert Device and monitored the results with a series of thermocouples and several thaumometers.

Our results reveal that the device produces a sharply delineated zone of high temperatures around itself. This zone is normally centered on the device, but using the proper controls, it can be shifted so that the device is just on the edge of the zone. The high temperature zone is always an ovoid that can be between 14 cm and 3 m in any dimension. The device can normally cause this zone to reach temperatures of between 0° and 150° C. The user can vary the temperatures by 0.3° C increments and the device maintains the temperature to within 0.1° C regardless of outside conditions.

If the user activates the safety over-ride, it can produce local temperatures of up to 500° C. The only limitation is that the device will not operate at temperatures above 150° C if in the presence of living or dead ANNING BLUE SKULL tissue. Unfortunately for Seaman Gilbert, the device's safety protocols do not register the presence of any mammalian tissue.

As previous experiments have shown, this device produces both the heat and the field that restricts the spread of this heat by means of exceptionally advanced computational sorcery. As far as we can tell, all of the so-called "ANNING stones" like the Gilbert Device control and direct powerful interdimensional energy flows equal in power to at least a Level Three spell, but with a level of precision and control impossible for us to achieve. In layman's terms, this device opens a tiny interdimensional portal to an exceptionally high temperature universe and uses a pseudo-dimensional field to contain it. The fact that this device seems like a common piece of technology that, based on the surroundings where it was found, was a piece of lab equipment, is exceptionally humbling.



-----ANNING BLUE SKULL TECHNOLOGY OVERVIEW-----
FOR FIELD OPERATIVES: PART ONE

-----BY DR. JULIUS CARROL-----

-----TRANSCRIPT MADE MAY 14, 2004-----

Before I discuss what we know of ANNING BLUE SKULL technology, let's consider what we don't know for a bit. I've encountered many researchers who consider us to be like medieval scholars faced with advanced modern technology. I've talked to a few of the more sensible researchers who liken us to bronze age farmers encountering modern technology, and while still wildly optimistic, they're also far closer to the truth.

I've been working with these devices for the last twenty-three years, and in my considered opinion, what we are most like is Palaeolithic prehumans dealing with modern technology. Not only don't we have the most remote clue about how most of it works, I'm guessing that we also lack the cognitive sophistication to ever be able to fully understand it. If you think you know exactly what a piece of the crinoids' tech does, or even if you think you'll ever fully understand any of this tech, you're ready for a stay in the Funny Farm. If we survive and spend the next ten thousand years or so massively upgrading our minds and bodies, I'm betting we'll be able to understand this stuff, but for now, we're ape men playing with jet engines and nuclear reactors.

One of the most difficult parts of dealing with ANNING BLUE SKULL technology is that it can also be exceptionally deceptive. This won't matter to any of you who are working with isolated ANNING BLUE SKULL artefacts, but if you ever visit their Antarctic ruins or come across any other sites created by them, you may run into something many of you have heard rumours about – knowledge is contagious, in ANNING BLUE SKULL ruins. The official name for this phenomena is psychothaumic resonance or PR, but some of you will know by other more colourful names, generally involving comments about aliens getting into your head.

We have absolutely no idea how they managed this, but if you spend more than a few hours carefully studying their ruins, or more than two days living there, their language and other aspects of their culture start to make sense to you. PR is why William Dyer was able to read and transcribe alien inscriptions that utterly baffle people looking at photographs of them. Sensitivity varies, and the most receptive people can look at an ANNING BLUE SKULL artefact and have a general idea what it does and how to operate it.

PR can be useful, but for pity's sake, never, ever rely on it. It's wonderful for general information, like which path in the ruins leads out, or the rough translation of an inscription. However, you aren't getting any details. Instead, your mind is making them up. Let three people spend a few days in the ANNING BLUE SKULL ruins and show them the same artefact or inscription, and you'll get three different answers. All three people will agree as to generalities, but not in details, because their minds are supplying them. If we have five-lobed brains and ANNING BLUE SKULL biologies, PR would almost certainly provide more accurate information, but we don't and it doesn't. In 1946, Seaman John Gilbert became the first PR-related casualty we know of. Since that time, there have been more than a dozen others. Even if you are absolutely certain you know what something does and how it operates, treat it as if you have no clue – you probably don't.

-----ANNING BLUE SKULL TECHNOLOGY OVERVIEW-----
FOR FIELD OPERATIVES: PART TWO

-----BY DR. JULIUS CARROL-----

-----TRANSCRIPT MADE MAY 15, 2004-----

Known ANNING BLUE SKULL technology is divided into three categories – complex computational sorcery devices; mutable, user-operated nanotechnological devices; and self-directed nanotechnological devices. Technicians working with ANNING BLUE SKULL technology typically refer to these as stones, blobs, and ANNING BLACK. We'll discuss ANNING BLACK in our next lecture.

-- Stones --

Most look like carved or polished bits of rock designed to fit comfortably in a crinoid's tentacle. They're also some of the most dangerous pieces of non-human technology we've yet encountered. Each and every one of these devices makes contact with other dimensions as part of its normal operation. Some of these things summon specific and often very strange creatures from other universes, while others produce various energetic effects. These devices manipulate the quantum foam of other universes, transferring energy and creating pseudo-dimensional energy fields. ANNING BLUE SKULL used some of the most advanced computational sorcery we've ever seen and they didn't think to install safeties to prevent a bunch of apes from voiding a device's warranty with extreme prejudice.

Fortunately, it's difficult to activate most of these devices by accident. The stones are designed to be operated by tentacles ending in branching nanoscale filaments. As you have no doubt noticed, we lack such appendages. Back in the 1940s, the first researchers to operate these devices placed them under a microscope and poked them with thin bits of wire. Unsurprisingly, most of those researchers died in various terrible ways and some of them simply vanished through rips in the fabric of space. Today, we place newly discovered stones in secure facilities and attempt to operate them with remote manipulators. If we find the correct sequence, our engineers build a special housing for the stone. This housing contains simple controls on the outside, and a series of complex micromanipulators on the inside. On the rare occasions where an ANNING BLUE SKULL stone is issued to an operative, it must always be kept in this housing. An official reprimand will likely be the least of your problems if you attempt to operate an ANNING stone outside of its housing.

-- Blobs --

Blobs are safer than stones, but only barely. These globs of mucoid protoplasm are self-repairing nanotechnological devices for manipulating the physical world. Blobs are closely related to ANNING BLACK, and differ only in that they are both smaller and are in no way self-directing. All of them require an operator. They're also exceptionally dangerous. Like ANNING BLACK, blobs are wholly polymorphic and are capable of becoming all manner of exotic tools, from cutting tools capable of easily slicing through tank armour to macro-manipulators that allow you to edit a cell's DNA. A blob the size of a grapefruit can transform into a mass of nearly monomolecular blades or expand into a shelter.

Operating a blob involves giving it the correct neural impulses. Since the 1980s, we've been able to build electronic interfaces for some of these devices, so we can operate them. If you just stick your hand in one of these nasties, it will most likely do nothing, but there's a small chance it will dissect, or maybe rearrange your hand. Don't expect much sympathy from your supervisor if you do something that bone-headed.

Also, if you both know what you're doing and are very lucky, you can cut a blob in half, place each half in the correct nutrient bath and get two identical blobs. Note that I'm not giving you lot any hints on how to accomplish this. If you are reading this essay, that information is well above your clearance level – we don't want too many of these things loose.

Department of Translation & Analysis

ANNING BLUE SKULL LINGUISTIC ANALYSIS: A NEW PERSPECTIVE

While we have numerous samples of *written* ANNING BLUE SKULL language (ABSL) communications¹ thanks to the Dyer & subsequent expeditions to the mountain city, there are almost no extant examples of *spoken* ABSL. The only known specimens to have survived to the modern era were decapitated during Dyer's first exploration, and we have yet to find the ABSL equivalent of an MP3 player. The only echo of the ABS language that still exists is in the mindless piping of their ANNING BLACK servitors, and their repeated cry of 'tekeli-li.'

The ANNING BLUE SKULL civilisation moved underwater millions of years ago, so it is possible that they spoke to ANNING BLACK while submerged. Using computer models to replicate what 'tekeli-li' sounds like when spoken underwater yields a phrase that sounds like 'tekhu lao lao' - which is close to the Middle Enochian phrase 'talkhur naur naur.' Linguistic analysis (admittedly, based on this one small sample) would suggest that Middle Enochian is a degenerate form of the spoken language of ANNING BLUE SKULL.

Middle Enochian² is a metalanguage of compulsion. Even without thaumaturgic force being applied, spoken commands in Middle Enochian are extremely hard to resist. According to studies of subjects who were given commands in Middle Enochian while undergoing fMRI, the commands are processed not in the superior temporal gyrus of the brain, but in the amygdala, the 'lizard brain.' In effect, Middle Enochian words jumps straight past our higher brains and plugs straight into the most primitive, instinctive level of our consciousness.

(The relationship between Middle and High Enochian is a complex one. ME is used primarily for phrasing geases and issuing commands; HE is used when dealing with potent exonomies and structured incantations. If Middle Enochian is indeed a derivative of ABSL, then High Enochian is likely derived from their higher mathematics.)

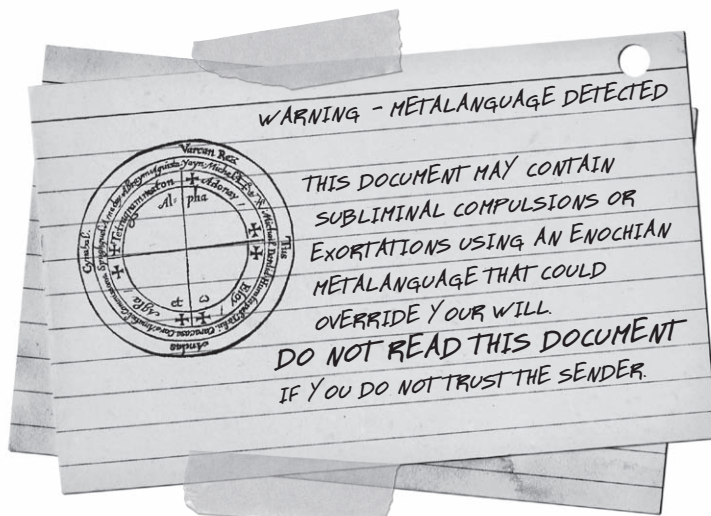
Assuming that there is a link between what we term Middle Enochian and the spoken language of the ANNING BLUE SKULL civilisation, we posit the following:

FOOTNOTES:

1: The written form of ABSL, consisting of clusters of dots, still defies translation.

2: At this juncture, I would like to reiterate my complete disagreement with the conclusions of the Enochian Translation Working Group, and their suggestion that Enochian is ultimately derived from the STAIRCASE DWELLER entity.

3: Both Dyer and Al-Hazred suggest that ANNING BLUE SKULL had a hand (or a tentacle) in the evolution of humans.



1) The psychic imperative force of Middle Enochian commands is, effectively, a race memory of our ANNING BLUE SKULL creators.³ Improving our understanding of ABSL would improve our ability to command and invoke those entities identified as vulnerable to Middle Enochian commands, including human beings.

2) The observed 'psychothaumic resonance' is subliminal programming using ABSL to dump information directly into the memory via the amygdala.

3) We can use Middle Enochian as a Rosetta Stone of sorts to finally crack the written form of ABSL.

RECOMMENDATIONS: We advise the following courses of action.

1) Establish a new research department dedicated to studying ABSL in both spoken and written forms. (See attached budget projections and planning documents.)

2) Secure an ANNING BLACK specimen and attempt to command it using Middle Enochian.

3) Conduct a large-scale study of the populace to determine the effectiveness of ABSL as a mass compulsion metalanguage. Back-of-an-envelope calculations suggest that we could cut the Public Order section of the CASE NIGHTMARE GREEN budget by up to 65% if more efficient forms of command were available.

PREHUMAN ARCHAEOLOGY

REPORT 3: MARCH 2, 1959

CLASSIFIED TOP SECRET ANNING BLUE SKULL, MINISTRY OF DEFENCE, JUNE 2, 1963

Initial Report on Antarctic IGY deep ocean sonar data + Attached Personal Correspondence

Analysis of the Southern Hemisphere sonar readers reveal a series of seven deep ocean sites located south of 58° S. Latitude. All seven are at least two miles across and have the same regular hexagonal features. None of these seven sites are associated with undersea volcanism, faults, or in fact anything else we can determine. Also, all of them are located on regions of the sea floor that have been stable for the last 70 million years. We currently have no explanation for the existence of these sites and they definitely warrant further investigation.

Private Addendum:

George -

The images I'm looking at are some of the most mysterious I've ever seen. My team has taken to calling them the seven Atlantean Cities, since they look remarkably like the ruins of ancient structures. Two of the sites are on sections of the sea floor that are within two miles of the surface. If you can kick this report up the chain of command a bit, maybe we can get the Trieste to do a dive down to one of them. I have no idea what's down there, but I know it's something well worth seeing.

- Ronald

Intercepted Black Chamber Report, July 14, 1959

We received word from our BLUE HADES contacts, one of the two higher elevation ANNING BLUE SKULL sea-floor ruins is too close to a BLUE HADES city for them to permit investigation, but in return for increased breeding access, they're willing to sign off on a visit to the second site. Given what anyone going there is likely to see, we'll need to keep control of the photos and reports - we don't need photos of alien cities on the front page of the *New York Times*. The tricky part is going to be filtering this data so that the geologists who are so eager to take a look at it have something that satisfies them. We're going to need our top photo retouching experts on this one.

REPORT 4: SEPTEMBER 5, 1961

CLASSIFIED TOP SECRET ANNING BLUE SKULL, MINISTRY OF DEFENCE, NOVEMBER 2, 1961

INITIAL REPORT BLACK CHAMBER REPORT ON SITE BRAVO FOUR, SEPTEMBER 5, 1961

We finally obtained copies of the photos taken by the bathyscaphe. This city had clearly been abandoned at least twenty million years before the Dyer site, and is in very poor condition. Getting a sub or people in diving suits down there someday would be fascinating, but I'm not certain how much they'd be able to recover. The one feature that is clear is the reason the city was abandoned. The distinctive damage caused by ANNING BLACK attacks is clearly evident through the city. The large holes ripped in walls and the ways in which various structures seem to have been deliberately collapsed are very distinctive. Also, it's right on the edge of the lighting, but if you look in the left corner of photo 71, it appears that at least one mature ANNING BLACK is still present in the city. I think there's a good chance that those monsters are still living in Bravo Four, which means I'd strongly advise against any further investigations of this stop. I expect that BLUE HADES knows that this place is an ANNING BLACK den and let us visit largely because BLUE HADES have enough sense to keep well away from Bravo Four.

Supplementary Addendum to IGY Report on the Bravo Four dive

George -

Have you ever noticed how the more mysterious something first appears, the more mundane it turns out to be upon investigation? There's definitely more work to be done on the topic of undersea volcanism, but Bravo Four is clearly a lava flow of some sort of thick lava that contained large amounts of trapped gasses. The result is fascinating and really impressive looking on sonar, but not really any more exciting than things you can see around the Hawaiian Islands. I expect the other six sites have the same cause.

- Ronald



REPORT 5: MAY 11, 1969

CLASSIFIED TOP SECRET ANNING BLUE SKULL, MINISTRY OF DEFENCE, OCTOBER 18, 1969

INTERCEPTED BLACK CHAMBER REPORT

Reconstruction of the "Bimini Road" of the coast of North Bimini island has been completed. We're extremely lucky that no one found this wretched place earlier. BLUE HADES are at least somewhat careful, but they specifically don't want monkeys interfering with their project. We were still tree shrews when ANNING BLUE SKULL built this, and I doubt they would have cared even if they met us.

We got in, used acid paste to etch the rocks to the point that all tool marks and carvings were gone. Then we levelled the stones off so none of them were still sitting on top of one another, and made their distribution look a bit more random. Our last step was using radiation treatments to make it look like the "road" was formed no more than five thousand years ago. That part was tricky, and I'm not certain how well it will hold up if someone comes up with a new dating technique.

We've also got some of our disinformation people working hard to plant stories about Atlantis. It's real crank material that is perfect for discrediting interest in the site. LeGross should get an award for the sort of nonsense he's gotten released about this place. At this point, archaeologists shouldn't be able to find anything, and none of them are going to look very hard anyway, because we've got the nutcases all hyped about this site being an Atlantean crystal nexus. Any professional archaeologist who looks too closely at this site is risking the sort of ridicule that ends careers, especially now that we have worked up the geologist's report attributing the entire formation to natural jointing processes.

The worst part of this effort was that we didn't get nearly enough chance to explore this site before we had to reconstruct it. Thankfully, this wasn't a city. It appears to have been some sort of isolated base. Marks of construction were clearly visible and there were a few artefacts buried in the mud around the "road." Preliminary analysis of the site indicates that most of these artefacts were some sort of triggers for high-energy dimensional weapons. If I had to guess, I'd say that this was some sort of defensive emplacement.

It was abandoned three million years ago, which coincides with the final retrenchment of ANNING BLUE SKULL civilisation to their single remaining Antarctic city. There's no evidence, however, of any ANNING BLACK activity in this region. Given that ANNING BLACK avoids warm waters, whatever this site was defending against, it wasn't them. We have no evidence of hostilities between BLUE HADES and ANNING BLUE SKULL around this time, and yet we have a defensive base that was maintained well into ANNING BLUE SKULL's final decline. As far as we can tell, it was only abandoned when the species was in its last phase of retreat from ANNING BLACK aggressions. The crinoids stationed here were clearly recalled to help with the war effort, but they weren't recalled until almost the bitter end. What the heck were they defending against? Whatever it is, it hasn't been doing anything for a few million years, I hope it doesn't decide to show up anytime soon.

THE LAUNDRY

..... S T A R T

Lawrence, in reference to your request for the 1943 memo initiating Operation Tabarin, attached please find page 7 of 7. I'm afraid the remaining 6 pages have gone missing. I am certain they are still in the Stacks and I will continue to hunt for them if you are willing to submit a supplementary budget authorisation. In the meantime, I hope this will help your case for moving on OPERATION FLUTE without the PM's knowledge. Good luck! - Anita

Classified ANNING BLUE SKULL on 15/11/43
Classified CASE BROWNING REPEAT 02/01/50

M O S T S E C R E T

M O S T S E C R E T

OP-16-F-2

12 November 1943

..... S U M M A R Y

Operation Tabarin is critical to the war effort for the following reasons.

1. ANNING BLUE SKULL machines and weapons have been found in Antarctic archaeological sites such as HOPPER BLUE and DISH BLUE, as well as unknown sites controlled by Germany. While our operatives have been able to destroy the Swabian Gun, we cannot rely on special operations to keep all weapons from the Germans. Also, we do not know what the Americans have taken from such sites. If we continue to delay, we risk losing an advantage against enemies and allies alike. We cannot allow the United Kingdom to fall behind.
2. Our efforts to decode ANNING BLUE SKULL objects in our possession, including the White Typewriter and Sir Barrel-Legs, is proceeding at a very slow pace. Full knowledge of the objects may not even be possible with our current level of understanding. This is unacceptable, as the Germans and Americans surely know how to operate their finds. We need to secure sites in Antarctica and allow British archaeologists a chance to decode the ANNING BLUE SKULL language and engineering principles so we can better utilise our finds.
3. Using scientific principals deduced from ANNING BLUE SKULL machinery has already given the Germans a small but distinct advantage over Allied forces. The Haunebu II tests have been moderately successful and such an aircraft would allow Germany to dominate the skies. The Luftwaffe would have beaten us in 1940 had Haunebu IIs been active. While bombing the Brandenburg testing site will hamper the development of Haunebu gyro aircraft, we need similar mechanics and scientific understanding to better defeat them. It could also help our prototype Hawker Cyclone pass its tests.
4. German bases located in New Swabia have been searching Antarctica for more sites. This increases the chance that the Germans will acquire additional ANNING BLUE SKULL machinery and ordnance, which could increase their advantage in the war to an insurmountable level. We must destroy all German bases in New Swabia to end this possibility.
5. A strong German military presence will put sites currently under British control at risk, including MOLEHILL BLUE. Intelligence suggests Japan and Argentina are also interested in the Falklands site. We must increase our military presence in the area to secure our hold on MOLEHILL BLUE and deter military aggression against that and similar sites.
6. We do not have clear intelligence concerning the existence or non-existence of a south polar entrance to DEEP SEVEN or DANUBE CROSSING catacombs. However, we have recorded at least ten Haunebu II disappearing from radar contact while over the pole. If the existence proves true, German forces could conceivably build underground bases or even use intra-mantle travel networks to hit behind Allied lines. Also, we cannot discount the possibility of the Germans angering DEEP SEVEN. We need to secure the continent to prevent either, which would require several bases of operation.
7. The PM should not be informed about this operation. He has been approached in the past and expressed concern that this operation would harm UK-US relations prior to OPERATION OVERLORD. What the PM doesn't understand is German access to ANNING BLUE SKULL ordnance can render OVERLORD a disastrous defeat. It is better to not ask permission rather than ask and have to go against the PM's orders.

Page 7



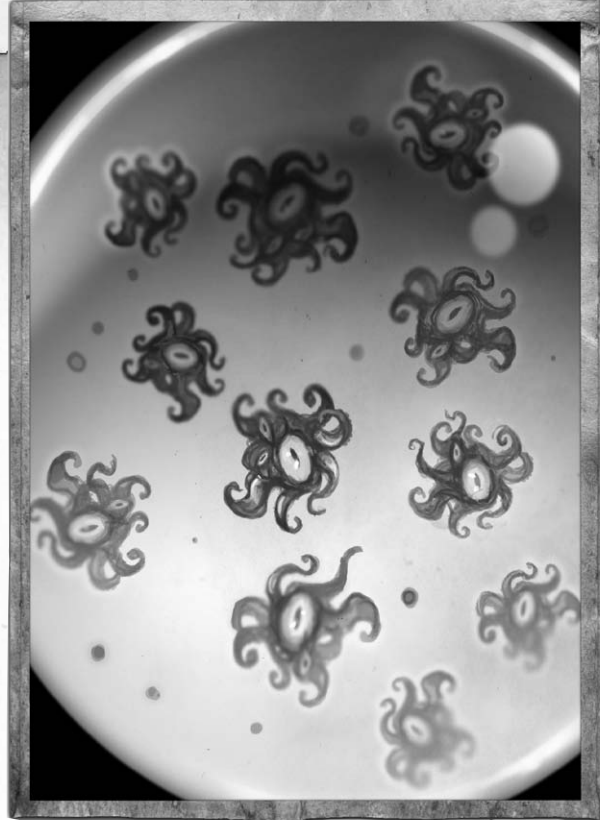
ANNING BLACK

*Preliminary Report on ANNING BLACK
Biology*

By Dr. Roland DeChamp

February 21, 1985

Although both their morphology and their cell structure are radically different from that of ANNING BLUE SKULL, many similarities are also evident. The properties of this subject's tissues are very similar to that of ANNING BLUE SKULL tissues. The structure and tensile strength of the subject's cells are slightly superior to those of ANNING BLUE SKULL, with an ultimate tensile strength of 1,900 MPa. The major difference between ANNING BLACK and ANNING BLUE SKULL tissues comes when examining how ANNING BLACK tissues respond to various stimuli. ANNING BLACK tissues can change their physical properties radically and with great speed in response to various of the chemicals that this creature secretes.



I have identified chemicals that cause these cells to become rigid or to stretch to seven times their normal range of extension, with a four-fold reduction in ultimate tensile strength. Tests of contractile response, combined with observation of ANNING BLACK subjects, also indicates that per unit mass they are approximately as strong as ANNING BLUE SKULL.

Observations of recordings of ANNING BLACK indicate that it can alter its tissues in even more dramatic ways, but I have not yet been able to isolate the chemicals responsible for these radical transformations, such as the spontaneous creation of eyes and other organs. At this point, I can only observe video footage, read reports and make what look to be probable theories. My best guess, and it's really no more than that, is that ANNING BLACK can alter the internal structure of each one of its cells individually, essentially transforming any cell into any possible type of cell. I have no idea if they have stem cells, but if they do, then ANNING BLACK is essentially made of stem cells that can almost instantly become any type of cell, and with equal speed revert to being stem cells again. In theory, ANNING BLACK should be able to duplicate at least the external appearance of other life forms, but we have no evidence of this capability.

Practical ANNING BLACK Biology — Part I

Dr. Wilhemina Curtis

November 3, 2007

The first common misconception about ANNING BLACK is that they are some sort of giant amoeba, like on that dreadful old yank TV space series or some idiotic horror film. Yes, in their base form, they look like giant globs of animate snot, but they're actually complex multi-cellular organisms. They're an older form of multi-cellular life — a bit like sponges, or cancerous tumours. They lack the differentiation or organisation found in more complex multi-cellular life. Of course, they also don't need it, since each one of an ANNING BLACK's cells is a polymorphic biomechanism capable of radically changing its shape, colour, texture, and electrical conductivity in less than a second. In its resting state, each of these cells is approximately a third of a millimetre in diameter, making them considerably larger than the largest human cells. Once you get a few tens of billions of these amazing cells working together, the results are — impressive, to say the least. The attached video shows a sub-adult ANNING BLACK breaking out of a supposedly secure containment cell during a failed experiment at communication. The cutting and prying appendages are of particular interest. The cell's door was five centimetres of solid steel, and by using extruded pseudopods that were approximately as strong as a large forklift, the subject was able to peel the edge of the door back by half a meter in less than ninety seconds.

Of course, their physical prowess is hardly surprising since it's clear that ANNING BLUE SKULL created ANNING BLACK as tools. Before they became intelligent and devoured their creators, ANNING BLACK were tools that could become anything from bulldozers to rapid prototyping devices. They could, and still can, manipulate their physical environment to a truly amazing degree. Each and every ANNING BLACK can do everything from microsurgery or precision electroforming to cutting and forming various refractory alloys. They're even smart enough to understand what seem to have been natural language commands — at least using ANNING BLUE SKULL language.

They have no interest, or no ability, to learn other languages. It's possible that the ANNING BLUE SKULL language was hard-coded into some sort of genetic memory. Alternately, maybe they simply don't want to talk to us.

Of course, their facility with language seems to have been part of the problem with ANNING BLACK. If you create something that can understand and respond to conversational language, you're already exceedingly close to creating an intelligent, self-aware being. The ANNING BLUE SKULL biotechnicians who created the first ANNING BLACK thought they build in limitations to keep 'almost sentient' beings from turning Spartacus on them, but clearly these efforts failed spectacularly.

In any case, like a sponge, each one of an ANNING BLACK's cells can become briefly independent — the attached video clip of a small ANNING BLACK oozing through a window screen clearly demonstrates that. Like sponges, their individual cells can separate from one another and then spontaneously recombine. Some of the most interesting studies concern ANNING BLACK intelligence and this ability to separate themselves into independent pieces.

Their intelligence seems to be essentially holographic, meaning that each piece of an ANNING BLACK retains most of its memories and drives. Obviously this doesn't go down to the cellular level, but as long as you have at least a litter or two of intact tissue, pieces of the creature possess the same basic memories and drives as the entire individual. The most important difference is that smaller pieces of an ANNING BLACK are significantly less good at solving complex problems. We think that a piece of an ANNING BLACK smaller than half a cubic meter requires careful and detailed instructions to perform a complex task — assuming it's willing to follow your instructions, which it won't. Also, its intelligence, is roughly, and I emphasise that all such estimates are exceptionally vague, similar to that of a dog. However, it also remembers any goals that it had when part of a whole ANNING BLACK and it has at least a general memory of events that occurred before it divided itself.

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Put in terms more immediately useful to field operatives, if you toss a block of C4 into an ANNING BLACK and blow it into a dozen pieces, all but the smallest of these pieces still know that you're an enemy and will cooperate with the other pieces to attempt to kill you. Separate pieces of the same ANNING BLACK will rejoin as soon as they can. Their sensitive chemical sensors allow each piece to determine the location of any others that are within a few hundred yards and not inside an airtight container.

We have also seen small portions of one ANNING BLACK that could not rejoin the rest of its body join a whole or nearly whole other ANNING BLACK. This experiment provoked a great deal of speculation about what might happen if small pieces of four or five different ANNING BLACK were placed near one another, and none of these pieces had access to other pieces of their original body. However, at this point, all such answers remain speculative. Ever since the problem with the sealed room visible in the first video, proposals for acquiring multiple subjects at once have been denied. If you find this briefing helpful, I'd greatly appreciate if any of you senior operatives could put in a good word for this project. We're certain that we can safely contain the various pieces of different ANNING BLACK.

I also know most of you aren't all that keen on theory, but I think it is also worth mentioning some of the evolutionary implications of ANNING BLACK. Despite all of their impressive differences from other terrestrial life, ANNING BLACK is also clearly a relative of Earth life. If some theories are correct, they are the ancestors of all multi-cellular life and we're descended from mutant ANNING BLACK that found a more complex, if less flexible method of multi-cellular organisation.

ANNING BLACK utilises several metabolic pathways that are unknown in other terrestrial life, including two that we have absolutely no clue as to how they work, but unlike ANNING BLUE SKULL, they're based on the same DNA found in all other earthly life. While their cells are far more versatile than those of other terrestrial life, they contain all of the same basic organelles, as well as three unique organelles found in no other organisms.

In addition, ANNING BLACK's basic cellular organisation is very similar to the cellular organisation found in most cancerous tumours, lending credence to the idea that cancer represents a throwback to the earliest form of multi-cellular organisation. Several of my colleagues now believe that this similarity is far from accidental, and that GENOA FRACTAL is a mutated direct descendent of ANNING BLACK that has adapted to a partially parasitic existence. This is currently a hot topic for research, and I expect that some of you will be assigned to capture mature GENOA FRACTAL in the near future.

CLASSIFIED MOST SECRET, Ministry of War, July 7th, 1943

RECLASSIFIED TOP SECRET ANNING BLACK, Ministry of Defence, March 1st, 1951

**Joint US-UK Occult Assets Task Force
Report on the Dyer Expedition of 1931**

April 13, 1943

Major Ashley: I now want to ask you more about the shoggoths. Did you see any evidence of intelligent behavior?

William Dyer: The shoggoth or shoggoths present in the ruins managed to swiftly overwhelm and decapitate at least six of the eight Old Ones. Managing this requires a fair degree of cunning, but that's all that I saw evidence of. They might just be exceedingly skilled and powerful hunters who surprised the Old Ones.

They also spoke what I think was the Old Ones' language, but they could just have been parroting it. My best evidence is that the Old Ones' records mention the shoggoths gaining both intelligence and free will.

Major Ashley: What capabilities did the shoggoth you saw give evidence of? Your narrative mentions it being able to form and un-form eyes of various sorts.

What other limbs or organs did you see?

William Dyer: It was horrible, and one of the greatest horrors was how swiftly it moved. I have no idea how what looked like a vast blob of black slime could move almost as fast as a man running for his life, but it most certainly could. It also could change its shape to fit the passageways it passed through. I also saw tentacles or pseudopods extending as far as eight or nine feet, as it reached for Danforth and me.

Major Ashley: Did you make any attempt to communicate with the shoggoth? Are you certain that it was hostile rather than simply curious?

William Dyer: You... look, it had just killed the Old Ones and it was reaching for us as it chased us. Maybe it wanted to give Danforth and me a tender hug and then invite us out for a drink, but we certainly weren't staying around to find out. No, no, I'm done, you want to find some way to tame or use these things. I'd rather see Hitler in the White House than to see one of these monsters on any battlefield.

I saw the city and I read the records on the walls. The shoggoths killed all of the Old Ones. The Old Ones created the shoggoths from primal ooze and understood them better than we understand our oldest domestic animals, and yet they were still butchered by those monsters. The shoggoths rose up and killed every last Old One, and now, knowing essentially nothing about the shoggoths beyond the fact that they are huge and deadly, you want to recruit or enslave them. I'm gone. I'm walking out that door, and I refuse to talk to you or anyone else from the government again. Stay the hell away from me.

RADIO TRANSCRIPT

MAJOR WALTER ASHLEY

Preliminary analysis of the evidence of the Dyer Expedition

December 3, 1943

We entered the ruins Dyer and Danforth reported on yesterday, and were able to find four of the bodies of the six 'old ones' **[[later note - ANNING BLUE SKULL]]** William Dyer reported finding. The cold and dry conditions left these bodies in a remarkable state of preservation. In addition to gaining valuable insight into 'old one' physiology, we have made some preliminary notes on how shoggoths attack their victims.

We were able to retrieve two specimens for analysis at our nearby camp. Examination of these two bodies has much about how they were killed. The fleshy portion of the 'old ones' heads were ripped free with an amount of force that was truly incredible. Given the toughness and density of the victim's tissues, our biologist, Dr. White, estimates that the attacker could easily lift as much as five to ten tons. Also, the shoggoth was capable of more than just brute force. We discovered that a dense and exceptionally strong core of a woody material runs down the centre of an 'old one's' body. This material is approximately as tough as mild steel. While this core was clearly stretched somewhat by the shoggoth's initially ripping attack, it was then severed with what appears to be a single blow by an exceptionally sharp instrument.

If Dyer's report is accurate and the shoggoths do not use tools, they can create blades as hard as a diamond and tougher and sharper than anything we have ever seen. Closer examination also revealed five holes drilled into the victim's five-lobed brain, with a single hole precisely placed in each lobe. The toughness of the tissues and the cleanness of the holes caused Dr. White and our mechanical engineer, Lieutenant Martinez, to agree that the holes appear to have been drilled with something at least as hard as a diamond-tipped drill. In short, we are dealing with creatures that are as strong as a truck, capable of deadly precision, and able to make diamond hard blades from their flesh.

Our first encounter with an actual shoggoth occurred when we were retrieving the second 'old one' body. We all heard the same disturbing noises that Dr. Dyer reported, and made haste to leave. The two marines assigned to our team guarded our back as we retreated. When the shoggoth appeared, both of the marines opened fire on the creature, but to no effect. Not only wasn't it slowed down in any way, it appeared completely unaffected by sustained high-calibre gunfire. While we would probably have escaped anyway, the shoggoth stopped to kill and apparently devour Corporal Binkowski. Please see the attached posthumous commendation for Corporal Binkowski.

At this point, I think we have sufficient evidence to proceed. The next phase of our operation is to attempt to capture a shoggoth and fly it to the **[[ship name redacted]]** for transport to the island of **[[redacted]]**. This baby should put a serious crimp in Japanese operations. If this works, I'll personally make certain the next one ends up in Berlin. I'm really looking forward to finding out how well one of these monsters can chew up Japs and Nazis.

HISTORICAL REPORTS OF ANNING BLACK APRIL 3, 1994

COMPILER'S NOTE: *Yes, this is the drug-induced rambling of a crazy mystic, but it also looks to be accurate drug-induced ramblings, and so I'm saying that this is the first report we have.*

PSEUDO ALBERTUS MAGNUS III, SICILY, C. 1350,
VISIONS OF ATLANTIS

The Old Ones were not as we are, they flew and swam on limbs many and strange, but like us they had pride that eventually became their downfall. They created many mechanisms, brewed a multitude of exotic concoctions, and meditated on the swirls of the cosmos, but what they most desired was to create mechanisms that would serve their every whim. [this next bit seems nothing more than crazed ramblings] they created the Shog-Oths [more crazed ramblings] The Old Ones built too well, and their servants did not just obey, they thought and eventually they hated. As is the way of slaves, they rose up against their now-decadent masters and slew them one and all. [yet more crazed ramblings] The ancient texts claim Shog-Oths either never existed on the earthly plane or died out aeons ago, and yet I have seen them in my visions, not just long ago, but now. They wait in the frozen antipodes, they wait and they hate. Ia, ia, the black [that's about it for sense in this piece].

COMPILER'S NOTE: *Here's the first account we have of physical examination of this entity. This report might be nothing or it might be about something as yet unknown, but it sounds like old Wormius found an ANNING BLACK on the beach.*

OLAUS WORMIUS, 1623, COPENHAGEN (TRANSLATED 1983)

In the aftermath of a North Sea storm, a gelid slime washed up on a rocky beach just south of Esbjerg. I had never seen the like of it before, it was five ells across (trans. note – around 3 metres) and almost two ells thick (around 130 cm). It was dark in colour, almost black, and the surface appeared to bubble. The most curious aspect of this slime was that it initially seemed to move on its own. A pustule of slime rose up and deliberately reached toward me after I had prodded it with a stick, and then it made an attempt to move back to the sea, but was unsuccessful. It seemed almost alive. After several hours in the warm spring sun, it ceased moving and began to rapidly decay. Before this point, gulls and other seabirds avoided it, but once it has stopped moving they came to feast. It decayed with great speed. I attempted to preserve a sample in wax, but when I examined it later, the previously almost solid mass had become nothing more than liquid corruption.

COMPILER'S NOTE: *The next report looks far more solid. I have uncovered three reports of whalers sailing near the Antarctic Circle sighting whales with shiny black skin that appeared to have an odd texture, but this is the only report of a ship actually making contact with one of these 'whales' – poor bastards.*

1834, MASSACHUSETTS, CAPTAIN ROBERT LAWSON OF THE NIKE

The following events occurred last year, while rounding Cape Horn in search of whales. Just as we rounded the Horn, the mate spotted a great black beast heading south. It was January, and thus the ice and storms were less bad. Our hold was more than half empty and so we pursued this huge cachalot. It was a big one and as we approached its skin seemed to shine in the sunlight and had the appearance of movement. There was a bit of surface fog, so we couldn't see it clearly. Would that we had. Eventually, the whale slowed and we approached. The mate took out a boat to harpoon it. The whale was at rest around half a knot from the ship, and the rowers made good time as I watched them with my spyglass. The mate got into position and cast the harpoon perfectly – it sank into the great beast's flesh, and then something happened. The whale's flesh seemed to roil like boiling coffee. The whale didn't move, but the harpoon line looked like it was dragged into the whale, and so was the mate, screaming all the while.

Then the boat capsized, like it was pushed over and stove in at the same time. One man reached the surface, and he was dragged down a moment later. He yelled and waved us back as he went under. The whale dived and although we waited two hours and searched all around, we never saw it surface again. I won't ever be going after whales down around the Horn.

COMPILER'S NOTE: *The fossils that Mary Anning found were from the Blue Lias cliffs near Lyme Regis – it's worth remembering that more may turn up some day.*

RISK REMOVAL REPORT: AUGUST 3RD, 1939

CLASSIFIED MOST SECRET, MINISTRY OF DEFENCE, SEPTEMBER 2ND, 1939
 RECLASSIFIED TOP SECRET ANNING BLACK, MINISTRY OF DEFENCE,
 MARCH 3RD, 1951

During an ongoing exhibit of 19th-century fossil hunter Mary Anning's private fossil collection and her illustrations in Lyme Regis, an agent on leave noticed two unusual specimens, a five-lobed pale blue skull and a large black globular fossil that appeared to have more than a dozen eyes. Subsequent investigation revealed that these fossils are of the same two types of beings the Dyer Expedition discovered in Antarctica in 1931. Fortunately, the exhibit has only opened two days previously and had not yet attracted any academic attention. I was able to acquire both specimens and the associated drawings. I made certain that the fire did not spread beyond that area where the problematic items had been displayed. I then turned the fossils and drawings over to researchers with sufficient clearance.

COMPILER'S NOTE: *I'm including this recent report for completeness, since it's the most recent contact between humans and ANNING BLACK that we know of.*

REPORT ON INITIAL COMMUNICATION, PART III, SEPTEMBER 28, 1989
 By Dr. Joan Chatterji

I would like to note that I'm writing the conclusion of this report myself, since Dr. Willis is in hospital recovering from his injuries. As we detailed in Parts I & II, attempts to establish a common language using mathematical progressions or abstract symbols produced absolutely no response from the subject. At this point, we moved on to our last two attempts. The first involved projecting images of deciphered ANNING BLUE SKULL symbols into

the subject's enclosure. Because of records of negative reactions to ANNING BLUE SKULL symbols, we combined the message with images of Dr. Willis and myself in an attempt to reassure the subject that we had no connection to ANNING BLUE SKULL and were merely using this language. I strongly recommend against using this approach in the future. The subject immediately lunged at the CRT in its enclosure and destroyed it, which was the first significant activity it had made since capture.

At this point, we hoped to both restrain the still agitated subject and to proceed with the fourth and final section of the experiment. Our last attempt was for our computational sorcerer, Mr. Ducker, to place a Level Two geas on the subject using the lab's minicomputer. Our hope was to compel it to communicate. Unfortunately, this attempt merely further agitated the subject. At this point, it broke containment and entered the main lab area. Following protocol, Mr. Ducker, Dr. Willis, the two graduate students, and I all immediately retreated to the safe room. The subject proved to be highly aggressive. It ignored two closer researchers in its effort to attack both Dr. Willis and myself.

The subject sent out long pseudopods after both of us. I managed to reach the safe room before it could strike, but Mr. Ducker and I had to drag Dr. Willis in and use the safe room's fire extinguisher to help detach the pseudopod from his torso. Then, as per protocol, we triggered the thermite emergency system and incinerated the subject. I am appending a list of the various pieces of equipment lost during the course of this procedure. In conclusion, I cannot recommend further attempts at communication with ANNING BLACK unless a new mode of communication is found. One useful piece of data may be that it went after Dr. Willis and myself simultaneously, which seems to have split its attentions and its efforts. I strongly suspect that if it had attacked only one of us, it would have succeeded.



From Dyer's Report: *'These viscous masses were without doubt what Abdul Alhazred whispered about as the "shoggoths" in his frightful Necronomicon, though even that mad Arab had not hinted that any existed on earth except in the dreams of those who had chewed a certain alkaloidal herb.'*

This fragment from the writings of the alchemist Heinrich Khunrath (1560-1605) strongly hints at ANNING BLACK presence within the dreamstate. Much of the fragment is a translation with annotation of the Tabula Smaragdina (Emerald Tablet) occult text.

I have eaten of the herb that the Arab warned against, that I should behold ye soggothe. A caul has fallen from my eyes, and the world was changed. That which was fair now seems to me most foul. I behold meaning in the clouds, and I see shapes passing across the face of the moon. I see my hand, and wondered at the sublime mystery of it. How fitting, how right, that it should have FIVE digits! For FIVE is the number of the Old Ones, and all things are found within the pentagram.

Know ye of the *Tabula Smaragdina*, which Hermes Thricegreat brought out of the uttermost south. I have read it a thousand times, but I read it again with the wisdom of a child, coming upon it as though for the first time. I write down my thoughts quick, lest this insight leave me when the herb is done. My hand shakes. I must be quick.

1. It is true, and untrue. (It hath many faces and none.)
2. As above, so below. As below, so above. (All things are possible in YOG-SOTHOTH.)
3. And as all things have been arose from one by the meditation of one: so all things have their birth from this one thing by adaptation. (For they are born from the mother-of-all, who holds the tablets close to her many breasts)
4. The Sun is its father, the moon its mother. (And the moon is closer now, and I see them more clearly. They are afraid. They are afraid.)
5. The wind hath carried it in its belly, the earth its nurse. (There are voices on the wind now.)
6. The father of all perfection in the whole world is here. (It is here. I see it. It is very large, and I am afraid. It has seen me, but it does not move. Perhaps if I keep writing, it will not notice me.)
7. Its force or power is entire if it be converted into earth. Separate thou the earth from the fire, the subtle from the gross, sweetly, with great industry. (Its earth is of little things, smaller than the smallest stone, and they are like knives and links in a chain and I see them all.)
8. It ascends from the earth to the heaven again it descends to the earth and receives the force of things superior and inferior. (It has grown eyes! It has grown eyes!)
9. By this means ye shall have the glory of the whole world thereby all obscurity shall fly from you. (It is the Philosopher's Stone, the Great Work. It is ALL.)
10. Its force is above all force, for it vanquishes every subtle thing and penetrates every solid thing. (It is within me.)
11. So was the world created. (So it is written. So was ADAM brought out of the dust.)
12. From this are and do come admirable adaptations whereof the process is here in this. (To ADAPT is to LIVE.)
13. Hence I am called Hermes Trismegist, having the three parts of the philosophy of the whole world. (Yet THREE is less than FIVE! What are the missing fragments? What is beyond our knowing?)
14. That which I have said of the operation of the Sun shall be accomplished and ended. (And snuffed OUT.)

Can you have someone check this one out? These idiots are in WAY over their heads, if what they're saying is true. See you for poker on Thursday.

-Jimmy

COMING UP, ON 'WORLD'S MOST HAUNTED PLACES'

Narrator: The boys in black take on the ultimate English challenge: The Wymering Manor in Portsmouth! Can Garth and Will find the spirits that reside within 'England's most haunted mansion'?

[Stock footage of Garth, shining a flashlight into a darkened room]

Garth: Spirits beyond us! I call and invoke thee! If you are present among us, make yourselves known!

[A sound is heard in the background, and Garth sprints away from it in terror.]

Will: Garth? Garth?!

[The 'World's Most Haunted Places' logo flashes on the screen, then cuts to a massive English manor.]

Narrator: The Wymering Manor, in Portsmouth, England, has a nasty reputation, as one of England's most haunted houses. In fact, it may well be one of the most psychically active areas in the world.

[Garth and Will sit in front of a generic background]

Will: Some type of structure has stood on the Wymering Manor site for nearly 2,000 years. Hundreds of people have died there... and we're going to find them.

Garth: Roman ruins and catacombs, references in the Domesday Book, a home to Dr. John Dee, the Bigg-Wither murders... this place has got it all.

Will: Wymering Manor was built on top of ancient Roman ruins, built before the year 400 A.D. Beneath the basement are the ruins of a temple, dedicated to the pagan god Ashtoreth.

Garth: That's not even the half of it, buddy. Doctor John Dee, the court sorcerer of Queen Elizabeth the First, used to hold séances here, where he used the Invocation of the Great Ones' Servitor to call forth demons... before fleeing the premises!

Will: John Dee...you know...the translator of the original Necronomicon.

[Impressive rumble of thunder in the background, as the darkened house is shown again.]

Narrator: But the most horrific was yet to come...

[Cut back to Garth and Will, getting excited.]

Will: In 1835, the house – vacant for almost two hundred years – was sold to Reverend Lovelace Bigg-Wither and his family. Within two years, five of his six children were dead, his wife committed suicide, and Bigg-Wither himself was committed to St. George's Asylum in Stafford.

Garth: The children's bodies weren't found for another sixteen years, until authorities searched the ancient Roman ruins beneath the basement.

Will: The weirdest thing? Their skulls, to this day, have never been found. And their spinal vertebrae? They were crushed, as if something literally ripped their heads from their bodies...

Garth: There has not been a single forensic examiner that's been able to explain this phenomenon so far.

Will: And the cries? Oh, man...

Garth: Even our earliest, preliminary recordings in Wymering Manor have shown distinct occult activity.

[Grainy audio plays in the background. A strange piping comes over the recording, followed by a repeated, high pitched phrase 'Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li!']

Will: Totally weird! And we're gonna find it for you!

[Montage of night vision footage: Will crawls through a darkened basement. The echoing sound of 'Tekeli-li' is heard in the background. Camera pans down, as Garth picks up a torn piece of paper from the ground and scans it. The paper is covered with what looks like a crude imitation of handwriting, which is nothing but gibberish and odd phrases.]

Garth: I abjure you, spirits! I call upon you and command you!

Will: It's over here! What the hell is that?!

[A single eye winks in the darkness, as Will clambers over the broken altar. A crunching sound is heard, and Will's flashlight falls to the ground. The light refracts through translucent flesh for just a second, and then snaps off.]

Garth: Will? Will, stay with me!

[Flash of the 'World's Most Haunted Places' logo]

Narrator: All this and more surprises, on this week's episode of 'World's Most Haunted Places!'

THE LAUNDRY

14 April 2011

From: Dr. Angela Whitcomb

To: Dr. Richmond Jakes

CC: James Angleton

Subject: Re: ANNING BLACK Transport Request

Dr. Jakes & Mr. Angleton:

I fully understand the risks and problems involved in the transport and containment of ANNING BLACK specimens, but I urge you to reconsider my proposal. This effort is part of my larger effort to understand ANNING BLUE SKULL technology, and I think you can appreciate the urgent importance of this endeavour. CASE NIGHTMARE GREEN is getting closer, and all of our evidence points to the fact that ANNING BLUE SKULL dealt with a similar incident and not merely survived, but triumphed.

Currently, we have absolutely no idea how they managed this, and we can't find any of them to ask. However, they created ANNING BLACK, and these creatures still exist. As far as we can tell, ANNING BLACK still speak the same language as ANNING BLUE SKULL, and all of our theories point to the fact that all ANNING BLACK come programmed with a wealth of ANNING BLUE SKULL knowledge, including the knowledge of how to use much of their technology. If we want to understand how ANNING BLUE SKULL managed to avoid their own CASE NIGHTMARE GREEN, we need ANNING BLACK.

Simulations have proven that my neural control interfaces should, at minimum, be able to inhibit negative reactions by the ANNING BLACK subject, and if my own theories are correct, these interfaces should give us near-complete control over the subject. With a docile and helpful ANNING BLACK at our disposal, we should be able to make substantial progress on using and possibly even being able to duplicate ANNING BLUE SKULL technology. In the worse case, the subject can manipulate the more difficult and complex devices for us. Observing the subject using a device should allow us to determine how we can operate it. Also, even partial control of ANNING BLACK subjects could allow them to be used to help defend the UK from extradimensional threats.

15 April 2011

From: Dr. Jessica Chen

To: Dr. Angela Whitcomb

CC: James Angleton, Dr. Richmond Jakes

Subject: Re: ANNING BLACK Transport Request

Dr. Jakes & Mr. Angleton:

In reference to Dr. Whitcomb's email yesterday, I should also mention that my own experiments at enhancing Dr. Whitcomb's neural interface using computational sorcery have proven exceedingly successful so far. Our models have convinced me that this same combination of neural interface and sorcery will work when the interface is connected to an ANNING BLACK subject. When used in this fashion, the interface will allow the user to quite literally download information from the subject's mind into their own. At minimum, this process should allow the subject to learn the language used by ANNING BLUE SKULL and ANNING BLACK. If the equipment functions as well as it should, we'll be able to allow the user to understand both ANNING BLACK behaviour and psychology and ANNING BLUE SKULL technology in ways that were previously impossible.

16 April 2011

From: Dr. Richmond Jakes

To: Dr. Angela Whitcomb

Subject: Re: ANNING BLACK Transport Request

Angela -

You've really stirred the hornet's nest with your last email, and the rumour mill suggests our bosses are going to approve this. I'm exceedingly impressed with your neural interface work, and you've certainly got our bosses interested, but please consider for a bit exactly what you are planning. ANNING BLACK hate us and want to eat our heads, and they are damned good at escaping from confinement. Also, what if you can make one cooperative? Your plan is to give it access to a wealth of scavenged ANNING BLUE SKULL tech. Please reconsider this, or at least don't give them anything remotely dangerous. Also, don't let Dr. Chen anywhere near the subject - I literally heard her saying that she was looking forward to melding her mind with a shoggoth. She's really beginning to worry me.



ASTERION SNARL

ASTERION SNARL

I N T E R N A L M E M O R A N D U M

DATE: June 14, 2011
TO: Margaret Hartnell, Scientific Officer
FROM: Kimberley Parks, PSO
SUBJECT: ASTERION SNARL

Mags, can you sort through the ASTERION SNARL paper file? Not everything is useful/relevant/true. Please organise.
 We need a coherent picture of this creature.

If you find anything we should worry about, relating to minotaurs/minotaurism, tell me.

Sorry about the memo but the email's down.

Kim

I N T E R N A L M E M O R A N D U M

THE MINOTAUR

OBSERVE
THE
**TERRIFYING
POWER**
OF THE BEAST

WITNESS FEATS
OF
**INHUMAN
STRENGTH**

AND OTHER WONDERS OF THE AGE
AT THE EGYPTIAN THEATRE, PICADILLY

HARINGEY MENTAL HEALTH CENTRE DISCHARGE SUMMARY (DRAFT)

Name: Shanyssa Johnson

Status: Section 3

Date of Admission: 11th April 2011

Date of Birth: 12th December 1995

Unit: Quartz Ward

Diagnosis: Paranoid Schizophrenia (F20.0)

Consultant: Dr Manish Sharma (report by Dr Evelyn Jones, SL2)

REASON FOR ADMISSION

Shanyssa was arrested by police after an incident on the Broadwater Farm estate, in which she attacked and seriously injured fifteen young men. She also caused serious damage to property, including reducing a concrete wall to rubble. [Comment by Dr Sharma: Evelyn, check this with police. Presumably the wall was damaged by a vehicle, rather than Shanyssa herself.] After a prolonged struggle with several police officers, she was arrested and taken to Haringey Police Station, where she was charged with attempted murder and charged under Section 3 of the 1983 Mental Health Act.

HISTORY ON QUARTZ WARD

When Shanyssa arrived on Quartz Ward (Psychiatric Intensive Care Unit), she presented as disturbed and violent. During assessment, she attempted to attack members of the Multi-Disciplinary Team and was restrained. High doses of benzodiazepine had no visible effect [Comment by Dr Sharma: I fail to believe this, given the doses she was given.] and forcible restraint was necessary.

At this time, she was noticeably bloated around the upper body. She reacted violently when another patient accused her of looking like a cow. She became obsessed with her appearance, believing that bumps on her head (caused by ramming it against walls) were horns.

In the following days, her violent impulses showed little sign of abating. She attempted to attack various nursing staff and gored [Comment by Dr Sharma: What does this mean?] the ward clerk, who required medical treatment.

When asked about the Broadwater Farm incident, she blamed her mother, with whom she lives. On the night in question, she claimed her mother had been 'doing black magic' and had 'done a summoning.' Her mother, according to Shanyssa, had drawn a system of lines on the floor of their flat, 'like one of those puzzles where you find your way out.'

This summoning, Shanyssa believes, caused a demon to possess her. She felt constrained to the puzzle-shape her mother had drawn on the floor and believed she could not escape from it. However, after several hours, she did 'escape,' and ran out into the estate, where she began attacking passers-by. She was then restrained by police.

After two days on the ward, she complained of a 'demon in her belly', that was 'making her do things.' She attempted to self-harm with a dinner knife, with which she broke the skin on her stomach, but caused no serious damage. She continued to present as violent, which she ascribed to the demon, who was 'eating her up' and 'making her mad.'

Because of her complaints about stomach pains, she was examined by a gastroenterologist at the Whittington Hospital on April 14th. Although X-rays were inconclusive, they did appear to show something within her stomach, which resembled a creature of indeterminate species [Comment by Dr Sharma: Not relevant. Delete.]

Throughout her stay, Shanyssa refused to participate in ward activities or spend time in shared areas. She spent much time wandering the corridors, seemingly lost. When given leave, she showed a liking for narrow spaces and, on one occasion, became lost in the pathways in Waterlow Park.

Shanyssa was transferred to Wolfson House Low Secure Unit on 20th April 2011.

MEDICATION ON DISCHARGE

[Comment by Dr Sharma: I have deleted this section. There is no way that a patient could receive this level of medication and show no sedative effects. Please check and rewrite.]

Yours sincerely,



Dr Evelyn Jones, SL2 to Dr Manish Sharma,
Senior Consultant

CRITO, by Plato (Disputed)

SOCRATES: Tell me, Crito, what is murder?

CRITO: Murder, Socrates, is the killing of a man.

SOCRATES: But not of a woman or a beast?

CRITO: Must we quibble, Socrates? Murder is the killing of a man or woman, but not a beast.

SOCRATES: Then tell me, Crito. If a man rides a beast, is it murder to kill the man?

CRITO: Of course, Socrates.

SOCRATES: And if a beast rides a man, is it murder to kill the beast?

CRITO: As Theseus did in Crete? No, that is not murder.

SOCRATES: And if a creature is only half man and the other half is beast?

CRITO: As Pasiphae's son was? No. It is not murder to kill it, because it is not fully a man.

SOCRATES: Not fully a man! And yet the part of the creature that was man is dead. Would you dispute, Crito, that man has been killed?

CRITO: But not a whole man.

SOCRATES: Then if two Minotaurs died, would a full man have been murdered? But let me ask another question.

[Conventional text of the Crito resumes.]

Note attached reads:

Jim, this is a disputed section of the Crito: it appears only in one medieval translation. Does it support our theory of two types of ASTERION SNARL: POSSESSED and HYBRID? Note the distinction between a beast riding a man (possessed) and half-man, half-beast (hybrid).

SUPPRESSED WAR LETTERS

June 21st, 1917

Dear Tom,

I was very happy to hear from you in your last letter. Things have been terrible here and I cannot tell you what it is like waiting for the order to go over the top. From here we can see another trench. The day before last the doctors drew lines round it in the mud, all spirals and angles. That night we heard chanting and then the men went over the top. They charged at the Germans like bulls, shouting like animals, they did not seem human, like something had got inside them. Many of them were killed. Afterwards, the doctors drove over the mud and took the lines away. The general was pleased and said they had done their duty. I will write again soon.

With best love from Jack

June 21st, 2007

Hey gorgeous!

So here I am in the hospital! They say you can see me soon. I wanna see you bad! The doctors say I'm gonna lose the leg. I'm OK with it now I think. Just glad to be out of Afghanistan and away from the weird songs at night that did my head in. Still don't know what got into me that night. It was like something got inside me, in my belly, making me angry. I shouted and fought like I was meant to, but it wasn't like I was in control. Still they say I fought better than I ever did before. Told them about the pain in my belly, they said it was all part of the plan.

See you soon, doll! Love ya always,

Johnnie

STUDIES IN SPATIAL LEARNING

TOLMAN, E G; BANKS, C. (1949), 'Studies in spatial learning: IX. Effect of external cognitive control on directional responses,' submitted to *Journal of Paranormal Psychology*, intercepted and suppressed.

This is a preview: only the first two paragraphs of each section will be shown. Diagrams will not be shown.

INTRODUCTION

The purpose of the present experiment was to discover whether external cognitive control (i.e. 'possession') affects the navigational choices made by a creature. Andrews (1924) suggests that animals who have undergone the Merrifield procedure, in which a summoned entity ('minotaur') possesses the animal, avoid directional responses that lead to escape. Thus, Andrews predicts that a complex 'maze' will attract and contain possessed animals, while unpossessed animals will escape.

Therefore, in the present experiment, we gave possessed and unpossessed animals directional options that led either to escape or to containment within a maze and studied the relative frequencies of the choices made.

ANIMALS

A total of 24 male pigmented rats were used for this experiment. They were divided into three groups of eight as follows: U (unpossessed), P (animals who had undergone the Merrifield procedure and were possessed by a 'minotaur' entity) and H (rat/entity hybrids).

Eight rats became excessively violent, during the course of the experiment, and were destroyed. The data below does not include results for these creatures.

APPARATUS AND PROCEDURE

The apparatus was an elevated T-maze (see diagram). One arm of the T led to a complex maze-like structure, the other to a goal box containing food.

For half the animals, the left branch led to food and the right to the maze. For the remaining animals, the right branch led to food, the left to the maze. All groups were given six trials a night for seven nights.

RESULTS

Table 1: Percentage of directional choices that led to maze on first and later trials.

	Directional choices leading to maze on first trial (%)	Directional choices leading to maze on later trials (%)
U: Unpossessed creatures	50%	13%
P: Possessed creatures	56%	88%
H: Hybrids	75%	100%

The directional choices made by the creatures are summarised in Table 1. These figures indicate that unpossessed creatures chose randomly on the first trial, then preferred the non-maze choice on subsequent trials. Possessed creatures slightly preferred the maze option on the first trial (note that this result is significant) and strongly preferred it on later trials. Hybrids strongly preferred directional choices that led to the maze, even before learning where the maze was.

DISCUSSION

The predictions of Andrews (1924) were confirmed, to wit: unpossessed creatures learned to escape the maze, while minotaur-possessed creatures preferred choices that led to maze confinement. Further research should investigate the phenomenon of creatures appearing attracted to the maze, even before they had learned where it was. This applies particularly to hybrids, but also, to a lesser degree, to possessed creatures.

Thus, the maze seems to attract and confine both possessed and hybrid 'minotaur' creatures. This leads to three important conclusions.

Do you want to view full document (Y/N)?

- ASTERION SNARL: REVISED RECOVERY PROCEDURE -

Following the MATADOR RED incident, the escape and recovery procedures for ASTERION SNARL have been significantly changed. Here is a summary of the changes.

SUMMONING PROCEDURE

- Firstly, for clarity, the *summoning* procedure has not changed. Briefly, it runs as follows.
- Place subject on Logas Grid.* Ensure subject is electrically insulated. Electrify grid.
- Run Merrifield-Logas summoning script.
- Subject is now ASTERION SNARL (POSSESSED).
- Maintain grid during summoning.

** Due to singularity effects arising from the minotauric waveform, ASTERION SNARL cannot be summoned into an enclosed boundary. Instead, the Laundry confines the creature within a complex system of interlocking mathematical planes: that is, a maze. The currently approved version is the Logas Grid.*

ESCAPE PROCEDURE

Amateur summoning, power failure or outdated service packs* may lead to ASTERION SNARL (POSSESSED) becoming uncontained. In the event of an ASTERION SNARL escape:

- Alert Line Manager.
- Alert Field Support.
- File Incident Report.
- Be contactable.

You will normally be asked to join a Field Support Team to recover the creature.

** This refers to outdated versions of internal Laundry Service Packs for software. Official Windows Service Packs should, of course, never be installed. Indeed, updated Windows Service Packs can also lead to ASTERION SNARL escapes, particularly if they force the system to restart.*

RECOVERY PROCEDURE

When uncontained, ASTERION SNARL will head for the nearest maze-like structure: for example, subways, sewers, narrow city streets or the London Underground (especially Kings Cross station). Be alert for reports of violence or property destruction in such areas (Field Support will intercept police broadcasts).

This is the important change. In confining ASTERION SNARL, DO NOT USE THE LOGAS-REECE BISSECTION METHOD. That is:

- DO NOT divide the suspected area in half with a mathematico-demonological plane.
- DO NOT then divide the two halves in quarters, etc. etc. with more planes, until ASTERION SNARL is confined.

The reasons for this are as follows:

1. In the MATADOR RED incident, this method led to four people being contained with ASTERION SNARL, in a toy shop within the shopping mall. These four, including one child, were reduced to pulp by the confined minotaur. Their bodies, when returned to their families, were unrecognisable.
2. Financial considerations.

The new procedure is:

- Locate ASTERION SNARL using investigative methods.
- Visually confirm the location of ASTERION SNARL with regard to civilians and property.
- Use Logas planes to separate ASTERION SNARL from civilians and property.
- Build a Logas grid around ASTERION SNARL, confining it, until it can be transported.
- DO NOT fully confine ASTERION SNARL or you may cause a singularity.

NOTE ON ASTERION SNARL (HYBRID)

ASTERION SNARL (HYBRID) are believed non-existent or extinct. If you encounter one, attempt the above procedure, but be aware it may fail.

NARRATIVE OF A 'MINOTAUR'

Henry Mayhew, 1849

The character of the 'Minotaur' is popular at fairs and markets. 'The people like to see the Minotaur,' I was told, 'even more than Mr Punch, for the Minotaur scares as well as entertains.' A good Minotaur, my informant told me, must be of extraordinary proportions in the upper torso, have horns and be barely dressed.

The Minotaur performer that I met was a pleasant, quiet man, quite in contrast to his monstrous persona. He was large, nearly seven feet tall, and his body was astonishingly muscular and covered with downy hair. He wore a red loincloth and nothing else. On the top of his head were two small bony protrusions, which looked like horns.

'I goes to all the local fairs as the Minotaur,' he said. 'There are others, but they ain't as good as I am. I considers meself the most frightening and sensational thing that audience sees. You needs the roar and you needs the height. But you 'as to be careful, by virtue of the children getting scared.

'The Minotaur is in my blood, see. My old Pa, he was a Minotaur too, though he was in the freak show. He made a pretty penny, though, and no mistake. And his Pa before him. My Pa's Pa was even taller than I am, so my Pa says. The whole family's tall. It's in our blood.

'Now, I've heard tell that the spiritualists, I mean those that do séances and such like, say they can bring minotaurs forth with their chanting. They make a circle, with someone in the middle, and they chants some words and draws some fancy symbols in chalk. And then that person in the middle, they get bigger and become a minotaur. And if those symbols ain't drawn proper-like, the minotaur breaks out and hurts people.

'I heard tell of that 'appening down the East End. This fighter, he wanted to bloody his opponent's nose, so he got a spirit lady to summon up a demon inside him. Next thing they knew, that fighter was through a wall and had smashed three children to mincemeat.

'Now, I believe it, but those aren't minotaurs like our kind. We're born that way. We's what you call half-breeds, so my Pa says. And we don't get angry like the summoned minotaurs, or at least we know how to control it. There's been times, to be sure, where I when I've seen the red mist, and then I don't hardly remember nothing afterwards. And there's been times when people got hurt and even killed. But most times, I control myself, seeing as I've always been this way.

'Do I like the fairs? I do. They treat you with respect, here, more than you get in the real world. Not that I mind. Our kind keep ourselves to ourselves. Oh, yes, there's more of us. We just don't talk about it, is all. Most of our kind lives apart from normal folks. And one day I'll join them, because our kind has got plans, great plans. But for now, this act makes me a few shillings, not to mention pounds, and I'm grateful for that.'

NOTE ATTACHED TO ANIL GUPTA

We have killed this agent so you know we are serious.
Do not attempt to infiltrate us again. Do not use our people to fight your wars. We will talk, but the time for negotiation is ending.

ASTERION SNARL

TRANSCRIPT FROM BOARD OF ENQUIRY

THIS IS A TRANSCRIPT FROM PRADEEP CHAKRABORTY'S TESTIMONY TO THE BOARD OF ENQUIRY, IN RELATION TO CARTHAGE DUST. ITS VERACITY IS ASSUMED BECAUSE OF THE INVOCATIONS USED.

OH GOD OH JESUS THEY CAME FROM NOWHERE THEY RAN SO FAST
HUNDREDS OF THEM THERE WERE HUNDREDS THE BASE THE LAUNDRY BASE
THE FIRST WE KNEW WAS WHEN THEY ATTACKED THE WALLS THEY GAVE
WAY WE NEVER THOUGHT THEY COULD GIVE WAY IT WAS THE LAUNDRY WE
THOUGHT A LAUNDRY BASE WOULD BE SAFE THE WALLS FELL THEN THE
PEOPLE STARTING DYING IMPALED ON THEIR HORNS BLOOD THERE WAS
BLOOD RUNNING IN RIVULETS I SAW EVEN BLUE HADES NEVER DESTROYED
THE WALLS I SAW THEIR BODIES THEY WERE LIKE SPAGHETTI BOLOGNESE
THE COUNTER-MEASURES DID NOTHING THEY WERE NOT DESIGNED FOR
THEM WE DID NOT EVEN KNOW ABOUT THEM WE STILL KNOW NOTHING
ABOUT THEM THEN THE BUILDINGS FELL PEOPLE THEY WERE SCREAMING
SO MANY DIED SO MANY DIED I JUST HID I HID IN THE GUARDHOUSE I
HEARD ONE OF THEM CLOSE TO ME WHEN IT WAS QUIET I CAME OUT IT
WAS GRAVEL THE BASE WAS GRAVEL EVERYTHING HAD BEEN DESTROYED
EVERYTHING EVERYTHING IT WAS CONGEALED BLOOD AND FLESH AND
GRAVEL THE GRAVEL WAS STUCK TOGETHER WITH BLOOD

THE ASTERION FRAGMENTS

Fragment #1: Bacchylides, Fragment 26 (trans. unknown) (Greek lyric C5th B.C.): 'Pasiphae... Kypris [Aphrodite] implanted desire in her... (lacuna) ...to Eupalamos' son Daidalos, most skilled of carpenters, she told her unspeakable sickness [the lust for a bull]; she made him swear a binding oath and ordered him to build a [device of thinking wheels], so that she might join her body to that of the mighty bull, hiding from Minos [text missing] the union she shared.'



Fragment #2: Verses from Chapter 6 of the Book of Joshua. Translation is similar to the King James Bible, with the exception of Verse 21. Emphasis is in the original.

⁸ And it came to pass, when Joshua had spoken unto the people, that the seven priests bearing the seven trumpets of rams' horns passed on before the LORD, and blew with the trumpets: and the ark of the covenant of the LORD followed them.

⁹ And the armed men went before the priests that blew with the trumpets, and the rereward came after the ark, the priests going on, and blowing with the trumpets.

¹⁰ And Joshua had commanded the people, saying, Ye shall not shout, nor make any noise with your voice, neither shall any word proceed out of your mouth, until the day I bid you shout; then shall ye shout.

¹¹ So the ark of the LORD compassed the city, going about it once: and they came into the camp, and lodged in the camp.

¹⁵ And it came to pass on the seventh day, that they rose early about the dawning of the day, and compassed the city after the same manner seven times: only on that day they compassed the city seven times.

¹⁸ And ye, in any wise keep yourselves from the accursed thing, lest ye make yourselves accursed, when ye take of the accursed thing, and make the camp of Israel a curse, and trouble it.

²⁰ So the people shouted when the priests blew with the trumpets: and it came to pass, when the armed men heard the sound of the trumpet, and the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city.

²¹ And they utterly destroyed all that was in the city, both man and ox, women and children, with the edge of the sword.

Fragment #3

Naked Man Arrested On Magic Roundabout

Swindon Advertiser, June 19th

The 'Magic Roundabout' on the edge of town is famous for confusing motorists, but now it seems that pedestrians can also fall victim to its strange powers. Police last night attempted to arrest a naked man who was seen wandering in the middle of the road, apparently unable to find his way home. Motorists described the man circling like a lost driver, roaming from lane to lane without every escaping the roundabout. When the police attempted to detain the wandering nudist, he broke free and fled down Shrivenham Road. In an unrelated incident, several parked cars were damaged by teenage vandals on a nearby road.

T O P S E C R E T

CLASSIFIED TOP SECRET BLUE LILY

5th October 1974

Abstract: This document collates all available reliable information relating to hybridisation of humans and other species, as an aid to determining the viability of future genetic hybrids utilising exome-influenced genetic material. The balance of evidence suggests that

1. Human/non-human crossbreeding has been successful in the past, producing hybrids that display traits from both parents
2. Hybridisation is used as a reproductive or territorial strategy by several species or entities
3. Exomes are capable of manipulating human genetic material, and these changes can be passed onto subsequent generations
4. These genetic traits can include 'psychic backdoors' that permit or aid subsequent possession attempts

Preamble: Hybridisation between humans and non-human species has been extensively documented (cf. BLUE HADES). Unions between human subjects and summoned exome entities are rarer, but have been observed (Armitage, 1931 and the so-called 'Dunwich Horror' being the best known example). These unions are categorised as follows:

- **Direct Hybridisation:** The exome manifests in our reality and impregnates a human female by spontaneously generating ectoplasmic spermatozoa or otherwise altering a viable egg.
- **Possessed Intermediary:** The exome possesses a male subject and alters the spermatozoa in vivo. As these modifications require thaumic intervention to remain viable in this reality, the possessed subject is likely left infertile once the possession ends.
- **Parthenogenic Possession:** The exome possesses a female subject and alters the egg in vivo.

(Although it has not been observed in the field, it is conceivable that an exome of sufficient intelligence could construct an analogue for a human egg that could be successfully impregnated by sperm.)

The resulting hybrids demonstrate a range of traits, many of which are again not biologically viable without thaumic intervention and which therefore cannot reproduce normally. 'Stable' hybrids, by contrast, can produce offspring naturally. Hybrid traits known to be viable include increased strength and endurance, improved cognitive capacity, and improved spatial awareness and visualisation ability. All these traits increase the likelihood of the hybrid's descendants surviving and reproducing again.

T O P S E C R E T

ASTERION SNARL

T O P S E C R E T

Another key trait observed in hybrids is reduced resistance to possession. Examples of this phenomenon include:

- The Derby/Waite case (Upton, 1936); Asenath Waite was bred for possession.
- The Kale family archives (Kale, 1966) describe how Walter Kale was possessed in 1722 by an entity believed to be an OLD DREAMER; in each subsequent generation, at least one member of the Kale family had a episode of amnesia or a radical personality shift consistent with exonomic possession.
- The Tulu tribe of Nanumangu in Polynesia, who claimed descent from a 'star giant' and who were documented to have extremely low resistance to possession. A tribe member might undergo fifteen or more separate instances of possession by Level 1 Exonomes per day (Level 1 entities are not normally able to possess humans without assistance).

Reduced resistance to possession does not usually impact an individual's fitness to reproduce. Therefore, even though hybrid traits may be genetically recessive, many hybrid strains have thrived within the human species. An estimated 10% of modern humans have at least one hybrid somewhere in their recent ancestry - implying that a sizeable minority of the population are especially vulnerable to possession, and possess other traits desirable in a host.

This may imply the presence of one or more long-term hybrid breeding programs, aimed at optimising the suitability of our species for possession even without the enhanced permeability of reality expected during CASE NIGHTMARE GREEN.

Recommendation: While this implication is disturbing on an existential level, it bodes well for our own efforts at genetic manipulation and production of exonomic hybrids. To maximise returns, the BLUE LILY project should concentrate on those traits that can be sustained over multiple generations without continuous entropic manipulation. We also recommend opening up a second line of enquiry, designated BLUE LILY ARCHER, with the aim of developing a reliable genetic testing method for possessor-descended hybrid traits in humans. Until we have a method of identifying those who are unusually vulnerable to possession, we have no method of dealing with this genetic fifth column within our species.

T O P S E C R E T

To: David Biltis, Senior Supervisor
Date: October 12, 2011
Subject: Possible Asterion Snarl Activity in Bromley

My intern Jessica just found this blog, and it hasn't been updated in five days. We may need someone to head down to Bromley to see what's going on.

– Joanne

<<<Attached File:>>>

Sally's World
October 3, 2011

Colin's different today. He told me he did that weird meditation thing he read in that dusty old book I found in my nan's things. He said that it would make him tougher and less easy for the other kids to duff up. It made his belly hurt, but he looks bigger. He also got angry a lot today. When Bobby tried to steal his lunch, Colin rammed his head into Bobby's belly. Bobby had to go home from school early because of that, but just said that he felt sick. He didn't want anyone to know little Colin did him over.

In class, Colin had trouble keeping still, and kept rubbing his forehead. He's always the first to answer questions in geometry, but he just sat there rubbing his head and scraping his feet across the floor until Mr. Edgewyck told him to stop.

Sally's World
October 4, 2011

Colin was worse today, I had to help him get home. On my way to school, I ran into him wandering around like he was lost in that tangle of streets three blocks from the park. He let me lead him by the hand to school, but he looked like he might go mental on me. I told him to go home and that I'd tell people he was sick. I'm glad his parents are on holiday.

After school, I texted him, and he was back where I'd found him this morning. I got him home after calling mum and letting her know I was off to Colin's to study for the test on Monday. I don't like lying to her.

When I got him home, I made him take off the silly cap he'd been wearing and he had two big bumps on his head – he said they were horns. That was too much. He didn't like the idea, but I got out nan's book and found a meditation to make the 'bull power' go away. Colin almost refused to go along, but when I started drawing all the chalk lines on the basement floor, he got really quiet and interested and walked right in to the middle just like he needed to. He looked a whole lot better afterwards and the bumps on his head looked smaller.

Sally's World
October 6, 2011

There are times I don't know why I put up with Colin. That meditation he did made him a right mad alec, and yet he told me today how he missed it. He's not looking forward to running into Bobby at school tomorrow and wanted to do the bull power meditation again. When I told him it wasn't much good if he couldn't even make it to school on his own, he told me that he'd been thinking about a way to do it in a way that's less powerful. There was a note in the book about some way of getting the bull power in your blood rather than just in your head. I managed to undo the mess he made the first time, so I suppose this might work.

INTERNAL MEMORANDUM

DATE: June 14, 2011
 FROM: Hongwei Zhang, Head of Division

TO: Kimberley Parks, PSO

SUBJECT: ASTERION SNARL / CARTHAGE DUST incident

Kim,

In the recent CARTHAGE DUST incident, a Laundry base was destroyed, reportedly by bull-like humanoids. We are investigating five similar incidents, involving other government buildings, which may be attributable to similar creatures.

We believe these creatures are ASTERION SNARL: that is, minotaurs. Here is their paper file. Please get someone to organise/collate it. Do not, for reasons I will outline, use email or alert them to the urgency of this task.

Until now, the Laundry has considered minotaurs to be possessed humans. Some certainly are. Although ASTERION SNARL (POSSESSED) are individually dangerous, they are a low-priority threat. Every few years, someone summons a minotaur demon into a human, and we chase the possessed wretch through a maze of backstreets.

The other type of minotaur, ASTERION SNARL (HYBRID) has been officially regarded as extinct, lost or otherwise non-existent. However, the CARTHAGE DUST massacre has forced us to re-evaluate this view.

Here, then, is the apparent situation regarding ASTERION SNARL (HYBRID). They:

- Have apparently re-emerged/re-awoken/decided to act.
- Are destroying government buildings.
- Imply that this is revenge for military experiments, which took place both before and after the Laundry's formation.
- Have, within the last month, identified and killed Anil Gupta, an agent whom we sent to infiltrate and report.

We must:

- Expand our knowledge of these creatures.
- Investigate the destruction of the government buildings.
- Investigate Anil Gupta's attempted infiltration.
- Find who is conducting the military experiments and whether these experiments are continuing. The responsible agency is likely occult or military, connected with either the British government or one of our military allies.

Our main priority is to expand our knowledge. I cannot emphasise this enough. We cannot defend ourselves against creatures that we do not understand. If you wonder why the attached file contains excerpts from Plato and Mayhew, it is because that is all we have.

Finally, please look back at the note attached to Anil Gupta. As you can see, this is the original note, not a transcript. It is signed 'ASTERION SNARL.' You may wonder, as I do, how a malevolent supernatural entity knows its Laundry codename.

There are broadly three possibilities. One: they discovered it from Anil Gupta. If so, we need take no action. Two: they intercepted Laundry communication. This is concerning but hardly life-threatening. I have asked Security Management to tighten protocols. Three: an ASTERION SNARL (HYBRID) entity works for the Laundry.

This is certainly plausible. These creatures apparently appear human and have, for decades or centuries, lived among humans. If a minotauric hybrid works for the Laundry, it might explain why we have disregarded ASTERION SNARL for so long. It is plausible that a hybrid has deliberately misplaced information or misfocused strategic priorities.

We cannot discount this possibility. (It would explain why the file is such a mess). Please, then, report only to me regarding this matter. Do not discuss ASTERION SNARL with others in the Laundry without my permission. Do not use the email system. Do not suggest, to anyone, that ASTERION SNARL are under investigation.

The situation, then, is: a malevolent supernatural entity is targeting British governmental buildings and may have infiltrated the Laundry. Our priority is to collate and expand our knowledge of this entity. It may seem odd that our first priority is filing, but it is the best weapon we have.

Please attend to this matter as soon as possible.

Hongwei Zhang



TOP SECRET / NOFORN / ORCON

CCH-E14-11-01
USSIR 478391

14Jan2011

NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY

CENTRAL SECURITY SERVICE

United States Secret Intelligence Report 19
State of the Oceans 2011

SECTION 1 – SUMMARY

1) The following report discusses the state of the world's oceans in relation to KUHOOK. Continuing efforts for KUGOWN are also discussed. Details can be found in the appropriate sections; this summary should only be used for reference.

2) Oceans

2.A) **Atlantic:** KUHOOK activity remains unchanged. Donations continue on schedule per Benthic Treaty in Jupiter, FL; Sandy Neck, MA; and Barnaget Light, NJ. No suspicious activity detected. Several citizens near Barnaget Light donation point had to be contained after witnessing a donation activity but we are confident of 100% containment.

2.B) **Pacific:** The Korean situation has seriously degenerated during the past year. The North Korean alliance with KUHOOK encourages belligerence towards South Korea, and the sinking of the *Cheonan* with methane superbubbles is ominous. Suggest convincing Japan to intervene with KUHOOK should they take offense and teach humans a lesson through more sinkings or even a tsunami. Negotiations to make Guam a Pacific donation point continues slowly. Donations continue on schedule in Alcatraz, CA and Fort Stevens, OR. No witnesses have been detected, and no other suspicious activity detected.

2.C) **Indian:** Despite the increased attacks around Mumbai related to KUGOWN, no suspicious activity detected.



2.D) **Arctic:** KUHOOK construction at sites J19 and J45 continue on schedule. Donations shuttled to area by joint US-Canadian team. Estimated completion date is August 2012 and payment should be received immediately afterwards.

2.E) **Antarctic:** An increase in commercial activity threatens no-sail zone integrity. Cruise ship *Clelia II* almost sunk by KUHOOK for crossing no-sail zone; sinking averted by KULANCET with significant loss of life. Additional donations were arranged to de-escalate the situation and avoid loss of US Fourth Fleet. Suggest manufacturing and leaking evidence of commercial activity having negative affect on local ecology, thus rendering a travel ban politically viable.

3) Other significant bodies of water

3.A) **Mediterranean:** Evidence suggest Libyan authorities have entered into new agreement with KUHOOK in violation of Benthic Treaty. Joint Committee is researching responses, including military intervention or creating internal instability. Sharing response with allies not considered a priority.

3.B) **North Sea:** KUHOOK build up around Cornwall continues. Intercepted communications between KUHOOK and SIS suggest UK unit 'Laundry' purposely kept in a false sense of security. Joint Committee is researching if NSA can bring Laundry into the loop without violating UK sovereignty and whether this is in our best interests.

3.C) **Great Lakes:** No activity found. KUHOOK believed to be unable to survive in fresh water.

4) KUGOWN

4.A) **Port Arthur:** Oil enriched with only antioxygenetics deployed in accident near KUHOOK migratory stop. No deaths confirmed but most oil did not leave tanker and atmospheric oxygen levels did not increase substantially. Test was inconclusive. No KUHOOK response detected.

4.B) **Deepwater Horizon:** Oil enriched with antioxygenetics and thaumatic ichthyophonus fungus deployed in oil rig accident in Gulf of Mexico. Despite runaway situation with delivery vector, 17 KUHOOK deaths were confirmed and more are suspected; USS Virginia reports a 65% decrease in sonar activity around KUHOOK city Y'lon Thih. Atmospheric oxygen levels rose dramatically. Test was a success. No KUHOOK response detected.

4.C) **Mumbai:** Oil enriched with only thaumatic ichthyophonus fungus deployed in accident near KUHOOK feeding ground. No deaths confirmed. Test was a failure. KUHOOK response inconclusive as increased attacks on local humans could be a response to depletion of feeding ground by fungal fish kill.

5) **Conclusion:** Problem spots in the Korean Peninsula, the North Sea, and the Mediterranean need to be addressed either in conjunction with Benthic Treaty allied nations or independently. The inclusion of a thaumatically-engineered fungal virus combined with antioxygenetics has proven KUGOWN is operational but further testing is required to ensure non-detection as KUHOOK retaliation would be severe to catastrophic.

END

THE FISH-MAN OF THE THAMES

A systematic account
of the capture and inquiry
of this most unusual creature

with
WOODCUTS, LITHOGRAPHS, AND COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS
by

ARTHUR ADAMS
F. C. S.; Sec. Lit. and Phil. Society, London
Mem. R. A. , &c.

LONDON: -- Truner & Co., Ludgate Hill

—
1878

In accordance with the pledge I gave to the Royal Society some years after my voyage aboard the HMS Samarang, I have now the honour of presenting the results of experiments I conducted on a most unusual creature which several colleagues have given to calling the Fish-Man of the Thames. I will commence with a short retelling of his capture and continue further to the experiments themselves, of which I shall endeavour, for the sake of conciseness, to confine myself to the most pertinent and interesting of details.

The story of its capture is not well known and deserves some mention at the beginning of this account. According to several reliable witnesses, including a gentleman of good standing, the Fish-Man was brought aboard the Peter boat Gladys by her crew after a storm of unusual ferocity. It displayed neither life nor activity to the crew, which assumed it was dead. Upon arrival at the wharves, the crew of the Gladys contacted University College London in hopes of selling the creature as a zoological oddity. That is when the Fish-Man awoke from its slumber and killed most of the crew and several unfortunate bystanders. The police were able to subdue this hideous creature before it could return to the dark waters of the Thames, and they kindly arranged to have it brought to the college for further study.

Upon my arrival at University College London, I learned the Fish-Man had been held within an iron cage for two days. Water and

fish were presented to the creature at regular intervals, which it gulped down with alarming zeal. It seemed unsatisfied with its current predicament which, given the freedom it must have under the Thames, and indeed even the ocean itself should it reach that far, would seem a likely and natural response to captivity. The Fish-Man passed water and voided wastes in a manner consistent with fish and similar creatures.

Allow me to describe the creature before continuing to the experiments we conducted and the relevant results. Although the name Fish-Man is somewhat garish and low-borne, it does fit to some degree. It is shaped as a man, standing on two-legs and using two arms, its head set atop an almost non-existent neck. It walked back and forwards in its iron cage sometimes on two legs and sometimes on four. In motion, it reminded me of a toad more than a man. Its head was that of an enormous fish, most similar to a sea bass or whiting. Its skin ranged in colour from dark, brackish blue to a light gray long its underside. It was indeed squamous and of a most unpleasant odour even for a sea-going creature. The hands did not have a thumb but nonetheless remained able to grasp the iron bars during its more melancholy fits.

Having been summoned to lead the exploration of this creature, and to determine its capabilities and origin, I set upon a course of experiments designed to gain the most knowledge about the Fish-Man.

First, I wondered how it was that the creature, obviously a native of the seas, could last for several days outside of its watery home, whereas a common fish would have expired in mere hours. A man can be observed to be breathing laboriously after vigorous exercise, so I decided to force the Fish-Man into moving about quickly so as to observe any laboured breathing. After several strikes with a wooden rod, the Fish-Man paced quickly about its cage in an obvious state of agitation. I observed the creature's chest to be rising and falling. With the help of a dozen able-bodied porters, we constrained the creature so I could place a mirror near its gaping mouth. Fog appeared on the glass and therefore I concluded the Fish-Man did, as amazing as it may seem, breathe the same air as man and beast.

We already knew the creature would eat fish, but I sought to test the creature's diet by offering him meals of grain, pork fat, hay, oats, apples, bread, and finally pieces of uncooked meat. Of the grains and vegetable matter, the Fish-Man touched not a piece. Of the apples and bread, he gingerly tasted both before giving up. He only ate the pork fat and meat. Hence I deduced the creature to be a predator of the water similar to a shark.

In my travels aboard the HMS Samarang, I saw many shark attacks and noticed their eyes rolled upwards when attacking. I wondered if there might be a connection between our Fish-Man and sharks, so I commenced a plan to place a fish on a stick and dangle it just out of reach in hopes the creature would initiate feeding behaviour that we could observe more closely. During an hour of this activity, the Fish-Man never once rolled its eyes, forcing me to conclude there is little to no connection between our creature and the common shark.

Since it was past the noon hour, we decided to take lunch in the local pub. While there, we were approached by an unfortunate man, whose face seemed more piscine than anything else, who inquired about our creature. No doubt the story of the creature's existence had spread throughout London, and given the gory elements regarding its capture upon land, I would be surprised if the story had not reached Oxford by now. I waved the fellow away, yet he was adamant and refused to leave until I verified the location of the creature. My colleagues and I persuaded the man to leave with a few swift strikes of our walking canes.

Returning to the college after a light lunch and excellent conversation, I noticed a most peculiar incomplete drawing on the wall nearest the Fish-Man. It appeared that a member of the college staff had drawn a symbol right next to the cage, the drawing being something of a pentagram but with additional lines and symbols. How the staff had done so while easily within arm's reach

of the Fish-Man was something of a mystery, as it had shown nothing but violence towards its captors and would have injured, if not killed, any man who would get close enough to make the drawing. Our porters beat the Fish-Man away from the wall and, using sponge, cleaned the markings off of the wall. My hosts assured me they would identify the culprit among the staff and have him sacked immediately.

We then proceeded on a course to explore the creature's tolerances, so as to better deduce its habitat and sensitivities. First we introduced flame by means of several lit torches placed at varying degrees of distance from the Fish-Man, including skin contact. The creature acted like an animal of the wild, retreating to a corner of its cage with what would likely be fear. The large eyes do not show any emotion but did seem to move rapidly between the torches. What was most intriguing, however, was the skin did not blister nor discolour despite direct contact with flame.

Given its reaction to our earlier experiments, I concluded it would be best if we tied the creature to a table, to prevent it retreating within its cage. After several unfortunate injuries to the porters, we managed to secure the creature to an operating theatre bed, tied down with chains instead of leather straps. Once secured, we proceeded with more invasive experiments.

I attempted to cut through the skin on the Fish-Man's arms but the knife, although sharp enough to cut linen cleanly, could not pierce the squamous skin despite all of my strength being put onto the blade. I asked for the sharpest instrument they could find, and the university staff brought a scalpel with an unusually keen edge. Even this was not able to cut through the creature's skin, although it did seem to cause the creature some discomfort.

Amazed at the resilience of the creature's skin, we proceeded with additional experiments on the skin to determine its constitution and strength. We used fire once more and received an identical response. We also used coals, ice, boiling water, electricity, acids, and a hammer and nail, the latter of which did pierce the skin above the wrist. The rest caused pain but, with the exception of some discolouration by the acids, did not cause damage to the skin.

I surmised this creature was at home in the deep depths of the ocean, where the weight of fathoms causes extreme pressures. That would explain the strength of its skin. Yet from experiments I conducted aboard the HMS Samarang, such denizens of the far fathoms would arrive upon the surface bloated or even damaged, as if they expanded from the absence of the water's weight. Why was this not so for our Fish-Man?

I retired with my colleagues from the university to their drawing room, to have a sherry and discuss how this could be. My immediate thought was the Fish-Man's unusually resilient skin protected it both from the weight of deep water and from the lack thereof. A wooden door will expand in Summer and contract in Winter, but not if covered in iron or similar metal. We left one student in the room with the Fish-Man, and orders to sketch the creature from numerous angles.

When I returned, the young man was in a state of shock. I ran to him, worried that the creature may have hurt him somehow, but the lad was physically unharmed. He had, however, loosed the chains that held the Fish-Man by the wrists; when I demanded that he explain himself, he only handed me his sketch pad.

There were several sketches of the Fish-Man of dubious quality, but my eye was caught

by some crude handwriting. On a fresh page, the lad had written, "Free me now or my brothers will come to kill you all." I asked why he had scribed this cryptic threat, to which he accused the Fish-Man of being its author, not him. He explained the creature had watched him intensely and repeatedly pantomimed drawing itself. The student then loosened the wrist chains and handed the pad and pencil to the Fish-Man and who, according to this shaken lad, had authored the message himself.

We concluded this student was behind the earlier vandalism and had him expelled on the spot. Indeed! As if a creature so obviously of the deep oceans could write as intelligent men! My fellows and I enjoyed a good laugh and retired for the evening, determined to pry more secrets from the Fish-Man on the morrow.



Sir Francis,

This unfinished work was found in the ruins of the University College London's natural philosophy building after the fire, along with the bodies of Dr. Adams and several university staff. We are as certain that no other copies exist as one can be. We have seized these papers, along with the sketches and the mangled corpses, under the Monster Control Act. Those who saw the Fish-Man have been rounded up and either convinced it was a circus freak or placed in the Hanwell Asylum. I believe the matter to be settled. If you discover otherwise, please contact me in the usual manner.

Robert Blake

Special Operations, Scotland Yard

BLUE HADES GROUND COMBAT TACTICAL STUDY

Prepared by Margaret Harrison, Monitoring, Department of Records

11 February 1992

I - Introduction

Although the Benthic Treaty of 1951 has established cordial relations between BLUE HADES and signatory nations, any treaty can and will be violated over time as the exigencies establishing the treaty become unduly burdensome or even strategically poisonous. Therefore, it befits an agency such as the Laundry to plan for the eventual collapse of the Benthic Treaty and any subsequent military encounters. By examining past military encounters, we can deduce BLUE HADES' tactics and combat methodology. Note that this study does not address naval or underwater tactics, which have already been covered in detail.

II - Four historic battles

A) Battle of Abukir Bay (1798) ¹

Prior to the Battle of the Nile between French and British forces, the French navy had set a line of battle in Abukir Bay. That night, several BLUE HADES platoons stormed French ships and engaged in hand-to-hand combat, most notably aboard the *Guerrier* and the *Guillaume Tell*. The platoons attacked late at night, boarding the vessels either by grappling hooks or scaling the side of the vessel by hand. Once aboard, BLUE HADES showed little tactical planning. Contemporary records detail the attack more as chaotic and piecemeal than a concerted effort with definitive goals.

"The villainous Bedouins* had swam up to our vessels on a dark night and climbed aboard my ship. Once on deck, they assaulted the closest man, even if he were a cabin boy and no threat to them. They attacked bare handed or with a short cutlass and seemed more intent on killing than defeating. Certainly there was no honour among those thieves!

"As well, there seemed little effort on their part to assist each other, be it in striking against us or in defence. If one of their comrades were to suffer a strike from our rapiers, any nearby would not come to his aid. Nor would they cooperate in an attack against us. Every one of them was figuratively alone in their fight.

"I do not know what kind of protection they wore, but I wish it for my sailors! My own rapier, which I have used to cut down many an English and Italian dog, seemed to have no effect on the raiders. I struck a Bedouin thrice, yet did not slow his advance upon my midshipman. The raiders only retreated after we used grenades and fire, which seem to frighten the Bedouins into retreat. This damaged our ship to be certain, but I would rather sink her than allow the Bedouins to ransack her." - Admiral Villeneuve

* Admiral Villeneuve believed the BLUE HADES to be local Bedouins raiding French ships.

B) Battle of Innsmouth (1921) ²

The well-known US naval assault on DEVILS REEF caused significant damage to the BLUE HADES city there. However, the Americans also attacked the nearby village of Innsmouth by land, sending three columns into the village and securing the harbour. They encountered several BLUE HADES in the village, along with hybrids, human allies, and a few servitors which may have been ANNING BLACK but likely something weaker. The US army easily won the battle as BLUE HADES quickly retreated.

"Having shut down the rail station, my men proceeded along Paine Street to the market square known as Five Pikes. There we encountered the enemy, both villagers and the others. The villagers opened fire with revolvers and rifles; the others called forth one of their creations to battle for them. We established a machine gun nest in a nearby general store and concentrated fire on the creation until it no longer moved. Once their creature was dead, the others fell back, leaving their allies.

"Meanwhile, the villagers continued to fire upon us. We returned fire until they fell back. I sent two platoons to strike against their flanks by way of State Street. These men ran afoul of the others and were either massacred or dragged into the river. However, the others apparently had no wish for further combat and retreated into the river.

"We continued to push through the town until the enemy had its back against the harbor. Never did the locals ask for quarter, and by my superior's order, none was given. Several jumped into the harbor in hopes of escaping the slaughter, and no doubt some did, but we expected this and had men on the nearby rooftops to target swimmers. In the end, no prisoners were taken and the village was cleansed."

C) Battle of Saipan (1943) ³

Although most BLUE HADES stayed neutral in WWII, the Japanese managed to convince at least one group to support their cause. In the Battle of Saipan, BLUE HADES units supported Japanese attempts to thwart the invasion of the tiny island. Perhaps the island's proximity to the Marianas Trench had something to do with BLUE HADES involvement.

"When the assault waves hit the beach, many of our AMTRAKs got stuck on the reefs and had to deploy Marines some 200 yards off-shore. Still more bogged down under attacks by Axis-sympathizing KUHOOK,* who could rip through the armor underneath the amphibious tanks and AMTRAKs. This delayed the capture of the beachhead and kept Marines in Japanese sights, so Admiral Turner ordered a special weapon to be deployed: the Mark 12 Depth Charge, or as the men called it, the Little Sinker.

"The Mark 12 was basically an underwater grenade. As KUHOOK pulled Marines underwater and gutted them with long knives, those of us still aboard the LST's started throwing the Little Sinkers overboard. The sight of all those tiny depth charges going off must have scared the bejeezus out of those KUHOOK because they turned tail and swam away as fast as possible. Thankfully, the lie about 'Japanese deep swimmers' and coral that could tear through metal convinced most of the Marines that KUHOOK was natural.

"By nightfall, we had secured the beach and pushed through to the jungle southwest of Mt. Tapochao. Raids by Japanese and KUHOOK continued through the night. We weren't sure if they were testing our lines or just trying to disrupt our sleep, but they never struck in force. That doesn't mean we didn't suffer losses. One KUHOOK could easily take out five Marines, and often did. These attacks stopped at dawn. We later learned they abandoned the Japanese during the night.

"Most of the Japanese hybrids had committed hari-kari but we captured a few. Surprisingly, there were no hybrids among the islanders. We later learned they stopped worshipping KUHOOK and killed their own hybrids once the Japanese arrived and made friends with KUHOOK."

** KUHOOK was, and still is, the USA's classified term for BLUE HADES.*

D) Battle of Az-Zawr (1991) ⁴

Az-Zawr is a city located on the northwest coast of Failaka Island, Kuwait. It was occupied by the Iraqis during their invasion and mostly plundered by Iraqi forces. Once Operation Desert Storm was well underway, the Black Chamber sent two platoons of Navy SEALs to secure a BLUE HADES artefact thought to be on the island.

"We approached Az-Zawr from the shore at dusk. The navy had shelled the hell out of the beach, clearing a path through the mines for us. The city had been hit pretty hard too, and when we got there, it looked abandoned. We proceeded to our objective without spotting any friendlies or enemies, although we occasionally heard movement in the area.

"Once there, we received supplemental orders to acquire an object from inside a mosque. I am not allowed to describe the object in question. I don't care what your clearance is, you get permission from my CO and we'll talk. Anyway, we entered the temple and located the object. We placed it in a secure pack and made our way to the extraction point.

"That's when the enemy attacked. They must have followed our approach and set an ambush for our exit from the mosque. They struck with hand-to-hand weaponry only, using long knives and spears. We responded with weapons fire and grenades. The enemy had excellent armor, as most of our fire did not deter them from closing ground. Grenades, however, had a powerful effect and drove many away. One enemy commanded a dog or something that took two magazines before it fell.

"We struggled with the remaining enemy force, taking heavy casualties. Despite SEAL training, we had to double to even triple up on each target. We eventually cleared the area, secured our wounded and dead, and made it to the extraction point."

III - Conclusions

- *BLUE HADES have not mastered modern firearms.* No recorded attacks show their use of guns of any sort. They only attack using bladed weapons or as yet unidentified methods.
- *BLUE HADES can withstand low calibre rounds without damage.* Only in the modern era have firearms been able to penetrate BLUE HADES skin, and then only with more powerful rounds.
- *BLUE HADES are quick to fall back if presented with superior numbers/ordnance.* They seem to favour overwhelming targets quickly, as when combat has lasted a few minutes, they tend to retreat. The same is true when faced with superior numbers or firepower, although they seem not to be aware of this until they attack.
- *BLUE HADES can use servitors in combat.* Although accounts leave much room for debate as to the nature of these creatures, there is no doubt that they use servant creatures in their combat operations.
- *BLUE HADES rely on surprise and quick strikes similar to guerrilla combat operations.* They avoid large-scale confrontations in favour of exhausting our forces in ambushes and small but powerful strikes.
- *BLUE HADES are sensitive to concussion weapons.* Perhaps this is related the BLUE HADES sensitivity to sounds underwater, but weapons that rely primarily on concussion, such as depth charges or grenades, are effective at forcing them to give ground.

IV - Recommendations

- Body armour rated for knives should always be worn to protect soldiers from BLUE HADES weaponry.
- Banishment rounds should be issued to all soldiers to quickly dispense with servitors.
- Pistols and SMGs should not be issued, as they will have no effect on BLUE HADES targets. Instead, anti-material and sniper rifles should be used such as the AS50 or Barrett M82.
- Grenades should always be issued.
- Sound-based weaponry should be investigated for field use.

V - Sources

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2. *US Army Court of Military Review* (1922), *Bain v. United States of America*, 12 C.M.R. 165 (C.M.A. 1923).
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4. Ortiz, Daniel. *Post-Gulf War Debriefings*. Defense Intelligence Agency, USA. 24 June 1992.



Transcript of interview with "Rupert," Type III BLUE HADES informant
Conducted by Miles Ashdown and Dev Fisher

19 August, 2008

ASHDOWN: Testing, 1, 2... okay, this should be on. Is it on, Mr. Palmer? He says 'yes.'

FISHER: Why don't we have a digital recorder? This recording system is as old as your mom.

RUPERT: I do not mind.

ASHDOWN: Okay, this is our preliminary interview with Rupert. Rupert is a BLUE HADES Type Three hybrid who has agreed to answer questions regarding BLUE HADES society that haven't been answered since being brought up during the Benthic Treaty negotiations. That's not his real name but we cannot pronounce the real one, so Rupert will do nicely. Today's date is the nineteenth of August, nineteen-ninety-two, and the time is nineteen-thirty hours. We are in the basement of [CLASSIFIED] on the Isle of Man. This is Miles Ashdown. Assisting me is Dev Fisher.

FISHER: Actually, since I'm your senior under the new matrix management scheme, shouldn't you be assisting me?

ASHDOWN: What? When did that happen?

FISHER: Didn't you read the memo last week from admin? Total re-organisation.

RUPERT: I would like to get this part over with, if you please.

ASHDOWN: But I'm a data collector. That's above Special Projects personnel.

FISHER: Yes, but a data collector for a special project is now under Special Projects management. Since I'm the senior project manager, you report to me.

ASHDOWN: Well, I'll be damned! Nice to meet you, boss!

RUPERT: Can we begin?

FISHER: And nice to meet you! Ahem, Miles Ashdown will be assisting me, Dev Fisher, on this project. Okay, um, Rupert, glad you can make it. Let's see here. Miles, what do we begin with?

MILES: Rupert, please tell us the precautions you took to avoid being followed.

RUPERT: I waited until my older brothers...

MILES: ...that's Type One BLUE HADES to us humans.

RUPERT: ...Yes. I waited until my older brothers had completed their embedding ritual, when they enter a rest period of several days. I journeyed by servitor to a whale-singing site, then borrowed one as transportation to here. I carved a sigil of indifference on the whale's hide to mask my approach. Once near the island, I used the canal and pipe to reach the entry room. I called Capital Laundry Services and awaited your arrival.

FISHER: Do you agree to a geas to prevent you from divulging any knowledge of this encounter with other BLUE HADES?

ASHDOWN: Will a geas even work on you?

RUPERT: I am curious to see you try.

FISHER: Right. Ahem. Blue-Hades-Fast-Bracket-Journey-Doctor. By the authority vested in me by the emissaries of Y'ghonzzh N'hai I have the power to bind and to release, and your tongue be tied of these matters of which we have spoken until you hear these words again: Blue-Hades-Fast-Bracket-Journey-Doctor. How do you feel?

RUPERT: I feel no different.

ASHDOWN: Well, he wouldn't, would he? I mean, you can't feel a geas, can you?

FISHER: You were looking at me, Miles. I think you put the geas on me instead of Rupert.

ASHDOWN: It works for whoever is in the room, doesn't it?

FISHER: Besides, I think you mispronounced Y'ghonzzh. There's an emphasis on the ghon like this. Ga-hon. Ga-hon.

ASHDOWN: No, the emphasis is on the end. Zuh-zh.

THE LAUNDRY

FISHER: Ga-hon.

ASHDOWN: Zuh-zh.

RUPERT: Are you two qualified to interview me?

FISHER: Not sure, but let's get down to business. We haven't got all night. Rupert, can you please sign this waiver? It states that you will not sue the British Government for any repercussions that develop from this little talk, that you are not under magical or chemical inducements to talk, and that this conversation is of your own free will.

RUPERT: We do not use signatures.

ASHDOWN: Well, um, can you make your mark on the empty line below paragraph seven? <splashing sound> Well, that was disgusting.

RUPERT: It is how we mark objects we wish to own. That is the nearest equivalent to a signature.

FISHER: Oh, God! That stinks! What is that, ink?

RUPERT: No. It is a mix of saliva, blood, and tetrodotoxin.

ASHDOWN: My hand is getting numb. Did some splash on me?

FISHER: Do all Type III's have that ability?

RUPERT: No. My older brothers cultivate symbiotic bacteria engineered, either genetically or magically, to specific functions. The closest analogue to your race is tools. For example...

ASHDOWN: Now my arm is getting numb. Is this bad?

RUPERT: ...if we wish stone for buildings, we allow a strain of bacteria to enter us that makes our claws sharp enough to cut through rock. If we need adhesive, we allow bacteria to enter us that produces a thick waterproof glue from our palms. It is how my race can build a civilization without fire or wood. It even allows us to mate with your race.

FISHER: Wait, you guys don't have a... you know... unless bacteria infect you first?

RUPERT: A very specific bacteria, but yes.

ASHDOWN: Oh, I don't feel so well. I think I'd better sit down.

FISHER: You are sitting down.

ASHDOWN: That's not a good sign, is it? Maybe I should lie down?

RUPERT: Do you wish to have the antidote? It is common for us to infect ourselves with both toxin and antitoxin bacteria should there be an accident.

ASHDOWN: You have an antidote? Of course! Mr. Palmer, get me a clean syringe so we <splashing sound> ...never... mind. How about a towel instead?

RUPERT: You should allow the antitoxin to be absorbed for a while more.

ASHDOWN: The face? Really?

RUPERT: It will prevent your brain from having a seizure.

FISHER: Rupert, how many of these bacteria can you use at once?

RUPERT: It is best not to have more than four. I currently have symbiotic bacteria for toxin, antitoxin, mating, and methane cultivation. If you allow more than four to enter you, it can produce unfortunate side effects.

FISHER: How do you create these bacteria?

RUPERT: I am not sure. I believe most were created at least seven thousand years ago. New bacteria are rare. The newest strain I am aware of creates an organ that replies to sonar echoes with ultrasonic bursts.

FISHER: You mean you can jam sonar?

RUPERT: If we want to.

ASHDOWN: Oh, man, I feel weird. All tingly-like. Does... does anyone here have any crisps? I could really go for some crisps for some reason.

FISHER: I have some chocolate somewhere.

ASHDOWN: That is as far away from crisps as you can get, isn't it?

FISHER: What if I had offered you a scotch and soda? Now that would be far away. I mean, it's not even solid food!

RUPERT: Is there more you wish to know, or may I begin?

FISHER: What? Oh, yes. Um... so we were wondering. How do you build cities on the bottom of the ocean? Isn't it hard, what with all the pressure, darkness, scaly things with big teeth and all that?

RUPERT: My older brothers prefer the dark. The light is bothersome. We do not feel temperature, so the cold is not a problem. Pressure is not a problem for us, as we allow bacteria to enter us that support our bodies, and we only use stone and coral as building materials. As for the other lifeforms in that region, they have learned to leave us alone.

ASHDOWN: Dev, I'm feeling better now. Can I have a go?

FISHER: You sure you're up to it?

ASHDOWN: Yeah. I know I'm supposed to be assisting you and all...

FISHER: Nah, that was just a joke. I was kidding you!

ASHDOWN: Really? No! Really?

FISHER: Really!

ASHDOWN: Oh, you got me! You completely got me! I'll have to pay you back for that one!

RUPERT: May I have my reward now?

ASHDOWN: Hey, I'm in charge here, Rupie. You'll have your reward soon enough. There's more talking to do.

RUPERT: That is acceptable for now.

ASHDOWN: What do you guys do down there? Is it all build cyclopean cities and worship tentacled gods or do you have like movies or something?

RUPERT: We worship Father Dagon and Mother Hydra. We worship Great Cthulhu. We worship the Great Old Ones who will return and reward us for our loyalty. We build our cities and maintain the watch for their return. We grow creatures to serve us, to feed us, and to improve us. So, no, we do not watch movies.

ASHDOWN: So you're a church person then? Not me. Never got into it.

FISHER: Me neither. All that singing, meeting the vicar for tea, Sunday mornings wasted... no thanks! So Rupert, who are Father Dagon and Mother Hydra, then?

RUPERT: It is difficult to explain. They are the children of Great Cthulhu, and they are our father and mother. Yet they are not of this world and cannot interact with matter unless the proper curve has been computed and inscribed upon the summoning stone. We revere them and fear them, for their return heralds the coming of the end time and the awakening of Great Cthulhu. In our rituals, we thank Mother and Father for our birth and ask them to postpone our death.

ASHDOWN: That... was... brilliant! Dev, look at my neck. See the hairs standing on end? Oh, well done, Rupert. That was properly ominous!

FISHER: Agreed! I mean, who says "heralds the coming" unless they're being ominous?

RUPERT: It would be unwise to mock me. Father Dagon and Mother Hydra can hear through time, and Great Cthulhu still sleeps on this world.

ASHDOWN: And he backs it up with a vague threat of otherworldly doom! He scores! What a performance! What a <splashing sound> ...Dev, is there black inky stuff on my face?

FISHER: Rupert, please spit the antitoxin on him.

RUPERT: May I wait until the seizures begin?

FISHER: Please don't.

RUPERT: Very well. <splashing sound> However, be warned. I am not here so you may make fun of me. I am only here to receive my part of the bargain denied to me by my older brothers.

FISHER: Ashdown, I'll take it from here. Now, you said something about making creatures? What's that?

RUPERT: As with symbiotic bacteria, we have created or altered life to serve us. We use modified tube worms for defending our cities. For long distance travel, we ride whales altered to withstand deep sea pressures. We have enlarged crustaceans to move our stones and build our cities. On occasion, we will even use the tar-like creatures created by our old enemies.

FISHER: You mean ANNING BLACK?

RUPERT: I believe that is your term for them.

ASHDOWN: Ooh, you mean those weird things with all the eyes, and mouths, and stuff?

THE LAUNDRY

RUPERT: ...Yes. The weird things with all the eyes... and mouths... and stuff.

FISHER: We know you also use strange physics in your cities. Can you explain?

RUPERT: Not much. As a younger brother, I am not worthy to receive the higher mathematics that induce magic and cannot read the language of summoning and gates. However, I know my older brothers work with superfluids and similar condensates. I have seen them create gates to other universes containing different physics, collecting the strange matter therein for their plans. I do not know most of the plans for using strange matter, but one I have heard of is to open methane pockets trapped underneath the sea bed without causing undue seismic stresses that could endanger our cities.

FISHER: Why would you want to do that?

RUPERT: I believe it would allow us to cause most life on the surface to become extinct. The methane would rise to the surface and enter your atmosphere, raising temperatures so rapidly and so high that most surface life could not adapt and would perish. My older brothers have done this twice before but at a great cost to their lives and cities.

FISHER: Oh... And this is being planned?

RUPERT: It is being planned, but I do not know if the plan will ever be set in motion. Such decisions belong to our more elder kin, and even my older brothers do not know what their plans are.

ASHDOWN: What elder kin? You mean there's more of you down there?

RUPERT: We have many generations.

ASHDOWN: So what should we call these elder kin? Even-older-older brothers? Grannies?

RUPERT: Given the Laundry's nomenclature, I believe you would call them either Type Four or Type Zero. However, I do not know much about them. I have only seen one, and that was thirty years ago. They spend most of their time in other universes.

FISHER: Okay, we got some good stuff here. Just a few more, if you don't mind. What's with the mating with humans bit? Seriously, don't you have your own women to mate with?

ASHDOWN: Really! You randy fish-guys, you!

RUPERT: I have told you many things that you should not know about my race. I am ready to receive my payment now. Or else I shall introduce you both to the toxin.

FISHER: Well, okay. Thank you, Rupert, and we look forward to talking again. Go through the door over there. When you're finished, you are free to leave. Mr. Palmer? Please open the door for Rupert. Thank you.

<sounds of a buzzer, someone standing, walking, opening a door, and shutting it>

ASHDOWN: What's his big treat then? A nice big worm?

FISHER: You mean you don't know?

ASHDOWN: What? What don't I know?

FISHER: Rupert is an Old Wally.

ASHDOWN: A what now?

FISHER: He's a nancy boy.

ASHDOWN: Then why are we calling him Rupert?

FISHER: Rupert is queer! He's gay! He's a gay Type Three BLUE HADES hybrid! Get it?

ASHDOWN: Oh. That would explain the naked guy in the other room.

FISHER: Yes, it would. Apparently, BLUE HADES don't like it when you use genitalia for non-mating purposes. That's probably what drove Rupert to turn mole in the first place, I would think.

ASHDOWN: Do you think that guy volunteered to have sex with a BLUE HADES hybrid?

FISHER: He's from Accounting.

ASHDOWN: Volunteered, then.

END

To: **Pavi Singh** <ps405@imm4.hmprisonservice.gov.uk>
From: **Martha Southern** <ms103@imm4.hmprisonservice.gov.uk>

Pavi,

While visiting the Asylum Seeker Detainment Centre, Dover, as part of a surprise inspection to assess detainee living conditions, two incidents occurred which I must raise with you formally. They are:

1. Facility staff refused to answer reasonable questions posed as part of the inspection.
2. I was physically removed from the Allen Unit of the Centre, preventing me from completing the inspection. This constitutes a physical assault.

The chronology of my visit is as follows.

On arrival at the Western Heights fortifications, where the centre is located, I was told that the facility comprised three Units: the Hastings, Trafalgar and Agincourt Units. However, while inspecting documentation relating to these three, I noticed references to an "Allen Unit." Christie Plath, the acting manager of the Centre, informed me that this was a quarantine unit for detainees with contagious diseases.

When I asked to visit Allen Unit, Ms Plath appeared anxious and questioned my authorisation. Naturally, I informed her that my role authorised me to inspect any detainment facility without prior notice. I insisted on being accompanied to the Unit immediately. She complied.

Allen Unit is located deeper within the fortifications than the other Units. To reach it, one descends through old Victorian and medieval tunnels, into the former nuclear bunkers. As we approached, I noticed a peculiar smell, resembling decaying fish. I asked Ms Plath when the last hygiene inspection had been conducted, but she did not reply.

The security procedure for entrance to Allen Unit is exceptionally strict, much higher than is warranted by the security grading. I was, for example, subjected to a retinal scan. Once inside, a guard asked me to remain within a meeting-room until authorisation was obtained. I naturally refused, explaining that the point of a surprise inspection was that it was a surprise.

I demanded immediate access to a list of current detainees and was accompanied to the records room. The list I saw appeared to be inaccurate. Many detainees were listed as being admitted before the Detainment Centre was constructed; I assume Allen Unit was previously part of some other facility. Presumably computer error accounts for some inaccuracies (for example, many detainees are listed as being admitted as early as 1928).

On leaving the records room, I took a wrong turning and became lost within the corridors. Although I passed other staff, nobody questioned my authorisation (and, of course, I was fully authorised to inspect whichever parts of the facility I wished).

I came across a semi-silvered window, through which I could see the detention quarters. Looking down, I saw that the detainees numbered in the hundreds. Many seemed to have some form of skin disease and some were seriously deformed in the head and neck. There was a peculiar smell, detectable even through the window, suggesting poor facility hygiene. Through listening at the window, I could hear their speech. It was peculiarly guttural, perhaps a form of Russian or Czech.

The facilities provided were excellent. Many detainees were reading books, watching television or playing chess. Guards appeared to treat the detainees with respect: indeed, while I watched, they kept a significant distance away from the detainees. It is possible the guards were fearful.

Some detainees appeared disturbed at their confinement. One, whom I judged to be young, gave a prolonged and distressed cry. Most, however, seemed content. They gave the impression of waiting.

As I watched, various detainees began to sing. It began as a guttural hum, and then rose to a growling chant. At this, the guards became particularly fearful. As other detainees joined the chant, the facility walls began to vibrate. A crack grew in the window in front of me. The chant grew to a crescendo. When it stopped, the detainees broke into what I assume was laughter.

THE LAUNDRY

After my observation, I attempted to return to the control room. On the way, I overheard two guards discussing how they might prevent inmates "breeding." Although sexual liaisons are discouraged within detention centres, referring these liaisons as "breeding" is clearly unacceptable. I informed the guards that their conversation was unprofessional, demanded their names, which they refused to give, and told them to escort me to the control room.

When I arrived there, the Allen Unit staff again asked for authorisation. As before, I presented my credentials and explained the procedure for surprise inspections. They then stated that Allen Unit did not fall under the jurisdiction of the Prison Service. This certainly appears to be incorrect: it is part of the Detainment Centre, which falls under our remit. Curiously, one gentleman then appeared to ask whether I was connected with Facilities Management (he asked, as I remember, whether I was there to do the laundry). I informed him of my role and the purpose of my visit.

From then onwards, the staff refused to answer questions about the facility. Specifically, they refused to answer:

1. Why the detainees were, according to the records, classified into three "types" and what these indicated.
2. What the specific medical conditions of the detainees were and why those infected were not kept separate from others.
3. How long the detainees had been present within Allen Unit.
4. The meaning of various code phrases, related to colours and other ambiguous words, which I saw scribbled in the notes.
5. Whether there had been any births within the Unit.
6. Whether there had been any incidents of physical confrontation, attempted escape or attempted intrusion into the Unit from outside.

I was then asked to leave. I refused, repeated the procedure for surprise inspections, and referred them to the appropriate policy. I was then physically escorted from Allen Unit, accompanied by Ms Plath.

On returning to Ms Plath's office, I informed her that the behaviour of her staff had been unacceptable and that I would take the matter of Allen Unit further. She seemed shaken, which given the physical confrontation she had just witnessed, was understandable.

Her behaviour then became extremely unusual. She asked me why I had visited Allen Unit. She asked me, exceptionally curiously, whether I had "felt drawn" to it. She then specifically asked me, and the question was odd enough that I remember it exactly, whether I had dreamed of swimming underwater (for your information, I replied that I had).

I then left the Centre, having concluded my inspection to the best of my ability. To be clear, I am formally raising the above-mentioned incident with you as my line manager. Again, the two incidents I wish to report are:

1. Facility staff refused to answer reasonable questions; and
2. I was physically removed and thus assaulted.

Despite the criminal nature of the assault, I wish to resolve this matter internally, rather than involving the police. There are, of course, other issues in the above chronology that you will wish to pursue.

I further wish to make the following recommendation:

1. Christina Plath, Acting Centre Manager of the facility, be referred to Occupational Health. My personal and non-medical opinion is that there may be mental health issues that prevent her conducting her role in an appropriate manner.

Thank you for your consideration. I look forward to your early reply.

Martha

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More evidence we can't trust these bottom-feeding fuckers:-

[Link](#)

For the hard of understanding, I'm going to sum the article up. Those fishy bastards attacked a Brit oil-rig, the GSF Royalty, in 1975. THAT'S RIGHT. 1975. Do the math. That's 21 years after the fucking Benthic Treaty was signed. What a bunch of back-sliding, fish-faced mothers.

And why did they attack the rig? 'Because it was drilling.' HELLO? IT'S AN OIL RIG.

What do these fish-men expect us to live on? And what exactly does this pointless peace of shit treaty say about offshore drilling anyways? Are we allowed to our not? Cos, if we ain't, then it's time we tore the damn thing up and just bombed these fuckers back into the stone age.

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That's 22 years, retard. The treaty was signed in 1953.

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Go easy on him, Des, he's American. But at least his spelling's improved.

In fairness to him though, he IS right. Sort of. The Bottom Feeders DID attack the GSF Royalty in '75, but what our perennial sceptic doesn't appreciate is the fact the Treaty (from what I can gather) has extensive clauses written into it that recognises we need to drill for oil, but it only allows us to do so with the EXPRESS PERMISSION of the Bottom Eaters.

How does it work? We say to them, "We'd like to drill here," and they have to say either, "Yes," or, "No, we live in that bit, but we'll allow you to drill here instead." No one's quite sure what went wrong with the GSF Royalty, but there's a theory that there are certain factions amongst the Bottom Feeders that don't like us, see the Treaty as a bad idea, and think they should wipe us off the face of the Earth. And it's one of these factions that attacked the rig.

[-Show quoted text-](#)[Reply](#)[Reply to Author](#)[Forward](#)**BENTHIC SCEPTIC** [View Profile](#)[More Options](#) Jan 02, 9:15pm

You fags can suck my dick for all I care. We should bomb these gill-necks off the face of the planet before they do it to us.

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THE LAUNDRY

SEMPER FIDELIS FOREVER [View Profile](#)

[More Options](#) Jan 02, 9:36pm

Yeah, that'd work, Sceptic. We'd have about as much chance as a Neanderthal against a Marine.

And Monster? Show some respect, bro. I'm an American too.

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DESPAIRADO [View Profile](#)

[More Options](#) Jan 02, 9:48pm

Any more evidence of these factions acting against the Treaty, Hunter?

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MONSTER HUNTER [View Profile](#)

[More Options](#) Jan 02, 9:56pm

How long do you have, Des?

Let's see. We could start with Ravensdale over here in the UK. It started life in 1903 as a proposed seaside resort in North Yorkshire, but the project was abandoned when finance couldn't be found and, after a few months, neither could the builders working on what few streets were ever finished. They vanished one day without trace, and the resort has been deserted ever since, all alone on a cliff overlooking the North Sea.

That was until 1965, when a local bobby (that's a Policeman for our colonial cousins) saw lights in one of the buildings and cycled up to investigate. Details of what followed have been hushed up, but my contacts tell me the army (and, yes, British secret services) were called in to deal with 'a colony of mutants, more shambling, bi-pedal frog than man.' Now, if that isn't a reference to Bottom Feeder hybrids, nothing is.

It's all been quiet up there for years since, but my man in the local borough council (Scarborough, for those who know it) tells me one of their officers from Travellers Services (that's the roughnecks who kick out gypsies to you and me) disappeared last week. He'd been sent to, yes, you guessed it, Ravensdale to investigate reports of supposed squatters in the old buildings.

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SNAPARAZZI [View Profile](#)

[More Options](#) Jan 02, 10:15pm

Do we know if the guys from Her Majesty's Secret Ghostbusters have been sent in yet, Hunter?

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MONSTER HUNTER [View Profile](#)

[More Options](#) Jan 02, 10:20pm

Not that I know of. Are you going to see if you can get some pictures for your tumblr?

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SNAPARAZZI [View Profile](#)

[More Options](#) Jan 02, 10:25pm

I wish, Hunter. The Ghostbusters shut down my tumblr 'in the national interest.' Fascists. Won't stop me though. I'm leaving right now to see if I can get some pictures from Ravensdale. Scarborough's not that far from here.

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BENTHIC SCEPTIC [View Profile](#)[More Options](#) Jan 02, 10:35pm

God speed, man. The pictures you got of those flying fucks with no faces were awesome. Make sure you put the links on here, okay?

While we're still swapping frog stories, what about those poor fuckers in the Bering Sea? They were fishing for crab, because THAT'S THEIR JOB, and they caught some Bottom Feeders by mistake. The crew panicked and killed the gill-necks (which is a good thing, right?). Next night the whole boat's swarming with the fishy bastards and the crew gets butchered.

The only crewman who survived took five years to recover from the trauma and be released from hospital. Now he's sworn to hunt down every goddamn Bottom Feeder and gut them. Man, I hope he does it. I'd even pay his expenses.

[-Show quoted text-](#)[Reply](#)[Reply to Author](#)[Forward](#)**MONSTER HUNTER** [View Profile](#)[More Options](#) Jan 02, 11:04pm

Ah yes, the mythical Fisherman. Forget about him, Sceptic. He's a myth.

[-Show quoted text-](#)[Reply](#)[Reply to Author](#)[Forward](#)**LURKER** [View Profile](#)[More Options](#) Jan 02, 11:19pm

He's no myth, Hunter. He's real. Met him once. Focused. And very scary.

You hear about the Bottom Feeder cell in Arkhangelsk who had been mating with the locals? Dead. What about the hybrid diplomat in Stockholm? Guttled. And what about the boat full of 'Feeder heads the Kustenwache found drifting off Bremerhaven, or the shoal of dead pure-breeds that washed up in France? The Fisherman. This guy makes Quint look like Rainbow Bright. And I think he's making his way across Europe to get to Britain. Wouldn't surprise me if he's already in this Ravensdale.

[-Show quoted text-](#)[Reply](#)[Reply to Author](#)[Forward](#)**BENTHIC SCEPTIC** [View Profile](#)[More Options](#) Jan 02, 10:35pm

YEAH! FUCKING A! You get some, Fisherman!

[-Show quoted text-](#)[Reply](#)[Reply to Author](#)[Forward](#)**MONSTER HUNTER** [View Profile](#)[More Options](#) Jan 02, 11:04pm

We'll see, Lurker. We'll see...

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End of messages

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INTERNAL MAIL SERVER

FROM: Gorman, James P (Internal Logistics-Switchboard) <jpgorman@laundry.gov.uk>
TO: Newstrom, Andrew (Dept G) <anewstrom@laundry.gov.uk>
CC:
BCC:
SUBJECT: Fwd: Linked Disappearances

Andy,

Busy week, I know, but I think somebody's gotta run down this Galanakis Travel place.
I know Madge is a wolf-crying, field-op wannabe, but she might be right on this one.
Smells like BLUE HADES all the way – could even be recruitment.
The link is no longer active – can you have somebody sniff around?

– Jimmy

PS – Remind whoever you put on this that this is NOT an excuse for a trip to Greece. We are still getting hell for Bob's little 'Unausprechlichen Ski Cult' investigation in Vail.

----- Forwarded message -----

INTERNAL MAIL SERVER

From: Plimpton, Madge (Statistics and Occult Patterning) <mplimpton@laundry.gov.uk>
TO: Gorman, James P (Internal Logistics-Switchboard) <jpgorman@laundry.gov.uk>
CC:
BCC:
SUBJECT: Linked Disappearances

Jim,

I think this one is real! Valxerxes spit this out on Wednesday and it took me until today to authenticate.
Scary fun!

Donna Brumsfield (19), missing since November 12, 1999; last seen Bangor, Maine USA.
Ichirio Masazuki (42), missing since June 7th, 2002; last seen Ishikawa province, Japan.
Campbell Metcalfe (56), missing since June 28th 2003; last seen in town of Peel, Isle of Man.
Lars Stiegekried (20), missing since March 1st, 2006; last seen Tromso, Norway.
Keren Feldman (27), missing since May 13th, 2006; last seen Port Augusta, Australia.
John Stivers (9), missing since August 11th, 2008; last seen Newquay, England.
Thomas Paynter (40), missing since October 30th, 2009; last seen Seattle, WA USA.
Gary Krasner (32), missing since January 9th, 2011; last seen Pembroke, Wales.

(FYI, Gary at the end there is the one that got us looking.)

Seemingly unrelated disappearances, right?
But take a look at what our demonic number cruncher found!

Missing individuals all

- 1) lived in coastal towns
 - 2) at some point in their lives had won awards for swimming (most notably Keren Feldman, a 2004 Olympic alternate)
 - 3) they or some member of their family had all responded to the following piece of spam:
-

Galanakis Travel Presents

Kalkis - Island of Myth and Legend

My name is Spiros Galanakis, and I will Make You A Believer!

In all Greece, no place is having more ancient tales, myths,
and hidden secrets than the Isle of Kalkis.

Whether you search for mystery, history, romance, or incredible seafood,
the Isle of Kalkis has something for you!

- Luxury accommodations. Kalkis is an island from an ancient time, but your stay won't be. With a room service, air conditioning, and a deluxe spa, Hotel Hydraatos rivals any four star hotel in America. (There is even a Starbucks!)
- Friendly people. The populace of our quaint Island awaits you with open arms. They are simple folk, with a love of traditional sea songs and dances. For you, they have a smile.
- The Beaches and Nightlife of Kalkis! With beautiful beaches, romantic dining, and starlit nights, Kalkis is the perfect place to attract a visit from Aphrodite. Maybe she is waiting for you?
- The hidden village of Neophim. Experience the most ancient fishing village in the world! The men of Neophim still use techniques from the dawn of civilization to bring in their harvest. These artisans will put unparalleled seafood on your plate. (No photos, please. The Neophim townsfolk are warm and inviting, but also very shy. We respect their ancient customs!)
- The sunken temple of Yrcles. In ancient times, mysterious people came to this temple to sacrifice to Dêagonne. It is said that mighty Neptune raised his trident and sunk the temple. What could have angered Neptune so? Put on snorkel, fins, or scuba to explore this undersea mystery yourself.

Your package includes airfare, water taxi, free island shuttle service, as well as 4 night, 5 day luxury accommodations. Click [here](#) in the next 24 hours to receive your 15% discount!

Kalkis – come for a week, stay for a lifetime!

That's 8 disappearances in twelve years that fit the pattern. Don't know how many Valxerxes might have missed or don't quite fit the pattern. (Strong swimmers who never won an award? Could be lots!!)

I know conclusions aren't my job, but this looks like BLUE HADES to me!

Madge

FAO AGENT CHARLIE VICTOR

POSSIBLE TYPE III BLUE HADES INCURSION, OPINION REQUESTED.

Extract from Lothian & Borders Police interview with Edgar James, arrested on suspicion of multiple murders. Mr James' life was saved by police officers following up on a tip to Leith Victoria Swim Centre, Edinburgh, where he worked as a lifeguard. He was found face down in the water, near death; his assailant has not been found. We suspect the police are not looking particularly hard, as a search of his flat has turned up evidence linking him to the murder of five women over the last ten years. The big question is, what she was doing in Edinburgh and how the hell didn't we notice?



Officer Craig: So, about this woman, the one you say attacked you.

James: She did, she attacked me, unprovoked, she was so much stronger than she looked, she was so... so beautiful.

Officer Craig: And you'd done nothing prior to this moment? Mr James, in your flat we've found several pieces of evidence linking you to the murders and all of the women were members at the Swim Centre. If you confess now, well, at least you might be able to give these women some peace.

James: Audible sigh

Officer Craig: Mr James?

James: She was... so beautiful, they all were. You can't understand what water does to a woman until you've really looked, seen them under the water, seen them move through it, seen them in their proper element. So fucking beautiful. You wouldn't understand.

But I'd seen them, I've watched for so long and the most beautiful... I just... I just wanted them to never leave the water, never dry out. To be there forever.

Officer Craig: So you killed them?

James: No! I... I cared for them; I just wanted them to stay in their beauty. I wanted them to be like that forever. I'm not stupid, I know people die under water, but, well, I always thought, maybe just a little longer, just a moment longer and they'd be beautiful forever. Can't you understand?!

Officer Craig: And you tried again recently, tried to, eh, keep a woman beautiful?

James: She was... oh, god, you have no idea. All of the others were nothing next to her, she was just perfect. And I checked her age, legal and all. I'm not a pervert. She moved through the water like... like quicksilver, like she was born to it, her body glittering. She only came to the pool at the beginning or end of the day, swam alone, so fast, moving, oh, god...

Officer Craig: Mr James?

James: You don't understand! She was perfection! I couldn't let her leave! I couldn't let her leave the pool, leave me, she... oh, god... she was beyond human beauty, beyond anything I've ever dreamt. I just needed her to stay, forever. To be like that forever!

Officer Craig: So you tried to drown her?

James: No! Preserve her. But... she didn't want to stay, I couldn't convince her, couldn't stop her leaving like I did the others. So small, but so strong. I just remember pain and sinking, and then the police. Now I cough all the time; I'm so cold all the time. I tried so hard to create my goddess, to keep her in perfection, but I am imperfect. She rejected me, punished me. Arrest me for the others, I don't care. She rejected me, there's nothing worse you can ever do.

Officer Craig: I... I recommend we conclude this interview at this time. Further interviews will be required.

Dear Lord Habersham,

Once again I must thank you for this opportunity and for the trust you have placed in me. I am humbled. I truly hope this solidifies my inclusion in your club as well as in similar matters in the future. I am ready to serve.

The Laundry continues to be unaware of the upcoming changes in regards to BLUE HADES and the Benthic Treaty prohibitions. They hold great trust in the treaty's bond, and when faced with evidence that others may be violating the treaty (such as the enclosed NSA report), they are likely to 'lose' the report in the Stacks or explain it away. This trust borders on religious faith and we can easily take advantage of this. In fact, they remain completely unaware of the BLUE HADES build-up outside of Cornwall, although it deserves to be said that the SIS is working hard to keep the Laundry in the dark on this one.

That said, we cannot disregard the strengths and experience of the Laundry, as Lady Barker continues to suggest. The Laundry has a significant understanding of BLUE HADES biology, culture, and tactics, more so than even you and your friends. Most notably, they have acquired a mole in a Type III Hybrid that has been feeding them regular information for at least three years. How this turncoat has managed to survive while ours were discovered and killed within days is unknown. Thankfully, the Laundry is so laughably inept that they have not stumbled onto our connection with BLUE HADES.

There is a possible exception. A Laundry official known as Lockhart has authorized research and training into fighting BLUE HADES in multiple environments. He has even kept this project secret from Laundry upper management (given the complexity of the Laundry's matrix management scheme, this is no small task). In my opinion, Lockhart should either be brought aboard or neutralised.

Along the same lines, I would recommend reviewing your involvement with the Americans. If they are caught with their viral-fungal scheme, the retribution should not reach our shores. I do not wish any harm to come to our Canadian friends, but as you have said numerous times, we must look out for Britain first and foremost. It is not my place to make requests of you, and please do not interpret my recommendation as such. I would be remiss if I did not pass along a warning based on information I have acquired from the Laundry.

I hope the enclosed documents meet with your approval. If you wish any clarification or additional documents, please do not hesitate to contact me. I am yours.

Regards,
Charles

Reggie,

WTF is this? This was found jammed in a copier in Translation and Analysis, the one next to YOUR desk! Jane told me Internal Affairs has a copy, which means the Auditors have a copy too! Do you know who Charles is? If so, don't talk to him. Leave him alone or the Auditors will get you too! In fact, don't contact me at all until this blows over! I'm sorry! I don't know if you're involved or not but I have a career to worry about.

- Kevin



DANUBE CROSSING

INTERNAL MAIL SERVER

FROM: DouL, Thomas <tdoul@laundry.gov.uk>**TO:** Llewelyn, Christopher <cslllewelyn@laundry.gov.uk>**CC:****BCC:** Angleton, James <jjangleton@laundry.gov.uk>**SUBJECT:** DANUBE CROSSING Compiled Report

Chris,

This compiled report is the latest assessment we have on DANUBE CROSSING. Honestly I had a rough time piecing this together, since DANUBE CROSSING are notoriously cagey when it comes to revealing information about themselves, and the sources we have aren't very forthcoming. It should be noted that this is all based on anecdotal accounts, on spotty evidence and from observations of DANUBE CROSSING agents operating in the wild, so take it as you will. I asked Dan Westing (Archives), Roger Howard (Translations & Analysis), and Sarah Wilkinson (Research & Development) to contribute to this report, as their level of expertise when it comes to DANUBE CROSSING far exceeds my own.

Dan Westing's research in the Stacks has been invaluable to the compilation of this report. His submission details a species that has developed alongside, and often to the detriment of, humanity throughout history. DANUBE CROSSING have reigned over the Earth for a time orders of magnitude longer than humanity's short tenure, and their inevitable displacement by humans has made them reticent in their dealings with humanity, yet they engage us on quasi-covalent terms nonetheless.

The Laundry's dealings with DANUBE CROSSING are mixed. The current policy of providing diplomatic liaisons to DANUBE CROSSING in exchange for information about other threats has so far paid off, and will likely continue into the future. That said, we are still piecing together a basic cultural map for the species and this will take some time to accomplish. Roger Howard's debriefing of a DANUBE CROSSING 'expatriate' provided most of what we know, and his report is annotated with other relevant information.

Our Welsh contingent have significantly more exposure to DANUBE CROSSING than we do, by virtue of their proximity to CHARMERS BASKET, which brings us to Wilkinson's report on technology. Ms. Wilkinson has had the good(?) fortune of dealing with DANUBE CROSSING technology directly, and her conclusions present a clandestine species, preparing for a conflict so terrible that it is almost beyond imagining; CASE NIGHTMARE GREEN clearly looms large in this species' plans.

All told, we cannot assume their intentions, as Howard's report suggests that DANUBE CROSSING may in fact be working with humanity's best interests in mind – if looked at from a certain point of view (you may need to tilt your head and squint ever so slightly).

I've also provided some other documents that you might find interesting. ZOCCHI JAMJAR ALPHA is of particular note.

Tom

DANUBE CROSSING Historical Overview

Daniel Westing, Archives

DANUBE CROSSING is a species of sapient bipedal reptilian humanoids that we estimate evolved to sentience well before humanity, in the Permian period (~250 m. y. ago). We have no evidence to suggest that for the vast portion of this time they were anything more than sub-tribal hunters-gatherers. The earliest DANUBE CROSSING artefacts we have in our possession date to the Pliocene Epoch (~5 m. y. ago), but we suspect species-wide cultural development bloomed after the Cretaceous-Palaeogene extinction event (~65 m. y. ago).

Technological acceleration seems to have exploded exponentially upon DANUBE CROSSING discovery of the Dho-Na and Calabi-Yau topologies (~45 m. y. ago), then dropped off almost as rapidly only a few thousand years later – an instant, in geological time. The Mathematical Modelling boys have suggested that DANUBE CROSSING civilization underwent a mathematical singularity event.

The gulf of time between the Middle Miocene Disruption (~14.5 m. y. ago) and the first human record of DANUBE CROSSING has not been fully explained, by our research or by our DANUBE CROSSING sources. There is no paleontological record of DANUBE CROSSING in this time. Laundry research seems to indicate the Middle Miocene Disruption was caused by a second DANUBE CROSSING singularity event, which shifted a vast portion of their civilization out of the forward-moving timestream as we know it.¹ The jury's out on whether they were shifted to another location on the Dho-Na spectrum or if they slipped into SILVER TEMPEST. Whatever the truth, we know that from that point on DANUBE CROSSING ceased to exist as a unified race, and to this day exists as pockets of a failed civilization. Some of these pockets were surprisingly successful in asserting dominion over large regions, but the rise of humanity out of Africa and into Eurasia (~1-2 m. y. ago) directly challenged DANUBE CROSSING's tenuous hold on those areas. In many cases, *Homo sapiens* (and later, *Homo neanderthalensis*) simply squeezed out DANUBE CROSSING from the most vital settlement locations by dint of a faster reproduction cycle. That is to say, we out-bred them, forcing them into warmer climates.

DANUBE CROSSING established itself as a species dependent on littoral trade and aquaculture, and clashes between DANUBE CROSSING and early seafaring tribes were not uncommon and almost entirely one-sided affairs. The first seafaring peoples to rout DANUBE CROSSING in a pitched sea battle were the Phoenicians at the Battle of Tas-Silg in the 4th century BC, which ousted DANUBE CROSSING from the Mediterranean islands of Malta. Excavation of the DANUBE CROSSING ruins is ongoing.

At around the same time as the Battle of Tas-Silg, DANUBE CROSSING established a sizable settlement on the shore of the Persian Gulf.² It had grown into a major trade port for them by the time human settlers pushed into the region and established the nearby settlement (and later city) of Irem. Surprisingly DANUBE

CROSSING were the first to reach out and make contact, and for a short while trade relations existed between the two cities.³ The scattered records of Irem make reference to DANUBE CROSSING traders appearing as humans,⁴ and indeed it was some time before the King of Irem, Shaddad, was aware that Irem was trading with a reptilian species as old as time.

Shaddad's advisors, fearful of their ways, counselled him to cut off trade with DANUBE CROSSING. When the King of Irem subsequently refused to expand Irem's trade relations with the city on the coast, DANUBE CROSSING agents, appearing in Irem 'like living phantoms,' razed Irem, calling upon 'great and terrible sandstorms, that flowed like water and struck without mercy.' DANUBE CROSSING then abandoned their city on the coast, tunnelling through the earth to a subterranean paradise foretold by their greatest sages.

Evidence of DANUBE CROSSING is scarce beyond this point, the species (or what small pockets of it remained at this stage) seemingly changed civilization tactics, preferring to infiltrate and co-opt human development rather than try to eradicate it from without. We know that DANUBE CROSSING had both direct and indirect roles in a number of historical events, and careful examination of culturally significant texts shows their hand at work.

The most disturbing perhaps is their role in the Roman exodus from Wales in 383 AD. In the Welsh epic *Breuddwyd Macsen Wledig* (The *Mabinogion*/The Dream of Emperor *Maximus*), the Emperor Maximus dreams of a Welsh maiden, who marries him on the condition that her father receive all the lands of Wales. While most scholars have described the story as a parable, we in the Archives suspect that the real Maximus, General Magnus Maximus, experienced a dream not unlike that in the story, which drove him to seek the throne of Rome.⁵ We further believe that the dream and Maximus' subsequent meeting with a Welsh 'princess' was in fact an elaborate DANUBE CROSSING ruse to ingratiate themselves in the upper echelons of Roman power. This of course then implies that the Welsh princess of the story, who many suspect to be Elen Luyddog (also known as Saint Helen of Caernarfon), was in fact a DANUBE CROSSING agent masquerading as a human. We know that Maximus fathered children on this 'princess,' and he is held in high regard to this day as the founding father of numerous Welsh dynasties, including those of Gwent and Powys. There is the stark and terrifying possibility that anyone who can accurately trace their lineage to the union of Maximus and Elen carries DANUBE CROSSING genes.

Further analysis of DANUBE CROSSING's activities in the present day are beyond the scope of this report. Please consult David Carlton's Modern Activities Overview, which follows.

[EDITOR NOTE: The document ends here. The Modern Activities report is deliberately omitted. See the cover letter for clarification.]

¹ Members of DANUBE CROSSING refer to this event as the Thurian Cataclysm.

² This site is located just east of the Ghawar Oil Field in the Eastern Province of Saudi Arabia and west of Bahrain, approx. 25.490°N, 50.330°E.

³ This relationship was confirmed by the discovery of the ruins of Irem in 1992 by Saudi archaeologists. The ruins have since been declared off-limits to the public and we suspect Black Chamber involvement. The worst case scenario is that the Black Chamber has successfully excavated the nearby DANUBE CROSSING city and have access to their chameleotrophic technology base.

⁴ This is the first record of DANUBE CROSSING chameleotrophic technology at work. In this case they presented themselves as being ethnically and genetically similar to Irem's people.

⁵ Maximus was commander of Roman forces in Britannia when he partially seized the throne of the Western Roman Empire from the Emperor Gratian in 383 AD. In negotiations with Theodosius I the following year, he was made emperor in Britannia and Gaul, while Gratian's brother Valentinian II retained the rest of the Western Roman Empire; Maximus' defeat at the hands of Theodosius at the Battle of the Save in 388 signalled the end of true Roman military activity in Britannia, and the absolute end of Roman activity in Wales.

TECHNOLOGICAL OVERVIEW, ABRIDGED

SARAH WILKINSON, RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT

As a whole, DANUBE CROSSING maintains a level of technological and magical advancement on par with BLUE HADES. However, DANUBE CROSSING's population as a species has been sufficiently sundered to the point that this technology base is rarely used to peak efficiency. Unlike humanity, with its countless technological innovations and advances, DANUBE CROSSING's 'civilian' technology has focused on three interlinked areas: chameleotrophic camouflage, neurochemical data replication, and deep genetic sequestration. The detailed processes behind these technologies are not firmly understood by our researchers. A fourth technology, thaumobaric weaponry, is frightening enough on paper, let alone in use.

DANUBE CROSSING are known to use a range of 'dissolution devices' that are able to separate and store a victim's component memories, neurochemical makeup, and genetic material, destroying the victim in the process. DANUBE CROSSING can draw upon these stored elements and fabricate entire individuals with custom-designed appearances, personalities, memories, and skillsets. It is impossible to superficially determine if any given DANUBE CROSSING agent is one of these fabricated individuals, and indeed, many fabricated individuals don't know their own true nature. BLUE HADES has exhibited a similar technology with their Type III individuals, although DANUBE CROSSING are unique in custom-designing individuals and 'building' them, rather than breeding them.

Based on the limited information gained from TEMPEST ECHO, our primary source for information relating to DANUBE CROSSING technology, we have gleaned the following information.

CHAMELEOTROPHIC CAMOUFLAGE

DANUBE CROSSING, as a species, have mastered chameleotrophic camouflage. This is the technique whereby a DANUBE CROSSING individual can masquerade as a member of the human race by wearing a 'skin' designed in much the same way as their fabricated individuals. As with fabricated individuals, chameleotrophic camouflage utilises a low-level glamour to cover up any minor imperfections or flaws in the disguise, allowing the decidedly non-human DANUBE CROSSING to effortlessly pass as human. All identifying features in either case - skin prints, irises, dental patterns, even DNA - do not match anything on record with a number of national and international databases. These constructed forms are effectively new people, as if they had been born yesterday.

Unconfirmed reports suggest that DANUBE CROSSING have integrated this technology into their own bodies, and that they can rapidly extrude a chameleotrophic camouflage after physically eating a subject. DANUBE CROSSING can consume up to 150% of their bodyweight in a single meal, using a combination of tailored enzymes and magic to rapidly break the excess biomass into its constituent elements, which are then released as gases (mostly hydrogen sulphide and carbon dioxide).

See attached file, 'SCD1/6/2004/653-A.'

SCD1 - Metropolitan Police - Coroner's Office

Investigation: At approximately 5.32AM on the 4th of November, 2003, a floating corpse was retrieved from the Thames by an MPU (Marine Policing Unit) boat. An initial examination of the body found gunshot wounds and injuries consistent with a fall; based on estimations of time in the water and speed of river flow at that time, the MPU determined that the body had fallen into the Thames in the vicinity of Tower Bridge and had been in the water for less than an hour. A large amount of organic matter, primarily bone meal, stringy muscle tissue and fat was also retrieved from the river at this time.

Autopsy: The corpse was that of a white male, 183 cm tall, 84 kg, aged approximately 30, dressed in a yellow rain-jacket, heavy hooded sweatshirt, jeans and trainers. Entry wounds consistent with short-range gunshots from a 9mm firearm were located in the centre and lower right of the victim's back, with matching exit wounds in the chest. All three bullets passed entirely through the victim. Cause of death was determined to be trauma and blood loss.

The corpse was extremely bloated despite the recent time of death. Incisions were made in the abdominal cavity and intestines to vent gas before continuing with the autopsy. There were small cuts on the victim's forearms, and a larger wound on the victim's navel. This injuries were likely caused by a small blade or scalpel.

Fingerprinting determined the corpse as being that of Jerome Lyons, a known drug-dealer and street chemist.

...cont

cont...

The organic matter was analysed and found to be human remains that had been masticated and partially digested, in a manner consistent with the digestive process of a large reptile such as a crocodile. Such animals sometimes vomit up partially digested or indigestible matter. Some 30 kilograms of material was retrieved by the MPU team.

Genetic testing of the material was inclusive. There was a partial DNA match with a sample previously taken from Jerome Lyons during an investigation in 2002, but as Lyons' corpse was intact, the lab suggests that the bolus material was contaminated with DNA from Lyons' body while in the water. Repeated tests were unable to determine the actual origin of the remains.

Follow-Up: MPU divers searched the riverbed in the vicinity of Tower Bridge following the discovery of the corpse, and found a sports kitbag that contained personal effects and drug-related paraphernalia believed to belong to Lyons. The bag also contained a 'spiny sponge,' described as being similar to a sea urchin, which was found inside a plastic container. Regrettably, this item was mislaid by the officer handling evidence collection and has been lost.

NEUROCHEMICAL DATA REPLICATION

In mammals, the mechanism for laying down new long-term memory is reliant on long-term potentiation activated by chemical triggers; the trigger creates a new connection between two neurons. DANUBE CROSSING can generate customised chemical triggers that create specific memories. The primary delivery vector for these chemical triggers is a variant neurotoxin that travels through the bloodstream from the injection site to the brain. DANUBE CROSSING uses this technology in multiple ways:

- Communication
- Education
- Personality copying and transfer
- Memory erasure and editing
- Post-hypnotic suggestion

Memories created by chemical trigger are interpreted by the target as being 'their' memories. By using memories tailored for human subjects, DANUBE CROSSING has demonstrated the capacity to alter a subject's beliefs and induce desired behaviour that is immediately rationalised by the victim. Put simply, the victim is utterly unable to recognise that his memory or personality has been altered, and strenuously resists any insinuation that outside factors are present. It has also been demonstrated that while humans can metabolise chemical triggers intended for DANUBE CROSSING subjects, trying to integrate non-human memories invariably leads to psychological trauma or insanity.

Estimates put the effective bandwidth of neurochemical data replication at approximately 8×10^{12} bits/cc (terabytes per cubic centimetre).

See attached file 'DANUBE SILVER CROSIER Debriefing.'

CLASSIFIED: DANUBE SILVER CROZIER

Operation DANUBE SILVER took place in the winter of '93/'94, and was a joint effort between the Laundry and our European partners to identify and arrest DANUBE CROSSING agents across the Schengen area travel zone and the British isles. Agent CROZIER was a Danish citizen and former servant of DANUBE CROSSING turned by Laundry handlers.

Handler 1: What happened then?

CROZIER: They took me inside and brought me into the kitchen. They both dropped their glammers and turned back into snake-men. I –

Handler 2: Stop. Go back to when you entered the building. They closed the door behind you, right?

CROZIER: Right.

Handler 2: What else? Did they lock it, or take any other precautions?

CROZIER: They didn't lock it, but one of them drew a symbol on the back of the door.

Handler 2: What did it look like? Can you draw it?

CROZIER: No. I tried, but... I don't know. It just doesn't line up.

...cont

THE LAUNDRY

cont...

Handler 1: Never mind. Don't think about it. They brought you into the kitchen and then what?

CROZIER: They asked if I wanted a drink, or a sandwich or anything. They'd just bought a sandwich toaster and were eager to use it. They're always buying new gadgets and stuff. Another time, they'd all bought those little hand-held games machines. Like kids, or magpies. They love shiny things and new stuff. Anyway, they got a few cans of coke out of the fridge and gave me a sandwich. It tasted weird, sort of tangy. My mouth went numb.

Handler 1: What did you talk about?

CROZIER: I... I can't say.

Handler 2: By the authority vested in me by the emissaries of Y'ghonzzh N'hai, I invoke the third circle of compulsion. I command you to speak.

CROZIER: They said... they said... hurr...

Handler 1: Christ, he's choking. Relax the fucking geas.

Handler 2: I withdraw my command.

Handler 1: Forensics didn't pick up any silence geases on him.

Handler 2: Must be hidden. Fuckers.

Handler 1: What do you want to do? We're supposed to have him back at the hotel in an hour.

Handler 2: Ok. I'll get the boss – she's got higher-level Y'gh stuff. She can probably override their bindings, or at least give us a better idea of what we're dealing with. I'll call the hotel crew, get them to vamp, keep the hooker and the glamour-boy going for another hour or so. Okay?

Handler 1: Okay.

Handler 2 exits the room.

Handler 1: **[CROZIER]** you okay with all this? We'll be digging around inside your soul again, but I promise we won't endanger you unduly.

CROZIER: Is this really necessary? I mean, I was only in there for ten minutes and –

Handler 1: Even so.

CROZIER: No... no. It was only ten minutes. I checked in, had a snack, then walked out. Nothing else important. I'd remember.

Handler 1: We're going to check, okay? It's routine. You trust me, don't you?

CROZIER: I feel ill.

Handler 1: Just sit back and relax. Breathe. Do you want a coffee or anything?

CROZIER: No. I'm okay.

Handler 1: Okay.

Time passes. Handler 2 enters.

Handler 2: She'll be here in a sec. How do you feel?

CROZIER: A bit queasy, but I'm okay.

Handler 2: Forensics swear they didn't miss a geas, but he's compelled not to talk, and the missing time has to be a memory blank. There's something worth finding in there.

Supervisor enters.

Supervisor: **[CROZIER]** I'm **[REDACTED]**. Shall we begin?

CROZIER: I remember now. They told me to wait for you. Ia'goz N'yraz'yahi ia'goz Ashail

Handler 1: What the fuck? Security! Security!

Handler 2: I command you to cease! I command you to cease!

Supervisor: By the authority vested in me by –

Screaming, followed by the sound of an explosion. Message ends.

Thaumic forensics determined that subject CROZIER successfully cast a spell of destruction killing everyone in the room, despite:

- being confined in a binding circle
- not having any training in sorcery
- the presence of a qualified field necromancer trained in countermandancy (6th grade).

Thaumic forensics also confirmed that CROZIER was free of any binding spells or geases when he entered the Laundry office. We must assume that DANUBE CROSSING were able to 'download' a variant of CROZIER's personality into CROZIER's brain, complete with fanatical devotion to their cause and a complete mastery of sorcery, within the time it took CROZIER to eat a sandwich.

DEEP GENETIC SEQUESTRATION

Deep Genetic Sequestration (DGS) technology combines aspects of the previous two. DANUBE CROSSING can digitally store a creature's genetic code, cellular makeup and neural structure in a condensed lossy format. Stored creatures can be recreated using a variation on conventional cloning techniques, where a fertilised ovum of the appropriate species is injected with the stored genetic material and then subjected to a thaumic fast-growth field. Coupled with an invocation of Maxwell's demon, this allows DANUBE CROSSING to create an instance of a digitally stored individual. The recreated individual may or may not be aware of their 'artificial' status, depending on the particular neurochemical data replication used to create the individual's memories.

DANUBE CROSSING facilities commonly contain the decanting apparatus used to create these 'homunculi'; the apparatus uses a combination of off-the-shelf scientific and household equipment and magic. The required fertilised eggs are stored in cryogenic suspension until required. So far, DANUBE CROSSING has restricted their DGS efforts to relatively common species, primarily *Homo Sapiens* and themselves along with the occasional foray into guardian monsters, but it is conceivable that they have access to an extremely wide range of suitable ova. Developing a spell or targeted biological weapon to counter DGS creatures is a priority, to avoid the nightmare scenario of a host of bathtub-grown, magically-augmented dinosaurs stomping across central London.

See attached note, 'Contents of the Copenhagen Safehouse.'

Contents of the Copenhagen Safehouse

LOCATION is two-bed apartment located at 12A, [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. Bagger teams were dispatched following completion of DANUBE SILVER tactical op. Five bodies (three human, two DANUBE CROSSING) were removed prior to bagging and categorisation of safehouse contents.

Level 1 (Hazardous)

- Active counter-intrusion wards (Class 3)
Placed on all doors, windows and access points.
Wards were also found inscribed on the corners of all interior walls; the function of these wards has yet to be determined.
- Contact-activated poison on all surfaces
Every interior surface and object in the apartment was coated with an extremely thin layer of a highly potent neurotoxin that can be absorbed by the skin. This poison is invisible to the naked eye. It causes paralysis within 20 seconds of contact, and can arrest breathing in especially susceptible victims.

Level 2 (Mission Relevant)

- 12 packages of human muscle tissue, wrapped in clingfilm
Each package weighed precisely one pound.
Found in the freezer compartment.
- 12 envelopes, each containing
A valid passport and driving license.
A platinum credit card.
10 gold Kruggerands.
Medical records, birth certificates, tax records and other documentation.
Ticket stubs, loose change, lottery tickets and other commonplace items.
- Suspected DGS setup in bathroom
Bathtub contained a large amount of a nutrient-rich cell culture medium.
Sympathetic-magic field generator powered via shaver socket.
Six 'stone eggs,' believed to contain fertilised ova and stored information.

Level 3 (Significant)

- Summoning grid under carpet
Drawn using metallic-ink pen.
Dho-Na curve, category C, consistent with invocation of the Mouth of Naash-Yeth.
- Laptop computer (Windows ME, 6GB Hard drive)
- 1,000 rounds of 9mm Parabellum ammunition

Level 4 (Not Significant)

- Sundry items, list available on request.



THE LAUNDRY

DANUBE CROSSING - a reassessment

.....
Traditional depictions of the Serpent Man species (DANUBE CROSSING) suggests that they are survivors from millions of years in the past. They are portrayed as humanoid snakes who, through a combination of magical hibernation and sheer bloody-mindedness, created a technologically advanced civilisation that spanned millions of years, from an astounding two hundred and fifty million years ago almost to the present day. Given that the lifespan of our technologically advanced civilisation appears to be only around five thousand years, based on our consumption of resources and damage to the environment, a civilisation that lasts hundreds of times longer would be a staggering achievement - if it were true.

Now, there is evidence that other civilisations have endured for comparable times. The 'Old Ones' (ANNING BLUE SKULL) are believed to have a similarly long-lived culture, but they were very, very different to us. The functioning of Old One society is still a mystery, but we can surmise that they carefully husbanded their resources, controlled their population, and avoided catastrophic phase changes to last that long. Similarly, BLUE HADES (comparatively recent arrivals) take the long view and have managed their population and resources to maximise their culture's chances of survival.

By contrast, we know that the Serpent Man civilisation:

- ☐ Expanded and contracted rapidly, with corresponding population booms and die-offs.
- ☐ Were almost as rapacious and resource-hungry as humans.
- ☐ Experimented with highly dangerous technologies.

Archaeological evidence for DANUBE CROSSING is fragmentary. Advocates of the 'single serpent-man super-civilisation' theory would argue that the vast gulf of time separating the present day from the heyday of the serpents has destroyed and eroded most of this evidence, but this overlooks the facts that:

- ☐ Most recovered Serpent Man artefacts date from within the last 1-2 million years.
- ☐ Most are 'time capsules,' deliberately created to last for millions of years, containing sleeping individuals or stored genetic material.

Even those who posit that the Serpent Men civilisation suffered a collapse or series of collapses cannot account for all the gaps in the fossil and archaeological record, nor can they wholly account for the stagnation of their technology. If there was any continuity to the Serpent Man culture, they should have left far more clues.

Instead, consider the far more likely prospect that there were *multiple, short-lived, local* Serpent Man civilisations. Using their mastery of genetic manipulation and hypnosis, DANUBE CROSSING could create the temporal equivalent of colony ships. Instead of sending these 'seeds' across space, they would bury containers of their genetic material and encoded minds. Many of these seeds would fall victim to the ravages of time, but a few might fall on 'fertile ground' - millions of years later, some unfortunate creature might disturb the container and be first *possessed by*, then *transformed into* a Serpent Man.¹ Further, we can speculate that the few Serpent Man sorcerers we encountered who used suspended animation to cross the aeons are custodians or gardeners of these seeds.

Our present era may be the most fertile, from DANUBE CROSSING's perspective. The current growth of Serpent Man cults may be the first green shoots that precede a mass outbreak. There are nine billion humans on the face of the Earth - if, as I surmise, the Serpent Men use genetic and psychological reprogramming to turn us into *them*, then they have nine billion potential hosts. In short, we cannot continue to assume that the Serpent Men are relics of a bygone era, a vanished civilisation of interest only to academics and archaeologists. In short, I believe we are about to be colonised.

.....
¹ Compare the accounts of OLD DREAMER possession - probably a misapprehension of actual Serpent Man subversion

THE LAUNDRY SEMANTIC MATCHING SERVICE matches your document to archived text. Use of this service without a valid budget code may lead to disciplinary action.

Your document, **The Ophite Apocalypse.docx** from **VaticanArchives.zip** follows. Matches to archived text are indicated in [SQUARE BRACKETS].

THE OPHITE APOCALYPSE

Because he had shown Eve knowledge and freed her from the Tyranny of God, the Serpent was cast down from Eden and fell into the desert. And there Eve was cast down also.

There they did lie together and the Serpent did know Eve. And Eve became big with the Serpent's seed, which was not a child, but snakes. And the snakes tunnelled downwards into the sand, consuming Eve's heart and liver, leaving her body rotting in the desert sand. ^[1]

And there beneath the desert did the Serpents build a city without name. It was a city of altars and pillars, greater than any dug before, and temples and mazes lay within. It was a city of gold, with golden pictures painted in circles, curves and shapes indescribable. It was a city of beauty, of murals, of carvings of lines and curves incomprehensible to Man. ^[2] For it was not a city for Man.

There did the Serpents live for years innumerable and eons uncountable. There were they enrobed in silk and laden with gold, metals and jewels unknown to Man. There they grew into creatures like Man, but superior to Man, because they had the Knowledge that Man did not.

When the descendants of Adam swarmed over the Earth, the Serpents rose from their city and joined them. And they became like Man, taking their skin and their voices. And, for a time, they lived among men as men. And, through their greater Knowledge, they came to rule Man, although Man knew not that he was ruled.

In the final days, the Serpents will be kings of men, yet the Descendants of Adam will think the Serpents are men like them. And the Serpents will speak to men, and this is what they will say.

These are the end times. Abandon your gold and your riches, for in the end times you will not need them. Abandon your happiness and pleasure.

Abandon your liberty, for we rule with greater knowledge. Abandon your books and your libraries, for our knowledge is ours and not for you to comprehend. Abandon your health, for it is costly to us. We are your rulers and you are our slaves. ^[3]

And if a man disobeys the Serpent's rule, he shall become like Eve. Serpents shall spawn from his eyes and within his belly. His hands shall be tied and his skin torn and venom shall be dripped into his eyes. And for a year he will not die, but after a year he shall die, in blindness and submission and agony. ^[4]

These are the end times. The Serpents of Earth shall rise and the Descendants of Adam shall fall. And Man shall toil underground, in the caverns where once the Serpents lived, in pain and blood and humiliation. ^[5]

These are the end times. These are the times of Man's woe and the Serpent's glory. And men shall become like animals, for this is the end of Man's rule and the beginning of his pain.

MATCHES FOUND!

[1] 67% confidence: Hospital records, worldwide, various cases (all deceased), 1974 – 2011.

[2] 74% confidence: Archaeological dig, Saudi Arabia, 1934.

[3] 58% confidence: Party conference speech, David Cameron, 2010.

[4] 97% confidence: Crime report (Multiple Murder), Metropolitan Police, London, 2011.

[5] 57% confidence: 21st Century Forecast, Prediction Service (Internal), 2011.

INTERNAL MAIL SERVER

FROM: Smythe, Walter H (Mathematical Modelling) <whsmythe@laundry.gov.uk>

TO: Fredericks, Roger P (Arcana Analysis) <rpfredericks@laundry.gov.uk>

CC: XXXXXX, Harold X (Internal Logistics) <harryThehorse@laundry.gov.uk>

BCC:

SUBJECT: Project ZOCCHI JAMJAR ALPHA

Gentlemen, as you well know, the mixed results of Operation BROKEN FEVER left us all in a bit of a tizzy. Unlike some officials, particularly those in Auditing, I do not believe that our 'friends from Langley' have possession of OBSIDIAN CRAPSHOOT. Rather, while BROKEN FEVER allowed us the luxury of knowing that the artefact OBSIDIAN CRAPSHOOT does in fact, exist, it also brings with it the knowledge – as I believe – that it instead lies with TUT'S INFANTRY.

Naturally, other departments in the agency have worked towards reclaiming OBSIDIAN CRAPSHOOT, but we in the Mathematical Modelling department have been taking a slightly different approach. Rather than try to reclaim the original OBSIDIAN CRAPSHOOT, why not just build a new one? If the story's to be believed, OBSIDIAN CRAPSHOOT was first created by DANUBE CROSSING in a city only referred to as 'The Nameless City.' Let me tell you what a help that's been. Thus began our foray into Project ZOCCHI JAMJAR ALPHA.

While the structural composition of OBSIDIAN CRAPSHOOT has never been in question – DANUBE CROSSING provided samples of the original stone in exchange for access to some 'diplomatic liaisons' – construction is a totally different animal altogether. And we simply don't have enough to synthesise a working prototype. We have contemplated simply asking DANUBE CROSSING for an additional trade arrangement, but Comptroller Riley in Purchasing has denied our request four times already. See my workaround, below.

We began ZOCCHI JAMJAR ALPHA by running several computerised configurations of OBSIDIAN CRAPSHOOT, at first with no luck. Cross-referencing portions of *De Vermis Mysteriis* with the *Atrocity Archive*, our preliminary attempts at modelling began with a dual octahedron, containing six rhombic faces. Manipulation of the model, via the standard Dho-Na curvatures, proved to be ineffectual. Thaumic energy levels were projected to be barely above the norm – you'd have more luck throwing a few d8 at whatever beastie was coming at you.

Improved results came about when working with an asymmetrical pentagonal antiprism. Unfortunately, this also came with several side-effects. Our programmers and mathematicians tended towards... let's call it a zeal for the workplace. Most of that lot has been put on mandatory sabbatical for the time being, pending psychological evaluation.

Thaumic energy signatures spiked to their highest degree when we attempted an asymmetrical rhombohedron, with faces at angles 60° and 120°. Manningham stumbled across this little gem while he was talking with Annette, from Occult Forensics. Apparently, at the atomic level, crystalline structures tend to be at their strongest when arranged at these angles. Naturally, this knowledge forwards itself into the realm of arcano-mathematics in terms of thaumic transfer. Truth be told, it was a little more than we can handle. Please note the attached memorandum and request for six additional workstations.

In our latest attempts, I believe we've found a happy balance right around the 57° and 123° mark. Thaumic signatures are strong – not to the degree that the original DANUBE CROSSING stone was, but definitely within workable parameters. OBSIDIAN CRAPSHOOT, if *De Vermiis* is to be believed, makes for quite the effectual personage, with no small amount of arcane talent itself. Having a more controllable, less temperamental version of OBSIDIAN CRAPSHOOT might give us the leg up that we need, should we be involved in CASE NIGHTMARE GREEN.

I'm forwarding this to you now, gentlemen, to get your approval for Form 18-R-9: Requisition for Unorthodox Purchasing. Rather than trying to establish a trade relationship with DANUBE CROSSING that Central Auditing obviously doesn't want, we're going to send the 'Toshers' in and just take what we need. Upon your approval, I'll forward you the latest topographical reports, regarding the Nameless City's location.

Please send a 'read reply' once you've read this; I'll do my best to make myself available to get your signatures. Ms. Wilkinson has a few more simulations that she'd like me to run.

Thanks,
– Walter Smythe



Extract from 'Snakecatcher – 15 years in the Occult Service'

Chapter 1 – I Shall Wear Only Turquoise

Even before the Wall came down in '89, the Soviet desk was about as lively as a nightclub at five in the morning. All the revellers had departed, and it was just a few sullen bouncers and old drunks, leaving us to clean up the bloodstains. I pottered around for a while, but I'd come up out of Cambridge and spent my years in the field, handling agents and dodging the *Stasi*; I wasn't made for a desk job. I wasn't *au fait* with the new computer side of things, either, and that was where the action was. So when C called me up to his parlour, I assumed he was going to offer me a soft landing in the private sector, as a foreign correspondent or a consultant or some such.

'Brian,' he said to me, 'we've got something that might be up your alley. It's a bit on the strange side, but...'

'But?'

'Well, let me put it this way. Have you signed Section III?'

'In blood. This is down with the wiz boys, then?'

He passed me a folder of photographs. Surveillance shots, the family albums of this business. Anonymous people, in coffee shops and bars and train stations and alleyways. I spotted telltale signs of the trade. *He'd* made a brush pass, handing that envelope to *her*. This one was trailing another chap. That one was trying to blend in, but there was blood on his shoes. They were in the Great Game, but I didn't recognise them as players.

'Organised crime?' I ventured.

'Keep going,' said C. He picked up his phone and walked over to the drinks cabinet. I heard him whispering as he poured me a scotch.

'Fuck,' I said, forgetting myself when I found the next photo. It was a man with the head of a snake. Scaly skin beneath an Armani shirt. Clawed hands resting on a briefcase.

My own hands shook as I reached for the scotch. The next set were more snake-things. I forced myself to study each one, even though my brain recoiled at the sight of them. I wanted to hide under the desk, to run out of there, to get away from those terrible black eyes that stared out of each glossy photo.

Then I saw it. That one, that monstrosity, was wearing the same clothes as the subject of a photo in the first set of glossies. I flipped back and forth, making connections.

'They can disguise themselves as human?' I asked.

C nodded. 'A secret nation, concealed among humanity. We don't know how many of them there are, or what they want. We don't know how active they are. We're not sure what sort of technology they have. We don't know how many of *us* are actually *them*.' He took a long drink. 'Not much on phone taps. They can change faces and fingerprints like we change shoes. Extensive involvement in all sorts of nasty business – drug trafficking, money laundering, bioweapons. Corporate and political fronts across the world.'

He leaned forward. 'Between you and me, I get the impression that the wiz boys don't have much of a handle on the situation. You've got the experience they need. You'll be seconded to them as an agent handler. Back in the field, full pay, counts towards your final pension, and you'll still report to us.'

I said yes.

Six months later, in the Marrakesh medina, I'd regret that decision.



INTERNAL MAIL SERVER

FROM: Angleton, James (Counter-Possession) <jjangleton@laundry.gov.uk>
TO: Cabot, Gerald (Counter-Subversion) <glthornton@laundry.gov.uk>
CC:
BCC:
SUBJECT: RE: FW: DANUBE CROSSING Compiled Report

Gerald,

I have grave concerns about this report. While Dou's portion appears to be accurate, I have serious misgivings concerning the activities of those who contributed, particularly Ms. Wilkinson and Mr. Westing; a full half of Westing's overview is missing from this report, even though the contributor, Carlton, has testified to me in person that he physically handed Westing a copy. The email from Mr. Whittle to Ms. John-Blyth is completely at odds with the rest of the report and I deeply suspect we may have a counter-subversion issue.

Please meet with me at the earliest available opportunity.

– JJA

INTERNAL MAIL SERVER

FROM: Thornton, Gerald (Counter-Subversion) <glthornton@laundry.gov.uk>
TO: Angleton, James (Counter-Possession) <jjangleton@laundry.gov.uk>
CC:
BCC:
SUBJECT: Counter-Subversion Investigation – Westing/Wilkinson/Whittle

Sir,

In response to your email and our subsequent discussion –

Counter-Subversion, in cooperation with Auditing, conducted a thorough investigation of Daniel Westing, Sarah Wilkinson, and Ronald Whittle. In summary:

1. The investigation revealed that Mr. Westing, while clear of any irregular activity concerning DANUBE CROSSING, has been concealing a long history of mundane substance abuse. While this is not particularly noteworthy for the Laundry, the fact that he continually misled Laundry personnel regarding this matter in the past cannot be ignored. His work in Archives was largely unaffected by his extracurricular activities, although I recommend a permanent non-clearance assignment elsewhere.
2. Ms. Wilkinson was tipped off to the Counter-Subversion investigation and eluded us. Her tower block flat in Stepney was abandoned, seemingly in a hurry. No personal items were missing from the flat (given Stepney, this was a surprise), although the location of Ms. Wilkinson's warrant card is still unknown. Further deep investigation revealed some falsification in Ms. Wilkinson's credentials. The external individuals responsible for providing and/or verifying those credentials are also missing. Clearly this was a cock-up on Personnel's part, although I suspect Curtis in Auditing dropped the ball as well, as she was responsible for Wilkinson's post-recruitment audit. I believe Wilkinson was acting on behalf of DANUBE CROSSING. It is impossible to know if she was simply a human agent, or if she was an actual DANUBE CROSSING infiltrator utilising chameleotrophic misdirection. The good news, if any could be had, is that DANUBE CROSSING would have gained little information from Wilkinson's access to Research & Development that they would not have gained through their certain infiltration of our sister organisations.
3. Mr. Whittle is quite possibly the stupidest person I have ever met. His contribution to the Laundry is questionable at best and idiotically detrimental at worst. He is clear of malfeasance in this matter, although I strongly recommend Mr. Whittle's reassignment to Residual Human Resources before he harms himself or others.

I recommend all current Laundry personnel be subject to two (or possibly three) rounds of personal audits. Someone tipped off Wilkinson, possibly someone in your office or mine. It appears Wilkinson was not the only one working against us.

We have a mole, sir.

– Cabot



Historical Perspective:

Mr. Goldstein:

When you first contacted me in regards to the legends of Saint George, I had thought you to be merely interested in some light reading. Any good British child worth their Penguins knows the story of Saint George, saving the city of Silene and its beautiful princess from the ravaging power of a dragon. Naturally, my own studies would tell that the legend was most likely based originally on the various mythologies surrounding Mesopotamia and the Eastern Mediterranean – the old story of Perseus saving Andromeda comes to mind immediately, to say nothing of mighty Apollo killing some wormy creature named Pythos before founding the temple at Delphi.

The typical modern legend comes to us from de Voragine's *Golden Legend*, as translated by William Caxton in the 15th century. Caxton and de Voragine place Silene in Libya, which makes it most likely a corruption of the city of Cyrene, which was destroyed in an earthquake in 262 AD.

However, when you suggested delving into the historical context of the legends, I was a bit taken aback. I mean, they *are* just stories, after all. It seems that the original Saint George ran into a bit of foul luck, all told. Born sometime before 246 AD, in what's now modern Syria, he rose up the ranks to join the Imperial Guard of Emperor Diocletian. Mind you, this was all before Diocletian decided that he wasn't all that fond of those Christian fellows and decided to have them all executed (or at least try really hard to get them all).

For whatever reason, Georgie had converted to Christianity a few years prior, even knowing the dangers of doing so. Somewhat between a rock and a hard place, Diocletian asked politely for George to reconsider at first, then asked much less politely... on a 'wheel of swords.' Story goes that George passed out three times while being tortured, and was resuscitated each time, just to keep him going on the wheel.

Funny thing about those Christian chaps, though: the more you tend to kill, the more they seem to pop up. George became something of a martyr-figure. Note, Mr. Goldstein, that there's nothing really about dragons or such so far at all. That didn't seem to pop up until the Second Crusade, during the reign of Baldwin IV (Baldwin the Leper).

I certainly hope you appreciate this all – history is not my specialty. I had to walk all the way to the History department to speak to Dr. McQuillen about this, and that man is about as much fun as the Leper King himself. If you need any further information regarding the Saint George legends, I recommend reading Caxton's translation itself, or taking a look at Morgan's *St. George: Knight, Martyr, Patron, Saint, and Dragonslayer*.

Yours,

A Marwick

Prof. Aaron Marwick
English Dept., Liverpool Hope University College

Goldstein's Notes:

I believe that our first believable sighting – and, if the story's to be believed, slaying – of a DEEP SEVEN phenomenon comes from the historical Saint George. Not the farcified one of Caxton, to be sure, but rather the historical warrior. It wouldn't be out of character for Diocletian to send emissaries to Cyrene, particularly warriors – ever since the Jews revolted, the Roman emperors had been trying to maintain a peaceable settlement in Cyrene fairly unsuccessfully.

So, let's say that Diocletian sends George off to Cyrene to take care of an uprising, only to find out that something's eating the livestock there... and later, the children. Being a Roman (relatively speaking, at least) and a warrior, the people would look to George to take care of it.

Weapons technology and sheer logistics aside, let's assume that George in fact defeats (or at least drives off) a DEEP SEVEN. Perhaps that event might have driven him to a new faith? Or, perhaps Diocletian would have simply thought his guardsman mad, speaking of massive worms with fiery breath and the like. In either case, it provides a reason for Diocletian to execute one of his highest-ranking soldiers, beyond the simple 'He likes Jesus' excuse. I don't think George really slew a DEEP SEVEN, mind you. After all, it was an *earthquake* that destroyed Cyrene, both in AD 246 and then again in AD 365. Quite possibly, they stem from the same DEEP SEVEN occurrence. Or, more pessimistically, a new clutch. If this is the case, we're then to assume that DEEP SEVEN has infested the whole of North Africa and the Mediterranean region.

At this point, I believe we need to look at the geological survey. A series of entries similar to Cyrene's follow.

British Geological Survey – Seismology Report:

Dates Queried: AD 200-AD 400

Regions Queried: Eastern Mediterranean, Near East

Features Queried: Abnormal, Non-Faulted

Hits: 5

Year: AD 358

Location: Nicomedia

Seismic Event: Earthquake (estimated at 8.3-9.2 magnitude seismic event)

Notes: Most typical information regarding this seismic event come from Ammianus Marcellinus, who places the date on August 24th. Most unique about this event is what Marcellinus describes as 'after the second hour,' implying that the seismic event went on for some significant period of time. This is backed up by further citations in the Marcellinus text, which goes on to state that the event went on for upwards of three hours, devastating the entire city. Marcellinus continually refers to the event as 'the Ravager,' obviously referring to its ability to tear down the entire city of Nicomedia.

Year: AD 363

Location: Sea of Galilee

Seismic Event: Earthquake (estimated at 5.6-7.2 magnitude seismic event)

Notes: Fewer sources are available on this event, though Emperor Julian ('the Hellene')'s chronicler states that the event devastated Tzipori and utterly annihilated the Nabratein synagogue. Stranger still, though, is the chronicler's reference to a creature being present during the earthquake. Loosely translated: 'Set loose it was amongst the shaking ground, it crawled upon our houses letting loose gouts of heat and fire from its tongue-filled mouth...'

Year: AD 258, AD 304

Location: Rome

Seismic Event: Earthquake (estimated at 4.5-6.3 magnitude seismic event, and 5.6-7.2 magnitude seismic event, respectively)

Notes: Most notable from the AD 258 Rome quake is the fact that it buried the so-called 'Crypt of the Popes,' which was later rediscovered in 1854. Supposedly the crypt contained the cremated, half-charred remains of Peter I, though no proof of this remains. Few chronicles of this occur, though one writer, Calixtus, makes reference to 'vermis ingens' (trans: massive worm) and a 'spiritus ignis' (trans: spirit of fire) residing within. Calixtus's text is repeated, nearly word for word, in AD 304, following a second, similar quake (though of significantly stronger seismic force). The chronicler Quintus Publius describes a 'vermis variis linguis' (trans: worm of many tongues) that emerges from beneath the Appian Way, destroying several key points in the famed Roman aqueduct.

THE LAUNDRY

Year: AD 226

Location: Rhodes

Seismic Event: Earthquake (estimated at 6.8-7.4 magnitude seismic event)

Notes: Of course, this one. It sank the great Colossus, after all. But that's not the weirdest part. While Rhodes lies on the boundary between the African plate and the Aegean Sea, the entire island seems to be rotating, following a sinistral strike-slip fault system. It's literally like the entire island is going down the drain, as if something has tunnelled out a massive drain beneath the plate itself. A great comet was seen in the sky during the earthquake and 'Poseidon's kraken, the mighty sea-serpent, rose from the sea to tear down the great Colossus.'

British Geological Survey – Seismology Report:

Dates Queried: All

Regions Queried: British Isles

Features Queried: Abnormal, Non-Faulted

Hits: 3574

Summary Output:

- 22 April, AD 1076, Epicentre unknown. Magnitude estimated at over 6.5.
- 11 August, AD 1089, Epicentre unknown, estimated near York. Magnitude estimated at over 7.0.
 - (Check chronicles of William of Malmesbury, regarding 'buildings lifted up, then crushed like crockery')
- 4 August, AD 1133, Epicentre at South Coast (Portsmouth?). Magnitude estimated at over 6.1.
 - Chronicle of John of Hexham, 'Lo, the king's ship did move, as if some being had grasped it and pulled it 'neath the waves...'
- 15 April, AD 1185, Epicentre near Lincoln. Magnitude estimated at over 8.0.
 - Destruction of Lincoln Cathedral? Ruins suggest tearing force, rather than structural collapse.

- 4 March, AD 1999, Epicentre at Arran. Magnitude 4.0.
- 13 May, AD 2001, Epicentre at Dumfries. Magnitude 5.3.
- 28, October, AD 2001, Epicentre at Melton Mowbray. Magnitude 5.8.
- 22 September, AD 2002, Epicentre near Dudley. Magnitude 4.9.
- 21 October, AD 2002, Epicentre near Manchester. 36 separate events, ranging from 1.3-3.9 magnitude.

Goldstein's Notes, continued...

Britain's not known for being on any major fault lines. We're near dead centre of the Eurasian plate – there should be little to no tectonic activity, barring some outside acting force. Surely, we have some minor cracks and faults, particularly in the north of Scotland, but certainly not near Lincoln or Portsmouth. Certainly not all over the countryside itself. Certainly not all over Britain...

This is what I was worried I'd find.

Historical Perspective (Continued...)

From Sir Amery Wendy-Smith's 'The G'harne Fragments: An Annotated Translation' (1919)

Foreword:

When I returned to the shores of Dover, eight long months after leaving them aboard the R.M.S. *Empress* of Scotland, I knew I was a changed man. The sights that Sir Howard Winthrop had shown me, from the awe-inspiring ruins of the city of G'harne to the mind-breaking beings that dwelt there still, had forever impressed upon me a fear inescapable. I would never escape that city, though we had long fled its crushed, trampled walls.

When in the Congo for the first time, Winthrop introduced me to one of the native shamans that he had become friends with over his various expeditions. Dobe – the shaman's name – spoke to us about the great dragons of the deep jungles, of how they crushed the earth when they crawled about, and how their fiery breath would scorch whole sections of the forest. Winthrop's eyes flashed wildly at this; it would not be the last time that this look from Winthrop seared my soul.

At the word 'dragon,' my mind immediately went to those beings of legend: of King Arthur's knights and of old Saint George. How very wrong I was. I have seen dragons, and they are most definitely not some flight of a Romantic's fantasy, but rather of terror and of madness. I have seen the caverns beneath G'harne. And most certainly, there be dragons.

Goldstein's Notes, Continued...

Wendy-Smith's annotated translation of the 'G'harne Fragments' provides us our best historical analysis of the DEEP SEVEN threat. The account describes the ruined city of G'harne in no small detail, in as well as the numerous beasties that have taken up residence there. The greatest of these, obviously, are DEEP SEVEN specimens, which 'crawl over one another like hatchling serpents in a nest, thundering the ground as they writhe.'

Translating the various stone tablets found within G'harne, Wendy-Smith found evidence of ancient civilizations, predating any known to modern science and history. We, obviously, know better. It's from Wendy-Smith that we get our first descriptions of DEEP SEVEN which, in their own way, sound very much like dragons. Long, scaly creatures that 'breathe fire'? Yes, that would fit neatly.

I'll leave the grisly fate of Winthrop for your own reading. Suffice to say that the expedition reached the heart of G'harne, where Wendy-Smith was able to translate the carvings on what he referred to as 'a central temple.' All this raises two current questions: where is G'harne now, and why hasn't DEEP SEVEN destroyed it yet? It is unlikely that, between 1919 and now, G'harne has been destroyed, even with the massive amount of DEEP SEVEN and other xenobiological activity in the area. If DEEP SEVEN were going to destroy it, it would have happened by now.



Satellite topographical analysis places a significant amount of geothermal and seismic activity directly in the heart of northern Chad. Another localisation occurs dead in the middle of modern-day Libya. Due to the restrictions on intelligence gathering in Libya – thank you, Mohammad Gadaffi – we are currently unable to investigate these under normal circumstances. Fortunately, there are *other* means.

However, neither of these sites is particularly notable for their jungles. To the contrary, they're firmly in the Sahara Desert. One other possibility emerges, though, in the southwest corner of Sudan. It'd be near the locality that Wendy-Smith and Winthrop were intending on visiting, without being so far from the other localities as to be improbable.

Action into Chad or Sudan would not be as impossible as in Libya, but all three bear investigating, particularly if we are looking to procure a live or recently deceased specimen.

From Eusebius' Testimonium Nomina, translated into English by Sir Amery Wendy-Smith:

With his great army, Diocletian arrived in Nicomedia, entering through the Gates of Dagon. There, upon the gates, were chained great legions of Christians, wailing and beating their hands against the gate. The horns blew and great Diocletian strode to the top of the gate. Raising his hands to the skies, his soldiers beat their spears upon their shields in a great tumult and rhythm. The clamour rose forth, drowning the cries of the Christian beasts, even as they cried out in fear.

'The Emperor spread his hands, and beneath the arch of the gate lay Georgius, spread upon a wheel of knives and blades. He groaned, and blood did gout forth from all his wounds in a spray, covering all those nearby. Georgius did swoon three times upon the wheel, and Diocletian gestured down each time, and his men bore Georgius back upright.

'The life and blood fled from Georgius' body, and our Emperor's soldiers did cheer greatly. There was a great cacophony, as they beat their shields harder and screamed to the high heavens. Great Diocletian raised his hands once more, and in a great song, extolled Mighty Dagon. The song echoed with the sound of his great voice, and Christian and Roman alike did clap their hands over their ears from the sound.

'Then came a great rumbling. The earth itself did shake, though the Gate did not move. Buildings toppled as Diocletian sang, the words parting the very ground like hands through a bowl of grain. The earth opened and a creature [swum?] forth from the depths, flailing and angry. It lashed forth with a rubbery arm, smashing the Christians against the gate, smearing their blood and viscera across the land. Georgius let forth a final scream, and then breathed no more.

'The creature leapt forth, burrowing under the gate, and snatched up the Georgius and the wheel in its mighty tendrils. The soldiers did scatter and flee before the crushing might, running in between the falling spires and flying rubble. Diocletian, laughing heartily, quit the gate, returning to Aspalathos. Twenty thousand Christians died that day in the carnage, and Rome chortled at their misery.

Goldstein's Notes, Concluded:

It took me eighteen separate phone calls, at least a hundred e-mails, and more favours called in than I care to admit in order to get access to this manuscript. The Vatican added Eusebius' account to the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* in the late-1600s. I have no idea how Wendy-Smith got a hold of it, much less for long enough to do an English translation.

Honestly, I can't really believe it. One of the most famous Roman emperors, working for the other side. I guess it shouldn't surprise me. I realize I've only been here a year or so, but this is... this is too much. The patron saint of England, sacrificed to a DEEP SEVEN. Twenty thousand killed, an entire city destroyed, because Diocletian felt slighted and thought that Georgius was too close to the truth.

If this sort of thing was kosher back then, I can only imagine what today's leaders do. Is it any wonder CASE NIGHTMARE GREEN is on the horizon? We're doing it all to ourselves... we don't even need DEEP SEVEN to help.

CLASSIFIED TOPSECRET//EYESONLY//SCI//BLUEBLUE//NOFORN/ORCON/25x69

The following is a transcript of Meeting STONE WATCHER#9805

Date: [REDACTED]
 Topic: [REDACTED]
 Participants: [REDACTED]

Goldstein: Okay, recorder on. Test. Test. [tape rewinds] Good, I think we're all finally here. Everyone have their coffee? Biscuit? No? Okay, then. Let's go around the room and introduce ourselves. I'm Wesley Goldstein, from the Monitoring division, Department of Records. I called you all here; thanks for actually showing up!

Marshal: Andrew Marshal. Field Support.

Broome: I'm Janine Broome, resident entomologist. I just transferred from Housing to Facilities.

Peterson: Roderick Peterson, here, Doctor of Forensic Medicine. Occult Forensics division.

Mendoza: Um... I'm Antonio Mendoza. I'm a *sous-chef* in the Catering department. I'm also not really sure why I'm here.

Goldstein: Your talents, Antonio, are vital to our understanding here. Thanks for coming, all. If you could pass around the signature page for Form 360, sign and initial... that'd be great. Spectacular. Gerard, I was hoping that you could get us started here. Could you tell us all a little bit about Project FOURTEEN GRAY?

Marshal: Sorry, but is he cleared for that? Loose lips and so forth...

Goldstein: Rest assured, everyone's been properly briefed and vetted regarding protocol. Forms are still being processed - we should have the copies here by the time we're done.

Marshal: All right, then. Where should I start?

Goldstein: How about in Sicily?

Marshal: We'd received intelligence relating to the Iranian VEVAK and an attempt to purchase controlled grimoires on the occult black market. Our contacts on the ground pointed us to where the Iranians planned to meet their supplier.

Goldstein: I'm to understand that your mission was disrupted.

Marshal: Yeah. Earthquake, we thought. We - myself and four chaps from 21 SAS - were encamped in a series of Etruscan ruins, near where we believed the deal was going down. Our strategy was simple: blow the hell out of the Iranians and whoever they were dealing with, and scoop up whatever was left. Seismometer showed about a 6.4 on the Richter. We were about to bear down on the VEVAK position, when we caught our first glimpse of the DEEP SEVEN.

Peterson: Wait a minute, you actually saw it? My notes show that DEEP SEVEN specimens were, by and large, dormant.

Marshal: Not this one. It was up, all right. Crashed right through the ruins like a rugby player out of lager.

Goldstein: Can you give us all a description of what it looked like? I mean, we've read reports, but you and your team are one of very few to have a Class Three encounter.

Marshal: Right. It was long, tubular. Approximately ten to twelve metres long, about three to four metres in diameter. Dark gray or brown in colour. No eyes. It radiated heat like a sun lamp; I was sweating about seventy-five metres away. It had about eight to twelve short tentacles, each about two metres long, as well as three or four longer ones, probably four metres each. We got a good look down its gullet when it grabbed Miller. It definitely had a beak of some sort, almost like a squid.

Mendoza: [sarcastically] Freshwater or saltwater?

Marshal: What?

Mendoza: Never mind.

Goldstein: Let's stay on topic. What happened next, Andrew?

Marshal: There was a huge tremor as it broke through the surface of the earth, and then it slammed down between us. That's when it grabbed Miller. Fitzroy and myself went left, and we lost sight of McDonough and Clifford. Unfortunately, Fitzroy and I ended up back behind the DEEP SEVEN, in the tunnel it had bored.

Peterson: I'm to understand that you found some objects there, Mr. Marshal?

Marshal: We did. Egg sacs. About four dozen in all, in clusters of around a dozen a piece. Reminded me of caviar or such, all gooped together with an amber-coloured gel. The eggs were each about the size of a football.

Broome: Could you see anything in them? If there were larvae developing in them, that'd confirm that those egg sacs are part of DEEP SEVEN's lifecycle.

Petersen: As opposed to?

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Broome: It's been theorised that DEEP SEVEN don't come to the surface to reproduce. That the biological traces we've found are part of something else, like a servitor species or living bugging devices, or the cthonic equivalent of a weather balloon. If we can conclusively tie the larva specimen to the eggs, it'd confirm the natal strata theory.

Marshal: Er, right. Sorry, doc - they were opaque. Sort of leathery.

Broome: What'd you do with the eggs?

Marshal: Destroyed.

Mendoza: How?

Marshal: [confusedly] What do you mean, how?

Mendoza: Did you burn them, break them, serve them for tea? What'd you do?

Goldstein: That's a good question. How did you manage to destroy them?

Marshal: First, we tried the flamethrower. You know the saying: 'when you have a hammer...' Didn't work. Internal temperature of the eggs was too high, probably. Instead, we just hit them.

Peterson: Hit them?

Marshal: With a stick.

Peterson: You hit them... with a stick.

Marshal: It worked. What more do you want?

Goldstein: Well... not much, I guess, as long as it worked.

Broome: Man's got a point, there.

Peterson: [sighs] I suppose that's why the dead specimen you brought back was damaged.

Marshal: It came at us when we started smashing the eggs. Bullets didn't work, so we just splattered it with an entrenching tool.

Peterson: [grumbles]

Goldstein: I'm to understand that both you, Ms. Broome, and you, Dr. Peterson, examined the larval specimen? Can we get some feedback on what you found?

Broome: Of course. On preliminary analysis, I found that the specimen was quite similar in nature to Phylum *Annelida*. Gonochoristic sexual organs, bilateral symmetry, a closed circulatory system but no true respiratory organs, potentially able to feed on almost anything... essentially what we're looking at here is a giant form of oceanic worm, complete with...

Peterson: You're wrong.

Broome: [continuing over Peterson] a body cavity divided by internal septa. There's a form of sea worm, *Annelid sepulidae* that looks quite close in form...

Peterson: But you're neglecting some of the most important information; there's more to it than that.

Mendoza: What, does it spit lightning, too?

Goldstein: What information, Dr. Peterson?

Peterson: Ms. Broome continues to overlook several key biological factors that would most assuredly reclassify DEEP SEVEN as a cross between *Erpeton tentaculatum* and a creature similar to *Electrophorus electricus*.

Marshal: English, doc.

Peterson: The 'tentacled snake' of South America, and the infamous 'electric eel.'

Broome: But you're overlooking the obvious similarities...

Mendoza: Electric eel?

Peterson: Yes, indeed. You see, DEEP SEVEN has a set of organs similar to the Hunter's and Sach's organs in the electric eel. But, instead of generating electrical energy, they generate pure heat. Estimated output from these organs would be between 1400° and 1500° Kelvin - enough to melt through solid bedrock with ease.

Broome: I love how you can bring those up without bringing up epidermal mucus glands or the expulsion of coelomic fluid, just like *Annelida olegochaeta* - the common earthworm. You won't even acknowledge that...

Peterson and Broome: [Unintelligible arguing]

Marshal: Would you lot knock it off?

Goldstein: Yes, please. [sighs] Obviously, we're dealing with something that isn't quite classifiable yet. What we really need are options of neutralisation and termination.

Marshal: Well, SCORPION STARE is right out.

Goldstein: Why do you say that?

Marshal: It's all a matter of radiation. If the internal temperature is that hot already, what's a basilisk gun going to do to it?

Goldstein: But the heat from SCORPION STARE is only a byproduct. It's the Carbon-Silicon transfer that makes it lethal.

Marshal: Do you really want to be around a DEEP SEVEN when SCORPION STARE doesn't work?

Mendoza: Man's got a point there...

Broome: Then what can we do?

Goldstein: I was hoping that Mr. Mendoza could give us some options...
Mendoza: Me?
Goldstein: My dossier states that you were, prior to enrolling in culinary school, an exterminator. If nothing else, this is a *big* pest.
Mendoza: Well, yeah...
Goldstein: So, what did you use for worms?
Peterson: [muttering] It's not a worm, it's a...
Mendoza: Well, we'd start by treating with Merit or Sevin - I guess the active chemicals would be imidacloprid or carbaryl. If that didn't work, we'd sic the bacteria on them.
Broome: A bacteria?
Mendoza: Yeah. We had two types that we'd use - a bacillus and a type of [REDACTED]. They'd literally eat the worms up from the inside out.
Marshal: Could work, but it sounds more pro-active than we have time for. What about stuff that works right now?
Mendoza: Well, you probably said it best earlier.
Marshal: Huh?
Mendoza: Hit it with a stick.
Goldstein: That'd be a pretty big stick, all told...
Peterson: What about conventional firearms? Any use?
Marshal: Pistol and rifle fire dealt negligible damage. Banishment rounds are out, too - no penetration value to get the ward through. Flamethrower was useless, as I mentioned earlier. Internal body temperature is just too high. Fragmentary grenades dealt appreciable damage, though they tended to attract its attention.
Goldstein: Why do you say that?
Marshal: The creature seemed to be attracted to large noises. It didn't surface until the suppliers showed up in big trucks.
Broome: That makes sense. Earthworms have a sense for vibrational energy. Ever hear of worm charming?
All but Broome: No, etc.
Broome: It's an old competition they hold in New Zealand. One chap got over five hundred earthworms to crawl out of the ground, just by sticking a pitchfork in the ground and ringing it like a tuning fork.
Goldstein: Good, that's helpful. If sonics can help entrap DEEP SEVEN, we can at least get it in a position where heavier munitions might be possible.
Mendoza: [to Marshal] I would wonder if entropic cold would do any good? If its body temperature has to be kept so high, cold might slow it down or even kill it.
Marshal: That's reasonable. Prior studies have shown that DEEP SEVEN have needed additional protective wear when in environments with surface permafrost. Caught without that gear, that might suggest some vulnerability.
Goldstein: But can we get a field generator like that in high enough of an amplitude?
Peterson: It would mean having to push it through financing.
Broome: So, no.
Marshal: Short of bringing the whole Grenadier Guard out, there's not a lot that can phase these things.
Peterson: A Level Four Entropy Manipulation ritual could mimic a dedicated entropic generator. It'd take some doing, but it's definitely within our grasp.
Marshal: It'd certainly be faster than a Banishment, though not as reliable.
Mendoza: What if we could combine the effects? Add a chemical load to a liquid nitrogen canister?
Marshal: Maybe use the AG36 Grenade Launcher as a delivery system.
Goldstein: Think you could talk Harry into putting one together for us?
Marshal: You're kidding, right? If it explodes, combusts, freezes, or otherwise maims, that man'll be on it like his wife, on his birthday.
Goldstein: Did *not* want to picture that one. Go ahead and send it forward; hopefully, Harry'll have the modifications done shortly. Broome, Peterson, I'd like to see both of your full reports. By 5pm tomorrow? Good. And, Mendoza, send a request to Maintenance and Janitorial - I want samples of both the chemicals and the bio-agents you mentioned. Have them sent straight to Armoury. Go ahead and pencil in another meeting next week - same day, same time. Hopefully we'll have some more leads by that point...

[Tape Ends]

Into the North with Nigel Worthy

13 February 2010 3:45PM

I know what you are thinking. 'Nigel Worthy has a blog? Doesn't he write with an old Smith-Corona?'

Blame my editor at Clifton. She was very direct: 'You want to push your deadline for a jaunt to the tip of Norway, Nigel, then you are bloody well going to blog about it.' (Don't ask how long it took her to clarify 'blogging'.)

My granddaughter, Amanda, is the joy of my dotage. Unfortunately she also has muscular dystrophy (yes, Jerry's Kids, you've got it right). She's done fine with it for years, but since her 11th birthday, she's taken a turn for the worse. Not to get too gloomy, but it's the kind of bad where western medicine shrugs its shoulders and says 'let's not rule out alternative therapies.'

So, after weeks of research and scores of phone calls, I learned of a spa near the town of Eidelbørg in the northernmost reaches of Norway. The 'Eidel' waters bubble up from some sort of a geothermic whatsit to make hot springs that are fabled to cure asthma, rheumatism, arthritis, and a host of other ailments. The spa has no website, no travel reviews, not even a phone number, but I finagled a mailing address out of an herbal therapist in Sri Lanka.

Now, after 3 postal exchanges and a month of impatience, I have secured reservations at the spa for Mandy and myself. Armed with nothing more than passports, luggage, a laptop computer with spare battery, three credit cards and fistfuls of cash, my granddaughter and I are off to explore the healing waters of a tiny frozen Scandinavian village. Along the way, my commitment to you (and my editor) is to blogify each step of our journey. Enjoy!

16 February 2010 7:28PM

We leave tomorrow and I'm nowhere near packed, but here's a spot of history to get you ready. According to my research, Eidelbørg is a truly ancient town. In the Norse *Danlunda Saga* (10th Century) there is a town named Eigelskann that had mystic waters which granted long life to its inhabitants. (Good news for us, hey?)

The Eigelskänner did not speak the Norse tongue and were not willing to trade with the Danlund tribe. In typical Viking fashion, Danlunda responded to this lack of hospitality by attacking the town. What happened next is good reading, best quoted directly!

The Eigelskänner have no ditch or fence, and they would not form a shield wall. At first we slew very many. Then they opened the doors of their great stone temple and two firewyrms crawled forth. The Eigelskänner chanted in their strange tongue and grovelled before the wyrms and the wyrms struck down many of my Carls. Even Helmer Sourtongue lost an arm before we fled.

Of course, the Danlundars were people who drank a lot of mead. Okay, enough history. Back to packing, tomorrow morning we are off!

17 February 2010 11:58PM

First day of our trip and what a day! Heathrow to Oslo; Oslo to Tromsø; a single engine charter the rest of the way to Eidelbørg; and into our frigid pension. Mandy did very well, though the she was nearly spent at the end.

The town is lovely, but the people are stunningly rude. Little Mandy wears leg braces and has to walk with those cuffed crutches. Without them, she can't get around. Well, several of the townsfolk openly stared and pointed at her. One old woman was even yelling in her curious language almost right in Mandy's face. I am beginning to have some real sympathy for old King Danlunda's point of view on these folks. Tomorrow we head to the actual spa. Hopefully, the chaps there will be better behaved.

18 February 2010 12:17PM

Look at that! Even here I have a signal! And to think I was mad about Sputnik. Mandy is down in the baths having her first soak so I am taking this time to bloggerise away.

This morning, Mandy and I took a dogsled from Eidelbørg to the actual spa today. Yes, you read that right, a dogsled - that's how remote we are. Mandy positively lit up when she saw the dogs, though.

The place is amazing. It's made of these giant stone blocks that must weigh two tons apiece. There's no electricity, no heat, no proper plumbing; but warm all the same because of the geowhaters that make the hot springs. There are almost no other guests, so I guess we have the run of the place.

The folks that run the spa have better manners than those in town, but they still stared when Mandy came in, and started jabbering to each other in their language. I don't think they are speaking Norwegian either. Are we close enough to the border they'd be speaking Finnish?

19 February 2010 10:10AM

Forgive me if I'm testy - tossed and turned all last night. Mandy is soaking again downstairs. I haven't gone below, myself; think I'm coming down with something. Ironic, yes? Come all the way to the Arctic Circle and get a cold? Must say though, that Mandy is looking very well! Not saying the water is all it's claimed, but the hot soaks really make her feel better.

Whoops - just realized I've only got my one spare battery! Better start keeping these short.

20 February 2010 2:14PM

Mandy is positively brilliant! She is even going about without her crutches (though she still wears her leg braces). Of course, I've gotten beastly sick. Still sleeping poorly too, but who's complaining?

I must say, Mandy is a frightfully clever girl. (Doesn't get it from my side, mind.) She seems to be picking up a bit of the local language! Mostly 'please' and 'thank you,' but some longer phrases too, I think.

21 February 2010 5:03PM

Is there anything more boring than an old, sick man talking about his dreams? How about an old, sick man blogging about his dreams? Here goes!

I'm in the Bristol townhouse where Jennifer and Alan lived when they were still married. Except there's no furniture and the rooms are much bigger - I couldn't even see the ceilings. It was one of those dreams where you just know something's wrong, but you don't know how you know.

I run into the nursery. It's huge, and the only thing in it is the crib. I stumble over and look in. Mandy's in the crib but not as a baby. She's 11, like now, and she's all folded up to fit in the crib like a marionette in a box. I pull her out and shake her so her legs unfold.

Suddenly her eyes snap open and she grabs my shoulders. Her mouth drops open, and something like worms start to crawl out and grab for my face.

That's when I woke up soaked in sweat.

Bored? Sorry, but it was bloody scary to me. Seems like the sicker I get, the better Mandy is. What the hell kind of 'health spa' has no bloody doctor?

21 February 2010 3:19AM

It's the middle of the night, but I have to write again. Something is wrong. Mandy is talking in her sleep. I can't understand her words, but I think she is muttering in that weird local tongue.

22 February 2010 4:17AM

Middle of the night again. We have to leave tomorrow. I hate to pull Mandy away early, but this fever is killing me. I sleep all day long, then toss and turn all night. So here I am again, blogging in the dead of night. My spare battery's almost used up, and I can't listen to Mandy's sleep gibberish anymore. Guess I'll take a walk.

23 February 2010 8:58AM

Not sure how to write about this.

Last night on my walk, I found my way down into the basement. It was dark, but I had my hand torch. I never saw the baths - I must have been somewhere else. There was a cavern and a black pool. Not water, some sort of chemical, like oil. lake with a grey stony shore.

Laying half in the pool, there were these terrible things, like a pair of huge, shaggy worms. They were blazing hot, but I think they were asleep. They were sort of... pulsing. I know, it sounds like a fever dream, but I saw what I saw.

I climbed up a little mound of stones, and across the lake I could see some figures lit by torchlight. They were gathered around a big flat rectangular rock, and I could hear chanting.

Then the stones I was standing on shifted and made a dreadful racket. The folks across the lake turned and started shouting at me. That's when I ran. I can't remember how I got back to our room, but when I woke up, Mandy was gone.

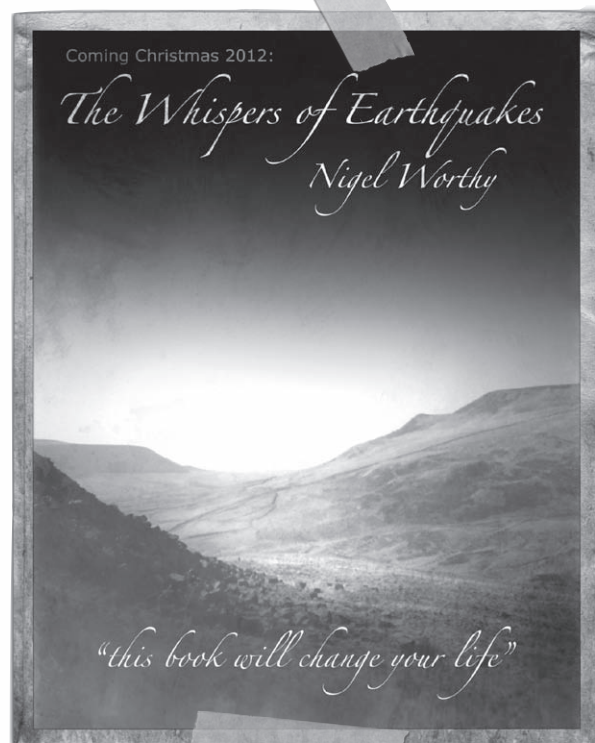
23 February 2010 6:31PM

I can't find Mandy! I have looked everywhere and no one will help me. Her crutches and braces are still in the room. I can't even find the staircase down to that cavern with the lake from last night. My fever has gotten very high, and I can't stop shaking.

God, where is Mandy?

Whenever I ask for help, the staff just stare at me like a madman.

This is the last of my battery. If anyone is reading this, for God's sake please send help!



-----CASE BUTCHER IRON -----

FIELD REPORT SUMMARY - DAVE LEDBRIDGE SSO 8 (L)

-----DATE: 21ST JUNE 1984-----

-----ORGREAVE COLLIERY & COKING PLANT-----

Ref/Clearance: DEEP SEVEN, CASE BUTCHER IRON

This field report deals with events which have been inconclusively tied to the 1984/85 Miner's Strike and due to the possible involvement of politicians who were senior Cabinet members at the time, has been given a higher security clearance than would otherwise be expected. It is this agent's opinion that neither the Prime Minister nor her Cabinet were aware of what was really going on at the Orgreave. The Laundry has kept an eye on the mining industry since learning of the existence of DEEP SEVEN in 1953¹ and while it must be admitted that the activity at Orgreave took longer to discover and interrupt than it should have, it was interrupted before any large scale damage took place.

Nothing strange had been detected at the Orgreave plant prior to its closure in 1981 and the agent on watch there was redeployed. We believe it was only after the closure that the cult activity began and the unemployed miners started to assemble at their place of worship. Unfortunately, due to the current state of the surviving cultists, it will likely prove impossible to obtain further information on their plans. Four of them are now in custody, with cover stories issued to local police and families. Interrogation of these cultists by thaumic means is still considered dangerous due to known DEEP SEVEN effects.²

The majority of the events covered in this field report summary took place on the 17th & 18th June, 1984.

On the morning of 17th June the police received reports of strange noises coming from the closed Orgreave Colliery. By the time they investigated, no signs of a break-in could be found. Due to the presence of security forces in the area, this report reached the Duty Desk in London by that afternoon. Agent Rob Hand was dispatched from the Sheffield Field Office. The last communication received from Agent Hand was that he had heard further noises from inside the Colliery and was going to investigate. His body has yet to be recovered. After the standard waiting period the call was escalated and a field team was dispatched from London, including myself. We reached Orgreave after dark and proceeded to investigate. The team of five spent an hour investigating the buildings aboveground for any signs of life, before proceeding into the pit.

While none of the field team had been miners, several of us had caving experience, which turned out to be required due to the seemingly broken lift and lights. Even so, there were clear signs that people had entered the mine quite recently. We went down, but our pace was necessarily slow; it was some hours later, approaching dawn, when we reached tunnels with working lights and chose to explore them. We were unaware of the tensions building at the nearby coking plant, not that this would have made any particular difference to the course of action we chose.

¹ CASE BLACK DIAMOND, CASE UNEXPECTED PARTY

² MOHOLE SPEAKER, KOLA INTRUSION

As we proceeded through the dimly-lit tunnels, the heat increased, far more than we expected. Wilson noted that the radiation levels were also increasing, but at this point they were still within tolerances. Graffiti that would not normally be associated with Yorkshire miners was written on the walls and all of us reported feeling under pressure. In the light of day it seems so strange to use those words, but it was only as we advanced up the tunnel that we really began to feel the weight of the rock above our heads. This feeling only got worse. It was at the point when we first heard the chanting that they attacked. Two men, call them miners or cultists, burst out of hiding. The light was bad but that did not stop them burying their pickaxes in Carmody's chest. Thankfully we were able to shoot both men immediately, but there was no saving our colleague. A brief inspection showed them to be horribly burnt on their hands and face. We knew we had to press on and the pressure got worse.

The heat also got worse, and the chanting louder. We later discovered that this coincided with the first serious clashes between the NUM and the police above ground in what is already being referred to as the Battle of Orgreave. While it is likely a confrontation would have occurred without any intervention, Wilson's report under CASE BUTCHER IRON gives evidence of massive mental disturbance, no doubt caused by the ritual we were about to observe.

We were moving more slowly now, alert to any further attack, the heat and mental pressure also affecting all of us. So incredibly hot. We emerged out into the largest non-natural cavern I have ever seen, far larger than any marked on the colliery maps. The lighting was better here, but the shadows were deep and the rock pulsed heat. In the centre of the cavern was a ritual area, marked out by metal, fused, powered, a primitive circuit, the cultists arrayed around it, chanting. The intensity of the physical heat and mental pressure was pushing me over the edge, causing me to nearly laugh hysterically at the chanting in thick Yorkshire accents. But their tone was not funny in any way and their ritual was clearly reaching its crescendo. Far above us the lines of miners and police were clashing, blood being spilled, anger raging. Wilson later told me that he believes some sort of psychic feedback loop was being created. But all of this paled into insignificance when one wall of the cavern collapsed.

We all screamed, I remember this. I remember rocks falling around us, of the rock beginning to bubble and of what I'd previously thought of as 'hot' being like the memory of a cool breeze. The walls collapsed and it came. I cannot, truly, tell you what I saw; I know now it must have been a DEEP SEVEN, but there, then, I have no image in my mind any more, just dark and red and my brain on fire. The memory of it, even now, makes me shake. We rushed in, this much I know, shooting at the cultists, at the DEEP SEVEN, knowing we would die otherwise. I cannot claim anything other than luck in stopping the ritual. Maybe it was our bullets, maybe it was the falling rock, maybe the creature simply got bored. It withdrew, slowly, as the cavern collapsed. The leader was nowhere to be seen, dead or vanished, only four others still stood, and we managed to herd them out and up, getting away, not wanting to think about what we had just witnessed.

We travelled upwards, finding the controls for the lift, our prisoners catatonic, Carmody's body carried with us, all of us praying for fresh air. When we got out, the streets of Orgreave were quiet but bloody, the state in which we found ourselves. And like the miners of Yorkshire, I do not think I will be going underground any time soon.

BEAUTIFUL SPHERICAL STONE, BOXED, FROM WELSH CAVE

Seller information: [amycrickhowell](#)
(2101) 99.8% Positive feedback

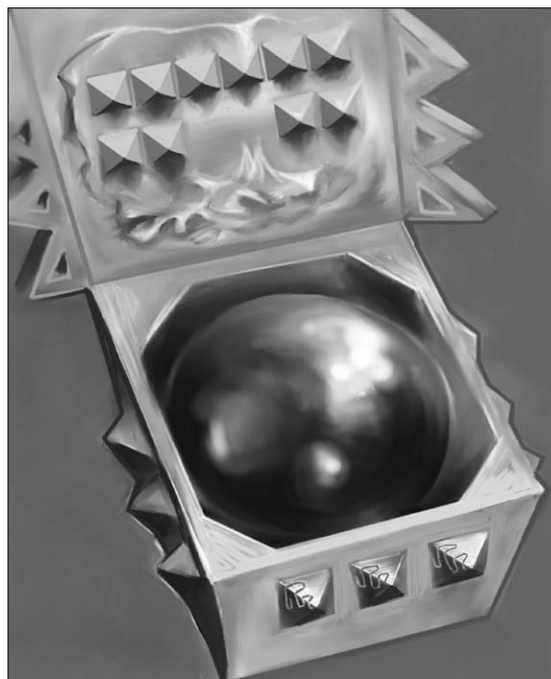
Item condition: –

Time left: 1h 32m 17s

Current bid: £120,485 (941 bids)

Postage: Buyer collects

Item location: Crickhowell, United Kingdom



Description:

This stone, eight inches across, was found in the Ogof y Daren Cilau cave system in Powys. It resembles a large pearl and appears perfectly spherical and opaque. It comes in a box of unknown workmanship.

My brother and I discovered this stone on a caving expedition. We found it in a strangely-constructed box, with odd angles, which may be Victorian or even older. There are carvings on the box, although we are not sure what they depict.

We have been unable to trace the box's workmanship. The stone, too, is mysterious: we are both familiar with many crystals and their healing properties, but not this one. It is extremely hard, although surprisingly light for its size.

I believe it possesses healing and psychic properties connected with the element Earth. Hence, it is ideal for use in a crystal grid, especially for invocations.

It may, in fact, be a fossilised egg. If you place a bright light, such as a headlamp, behind it, there is a small creature inside. If you look hard enough, you can imagine it is moving!

Recently, my brother died in a tragic car accident, when a rockfall forced him off the road. Hence, I am selling this stone.

Having slept with the stone in my room, I can vouch for its psychic properties. It will enhance your dreams: I dreamed of dragons roaming beneath the Earth! In particular, it aids visualisation. I can now strongly visualise underground tunnels and hear songs sung by unknown creatures.

It may also be useful for medium work. My communications with the dead and other unknown spirits are effectively channelled by this stone. The longer I use it, the clearer the voices become. Why not see what it can do for you?

The stone weighs 3kg, so I cannot send it by post.

PayPal preferred. Please leave positive feedback and contact me if there are any problems.

Questions and answers about this item:

washerwoman254

Have there been earthquakes in your region? Have you heard chanting?

amycrickhowell

Hi, thanks for your enquiry! There have been earthquakes in the region, particularly in our local area. I'm not sure about the chanting! I'm amazed the bidding has gone so high!

washerwoman254

If you value your life, do exactly what I say. This is not a joke. Leave the stone in your house and stay with friends. If you can, flood the house: water harms them. In a few days, your house will be destroyed and the stone gone. Do this now. I do not know who is bidding, but I know you will never see their money. Leave the house now.

Friend29586

THEY ARE COMING

amycrickhowell

I have reported these comments. I am happy to answer any genuine questions.

andronicus74

If you put your ear close to the egg, you can hear them singing. Listen.

gjt8gjr7gju

Contact me privately. I am happy to buy the stone for much more than the price offered above and wish to discuss your medium work.

Friend29586

THEY ARE COMING

washerwoman254

You are in great danger. We are coming to help. Turn all the taps on. Leave your house.

THE LAUNDRY

From: wormhunter.b@shudder.net
Sent: 27 April 2011 15:40
To: wormhunter.m@shudder.net
Subject: Has Volrath found something?

M,

Been hearing stories Volrath is back in London with something to sell, so I had a bit of a sniff about. Seems he had a lot of equipment and men in Tanzania recently, diving in Lake Tanganyika (which is one of the African Great Lakes, and pretty damn deep). I had a quick look online to see what I could dig up about the lake, and I found some interesting stuff on a website full of diaries from old Tommies in WWI. Seems one guy, Charlie Oldfield, served as a British soldier in Tanzania in 1916. Oldfield and his company (as far as I can tell) were sent there to deal with a German called General von Lettow-Vorbeck, who fought a guerrilla campaign against the allies in Africa for four and a half years before surrendering *after* the armistice (goddam nut-job)

Anyways, here's some of Oldfield's entries. Seems they bivouacked for a while at Lake Tanganyika (and, no, I've idea if I've spelt that right. Bite me)...

"20th July, 1916,

Jerry was prowling down by the lake. Swifty spotted one of their smaller sorties on the shore. He put the alarm out, and Jerry cleared off sharpish. The Captain's on about doubling up the patrols."

"22nd July, 1916,

Jerry came back again last night. Gentleman John (who spotted them this time) said one of their officers was a rum looking sort with all sorts of strange swirls and shapes painted on his face. This time Jerry fired a few rounds and then scarpered, but nobody was hurt, thank God. No doubt they'll be back again..."

"23rd July, 1916,

I was right, darling. Jerry did come back, but in bigger numbers, and they even had some of their Askari swimmers in the water by the time Swifty and I stumbled across them. This time they wouldn't leave, and it all got a bit feisty. We lost Swifty, but by the time more of the lads had reached me, Jerry had run off. I did manage to shoot the strange looking Hun with the war-paint. One of our auxiliaries, Hamisi, saw the shapes and swirls and went very pale. He declared the dead man must have been something called a Mganga (which I think is some sort of wizard), and had us burn him. We were very happy to oblige."

"26th July, 1916

No more sign of Jerry. Whatever they were looking for in the lake they've either found, or given up. Good riddance. The Captain says we're moving out tomorrow. I'm glad. I don't like it here. The whole of the local village has taken to singing by the shore day and night, and may the Lord forgive me if it isn't the most awful and ungodly chanting I have ever heard. Hamisi says they are trying to avoid the wrath of old African gods or some other mumbo-jumbo. I am so looking forward to coming home, my love."

The popular theory is von Lettow-Vorbeck fought on for so long just to divert Allied resources from Europe, but I'm beginning to think he was looking for something. When you add the local Swahili legends of the Mkubwinyoo (a corruption of the Swahili for 'giant worm?'), well, you can see where I'm going with this, can't you? We both know Laffite's in London, and we both know he's had a real boner for G'harne artefacts for years. Makes you wonder if Volrath has found something to sell him, don't it...?

That's it for now. I'll get back to you when I've got some more info.

B.

Mr. Davis,

When you asked me to compile the running record on DEEP SEVEN, I was a little stunned. I had thought that you would have gone with someone a little more experienced than I was. Agent Willowbeigh or Agent Lockhart both have more expertise in this area, especially following PROJECT FOURTEEN GRAY. I'm flattered that you think me ready for this assignment; I'll do my best, sir!

Enclosed are several documents that have been crucial to my understanding of the DEEP SEVEN phenomenon. This begins with a series of historical references, as well as a detailed geological survey, which I managed to put together with help from our friends in Liverpool. As we still have not been able to procure a live sample of DEEP SEVEN - not for Agent Lockhart's lack of trying - a true xenobiological survey is outside of our grasp. We really need an autopsy or two to understand how these things tick. However, after holding a joint think-tank between our Occult Forensics division and our Catering Department (more helpful than you'd think!), I believe we have a good handle on what we're dealing with.

You asked me, at the start of this project, to provide an accurate and detailed assessment of the potential threat that DEEP SEVEN provides, in the face of CASE NIGHTMARE GREEN. I think we're all in agreement that CASE NIGHTMARE GREEN is the ultimate in excrement hitting the radiator. However, it is this agent's opinion that DEEP SEVEN may offer a more tangible, more realistic threat than CASE NIGHTMARE GREEN does.

Barring any outside, mysto-seismic interference (such as we've seen when using the Red Sign of Shudde M'ell - my office still hasn't been cleaned), CASE NIGHTMARE GREEN has thus far proven to be preventable. We have measures like SCORPION STARE and EMERALD SATELIN in place. We have field agents constantly alert. Hell, we have whole divisions set to deal with CASE NIGHTMARE GREEN when it comes.

DEEP SEVEN isn't like that. Firstly, the sheer seismic impact of a DEEP SEVEN occurrence has untold impact on a location when just one of them appears. I don't think I need to remind you about what happened in Japan recently. Imagine that, but not localised to the 'Ring of Fire.' And, instead of just dealing with tsunami and collapsed buildings, you also have DEEP SEVEN specimens aboveground. Secondly, other relevant parties were apparently unaware of DEEP SEVEN until the Benthic Treaty. If even they don't know what threat DEEP SEVEN holds, we have to get our heads out of the sand and fast.

Finally - nothing like saving the best news for last, right? - we cannot rule out the possibility of multiple DEEP SEVEN events running concurrent with CASE NIGHTMARE GREEN. While the few DEEP SEVEN contacts that we have made have not shown any link to any known terrorist organisation, government, or human (or inhuman, for that matter) body, the implication would be that DEEP SEVEN, collectively, are just waiting for CASE NIGHTMARE GREEN.

Quite frankly, sir, they are a wild card we cannot ignore. I suggest that you tell Agent Lockhart to get his hunting rifle. We need to go bag ourselves a DEEP SEVEN.

Regards,

- Wesley Goldstein



EQUUS STELLAR

EQUUS STELLAR (Byakhees)

EQUUS STELLAR are an elusive winged species that dwell in the depths of space. They are capable of visiting Earth under their own power or being summoned through arcane means. It is thought they are key servants of NOMENCLATURE PENDING, but probably do not serve that entity exclusively. They may be employed as mounts for both terrestrial and extra-terrestrial travel.

Biology

EQUUS STELLAR descriptions vary greatly from one observer to the next. They are apparently difficult to look at directly, and are best viewed peripherally or with arcane assistance. However, all observations are consistent in the following ways.

EQUUS STELLAR are described as winged creatures, larger than humans but not enormous. They can stand or perch on their two hind legs, but most descriptions indicate that they have forelegs as well. With powerful toothy jaws, long claws, and a spiked tail, EQUUS STELLAR are very dangerous, but they are by no means invulnerable. Their bodies can be damaged by both conventional and magical weaponry.

Their natural habitat seems to be the vacuum of space itself, which has led to some controversy over why the creatures have wings. One theory is that EQUUS STELLAR were originally planet-dwelling creatures in a distant galaxy, who became deeply involved in the primitive worship of some Great Old One – possibly [REDACTED]. Their mindless quest for servitude ultimately led them to shed their planetary home world and take to the stars.

EQUUS STELLAR eat an obscure fungus called Soth Lichen, although there is some debate as to whether they require the lichen for sustenance or simply enjoy consuming it. When EQUUS STELLAR eat, their digestive organs briefly leave their bodies to consume the Lichen externally. Curiously, EQUUS STELLAR specimens are capable of swapping organs with each other. Some scholars even believe the beasts can even swap limbs, tails, and wings, but this is unconfirmed.

EQUUS STELLAR are consistently described as having rotting flesh. Obviously, this is not a sustainable ongoing condition. It is theorized that this decomposition begins only when the creatures leave the cold vacuum of their natural habitat and enter an atmosphere. This decomposition has caused all attempts to maintain a specimen in captivity to fail.

Culture and Society

EQUUS STELLAR have approximately canine level of intelligence. They seem to travel in packs. Descriptions of the size of these packs vary, but best estimates range from three to twelve. In spite of this pack structure, it is possible to summon a single specimen. Little is known of their lives in their deep space natural environment. Many theories suggest a larger hive structure similar to insects, but this is largely conjecture.

Technology

EQUUS STELLAR do not seem to either create or utilise tools of any kind.

Diplomatic Relations

Because of their limited intelligence, it is impossible to address EQUUS STELLAR in terms of diplomacy. However, one notable attempt was made to 'domesticate' the creatures. During the cold war, the British Ministry of Defence collaborated with their American counterparts to launch project STATION RAWHIDE. This project was designed to cultivate Soth Lichen in Antarctica in an effort to attract EQUUS STELLAR specimens. These specimens would then be tamed and used as mounts to gain orbital and off-planet advantages over the Soviets. The Laundry was tapped to consult on STATION RAWHIDE, but the Americans led the project. Consequently, the records associated with this project and its disastrous conclusion are not available. This project, along with similar failed efforts by other nations, ultimately led to the signing of the Clear Stars Treaty in 1988, which prohibited any further attempts to domesticate EQUUS STELLAR anywhere on the globe.

REPORT 1: SATURDAY FEBRUARY 4TH, 1973

CLASSIFIED TOP SECRET CAMEO WHITE ASTRAL, MINISTRY OF DEFENCE, FEBRUARY 4TH, 1973
 RECLASSIFIED TOP SECRET EQUUS STELLAR, MINISTRY OF DEFENCE, JUNE 15TH, 1981

In September of 1972, Emory Laroche of Burgundy, France was convicted of murdering his wife. Police believed that he was also responsible for the disappearances of 8 girls and women in the early 1960s. In exchange for leniency during sentencing, Emory agreed to provide police with information that would lead them to the whereabouts of the missing women.

Laroche's information proved accurate, and the police found the remains of 7 women, all badly mutilated, but there was one woman, Julianne Fourniret, whose remains could not be located. Emory remembered Julianne, but could not recall where or how he had disposed of her body. Eventually, Dr. Gregoir Marchant, noted psychiatrist and repressed memory specialist, was brought in to perform regression therapy on Emory in the hopes of locating Ms. Fourniret's remains.

Dr. Marchant met with Emory 3 times a week for 3 weeks. While not particularly successful, their sessions were never confrontational. After the first week, Dr. Marchant asked that Emory's restraints be removed. The therapy sessions between Dr. Marchant and Emory Laroche were audio taped. What follows is an excerpt from the transcription of their final session, dated October 23rd, 1972.

[Translated from French to English by E. Boyd.

Text set apart with < > symbols indicates a comment added by the translator.]

Emory: I think it just made me so angry – the way she would just stare at me. She was supposed to be my wife, but she sat just there, staring at me.

Dr: Yes, I see. Well... look at that – getting dark earlier, isn't it? Before we call it a day, I'd like to return to Julianne for a moment. Do you think –

Emory: She was a very good rider.

Dr: I'm sorry?

Emory: She could ride.

Dr: Do you mean Julianne? Julianne could ride?

Emory: Yes. Not so well as me, but still... she could ride.

Dr: Do you mean a bike or –

Emory: No. Not a bike, a... a...

Dr: A horse?

Emory: Yes. Yes. It must have... Yes, a horse.

Dr: So you and Julianne rode horses? Together?

Emory: Yes. We rode together.

Dr: I see... Emory, I didn't know you rode horses. You're a – what's the term? Equestrian?

Emory: I... Yes.

Dr: I didn't know that. When did you start riding?

Emory: I was a boy. I remember... My father – he grabbed me under the arms and swept me up and dropped me... in the saddle.

Dr: This was in Pontigny?

Emory: No, this was on the Rue d'Auseil. After mother had gone.

Dr: I see. Your father taught you to ride on the... Rue d'Auseil?

Emory: Yes.

Dr: And you and he rode together?

<pause>

Dr: Emory?

Emory: Yes?

Dr: You and your father rode together on the Rue d'Auseil?

<Laroche apparently shakes his head 'no'>

Dr: Then you rode alone?

Emory: Yes, alone. Alone against the stars.

THE LAUNDRY

Dr: So this was at night?

Emory: Yes, at night. Always at night. Against the stars.

Dr: How old were you, Emory?

Emory: I – Not sure. Eight? No, I think younger.

<Tax records indicate that Emory's mother left in 1939, making him 5 at that time>

Dr: So you were a young boy and your father let you ride alone at night?

<pause>

Dr: Emory? Emory?

<pause>

Dr: Emory, you seem distracted by the window. Perhaps I should close the curtains.

<Background sounds of Dr. Marchant getting up and crossing to the window>

Emory: No! No! Leave them open. Please.

Dr: Very well.

<Dr. Marchant returns to his seat>

Dr: Let's see. So you and Julianne rode together?

Emory: Yes.

Dr: Often?

Emory: No. Just the one time. She and I against the stars.

Dr: So this was at night too?

Emory: She and I against the stars... Their flapping all around us.

Dr: Flapping?

<pause>

Dr: Emory, did you say 'flapping'?

<pause>

Dr: Emory, its pitch black out. What are you staring at out there?

Emory: The rest were hopeless, but Julianne could ride. For the rest it was shrieking and sharp teeth and snapping jaws. But not Julianne.

Dr: Because she could ride?

Emory: Oh yes. Yes she could. That night we rode past Dresda to the far side of Umbriel and past Pluto to the place where the sound falls away and there is only the piping.

<long pause>

Dr: I see.

<pause>

Dr: And this place with the... um... the piping. Is that where you left Julianne?

<pause>

Dr: Emory, the place with the piping; is that where...

<pause and noise of movement in the room>

Dr: Emory, we're almost done; just a few more minutes. Please, Emory, come away from the window and sit back down.

<sound of Dr. Marchant moving across room, presumably to window>

<from this point, both men are across the room from the recording device, which makes their voices more difficult to discern; additionally, from this point, a feedback begins in the recording that increases until the recorder fails when indicated>

Dr: Emory, please go back to *<unintelligible>* My lord, is that – *<unintelligible>* Jesus! God! Please, God, no! Jesus!

Emory: *<screaming>* There! There, Doctor! Do you see it? Against the stars, there, do you see it?

Dr: *<screaming and sounds of crying>* No! No! *<unintelligible>* It can't be! God, it's *<unintelligible>*

Emory: The piping! The piping!

<sound of breaking glass and unintelligible screams from both men>

<long silence except for growing feedback in audio device>

<a heavy sound like leather scraping against leather very close to recording device>
<recorder fails>

By the time prison guards entered the interview chamber, both Dr. Marchant and Emory Laroche were dead. Investigators ruled that Dr. Marchant's interview had triggered a psychotic episode in his patient. Laroche smashed the window and used a large glass shard to disembowel Dr. Marchant. At some point, in this process Dr. Marchant's eyes were torn from their sockets. Finally, Laroche used the glass shard on himself to slit his own throat.

Because the prison was not up to code, investigators never researched how Emory Laroche, a man of 12 stone with no tool or weapon, could have broken the reinforced window. It is also worth noting that the autopsy of Dr. Marchant found optic tissue and retinal fluid under his own fingernails.

I N T E R N A L M E M O R A N D U M

DATE: 12 May, 2011**TO:** Derek Cavanaugh, Contracts and Bindings**FROM:** Claire Lewellen, Archives Department**SUBJECT:** EQUUS STELLAR, Project STATION RAWHIDE

Derek

This was hard to get and you owe me.

Jack Vermillion was a binding expert assigned to STATION RAWHIDE in Antarctica back in the 80s. He was a problem agent and a depressive alcoholic, but he was also an extremely talented binder.

After STATION RAWHIDE failed, his body was shipped back to England and autopsied. They found a large plastic capsule in his stomach. When they broke it open, this single page was inside.

Can I say it again? You OWE me!

Claire

I N T E R N A L M E M O R A N D U M

November 2nd, 1986

Dear Lois,

You said not to write you anymore, but what the hell? Not like you'll ever get this. Yanks confiscate everything we write down here anyway. Arrogant pricks.

You needed space? How's this for space?

Snow snow snow snow snow snow. I swear I am going batty.

The yanks are mad at me. I 'borrowed' their fancy snowcat and took it for a little joy ride, so now I am confined to my hut. Hell with them.

Okay, I am grouchy. Drunk again, too! Can you tell? You don't like it when I get this way, but there it is.

Give the yanks credit. They are lousy when it comes to the binding and crafting, but they grow the Soth Lichen like weeds in nature. Hah! After today, I know why!

I guess it isn't really funny either...

Whatever. They grow the lichen, the French guy rings the interstellar dinner bell, and when the ESSs show, I bind 'em in the corral, no questions asked. After all, that's why I volunteered for this assignment, yeah? Thatcher and St. George and duty and all that?

Bugs me, though. About two miles south of camp, the Americans have a separate little compound - all screened in, so no one can see. I found it today when I was out for my joy ride. There'll be hell to pay, but what's the worst they can do? I'm already at the South Pole!

THE LAUNDRY

We have seven ES specimens now! Bastards are damned hard to look at. The yarks wear these crazy black helmets with mirrors that push the images into their peripheral vision. The helmets make it so they can focus. I nicked one this morning and had a look. Puked my guts out.

I mean, Lois, I think I know what was in that bloody pen out there. I heard a sobbing sound. It was a woman. She was just sobbing.

I oughta do something.

Makes sense, though. Nothing makes the lichen grow like grief. It's like Miracle-Gro, and we all know it! That's why we have the cages with the dogs and chimps. Their mates die, they grieve, we harvest it. I'm not gonna cry for a bunch of animals.

But in that damned American pen, that was a woman crying. I heard it. No dog or cat or chimp or any animal sounds like that but a woman crying. I really oughta do something.

So what? So what if they are using some folks? Nobody I know, right? Besides, what the hell could I do? Bloody yarks.

But a woman? I mean, if it were a bloke, maybe I could understand. You know, he's a murderer or a rapist or something. Those types are all over America anyway. But a woman? I don't know, Lois. Americans are such rotters.

Well, time to get some sleep. Another big day at the South Pole tomorrow! They can't keep me in here forever - someone's gotta maintain the bindings, and that's me. Nighty night!

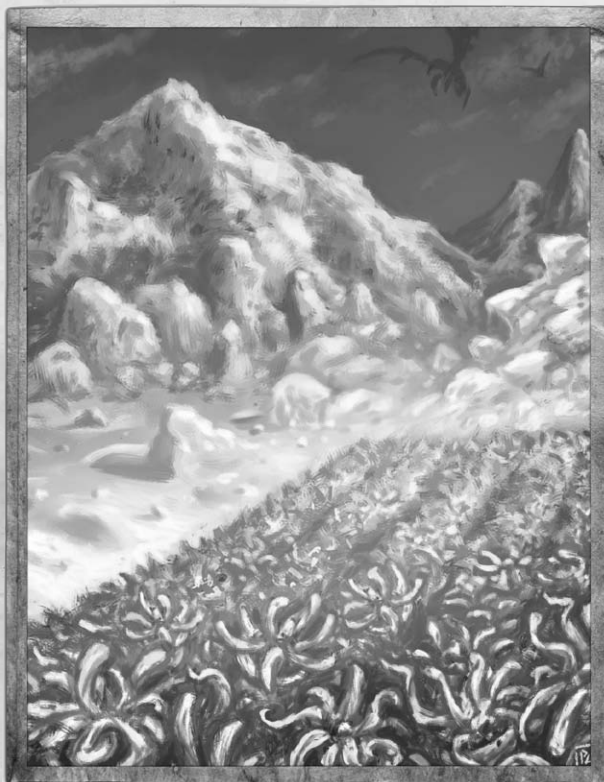
I'm back, Lois. It's 4am. I can't get that woman out of my head. She was just sobbing.

Lois, whatever happens, I want you know I'm sorry. Sure I'm still drunk, but I'm sober too. And I'm sorry. Hell. I'm sorry.

Lois, I'll tell you what. The guard changes in 15 minutes. So I am going to have another drink. And then another. And then maybe one more. And then I am gonna go out there, and I am gonna release my bindings and turn those bloody creatures loose. Then we'll see what happens.

I love you, Lois,

Jack



Derek, in response to your query

You'd be surprised how thin our file on EQUUS STELLAR is!

(Amazing given Project STATION RAWHIDE, I know, but there it is.)

Actually the best description is still the following 8th century writing by Alhazred.

(Yes, that Alhazred, but not from the Necro, from a shorter collection of essays he wrote much earlier.) BTW, I think this piece may have been the source for early work with Soth Lichen.

Claire

PS - can you send me a billing code for this copy work asap? Lynn is up my bum about it.

اشهد ان لا اله الا الله و ان محمد رسول الله

'There is only one God, Allah and Mohamed is his prophet.'

How hollow now do those words ring in my ears? How many gods? How many idiot gods sit babbling in the hollow places, the empty places, the lost places of the universe?

Last night, the winged things came again. They lighted on my balcony, turning the air about them noisome. I could not look upon them directly, and how many there were I could not say, but when I looked away I saw them clear – a perched and croaking mass. To call them demons would be too simple, for they were neither lizard, nor insect, nor bird of prey, but something unholier than them all.

One bade me mount, and I did mount and the earth fell away. We went first to the high and cold places of the earth were the beasts did feed. There is a thing that grows upon the ice. They did hunger for it. It is a moss or fungus, but when I looked close, my heart did seize, for I saw in that mountain growth eyes and mouths and faces that to me did seem familiar.

But I did not look long before the winged things did address themselves to their repast. Their organs came forth from their bodies to seize upon the growth. I do shudder to think how their food did weep and howl as though it knew that it was feasted upon.

When the organs had done their unthinkable work, the beasts did hiss and prate at one another and gobble their organs back up; and it seemed not to matter which creature supped with which stomach; and there were those that got more and those that got none; and with great cries the things did turn upon each other with blasphemous violence.

But some unheard sound or summons recalled them to their labour, and again they bade me mount, and again I did mount. We dropped from the earth and fell for a time until we were among the stars beneath the earth.

How I was alive in the limitlessness of space, I do not know. Perhaps this was a thing bestowed by He who called me forth, or this might have been some unblessing of the very mounts I rode. Howsoever, my lungs did not ache and my marrow did not freeze and I did not die; and I regret that I did not; for with great flapping wings and a terrible piping sound the creatures brought me forth to their master.

They set me writhing and quivering on unknown stones before *Him Who Is Not To Be Named*. I could not look upon Him, but I heard His voice. I will not write what I did hear for there is not piety enough in language to safeguard the souls of those that might read what I would write.

Of my return trip, I remember nothing. The beasts discarded me back on my balcony while the sky was still dark. How many times the sun had risen since my journey began I cannot reckon. Indeed, I did doubt that ever would the sun rise again, for the place I had been made sunrise feel uncertain and foolish.

The foul mass of beasts that had been my nocturnal companions again took wing, leaving me behind. I lay on my balcony, empty and sobbing, watching as they disappeared among the stars. They sought no land, but rather they returned to the maddening spaces between the stars, and my heart did go with them; for nothing remains of me here.

Estimations of EQUUS STELLAR *k*-factor

The capacity of EQUUS STELLAR to attain superluminal velocities is well documented. Petersen *et al* (1988) attributed this ability to a paramagnetic organ called a 'Hune,' located in the creature's abdomen. According to Petersen's translation of the De La Rou texts (1770), the Hune organ generates a space-time fold (or 'keim') that enables the creature to exceed *c* relative to stationary observers. Dissection of EQUUS STELLAR specimens have to date failed to identify this 'hune'; the entity's promiscuous sharing of internal organs implies that it is capable of reconfiguring its biology and sharing necessary biology amongst the flock (cf. *GRAEAE SYNDROME*), so it is possible that only a subset of EQ possess the hune.

Experiments performed at STATION RAWHIDE give limited data on the time dilation generated in flight. In each case:

- EQ took off from STATION RAWHIDE under cover of night.
- EQ carried a load of approximately 200kg (human subject wearing A8EQ spacesuit).
- EQ was geased to travel to its destination, wait one hour, then return with its cargo.

Table 1.1 lists a selection of flights. In each case:

- Flight Number denotes the experiment number according to station records.
- Destination is listed in English, as opposed to the Razielis Coordinate System used in the geas.
- Distance is listed in kilometres.
- Flight time is based on (a) subjective accounts of travellers and (b) life support depletion. Conventional chronometers do not function within the *keim* effect.
- Observed flight speed was measured from Rothera Research Station.
- *k*-factor is calculated as the relationship between the expected and actual distance travelled.

Flight Number	Destination	Distance (Approx.)	Flight Time (Est.)	Observed Flight Speed	<i>k</i> -factor
8	Falklands	3.65×10^3 km	7.3 hours	191kph	2.3×10^0
14	Moon	3.7×10^5 km	2.2 hours	193kph	8.76×10^2
21	Jupiter	9.0×10^8 km	3.1 hours	196kph	1.51×10^6
30	Pluto	4.5×10^9 km	3.9 hours	195kph	5.9×10^6
32	Proxima Centauri	3.99×10^{13} km	6.3 hours	192kph	3.3×10^{10}
55	Aldebaran	5.68×10^{14} km	10.2 hours	207kph	2.7×10^{11}
102	Celeano	4.06×10^{15} km	11.7 hours	191kph	1.82×10^{12}
109	'Centre of the Universe'	???	???	188kph	???

These readings suggest that EQ travel times are proportional to the log of the distance travelled, and that journeys of considerable length can be undertaken using conventional life support technology.

Notes:

Flight 8: The unusual duration can be attributed to atmospheric drag. The Earth's magnetic field may also prevent the formation of a keim envelope.

Flight 14: Subject returned alive.

Flight 21: Subject returned alive.

Flight 30: Subject did not return. The EQ arrived carrying the remains of the spacesuit, which had been sliced open with a sharp blade.

Flight 32: Subject returned alive.

Flight 55: Subject did not return. The EQ arrived injured; wounds were consistent with attacks from EQ claws and beaks. No trace of the cargo remained. Note the higher observed flight speed. Handlers described the EQ's behaviour as 'eager.'

Flight 102: Subject returned dead of a brain haemorrhage.

Flight 109: Unauthorised flight (see incident report SR/81430); subject did not return.

Q DIVISION

EXPERIMENTAL PROJECT 'NECTAR BEAUTY'

Participant Report Form

Was the substance palatable? What was it like to eat?

Yes. Tasted like wood-fired honey. It seeped into my tongue and gums, rather than going down my throat.

Did you experience any physical reaction to it?

I felt light-headed and faint. My breathing seemed odd, then I realised it had stopped: thanks for telling me about that, by the way, bloody scary. After two minutes, during which the experimenter took smug notes, I realised I didn't need to breathe.

What was your reaction to the underwater test? How did you feel during it?

I could breathe underwater. Or, rather, I could stay underwater without breathing. Nice job. The tests with the coloured blocks were easy: by the way, most of us have PhDs, could you not find something more challenging than stacking blocks? I've done my 10,000 hours on Tetris and am officially a block expert. I felt lightheaded, but could think, perhaps even better than usual. Very aware of space. Strange curves/angles.

What was your reaction to the vacuum test? How did you feel during it?

It bloody hurt. I have blood blisters over my exposed skin: face, hands, etc. One is on the fourth finger of my right hand. As I type this form, I have a shooting pain every few seconds, whenever I hit the P key. I told the experimenter to get me out of the vacuum. Please test more thoroughly on non-human participants next time.

What was your reaction to the creature you saw? Which words come to mind?

Malevolent, mocking, hyperintelligent, lonely, dying, isolated, black. Was it real? I wasn't sure whether it was a hologram/hallucination. It stank of rotten meat. The skin was impossible, covered in knives. I tried looking in the eyes - the experimenter stopped me, but I got a glimpse - utterly alien, unfeeling, otherworldly. Other than that, big black knifey horse. Don't show me one of those again.

THE LAUNDRY

Do you feel any after-affects?

That blister bloody hurts. I am particularly sensitive to lights and colours: everything is bright and dreamlike. Angles still not right. Corners of rooms seem deeper. Breathing is back to normal now, although if I hold my breath, I can go for five or six minutes (just tried).

What are you thinking/imagining now? Which words come to mind?

Colour, curves, disconnected, sweetness, paradox, exponential. Honestly, I am thinking about that horse. It looked mournful and calculating.

Thank you for participating in this experimental project. NECTAR BEAUTY aimed to synthesise Space Mead, a substance that, according to folklore, allows humans to exist in space. There were two groups of participants in this study. The control group received a mixture of honey and water. The test group received a substance manufactured from a Victorian theosophic recipe.

We tested how participants reacted to airless environments (the underwater test) and environments with low air-pressure (the vacuum test). During these tests, we tested your spatial and general intelligence. The folklore claims that Space Mead allows humans to travel through space, riding creatures like the one you saw. Thus, it was important to test your reaction to this creature.

Thank you again for your participation. Please tell the experimenter if, after twenty-four hours, you are still feeling unwell or disorientated. If, in subsequent days, you believe you are still affected by the experiment, please inform your line manager.



8 April 2011

From: Victoria Smyth
To: Andrew Newstrom
CC: Derek Cavanaugh

Re: 2011 annual 'Clear Stars Treaty' morpheo-conference meeting, Tuesday, 5 April.

Present: One authorised representative of each sanguine-signatory nation per usual

UK: myself
Japan: Agent Tekeo Kawibata
US: Under Secretary of Arcana, James Geever
France: Lieutenant Minister of Antiquities, Chloe Lesauvage
Russia: Lt. Colonel Yuri Andropolsky

Dream Locale: Dormant Soth Lichen Fields of Antarctica (again, per usual)
Host Dreamer: Lt. Colonel Yuri Andropolsky

Working with med-tech, M. Roberts, I received a standard intravenous dose of Pentothal Mysteriis, and joined the morpheo-conference in Antarctica. This was 3pm on Tuesday of this week. (Side note, I hate it when the Russian hosts these things. Why couldn't he dream up some better weather?)

Initially the meeting was routine. Because of the weather, we dispensed with any greetings and moved directly to the inspection of the Soth Lichen fields. They continue to be dormant and there is no sign of any alteration since last year. Also, the wards were undisturbed – no hungry Equus Stellar specimens had come sniffing. Good news all around.

We raised our hands and renewed the annual pledge as outlined in the Clear Stars Treaty. The meet was wrapping and everyone was beginning wakeup when Under Secretary Geever (USA) caught my eyes. He distinctly gave me the 'First Among Friends' signal, so I found some mundane piece of investigation to delay my wakeup and he did likewise. (Given the weather conditions, it was easy to hide precisely who left the meet when.)

When we were alone, Geever talked fast. Yuri was waking up, so we didn't have a lot of time, and neither of us wanted to wait at the South Pole until the Russian's next nap. Geever had to shout over the wind for me to hear. I recorded his exact words at wake up so there would be no doubt:

'Look, Vicki! You didn't hear this from me. Somebody found a loophole. Not everyone is following the Treaty. On the far side of Luna –'

Geever's words were cut short as his apparition faded into wakeup. Judging by the surprise on his face, this was an **external** wakeup. He did not trigger it himself. I then triggered my own wakeup and jotted notes for the material you have read so far.

On my own initiative, I next ordered tech Roberts to administer a second dose of Pentothal Mysteriis at a 33% increase. (I am a good dream op, but I am not going to make it to the far side of the moon on a single dose.) Roberts objected, but I forced him with a hack piece of Geas and off I went.

Given that I had neither prep-time, nor host, the Luna dream was shaky, and my subconscious was really having a field day. (For example, Buttons, my childhood terrier, kept putting in appearances.) Consequently, I have very few lucid memories from the dream, but these are my notes immediately upon wakeup:

*Burrows into dark face of moon. Many!
 Went in. Fungal glow from below. Sickly and smells bad.
 Piping sound? (Yes, but one or many? not sure)
 Shadows moving further in*

My final actual memory was hearing a flapping sound and experiencing intense fear. I immediately triggered wakeup and got out of there. (I do not care to imagine what it would be like to have my dreaming soul eaten up by an EQUUS STELLAR, thank you very much.)

More research is needed, but it appears that someone is cultivating Soth Lichen in tunnels on the far side of Luna. I believe this has already attracted at least one EQUUS STELLAR, and probably more. If the responsible party is an agent of a sanguine-signatory nation, they are not technically in violation of the 'Clear Stars Treaty' because Luna is not actually on Earth, but they are certainly violating the intent of the treaty.

The obvious questions would be 1) how did Under Secretary Geever know about the Soth Lichen being cultivated on the far side of Luna? And 2) who woke Geever up?

This has gone way beyond my paygrade. I have asked Derek Cavanaugh from Contracts and Bindings to put together some materials for you. In the meantime, I have a splitting headache from injecting all that PM! If you need me, I will be in the sense dep chamber.

Vickie



GENOA FRACTAL (Flying Polyps)

GENOA FRACTAL are an autonomic species of parasites that have infested this planet since the development of multi-cellular life. Believed to be a genetic or environmental aberration, GENOA FRACTAL specimens are rare in nature, but devastating even individually. GENOA FRACTAL specimens are notoriously difficult to detect, due to their structural and visual similarity to tumorous masses typically found alongside various forms of Stage III or Stage IV cancer. This has given rise to GENOA FRACTAL 'birth' being incorrectly referred to as a Stage V metastasis event.

Biology

Few GENOA FRACTAL specimens have ever been properly identified and categorized, as they are often mistaken for tumours or enlarged cysts when dormant inside of the host organism. Following emergence, the GENOA FRACTAL appears as a flowing, semi-solid ovoid mass, growing to approximately 1.5 to 2 metres in diameter. Typically, eyewitness accounts have reported GENOA FRACTAL specimens to be greyish-green in colour, with yellow, black or brown discolourments. The outer surface of a GENOA FRACTAL is tough and rubbery, and exudes a foul-smelling slick liquid.

GENOA FRACTAL specimens seem to be able to generate pseudopods at will, which are capable of rending apart reinforced steel (See also GARDENER VERDICT). Eyewitnesses have also reported hearing whistling, whining, or piping sounds when in the presence of GENOA FRACTAL; it is believed that this noise is caused by whatever force allows a GENOA FRACTAL to levitate. The force that enables GENOA FRACTAL to fly is currently unknown, though its motion is similar to that of an amoeba, as the specimen extends and subsumes portions of itself, "dragging" itself forward through the air.

GENOA FRACTAL sightings have recently spiked, due to the experimentation of rogue geneticist MANDRAKE WANDERER. Attempts by OCCULUS to apprehend MANDRAKE WANDERER have proven unsuccessful, most notably at ZERO AVALANCHE. Notes recovered via ZERO AVALANCHE imply that MANDRAKE WANDERER's services are for hire, and he may literally be designing new variations on the GENOA FRACTAL phenomenon for whomever is willing to give him a lab to work in.

Culture and Diplomatic Relations

From a cultural standpoint, GENOA FRACTAL specimens have little to no communication with one another or the world at large. Following each Stage V metastasis, the resulting GENOA FRACTAL specimen has proven to be violent, and noncommunicative in all known languages and via telepathy. However, some theorists currently believe that prior to a Stage V metastasis event, that some GENOA FRACTAL specimens communicate with their hosts. This data is unsubstantiated.

Currently, it is believed that GENOA FRACTAL are sentient, but perhaps possessing no more intelligence than a typical pigeon, though reports filed after MORRIGAN YOYO have shown signs of higher intelligence. Notes recovered from MANDRAKE WANDERER following ZERO AVALANCHE corroborates this hypothesis.

In the event that this hypothesis proves to be correct, few believe that GENOA FRACTAL could be considered as an ally in any sense of the word. BLUE HADES has thus far been tight-lipped regarding any potential GENOA FRACTAL colonies or socialisation.

Technology

In many senses of the word, GENOA FRACTAL are, themselves, a technology, due to the machinations of MANDRAKE WANDERER. In the interviews following ZERO AVALANCHE, it became immediately apparent that MANDRAKE WANDERER's intent was that GENOA FRACTAL be used as a 'weapon of intimidation' on an individual basis. What bearing this development may have on any pre-existing GENOA FRACTAL specimens or their potential culture as a whole is currently unknown.

GENOA FRACTAL has been known, in the past, to make use of minor technologies. Observers report seeing specimens opening doors and tearing open ventilation systems (see JERUSALEM HOLIDAY), as well as identifying and disarming priority targets (see GARDENER VERDICT and MORRIGAN YOYO). This, if nothing else, displays a higher intelligence that corroborates recent findings.

OBSERVER OF RECORD: DR. ALLAN WHITESELL, PHD
 CORONER: DR. DAVINIA JEFFRIES, PHD
 OTHERS ON-SITE: J. MARWICK, ORDERLY. D. TURPIN, ORDERLY.
 DR. WINONA GIFFORD, SURGICAL ONCOLOGIST.

ENTRANCE AND EXTERNAL OBSERVATION:

Subject was an inert tumorous mass, approximately 1.4 metres across. Mass was slightly oblong, but primarily spherical, resembling an egg. Coloration was dull gray - almost like necrotised flesh - but with areas of green, yellow, and brown discoloration. External texture was firm, yet slightly greasy. The outer skin seemed to exude a thin, oily fluid of unknown origin. No pores or other natural openings could be detected on the mass's surface. Three pseudopods extended from the primary spherical mass, of approximate lengths: 0.4 metres, 0.5 metres, and 0.25 metres. A fourth region of the mass was stretched slightly, along a region of intense discoloration. It appeared that a fourth pseudopod was in the process of being extended when the mass was killed.

Five entry wounds crossed the ventral portion of the mass, at angles indicating a right-to-left stream of fire. Wounds were congruent with those caused by 5.56 x 45mm armour-piercing rounds, which fits known cause of death. Note that no exit wounds were found. Presumably, the rounds themselves should have been recoverable, pending the internal examination.

INITIAL INCISION:

Initial incision was made by scalpel, along the dorsal section, between the second and third pseudopods. This incision was utterly ineffectual, as the surface of the mass resisted initial pressure. This observer leaned upon the mass with all of his weight, using the scalpel, causing only a small surface wound. Clearly, another tool was necessary at this point.

Orderly Marwick was kind enough to suggest a motorised saw at this point, providing one with only a short layover in autopsy. However, use of even this equipment proved laborious. Suction applied to the wound was continually clogged, not just by the aforementioned fluid, but also by hair. Specific species of hair was undetermined at this point, but believed to be human.

Even after achieving suction within the incision, the motor on the saw kept overheating. Orderly Turpin brought a second and third handle attachment, allowing alternation between tools, thereby keeping the motors cool and functioning. Progress was slow.

The initial incision was repeated over the aforementioned dorsal section, approximately 4cm deep and with a length of approximately 15 cm. Internal pressure within the subject was particularly low, with little arterial spray. At this juncture, it becomes imperative to point out that no actual vascular system seemed present. Dr. Gifford made note that in most tumorous masses, vascular tissue is only superficial and serves primarily as a method of transportation into other bodily systems, rather than as an oxygenating or nutrient-delivery system. The interior of a 'normal' tumour has little in the way of vascular motion, which fits with the body design of our subject.

Rather, instead of typical circulatory fluid, a slow leakage of pustulent fluid emerged. The whitish tinge may indicate some sort of infection or cystic nature, while the thick texture may indicate that some degree of clotting had taken place.

SECONDARY INCISION AND INTERRUPTION:

Again using the surgical saw, a deep incision was made perpendicular to the initial incision, to a depth of approximately 4cm and a length of approximately 18 cm. Using forceps, Dr. Jefferies was able to fold back the cutaneous and subcutaneous flesh, offering a fuller view of the tissue beneath.

The interior of the specimen provided its own challenges, leaving aside the fluid and the tough flesh. A smell emerged, causing Marwick particular distress. He was forced to leave the area momentarily, while he composed himself. While the internal flesh appeared to me made up of (and smelled of) necrotised flesh, it also emitted a toxic vapour. Turpin promptly activated the fume hood, which had significant effect. The procedure was, as such, delayed for at least 10 minutes, as the smell and mist abated.

At that point, Orderly Turpin stepped back dramatically, knocking over one of the dissecting pans as he fell backwards. Jeffries and I immediately stepped to his aid, but he waved us off, but he waved us off. We immediately inquired as to his condition, but he only replied that 'It moved. It just moved.'

Naturally, this was some area of concern. Determining actual life or death in a creature so bizarrely different from anything we've known proves to be of particular difficulty. As mentioned numerous times before, GENOA FRACTAL is primarily composed of necrotised or tumorous tissue. We had simply assumed that 5 rounds from an assault rifle and a massive autopsy incision would be enough.

Understandably concerned, Gifford called in the Plumbers.

Within 15 minutes, three heavily armed men arrived, led by SAS 21 Master Sergeant Kimball. Two of his men had standard-issue rifles slung across their shoulders, while the third had a M2A1-7 Flamethrower strapped to his back. Kimball himself had only his sidearm and his ridiculous moustache.

This observer believes that Kimball was none too happy to be called up in the midst of *Coronation Street* to come watch us open up a giant blob of goo. He grumbled and muttered through the remainder of the procedure. I was fairly certain that he asked me at one point if he and his men could go wait in the lounge, but it's hard to hear anything underneath that scrub brush he's got hanging over his mouth.

At any rate, with guards in place, our procedure resumed.

SECONDARY INCISION AND OBSERVATION, CONTINUED:

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With the mist abated and the SAS on-call, activities resumed. The forceps were reapplied, peeling back the left ventral section of exodermis, while the flesh was pinned back, ensuring that the incisions would remain open.

Initial probing into the incisions proved to be trying. The aforementioned pustulent fluid had a degree of tackiness to it, catching the probes and causing them to gum up. Orderlies Turpin and Marwick did their best to scrub clean any probes used, though the standard antibacterial degreaser seemed to have little effect. Cidex (Dialdehyde) did little to remove the fluid, as did Meritz. Even after intensive scrubbing with both chemicals, a the smell persisted. A .5 molar bleach solution also had little effect.

At this point, this observer admits a good deal of distraction, primarily due to the findings presented in the section following this one. As this observer found out briefly thereafter, Marwick and Turpin began experimenting - *playing* is a better term - with various fluids, to see if any others would better clean the instruments. It appears that while a four-day-old pot of Earl Gray did little, the pair did manage to stumble across something useful: Turpin's insufferable *Juicetopia!* drink. Note that one of the 'Ultimate Herbal Infusions' in his Blackberry Pomegranate Parade is 15ml of graviola. Graviola, as it turns out, is a new-age herbal cure, specifically used for colon, pancreatic, and prostate cancers.

Upon the re-application of suction and some concentrated Graviola extract, requisitioned from the pharmacology department, the process was made much easier. Switching back to the surgical saw, we made an additional incision at the base of the third (.25 metre) pseudopod, dismembering it. Radial incisions were then made around the pseudopod itself, revealing a fascinating phenomenon. Within the pseudopod, the specimen had created a previously unseen cartilage-like substance - hard, yet pliable and flexible - upon which the creature could act in a facsimile of musculo-skeletal locomotion. This finding corroborates the Markoth-Viems theory, following OPERATION MORRIGAN YOYO.

Excited by this finding, Dr. Jefferies continued to work on the pseudopod, while Dr. Gifford assisted this observer with continued suction and excavation of the primary cavity.

EXTRACTION AND STOPPAGE:

.....
Dr. Gifford continued to work within the body cavity of the central mass, only to make some fairly distressing findings. In hindsight, such an anatomical structure is sensical and logical; even congruous with what we understand regarding cystic masses and the like; given the circumstance and appearance, we could not have possibly been more prepared than we already were.

Upon another few minutes of suction, most of the pustulent fluid had been cleared from the cavity itself. Using her penlight, Gifford took a long look inside the cavity.

'There's something in here that you should see,' she said, 'This is...'

Gifford inserted both hands into the central incision, pulling at something with a great degree of effort. Tearing something loose, she stepped back, as the whole of the specimen seemed to deflate. Gifford pulled forth what appeared to be an ovoid central mass about .2 metres across. It had the appearance of the nucleus of a cell, as if viewed through a microscope, although it had the same discolorations and texture as the exterior specimen. However, it appeared to be in the midst of late Telophase, breaching on full cytokinesis. The internal structure of the GENOA FRACTAL specimen was dividing.

Kimball cried out from the back of the room. He had drawn his sidearm, and was motioning his men into position. Gifford slowly set down the mass, and the room went utterly silent for a moment.

In that instant, the mass began vibrating at a very rapid rate, emitting a high pitched squeal or whistle. Shaking violently, it landed on the floor and burst apart, separating into two tiny specimens - each resembling the original GENOA FRACTAL specimen. This observer leapt forward, all but tackling Dr. Gifford to the ground as the two creatures rose into the air. The whistling reached a fever pitch as Kimball and his men let loose with their ordinance.

CONCLUSIONS AND RECOMMENDATIONS:

Needless to say, this procedure could have been singularly disastrous. Had Orderly Turpin not seen the original specimen moving, this observer may not be around to provide further analysis. Had we not called Master Sergeant Kimball and the SAS, it might have all been moot point.

Attached, you will find the full autopsy report and narrative, complete with tissue spectroscopy. Pharmacology is currently working with Armoury, attempting to replicate a chemical dispersal system specifically designed to eliminate GENOA FRACTAL Stage V specimens.

Coupled with this ongoing investigation, please note the attached Form 3692a - Commercial Purchase Order (Bulk Food Product), regarding 16 cases of Blackberry Pomegranate Parade, and two additional of Mango Guava Madness. There are many more experiments to be done.



TOPSECRET//NATSEN//UKEYESONLY//DV//29x19//OCCULUS//SPECIAL-PROJECTS

Document Subject: Transcript of interrogation
Subjects: 'Tony Soprano'; Mr. John Doe; and Mr. James Q. Cardholder.
Date of Incident: 12 Dec 2009
Time of Incident: 3:45 am GMT
Duration of Incident: approx. 6.5 hours.
Incident Type: OCCULUS Interrogation #21504a

SOPRANO: Heh, it's almost time you guys arrived. I was almost gettin' bored in here. Five hours with nothin' to do but stare at the walls and sleep. [Yawns loudly] Got some coffee there?

DOE: Tony Soprano...

SOPRANO: That's not my name.

CARDHOLDER: It is for the time being. Until you're relocated and reassimilated, you're whoever we want to call you.

DOE: If we want you to be Terry the Tiger, you're a pussycat.

CARDHOLDER: And nothing else.

SOPRANO: Yeah, yeah... you think I ain't talked with spooks like you before? FBI, ATF... you're all just alphabet soup.

DOE: That's what you think?

SOPRANO: Yeah, that's about right.

CARDHOLDER: Sounds like he doesn't want our help much.

DOE: Sounds about right.

CARDHOLDER: Maybe we can go see about getting a sandwich.

DOE: Do they have tuna and sweetcorn?

SOPRANO: [slightly panicked] All right, all right. I'll knock it off with the wisecracks. You gotta understand, we had no idea what we were dealing with.

CARDHOLDER: [to Doe] Looks like the sandwich will have to wait.

DOE: No pepper in the break-room anyway...

CARDHOLDER: Why don't we start at the beginning, then, Tony? How about Groeningen?

SOPRANO: [low] He's where all this started.

DOE: Not surprising. You come to him, or he come to you?

SOPRANO: We came to him. He was working with some big pharmaceutical firm out of Echling, Germany, in their research and development staff. Said that they were on the verge of kicking him out anyway.

CARDHOLDER: Again, not too surprising.

DOE: Why were you after him in the first place?

SOPRANO: The DeCavalcantes.

CARDHOLDER: More Americans?

SOPRANO: Well, not *just* them.

DOE: Then who else?

SOPRANO: The Sicilians.

CARDHOLDER: Camorra or Luciano?

SOPRANO: Someone's been doing his homework... the Camorra, if you must know. Since INTERPOL's been cracking down on trafficking, the scraps have gotten scarce, and the families are at each others' throats. We needed a leg up.

DOE: So you went to Groeningen.

CARDHOLDER: Whose brilliant idea was that one?

SOPRANO: Jimmy Teeth.

CARDHOLDER: What is he, a dentist?

SOPRANO: No, he's just got a good set of pliers and a sick sense of humour. But compared to Groeningen, he's small fish.

DOE: No kidding. When'd you decide to bring him in?

SOPRANO: About two years ago. April, even, so two and a half. The capo set up him with his own lab. State of the art. Wanted him to start working on a new project.

CARDHOLDER: Yeah... what on?

SOPRANO: Something to take care of the Sicilians, the DeCavalcantes, and the schmucks at INTERPOL. In one fell swoop.

DOE: A weapon, then? Something biological?

SOPRANO: More than a weapon. A tool. A method of intimidation. See, boys, it ain't a matter of killing a guy. Killing a guy is easy. You get a gun, your bullets, and you go after him. If you're good at it, you might even get away with it. But, you kill one guy and another'll take his place. You kill the *capo* or the *consigliere*, and someone else will step up. No, we wanted something that would scare the rest so bad, they'd never want to step into those shoes. We wanted something that would put us on top.

CARDHOLDER: And Groeningen gave it to you.

SOPRANO: Boy, did he ever. We fixed him up with a lab and he got right to work. About a year and a half in, he called the family into his lab for his results. He had the capo bring a list of names, and his best assassins.

DOE: So, what were you doing there?

SOPRANO: Where the *capo* goes, so goes I. That's what I did. When you're good at the job, they don't ask you to change. So, I went with him, down to Groeningen's lab. He'd got all sorts of things growing in test tubes and shit. Made your stomach turn to look at 'em. He had this rat that had swollen up, like someone'd put ping-pong balls under its skin or something. They kept shifting around, too, like they were moving on their own. Poor little guy looked like he had no idea what was happening...

CARDHOLDER: A rat feeling sorry for a rat.

DOE: Can't be too surprised by that.

CARDHOLDER: Man, you're a poet, even.

SOPRANO: [almost cheerfully] Don't I know it... look at me, yukking it up with the spooks. Sheesh. If Jimmy Teeth were here, he'd have my balls in a vise-grip.

DOE: Let's get back on topic. What'd Groeningen show you?

SOPRANO: The *capo*, a few months before, managed to get a hold of one of the DeCavalcantes' flunkies: some *carogna* they called Mickie. I totally forgot about him. Apparently Groeningen and the *capo* didn't.

CARDHOLDER: Go on.

SOPRANO: He gave us these respirator masks, and herded us into this surgical theatre. There was Mickie, strapped down on the operating table. At least, it sort

of looked like Mickie. Know what I said about those rats, earlier? He looked like that: all puffed up, with stuff moving under his skin. He looked a mess. Frankie started gagging as he watched. Apparently the sedative Mickie was wearing off, 'cause he started waking up. We had the speakers on, linked to the microphones in the theatre. He started screaming and screaming. 'It's coming out! It's coming out!'

Suddenly, there was Mickie, then... there wasn't. [pause] He splattered apart. Like if you threw a ripe grapefruit against a wall. Pieces of Mickie flew against the two-way mirror and started dripping down.

The *capo* said 'Holy fuck!' I remember that. The capo never swears in English. First time I'd heard it in 16 years. But there he was, saying 'Holy Fuck!' and Groeningen just stood there, smiling.

'Watch,' he said. We watched. That was when the spooks burst in.

DOE: [under his breath] ZERO AVALANCHE.

SOPRANO: Whatever you want to call it... We could see them through the two-way mirror, streaming in with guns ready. They secured the lab and started heading towards the theatre.

There was this thing, floating there. The lights started flickering, and it was hard to get a good look at it. There was this whistling sound; real soft-like, as they entered. They must have heard it, too, because they looked nervous. The spooks had these flashlights strapped onto their assault rifles. Something slammed against the door to the theatre as they cleared out the lab; their heads turned to look, and they trained their rifles on it.

This... thing. It came slamming through the door. You ever have a cyst removed, Cardholder?

CARDHOLDER: No. Just get on with it.

SOPRANO: This is important. Doe, how about you?

DOE: [a pause] Once. On my back.

SOPRANO: Okay, then you'll know what I'm talking about. It was like a huge, floating cyst – about two or three feet across. It had that kind of grayish sac, like a cyst. It was dripping this whitish goo, but in the goo was... just random body parts, you know? Hair, teeth, fingernails, all coated in that goo. It was there, floating, thrashing around.

The spooks let loose with their rifles on full-auto. The thing just sort of absorbed their bullets, taking them in like they were Pez.

It thrashed around, spewing that ick everywhere. It ran straight on into one of the spooks, and just kind of...

absorbed his head. He was screaming, but you couldn't hear him at all. That thing just surrounded him and sort of compacted. When it left him loose, the spook's helmet was caved in, and that ick was all over him. He was rolling around, thrashing on the floor, twitching. Then he stopped.

That thing took down four of them, before the other three got enough damned sense to fall back. They left, and so did the thing. I don't know where it went.

CARDHOLDER: What about Groeningen?

SOPRANO: We were all there, just dumbfounded. Groeningen just laughed and laughed. The *capo* just kept saying over and over again, 'Holy fuck, holy fuck...' with the odd Sicilian blessing in between. Groeningen turned to him and said in that damned accent of his, 'You see? This is what you wanted, yes? Weapon of intimidation, yes? Is working well, yes? You are intimidated?'

The *capo* slowly sat down and nodded. He was shaking and pale, but after a minute he smiled. He nodded and waved one of the assassins over. The *capo* whispered to him, 'You see this? This is how we rule the streets. No one dares go against us now.'

Groeningen looked down at them and said, 'I can put... delay, on the burst. Have the thing come out during a funeral procession, maybe?'

DOE: And you all just went along with this.

SOPRANO: Yeah. We did. We stayed silent, because we were fuckin' scared, all right? You think you have the *coglioni* to stand up to a man like the *capo*? Or worse, a fuckin' lunatic like Groeningen? No, you don't. He's not a man... he's a creature. He just laughed and laughed that whole fuckin' time as Mickie blew apart and that thing tore apart those spooks.

CARDHOLDER: Where is he now?

SOPRANO: The *capo* kept him around for about four months after that. He even had one of the assassins use that shit against the Sicilians. Fourteen people died at the funeral, due to an 'unexpected gas leak'. Unexpected gas leak, my ass. Whatever came out of Fabroni, it ripped a hole in the Camorra leadership. The *capo* got what he wanted, all told – it'll be years before they horn in on us again.

DOE: Where is Groeningen?

SOPRANO: If I knew, I'd tell you! I don't know. He and the *capo* had some huge argument. Groeningen wanted to try some new test, and the *capo* had thought he'd gone far enough already. The *capo* started yelling, and Groeningen just stood there, grinning that damned

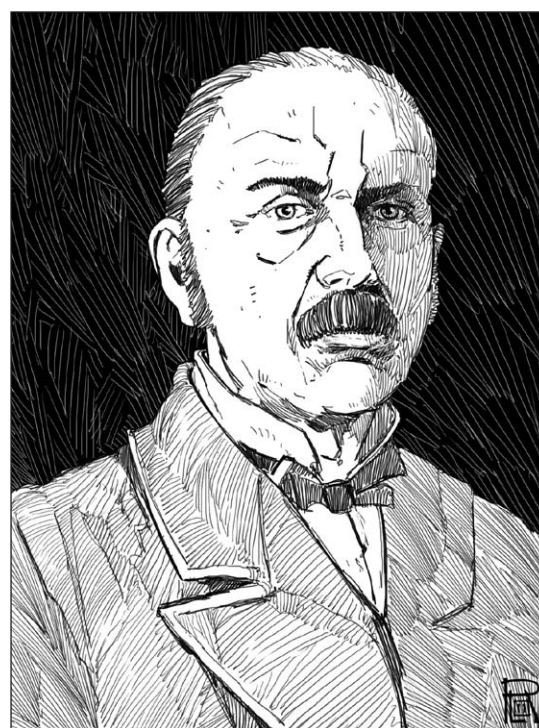
grin he has. When the *capo* was done, Groeningen said something as he was walking out.

He said, 'You wait. Just wait. There is new science coming. There is new medicine. You will see. Just wait.'

CARDHOLDER: And he just left? No reprisal, no omerta code?

SOPRANO: Yeah. He just left. That was it. I think the *capo* was scared of him, and I don't fuckin' blame him. I'm scared of him.

DOE: All right. Okay. I think we can start talking reassimilation. I'll need you to sign here...



POSTSCRIPT I:

'Tony Soprano' is currently living in [REDACTED] under an assumed alias and intense Laundry and MI6 surveillance. I do not believe that any further information is to be gained from him, but he is under a level four binding geas for silence. We have the ability to recall him if necessary, for additional questioning, but only on absolutely necessary circumstances.

MANDRAKE WANDERER (Dr. Juriaan Groeningen) was last sighted outside of Sana'a, Yemen on [DATE REDACTED]. It is believed that MANDRAKE WANDERER has made contact with VEVAK operatives, and has been offered to be brought in on an advisory capacity. It is unknown what VEVAK might want with MANDRAKE WANDERER, though the possibilities are worrisome, to say the least.

Katy,

Please PLEASE don't rip us this letter, or if you have to tear it up, read it first. I just want you to know I'm okay, and that me and 'Manda are in Calais now.

I wish you'd either ring me, or stop blocking my calls. I know you're mad at me, but I still love you and Mum. You know that, don't you? You also know the whole reason me and 'Manda are even in France is because I want to save Mum before it's too late...

Please stop burying your head in the sand. Mum's going to die if me and 'Manda can't do something about it. We both know that when the hospital sent Mum home, they sent her home to die. They can't do anything more for her. No more chemo, no more drugs, nothing. And please don't call me just to say you're going to go private or something like that - even if we had the money. Mum's beyond that now. We're talking weeks, not months. She may not not even have that long.

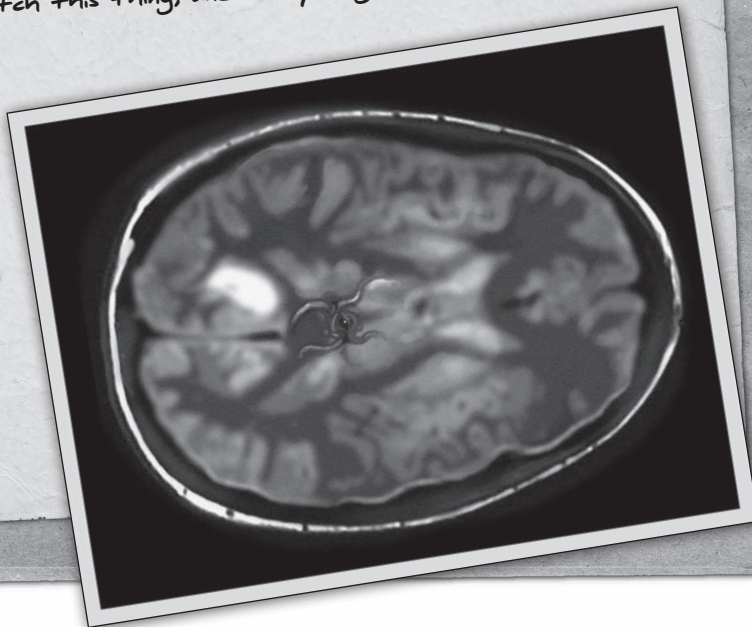
'Manda's convinced she can do it, y'know? She knows about stuff. The kinda stuff you only read in weird books and see in films. She says there's freaky shit going on in the world that a lot of us don't know about, and that the government keep covered up, because they don't want people to find out and get scared. She's heard stories about an old place in the Alps called the Von Haller Sanatorium. Rumour has it that the place was shut down in the 'twenties when one of the patients died, and then stories emerged that something had crawled out of his mouth and started floating around the whole clinic. I know it sounds far-fetched, but 'Manda says it's true, this thing is still there, and if we catch it, she knows people that can use it to make Mum better.

Please don't just dismiss this. You know I love 'Manda and that 'Manda loves me. She wouldn't lie to me, and she wants to see Mum get well just as much as we do. When we get back, and Mum's okay again, me and 'Manda are going to get married, and she says she wants you to be the maid of honour. Please say you will. I know you don't like her, and that you somehow blame her for me being the way I am, but you need to learn to live with it.

We're setting off for Bern soon (that's the capital in Switzerland), and then we're hooking up with one of 'Manda's friends (someone called Heinz) before we head out for the sanatorium. Then we're going to catch this thing, and everything will be alright. I promise.

Love you

Becky xxx



THE LAUNDRY

Remember Katy Radek from back in the '70s? She was that Yank that pulled a gun at the atomic energy summit at Cambridge. She squeezed off a couple wild shots before secret service put her down. SY ruled it 'suicide via police' and closed the file. No further questions and Bob's your uncle, right?

One of the hosts of that summit was Professor Edward Faeler. All his life, Faeler was a big advocate for atomic and nuclear power.

Well, last year at age 102, Faeler died. A couple months ago, the university cleaned out his office. At the bottom of a crate, they find the attached letter. Some smart cookie in security figured it was important and got it to the police and it worked its way to us.

The kicker? When they first found it, the letter was UNOPENED! Faeler never read it.

I need you to put a team together to sniff into this Faeler character - his associates, club memberships, all of it. There's no way Faeler could have acted alone. They are gonna need to get up to Cambridge to poke around and they are gonna have to do it quietly! Our American counterparts can never know we have this.

A

May 29th, 1974

Professor Edward Faeler
Dean, Department of Theoretical Physics
Cavendish Hall
Wilberforce Road, Cambridge CB3 0WA

Professor Faeler,

You won't remember me, but we met once in 1943. I was seven. It was at the 'Los Alamos Family Potluck' and everyone was there; Bainbridge, Feynman, Bohr, even Oppenheimer. You all stood in a line like royalty, and the families came by to shake hands. My father was a welder on the project, and he was so proud for me to meet you. I remember his thick Polish accent as he whispered, 'Katya, these men are the giants in America. Because of these men you will sleep safe at night!'

Isn't it funny how children see what adults miss? The grownups were too busy to really notice Los Alamos, but the kids did. We noticed the odd layout of streets; the strange angles of the intersections; the curious shape of the plazas; and those two ponderous highways, like a Jacob's ladder that disappeared off into White Sands.

Years later, I found out that you insisted on personally laying out and supervising the construction of the government town. While Oppenheimer, Bohr, and the rest were formulating the physics beyond your grasp, you were birthing your own project. They must have thought it strange that you abandoned the calculations to disappear into the desert with the bulldozers, but from what I've heard, they didn't miss you much.

5:30 am, the morning of the Trinity test, I saw the flash. I was staring out our big front window at the horizon where the tail lights of daddy's truck had disappeared an hour before. There was no noise, but it was the brightest light I had ever seen.

When Papa got home that evening, he was brimming with excitement. 'Katya, you should have been there! It was so beautiful - the whole desert was bright like day. Only in America could such a thing be. I wish your mother could have seen, Katya, she would have been so proud...'

He went on in his infectious way for hours, but I knew it wasn't beautiful. That flash was something terrible escaping, and somehow the twisted lines of our town were the pattern that had set it free.

The creature came later that night. Again, children see things adults won't. Dogs too, I guess - it was Lexy barking outside that woke me up. I came out into the living room and watched from the same front window as the massive thing crossed the night sky. It didn't exactly fly, it grew through space. It was like watching a popover puff in the oven. For a moment it paused at our window, maybe four feet from me, and I saw it clearly. There were mouths and eyes and even faces that would surface in the bubbles of its flesh.

Then a growth of it took shape on my side of the glass. It didn't break the glass or open the window; it just started bubbling into our living room. I wanted to scream, but for some reason I didn't. I followed the quivering thing, as it grew its way down the hall to daddy's bedroom.

Papa was sleeping with his mouth open, and it crawled right down his throat. He twitched and stirred as the thing disappeared inside him, and it took a long time, but he never woke up. Then it was gone.

The second time I saw the creature was the night daddy died. It was three years later. I was with him in the hospital. As soon as he died, it puffed its way back out his mouth, through the hospital window, and back into the night sky. For a moment, I saw daddy's face in one of its bulges, and his eyes were filled with fear. But then another bulge swallowed up that one, and I never saw him again. Daddy's body weighed 71 pounds when he died. The creature took the rest.

Bainbridge, Feynman, Allison, Bohr, even Oppenheimer, they're all dead now. I wonder if they saw the creature when it came for them. Probably not, they were adults. But I saw it when it came for me last year. For three decades I had lived in terror of the thing, and there it was, bubbling through the wall of my apartment. I closed my mouth tight, but it just puffed and grew its way right into my stomach. I am 37 years old, and I won't see 40.

But the creature never came for you, did it, Professor? You have lived in comfort and ease while everyone else paid the price. By now, you must be wondering why I am writing this letter.

I'll tell you. I am coming to kill you, Professor. I am coming to your school, and I am going to put a bullet in your brain. But first, I wanted you to know. That's why I'm writing. Now you can taste the fear that I have lived with all my life.

See you soon,

Katy Radek

Katy Radek

Mr. Atherton,

Attached are the requested documents concerning GENOA FRACTAL. While this information was not easy to compile – data is simply not as prevalent as BLUE HADES or DEEP SEVEN – I believe that the threat posed is one of particular significance, simply due to the rapid ability of GENOA FRACTAL to spread, and our current inability to counter its threat. We must be prepared to accept the worst case scenario: we may well be looking at less of a phenomenon and more of a newly-evolved race.

The first document in your possession is the interrogation of Mr. Soprano (at least, we're calling him that for the time being), following the unmitigated failures of OPERATION ZERO AVALANCHE. Mr. Soprano's information regarding Dr. Juriaan Groeningen (MANDRAKE WANDERER) has been most helpful, as we attempt to track him down. Interpol's been totally in the dark regarding MANDRAKE WANDERER, and we have reason to believe that they have either no willingness or no ability to pursue him. Mr. Soprano has been more than helpful in ascertaining the truth of what truly went on prior to ZERO AVALANCHE.

The second document in this folio deals specifically with the biology of the GENOA FRACTAL phenomenon. While an actual autopsy seems unfeasible, internal examination and biopsy have displayed informative results. Suffice to say, the increased usage of human stem cell tissue has aggravated the frequency of GENOA FRACTAL occurrences, to say nothing of the increased amount of carcinogens, both in terms of environmental factors and in terms of ongoing health issues. At least we have the NHS; those poor American sods are looking their Maker in the face with this one. Included in this second document is the aforementioned internal examination report, as well as tissue sample analyses.

In 2007, nearly 300,000 British citizens were diagnosed with some form of malignant neoplasm. Over half – 156,232, to be precise – died in 2008. In the United States, they're up to nearly 800,000 diagnoses in a year (2010), with nearly 300,000 deaths.

We need to look at what's staring us in the face. It's not a matter of 'if' or 'when' the GENOA FRACTAL arrives or comes to kill us. It's already here, and the killing has already started.

Further, I believe that our current Occult Forensics division is not properly equipped to deal with GENOA FRACTAL as either a phenomenon or as an autonome. With our focus being on espionage and information control, The Laundry in general is ill-equipped to contain or prevent a potential plague. It's simply out of our scope and range at this point. Options are severely lacking.

Unfortunately, it is with that dire prediction that I must forward my notice of transfer. As of [DATE REDACTED] I will no longer be providing field services and response for this division. I have tendered my resignation from Field Support, pending my approval for transfer to Dunwich, where I will be working to train new recruits.

I have requested this transfer for one reason only: my wife. She was recently diagnosed with a form of Hodgkin's Lymphoma, and will be undergoing chemotherapy treatments and a radiation battery starting next Tuesday, at St. Ignatius. While our health insurance will cover many of the costs, tests have shown that her lymphoma has already begun to metastasize. She's currently at Stage IIIa. The doctors assume she'll be in Stage IV by midsummer.

Dunwich will do us good, I think. It's quiet, and Sheila can rest and heal.

I think you now begin to understand why I was reluctant to take up this dossier. While I do not regret my time as a field correspondent, I do have one request. Do not, under any circumstances, expect me to return to this project.

Regards,

– Robert Gerhart,
Dept. of Field Support



Transcription of a presentation given to EU Joint-Liaison Committee on Autonomes
by Richard Hayes, Laundry Subterranean Operations Section

London, April 2011

Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you for your time today. Due to some recent events in London and environs it was considered prudent to increase the general level of knowledge, within the Laundry and amongst our European counterparts, on *Homo sapiens necrosis*, more commonly known as "ghouls." I trust you have all read the briefing material that was emailed to you prior to this meeting; you will also be able to download the text of this lecture from the committee SharePoint server later today. I apologise that this lecture will take the place of your usual mid-morning coffee break, but it was felt, due to the subject matter, it was best to discuss this matter at a time after breakfast should have been digested, but not so late as to ruin lunch.

It is impossible to say when the first member of *homo sapiens* transformed into *Homo sapiens necrosis*, nor can we say with any certainty why they did so. The DCRI, represented here by Mme Dupuis, have undertaken some of the most extensive investigations into what makes a human change, and even they have no definitive answer. For the purposes of this lecture, and backed up by some evidence, let us assume that humans and ghouls have co-existed forever.

The first suggestion of ghouls comes from cave paintings in India, the Bhimbetka rock shelters. These paintings are some twelve thousand years old, and careful analysis suggest that art work formerly believed to represent primitive worship is in fact a warning sign depicting those who eat human flesh. Evidence here is circumstantial, I will admit, but due to some other information we shall discuss later, the idea of India as the birthplace of ghouls is something of a pet theory of mine.

There are other cave paintings: one can, perhaps, trace a route out of India, north and west, to drier climes, where bodies last longer. It is when this trail reaches Turkey and Egypt, roughly nine thousand years ago, that we really start to see an explosion of references. Again, cave paintings are often hard to interpret, but I think you'll agree the pictures on the slides now could easily be bipedal creatures, with the moon overhead, eating other men.

I will, however, concede that it isn't until the rise of the Pharaohs in Egypt that we begin to obtain what I will describe as 'hard' evidence. During the First Dynasty, some five

thousand years ago, there were references to the 'eaters of flesh.' Understandably the inhabitants of ancient Egypt were not terribly happy with the notion of in- or near-human beings eating the flesh that they were only beginning to preserve. As the dynasties progress, we find some of the most terrible curses and protective spells are directed at those who would desecrate the tombs, not to steal, but to eat. Certainly it would appear that the earlier versions of those curses were far too weak to keep out the ghouls, and we believe more than one embalmed corpse is recorded as stolen.

By the height of Egyptian civilisation, the time of Cheops, the protection on the pyramids had been greatly improved, and we believe that the curses placed on buildings such as the Great Pyramid at Giza packed some real punch. The occasional plundering of other tombs in the necropolises went on, but the Pharaohs were safe. There are records of similar activity across the fertile crescent and, as the years go by, further west and north again, creeping into Europe.

While the wetter, colder, climate of Europe can't have been as nice as the Middle East, ghouls, like their *homo sapiens* cousins, migrate when they have to. The stronger tribes stayed in the best locations, the others moved on. Perhaps, had the ghouls of Persia and Egypt known what a feast they would miss in Europe, they may have also moved, but I think we can safely say that very few ghouls starve, anywhere in the world.

The next two thousand years or so of ghoulish history are difficult to speak of with any authority. It is around 200 BCE or so that we first encounter the Arabic, or near-Arabic, word *ghul*, a monster who ate the dead. It is probably, at this point, worth mentioning that favourite conceit of young researchers, and of too many older heads who should know better. In the early 1st century CE there was a man who lived in Israel, a man who said 'This is my body, eat it, in memory of me.' A man who underwent torture and was considered to have died, then rose again, and whose followers to this day eat bread they believe to have been transubstantiated into flesh. Please. Jesus of Nazareth was no more a ghoulish than anyone in this room. Anyway, let us move on.

As written records of humanity increase, so too do our records of ghouls. I have no intention of detailing every mention of *homo sapiens necrosis* from the rise of Rome until the present

day; there are many texts on the SharePoint server as well as in your own respective archives if any of you wish to research in detail. Rather, let us examine some highlights.

Rome, the Eternal City, is one such highlight. With a population greater than any city to date – approaching three million by 14 CE – with great respect for the dead and little for what we would, today, consider basic standards of public hygiene and waste disposal, Rome was perfect for the ghouls. Those of you may remember the documents circulated by our Italian colleagues from the DIS five years ago that gave evidence of official communications and even diplomacy between the Augustus, and later Emperors, and the ghouls. This is amazing, considering the fact that elsewhere in the world there are stories of ‘cannibal tribes’ being fought, killed, and burned. Humanity places a lot of import on what happens to our bodies after death; ghouls strike at that, and humanity, in classic fashion, usually strikes back. However, accords between humanity and the ghouls have, thankfully, become more common. Who knows what might happen in the future, or what role they might have to play in any future cosmic unpleasantness?

As the centuries ticked by and Europe’s population grew, so too did ghoul numbers. Interpretable records become more frequent: stories of grave robbers, of creatures in the catacombs, of strange lepers, feral children and changelings. Plagues and famines let the ghouls feed like never before, seemingly immune to what could kill humans in their hundreds and thousands, and eventually, millions. It is estimated that by the fifth century CE there were ghoul populations across all of Europe, as far as Turkey in the east, Finland in the north, Ireland in the west and Italy in the south. Throughout the last two millennia we have infrequent records of more intelligent ghouls interacting with humans, ensuring that while there were many, many deaths on both sides, it never progressed to genocide.

It is rumoured, for instance, that some of the Norse berserk warriors were ghouls; stronger, faster, hardier than their human fellows. Several reports from France in the seventeenth century say that the traveller and merchant Jean-Baptiste Tavernier was accompanied on many of his journeys by a heavily cloaked bodyguard who ‘spoke seldom and was never seen to eat, but whose grip was like that of iron.’ It was also Tavernier who brought the Hope Diamond (then known as the Tavernier or French Blue) to Europe, a many-storied object that has been connected to more than one outbreak of ghoullism, from India to France, and later to Ireland.

The Crusades seemingly strengthened ghoul tribes in both Europe and the Middle-East, due to increased food supplies and cross-breeding. However, it is between the thirteenth &

sixteenth centuries that the European ghoul population really exploded. The food supplies were plentiful and the variable conditions for transformation were more prevalent. One source suggests that one in ten thousand victims of the Black Death instead became a ghoul, and still nobody knows why.

Ghoul populations started to decline in the seventeenth century, and for two hundred years, those who wrote about the subject, such as Dr John Dee in some of his last writings, wondered if they were on the way to extinction. The late nineteenth century showed that not to be the case, as the ghoul populations soared along with the emergence of total war. The carrion left on the fields of the Great War, the Russian Revolution and, of course, World War Two, along with vastly increased urbanisation, lead to a huge surplus of food and many, many more places to hide. Neither Allied nor Axis commanders had any tolerance for ghouls feasting on their dead, but despite several military operations, thousands of casualties were cannibalised.

Numbers in Europe have declined since 1945, and were not helped by the elimination of large numbers of German ghouls by the Nazis, but they are still high and, more importantly, sustainable. It is estimated that the current ghoul population of London is around five thousand, for instance. There has been a concerted attempt to minimise human/ghoul interaction on the part of the various occult services since the disastrous events of the late 1890s and the building of the Paris Metro, during which twenty workers and an unknown number of ghouls were killed.

Sadly, however, we cannot always stop accidents from happening. I started this presentation with mention of London and that is where we shall end it. Recently, during construction works related to the 2012 Olympics, urgent communications were ignored, and digging went ahead in Farringdon. Unfortunately this excavation went straight into one of the largest ghoul settlements in the city. Thankfully the work was happening at night, but that only prevented public exposure and not the deaths of five workers and two ghouls, not to mention a series of injuries and the employment of a new construction site manager by the Laundry. Thankfully, all the public heard about was the discovery of a fourteenth century anthrax pit. Since that event, relations with several of the ghoul tribes in London have been fraught, although a project has been initiated to attempt to improve the situation.

And that brings our potted tour to the present day, ladies and gentlemen, I do hope the slides didn’t disturb you too much. If you have any questions, then please feel free to ask them now; or, of course, we can discuss them over lunch. I assure you, there is no long pig on the menu.

Excerpts From

You are likely to be eaten by a grue: An informal guide to Ghouls

by Richard Hayes, Laundry Subterranean Operations Sections

Let's play a game for a moment. If you hear the word 'Ghoul' what do you think of?

Did you imagine a feral human, long limbed, an animalistic face, crouched over a body, gnawing at a spleen? Did your mind's eye bring you down into dark tunnels, lairs beyond human ken, where a Hand of Glory is scant protection from ancient predators? Or did you picture a teenager with an old face, pinched and hollow, hoodie drawn up, searching through bins, barking and snarling?

All of the images above are true, but they are so limited and so stereotyped as to be functionally useless when discussing ghouls. It is difficult to consider concepts of racism when talking of another species, but morally and legally, ghouls must be treated and considered as more than animals and more than stereotypes, and certainly it is a mistake to think of them as our enemies. They eat the flesh of the dead, but they do not commonly hunt humans. They hide in dark places and react to invaders, but they do not invade our world. In many ways they have not evolved since the first member of *Homo sapiens* became *Homo sapiens* necrosis, but, as with humans, their species has the capacity for the exceptional and it would be a grave mistake to forget that.

Ghouls have lived in close proximity with surface humanity for hundreds of thousands of years, and have exerted considerable influence over our history and culture. The following extracts demonstrate the range of encounters with ghouls throughout history.

The Eaters of Flesh – John Dee
(Modern translation from Latin)

It is known that there are creatures, travellers in darkness, once human, now changed, those the ancient Arabs called *ghul* that stalk this island and all of Europe. When stories first reached my ears I thought these beings demons, foul summonings, but my own work and that of others has shown them to be changelings, creatures once human, now forced to dwell in darkness and feast on the uncooked flesh of humans and animals. This thought at once appalled and intrigued me, on discovering tribes of *ghul* in London and fearing, irrationally, an attack. With time to think, my fear, but not my revulsion, grew less. I dared not inform Walsingham for fear he would send men into the dark pits to root out these creatures; rather, I decided to investigate myself, to assess the threat.

With my most powerful wards in place, I began my journey downwards, both in space and thought. They live amongst us in parts of London less travelled. In the graveyards and slums they gather, preferring underground places and dark tunnels. From there they explore, they feed on what we leave behind and repel those they feel have invaded their territory. That they were once human disturbs me most. My most powerful divinations cannot

see how or why this could be, nor do the brightest of them know; or if they do, they will not speak of it. They do have the spark of a soul amongst them, even if many are no better than beasts. The tribe is the thing, a strong leader with many followers, a king and his bloody-handed subjects.

The strongest of them are able to speak, guttural, low, their canine faces alert, sniffing the air as if deciding if I am friend or foe or food. The Queen, as always, knows when something new is afoot, so I have spent many weeks preparing a report and an introduction. Perhaps we shall have a new ambassador to court, although I fear his presentation and attendance may be a truly private matter.

Edited extracts from The Six Voyages – Jean-Baptiste Tavernier
(Translated from French – Classified by DCRI, released to the Laundry under EU Joint Liaison Project)

The gold is so much easier to bear than the diamond and I sleep more easily now it is in the hands of the King. In truth I did not need more gold (I wanted it, of course, who doesn't?), and there were those who said I was a fool to sell the stone, but they have not seen what I have seen. In India I hear myths of a diamond, blue like the sky, a true treasure of the earth, so I explored, I dug, and I found it. But I also found those who keep it. The creatures of the earth, a mass of things, almost human, their faces crowding in the dim light, my servants grappled, only my torch allowed. The din was like a pack of dogs, but finally one spoke a human language, one I understood. He told me I was somewhere I should not be, that I must come with him. I never saw the others I'd travelled with again.

We walked for hours, deeper down, past others of his kind, which I have since learnt are called *ghul* or ghouls. They lived in small groups, like ancient humans, eyeing me with hunger as we passed by, but stayed by their leader's strength. This creature, who told me to call him Vetala once we returned to Europe, said my life was his, and in return, I would show him the world, and carry a sacred artefact of his tribe. In the darkness he showed me a stone that took my torch light and turned it into brilliance, a prize of incalculable value, for which I have paid a thousand times. On the surface I introduced him, robed and hooded, as my new bodyguard, and we travelled on, eventually back to Paris. Maybe in the light the stone will bring only good, but I fear what I have brought out of the dark, for my soul, and the soul of my king.

Sermon from Derinkuyu Underground City, Turkey – Unknown c. 10th Century CE
(Translated from Latin)

We are safe in our city here, safe on this holy day, this day of mourning, this day when He died. There are fewer of us now, hiding here in the ground, from the oppressors above, from those who would harm us, who would tell us of false gods, would make us believe like them. We have suffered long, brothers and sisters, suffered away from the light of the Sun, becoming used to the dark, becoming used to the closed spaces, to the sounds of the earth, and we have become purer, closer to our God, closer to His word.

This is the day He died for us, this is the day His words became holy.

We have been told that our practices are wrong, but His words sustain us.

We have been told that we are evil, but the practices of His disciples sustain us.

The word is made flesh, and eating of that flesh brings us closer to Him.

Go out, my brothers and sisters, eat flesh in memory of Him, so we may live forever.

Warsaw Field Report 1st Sept. 1942 – Hauptmann Kessler (Translated from German)

Today I must report the death of four soldiers during what was due to be a routine round-up and transportation of Jewish inhabitants of the Warsaw Ghetto. It was suspected that several of the families in the ghetto were hiding others in an extended basement. Two of Leutnant Dieter's men entered the basement after hearing noises. Dieter reported that shortly afterwards, he heard barking noises, then several shots, then screams. This went on for roughly one minute. The families who lived in the building were lined up outside at the time, and we immediately proceeded with an interrogation while covering the only door. They pleaded with us that there were creatures in their basement, repeating the word 'ghoul,' babbling in Polish, German and their filthy tongue.

After they were restrained and forcibly calmed, they revealed the truth. They had been digging a hiding place, and their excavation broke into existing tunnels beneath. With fear and a strange hope in their eyes they spoke of creatures, strange and feral, admitting them, guiding them under the city and into the fields beyond. Initially I dismissed their words and ordered four more men into the basement. There was sudden shouting and several screams, and two men ran from the house, one with a long cut on his leg. They reported that the other two were dead and that there were monsters in the basement. I did not believe their stories, but I felt it prudent to grenade the basement and carry on with clearing all the Jews from the row for transportation. The Jews living there were shot in the street. None of the bodies of the four lost men were recovered. Memorials are in place.

Boston's Oldest Artist? – Blog Post by Rachael Hayman, 2010

Today I met a legend, a man I could not believe was still alive and someone whom it has taken me five years to track down. I first heard of Richard Pickman at a lecture in Harvard, when my fine art professor talked about a man who'd been painting in Boston in the 1920s. Then he showed some slides and my heart nearly stopped. I've seen dark artwork, but this stuff actually made people leave the room; the piercing, feral eyes of the creatures, the sense of other, it thrilled me. Pickman was reported missing in 1926, and was never seen again.

Two months later, at a party, this guy tried to pick me up by taking me to this underground art show. He was a slimeball, but he mentioned Pickman, so I took a chance. We ended up at a private exhibition full of goths looking at a painting this guy said was Pickman's from last year. The style was unmistakable – that fearful realism, those incredible shadows – and so was the subject matter, but the setting of the picture was undeniably modern. Either Pickman was alive and painting images of his beloved ghouls hunched over laptops and raiding dumpsters for food, or else there was another Boston artist with the same twisted genius. I had to find out more.

I dug and dug, finding a host of people who said they knew a guy who knew a guy who claimed to know him, but nobody who could arrange an introduction. I even got to cold-calling old folks' homes, hoping to get lucky.

Then one day I got back to my apartment and the lights were out. There, in the darkness, sitting at my kitchen table, was a man, eyes gleaming, an aura of age and calm menace about him. We spoke for an hour and I never felt in danger, but I wasn't going to make any sudden movements either. He told me stories of the 1920s & 1930s, he told me about his work, about his inspirations, about how he felt he had to leave the Boston art scene and I knew, after five minutes, that nobody would ever believe me if I tried to publish this.

He told me of life in the darkness, of finding beauty in forms humanity rejects, of seeing the world through different eyes, of relishing the taste of flesh and the depictions of his people. He told me things I could not believe and then proved them with artwork that has kept me awake, night after night. Then he left, and I sat in the darkness for hours, too afraid to move, too stunned with beauty and fear to care. So I keep digging. I need to meet him again, to see more, to experience his world and make art that will change the world, for if I can be even an echo of his greatness, that will be a life worth living.



(Extract from *Burial Customs of the British Isles*, K. Verner, Sussex University Press, 1956)

demand among the medical profession for cadavers was answered by grave-robbers, called 'resurrection-men' or 'ghouls' in the cant of the day. These body-snatchers would creep into graveyards by night to steal the freshly deceased; such endeavours were highly profitable, as a handsome cadaver could fetch ten pounds or more. In turn, foiling grave-robbing became part of the family's duty to the deceased.

The usual approach by 'ghouls' was to break into the graveyard under cover of darkness, where they would then proceed to dig up the most recent burials. In large cities, where the demand for cadavers was strongest, the grave-robbers dug tunnels under the cemeteries and stole the coffins from below. The surface entrances to these tunnels were generally concealed in large crypts. Most of these subterranean passages were sealed up in the latter part of the last century, but some still exist today, behind padlocked gates. These tunnels were also used by smugglers for gin and stolen goods.

Increasingly elaborate schemes were used to stop grave-robbing. The most impressive were doubtless the various forms of 'exploding coffins' or 'coffin-torpedoes' patented in the United States. A metal coffin found in London in 1943 contained a still-sealed canister of poison gas, still waiting for a body-thief to trigger the trap. Other methods, while less explosive, were more reliable.

Mortsafes can still be seen in many graveyards, especially in Scotland. These were cages, a little larger than a coffin, where a corpse could rest undisturbed until it had rotted beyond use as a medical cadaver. Industrious ghouls could break into a mortsafe, given enough time; some surviving mortsafes bear the scars of tools or even what appear to be toothmarks in some cases. The larger cemeteries built morthouses, where several corpses could decompose in chorus.

Other large cemeteries took a more direct approach, with the use of watch-houses. These were small fortified houses where the family could stand vigil over the graveyard, watching for unwanted nocturnal intruders. An unwary grave-robbler might be beset by half-a-dozen burly mourners, and would be lucky to escape being made a corpse himself. More elaborate watch-houses included ports for musket-fire, secret passages for escape, or cellars for supplies so the watchmen could last out a long watch or even a siege.

Of course, such precautions were expensive, and a pauper's corpse was almost as valuable as the remains of his betters. For those unable to afford a mortlock or a graveyard watch, the traditional remedy was the 'lich-letter' – a letter sealed in with the corpse, to be discovered by the prospective grave-robbler, that offered an alternate reward if the ghoul would leave the corpse be. 'A dozen gold coins left in the cellar of the Prospect of Whitby inn' offers one; 'a loaf of bred [sic] and a hank of mutton' says another. Other lich-letters attempted to scare grave-robbers off with threats of spiritual damnation, or by claiming that the corpse in question was a fellow resurrection-man. 'In the name of Mort Digger, let this body rest' reads one letter in the collection of the British Museum. Another ventures into rhyme 'this body's not a toothsome scrap/a religious fellow was this chap/he signed his name in the black book/leave him be, his soul's been took.'

Folk superstitions grew up around these lich-letters. In some districts, lich-letters moved beyond mere exhortations to leave the corpse alone, and became prayers for assistance from some charnel deity. 'Mr. Mulciber has taken my House and my Health, he should get what Comes for him' or 'I pray you, show me where there is buried treasure. I shall meet you in the Highgate at midnight next Roodmas.' Even the wealthy and educated succumbed to this superstition. A letter found in the Abney Park graveyard reads 'I desire a copy of Dee's book. A good one, not wormy. Fetch me it, and you shall have a dozen fresh ones by the dark of the moon.' Lich-letters are written to this day in the poorer parts of London.

THE LAUNDRY

GUBU Archives – First extant notes on *Homo Sapiens Necrosis*

From the journal of Dr Charles Dunlea, Royal College of Physicians, Ireland.

The workhouse of Castleblayney, Co. Monaghan, is a bleak building, set near to a small village some day's journey north-east of Dundalk. I am not a man normally affected by such things, but the nature of my invitation from the local landlord, Henry Thomas Hope, set a true chill in my bones. I am an old friend of the family and he had asked me to come to the village to investigate what had driven several of the residents to rob the graves of their dead fellows and eat the decaying flesh. I had read of cannibals in far-off jungles and Pacific islands, but never in Ireland, and even during our recent potato blight problems I had heard no tales of men turning on their neighbours, dead or alive.

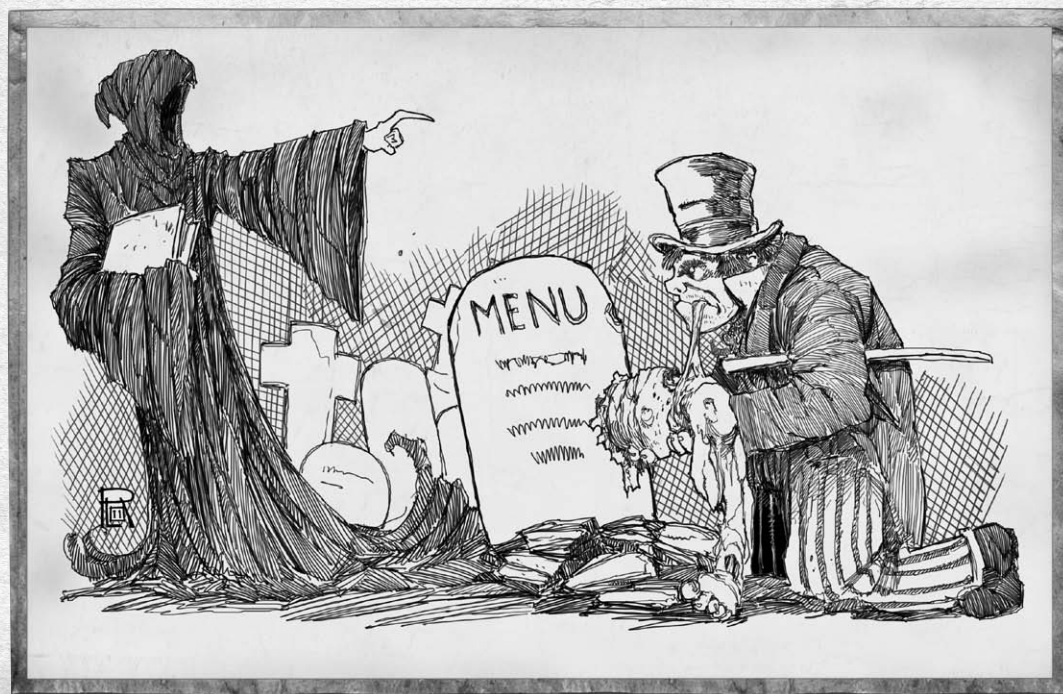
Nonetheless, in Castleblayney, the local RIC man had caught five men digging and eating in the graveyard next to the workhouse. He had shot one and the others were cowed enough to be taken and chained. My intent was to perform an autopsy on the dead man and undertake a full examination of the other four. I will admit that while as a moral and God-fearing man, I was horrified by the whole situation, as a physician I was fascinated.

The men I encountered there, chained in the workhouse after their arrest, had changed. The peasants, dirty and reeking, had become longer of face than before, and once-straight limbs had become twisted and gnarled, without any loss of mobility or strength. Indeed, they were most prodigiously strong and seem to have obtained more nourishment from the corpses than one might reasonably expect. Despite this sudden bloom of animal vitality, they remained excessively sensitive to light and had lost their wits almost entirely; they seemed to me more beasts than men. I attempted to interrogate them, despite the RIC man's warning that they would 'give me nothing but grunts and barks,' but alas he was correct.

After this, I moved on to the autopsy. As with those still living, the limbs had changed, the face more like a dog's than a man's, the nails forming claws. Of most interest was the stomach. This organ had changed so utterly that it was unlike any I have seen before; in a human, at least. It is difficult to be precise in these matters, but I feel the changes may have adapted the man's system to better digest decaying meat.

There is no doubt, however, that this man was once human. He was a peasant farmer named Twomey, fallen on hard times. I have named the condition in his posthumous honour. It has changed his body, and seemingly his mind, utterly, in ways unseen in other famine-ravaged areas, driving sufferers to eat dead and rotting flesh, to hide from the light and act in the manner of beasts, to change both externally and internally.

I returned the following day to continue my investigations, only to discover the other four had broken free and fled the village, but only after eating Twomey's remains, leaving nothing but bone and blood. I made my excuses and set off back to Dublin, I did not dare risk another night there.



Later DCRI Additions:

At time of writing, no single cause has been found for 'Twomey's Disease,' or Ghoullism. Causes or suspected causes include genetic disposition, viral infection, exposure to certain thaumic fields, participation in some rituals, ingestion of contaminated materials and even, perhaps, spending too much time in the company of other ghouls. Investigations continue.

Bob, can you check into this? One of my trawlers picked this up after I changed some keywords. It's worth checking into, I think. If this is a ghoulish recruitment tactic, we may need to speak to the London ghoulish communities and ask them politely to stop. I'm not authorized for field work or I would gladly go myself. – Shari

Sorry, too busy updating security for Win95 servers over in CPU. Plus I have a 4-day long training about how to combine TQM and Six Sigma with IT best practices starting tomorrow. Angleton would not be pleased if I missed that. However, I can tell you all Sidhe_me posts came through a server in St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. Suggest putting in a request for a team to visit there and talk to some of the students as well as local police. – Bob

HEALTHYBRITAIN.CO.UK

HealthyBritain Forum > Health & Diet > Diet Programs

Atkins Power Plus???

Sidhe_me says ... Have any of you heard about the Atkins Power Plus plan? Guy at club clued me in. Said results guaranteed, plenty of protein to eat, antioxidants to reverse aging effects! Might do it if price is right. (09/03/11 08:32)

traceyblue says ... did akins once got the shakes let me know how its different from regular akins (09/03/11 13:08)

Sidhe_me says ... Costs less than half of Weight Watchers! I'm doing it! (10/03/11 08:56)

Sidhe_me says ... Got first meals today. Steak and mushrooms for dinner! (11/03/11 07:12)

Sidhe_me says ... This stuff smells awful! But ate worse under Tesco Diet. Added mustard – tastes OK. Still, got to stick with it, don't you? (11/03/11 07:49)

traceyblue says ... how is it different from regular akins (12/03/11 17:11)

Emma85 says ... No carb diets work for first few weeks. Then you go back to original weight. Sidhe_me, suggest you go with Cabbage plan. I lost 20lbs! (13/03/11 05:48)

Sidhe_me says ... @traceyblue APP has ready meals like Weight Watchers, big difference. Packed with antioxidants to reverse aging. Also has option for Raw Food Diet for more enzymes. Food tastes a bit funny but you get used to it. (14/03/11 15:03)

Sidhe_me says ... Losing weight fast! Even wrinkles on face are going away! (18/03/11 06:52)

Sidhe_me says ... Tried to eat some veg with my APP meal. Disgusting! Gave me trots. Stick with the meat! (23/03/11 20:25)

Emma85 says ... Any diet plan where eating veg makes you sick is not healthy. Have you checked with your doctor about this Plan? (24/03/11 05:50)

Sidhe_me says ... Finally, my nails are strong! Always had chipped nails from typing, not any more. Losing more weight, feeling stronger, more energy, tight skin, this is BRILLIANT!!! (27/03/11 03:19)

Sidhe_me says ... APP food smells and tastes soooooo goood!!! Had HUGE ribs for breakfast, sausages for lunch, and steak tartar for dinner. Yum! (30/03/11 02:54)

Sidhe_me says ... Cooking meals takes to long. tastes better raw! Raw foods are healthyr to. Stay home todaey too eat more! (03/04/11 23:17)

ADMIN says ... User Carol Alden, aka Sidhe_me, has gone missing. All users should contact their local police if they have any knowledge of her whereabouts. (12/04/11 09:28)

END

Taken from the Medical Journal of Dr. Nobu Tekahari (Recovered posthumously)

Date: 2 November 2009

Study Administrator: Dr. Nobu Tekahari, M.D., Ph.D.
Human Subject: Nobu Tekahari

Given

1) *Homo sapiens necrosis* specimens ('ghouls') are born as normal *Homo sapiens* ('humans') and at some point transform into ghouls.

2) All ghouls consume human flesh.

Hypothesis

All humans have a latent ability to become ghouls. Consuming human flesh will trigger this transformation.

Procedure

Administrator will feed subject daily and varied doses of uncooked human flesh and log results weekly.

Specifications

There are many documented instances of human 'cannibalism' not causing ghoul transformation. However, it is the position of this study that the transformation will be triggered by either the quantity or condition of the flesh consumed.

Metrics

Transformation will be measured as subject experiences any of

- High functioning immune system and accelerated healing.
- Heightened sense of smell and hearing.
- Improved vision in low-light conditions.
- Loss of colour perception ('dog-vision').
- Deterioration of language skills.

Potential Complications

1. Administrator and subject are same individual. This presents a potential conflict of interest and lack of objectivity.
2. Subject has stage 4 pancreatic cancer with six predicted weeks of remaining life. This necessarily limits the longevity of the trial.
3. In last 3 months, subject has been exposed to a wide battery of radiation, chemotherapy and invasive surgery. These procedures could skew trial results.
4. Subject strongly hopes that ghoul transformation will cure him of his cancer. It is unknown if this emotional state may skew trial results (see Dr. Vogel's compelling study on 'wish fulfilment' in Parkinson's patients, 1997).

5. Consuming human flesh is a felony in the United Kingdom. Samples will have to be procured discreetly and study will have to be conducted in isolation at Dr. Tekahari's townhouse.

Week 1

Subject consumed 100 grams of human flesh each day for 7 days. Flesh was harvested from the musculature of a single cadaver. Subject also continued consuming his normal diet as appetite allowed.

Result: Subject experienced frequent nausea. This was the result of residual effects of chemotherapy as well as the subject's emotional reaction to consumption of human flesh.

Subject answered 'no' to all transformation metrics.

Recommendation: Increase dosage to 250 grams per day and remove all dietary elements other than human flesh.

Week 2

Subject consumed between 100 and 250 grams of human flesh each day for 7 days. Flesh was harvested entirely from the musculature of the same cadaver utilised in week 1.

Result: Subject is no longer suffering an emotional reaction to consumption of HS flesh. This is encouraging. However, subject had difficulty consuming the full 250 grams per day due to diminished appetite resulting from late stage cancer. Subject answered 'no' to all transformation metrics.

Recommendation: Subject should attempt to consume the maximum (250 gram) daily dose of human flesh. Vary treatment by having subject consume organ tissue as well as muscle tissue.

Week 3

Subject was extremely motivated and consumed between 200 and 250 grams of human flesh each day for 7 days. Flesh was harvested from the same cadaver utilised in weeks 1 and 2.

Subject consumed portions of liver, pancreas, stomach, kidney, and small intestine in addition to muscle tissue.

Result: Subject reports beginning to enjoy consuming human flesh. However, it is the administrator's considered opinion that the subject's strong desire for ghoul transformation is creating misleading results.

Subject answered 'no' to all transformation metrics.

Recommendation: Subject will consume the maximum dosage of human flesh that appetite can reasonably allow. To vary the trial, multiple cadavers will be simultaneously sampled.

Week 4

The study's legal status became problematic. Obtaining two additional cadavers proved time-consuming.

It eventually became necessary to employ a member of London's criminal element. Consequently, three cadavers were available only for the final two days of the week.

The subject consumed from the first cadaver consistently all week, and during the final two days the subject consumed as much as physically possible from the three cadavers combined.

Result: Subject was noticeably frustrated with the delay. Fatigue and acute illness are becoming significant factors. Subject has collapsed twice. While subject characterises himself as a stoic and reserved individual, subject admits to crying frequently.

Subject answered 'no' to all transformation metrics.

Recommendation: Ghouls consistently feed on human flesh at various stages of decomposition. Subject will imitate this behaviour by consuming flesh harvested from unpreserved cadavers.

Week 5

Legality was again a complicating issue. Administrator first tried to employ the criminal source from week 4 to procure decomposing human flesh samples; however, said individual was unwilling. When asked, the individual hurled invectives at the administrator and physically assaulted him, causing significant bruising and contusions to the administrator's head and face.

However, at great expense, administrator was eventually able to acquire decomposing flesh samples from five different cadavers at various stages of decay. Once decomposing samples were obtained (day 3), subject ate as much as could be tolerated.

Result: At first, results were encouraging! Subject enthusiastically consumed decomposing flesh samples. However, after 36 hours, subject became violently ill, with symptoms consistent with acute food poisoning. Subject's physical and emotional health have become a major concern. Subject's cancer continues to progress.

Subject is losing some colour perception. Regrettably, administrator acknowledges that this could be attributed to either cancer or acute food poisoning. However, subject does have an adamant belief that something inside him is changing.

Recommendation: To trigger the latent HSN in subject, more drastic means must be employed. Subject will consume flesh harvested from himself.

Week 6

Because administrator and subject are the same, harvesting a significant amount of flesh from subject proved challenging. Furthermore, Dr. Tekahari's home has limited surgical resources. Ultimately, administrator decided to amputate subject's left arm. This procedure was complex and subject had to consume more pain medication than was desirable. Additionally, the blood loss was significant. However, the ultimate result was successful.

The amputated limb was then left on Dr. Tekahari's balcony in the sun for 3 days to begin decomposition.

While limb was decomposing, subject ate various flesh samples from cadavers whose body parts are now laying all over Dr. Tekahari's basement. Finally, subject ate all flesh from his arm.

Result: Subject is still getting sicker, and is having frequent thoughts about suicide.

Recommendation: Subject commits to eating all available remaining flesh in an effort to simulate a ghoul feast. Subject will try very hard very hard to transform through visualisation and prayer as necessary. Subject believes he is very close.

Week 6 +2 Days

Subject has lost vision in right eye. Administrator speculates that a tumour is pressing on subject's optic nerve. Subject can no longer stand on his own power.

Administrator is attempting a final tactic to trigger transformation. Administrator has numbed subject's midsection with heavy injections of lidocaine. Using a surgical scalpel, administrator will now open subject's lower abdomen to expose entrails. Subject will then begin consuming his own entrails, creating a 'feeding loop' that administrator believes will act as final transformation trigger. Administrator feels it is unlikely that he will be able to log any further entries.

THE LAUNDRY

CLASSIFIED DOCUMENT: NORFORN/ORCON/EYESONLY/85x72/LAUNDRY4

DOCUMENT CONFISCATED FROM THE ESTATE OF LANCE-BOMBARDIER (RET.) JAMES SYDNEY. NEXT OF KIN, JAMES JNR. AND ABIGAIL, HAVE BEEN VETTED AND WARRANTED.

POETRY FOUND SCRAWLED IN THE MARGINS OF PRIMARY DOCUMENT. HANDWRITING ANALYSIS NOT CONSISTENT WITH ANY KNOWN MEMBER OF THE SYDNEY FAMILY.

*In Flanders Fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses row on row
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.*

I was 19, back then, during the War. I wasn't a volunteer; I was conscripted like almost everyone at that point. But I was young, and able to hold a gun, and throw grenades with the best of them. I'd never been quite so concerned with keeping my socks dry at any other point in my life.

We were stationed along Westhoek, not far from the Ypres Salient, in what's now Belgium. We were out on the front for nearly a month. We had been reinforced once, about three weeks in. One of my old friends from Sussex was with them – Paul Ashby. We called him Pete, back home. Pete lasted about three days in Westhoek. On the fourth day, a German shell exploded near Pete's watch station. We didn't even bother to look for a body.

*We are the Dead, Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders Fields.*

Since then, I've only made it back to the Continent once. After the War to End All Wars, I started working in a borax factory. In 1965, once the Germans were done with the War After the War to End All Wars, I left for the Westhoek.

The ruins of the War were still there, even twenty years later. Hell, you could still see mortar shrapnel and blasts from when I had been there. And the fields? Just as they say they are: rows and rows of graves, with the Flemish poppies in between. I must have spent hours there, just walking through the fields.

Is it any surprise I fell in a hole? I wasn't quite as frail as I am now, and I was able to roll with the fall. I must have fallen about 7, 8 metres at least. The ground just gave way underneath me, and down I went. I also hadn't quit smoking yet – doctors made me stop two years ago – so I had my lighter on me.

The light flickered, down in that hole, but it was enough to see. My eyes adjusted. I tried climbing back up and out, but it was too high. But then, I noticed more.

You wouldn't believe me if you saw it. I barely believed it myself, which is why I went to see more. There are *tunnels* down there. Not graves, not trenches. Tunnels. Tunnels like the Americans found in Viet Nam. Tunnels like things what have been digging.

*Take up your quarrel with the foe
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch be yours to hold it high.*

The badge of the Grenadier Guard is a distinct one. You might not recognise it, if you're not one of us, but we know our own: a bombard with a flaming wick, with many tongues of fire. There were a lot of those badges, and others like them, down there in the dirt. I picked one up, and brushed off the mud and muck.

That's when I heard my name. Barked, almost, like a dog growling it between gritted teeth. I looked up, and I saw him. If I hadn't seen the badge, I'd not be sure of it, but I know it was him. It was Pete. In the dark and gloom, with the flicker of my Zippo off his Grenadier badge, I know it was him. It didn't look like he used to – not anymore. Worse, he wasn't alone. There must have been a score of them, at least, in the back of the tunnels.

That's when my brain shut off. I'm guessing it did that to let my body just move without thinking. I'm still not sure how I got out. I woke up in a Belgian police station, where they let me loose about an hour later.

I'm not a scholarly man. Like I said, I spent most of my days after the War in a borax factory. Never did finish my schooling. My son and I, though, went to that big library in London. I looked up Flanders, the Westhoek, and all that. There's been fighting there for almost four hundred years. Four centuries of bodies, of trenches and graves... of things living down there.

There's going to be a reckoning when they come up from down there.

*If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields.*

Lance-Bombardier (Ret.) James Sydney
Sussex, 14 August 1976

If you're reading this document then it is most likely that one of two things has just happened. One is that your manager has just authorised a field op that will take you into the urban underground; the other is that you've just witnessed someone, or something, eating human flesh, while looking almost human themselves. Welcome to the world of the Ghoul.

New employees in the Laundry tend to focus, at first, on the formless horrors from beyond the stars. They hear echoes of CASE NIGHTMARE GREEN and worry that they and what loved ones they're still in contact with will end up drawing their last breath fighting for the safety of the planet, or being spread across an altar to be sacrificed to beings that only want us for our processing power. These thoughts and fears ignore the most obvious fact of *Homo sapiens'* existence, which is that we are not alone on this planet, and quite a few of the beings who share it with us used to be human.

Homo sapiens necrosis, also known as Ghouls, are such creatures. They are not alien, they are not from another dimension, but they are far from human (or at least far from *Homo sapiens*) and once you start poking your nose into the dark places of the Earth, you will encounter them. There are numerous official Laundry documents about the Ghouls, and they will all be referenced in this document. They should, of course, be read by, and are required texts for, all Laundry Subterranean Operations personnel, as well as a course requirement for training course HSNIO1 - Ghoul Diplomacy and Interaction. This informal guide was created due to the fact that Ghouls are not like BLUE HADES or DEEP SEVEN: they look a lot like you, you may well have met one and, one day, you or someone you know could, without warning or discernible reason, become one.

The author suggests that now is a good time for a cup of tea or coffee. While you're away from your desk, he would also suggest that you should order a copy of *Ghouls - UK Colonies & Diplomatic Interactions*, *Homo sapiens necrosis Through History and Dee's The Eaters of Flesh*. You should also obtain a copy of the pamphlet HR8201 - *Becoming a Ghoul*.

This is intended to give an operational overview of how to deal with these cousins of humanity: beings who live under us and around us; beings who crave flesh, who run through the tunnels of long dead cities and ones still thriving with life; beings who can communicate, who can make art, who mostly wish us no harm and, if the science is to be believed, will live many, many years longer than most humans.

If you take nothing else from reading this document, please remember that Ghouls are not the enemy, they are not possessed, nor are they summoned entities, but they are not human. The vast majority of Laundry/Ghoul interactions are peaceful and profitable for both sides. But agents have gone into the tunnels and never emerged, and unexpected encounters have caused casualties on both sides. Ghouls are tribal and territorial, they know that they aren't human anymore and firmly believe that they owe us nothing. So when you are down there, in the darkness, be careful, be polite and always, always keep calm.



PLUTO KOBOLD

HER MAJESTY'S OCCULT SERVICE

INTERNAL MEMORANDUM

From: General Sir Baden Stewart

To: Andrew Newstrom

Ref: PLUTO KOBOLD HISTORY AND SIGHTINGS ON EARTH

Date: 11/08/11

Andrew,

As per previous memo, here's the 'History of Sightings on Earth' report I've compiled for you. Do enjoy, won't you?

1: PANGAEA (MESOZOIC ERA)

Accepted thinking suggests that, if PLUTO KOBOLD exist, they came to Earth in the Jurassic period, and then settled in the Northern Hemisphere. It would appear there is substantial evidence to the contrary.

The earliest evidence the Wilmarth Foundation and OCCINTEL community found relating to PLUTO KOBOLD's presence on Earth appears to be a number of fossils and so called 'gadgets' discovered in Jurassic strata and late Triassic *lagerstätten* in Europe. Whilst these kind of fossil beds DO appear to be more numerous in the Northern hemisphere (hence the misconception they settled there), there is also evidence of PLUTO Kobolds' migration across the globe upon Pangaea's break-up and subsequent continental drift. This evidence includes apparent sightings and contact recorded and rumoured in areas as diverse as Australia, the Andes and the Himalayas.

That said, the DAA has yet to even lay eyes on any of these tracks or gadgets, as every single example unearthed, be it in Devon, Holzmaden or La Voulte-sur-Rhône, has been quarantined by the likes of the GSA or the DCRI. Even the one dug up in Devon was stolen from right under our noses. Additionally, the evidence in the Miskatonic University has vanished (thank you, Black Chamber) Therefore, we continue to be in the dark as we learn what we can via GOBLIN HEDGE, are drip-fed what the Chamber wants us to know, or cross-examine each of the following with a critical – and, yes, cynical – eye.

2: THE WALDEMS MAPS (EUROPE, 13TH CENTURY)

The Waldems Maps, created in the 13th century by an unknown cartographer, were rediscovered in the remains of a convent near Waldems, Germany in 1935. Painted on thirty goatskins, this complex

mappa mundi – like many of its type – featured intricate figures from stories, histories and mythologies from the known medieval world.

The Waldems Maps are believed to have been restored by scholars at Goethe University in Frankfurt before being destroyed in the Allied bombing of Frankfurt in March of 1944. Of greater salience to us, however, are the few goatskins which survived the bombing; one of which is held in storage by our counterparts in GSA. Our source there^[1] insists the skin features a medieval representation of a creature not dissimilar to PLUTO KOBOLD in an area roughly suggesting Naples.

The same source (who has a passion for such antiquities) is also adamant that a further salvaged skin^[2] depicts figures easily identifiable as BLUE HADES on the coast of Normandy, and a third^[3] shows examples of DANUBE CROSSING in Köln.

Needless to say, the fact that our source in the GSA has been reliable in the past no way guarantees he has not since been compromised, or that we can trust the veracity of his intel.

3: PIRI REIS (MEDITERRANEAN, 1522)

Piri Reis (1465 – 1555)^[4] whilst serving as a naval captain in the Ottoman Empire, fought the Knights of St John for control of Rhodes in 1522. Upon the Knights' surrender, he took the opportunity to explore the mountainous island, and claimed – along with several of his crew – to have witnessed a 'man-sized crab with wings like that of a dragon' crouched by a 'yawning hole' in the mountain side. Upon detection, this creature is said to have fled into said hole. When Piri returned with more men, they were unable to find this hole again, nor any further sign of the creature.^[5]

^[1] Codename NEBEL KRÄHE.

^[2] Formerly in the possession of The Thirteenth Directorate, but now believed to have been obtained by private collector SIGIL MAGPIE.

^[3] Currently in the care of the DCRI.

^[4] Full name Hacı Muhiddin Piri oğlu Hacı Mehmed. An Ottoman seafarer, cartographer and sometime pirate in the 15th and 16th centuries.

^[5] Piri maintained this claim until his death in 1555 when beheaded for refusing – at the age of 90 – to fight a further Ottoman campaign against the Portuguese. And we thought Angleton was harsh...

If this is true, it is not difficult to match this description of the creature to that typical of PLUTO KOBOLD. The nature of this yawning hole remains unknown, but it does tie in with the supposition that PLUTO KOBOLD are conducting extensive mining operations within the mountainous regions of the Earth.^[6]

4: THE DE LA COSTA ARTEFACTS (PERU, APPROX. 1535)

The Moche Empire dominated what we know as Peru between 100CE and 800CE, before entering decline and becoming part of the Inca Empire. The Late Moche period of 500 to 750CE saw a breakdown of social order and what had been assumed to be civil war, with evidence suggesting the Moche saw out the last days of their Empire in stockades and fortified settlements. But whilst the academic community at large has assumed they had been fighting each other, those of us in OCCINTEL know differently.

The de la Costa artefacts are an undisclosed number of Moche tapestries and ceramics robbed from the Incas in the 1530s by the Spanish adventurer Jesus Gonzalez de la Costa (1505 – 1540) and promptly shipped back to Spain as part-payment to de la Costa's backers. There they came into the possession of King Charles I of Spain's favoured sorcerer – or *hechicero* – who recognised some sort of metaphysical power locked in the geometric patterns of the tapestries and pottery.^[7] More relevant to us, however, are the narrative pictographs which are said to decorate the curved walls of the captured vessels, which detailed the last years of the Moche civilisation. It would appear they didn't die out warring against each other, but fighting entities which appear very much like PLUTO KOBOLD. Quite why remains unknown, but later theories proposed by Wilmarth suggest the Moche were being harvested as slaves by KOBOLD for use in their mines in the Andes.

5: KOLOMAN KOT (BOHEMIA AND BETHLEHEM, 17TH CENTURY)

Bohemian artist and orthodox Lutheran Koloman Kot (1607 – ?) vanished during what many consider to be the apogee of his career. Driven to question his Christianity during the religious bloodshed of Europe's Thirty Years' War, he embarked on a pilgrimage to the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem to visit the grotto in which Christ is said to have been born. Whilst in Bethlehem he entered long and detailed debates with both Jewish and Muslim scholars, only to become plagued by more doubt and uncertainty.

Seeking answers and a way to assuage these doubts, Kot is said to have taken a drug 'derived from mushrooms obtained within the Mughal Empire'^[8] and entered a form of transcendental state, presumably as an aid to his search for theological truths. He then returned to his native

Bohemia with a further supply of these drugs, and henceforth his artistic output changed dramatically. No longer working in oils, he began what scholars consider his defining epoch, his work now consisting solely of intricate and fluid monochrome sketches.

Chief amongst these – and of the most interest to us – are his Execrable Angels series: albums of apparently protean drawings rendered in swift, precise lines, capturing 'creatures and devils beyond even the most gruesome imaginings of Bosch, and with such detail as to recall Dürer.'^[9]

Whilst Kot himself vanished from trace in 1635, the Execrable Angels sketch books remained in the possession of his patron's family until, seemingly disturbed by their imagery and happy to be rid of them, they donated them to the new National Gallery in Prague in 1796. They remained locked in a basement there until being discovered and seized by the Thirteenth Directorate in 1946. However, the Wilmarth Foundation did gain access to them in the 1930s, and recorded detailed accounts of 'a bewildering array of intense, accurate drawings of a vision and accuracy not seen since Blake.' The Foundation's accounts also tell us that the sketch books include renderings of creatures we know as PLUTO KOBOLD, TANGIERS FOLLY, OLD DREAMERS, ANNING BLUE SKULL and – perhaps more tantalisingly – a plethora of other entities we aren't even aware of...

What do I think of this source? Well, if the Foundation's involved, I'm willing to believe Kot did record something like a PLUTO KOBOLD and the rest. I am, however, more interested in the drug he used to see them. What was it, what was used to create it, and does it still exist? If so, does it have any relation to the rumours we've heard of both the RDEI and certain Taliban cells gathering intelligence through existential/somnambulant channels?

6: THE GILBERT MAYO DIARIES (KENTUCKY, 1794)

In 1794, plantation owner Gilbert Mayo (1756 – 1817) of Danville, Kentucky reported ten slaves (eight men and two women) as having fled his plantation. After an initial search proved fruitless, the slaves were gradually forgotten until one – identified as a 'Cuff Cumby' – was cornered two years later in neighbouring Harrodsburg whilst attempting to purchase provisions. Upon being cornered, Cumby began 'to convulse most alarmedly [sic] and twitch as though the Devil had a hold of him.'^[10] He then collapsed, dead, and, whilst being transported to the local hospital, is said to have 'dissolved into a slime as black and as foul as sin.'^[11]

^[6] As proposed by Wilmarth and the Wilmarth Foundation.

^[7] The artefacts remained in the hands of the sorcerer's family, with each generation apparently studying and unlocking further secrets hidden in the tapestries' geometries, and learning more of the true nature of the universe via the narrative vessels. This family seems to have developed a dynastic relationship with each successive generation of Spanish royalty; a relationship which ended when the last in the line – a hechicera known as Delfina – was executed by de Rivera's forces in 1931 after being handed over by King Alfonso XIII. Following that the De la Costa artefacts vanish from record, but OCN's Section Five believes Franco made a gift of them to the Nazis in 1941. They are now believed to be on the Iberian black market and coveted by everybody from SIGIL MAGPIE to the Chamber and the entirety of OCCINTEL community.

^[8] Now the Indian subcontinent.

^[9] Quoted from correspondence between Kot's close friend Krzysztof Ende, and his patron Arie van 't Hoff, dated February, 1633.

^[10] As taken from Mayo's own diary, and based on the account of an eye-witness, Samuel Highmore, as recorded July, 1804 by local sheriff Banks Coltrane.

^[11] *ibid.*

Two of the remaining slaves – Tempy Hampton and Brister Walton – were discovered ten years later in Poage's Landing, Kentucky. Little more than emaciated husks, they managed to deliver garbled stories of being captured by 'the Devil [and forced to] labour [sic] in Hell a'minin' for mushrooms and rocks'^[12] before passing away. They too dissolved within the hour.

Once again, this supports Wilmarth's theories of PLUTO KOBOLD mining for both these supposed 'mushrooms' (the fungi that PLUTO KOBOLD are said to consume, perhaps?) and rare minerals. It also introduces a new element to their behaviour we are unfamiliar with: the use of human slaves, and, it would appear, some sort of device that kills them upon discovery/capture. One must be *very* wary, however, of taking *anysource* in America at face value, as, in DAA's experience, they are *all* covered in the Chamber's sticky fingerprints. I have little reason to suspect this is any different, or that there are any PLUTO KOBOLD mining operations beneath the Appalachians.

7: DOUGLAS BROADBENT (UNITED KINGDOM, 1881 – 1884)

Supposed lunatic Douglas Broadbent was taken into care at York's Friends' Retreat Lunatic Asylum in the summer of 1881 after a protracted period of 'outlandish comportment.' Whilst in care he continued to maintain that, during the period his behaviour had altered, his mind had in fact been transported to another planet and swapped with that of a creature 'akin to a slug mated with a ghastly flytrap.'^{[13][14]}

Furthermore, he claimed to have been allowed free access to extensive libraries and vast tomes detailing 'a plethora of bizarre monsters,'^[15] the most easily identifiable of these being, based on his descriptions, EQUUS STELLAR, GENOA FRACTAL and, of course, PLUTO KOBOLD.

Of all the PLUTO KOBOLD historical references I can find, this is one of the most concrete, as we have the entirety of the asylum's superintendent medical officer's transcripts and letters referring to Broadbent in our possession.

8: THE MOUNT KOSCIUSZKO DRAWINGS (AUSTRALIA, 1896)

Australian amateur landscape painter Duggy Hughes (1865 – 1912) claimed, whilst exploring New South Wales' Mount Kosciuszko, to have discovered a cave lined with Aboriginal art unlike any he had seen before.

He copied the drawings, returned home and promptly forgot about them.

They surfaced in 2006 during a display of Aboriginal works in the Art Gallery of New South Wales, only to vanish once more at exactly the same time as the more high-profile theft of *A Cavalier (Self Portrait)* by Frans van Mieris in 2007.^[16] From what Walford in DAA has seen via the gallery's various catalogues and guidebooks, the drawings contain *Wiradjuri* warnings of complex caverns beneath perhaps what we now know as 'The Snowies' in New South Wales. These cave systems are populated with what look like PLUTO KOBOLD, and the sketches show the ones on the lower tiers fighting with what appear to a DEEP SEVEN. We can only guess if these caverns – or, indeed, mines, if we subscribe to Wilmarth's theory – are still there, or if ASIO has attempted to infiltrate them.

9: ERNST SCHÄFER (TIBET, 1939)

During the course of his Third-Reich-sponsored expedition to Tibet, archaeologist Ernst Schäfer (1910 – 1992) was allowed access to the Yarlung Valley and its ancient stronghold of Yungbulakang Palace. Although recorded history would have us believe the expedition did not actually *enter* the castle, it appears that not only *did* they enter, but they recovered a sūtra^[17] depicting – in Schafer words – 'lobster demons worshipping at the feet of a devil composed of innumerable worms.' The sūtra was duly taken back to Himmler and then requisitioned for the Nazis' occult research.

As ever, it's impossible to verify this story. Yungbulakang itself was flattened during the Chinese revolution,^[18] and the sūtra vanished into the vaults of the Thirteenth Directorate after the T-34s rolled into Berlin. Therefore this 'lead' is about as warm as my wife.

10: ROBERT LEROY RIPLEY (CHILE, 1948)

Whilst investigating the legend of the so-called *Cherufe*^[19] in Chile, broadcaster and amateur anthropologist Robert LeRoy Ripley reported seeing a 'winged crab with legs like a spider and an egg-like head which constantly changed colour.'

I've always believed Ripley to be in the Chamber's pocket and part of their network of investigators and agents, and for that reason alone I discount this source entirely.

^[12] As per the records of Rufus Poage.

^[13] Surely a reference to OLD DREAMER?

^[14] As discussed in letters between the Friends' Retreat superintendent medical officer Bill Banks and Dr William Wood, FRCP, of The Priory asylum in Surrey, Great Britain.

^[15] *ibid.*

^[16] ASIO insist the robbery was as a smokescreen for the theft of the Mount Kosciuszko Drawings. I continue to suspect either the Chamber or ASIO themselves were behind the theft of the drawings.

^[17] Ancient legend claims the sūtra had 'fallen from the sky' in fifth century, along with a massive jewel and a Stupa (a mound-like construction used for Buddhist worship and rammed with mysterious relics). It is very easy to imagine how the centuries of Chinese whispers (literally, in this case) have distanced this legend from actual events. Previous to the chance discovery by the occupants of Yungbulakang of this Stupa, was it, in fact, a place of PLUTO KOBOLD worship?

^[18] And, no, we have no idea what, if anything, the Nameless Bureau discovered in Yungbulakang, but they were clearly spooked by something they found in the place, considering the venom with which they destroyed it...

^[19] We had always believed the Cherufe legend to be linked to ELMO TWO activity. Another smokescreen by the Chamber?

11: DISSECTION OF SUPPOSED PLUTO KOBOLD (NORWAY, 2008)

A PLUTO KOBOLD 'specimen' was captured in Tromsø in 2008 and taken to the joint MI6, HMOS and NIS station in Vardø for dissection by Doctor McKern of Field Support.^[20]

McKern managed a relatively thorough dissection of the supposed PLUTO KOBOLD before the usual regression into long-chain hydro-carbons and acids. During this time he ascertained they could speak in a variety of languages and different examples had either altered themselves or been altered, depending on purpose. He also managed to place a number of

samples in cryonic suspension for later examination at our R&D facilities. Of greater import was his success in placing the specimen's head in one of the brain canisters we recovered from Canada. The captive head has since proved incredibly cooperative during subsequent questioning; I remain, however, unconvinced the information it continues to provide is little more than elaborate misdirection.

McKern is adamant the creature he examined was genuine, but I am skeptical. We know from experience the Chamber possesses the occult and genetic knowledge to create simulacra at will, and this one was a little too similar to the popular conception of PLUTO KOBOLD for my liking.

^[20] Please see attached report from Dr McKern.



THE LAUNDRY

Partial transcript of interview, retrieved from the ruins of the police station following the landslide of 1938 that destroyed the entire town of Aberdach, Wales.

No, we started hearing the tapping about ve, maybe six months before that, though. You d hear it coming from through the stone. Not like a pick, mind you, more like... more like a bell, I d say. Like the whole rock face was ringing. Then sometimes, the lamps would go out. Not just the electrics we has gas lamps too, and they didn t work either. You d be down working a seam, and suddenly everything would be pitch black. Even candles didn t work. Their flames would just be snuffed out when the electrics stopped. And I ll tell you another thing, when the power came back on, so did the candles. They d spring back into life without anyone touching them.

Sometimes, too, we d get these burns on our skin that we couldn t account for after working down the mine. You d feel sick to your stomach, all of a sudden, and then after a few hours your skin would come out in this purple rash with blisters and all. Old Joe, he d been down the mine thirty years, strong as a horse all his life, and he got sick and died. All his hair fell out, and he was nothing but skin and bones when he passed, God rest him.

Andy was the rst to go. I was working right alongside him, when it went dark. We downed tools and waited, and when the lights came back, he was gone. Not a sign of him, and it was a narrow tunnel. He couldn t have got past me without me knowing, not even in the dark. We searched the mine when he vanished, and again when Davies went, and we couldn t nd hide nor hair of them in the whole pit.

Just that noise. Tap, tap, tap-a-tap.

After Dan Jones went missing, the foreman sent us down again, and that time we found a shaft at the end of one of the side tunnels. It wasn t one we d dug. It was right steep, almost straight down, and the sides of it were polished smooth. We could hear that tapping noise coming from down below. Tap, tap, tap-a-tap, it went; tap, tap, tap-a-tap. Two slow, then two quick, over and over. We shouted down the shaft, thinking that one of our lads had fallen down and was trapped there, but there was no answer. The tapping stopped.

Grif ns said he d go down. We tied a rope round his chest, and he had a lamp and whistle and a crowbar too. We lowered him down the shaft. I could hear his voice echoing back up to us. We could see his lamp down the bottom, so it can t have been more than thirty or forty feet below us.

Theres a bloody big cave down here, he said. Then he shouted, I ve found them! I ve found them! And then he swore.

All the lights went out again. Our lamps, and Grif ns lamp too. For a minute, we re all just standing around in the dark. Tap, tap, tap-a-tap we hear, and we see lights down at the bottom of the shaft. It weren t Grif ns lamp. These lights were all different colours, reds and pinks and greens and... and...

P: And what?

S: ...nothing. Its just... when I think of those colours... I don t feel well.

P: What about Grif ns?

S: Right, right. He didn t say anything, not that we could hear. The next thing we know is that the rope goes slack. We haul it back up, but the end we d tied around him has been cut.

The multicoloured lights at the bottom of the shaft change a bit, and then vanish. Our lamps come back on, and... the shaft has closed up. Theres just solid rock down there now. I d guess that the shaft was no more than six feet deep when the lights came back.

Tap, tap, tap-a-tap.

The foreman swears that we re going to come back, that we ll dig out the hole again and nd that cave, but by the time we re back on the surface, every one of us is sick as a dog. We all got the rash after that, worse than ever. I feel it in my guts, in my lungs. Its eating me up inside.

We never went back down. Didn t have the strength.

I ll tell you something else, too. If you put your ear to the ground on some nights, you ll hear it too. Tap, tap, tap-a-tap. Tap, tap, tap-a-tap. Its getting closer. They re still digging.

Not sure if we do know how they work just yet, but this looks like one of the best reports we've got. What's definitely unclear is where this 'Fleisch' and 'Knochen' got their specimen from. Their 'PLUTO KOBOLD' could have been some sort of fake occult super-science smoke screen set up by our friends across the pond, for all we know...

HER MAJESTY'S OCCULT SERVICE

INTERNAL MEMORANDUM

From: Dr Charles McKern, Field Sup.

To: Ian Palmer, DAA

Ref: PLUTO KOBOLD DISSECTION/AUTOPSY REPORT, VARDØ 12/07/08

Date: 13/07/08

Dissection of the captured specimen was carried out at the *Etterretningstjenesten* facility in Vardø as per the continued joint STAY BEHIND / FIMBULWINTER agreement between MI6, HMOS and the NIS. The procedure was conducted under the full observation of NIS officers Svend Aalgard and Jorun Voll.

As presupposed by my earlier essay on this eventuality, the utilisation of electroplated diamond saws and drills allowed me to both facilitate a precise dissection and also to circumnavigate the specimen's healing properties and resistance to both blunt and penetrative trauma. The resulting loss of my finger is, however, somewhat inconvenient.

It must also be said that the success of the dissection owes much to the quality of the specimen. Messrs Fleisch and Knochen may be subcontractors, but to capture such a relatively complete example is quite remarkable. Granted, the damage they effected to the specimen's wings and the loss of two its limbs is regrettable, but at least this example did not come to my attention as a bucket of slime.

Upon initial inspection of the specimen I was simultaneously struck by the similarities and differences to eye-witness reports and historical testimonies, particularly those of Doctors Petersen, Sullivan and Willis, and Piri Reis. The specimen, for instance, is much smaller than expected, at a mere one and one half metres in length. Whilst this example had suffered the amputation of two limbs, it had obviously sported eight before whatever conflagration led to its capture. The specimen featured four of the 'crab pincers' (henceforth *chelae*) referred to by other eye-witnesses, and, according to Fleisch and Knochen, fought ferociously to avoid capture. Reports that other PLUTO KOBOLD specimens possess 'hands' with nimble digits as opposed to pincers supports the theory that the species breeds or engineers different castes according to their needs. As expected, the tail and fungi-esque head (with its array of antennae or cilia) were also present.

Visual examination revealed the specimen's torso to be a series of pinkish triangular segments which began at the neck, broadened to their fullest point at the dorsoventral axis, and then tapered off to the caudal sections and ended with a tail with a serrated telson/sting. The dorsal area of the creature was protected by a similarly coloured carapace, which I suspect may be chitinous (this will only be verified upon further chemical analysis). This carapace was composed of various sclerites including dorsal tergites which segued into ventrites, all of which sheathed the back and abdomen. The sclerites featured plurons

overhanging the proximal points of the limbs and wings. Whether these plurons impeded the proximodistal rotation of the species' arms was impossible to ascertain due to the specimen's restraints.

Whilst almost bilaterally symmetrical, this specimen did possess differences between its chelae. One was much larger than the rest and featured more pronounced barbs, whilst the others were smaller and came to more acute points. Clearly these claws were created to serve different purposes, much like terrestrial crustaceans. Those limbs not equipped with chelae were akin to the legs of an arachnid, and ended with bunches of thick glands similar to the antennae on the head.

This stage of the examination was conducted under a constant stream of questions from the subject, which addressed me in exemplary English (after trying German, Norwegian, Swedish and Danish). Its voice possessed a buzzing quality, rather like a bluebottle trapped in a metal jar. At first the creature tried direct questions, then moved onto threats of violence and finally, once its imminent dissection became apparent, pleas. Needless to say, none were successful, but I would suggest Mister Aalgard is not suited for this kind of work, judging by his obvious pallor during both this and the more invasive periods of the procedure.

Dissection began with the removal of the telson, which was placed in cryonic storage for shipment back to – and more in-depth analysis at – R&D. Removal of the telson, and subsequent investigation of the caudal section, revealed my first clues as to the creature's internal anatomy. This species, for instances, does possess a vertebral column, the base of which emerges from the tail to form the telson. This banishes previous suppositions that PLUTO KOBOLD may be invertebrates. It also possessed an anus. Quite what these creatures eat, however, remains unknown at this point.

I then investigated the skin, which was possessed of short, stiff hairs. These hairs appeared to twitch in direct response to even the most minute of sounds. Further investigation of the specimen as a whole revealed the whole of the creature is endowed with these hairs, and, in view of PLUTO KOBOLD's lack of obvious eyes, these hairs may be equatable with the vibrissae possessed by terrestrial mammals and birds. I progressed with the removal of the caudal's skin, which appeared to be composed of an epidermal layer punctuated, in a strict grid formation, by the aforementioned hairs. The follicles of these hairs were connected by a peripheral nervous system, which supports my theory the hairs serve as a sensory array for the species.

HER MAJESTY'S OCCULT SERVICE

INTERNAL MEMORANDUM

From: Bronwyn Ross
 To: General Sir Baden Stewart
 Ref: EXCERPT FROM INTERVIEW WITH PLUTO KOBOLD SPECIMEN
 Date: 02/08/11

Dear General,
 Here's the specific excerpt you requested, sir. Please let me know if there's anything else I can do for you.

Sincerely,

Bronwyn

(Excerpt taken from transcripts of videoed interviews between head of PLUTO KOBOLD specimen in Brain Jar (hereafter referred to as SUBJECT); Mister Iqbal SHAHZAD, DAA; and Mister Edward HEMMINGS, Field Sup. on secondment to DAA. All interviews conducted at Gower Street facility, London, under observation of General Sir Baden STEWART and 21 SAS officer Sergeant Ian COOK. Transcript begins at 10.33 GMT, 01/08/08.)



HEMMINGS: Going back to yesterday's interview, if we may –

SUBJECT: You may.

HEMMINGS: Thank you. We established that your species view our planet as a colony, is that correct?

SUBJECT: It is.

HEMMINGS: And the world you come from: does it have a name?

SUBJECT: That is a silly question. We do not need names, as we do not communicate amongst ourselves in the same way you do. Where as you need names like Edward and Baden, we only need colours. This is mine. *(SUBJECT's head changes to a multitude of colours)*

SHAHZAD: But how do you even see that? You have no eyes, do you?

SUBJECT: You are an intelligent species, perhaps even more so than we first envisaged, but you still have no frame of reference I can use to describe the way we, to use your word, 'see.' Our senses operate on planes that the barest few of your species – the likes of Agrippa, Crowley and Turin aside – have so much as glimpsed.

HEMMINGS: So you mean sorcery?

SUBJECT: In your terms, yes.

HEMMINGS: So, are we correct in assuming that you view the Earth as a mining colony?

SUBJECT: You are.

SHAHZAD: And what is it that you mine, exactly?

SUBJECT: There are minerals here. Rare minerals we need to go grow the fungi we feed upon. *(1:03)*

HEMMINGS: And how do you feed?

SUBJECT: This fungus is processed and preserved in metal capsules that we pass through our bodies. The capsules are designed to inject the nutrients we need directly into the walls of what you would know as a stomach.

SHAHZAD: *(gestures at STEWART)* The General here has observed that many of the historical references to your species' mining activities also cite your use of slaves. Are these observations accurate?

SUBJECT: They are. We use indigenes as slaves and spies, as agents and assassins. We conduct operations with discretion and we use many means to destroy the evidence of our existence. For instance, much of what the General blames on the Black Chamber – the disappearance of evidence betraying our presence here; the disinformation and lies that hide the truth – is our doing. We give you enough to make you suspect we are real, then something else to make you doubt it.

HEMMINGS: And yet I'm talking to an alien brain in a jar. That's pretty conclusive.

SUBJECT: Until I say something that makes you suspect this is all a ploy by the Black Chamber. Which I will.

(HEMMINGS and SHAHZAD look toward STEWART. He nods, and they continue the interview.)

SHAHZAD: How do you control these slaves? (2:04)

SUBJECT: We destroy their sense of self with a swift invasive technique, then indoctrinate them into believing they are part of our collective by reprogramming them psychically. Finally, we use an array of coercive techniques such as sleep deprivation, harassment and sensory deprivation to mould them. It is not a technical exercise. I believe the Maoist government stole the techniques from us after discovering our technologies in an old temple in Tibet.

HEMMINGS: So you *were* in Yungbulakang?

SUBJECT: Yes.

SHAHZAD: And what about the way these slaves die if they're discovered? The whole slime thing?

SUBJECT: A simple addition to the slaves' cellular structure. The introduced cells infiltrate the hosts' body and, upon our activation, initiate the chemical process of decomposition, breaking down the host into the 'slime' you refer to.

HEMMINGS: And you all have these cells inside you? (3:05)

SUBJECT: It is intrinsic to us. That is how we found it.

HEMMINGS: Can we assume you extracted it from your own cell structure?

SUBJECT: You can. You can also assume all the suppositions regarding the way we adapt and refine individual members of our species according to our needs is correct. I can, for instance, tell you of the ways I was modified.

HEMMINGS: In what ways did they modify you?

SUBJECT: I was cut open and given a mouth so that I might talk the way you talk.

SHAHZAD: You do speak particularly good English, I have to say.

SUBJECT: Of course I do. It is not a difficult language, and I know many others.

HEMMINGS: How else were you modified?

SUBJECT: I was fitted with claws with which to fight.

HEMMINGS: Fight whom? (4:07)

SUBJECT: My own kind. Even on this world, the resources we need are thinning, and we war against rival groups. I was adapted to be a soldier, to protect our mine. I failed, and we were cast out by an invading sect.

SHAHZAD: And the minerals you mine; do you send your surplus back to your coreworld?

SUBJECT: Yes. We use gateways hidden in our mines specifically for that purpose.

HEMMINGS: Gateways? Please elaborate.

SUBJECT: These gateways allow us to step through the dimensional membrane and into a realm where we can traverse billions of lightyears at the speed of thought.

SHAHZAD: And how do they work, these gateways?

SUBJECT: I cannot explain our techniques in this medium.

SHAHZAD: Okay, so, these gates make holes in our dimensional membrane?

SUBJECT: Regrettably.

HEMMINGS: Why is it regrettable?

SUBJECT: Because they weaken the integrity of the membrane, and, so doing, make it easier for others to break through. (5:10)

(HEMMINGS and SHAHZAD glance at each other before looking at STEWART. STEWART indicates that they should continue.)

HEMMINGS: *(clears throat)* What 'others' are you referring to?

SUBJECT: Come now, Edward, please do not be coy. I have treated you with respect, so I ask you to do the same with me. You know very well what 'others' I refer to, and you know what their coming will mean to your reality.

SHAHZAD: What do you mean?

SUBJECT: Your organisation has a name for it, does it not? Something like 'Nightmare Green'?

(HEMMINGS and SHAHZAD glance at STEWART again. STEWART remains unmoved.)

HEMMINGS: What do you know about 'Nightmare Green'?

SUBJECT: Green is such a pretty colour, is it not? *(SUBJECT's head changes to a bright green colour.)* Do you know what that colour means in our language, human? It is the colour of godhood. The colour of Armageddon.

STEWART: *(stepping forward)* And you say the arrival of this 'Nightmare Green' would be regrettable? Why?

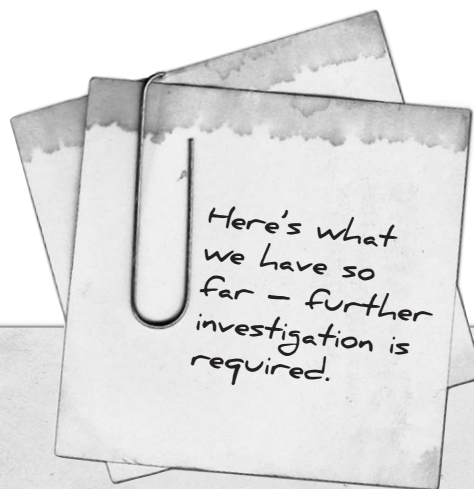
SUBJECT: We are a jealous race. We do not share. We have done much work here to secure our mines and our routes home. We do not wish to lose them to others.

STEWART: Okay, that'll do for now. Thank you, gentleman. Sergeant? *(gestures at SUBJECT)* If you'd be so kind. (6:21)

(Video ends.)

PLUTO KOBOLD

June 19, 2011 Action Report,
Scottish Division



Personal Notes on Sheep Mutilations near Fort William
By Police Inspector Jenna McIntyre

June 13, 2011

Today, two local residents, Robert McBride and Julia Robbins, each reported that several of their sheep had been killed. The two farms share a common fence. Two sheep had been killed on the McBride farm and three on the Robbins farm. The killings were clearly not the result of wild dogs, and showed evidence of deliberate, if puzzling, intent. The five sheep showed no marks of violence except that all of them had had the tops of their skulls and their brains removed. The severed skull tops were all found within half a meter of the sheep, but the brains were missing. In short, someone killed five sheep and stole their brains. Initial examination revealed that the cuts in the skull were exceptionally clean; I am assuming that the sheep were killed or drugged before the assailant started cutting.

It looked possible that this was all the work of one person, but I think far more likely that at least two people were involved. The one puzzling bit was that the ground was fairly wet, but there were no obvious footprints around the sheep other than those made by McBride and Robbins. My current thought is the perpetrators padded their feet to obscure footprints. At this point, I don't know if we are dealing with crazies, some sort of cult, or people who are trying to put the wind up the two farmers. If the latter, they certainly succeeded, and the residents are both quite upset and very eager for the people to be caught.

After talking to McBride and Robbins, I interviewed the residents of the five nearby farms. Roger Evans said that he heard something that sounded like a large flock of birds flying past around 2am last night, but otherwise no one noticed anything. There were no vehicle tracks on any of the fields, so the sheep killers must have used the road, but no one saw any lights. They were probably using night vision equipment.

The only other information I received was from Agatha Barrow, an elderly woman who said that she remembered a similar case from 56 years ago. It's unlikely to be connected, but I asked her to elaborate, although I think I think she's a bit round the bend.

She said that back in '55, over the course of two weeks, more than half a dozen farms had sheep killed in the same manner - brain removal and all. I checked into this later, and she was correct. According to her, the sheep were killed by a particular variety of the 'good folk' who could fly. They swooped down from their home in the sky to take the sheep brains. She didn't have an answer as to why the faeries might want sheep brains, but she said she caught a glimpse of them during the last of their attacks back in '55. She described them as small, gnarled, and winged; 'like winged hunchback dwarfs' were her exact words. She also said that she had heard that something called the Old Sign could keep these things away, but confessed that she didn't know how to make this sign or even what it looked like. Where do people hear things like this?

After I finished talking about faeries, I talked to the vet, Dr. Harrison, who had examined several of the sheep. He didn't know if they been drugged, but said that the cuts were clearly made by someone who was very good at cutting flesh and bone, like a surgeon or a butcher. He added that a knife couldn't have cut like that. He said it had to be some sort of motorized cutting tool, like the ones used in bone surgery. At this point, I'm either looking for a couple of surgeons in a sheep mutilating cult, or faeries. This case is giving me a headache.

June 14, 2011

More dead sheep today. They got four sheep from the Davidson farm today. Three farms and nine sheep total so far. This clearly wasn't an isolated incident, and if the loons are sending a message, it's to a lot of people. I didn't turn up anything new other than a report from Ms Davidson about hearing a large flock of birds. I guess it was the faeries. I'm betting the nutters will be back tonight, and so it's time to stake out the area. I'm going to pull my car well off the road and watch with night vision binoculars. At least the nights aren't that cold now.

June 15, 2011

They hit again, about half a mile away. I'm almost ready to believe in faeries now, since the alternative is almost as crazy. Dr. Harrison reports these sheep were killed around 3:30am, and just a few minutes before that I noticed several large shapes flying overhead and heard a strange high droning noise. At this point, what I'm looking at is a trained surgeon with portable motorized surgical equipment who flies around with an assistant in a pair of ultra-lights to steal sheep brains. This is way beyond crazy. How in the hell am I going to write this up in any sort of sane report?

The ground had dried a bit yesterday, so tracks were clearer. I still didn't find any footprints, but there were some odd sickle-shape impressions, which must have been made by the two ultra-lights. I swear, this sounds like I'm in some sort of spy thriller, but with sheep brains instead of nuclear secrets. This has gotten weird enough that I guess I'll actually send a report to that weird office they told me about in training. Maybe they can figure something out about this. I'm looking at another night staking out a sheep pasture. I could order someone to come with me, but we need at least some people in the station who've gotten a good night's sleep and are ready to fight normal crime. I'm on my own tonight.

Personal Report Ends Here

The following is the last known communication from Police Inspector Jenna McIntyre

Fort William Police Radio Transcript: June 16, 2011 - 2:19am

Inspector Jenna McIntyre: Auggie, I see them. It's too cloudy to see much detail, but I see a pair of ultra-lights landing around a hundred and fifty metres from my position. They look considerably smaller than I'd expect; and it almost looks like the planes' wings are flapping. I'm headed over to intercept them.

PC August Nasmith: Be careful, Inspector, they might be armed.

Inspector Jenna McIntyre: Copy - I'm getting close, I'll leave this open while I collect our two brain-nappers.

All right, what are you lot doing there? Let's get a look at you. Stand up, I can't see you crouching on the ground like that. No sudden moves, mind you. *[transcriber reports a strange buzzing and clicking noise at this point]* WHAT THE FUCK! Auggie, they're things! My god, the claws! Get away from me - *[sound of running, more strange buzzing and clicking noises, followed by a prolonged scream]*

PC August Nasmith: Inspector! Jenna, please respond!

[sound reminiscent of a dentist's drill, lasting nearly 20 seconds]

[wet noises]

[line goes dead]





APPENDIX 1: GAME NOTES

ANNING BLUE SKULL

Better known as Elder Things, their game statistics are on page 225 of *The Laundry Roleplaying Game* rulebook.

ANNING BLUE SKULL technology is millions of years in advance of that of humanity, and the Old Ones built their machines to last. Recovered Elder Thing gadgets could do almost anything, if the Laundry could figure out how to work them. The prime source for Elder Thing relics is, obviously, the Antarctic, but the Elder Thing civilisation covered half the globe at its height, so the remains of their cities and outposts could be dug up anywhere.

ANNING BLACK

Everyone's favourite blob of destruction, the shoggoth, has game statistics on page 225 of *The Laundry Roleplaying Game* rulebook. The shoggoths were originally created by the Elder Things, but have spread all over the world.

ASTERION SNARL

ASTERION SNARL, also known as Minotaurs, come in two flavours – possessed minotaurs, and their half-human descendants. The possessed are ordinary natives of this continuum who have been taken over by an ASTERION SNARL exonome. Hybrids are natives, but infused with the alien nature of their parent. ASTERION SNARL status is hereditary.

MINOTAUR (Possessed)		
Characteristic	Rolls	Averages
STR	5d6	17-18
CON	4d6	14
SIZ	4d6	14
INT	2d6	7
POW	4d6	14
DEX	2d6	7

Move: 10 **HP:** 14

Average Damage Bonus: +1d6

Weapons: Fist 40%, damage 1d6+damage bonus special
Gore 25%, damage 1d8+damage bonus

Armour: 1-point skin

Sanity Loss: 0/1d6

Destruction: Minotaurs are especially good at destroying physical barriers and objects. Any damage inflicted by a minotaur on an object is multiplied by 5.

MINOTAUR (Hybrid)		
Characteristic	Rolls	Averages
STR	6d6	21
CON	5d6	17-18
SIZ	3d6+6	18-19
INT	2d6+6	13
POW	4d6	14
DEX	2d6+3	10

Move: 10

HP: 18

Average Damage Bonus: +2d6

Weapons: Fist 50%, damage 1d8+damage bonus+special
Gore 30%, damage 1d10+damage bonus

Armour: 2-point skin.

Sanity Loss: 0 to see a Minotaur Hybrid, 0/1d6 to be attacked by one

Both possessed and hybrid minotaurs are extremely large and muscular specimens, often with bone spurs or horns. Their skin commonly has a reddish tone. Possessed minotaurs are less intelligent and driven by their animal urges, while hybrids are more in control of their urges and have usually blended with human society. Minotaurs are relatively easy to summon and control, and so have been used as shock troops and servants by both cults and government groups for centuries.

BLUE HADES

The mechanics for Deep Ones are given on page 224 of *The Laundry Roleplaying Game* rulebook.

DANUBE CROSSING

The Serpent Man civilisation ruled Earth prior to the rise of humanity. Unlike the Elder Things, the Serpent Folk have mostly been erased by the passage of time, and left few signs of their passing.

SERPENT PEOPLE (Full Atavism)

Characteristic	Rolls	Averages
STR	3d6	10-11
CON	3d6	10-11
SIZ	3d6	10-11
INT	3d6+6	16-17
POW	2d6+6	13
DEX	2d6+6	13

Move: 8**HP:** 10-11**Average Damage Bonus:** +0**Weapons:** Bite 35%, damage 1d8+poison (POT equals the serpent person's CON)**Armour:** 1-point scales**Sanity Loss:** 0/1d6

DEEP SEVEN

Statistics for Chthonians are on page 224 of *The Laundry Roleplaying Game* rulebook.

EQUUS STELLAR

Lovecraft referred to them as Byakhee. They are an interstellar race of flying creatures, used as steeds and servants by many powers.

BYAKHEE, the Star-Steeds

Characteristic	Rolls	Averages
STR	5d6	17-18
CON	3d6	10-11
SIZ	5d6	17-18
INT	3d6	10-11
POW	3d6	10-11
DEX	3d6+6	13-14

Move: 5/20 flying**HP:** 14-15**Average Damage Bonus:** +1d6**Weapons:** Two Claws 35%, damage 1d6+damage bonus
Bite 35%, damage 1d6+blood drain. The blood drain attack drains 1d6 points of STR from the victim per round until the byakhee is dislodged or the victim is sucked dry.**Armour:** 2-point fur and hide**Sanity Loss:** 1/1d6

GENOA FRACTAL

Legends claim that these creatures descended from the stars when the Earth was young, and waged war against the elder races until they were imprisoned in underground caverns. In the modern era, cloned polyps are used as weapons of terror by occult groups.

FLYING POLYP (Mature)

Characteristic	Rolls	Averages
STR	4d6+36	50
CON	2d6+18	25
SIZ	4d6+36	50
INT	4d6	14
POW	3d6+6	16-17
DEX	2d6+6	13

Move: 8/12 flying**HP:** 38**Average Damage Bonus:** +5d6, only for Telekinetic Blast**Weapons:** Telekinetic Blast 70%, damage 0+damage bonus, lowered by 1d6 per 20 metres range.

Fixing Attack 70%, damage special

Tentacle 85%, damage 1d10

Armour: 4 points, plus invisibility (see below). Note that the mature flying polyp takes only minimum damage from physical weapons – e.g. a gun dealing 2d6+3 points of damage would automatically do only 5 points of damage to a polyp, further reduced by 4 points for the monster's armour. An impale result inflicts doubled minimum damage, which is then reduced by 4. Enchanted weapons do full normal damage, as do forces such as heat, radiation, or electricity.

Sanity Loss: 1d3/1d20

Telekinetic Blast: The telekinetic blast is a cone of effect, extending a base 20 metres from the polyp, and 10 metres wide at its widest point. It inflicts damage equal to the polyp's damage bonus. The cone can extend further than 20 metres, but inflicts 1d6 damage less for each multiple of the base distance. Victims of the blast are battered and pummelled, their flesh scratched and ripped as if by colossal winds, and are tossed backwards a number of metres equal to the hit points they have lost from the attack.

Fixing Attack: The polyp may use its telekinetic prowess to capture prey. This attack has a maximum range of 1,000 metres and can target creatures around corners or along winding corridors. On a successful hit, the telekinetic assault has a suction effect upon the target, slowing them down to the point of immobility. The player must make a Resistance Table roll each round (STR vs. half of the Polyp's POW). If the polyp wins, the victim cannot move away that round. If the target wins, the target may move normally. At ranges of 200 metres or less, the target must resist against the polyp's full POW.

THE LAUNDRY

The flying polyp may move at full speed while using this ability, so it may continue to chase its prey while slowing it down. This attack may be used against multiple targets within 30 metres of one another; add 5 percentiles to the resistance chance for each target after the first.

Telekinetic Storm: If multiple polyps are in the same place, they may use their telekinetic abilities in tandem, creating a massive storm of force, similar to a hurricane. This storm has a wind speed of ½ mile per hour, per hit point of the participating polyps. The storm is localised, losing 5 mph of force every 200 yards from the epicentre. Damage inflicted on those in the affected area is based on Luck rolls, starting at POWx5, then dropping to POWx4, x3, etc., for every 15 mph of wind speed above 60 mph. Targets takes 1d4 damage for each Luck roll missed, as they are hit by flying shrapnel and debris.

Tentacle Attacks: A mature flying polyp rarely uses its tentacle attacks, preferring to use its telekinetic abilities instead. However, if attacking with tentacles, it uses multiple pseudopods. Roll 2d6 each round to determine how many attacks are made that round. Because of the corruptive, corrosive nature of the tentacles, damage is done directly to the target's hit points, ignoring body armour.

Invisibility: Polyps phase in and out of reality, via a form of entropic manipulation. A mature flying polyp can grant itself a degree of short term invisibility. The polyp may not make attacks while invisible, but may move and manipulate objects. The polyp may stay invisible for a number of rounds equal to its POW, after which it must stay visible for at least half that number of rounds. Due to the piping sounds that accompany a flying polyp's flight, attackers may make a Listen roll to determine where the polyp is, and make ranged attacks, albeit at a 50% penalty to skill.

FLYING POLYP (Lad-Created)		
Characteristic	Rolls	Averages
STR	4d6+6	20
CON	3d6	10-11
SIZ	2d6+6	13
INT	2d6+6	13
POW	3d6	10-11
DEX	2d6+12	19

Move: 8/12 flying **HP:** 16

Average Damage Bonus: +1d6

Weapons: Telekinetic Blast 50%, damage 0+damage bonus lowered by 1d6 per 20 metres range

Compression, automatic, special

Tentacle 70%, damage 1d6+damage bonus

Armour: 4 points, plus invisibility (see below). Note that the mature flying polyp takes only minimum damage from physical weapons – e.g. a gun dealing 2d6+3 points of damage would automatically do only 5 points of damage to a polyp, further reduced by 4 points for the monster's armour. An impale result inflicts doubled minimum damage, which is then reduced by 4. Enchanted weapons do full normal damage, as do forces such as heat, radiation, or electricity.

Sanity Loss: 1d3/1d10

Telekinetic Blast: See above, under *FLYING POLYP (Mature)*.

Compression: A juvenile/lab-created flying polyp can compress itself into tiny areas, despite its size. A juvenile flying polyp can, in fact, compress its size down to fit into any space at least 6cm square. Most often, the polyp uses this ability to hide within the body of a host, appearing only as a tumour or other growth. A target must be helpless in order for the polyp to hide within its body. If a polyp is inside a sentient host and resumes its normal size, the host takes 4d6+10 damage, exploding in a shower of gore. Such a sight causes any who view it to make Sanity rolls, losing 1/1d8 Sanity.

Tentacle Attacks: A flying polyp rarely uses its tentacle attacks, preferring to use its telekinetic abilities instead. However, if attacking with tentacles, it uses multiple pseudopods. Roll 1d8 each round to determine how many attacks are made that round. Because of the corruptive, corrosive nature of the tentacles, damage is done directly to the target's hit points, ignoring body armour.

Invisibility: See above, under *FLYING POLYP (Mature)*.

Ghouls

The mocking charnel feeders, who remain resolutely bereft of a Laundry codename, are described on page 225 of *The Laundry Roleplaying Game*.

PLUTO KOBOLD

The Fungi from Yuggoth's game statistics are on page 224 of *The Laundry Roleplaying Game*.