

STUNNING ELDRITCH TALES

Appendix : Handouts

March 12

Approached with curious request from Olve Lewiston. Wishes me to drop a package into uncharted ocean. Says very urgent, that I'd not believe him if he explained, but begs my indulgence.

March 14

Lewiston swings by with package; forgotten about his request in all the bustle of preparation. It is a leather case containing an ancient book, bound in some weird metal. Am curious about alloy; he warns me not to touch. I laugh this off but the old boy is serious. Wild look in his eye. Calls the thing The Firenze Tome. Says it is unwholesome and that mankind must be protected from it. Unusual for you to be destroying an antiquarian object, I say. It must be buried in the sea, he demands. Very queer, but he is so insistent, so wild-eyed that I shrug and agree, and accept the package.

March 15

Bad dreams. Must be pre-flight butterflies, tho I've never been rattled like this before.

March 16

Another call from Lewiston. Reminds me to take book, says make sure to drop it far from any landfall. I ask him why he can't just tear up pages or burn it. Question seems to throw him. He says he knows too much about something called the (Thulhu cult); if he touched the book again, he would be tempted to use it. Repeats that I mustn't let it take hold of me, and should leave it in its case. Then fires calls me away, so rest of conversation unresolved.

July 1

Dreams ever stranger. Feature that fool book of Lewiston's, which I had nearly forgotten about. Resolve to throw it overboard on next lay. Taking off tomorrow.

TRAIL OF CTHULHU

Dearest Myrna

I send you this case file in the event I should fail against my worst enemy yet. Should I fall, there may be time to rally, and prevent the destruction of this world.

Case File #124-E

If I succeed you shall not hear from me again. The difference between success and failure may not be apparent at first, yet if the sun continues to rise and the sky is not covered in black smoke and the singing writhing slugs do not scour the earth then you will know that ~~apocalypse~~ disaster.

~~There is not really any~~ I regret that I cannot explain more fully but its presence is now fully upon me. I have recovered my bearings, yet.

Preparations are completed. I know the enemy as I know my own skin and have ~~fabricated the means to~~

Be careful, Myrna, as you clean up any loose ends. It may still have earthly minions abroad in the city.

There is a certain one who I have trusted, and now do not trust, but no longer trust my judgement, either. So he may be innocent in this regard, or the original cause of all my suffering.

No, that is wrong. I brought all suffering on myself, on a lonely country road.

I am sorry that I was unable to love you in the way you wanted.

With sincerest regrets and fondest hopes,

Your Addison.

Old friend,

I scarcely know where to begin. My thoughts spin, and I feel as if I will be at any moment devoured by shame. My faith in a benevolent god and orderly universe, already sorely shaken by the things I have witnessed, lies in tatters. Those malignancies I will not allude to directly, for you know them perhaps better than I and since the incident at Ningbo last year, I have learned a certain wariness in regard to the security of personal correspondence.

I found something at that cave in the Yellow Mountains. Many things, actually, of an obscene aspect that led me to destroy them, lest they fall into hands intent on promulgating madness & disorder. You may think of this as absurd precaution, perhaps even a blow to your scholarly efforts. (Though if you beheld the writhing, intertwined figures on the frieze near the cave mouth, you perhaps would raise no such objections.) As much as you may wish to disbelieve it, these mundane forces at work, at least in Shanghai, exponents of earthly power, who would happily wield the weapons of the ancient ones for their own momentary advantage - ignorantly laughing off the cost to be paid for their arrogance, by them and all mankind.

Pardon my rambling. A thousand thoughts at once beset me. Here is the rub of it: There is one item, which I have called the ~~other~~ mirror, which has resisted all my efforts of destruction. The frieze I broke with my climbing pick. The avanic idols were easily shattered. The multi-limbed, conical mummies yielded readily to the flames. But this mirror - I have tried to shatter it, to scratch it, to warp its frame with heat, all to no avail.

I would send it to you, but don't save remainder it to ~~your~~ intermediaries, who I would neither trust nor endanger. You must come here, to the St Pateron Mission Hospital, Rue Hennequin, in the French Concession, Shanghai. Together we can find a means to effect its removal from this beleaguered place.

I realize it is no small matter to come half way across the world, to inspect an item whose disjunction I sorely not put into words, and all on the basis of a flimsy, hasty mirror. But by all that is holy, old friend, please get here with all dispatch.

In hope and prayer.

Emil

Appendix : Handouts

These handouts available for download from the Trail of Cthulhu website <http://www.pelgranepress.com/trail/>

Friends, colleagues, benefactors

I thank you wholeheartedly for the support you extend to me with your presence here tonight.

I trust that what I am about to demonstrate rewards your decision to venture from the comfort of your homes to my distant laboratory.

Ever since the dawn of Mankind, we have wondered what lies on the other side. Even before there was the written word to record the thought, man has believed in the existence of additional worlds beyond our own. Our names for these have been many: the imagination of man has mapped uncountable heavens and hell, limbos, purgatories, and dreamlands.

Tonight, you are about to peer into another world. Except this will be no mere folly of the imagination. I am about to show you - Dimension Y.

By building on the fine work of doctors Sykes, Binder and Steber, I have measured the radiation output of the human brain, which I have called the Y-Ray. Moreover, I have discovered that the Y-Rays we emit persist around us, forming an energy field-a Y-Field, if you will. Like the ripples that result when a pebble is dropped into a pond, our thoughts, our dreams, our hopes and memories, live on within the heretofore invisible substance of the Y-Field. Together these things comprise, after the three spatial dimensions, and time, the fourth dimension, a fifth dimension: Dimension Y.

I call Dimension Y a half-reality, because, although it concretely exists, and, with the aid of this device, be measured and observed, it is a mere reflection of what occurs in this, our world, and in our minds. It is the ripples we are the stone and the water.

This device, the Y-Scope, holds incalculable promise. With it, alienists can behold their patient's dreams. Police forces can see the memories of crime victims. A scientist can go to bed at night, conceptualizing the solution to a physics problem, and wake up the next morning and see his thoughts coalesced, through the Y-Scope.

Historians can locate the memories of the long-dead, peering into a reflection of the world as seen by Napoleon, Joan of Arc, or the disciples of Christ himself.

Of course, these practical applications will all require considerable refinement of the Y-Scope's mechanisms, a task requiring many years of effort, with the concomitant funding implied thereby.

[Look meaningfully at Mrs. Finch]

Until then, we cannot predict what we will see when we peer into this half-reality tonight. Only that we behold Dimension Y!

Case File # 124-F

Soon I will know if I have succeeded as last but then again I will know. It is a paradox, not unlike the looping sword I now see in front of my eyes at all times. It is geometric, yet not, simultaneously. I can feel the wind now, but it is the wind on the other side of the earth, and it is black and scorching scorching.

If I could have foreseen in advance how my quest for personal redemption might lead to universal destruction, would I have walked this road? Certainly I would not have gone to Burma, not have sought the plains of Sing. My weapon against evil would be sought from another source. But it is too late for regrets now.

I have burned all of my core files, as a precaution. Sent a final farewell to Myrna. Nasty that I have endangered humans and others by exposing them to my babblings. Accursed condition that I can no longer distinguish between the thoughts I utter aloud, and those that silently stalk the foetid corridors of my mind! Perhaps I should have warned my family, but cannot bear to disappoint them again. Jennings will see that this is investigated, and then that the secrets of this case are kept as such forever. He is a good man with solid contacts. The Otter's reform is imminent. I cannot post this, as I had intended, but must hide it instead. Perhaps this will not be the final culmination, in which case I will