

*The Horrible Lovely*

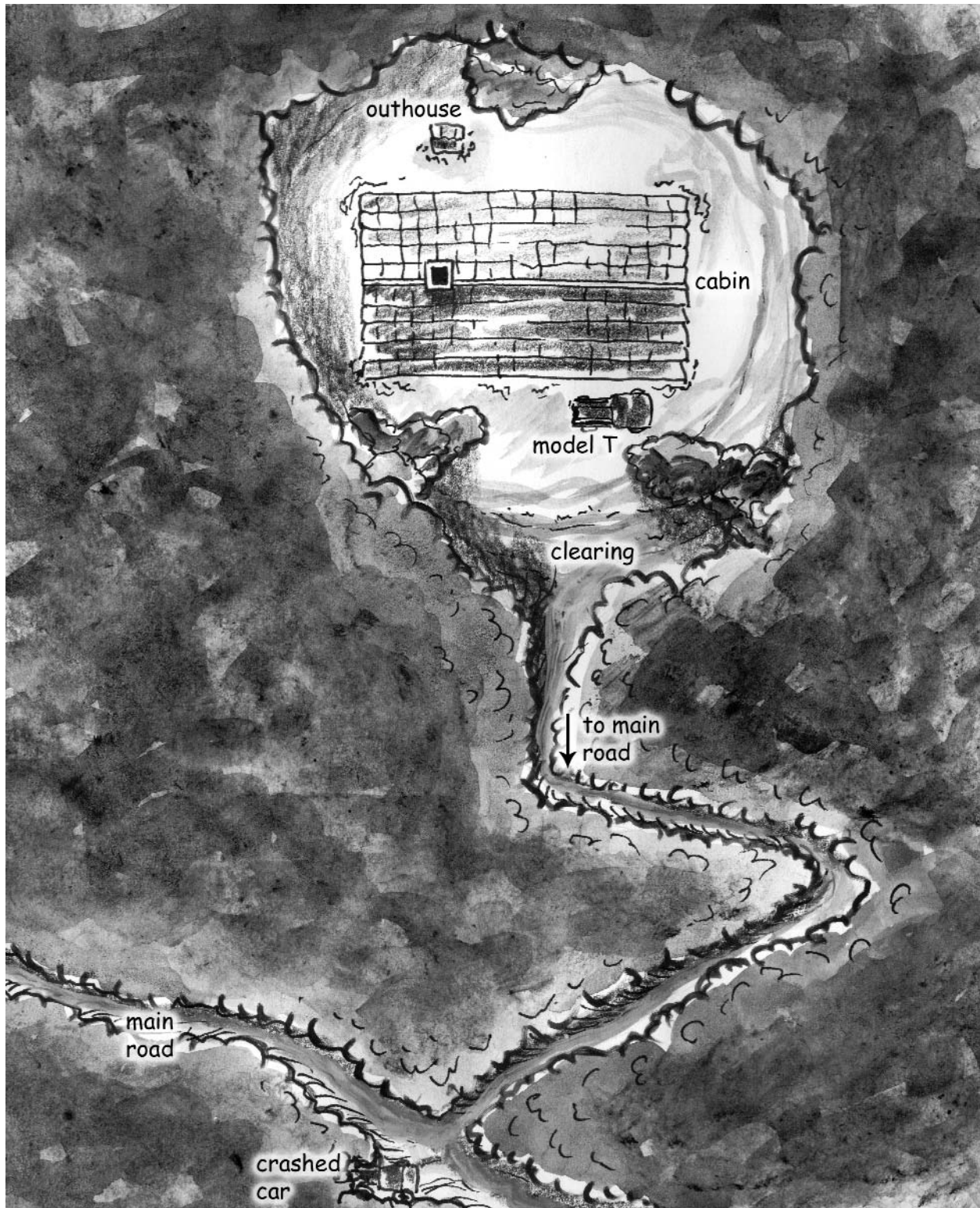
*House in the Woods*

*Maps & Handouts*

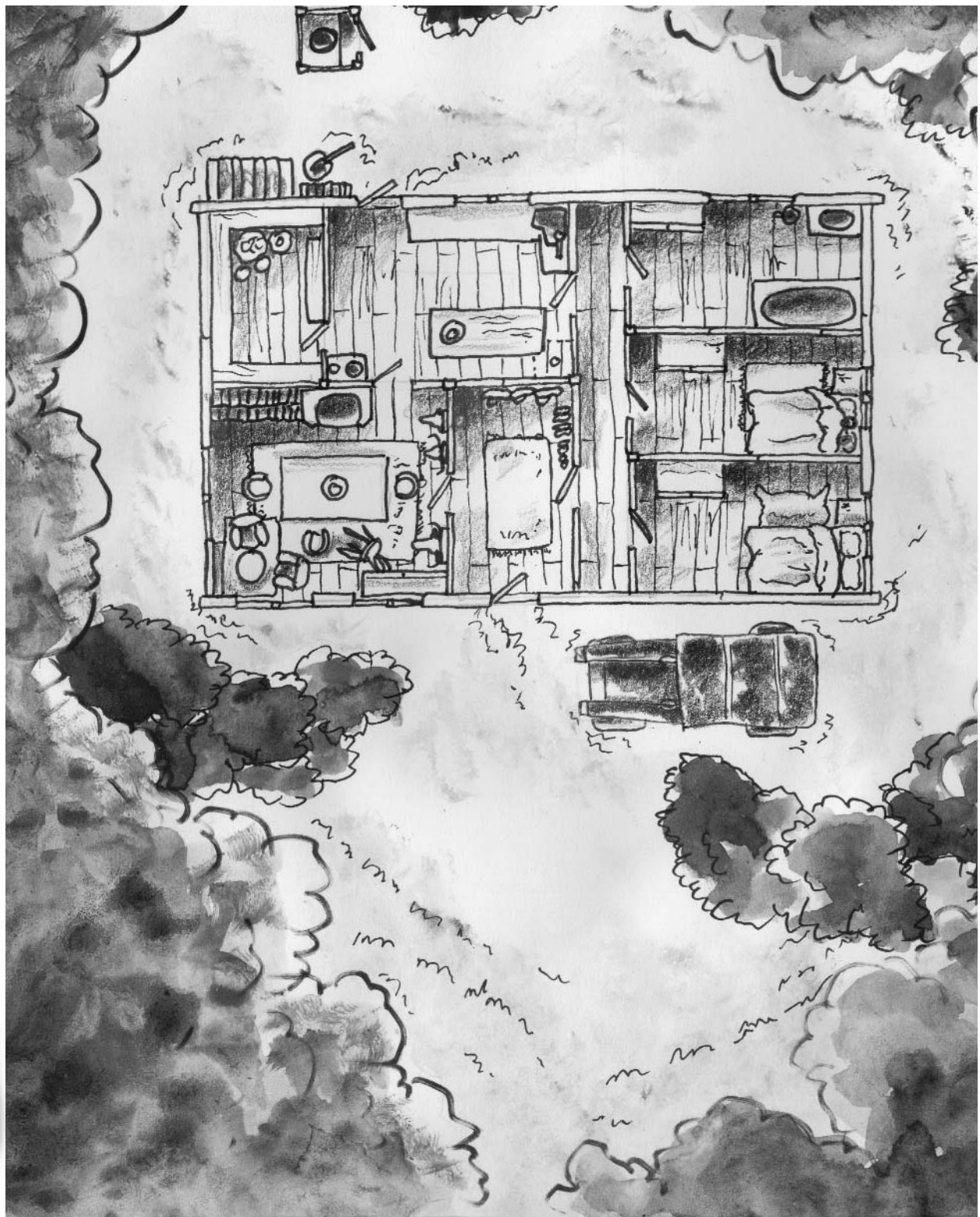
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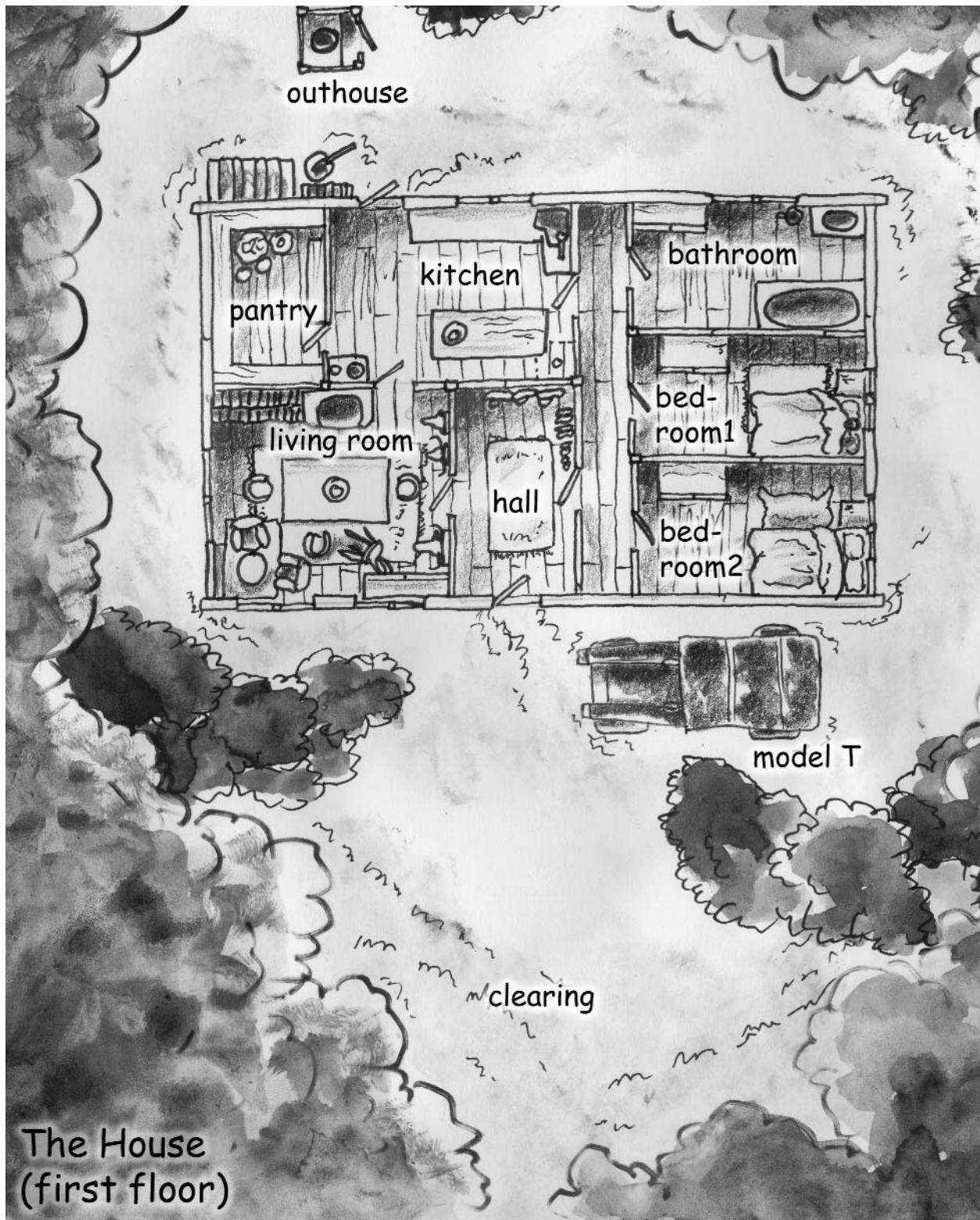
The House and its Environs  
Players' copy



The House and its Environs  
Keeper's copy

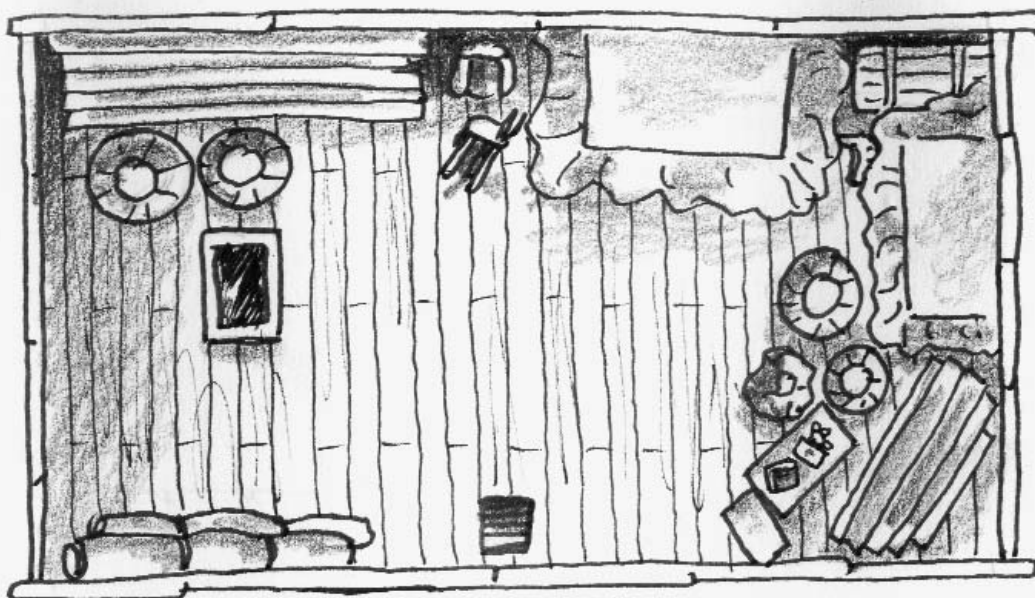


The Lonely House in the Woods  
Players' copy



The Lonely House in the Woods  
Keeper's copy

The House  
(attic)



The Lonely House in the Woods

Attic  
and  
Cellar

The House  
(cellar)



April 12, 1888

Today I inspected the construction site for my hunting cabin. That hill is ideal; it doesn't even need to be cleared of trees. That will save time and money. It's a lucky break, finding a clearing in such thick woods right on top of a hill. There might have been some sort of Indian religious site here once. In any case, there's a whole series of carved stone blades laid out in a sort of spiral. The damned redskins seem to still be hanging around the area somewhere, because in the middle of the whole thing is some sort of wooden rack with some sort of straw doll laid out on it. The whole thing is covered with Indian blankets and artifacts. The workers will take it down, and we'll use the stones for the cabin's foundation. It's my land, and I'm not putting up with any heathen redskin folderol. Coming up the ranks in the Indian wars, I saw how they deal with them out west. "The only good Indian," as they say.



April 20, 1888

Last week, the men did a good job. They moved the stacked blades to the edge of the clearing and chucked the Indian junk into the woods. Oddly, today I came across four old redskins roving around my hill, trying to move the stones back. I run up there and read them the riot act, letting them know that I was the new property owner and they had no business on my land. The oldest of the group, a wrinkled old coot with wiry gray hair stared daggers at me and barked some mumbo-jumbo in his language at me. He kept shouting "Ocondaypah!" or something like it. Finally, I got nervous and drew my revolver. They disappeared. I'm going to tell the workmen

that if they see this little tribe wandering around my land to throw them right off.

April 27, 1889

They've finally started digging out the foundations. No more Indian problems, after the men fired a gun over their heads. They ran like rabbits, Edgar told me, smiling like a baboon.

April 28, 1889

This morning we received a visit from a young brave in full warpaint! I haven't seen anything like that in years. It was obvious that he was here on serious business. The redmen wanted to talk to me, and invited me into their camp. A wily old veteran like me doesn't fall for a play like that. The Indian is sly and duplicitous. I made it clear to the young buck that they'd have to come here, if they wanted something.

This afternoon a group of five Indians arrived, the young brave and the four old men from last weekend. They were all wearing all their best clothes, a ridiculous combination of city clothes and Indian jewelry.



The wrinkled old man with the gray hair then addressed me, finally in a fashion I could understand. Warned me that I was building on bad ground here. There was some evil spirit or something living in the hill, the Ocathappa, that has to be kept in the hill by good medicine and magic. It's truly pitiful what the redskins believe. There's some spirit around every corner, one living in a tree, one in a pond, one in a creek. If we paid any attention to that nonsense, there wouldn't be a trace of civilization in America. We'd all still be living in bark huts. Primitive, heathen superstition.

The work continues. I've made it clear to the Indians once and for all that this is none of their concerns.

May 4, 1890

The hunting lodge is finally finished. Under budget, too, since I didn't need to quarry as much stone, since the Indian stones were just as good.

The new workers never saw the "ghost". The Indians must have given up their little show.

My guns are cleaned, oiled, and over the fireplace. Tomorrow early, I'm headed out into the woods for some sport with the game in these woods.

Man against nature, the greatest and most ancient contest, in which a man's true character shows itself.



May 10, 1890

I'm writing these lines, sitting in front of my hearth. Darkness lies over the woods.

A warm, cozy fire crackles at my feet. The medicine man's skull is smiling down from the mantelpiece. A strenuous but successful hunt.

Later -

I heard footsteps around the house, and then an old Indian was staring through the window. Startled the hell out of me, that wrinkled face staring at me. Just looking at me.

Grabbed my revolver and ran out the front door. It was the old Indian who was here before.

He said something like "Idiot white man. You bring death upon yourself. The ghost of the last summer shall awake and eat you. And all the white men." I don't take kindly to threats, even if they're based in superstition, and let a shot off. Between his feet. He just turned around and walked away. Just to make sure he got the message, I fired a few more rounds off into the air. Don't think I hit him. I hope I never see that old coot again.

May 9, 1889

Problems with the men. They're telling me about some spooky Indian medicine man with a bone flute around his neck who keeps watching them work. Bad enough that this would scare grown men, but then they claim that you can sort of see through him. Like a ghost. They say he looks sad and keeps waving his hands, like he's warning them of something. A bunch of grown men believing in a medicine man's ghost, warning them to stop their work. The isolation out there must be getting to them, either seeing things or scaring each other silly. It's really not good to spend too much time alone in the wilderness, unless you've got some iron in your character. Military training has steeled me against such nonsense preying on my mind. In any case, I'm going to have to get some new workers, as the men say they're not going to work on "the haunted hill" any longer.

May 31, 1889

Finally hired new workers. Work finally continues.

While excavating the foundation, the new men found a skeleton buried exactly in the center of the clearing. Must have been an Indian medicine man, or at least that's what his clothes looked like. Good thing the old workers weren't around, they'd have run off like little girls. I took the skull and a pretty little recorder made of bone, they're real curiosities. I had the men bury the rest of the skeleton under the house - a great campfire story. Of course, it is more than a little odd that the supposed ghost also had a flute. I'll have to keep an eye out for an Indian dressing up like a spook to scare my men off. Of course they'd know that the skeleton was here, and probably wanted to put a little fright into me and my men with their little performance.

I'm almost certain that the old workers weren't seeing things, but that the Indians put one over on them.



Thomas Hawthorne's Notes

Back again. What happened? Why? What was Linda thinking?  
 Why did she do it? Bad. Wrong. Evil. And now, where do  
 I go? The Ford's kaput. On foot? No. Night's too dark in  
 the woods. Wait until morning? No. Not with my family here.  
 I have to check on Jack. Is he still sleeping? Yes, he'll sleep  
 forevermore, my lovely Jack. I remember how he used to say, "Dad,  
 Dad, show me the woods!" We were so happy. Never again.  
 Poor Jack. You cut yourself down in that junkheap of a cellar, your  
 innocent blood spilt. And then again... worse. Never again joy in life.  
 Linda took it all away, and I her. My darling Linda, why, why?  
 Horrifying. Why did you wreck the car, and what did you do  
 to Jack? Blood everywhere. Blood. But not hers. Blood on me.  
 Was it me? Red like blood, blood-red like a deer. Shot, bloody,  
 run away. Jack couldn't run away. Drip, drip in the cellar.  
 Blood deep, drop. Throat slashed with a knife. Linda, what madness  
 got into you? And me, me too, but I was faster. Bump bump down  
 the stairs. Silence. No more Linda. Jack needs his sleep. Where was  
 I today? In the woods? Not with my family. They don't need me  
 anymore. They're gone. Somewhere else. Are there angels? Linda looked like  
 an angel in her white nightdress. Red with blood. White and red.  
 Another night here? I don't don't don't want to stay  
 here. Horrible house. Curse on the laughter? Curse on the  
 whole family? Wised inheritance from the father?  
 Never should have come here. Too late. Little Jack.  
 So young. A car? Imagining it or

# O'REILLY & ROBERTSON

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

21 MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE. TELEPHONE BANGOR-324

July 29, 1926

Mrs. Thomas Hawthorne  
31 Bellevue Terrace  
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Mrs. Hawthorne,

On behalf of our firm, I would like to convey the most sincere condolences on the death of your father, Nathaniel Fuller.

Your father will always abide in our memory as a dear, friendly man whose all-too premature death has affected us deeply. We counted him among our clients for many years, developing a relationship that might almost be described as friendship. It is with grievous sorrow that we shall miss his frank, open manner.

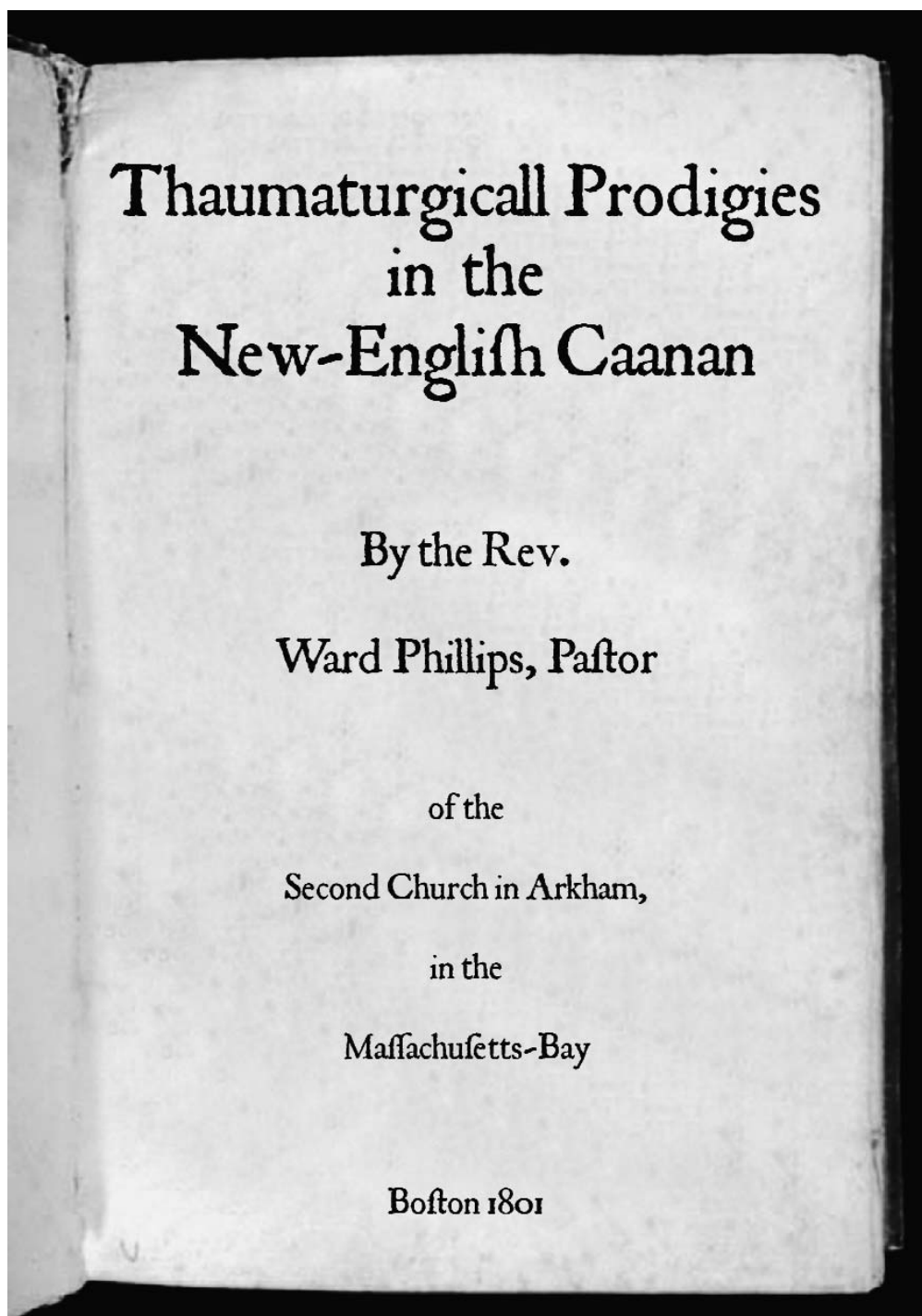
Mr. Fuller always had a good word for you, his daughter, and so it will not surprise you that in the last will and testament drawn up for him, he left you the bulk of his estate, including a special bequest of his hunting lodge in rural Maine near Pendoset Creek.

You may pick up the necessary papers at our offices at your convenience. We look very much forward to making your acquaintance in person.

With highest regards and in deepest sympathy,



Abner F. H. Robertson, Esq.



### *Thaumaturgicall Prodigies in the New ENGLAND CAANAN*

This work can be found in the books on the living-room shelf. It is the 1801 second edition of the book by Rev. Ward Philips, who published the first edition in 1788. In several chapters, it describes the blasphemous activities of witches, sorcerers, Indian shamans, and other reprehensible magicians in colonial New England. Horrifying sorcery, monstrous births, and terrible Indian legends are all described and reproduced.

On the flyleaf is a hand-written inscription, "Loved the ghost story. Thought you might like this. Best wishes on the occasion of your house-warming. Jacob McDonald, May 6, 1890."

Investigators searching through the book will find a section entitled "Myths of the Abenaki." One story in it tells of the Alkondeh Indians, a sub-tribe of the Abenaki, who lived deep in the woods of northern Maine, very reclusive and avoided by all other Indians. The Alkondeh were said to be the guardians of the hill of the Okanda-Hepa, the Spirit of the Last Summer.