

Collected Handouts

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... do you dare imagine things as they can be? As, indeed they will be when the earth is transformed and the illusion of reality is erased from the minds of men by the annihilation of those minds? Do you live in hope to see Great Cthulhu stride the earth? Do you dream of the Throne of Azathoth, of joining the flutists who dance there forever? O, purify yourselves, then, for these and greater things await you who are members of our terrible Order

The Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight Handout 2:

Text of a letter from Duncan MacBain to Carl Stanford [11-B]

Dear Mr. Stanford,

Greetings and felicitations. Miss Chantraine has advised me of your recent successes and informed me of the item you require. I fear that it will be some time before I find It as there are two Americans digging at what I believe to be the site of the Temple. Two of my people are working for the Americans and it may be that they will accomplish all for me. I realize that you are most anxious to obtain It, but I feel caution and discretion to be the better course of action.

My studies with the serpent people progress most satisfactorily. Another year should see my studies completed. They recommend that I journey to the Nameless City for further instruction, but I will remain here until we have It. When it is possible, I want much to obtain the further instruction offered at the Nameless City. I will, however, be ready to carry out any further tasks our Order may have for me.

You mentioned in your last letter that Miss Chantraine might join me here when she has converted the leaders of the Thule Bruderschaft. I fear that the Germans are overmuch upset with the French at this time for them to listen to her. Might I suggest that you ask Helmut Grosmann to take over for her? I realize that he has not been to Germany for over two hundred years, but unless you can think of someone else I feel he would be best for the task.

I agree with you that the Order of the Templars of the Orient does not contain the type of individuals we seek. They are not ready for greater truths. You might suggest to our German colleagues that individual members of the Order be carefully approached as potential followers of the true Gods.

I am not familiar with the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn or the Astrum Argentinum and can give no recommendation. I will pass the word on to our London group and have them send you word. I spoke with a Mr. William Seabrook who said that a Mr. Aleister Crowley, who is associated with both groups or had been at one time, may have occult powers. We should perhaps attempt to contact this man.

I understand that Mr. Scott is in charge of the project in your area. Please extend my greetings to him. I have not seen him since before the Great War. Perhaps we can meet next year.

Most sincerely,
Duncan MacBain

The Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight Handout 3:

Excerpts from The Ritual Books of the Order [12-A]

...the wailings of the mad are but the birth-cries of the new man—the old man gone like dust in the desert wind. Cleansed of the lies of mankind, the new man—the man of darkness—is free to absorb the beauty of nothingness, to glory in the stark night of the utter void. As your useless reason dissolves, rejoice in the knowledge that others in as diverse places as Scotland and Louisiana and the South Pacific have walked the same path, have drunk the same blood, have reveled in the same prospect of everlasting night, as you

— Keeper of the Silver Gate

...you do not yet know the true gods. Everything you know is a lie. The Great Old Ones—these are the rulers of the Universe; these and others you have not yet heard of will be the objects of your adulation, your emulation, your love. You are the fortunate ones—the time may come, if you give your selfless devotion, that you will worship in the flesh in the Temples of R'lyeh, whose glory is beyond your comprehension.

— Catechism of Knights of the Outer Void

Look to the Future Handout 1:

Text of a letter from David Lee to the Investigators [15-C]

Dear

I feel rather silly writing for help, but I simply must have aid in this matter. It would be useless for me to go to the police, as I have no proof of any criminal activity. I heard of your exploits in Boston with the Silver Twilight, and am hoping that you could advise me. I would be most grateful.

A year or so ago, the organization 'Look to the Future' came to New York City. It billed itself as a cooperative businessman's organization, and promised to inspire and aid materially those who joined. I joined the organization eight months ago, and quit last month.

The apparent head of the organization is a Mr. Postalus Black. Mr. Black claims to be a gifted psychologist, and says that by subjecting the minds of intelligent and sophisticated men to certain peculiar psychological conditions, their creativity would be released, and they would be able to perform all sorts of wonders. If the businessmen met together, paid a nominal fee to support the order, and regularly attended meetings, they would be able to share in grand discoveries.

The 'psychological aura' created by Mr. Black is certainly most queer. He begins by standing at a podium, while all of us (the attendees) are asked to meditate upon certain specific geometric shapes and designs. A sheet containing diagrams of the aforementioned designs is handed out at the start of the meeting to each member. While we meditate, Mr. Black begins by reciting some sort of invocation in nonsense syllables. Mr. Black says that these syllables have been carefully chosen to elicit the proper subconscious response from us. As he chants, he begins to gesticulate wildly, and then we are all signaled to begin to chant a simple litany of our own, "Ong D'acta Lynka, Neblod Zin, Neblod Zin, Ong D'acta Lynka, Yog-Sothoth, Yog-Sothoth, Ong D'acta Lynka, Yarl M'ten, Yarl M'ten" and we repeat this nonsense chant for forty-five minutes to an hour. Mr. Black continues to energetically gesticulate and emit various strange noises until he seems to reach some sort of finale, when he gestures for us to stop. We then break up for tea and punch. Mr. Black is assisted in his work by several thuggish-looking Arabs, and a Mr. Stanford.

In addition to the monthly special meetings (which proceed as I have outlined above), we have regular inspiration seminars and guest speakers. One thing that brought you to mind is that some of the speakers would urge us to join a lodge to enlarge our circle of friends and to make trustworthy business acquaintances. He specifically recommended the Silver Twilight lodge as an excellent choice.

I must confess that Postalus Black's methods seem to work. Two months after I started to attend, he came in one day with a perfectly astounding item which he allowed me to purchase for \$100. It is well worth it, let me tell you! I will show it to you if you come.

Now for my reasons for distrusting Mr. Black. After each meeting in which we do the chanting, I feel headache and sick, and this continues for some time. I have noticed that since I joined the group, I have lost some of my former vitality and force, and feel as if my health may be deteriorating. I really could not say as to whether this has any connection to 'Look to the Future' or not, but it seems suspicious to me, especially since I have noticed acquaintances in the group suffer from the same syndrome. Another reason for my distrust of Postalus Black is the extremely tight security and secretiveness that he keeps about himself and the organization. His Arab soldiers speak no English, and certainly do not inspire confidence.

I would like you and your friends to come and to expose this organization for a fraud, or to prove it to be open and aboveboard. If it is indeed for real, I would like to know so that I can rejoin and continue to receive those fabulous artifacts that it produces.

Hopefully yours,

David Lee

Look to the Future Handout 2:

Computer printout from Silver Order inquiry [17-A]

BELPHEGOR REPORTS NO SUCCESS IN
FINDING THE DISK IN SCOTLAND. HE AND
THE KNIGHTS OF THE OUTER VOID MAY
BE FORCED TO SLAY MORE INTRUDERS.

INFORMATION RECEIVED INDICATES
THAT ARC OF VLACTOS MAY BE FOUND IN
CALIFORNIA.

STILL NO FULL RESULTS FROM CHILEAN
ISLAND.

FINISH.

A missionary named Whateley visited and remained with a small tribe of Indians known as the Hotethk from 1837 to 1843, when he disappeared. Shortly thereafter, the Hotethk tribe itself disbanded, its elders evidently having vanished or died. This tribe was most interesting for its especially savage pagan rites, which the renegade Whateley seems to have encouraged. He either brought to or found with the Indians a peculiar structure which he called the Arc of Vlactos, and which he believed had connections to non Christian sky demons. The only other known facts about the Hotethk are that they practiced the construction of Kachina dolls to house demons* souls, and that they worshipped gods not found elsewhere in California, such as the serpent-god Yigg, and the homed-god Shoob Niggeratt. They dwelt in Devil's Canyon, in the Mojave desert.

The Coven of Caimich Handout 1:

Text of a letter from Henry Hancock to his nephew Jacob [18-C]

H. M. Hancock

Hancock House
Cannich, Scotland
May 12, 1924

Dear Jacob,

My greetings to you Jacob and fondest regards to your father. I hope to join you this fall if They do not find me before I am able to leave Scotland.

I realize that neither you nor your father have ever believed any of the strange legends which I have related to you, but I can turn to no one else. If my life is of any value to you, please look into this matter for me.

I am in desperate need of an artifact which I believe may be found in a museum at Miskatonic University, Arkham, Massachusetts. The object is a small greyish green stone shaped like a five-pointed star. I had hoped to find one at the dig, but I fear that work there is not going fast enough and that They will get their supernatural aid before I find the star-stone.

Please make every effort to obtain the star-stone, but if word should reach you that something has happened to me, obtain the star-stone for yourself, for They will be on your trail soon.

Your Uncle,

Henry Hancock

[Note: Jacob's father died ten years ago. The reference to him is a code between Henry and Jacob indicating authenticity of the message and urgency.]

The Coven of Caimich Handout 1:

Text of a letter from Henry Hanco2k to his nephew Jacob [19-D]

H. M. Hancock

Hancock House
Cannich, Scotland
May 14, 1924

Dear Jacob,

I fear that this message will be the last you get from me for some time. Unless I flee this area the Sons of Yog Sothoth will be upon me. Lorne discovered that Belphegor is a leader of the group and he fears that They are aware of our discoveries.

Margaret brought me a star-stone, but try to find more, for I need all I can get. The first piece was stolen from the dig site last night, but They did not get the second piece. I have it well-hidden now and They will not get it from me. We do not know what they want the pieces for, but we think there are three altogether.

Adam disappeared today. He stopped-by yesterday evening, but this morning Fergus says Adam checked out and left late last night. Adam being afraid of the dark since the African episode last year, would not have left at night and I fear that he has run afoul of Belphegor's people. Lorne does not know about Adam's disappearance yet and I fear that telling him would be too much for the old man.

All of these problems started with the arrival of the French woman. I will confront her in the morning.

Make sure that you obtain a star-stone for yourself as soon as possible and keep it with you always.

Give my greetings to your father.

Your Uncle,

Henry Hancock

The Coven of Caimich Handout 3:

Text of a letter from Henry Hancock to his nephew Jacob [19-E]

H. M. Hancock

Hancock House
Cannich, Scotland
May 16, 1924

My Dearest Jacob,

All of my fears have proved to be unfounded. If my letters of late have seemed to indicate trouble I hope that you will forgive me. I realize that my imagination had run wild. There never was any danger.

Adam and I are going to head back to Africa in the morning and we will be out of touch for some time, but there is no cause for alarm. We can take care of ourselves. We stumbled across an amazing find, but must re-check our previous work.

Give my greetings to the rest of the family.

With fondest regards,

Henry M. Hancock

[Note; This letter is not really from Henry. Jacob's concern for his uncle's safety is based on the obvious falseness of this letter, for Adam was frightened by something they discovered in Africa and could not be persuaded to return to the continent, let alone to their dig site.]

“An excellent example of [evil Pictish groups] is that from near Loch Mullardoch, in Scotland. These Picts worshiped the being known elsewhere as the Daemon Sultan, but, as in some other locations, the Picts did not perform this worship unbidden by beings of an older, and more malign species. Indeed, I know for a fact that these remnants from the days of pre-human reptiles even now walk the Earth.

Another place where such beings may lurk is in North America, where the Great Old Ones were worshiped long before the times of Columbus. I am here thinking specifically of those locations now held by the Spanish [Editor’s note — this was originally written before the U.S. took over western North America] in California.”

D. MacBain (SOYS)

A. MacGillivray (KOTOV)

F. MacInnes (KOTSG)

I. MacLennan (KOTOV)

W. MacMurdo (KOTSG)

Margaret MacNair (KOTSG)

T. Hayes (KOTSG)

A. MacQuarrie (KOTOV)

J. MacQuarrie (KOTSG)

Willie Wastle (KOTSG)

The Coven of Caimich Handout 4:

Text of a letter from Carl Stanford to Duncan MacBain. There is no return address or date.[23-D]

Dear Mr. MacBain,

This letter will introduce you to Belphegor, a valued member of our order. He is being sent to you to aid you in your search for the R'lyeh disk.

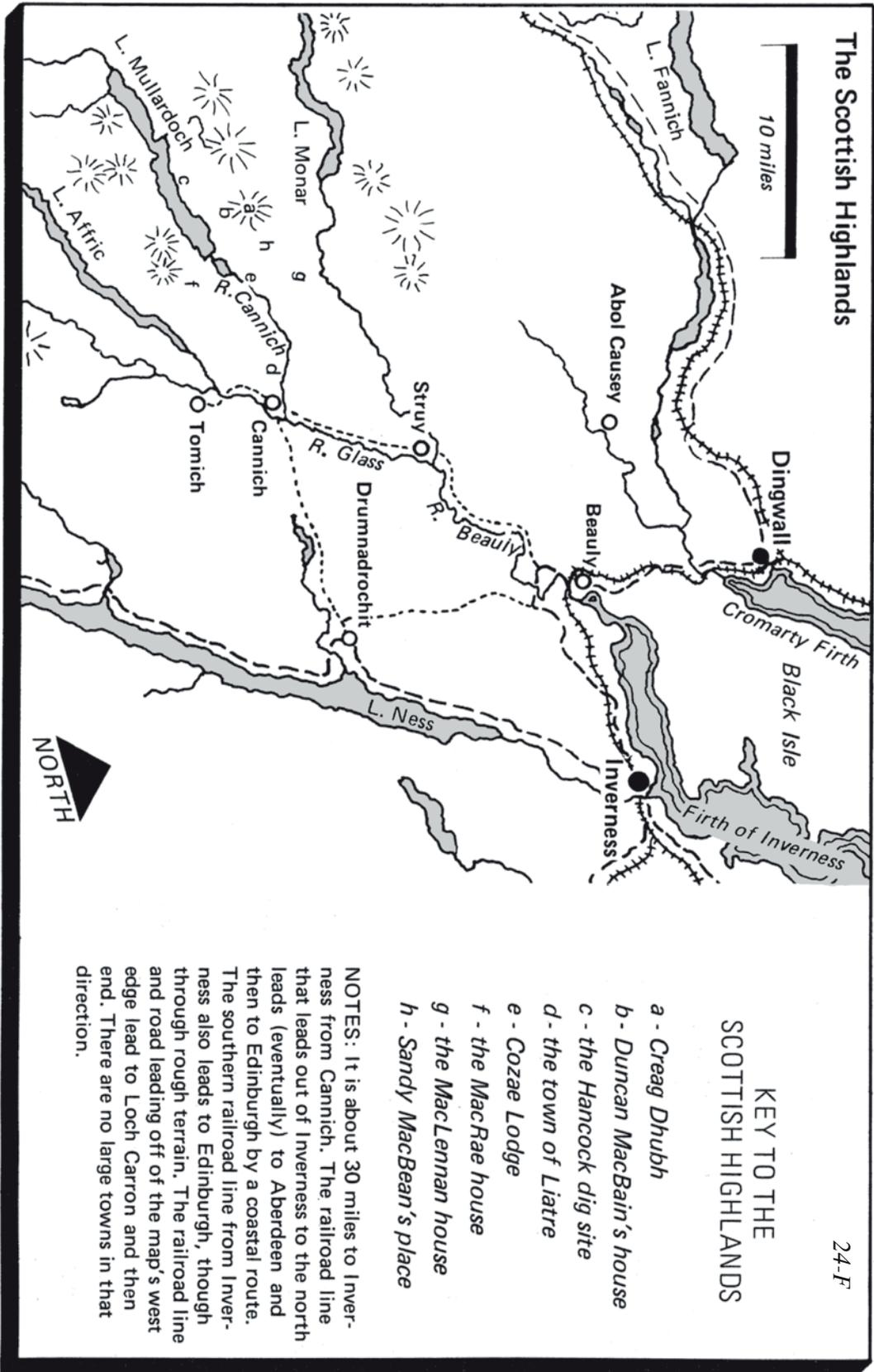
Maintain your surveillance of the Americans. They may stumble on the disk at any time. If they find it, they will have to be taken care of.

I expect that you will have found the disk soon. Your passage and that of Belphegor have been arranged by our people in London. You must both be on that ship when it sails.

Obey Belphegor as you would obey me. Glory to the Gods. Yog Sothoth Néblod Zin.

With confidence in your abilities,

Carl Stanford



An interesting tale is it not, your Eminence? I have verified several parts of the tale. Platorius Nepos was the governor of Britain during the period. Hadrian's Wall was built between 122 and 126 A.D. Beyond these facts little can be discovered. I hope that you have enjoyed the account, though I fear that I am not much of a storyteller.

My prayers are ever for the continued success of our efforts to bring salvation to our fellow men.

signed,

Father MacBride

The Worm that Walks Handout 1:

Letter from Christopher Edwin to the investigators [40-E]

Dear Sirs:

I have read of your exploits and wish intently to see you. I have some slight occult knowledge myself and am aware of the danger that you and your comrades may be in from the Silver Twilight. Please accept the enclosed train tickets to come and meet me immediately in Salk Harbour, Maine. I am a rather wealthy man, and I would only be too glad to help others perform feats to help defend the world against the monstrous evil of the Elder Ones. I expect you shortly.

Sincerely,

Christopher Edwin

The Worm that Walks Handout 2:

Text of a letter from Carl Stanford. [45-E]

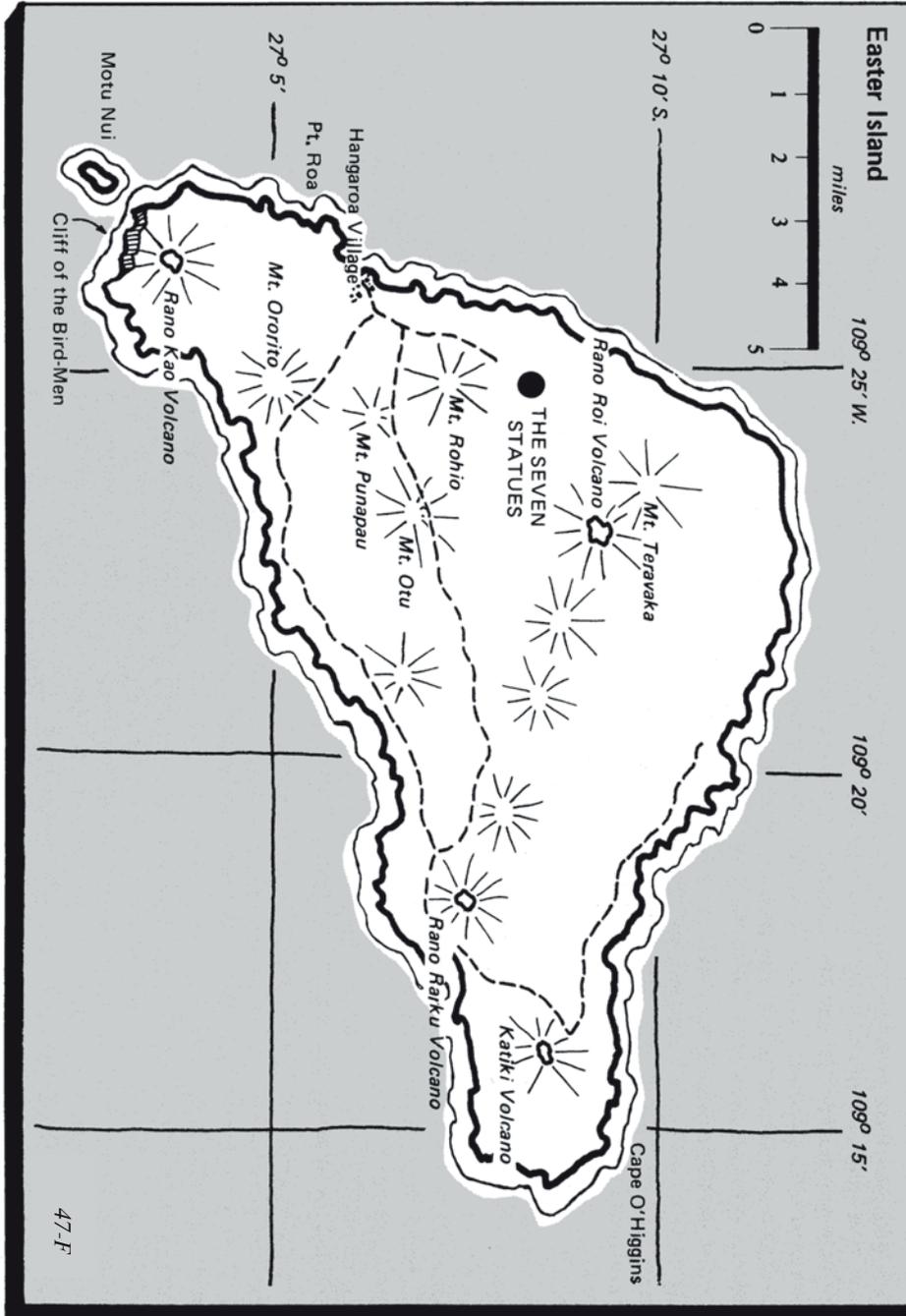
Y'thkapg-Njarlathotep;

Your words are true. We must seek the destruction of these meddlers who kept the R'lyeh Diske from us, and who may have discovered the Arc of Vlactos. Their deaths are foreordained by the Old Ones of space and time. Praise Shub-Niggurath! Yet, we, Their instruments, must act for Them. Your plan, to befriend and then slay, is good. You are the strongest one of our group remaining in America, now that we must all go to Easter Island and with the Watchers await the great day of Our Lord's rising. It cannot be long off now. Even without the magical Diske and the Arc, we have amassed enough power and wizards to aid the release of Great Cthulhu. Cthulhu fhtagn! Only keep the fools who seek to keep us from our destiny away from the South Pacific: it is doubtful that they will be able to stop our grand design, yet we can take no chances. On the island the Chilean soldiery are more likely to aid them than us, and many of us in the Silver Twilight are yet vulnerable to bullets and steel. Do as we have designed afore.

Cthulhu fhtagn!

Carl Stanford

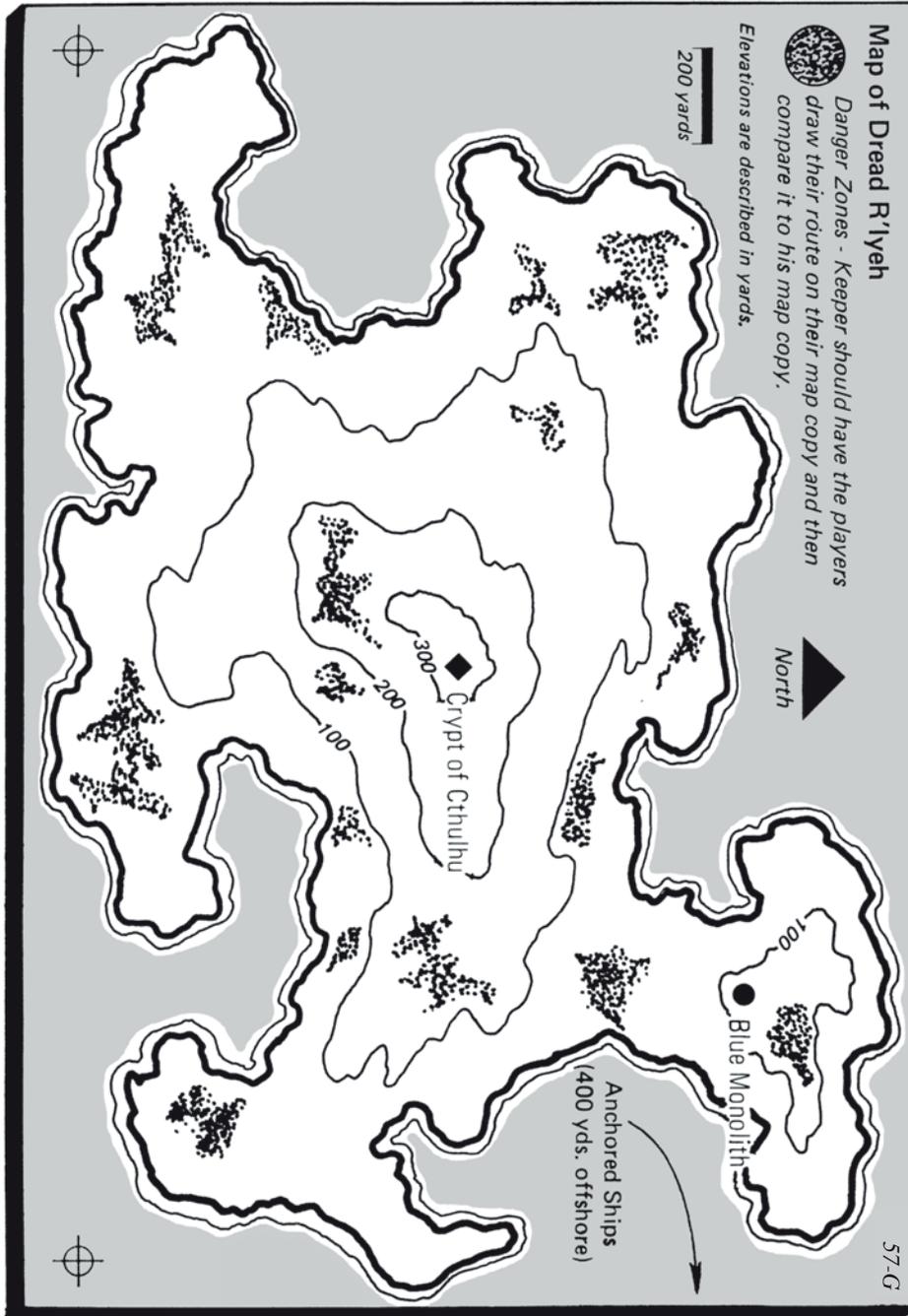
The Watchers of Easter Island Handout 1:
Map of Easter Island [47-F]



The Festival

“The nethermost caverns are not for the fathoming of eyes that see; for their marvels are strange and terrific. Cursed the ground where dead thoughts live new and oddly bodied, and evil the mind that is held by no head. Wisely did Ibn Schacabao say, that happy is the tomb where no wizard hath lain, and happy the town at night whose wizards are all ashes. For it is of old rumor that the soul of the devil-bought hastes not from his charnal clay, but fats and instructs the very worm that gnaws; till out of corruption horrid life springs, and the dull scavengers of earth wax crafty to vex it and swell monstrous to plague it. Great holes secretly are digged where earth’s pores ought to suffice, and things have learnt to walk that ought to crawl.”

The Rise of R'lyeh Handout 1:
Map of Dread R'lyeh [57-G]



December 21, 1899

Today I heard a strange chanting noise from the other side of the house. I could not understand a single word of the language, but it contained too many consonants for my liking. As the noise grew louder, so did the storm outside. When at last the chant reached its frenzied conclusion, a thunderous bolt of lightning struck the house. I rushed to the door and found it stuck. I am sitting now waiting for rescue. It has been eight hours.

Philius A. Eckard