

DOORS TO DARKNESS

HANDOUTS

This supplement is best used with the *Call of Cthulhu* (7th Edition) roleplaying game and, optionally, the *Pulp Cthulhu* sourcebook, both available separately.

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HANDOUTS

Providence, January 5th, 1811

Dear Phillip,

It is with immeasurable sadness that I tell you that Elijah Winscott has past from this World and is now in the loving Arms of our Lord. We had all known that he was not in good health for some years, in both his Body and his Spirit. He had made it most hard to know his troubles, for he had quit the Company of his Fellows. I did visit him in the Country House where he had lived for some Years now. As he lay in his Sick Bed, he broke his Silence and told me a Tale that I cannot properly reckon. I do not rightly know if I should tell it now to you, but I know you worryd greatly for our friend.

He recalled me that 15 Years past he had pondered how we might continue our Trade which had served us so well. The hateful Laws against our Livelihood, and the Troubles that beset good John Brown caused him no end of upset. Well I remember, as you must, Elijah's character and speaking in the Tavern during this time. We thought it idle fancy and too much Drink. We all of us laughed to hear him speak of how we should dig Tunnels neath the Town. We did not know then that twas not idle fancy altogether. We did not know that he had been making plans in secret. For when the Cellar neath Elijah Winscott's Home was laid, a Tunnel was found. This Tunnel did go close to the River, and it was no matter to dig it yet closer. He would use this Passage to shepherd Slaves to and from the Town.

All had been set, and Elijah did wait happy in his Home for his Men to bring him his Slaves. But they did not come. When he began to wonder what had kept them, he and the Men he had to hand went down to see what they might find. They found death. In straining Voice, he told me of parts of Men strewn like Rags across the Tunnel, White Man and Slave alike. He could not be sure, for he did not linger, but he did think that not all Men were accounted for, nor did he note anything of the Slave Women. But where could the others have gone, and what had come for them? The shadows of the Caverns did seem to leer at him, keeping the mystery from him. Quickly he returned, and quickly he made Walls of strong Brick underneath his Home and near the River to keep out whatever may be below.

He knew no rest from that Day forward, certainly not while he remained in that House. All we knew then was that he fell ill and spoke no more of schemes to thwart the Laws. From his Sick Bed at the end of his life, he said that Chasms plunge deep beneath the Town he had quit. He peered out his Window at the swaying red Maple Trees and seemed to calm. I can only think that this Country House was some peace to him as he breathed his last. May his heirs have better fortune in that House in Providence than he.

With Sincere Esteem,

Jacob Bisho

MAYHAP SOMEONE WILL READ THESE WORDS SOMEDAY,
GOD WILLING. I, JOHN HARPER, WRITE THEM HERE
TO TELL MY SORRY TALE, AND THAT OF MY FELLOWS.
WINSCOTT SENT US TO OUR DOOM WITH HIS CLEVER
PLANS. HE THOUGHT TO ESCAPE THE NOTICE OF
THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND WITH THE TUNNEL HE
HAD FOUND. HE SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT FOR WHAT
PURPOSE THIS TUNNEL WAS MADE AT THE FIRST. HE
CALLED HIMSELF LUCKY AND SO DAMNED US. AS
WE SHEPHERDED HIS CARGO THROUGH THE TUNNEL,
WE WERE SET UPON BY HIDEOUS THINGS, AND THE
FORTUNATE FELL TO THEIR CLAWS AND FANGS. THE
REST WERE DRAGGED HERE. THE GOOD BOOK AND THE
PREACHERS TELL US THAT GOD CURSED THE SERPENT
SO THAT IT MIGHT CRAWL ON ITS BELLY FOREVERMORE.
WHY THEN DOES OUR NEW MASTER STILL WALK? HOW
DID HE AND HIS KIND ESCAPE GOD'S JUSTICE? DID THEY
SLEEP HERE BEFORE THE FALL AND SO PASS BENEATH
NOTICE? NOW WE SERVE THIS HATEFUL SERPENT. HE
SETS US TO WORK FOR HIM, ALL MEN ALIKE. HE FORCES
US TO MATE TOGETHER AS IF WE WERE NO MORE THAN
ANIMALS. I HAVE SEEN MY FELLOWS DIE, WASTING
AWAY OR AT THE PLEASURE OF THE SERPENT. WE ARE
HIDDEN FAR FROM THE LOVING EYES OF GOD.

COLLECTED HANDOUTS

DEAR ,

AS YOU KNOW, I HAVE RECENTLY COMMITTED MYSELF TO THE STATE HOSPITAL AT DANVERS FOR A LITTLE MENTAL RECUPERATION AFTER MY MOST RECENT FORAY INTO THE SUPERNATURAL. I HAVE MADE A TERRIBLE ERROR IN SELECTING DANVERS. I AM IN GREAT PHYSICAL, MENTAL, AND SPIRITUAL PERIL HERE. THERE IS A "WRONGNESS" ABOUT THIS PLACE. THEY WILL NOT LET ME LEAVE. I MUST SNEAK THIS LETTER OUT TO YOU AS THEY READ THE MAIL HERE.

PLEASE COME AND RECOVER ME FROM THIS DREADFUL PLACE. IT WOULD BE WISE FOR YOU TO BRING COMPANIONS, AS COMING HERE ALONE IS A MISTAKE.

YOUR FRIEND,

LARRY CROSWELL

Danvers State Hospital

450 Maple St • Danvers, MA

Dear ,

Please disregard my earlier letter to you.

I was having an anxiety attack.

Everything here is fine. Do not come here.

I need more rest and counseling.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

Lawrence Croswell

Handout: Genius 3

DANVERS ASYLUM SUPERINTENDENT BUILDS AMPHITHEATRE FOR PATIENTS

Workmen at Danvers State Lunatic Asylum broke ground today for the establishment of a small amphitheater to be enjoyed by the patients. Residents will enjoy quiet conversation space, poetry readings, and musical performances in an idyllic outdoor setting next to the asylum's reservoir. "A beautiful place where water and earth meet," says superintendent Dr. James Berger.

Asylum resident and chief laborer, Andrew MacBride, added that his team had some difficulty breaking up and removing a large granite disk bearing an artistic design, set into the hillside where the amphitheater is to be built. The Asylum's prior superintendent, Dr. William Shine, had the disk placed on the side of Hathorne Hill. Dr. Shine, a world traveler, is said to have believed that the granite disk was a symbol of good luck for the asylum.

Local residents question the expense of building an amphitheater for mentally ill patients. However, Dr. Berger defends the creation of the amphitheater, explaining, "It is important to remember that we must look to the betterment of all our citizens, especially those deemed too delicate or damaged to be a part of the ebb and flow of the greater world."

Handout: Genius 4

SHINE RETIRES FROM DANVERS ASYLUM

Salem native Dr. William Shine, veteran superintendent at the State Lunatic Asylum at Danvers, is to retire after twenty-five years of service. Known for his great erudition, kindly demeanor, and progressive treatments, Dr. Shine is credited with a renewal of the facility for the betterment of its patients. Prior to his 1890 arrival, the asylum had suffered from a poor reputation and staff morale was low. Patient accident and mortality rates were among the highest in the country.

Superintendent Shine could occasionally appear as idiosyncratic as the institution he so successfully stewarded. Longtime readers may recall the complaints when Dr. Shine, then less than a year into his tenure, had a sculpted granite disk placed at the edge of the property's reservoir at taxpayer expense. Dr. Shine was then, as he is now, adamant that the decorative disk remain unmolested, even as the superintendent takes leave of the institution. Regardless of his idiosyncrasies, Dr. Shine's ability to transform the asylum into a success story over his long stewardship will be his enduring legacy.

A world traveler to exotic locales during his early years, Dr. Shine declares that he now looks forward to a quiet retirement in his native city of Salem. The doctor has stated his intention to bequeath his personal and professional papers to Salem Hospital.

Regarding his successor, Dr. James Berger, Dr. Shine has high praise: "Doctor Berger will no doubt be a sincere protector of the afflicted and a good master of the institution." Shine adds, "I sincerely hope that Doctor Berger will leave a few old stones unturned and instead focus his attention on the asylum's bright future." We at the newspaper wish Doctor Shine a long and happy retirement.

COLLECTED HANDOUTS

June 2nd, 1890

The troubles afflicting the asylum run deep, and are of a kind my esteemed colleagues would never accept as part of a rational, orderly universe. Indeed, if I were to communicate my convictions to my peers, I would find myself consigned to these very walls as patient, not administrator. However, I have seen these problems before in my travels and must act swiftly. The thing, aware of my suspicions, has moved against me. But I have spoken the words of protection that I learned so long ago in that queer ancient city and so far have been safe. I must find Hathorne's disk, and soon, so as to lay down that thing which torments all here, twisting already damaged and vulnerable minds. Hathorne had the disk removed, thinking it a Pagan symbol of heathen spirit worship. What a terrible mistake by a zealous preacher. Heaven grant that I find the disk, and if found, that it will restrain the thing which moves against us all on Hathorne Hill.

November 12th, 1890

I have found Hathorne's disk. It is, as I suspected, an ancient sign from elder times, a ward against that which lairs in the very earth and air of the hill. Mercifully the disk has weathered the years and neglect remarkably well. The sigil etched upon its surface is as clear as the day it was placed there, but by whose hands? Best not to dwell on such Aeolian mysteries. My task now is to install it once more upon the hill, restraining that which, like others of its kin, is inimical to we who have inherited its world.

COLLECTED HANDOUTS

December 3rd, 1890

It is done. The sigil has been placed upon the earth, forcing down that which lairs upon the hill into an uneasy torpor. The taxpayers question the expense of having such a "useless decorative piece" installed at the asylum, but they pose no serious threat to its removal and are mercifully unaware of its true purpose. But to those who know, the sign shall serve as a ward for now and the future. Already I see signs of recovery in the patients and staff, as if they are surfacing from a long, waking nightmare.

May 7th, 1915

I have met with my successor. Dr. James Berger seems a cheerful and capable young fellow. Noting his active character, I have admonished the young doctor to never to remove the disk that lies at the edge of the reservoir upon the hill. Will he heed my words? It was impossible to impart to him my true reason for planting the disk all those long years ago. I had to fabricate reasons of sentimentality to impress upon him the importance of leaving the disk unmolested. I pray that he will remember his promise to leave the disk undisturbed.

Guests

A. Hickey	Abe Hickey	Room 4	December 3
J. Trent	Jacob Trent Mr. and	Room 8	December
A. Smith J. Smith	Mrs. Smith	Room 4	January 8th
J. Frazer	James Frazer	Room 1	January
S. Bonner	Sarah Bonner	Room 7	January 13
BD	Bill Dunston	Room 6	January

were a tribe called The Abenaki who lived in the Connecticut River valley in Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

The Abenaki originally owned the land around Squatters Lake, though they were driven away by English settlers in 1722. Originally named "Ponki-mkazar" (the crow) by the Abenaki due to the abundance of crows scavenging around the lake, the settlers found that moving there was a bad idea due to the poor fishing and hunting in the area. Also, the surrounding Hemlock trees were worthless for burning, and the untreated wood of their houses quickly succumbed to rot. The settlers moved further north, leaving their settlement behind, and over the years the decrepit shacks became homes to vagrants, escaped slaves, and deserters from the army until they were finally swept into the lake in a flood in 1805. Locals living near the lake began calling it Squatters Lake, a name that survives to this day.

Felt so tired after the row with dad and staying at this dump hasn't helped. Car still broke down - old man William says he can fix it but I don't know whether I can trust him. This place creeps me out and it's only been one night. Hate the noisy frogs around the lake, and I saw lights out there when I went for a stroll. Late night fishermen? The three boats were tied up and I can't imagine those decrepit old brothers going out there at night. The lake stinks anyway. Had the worst time last too. Sleepwalking! Not done that since I was a child. Dreamt I was underwater, floating through a weird city littered with corpses. I awoke after midnight, freezing cold outside my room. The lights in the reception were blazing. Those old fellas are strange, and I haven't seen much of them thankfully. They spend all their time in that workshop or whatever it is facing the lake.

Dammit, if the car isn't fixed today, I might just take my chances and hitch a lift to Kingsport.

I miss you so much Emily!

Dearest Mary,

I don't think you even know me, but I know you. You see, I work on your house. I'm not a gentleman like you deserve, but I'm a good man with strong hands and a good heart.

You may think this is sudden, but I have come to care for you. I have seen you and watched you when you came to the site, and I wanted to see you again. I have a gift for you that I would like to bring by your dormitory tomorrow. It's a jewel of some kind that we found where we are building your house, and it is really pretty, like a giant fancy pearl. As you are studying at Miskatonic University, I thought you would think it was interesting.

I will be at my room at the Borden Arms tonight and tomorrow, so you can reach me there.

With deepest affection,

Alfred Hackett

COLLECTED HANDOUTS

Handout: Ties 2

Mary,

I think it's an egg, but I don't know what kind. Come quick. I don't know what to do if it hatches.

Alfred

Handout: Ties 3

The creature is about the size of a kitten, with a similar bone structure but for the fact that it often stands on its hind legs, allowing its forelegs or elongated arms to dangle forward. The claws on all four feet appear to be a cross between non-retracting cat claws and human hands. Growing from complex bone structure and musculature on its back are bat-like wings. Its head is reminiscent of that of a horse, but the vicious fangs in the mouth and barbed horns behind its eyes dispel and further similarity. Its skin rough and reptilian, but not scaly. In other words, the skin has the texture of scales but they are not scales.



Superstitions and Folk Lore of Essex County ~ 76

The infamous Marsh Wizard of Ipswich has been haunting Essex County for centuries according to many local accounts. Evidence of his existence goes back to at least the 18th century where accounts of disappearing cattle and people were associated with the Marsh Wizard. Such accounts include the notion that the wizard had a demon familiar, as the flapping of giant wings was reported on more than one occasion.

The tales grow more outlandish over time, with some claiming that the Marsh Wizard had a dragon-like steed that he uses to ride the night skies and terrorize local residents.

The illustration below is an artist's interpretation of testimony given by a young man named Andrew Leman, who claims to have seen the wizard riding the beast over the salt marshes one night in 1906.



COLLECTED HANDOUTS

To Call and Master the Steed from the Stars

To be performed when Aldebaran is above the horizon.

This creature can be useful as a bodyguard, soldier, assassin, message carrier, and steed. Called and its will bound to yours such that it will not balk. Take care in the final steps lest it strike you down, for unbound, it is a most fearsome beast.

Spill the blood of a six-month-old unblemished calf or a gentle maiden of no more than fourteen summers, spreading the crimson over the stones of the altar of summoning as the chant is repeated,

Ick ctha, yaahn neh! Byakhee ctha meh, da nai, s'nommas nai'rb! Yaahn neh, ick ctha.

Blow, at this time, into your whistle, and set out three blasts of sound after each recitation.

After some time, the sky will open and from the rent in the heavens will descend a star steed, still crusted with the frost of his journey from beyond. Having heard the call of the supplicant, it is impelled to answer, yet it challenge for the right to command its nature.

Fail in this and your light will surely be extinguished. Using the dagger still coated with the blood of the summons, first point to the creature and then point to the ground, signifying your mastery over it. Apply your will fully to this task for the beast will seek for man's weakness and flee back to the stars.

In full voice, utter, Ick ctha, byakheel Ctha meh.

With success, the beast will prostrate itself and be yours to command.

Upon completion of your commands, custom dictates that the supplicant dismiss the creature. Take up the bone dagger and inscribe the X in the air afore the creature. This signifies its tasks are done. Then draw the dagger's keen edge along your forearm, from elbow to the wrist, and let fall three drops of blood to the ground and utter,

Yaahn neh, byakheel Ctha meh.

Satisfied that it has been dismissed, the creature will depart.

COLLECTED HANDOUTS

Handout: Ties 6

Creature does not always complete task. Sometimes not necessary.

Dismiss it with: lek etha yaahn neh, byakheel Ctha meh. Three times said.

After third, draw blade from under left eye straight down to left jaw line, and leave 13 drops of blood from the wound in the bowl. Take the blood into your mouth.

Spray it into the creature's face, while saying, Ctha meh!

It will then be forced back to the stars.

Handout: Black 1



CAMPBELL'S MEA

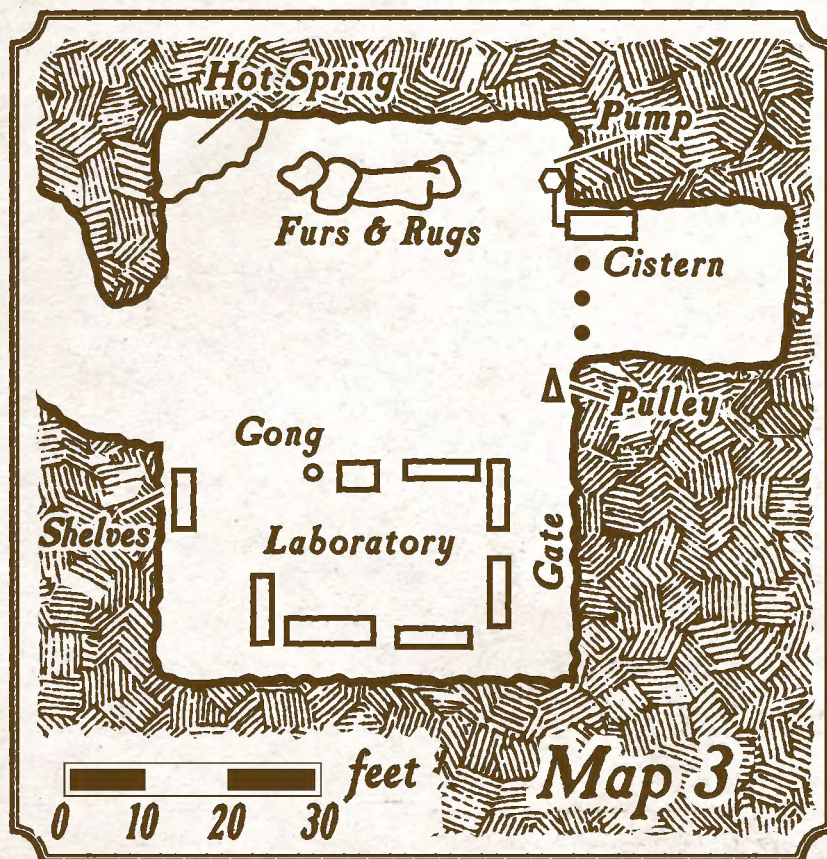
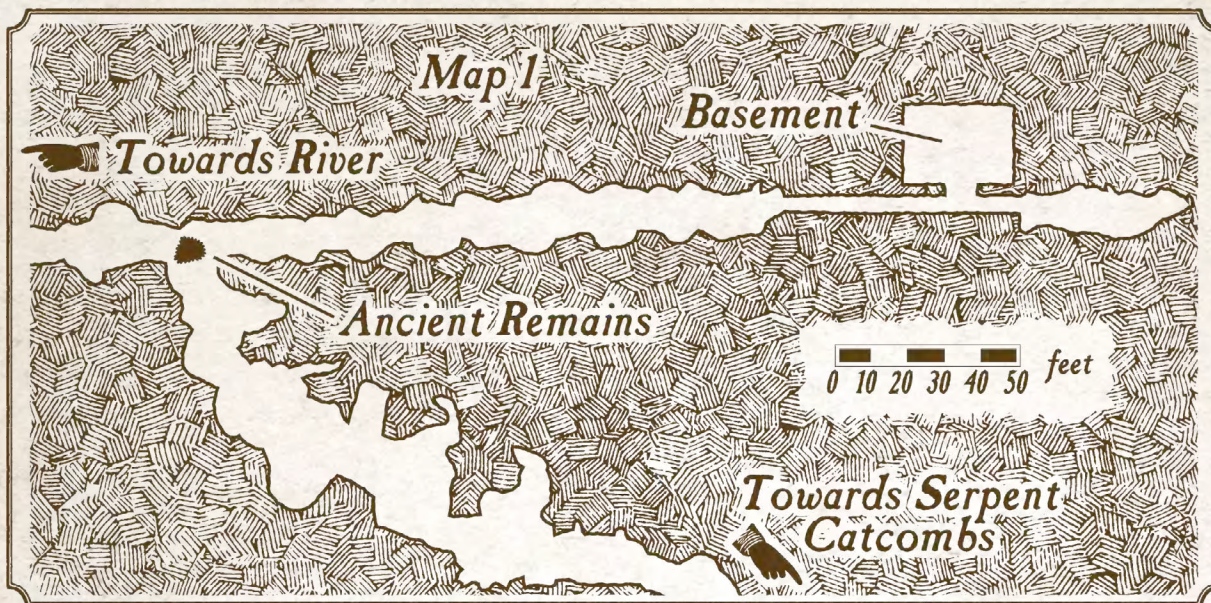
143 RIVERS

63 B X \$12 =

\$819 x 15% =

\$122.85

COLLECTED HANDOUTS



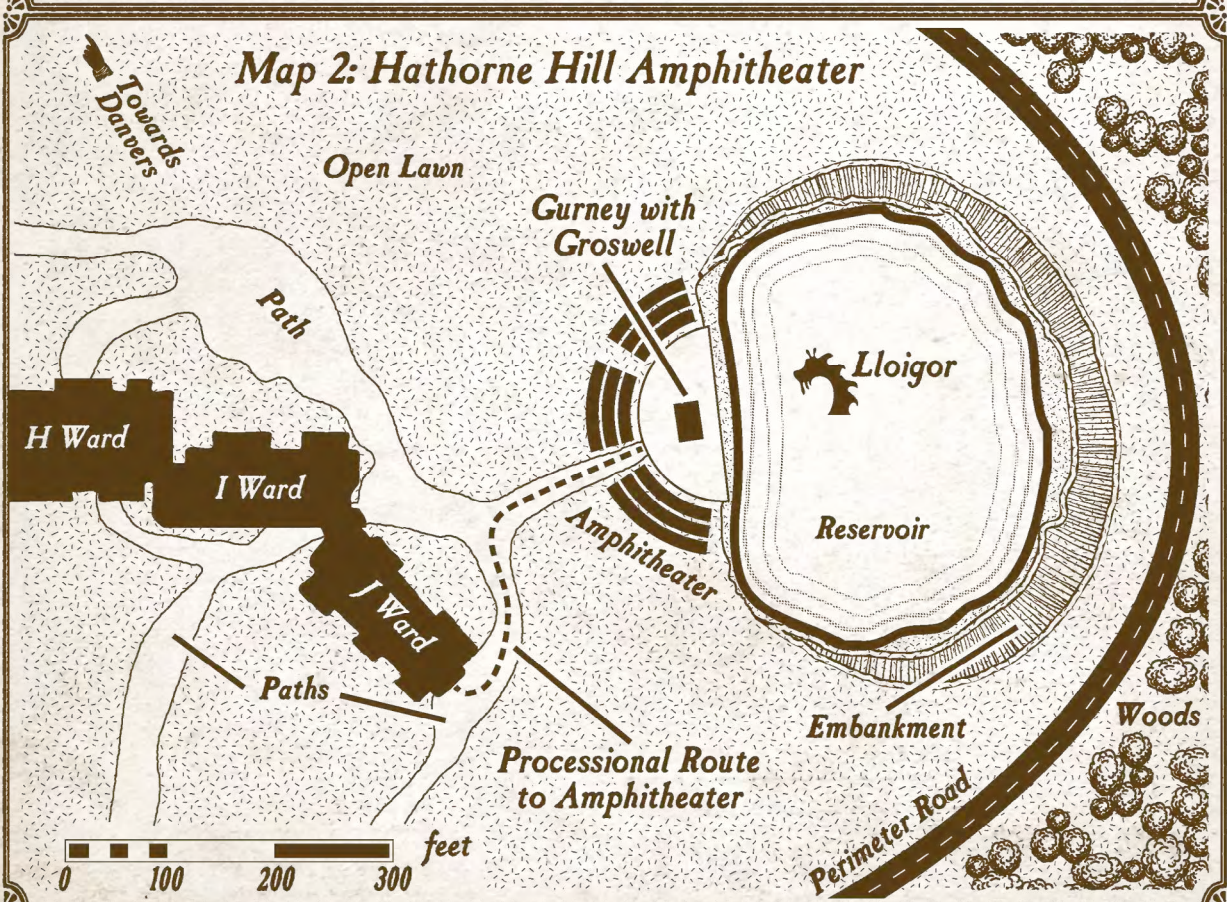
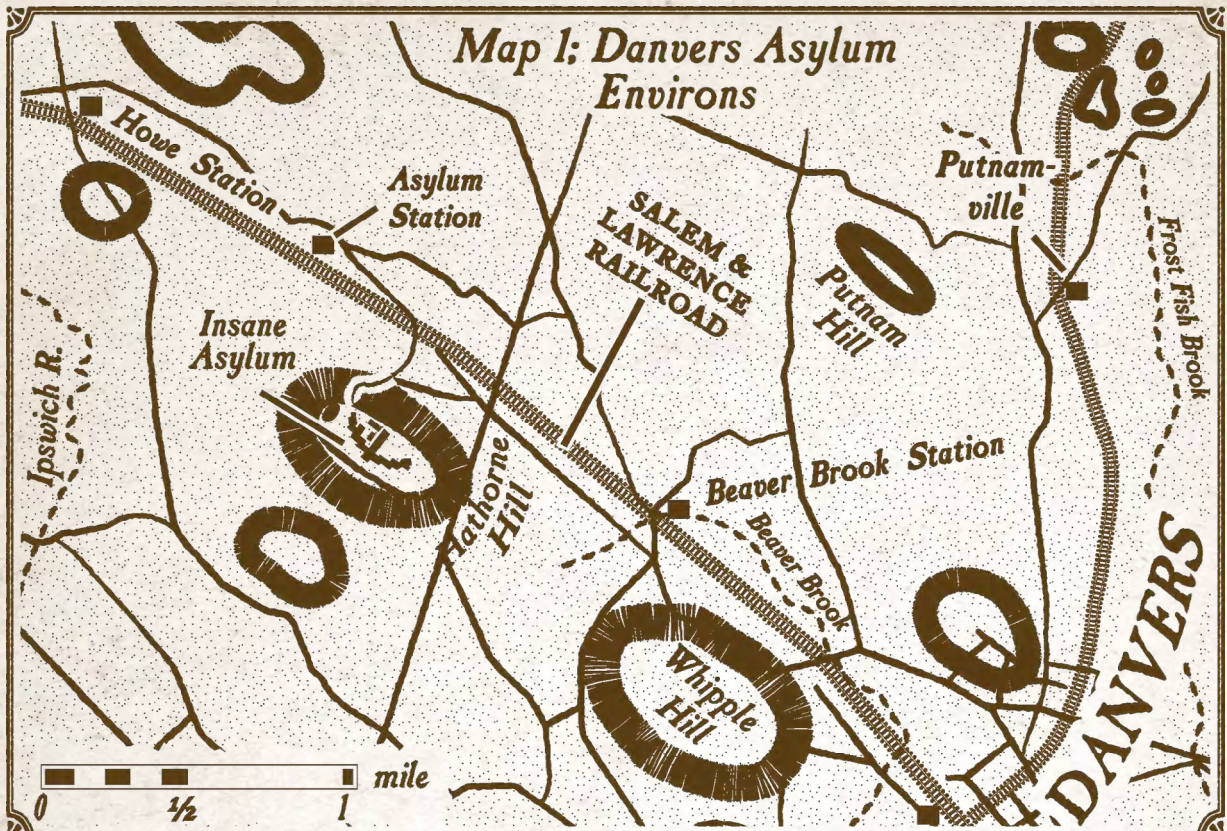
Back to Civilization

Map 2

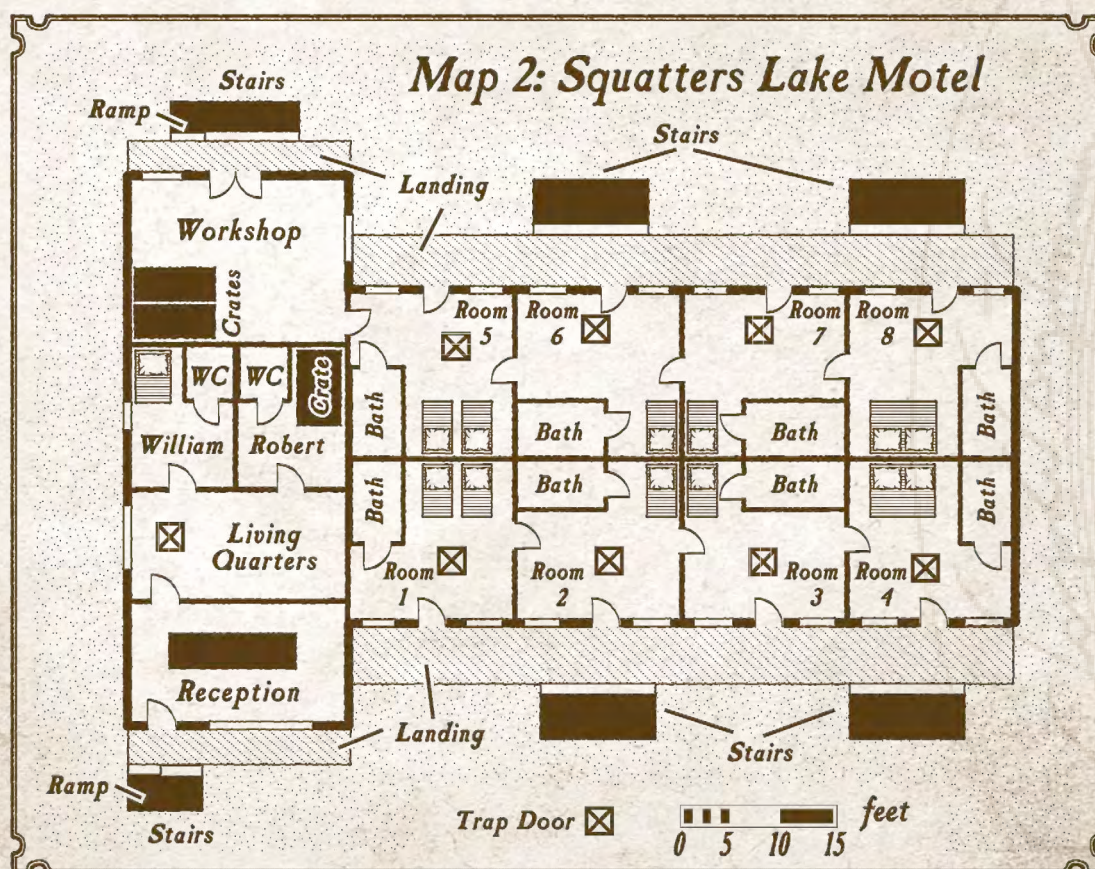
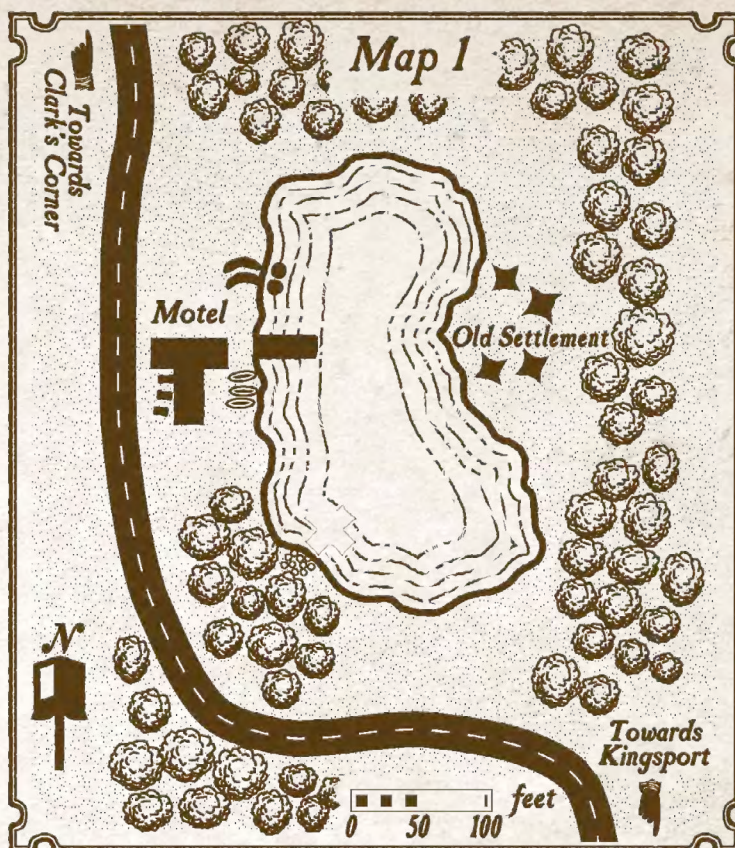
Note: Many small tunnels not shown; only navigable by monsters



COLLECTED HANDOUTS



COLLECTED HANDOUTS



COLLECTED HANDOUTS

