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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ANOTHER MURNPEOWIE METEOR?

A fireball was seen over Adelaide at midday on Thursday. Those fortunate enough to have witnessed the extraordinary spectacle were much impressed by its grandeur, as it passed overhead in a north by northeast direction, taking more than a minute to complete its course. Noted explorer and geologist, Sir Douglas Mawson is of the opinion that the fireball may be of the same celestial origin as the Murnpeowie Meteor, which is currently on display in the South Australian School of Mines building. Sir Douglas has offered a reward to anyone who can produce a bona-fide fragment of Thursday night’s spectacular visitor.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON!

MELBOURNE—A number of persons at Geelong witnessed a strange phenomenon on Thursday afternoon. At about 12:30 pm, high in the sky, coming from the east-southeast, a large star-like ball of fire was seen to shoot across the sky, giving off a shower of sparks. A trail of smoke formed into a long cloud, which remained for some time afterwards. The Mildura seismograph registered a tremor at 12:31 pm lasting a full five seconds, while seismographs in Adelaide recorded similar tremors at 12:01 pm local time. A similar report was received from Mandurama in New South Wales.

DAYLIGHT METEORITE

Reports have flooded in concerning the meteorite seen in full daylight just before 12:30 pm last Thursday. Craig Marvin of Marrickville writes that he had an excellent view of the meteorite, “I was on George Street and I saw a silvery cigar-shaped object come from the northeast and pass over the Town Hall tower. The nose appeared to be throwing off sparks.” Mr. B. Ainsworth of Pymble writes to say that he also saw the meteorite, which he stated, “Was of such intensity as to make the sun’s rays look a reddish yellow.”
After a two-day journey by buggy from Farina, the visitor to the Lyndhurst Copper Company's mines at Yudnamutana is well compensated for his trouble by his first glimpse of the locality. From the summit of the last hill on the road a picturesque scene is revealed. A steep descent leads into a lovely valley, stretching a mile or more into the heart of the mountains. Through this runs, or should run, the Yudnamutana Creek, but like many other watercourses in this country it is dry, except for a single, permanent waterhole. Rugged mountains lift their heads above one another in every direction, many of which are capped by large outcrops of rock and other metalliferous formations, sometimes in fantastic shapes reaching hundreds of feet high. It is a spot that illustrates Nature in all its variety of shape and form and color, and in its most eccentric mood.

The modest population of Yudnamutana (along with the inevitable mobs of donkeys and goats that live all over the far north) consists of a store, butcher's and baker's shops, post-office, wording house, and a few other nondescript residential structures. The population is about 100, one-half of the men being employed by the Lyndhurst Company. It is a Government reserve, and the authorities have sunk a well of good water: an inestimable boon in this region where watercourses are always parched except after rainfall.
The properties are beyond expectations. Need to extract further samples.

Rabbits useful, easy to catch and experiment. Tried foot then ear. Results amazing.

Too thick to draw—need softener to liquefy. Excited.

Shall call it Thick Water. Must be kept secret until patent can be filed.
Handout: Long 6

October 22, 1906 -
Alfred Barnes taken to Adelaide by police after shooting dead his wife, Ann. Barnes claims she didn't look right and charged whenever he looked away from her.

February 19, 1907 -
R. Beachy found in lower parts of mine wandering in a terrible state. Blew himself up when left unsupervised near the explosives dump. Passion to be paid to his wife.

June 13, 1909 - B. Jessop lost in the mine.

June 14, 1909 - Jessop found, rats reached him first. Skeleton to be interred on Sunday at weekly service.

Aug. 3, 1909 - M. Peasnell thrown by horse. Two broken legs and head injured. Claimed horse didn't look right, and had a bad smell. Have sent for doctor.

Aug. 7, 1909 - Doctor arrived but Peasnell passed in night. Peasnell's horse bolted, trampling Miss daughter. Doctor provided certificates for both. Good nibles to horse.


Apr. 18, 1910 - Number 9 through to underground lake. Unexpected good source of water for smoker when fitting. Ordered new pumps and pipes from Adelaide.

May 8, 1910 - Jepson reports that there are 'prospects' in deep adits near lake in Number 9. Jepson taken to nurse's tent for observation.
Farina Township
432 Allotments of 1/4 acre each

Key

- Inhabited Structure
- Ruined Structure
- Vacant Lot
- Swagtown

Buildings not drawn to scale.

1. Railway Siding
2. School
3. Guest House
4. Police Station
5. Post Office & General Store
6. Store
7. Transcontinental Hotel & Hospital
8. Bakery
9. Masonic Lodge
10. Anglican Church
COLLECTED PLAYER HANOUTS

ELDER THING OUTPOST
Keeper's Map

Schematic map. Chambers not drawn to scale.

Chamber of Energy
6.6 miles (11 km)

Chamber of Stars
1.3 miles (2 km)

Chamber of Life
1.3 miles (2 km)

Chamber of Record
1 mile (1.6 km)

Cavern and Underground Lake

Gate Room

Key:
- Stargate Tunnel
- Doorway
- Approximate Scale
- English Statute Mile

8
REQUIRE FAVOR -(STOP)- AUCTION AT LEONARDS ON COLLINS ST THURSDAY NOON INCLUDES JOURNAL COLLECTION MUST ACQUIRE -(STOP)- LOT THIRTY-FOUR JOURNALS OF MR CLARENCE DIXON STOP BELIEVE CONTAINS FIRST HAND EXAMPLE WENDEGO PSYCHOSIS MANIFESTATION -(STOP)- WILL PAY UP TO TWENTY POUNDS -(STOP)- IF YOU SUCCEED WILL RENDEZVOUS IN STRAHAN AND PAY ON DELIVERY PLUS RECOMPENSE YOUR TROUBLE -(STOP)-

PROF CHARLES BURNHAM
**Notes from Clarence Dixon’s Journals**

The location of where Fortier, Dixon, and Whittle overpowered their overseer and escaped: a small logging coupe near the mouth of the Gordon River, at the south end of Macquarie Harbour. Dixon states that even though the overseer was unconscious and could not have followed them, Fortier drove his logger’s axe into the man’s head, splitting it in two.

**A description of Joe Fortier:** “Fortier was slim and wiry, his gaunt face was nondescript except for his mouth. In past times he’d been cut at either side of his mouth, leaving a smiling scar that ran nearly from ear to ear. He was at one moment charming and friendly, but the next he’d be full of suspicion. His eyes casting about as if he’d heard something.”

An argument between Whittle and Fortier: Whittle wanted to head north to reach the west coast, north of Macquarie Harbour. Fortier insisted that they go up-river toward the highlands, because, “that is where God says we must go, understand?”

**Fortier’s story:** some days after their escape, the group had had little success in hunting and were close to starvation. Dixon records that, at this point, Fortier told them a story of how, as a younger man, he had survived for weeks in the Canadian wilderness. He claimed to have killed the Cree trapper he was with. Joe said that the heathen bastard tried to steal from him. ‘Nobody steals from me, or I steal from them their life, understand?’ he said, then he then showed me what he called ‘his great treasure’ – a lucky talisman that he took from the trapper. ‘You see, Dixon?’ he said, ‘this is why we will succeed! God will show us the way!’ I think that this was the first time that I realized that I was in the company of a man who was not just desperate as we all were, but truly dangerous.”

**George Whittle’s illness:** already weak, Whittle became violently ill after eating some mushrooms. Dixon and Fortier alternate helping Whittle to move but, after an exhausting day, they stop at a point not far from where the river turned sharply south. It was clear that Whittle could go no further, and Dixon recounts how Fortier whispered to him that the talisman was not the only thing he took from the trapper, he also took strips of his flesh and ate them. He tells Dixon that God has said that they should do the same with Whittle. Dixon is shocked and refuses to have any part of it, resolving to strike out on his own as soon as he can slip away.

**Fortier’s agitation:** the same night, Whittle, now delirious, starts to rave loudly. Dixon notes that Fortier became increasingly agitated, screaming at Whittle to “shut his stupid mouth.” The account continues: “Fortier fell upon Whittle like a madman, strangling the remaining life out of the poor devil. Then Fortier took his axe and began hacking at the dead man, greedily shoveling gobbets of flesh into his mouth, all the while muttering something. I knew I must make my escape and went without a word to Fortier. As I fled through the dark forest, I heard behind me a bestial howl unlike any that I had ever heard or imagined. The voice was Fortier’s, of that I am sure, but there were no words in that sound and no reason. I have heard nothing like it since, and I pray to God that I never do. All that remained from that moment was to flee as far from the light of the campfire and that hideous scene as I could.”

**Dixon’s survival:** the latter passages of the first journal recount Dixon’s progress and eventual recapture while making his way west to Macquarie Harbour. After telling the prison authorities about Fortier’s madness, an armed search party is sent out to find Fortier. Dixon records that he never found out what the search party discovered, although a passage in the second journal, written some years later while Dixon was working on the Victorian goldfields, mentions meeting a former prison guard who had been in that party. The guard is described as telling Dixon that on the spot where Whittle was murdered, that “The forest was dead, as if a blight had struck and doomed the area.”